**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong**

By DonnyLaja

**Part 1**

Outside it was wintry cold. The frozen snow made walking dangerous on this windy, arctic January night for the few who tried. But in Room 207 of Pilgrim Hall on this, the last night before classes were to start for the Spring semester, it was cozy and warm, and crowded too. And noisy with music and female chatter.

The CD Jen had bought in St. Croix (French rap over African drumming) mumbled lowly beneath the hubbub of conversation. On Tami's unblanketed bed, Dawn and Rebecca were talking with Marisol, who was sitting on the floor in front of them. The topic was Rebecca's and Marisol's new apartment: it was nice and big, but falling apart and drafty. On the other side of the room, Jen was sitting cross-legged on the lower bunk balancing a cup of herb tea on her knee. She was talking to Shanille, who sat listening to her in a pulled-over chair, elegantly dressed and tall and regal as always. Jen was talking about the many African vacationers she had met during Christmas break while she and her father were touring the beaches of the Caribbean. Especially from Nigeria and Cameroon. Shanille looked at the colorful Nigerian headband Jen was sporting, thinking where she could buy Afrocentric clothing that looked elegant and not too jungle-y.

On the upper bunk, Terri, dressed out-of-character casual in a sweatshirt and jeans (though under a nice red coat), talked to Mayree about her new part-time job and her new apartment. Looking up at Terri from her seat at the desk, Mayree looked at Terri's nails, noticing that they were a bit chipped, thinking maybe Terri should start using strengthener. She also couldn't help noticing that while talking Terri was also writing on her "songs" notepad. Terri occasionally wrote songs that she played (for herself and her friends) on her guitar. Mayree smiled and shook her head. This girl is really something. I'll miss having her around the dorm. Midway through talking about the new job Terri said, "I'm writing a poem for the poetry slam next week in the Union." Then went on to talk about the job again.

The small room, hot and noisy and stuffed with girls, seemed even smaller because most of them were still in their winter coats, or had taken them off and were sitting next to them. So much space was taken up by bulky, heavy clothes. And in the middle of it, sitting demurely behind her desk, stark naked as always, was Tami Smithers.

Tami faced the desk, legs stretched out under it, careful not to hit Mayree's boots with her bare feet. Leaning on her elbow, her head turned sideways on her hand, she gazed with a smiling face out at her room. With her other hand she cradled a cup of tea on her desk such that her arm kind of hid her nipples. She took a sip. She was happy.

After the loneliness and trauma of her Christmas break, she was so glad to be back with her friends. Her mind drifted back to late last semester, the dinner she and Rebecca had made for them the afternoon before the Black Formal. What a fine dinner we had. She thought: Too bad college is temporary. I'd like to live with these girls forever. She took a sip and looked up at Terri. Already Terri has left the dorm. Rebecca and Marisol too. After this gang graduates we might never see each other again.

That thought got her thinking of graduation again. After graduation I'll be wearing clothes. No more threat of expulsion. I can be open about the fact that I'm really no nudist, that in fact that stunt the first week of school in September was only streaking on a dare. I can look back and laugh. I broke the rules of this stuffy college. And got away with it. In a way. Ha!

Another rueful sip of tea. God, I HATE being naked!! I've at least got summer break to look forward to. A summer job in some faraway place where I can wear clothes all summer and no one would be any the wiser. Tomorrow, the first day of classes, I'll go to the Career Development Office and look at their job board. I'll make it a daily habit. Surely I'll find something. My grades so far are perfect.

Another sip. Tami looked down at her cup. There was one thing about the scene that made the naked girl uneasy -- her new roommate, Mandy, who sat on the top bunk, on the other side of Terri. Sitting cross-legged in her black T-shirt and skirt, her round braless breasts hanging into the shirt so that her nipples poked through a little, Mandy was taking in the scene as Tami was, not talking to anyone. This was probably no wonder. The only person Mandy already knew was Jen, and apparently her not too well. Earlier that day Tami had seen Jen hug her and say hi, but that was all.

What bothered Tami was the fact that Mandy, from her vantage point, kept looking at her. When Tami caught her doing that, Mandy would smile, her bright red lipstick shining from her pale white face. But Tami knew that Mandy was sneaking glances at her body, or what little of it she could see at the moment. She thought back to their first meeting, a few hours ago, when she came in and was met by Mandy saying, "Well, hello," in a lusty voice, examining Tami's full length nakedness up and down, especially her furry pubic patch -- licking the naked girl with her eyes. Mandy was obviously a lesbian and it made Tami squirm. Though Tami and Jen had licked each other last semester (actually, Jen ended up licking Tami on a daily basis), and they had deep-kissed a few times, Tami still thought of herself as hetero. At least, she wasn't turned on to this new girl.

Tami heard Marisol say her name. She played back in her head what the context was. Dawn and Marisol were talking about eyebrow rings. Dawn was thinking of getting one. "That's too far out for me," Marisol said. "I'm not brave like Tami." Tami sighed, as she often had in the past. These friends admired me for being naked. If only I were really as brave as they think I am!

A tall, preppy-looking white girl appeared in the doorway. She had blond long hair tied up in a bun. Plaid skirt. Saddle shoes. Definitely "old money", WASP. "Hi gang," she said, looking around, trying not to stare at the naked girl behind the desk. "I'm Muffy, your new R.A."

Suddenly the only sound in the room was Jen's CD, the low sound of African drumming. Muffy was a living stereotype, but that was not what the girls were thinking about.

"What?" It was Dawn who said that, though any one of them could have. "What happened to Wanda?"

"I was told she moved off campus," Muffy said. She seemed older than the rest of them, somehow. Maybe mid-twenties. Perfect teeth. Knee socks. "Anyway, hope all is well. Come to the dorm meeting tomorrow night. There are other new R.A.'s too. I've got Wanda's old room. Come by to gab about anything." She smiled and turned to leave, but then quickly added, "And Tami Smithers, I think you're O.K. Go - o - o Tami!" She put her fist in the air, sounding like a debutante cheering on her boyfriend on the crewing team (no doubt his name would be "Biff"). Then she was gone.

Everyone was stunned. Then Mayree said, "Wo wo wo! No more Wandabitch!!", setting off a round of clapping and whistling.

The room got back to chatter, somewhat happier and louder than before. Tami, sitting at her desk, thought quickly of the implications. No more Wanda checking her out to see if she wasn't trying to "cheat" by covering herself. Wanda was the Dean's original spy. Now she was gone.

She only fleetingly wondered where Wanda was now. Instead, the naked girl looked around the room again and realized that by now, wearing clothes around the dorm would greatly disappoint her friends. She was Naked Tami, popular and greatly respected around campus for the fact that for her total nudity at all times was a religion -- and for being so, well, modest about it. Jen, especially, regarded her as some kind of feminist hero. Jen, living in the same room, would be totally crushed if Tami wore anything or even put blankets on her bed. And then there was Heather, Wanda's ally, who had taken the blankets away last semester. Heather was still downstairs. She would have ways of finding out if Tami was covering up in her room. No, Wanda's disappearance probably wouldn't change things much, though it was nice not to be under the control of someone so sadistic.

While Tami thought these thoughts, Dawn and Marisol went back to talking about body piercing, Marisol still saying she wasn't brave enough to get her eyebrows pierced. "I AM brave in another way though," she said. She got up, her huge breasts bouncing, and said, "Look guys!" She put her hands around her waist and pulled her sweatshirt off. "A sexy bra in my size!" The Latina girl turned around to display an enormous low-cut black lace bra.  The top halves of her coffee-colored breasts, big as cantelopes, heaved out of the tops of the black, heavily underwired half-cups. There were extra-thick shoulder straps, and an odd thin strap that crossed below over her tummy, and the back had about eight clasps. But this bra was stylish, sexy, elegant, totally unlike the industrial-strength utilitarian white seamed bras that Marisol had been strapping on.

"Woo -- ooo!" everyone shouted, even Tami.

Jen hopped up and looked at the tag in back. "Wow! 36 double F!"

Marisol put her hands on her hips and stuck her breasts out so that they seemed to smother everyone on that side of the room. "I found a place right in the Bronx with nice old ladies who measured me and found the right size. And this thing is comfortable too!" She turned around to show everyone her prize once again. "Eighty pesos and worth it! Qué pechos!!" She wiggled so that her gigantic orbs shifted ponderously, and everyone was waiting for them to leap out of the half-cups. But they stayed in. Marisol giggled.

Rod appeared in the doorway and his eyes immediately bugged out. Then he smiled with nervous embarrassment. Marisol immediately crouched over and good-naturedly crossed her arms over her breasts. "Ay ay ay!" She edged toward her sweatshirt and picked it off the floor. Everyone laughed as she slipped it back on and sat back on the floor.

Tami looked at her boyfriend and stood up, stretching her arms out, shimmying so that her bare breasts bobbled. "Hey my man! Over here! What's wrong with these!"

Rod chuckled and went over to her. He felt like he was in heaven, as he always did with his naked girlfriend. He leaned over and she hopped into his arms. He lifted his naked bundle into the center of the room. He wanted to hold her as if carrying her over a threshold, but alas, Rod was not that strong and Tami was not that light. Instead, he gently dropped her legs to the floor. The lovers' consequent deep, soulful kiss met with roaring approval. As if to show off their love, the naked girl slowly kicked back with one leg, the toes of her bare foot undulating in a circle.

Tami broke the kiss and put her head on Rod's shoulder. She felt his shiny black scalp. "Hmmm, I didn't notice it, but you need a shave," she said with a giggle. She opened her eyes and saw it again: Mandy looking at her intensely but without expression.

Jen cleared her throat loudly. "If you want, we can like, uh, leave," she said. More "Wooo - wooo!" from the female crowd.

"Um, no thanks," Tami said, feeling her pussy heating up, taking Rod by the hand and leading him out of the room. They heard the slapping of Tami's feet and the clicking of Rod's shoes going down the hall. Terri yelled out, "I think there's a broom closet on the third floor that's available!" Raucous laughter. Then after a moment the girls got back to chatting like before.

Little did they know that in fact the lovers found a empty room on the first floor, totally vacated; apparently the room was not assigned to any students at the moment. Tami pulled Rod in and shut the door. She knelt before him and pulled down his pants and set a new personal record for the deepest deep throat she had ever given. Rod groaned loudly, looking up at the ceiling and thanking his lucky stars. Tami couldn't wait -- after only thirty seconds, before he could shoot his load, she turned around and bent over, one hand braced on the bare, college-issue desk, and reached back to guide his beautiful, long, thick, hard dick into her already-wet pussy. Tami the naked savage, the naked wild woman. She liked being this way with shy, adorable Rod.

. . .

Tami had guessed correctly. Her room was now empty. She had bided her time, slumbering with Rod on the mattress in that room downstairs, and now everyone had left. She grabbed a couple of the little towels she was allowed (Wanda had decreed that big towels could be used to wrap around her, thereby covering her) and went down the hall to shower.

She came back and was disappointed to find Mandy sitting at the other desk, the one facing hers. Just being one on one with this new girl was going to be intimidating. She just didn't like the way Mandy kept staring at her, lustfully but also at times purposefully. Tami decided she had to make the best of it. After all, I'm stuck with her for the semester. Maybe I just have to get to know her.

The naked girl, fresh from the shower, smelling of soap and herbal shampoo, sat down at her desk across from Mandy and tried to put on a good-natured smile as she finished toweling her shoulder-length, dark red hair. "Jen tells me you were just back from Holland on an exchange program."

Mandy smiled. She had changed to a black tank top and was wearing a little green kerchief around her hair. "Actually, Belgium. I was there to study French. That's my major."

Tami looked at her. "I'm a math major."

"Oh, I know that," Mandy said, in a way which made Tami even more uneasy. Mandy made it sound like she had read some kind of dossier on Tami.

Then she said something which stopped Tami's heart.

"So, I'm the new roommate of Tami Smithers," she mused. "Tami Smithers. The Unintentional Nudist."

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 2**

Tami looked at her new roommate guardedly. "What?"

"You're the Unintentional Nudist. You don't want to be naked, but you're trapped into it." Mandy's bright red lips were pursed into a tight, self-satisfied smile.

Tami looked down. She just could not look her in the eye. What else did this new girl know? "I -- I don't know what you're talking about."

Mandy leaned to one side, and put her crossed feet up on the side of the desk. She wore Army boots over black tights. "After I got assigned this room I was called in by the Dean. It was hard to understand him through his bureaucrat doubletalk, but basically he told me to watch you. He doesn't really think you're a nudist. And . . . I had a talk with Wanda before she left. She told me all about the streaking episode. So. Surprise, surprise, they bought your religion story. And now you're stuck with it." Mandy giggled. "What a pickle you are in!"

Tami was still looking down. Her eyes flicked to her nipples, which were half-erect. She dearly longed to cross her arms to hide her breasts but realized it would probably be a bad idea. She shook her head. "You've got it all wrong."

"I think I have it exactly right. Tell me the truth if it's different."

The fact that this girl was so know-it-all irritating just made it worse. Tami's eyes flicked up quickly in fear, then darted down again.

"So, Miss Tami Smithers," Mandy said, looking at her feet and wagging them back and forth, "you really want to be naked all the time? Don't you wish you had clothes? Or shoes? In this frozen tundra we're stuck in? Look at my feet. Go ahead, look at them."

Tami nervously looked at Mandy's feet.

"These boots are SO warm. And the tights are so silky and feel SO good. Especially on cold, cold, bitter, windy winter nights like tonight. Don't you wish you could wear these, instead of going through the freezing snow and ice with your bare feet?"

Tami's throat went dry with bitter longing. She cleared her throat to head off a cough. Under the desk, her own bare feet, suddenly feeling very cold, curled up, one foot covering the toes of the other.

"No answer, eh? Well I suppose you like to freeze." Mandy put her feet down. "I'm supposed to watch you. If you put on the merest scrap of clothing, even a glove, even a pair of flip-flops, even the itty bittiest thong panty . . . or if you even try to use your hands to cover those cute tits or that bushy, yummy pussy, I'm going right to the Dean. And you will be expelled."

Tami, still looking down, felt about to cry with frustration. A spy in her own room! She cleared her throat again and said, "You're not a nice person."

Mandy laughed, causing Tami to look up with a start.

"No, I'm a GOOD person," she said. "I want only the best for you, Tami. Face it. Having all your clothes taken away was the best thing that could have happened to you. I was talking to Jen and some of my other friends around here and I heard an amazing story. These folks really think you're a committed nudist. And they tell me you're the most popular girl on campus. Everybody loves you. And you've got this hot thing going with Rod Sykes. Tell me, is it true what they say about black men?"

Tami couldn't help but smile, thinking of her passionate quickie with Rod a couple of hours ago downstairs. She knew what Mandy was referring to. Being so in love with Rod, his dick seemed to her like it was the biggest in the world.

"Ah-ha," Mandy said, noticing the smile. "I suppose it is true then." She got a half-finished bottle of iced tea from her dresser, then sat in the lower bunk and started sipping it. "You're a math major. I bet in high school you were a nerd. Suddenly now you're popular, admired even, and with a hot relationship. Face it, you're lucky. By watching you I'll make sure you STAY lucky." Another sip. "I'm not a sadist like Wanda. Actually I like you a lot."

Tami's face burned with a red blush. She knew that Mandy was, at least partly, correct. There were so many good things in her life now, that she owed to being naked all the time. But she just couldn't admit the truth to this girl. It might be a trick. One wrong word and Mandy might go straight to the Dean.

Tami Smithers steeled herself and got up from behind her desk. She went over to stand up straight and tall in front of her new roommate, forcing herself to keep her arms at her sides, shoulders back, breasts sticking out, legs slightly separated, as if to prove that she had no desire to hide any part of herself. She looked down at Mandy and said, "I am a nudist. I really, truly don't believe in wearing clothes."

Tami's pussy hair, still a little damp and smelling freshly of shampoo, was level with Mandy's eyes and no more than two feet away. Mandy looked at it with undisguised lust, slowly inhaled the fragrance; then took a sip from her iced tea as her gaze slowly moved to Tami's breasts, the nipples still stubbornly half-erect; then stared up into the naked girl's solemn, brave face. Mandy smiled a bright red smile. "You are VERY hot," she said, then she stood up and hugged her new naked roommate. When Tami did not return the hug, Mandy sighed and shrugged and went back to the desk. Looking back at Tami, she said, "You can stop displaying yourself now. Don't you have any sense of modesty?" Then she giggled and sat down.

Tami's nostrils flared. Now she was pissed. And couldn't do anything about it. She went to be her bed and pulled out a math text.

Concentrating on math was impossible, so it seemed a relief when a couple of minutes later Jen returned. Her footsteps were so smooth coming down the hall that the two roommates didn't hear her until she actually opened the door.

"Tami, you study way too much," she said in a voice which was even softer and more velvety than usual. "Classes didn't even start yet!" She took off her coat and hung it up. "And it's ten o'clock. Time to rest up for the first day of class. Time to get relaxed."

Tami looked up at Jen and saw to her chagrin that Jen had "that look" on her face, the look she always had just before she dove in to lick Tami's pussy. No! Not in front of Mandy! But of course, could she say that? Dare she object?

With a quick smile to Mandy, Jen knelt in front of Tami and stroked her naked friend's knees. Jen looked up at Tami with warmth and affection and also with a racy cocked eyebrow. Tami knew at once that Jen had told Mandy of her daily licking session. And Jen was going to start one right now.

Tami froze up. To be licked, to be brought to orgasm, in front of this new girl, this irritating know-it-all who had just pissed her off, was a new low in humiliation. Of course, Jen didn't realize that. Jen probably thought she was just being nice to Tami by bestowing another orgasm on her. But Mandy knew the truth. Mandy knew how humiliating this would be for Tami.

Tami almost cried. She knew there was nothing she could do. She limply lay on her back as Jen put the math book aside and spread Tami's legs. The naked girl closed her eyes as Jen started like she always did, by laying her tongue flat against the outside of Tami's pussy lips and then licking with long, full length flat strokes up and down. Tami wished she could will her body not to respond, but through long experience she knew that was hopeless. Jen was just too skilled.

As Mandy watched raptly from her desk, Jen buried her face deeper into Tami's pussy, tonguing in between the pussy lips, as Tami kept her eyes closed and her face blushed crimson with utter shame. The naked girl's body twitched as Jen executed the first tongue flick to her clit. It was always the same, with a result that was quick and inevitable. Somewhere in the back of Tami's mind she watched helplessly in desolation as once again her whole pelvic area got heavy with arousal and her body was dragged toward the waterfall.

After just a couple of minutes Tami whimpered and then her whole body stiffened, quivered, and then her hips shot up against Jen's head, as Jen wrapped her arms around Tami's thighs with an iron grip. Jen's tongue flicked just behind each spasm as Tami's body lurched again and again. As Tami's mind tried to deal with the intense pleasure and the shame, she heard the slurps as Mandy, spectating as if at a basketball game, finished off the last of her iced tea.

Jen came up for air, her face wet with Tami's secretions, and turned to smile at Mandy, moving her head away so that the new girl could see Tami's wide-opened, fiery, moist pussy. Between gasps, Jen said, "Mandy, Tami is a real super woman come to life. I can lick her and then Rod fucks her, and then I lick her and then Rod fucks her, her capacity is endless." Mandy smiled back broadly.

Tami started sobbing, covering her eyes with her hand. This was horrible. Right in my own dorm room. And this girl who's watched me brought to orgasm, I'm going to have to live with her for a whole semester!

"She always cries after she comes, or at least a lot of times she does," Jen explained to Mandy as Mandy nodded and said, "Hm - mm. . . ."

Jen lay her head on Tami's thigh, stroking the wet hairs around the naked girl's tumescent pussy lips, and said, "I love you, Tami."

Tami, her sobbing dying down, cradled Jen's head in her hand. This wasn't Jen's fault. Jen really did love Tami and didn't know what any better. Tami looked up briefly at the ceiling and, once again, found herself thinking words like Jesus's. "Forgive Jen, she knows not what she does." Then she shut her eyes. I'm being blasphemous again.

Then, to Tami's consternation, Jen lifted her head and said, "Tam, get up doggy style. I want to try something."

With a quick eye-flick to Mandy, Tami knew she had no choice but to do as Jen said without hesitation. It would mean showing her asshole to Mandy, but there was no reason for someone without modesty to object. At least she would be turned around and wouldn't be looking her new roommate in the face.

Tami dutifully got up and crouched on all fours, the soles of her feet sticking out over the edge of the bed. She put her head down against the wall.

Jen stretched apart Tami's butt cheeks with her delicate hands and said, "Look at this beautiful butthole." The mortified naked girl, facing the wall, did not want to think about how Mandy was reacting. As it was, Mandy raised her eyebrows attentively and nodded appraisingly.

"Come on, look, she keeps it perfectly clean," Jen said, stretching Tami's asshole this way and that. Tami heard a chair shifting against the floor. She knew Mandy was squatting right in front of her butthole, looking at it as Jen stretched her butt cheeks apart to show it to its best advantage.

"That's pretty interesting, that ring of brown skin," Mandy said. Tami could feel the new girl's breath on her supersensitive sphincter skin and shut her eyes in an attempt to stop the tears of shame. God, when will this end? I wish I could die right now!!

And Tami was struck by an odd feeling. Jen loved her, and was proud of her, showing off every inch of her naked body to her friend Mandy. But at the moment she was also kind of treating her like a piece of meat.

"OH!"

Evidently a delicious piece of meat. Jen had just stuck her tongue right into Tami's butthole!

"Akkk! Jen!!" Tami grimaced (though no one could see it) and squirmed. The wet, soft tongue in her butt was the ickiest thing she had ever felt. Ewww! How could Jen do such a thing!!

Tami was about to tell Jen to stop when she thought of Mandy watching. Mandy, the Dean's spy. It was like at Dr. Congi's sexual awareness workshop, when she saw that look on Mr. Ross's face when Dr. Congi told her to spread her legs. The raised eyebrow. The "Let's see what she does now" look. Though she couldn't see Mandy's face, she could feel that same look on her now. Tami just couldn't risk it. She would have to withhold any objections and endure this new indignity without hesitation.

She squirmed and squirmed, her face twisted into an expression of extreme distaste, as Jen's pointy tongue noodled around her butthole and then stuck right into it. Yuck! Oddly, in a perverted way it was turning her on, a little, though mostly she felt just revulsion.

Then Jen quickly spun around and, facing upward, stuck her head between Tami's legs and kissed and licked her pussy again. Jen's little finger found Tami's butthole and then probed and then went in, causing a sharp gasp from the naked girl.

Tami had felt a finger in her butt before, in the privacy of her own bedroom back home during Christmas break, when she had experimented in the mirror after doing her stretching exercises. Jen was very gentle and her pinky didn't really hurt. But to have such a private act done by someone else, and in front of a new person, made it doubly, triply, shaming.

Jen started her familiar technique on Tami's pussy again and, with Jen's finger in her butt, penetrating her to the core, Tami was even more helpless to prevent orgasm than the first time. She gasped and quivered and when the second orgasm came she bucked back and forth on all fours, like a wild horse trying to throw off a rider. After it was over she slumped and Jen's head escaped from between her legs.

Tami lay on her stomach, sweating, her slim back heaving as she caught her breath. Jen got up and straightened herself out, then got her toothpaste and things and, after kissing Tami gently on one butt cheek, glided out of the room.

Tami felt violated. There was no other way to put it. She felt used. This was different from simple humiliation. Then, as she had dreaded, Mandy came over and turned her body over. Tami knew she had to do something, no matter what the cost. She just couldn't endure this. It was like in high school when her date grabbed her breast in the movie theater. She would set limits now the same way now as she did then. She knew the risk she was taking. But when Mandy grabbed a breast and began to suck a nipple, and at the same time put her finger into Tami's pussy, the naked girl in no uncertain terms grabbed Mandy's hands and removed them from her person and said,

"No. Don't."

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 3**

Tami woke up and immediately felt the need for covering. I'm naked! And there aren't any blankets on this bed! Then she remembered that she was Tami Smithers. I don't own any clothes. I don't have any blankets. Shit, back in reality again.

She was glad at least to be alone. Mandy and Jen had gone to their classes. Tami remembered vaguely that she was supposed to be modeling for art classes for Professor Brignon. No, that starts next week. Good. I'll dread that but at least it won't be today.

She was glad not to have to say good morning to Mandy. Last night, after she had given Mandy's hands back to her, the new roommate had looked at her with big hurt eyes and said, "What's wrong?" Tami had told her the same thing she told that guy in high school who fondled her breast at the movies. "You can't just grab me, you know. These are not fruit." Mandy then went to her lower bunk and lay down, staring up at the springs in the upper bunk. Tami pretended to go to sleep in the position she was in, on her stomach. Soon Jen came back and Tami heard her two roommates settling into their beds, in their nice fluffy pajamas, drawing their nice bulky blankets over themselves, leaving Tami Smithers naked and uncovered as always. Well, at least the room had a good radiator and was always warm.

Tami would have to talk to Jen. She didn't want Jen poking and prodding her like that in front of someone else. Surely being a nudist didn't mean having to subject herself to that. But she didn't want to hurt Jen's feelings either. During the night her subconscious mind had worked on it and now that morning was here she had a pretty good idea what to say.

Tami realized with a start that Mandy, upset at being spurned, might give a bad report of some kind to the Dean. Would she do that? Tami couldn't decide if Mandy was good or evil. She would probably find out soon enough. She could picture being summoned to the Dean's office. She asked herself, What have I done? Is this it? Am I getting expelled? The immediate future was full of confrontations and dire possibilities.

Tami decided to put her mind to getting ready for the first day of classes. They were in the dead of winter now, the deep freeze this north country was famous for. Tami had heard that in January and February, weeks could go by without the temperature going above zero, even in the middle of the day. Scooting around outside without clothing would be downright dangerous, unless it was well planned to keep exposure time at a minimum. Fortunately Rebecca, who grew up in these parts, had put a thermometer outside Tami's window so Tami could see just how cold it was. Tami checked. Right now it was five degrees above zero. Well, it could be worse.

A two-minute run to the math building was not so bad, as Tami scampered to her first class. She was lucky; she had gotten almost all the classes she put in for, which was unusual for a freshman. The only exception was her elective. She thought she had gotten into the ceramics class she had picked, but when the schedule came back she had been put into a course called "Stalking Wild Plants". Well, she supposed she could get interested in that, and it was only two credits anyway, so she didn't try to change it.

Once inside the math building, Tami was reminded of how embarrassing it was to walk totally naked through a crowd of mostly male math majors. They had never stopped gawking ever since she started going naked in September, and today there were some new transfer students who gasped and said things which the naked girl could overhear. "There she is!" and "Wow, what a body!" were the more polite comments. She wrinkled her chin, determined to try to ignore the stares and comments. How she wished she could get used to this! But no, she had been cursed with a sense of modesty that seemed indestructible. It had survived months of total public nudity and frequent public exposures of her most private places. And now once more she was embarrassed as everyone looked at her naked body, and knew that any attempt to cross her arms or hide any part of herself might somehow get reported back to the Dean.

She looked at the big bulletin board, as all math majors did once a day, and then looked down at everyone's big cold-weather boots next to her snow-encrusted bare feet. She wiggled her toes as they tingled, the sensations returning after the frigid run.  Then she looked up again, her uneasiness showing in the way she rubbed the shoulder straps of her backpack (which at least served to cover most of her bare back). On the board was yet another sheet of paper with an equation on it. She had seen these cryptic equations posted on and off since last semester, but now the initials "T.S." were written underneath. For "Tami Smithers"? Underneath that, in different handwriting, someone had written, "This is very close." With morbid curiosity she copied the equation down.

Later that day, working in the math department computer lab on her project for Professor Barrows, squirming because her bare butt was sitting one of those lined fabric chairs that never get cleaned, Tami opened a graphing program and typed in the three-dimensional equation. Bingo. It was what she was afraid of: two sloped ellipsoids, with circles and tiny peaks near the centers. This equation was a pretty close approximation of her breasts, complete with nipples that were erect like hers had been for months. The equation must have taken a lot of work. It's amazing what a horny math major will set his mind to. The naked girl then realized that the mysterious equations on the board last semester were earlier attempts to get her breasts just right. Sitting in front of the computer screen, she shut her eyes to blot out the reality. Yet another reminder that her body was always on display, examined very closely by these guys around her. Then she realized anyone behind her could see what she was looking at and she quickly closed the program.

Later, sitting in the stall of a bathroom in the psychology building after her class in Social Psychology, she saw that someone had drawn a picture of a naked woman, complete with breasts and pussy hair, with a cartoon balloon that said, "Hi. I'm Tami Smithers. Just because I'm naked all the time doesn't mean you have to look at my tits and cunt." Under that, someone else had written, "Even though I'm sticking them right in your face." Tami put her head in her hands. She never realized she was being made fun of. How many others felt the same way? Tami dreaded what kind of graffiti was written about her in the men's rooms!

She was glad to immerse herself in her classes to keep her mind off these things. She continued her habit from last semester of always sitting in the back, arms up toward her notebook so that her breasts were more or less covered, the toes of one foot clasping the top of the chair in front of her as she propped the notebook up on one thigh. Nobody was looking at her when she was in back, which allowed her to concentrate on what was being taught.

It was almost supper time when she got back to her room. Crunch time. Time to have a serious chat with Jen. Mandy was there, sulking at her desk. Well, Tami told herself, at least there's been no word from the Dean. The boom hasn't been lowered, at least not yet. She said a quick "hi" to Mandy, who answered only with a grunt.

Jen came in and flung her bookbag on the upper bunk. "I'm hungry. Let's go." Mandy declined her invitation, so it was just Jen and Tami making the short walk to the dining hall.

As they came to the end of the food line, Tami decided she would steer Jen to a deserted corner of the dining hall so that she could have her "little talk". Unfortunately when they got out almost the whole dining hall was full. Tami's heart sank as she saw Jen head toward the little table next to the salad bar, right smack in the middle of everyone.

Tami sat down across from her friend, aware that people could look at her body from any angle. In her peripheral vision she sensed the usual gawking from most of the guys and some of the girls. She tried to act as if nobody was there except for her and Jen. She  reminded herself of the exact words to say and replies to Jen's likely responses. In the middle of this she felt something wet and cold under her foot. She looked down. Yuck. A piece of oily lettuce. Tami rubbed the bottom of her foot on the carpet and then turned her foot up to look at it under the table. A naked girl has to deal with so many things that clothed people don't.

It was about fifteen minutes later, as the two roommates were onto their jello dessert, when Tami decided to plunge in. "Jen, I want to talk about last night." When you want to get something off your chest, be quick and to the point. That's what her father used to say.

"I don't want you . . . licking me when someone's watching. Like Mandy."

Jen looked at Tami with a slightly concerned expression. "Why not?"

"Well . . . I want it to be a private thing. Not a public thing."

"But -- " Jen's brow furrowed. She looked slightly pissed. "At the workshop with Congi -- "

"That was educational. So people could see my -- my vagina. It wasn't . . . sex with someone else." Tami gulped. This was turning out to be harder that she thought.

Jen looked down at her plate, a hurt expression on her face. "You don't like the way I do it?"

"Of course I do. I -- I want you to keep licking me." The words were hard to say, but they were true. Tami had gotten to really enjoy Jen's tongue. "Just not in front of other people."

"But your religion . . . " Jen looked up with a betrayed expression which alarmed Tami.

"My religion is to be naked," Tami said. God, it was hard to say these words, so false, to her best friend and roommate and biggest fan. "Not to -- well -- have sex in front of people. And not only that. After you left Mandy grabbed my breast and put her finger in -- my -- vagina."

Jen looked at Tami with a smile. "Did she do a good job?"

"Jen!" Tami said in exasperation. "She didn't have my permission."

Jen looked with a smirk at Tami's nipples. "It's just that they're such succulent nipples. . ."

Tami lost her patience and raised her voice. "Jen, listen to me! Stop looking at my TITS!"

The surrounding conversation immediately died down. Tami's eyes darted furtively. Everyone had heard her say that. She desperately wanted to put up cupped hands and hide her breasts, which her words had directed everyone's attention to, but knew she couldn't risk it. There were probably spies around.

Tami had to continue with what she was saying and get it over with, even though it meant she would be overheard. "I don't want just anyone to . . . touch me. I'm not lying there just to be grabbed and let anyone who wants to to pile on."

Jen was angry now. She looked around at the people hanging onto every word. Tami was embarrassing her. "Anything else you want to say? Is there anything else you didn't like?"

Tami gulped again. One more thing that had to be said. "I didn't like it when you -- you --"

"When I what?"

"When you licked . . . " Tami closed her eyes. It was so shameful to say this, in front of the whole dining hall. "My -- my butthole." She clenched the cheeks of her bare butt, thinking of Jen's tongue snaking in between. She could sense people around her curling their lips in disgust at the thought. From a distance she could just about hear a girl saying, "Eww, gross!"

Jen shook her head in wonder. "I told Mandy it would be O.K. . . ."

Tami couldn't believe it. She was getting absolutely nowhere with Jen. Her temper took over. She threw the napkin down on her plate and stood up. "Jen, just figure it out! You are so lame!" She carried her tray over to the disposal area. Everyone watched as Naked Tami stormed out of the dining hall, her bare feet stomping on the tile stairs as she disappeared from view.

Stepping out into the frigid air, the naked girl realized she just couldn't go back to her room right now, not with Mandy there and Jen likely to return. She needed space. And someone to talk to.

She sprinted the two hundred feet or so to the dorm and went to the pay phone in the lobby, got a quarter from her ankle pouch, and called Rebecca's and Marisol's off-campus apartment.

"Rebecca? I just need someone to talk to and a place to hang out for a bit. I had a fight with Jen, and Mandy and I aren't too cool right now either." Hearing Rebecca's sympathetic voice, Tami immediately felt better. When Rebecca said she had no car to fetch her in, Tami said, "I'll run. I'll be there in five minutes."

Tami hung up. Could she really do this? She had walked briskly to that apartment in December, but that was when it was warmer out, and in the middle of the day, and with a heavy backpack to keep her warm with exertion. She quickly told herself that yes, if she ran like hell now she could do it. She called Rebecca again to make sure she remembered where the apartment was. And then a third time to ask that a tub of hot water be ready (a point which Rebecca had already anticipated). Then, with one final pause inside the foyer, she pushed the door open and began tearing across the campus.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 4**

The cold of the dark campus night was penetrating, overwhelming, immense. The naked girl's breaths came out in thick white clouds and she could feel ice forming in her pores. By the time she left the campus grounds almost her whole body was numb. But Tami put all thoughts of turning back out of her mind and stumbled on. She was only dimly aware of the stares of surprise from the few people out on the campus grounds on this bitter cold night, or the utter shocked exclamations from the people walking by in town, who all told themselves: this is truly a crazy girl, running naked down the main highway up to the traffic light, in such cold weather. Hopefully the police or the mental health people will grab her and take her inside where it is warm and get some clothes on her!

Tami ran as fast as she could considering all she could do by now was stumble. She couldn't feel her feet at all and in her dulled mind knew that she might be stepping on broken glass, rusty nails . . . Even though her feet were toughened from months of going barefoot, there were some things that could still penetrate her hard soles and do real damage. She devoted her remaining powers of concentration to making sure she didn't run into traffic when she crossed the big intersection. Fortunately all was clear and she shot across.

As she turned onto the old, ratty road, past junkyards and Teaser's, the local topless bar, she got her second wind and her senses partly returned. She also noticed the police car that was cruising slowly in the right lane, keeping pace with her. From the periphery of her vision she saw the two cops in their warm car, bundled up in their heavy winter parkas, sipping hot coffee. She knew they were watching the muscles and curves of her half-frozen body very intently as she ran.

For the average male, seeing a superbly conditioned young naked female running is an exquisite pleasure. That she was running in such cold weather, over such rough terrain, no doubt added piquancy to the scene. The naked girl, her mind beginning to fade again, hated to be stared at but was actually glad she was being so closely observed; if she felt like she was't going to make it she could get a ride from them. Surely they would open the door for her. She pictured herself banging on the window and yelling in a slurred voice, "P-p-please let me in! I'm c-c-c-cold!!"

It turned out not to be necessary. Tami recognized the side street and darted in. On one of the porches she saw a thick bundle of coat and hat and knew it to be Marisol, who opened the door for the stumbling girl and followed her as she stomped raggedly up the stairs.

Tami vaguely sensed her numb feet thudding on a bare wood floor. There was an odd whiff of cigarette smoke and the room felt hot. Even hotter was the tub of water Rebecca led her to. Actually it was only lukewarm; Rebecca, familiar with the hazards of cold weather, knew that hot water would be harmful. But even so, the naked girl felt like she was submersing herself into hot lava. Knowing it was for her own good, she suppressed her scream and splashed the water over her stinging arms, even ducking down to soak her head, causing her nose and ears to sting as if they were being cut off.

From the violent shivering that then came upon her, Tami knew that she had overstepped her limits. As the shivering decreased and her senses returned and she felt the blessed calm inside, she took note of what she had tried to do -- running a mile when it was zero degrees out -- and knew she would never try it again. There's nothing like a close call. Thank god that police car was there for insurance.

Fifteen minutes later, all pink and glowing, the naked girl emerged from the bathroom, toweling herself off, and then quickly dropped the towel. By now it was a reflex with her to keep her nakedness on total display at all times. She walked calmly into the living room, becoming aware of a ratty couch and overstuffed chair she hadn't seen before, and a bare folding table with some little wood chairs, a few other things, and once again the odor cigarette smoke.

Sitting by the half-opened window in a folding chair, blowing smoke outside, was none other than Wethby Campbell in his straggly beard, sweatshirt, and half-opened flannel shirt. He acknowledged Tami with a nod of his head. Surprised to see him here, Tami nodded back. Wethby glanced down to her pussy and then quickly returned to looking out the window.

Rebecca and Marisol came in with some tea. Handing a cup to Tami, they led her to a chair between the table and Wethby while Rebecca sat across the table and Marisol sat on the couch. Tami noticed that she was in the middle of the room, her entire bare body on full view of everyone else. Still she was glad to be warm, and gratefully sipped the tea.

After a minute she said, "I see you're starting to move in."

"Starting!" Marisol said. "On our budget this is all the furniture you'll see for a while."

Tami felt like apologizing. She had never lived on her own. It must cost money to pay rent and buy furniture. Seeking to make amends, she said, "Well at least the heat is good in here. In fact, it's blazing hot."

"Blazing hot!" Marsiol said. Then she giggled. "It's cold in here, amiga. It never gets more than about sixty degrees. Look how we have to bundle up." She put up her sweatered arms. Indeed, Tami noticed that everyone was wearing a heavy shirt and either a sweater or a sweatshirt. And here she was stark naked, feeling hot. Weird. It was like she was an alien from a colder planet.

"So, Tam," Rebecca said, "What happened with Jen? and with Mandy?"

Tami started to say, "Well," but then realized that she was about to give graphic details about lesbian sex and private body parts. And in front of Rebecca, a born-again Christian, who was obviously tolerant, but probably not the kind of person who would feel at ease with such language. She wondered if there was some way to use more general terms. She decided to give it a try.

"Jen has been . . . making love to me, which is O.K., but last night she did it to me in front of Mandy, and she also did . . . well . . . and then after Jen was done Mandy tried to grab me on . . ."

After she had trailed off and apparently couldn't start up again, Wethby said, "I have no idea what the fuck she is talking about."

"Wethby, you don't have to be here, you know," Marisol said.

"Well how do you know how to respond to this girl if you don't know specifically what she didn't like? What Jen tried to do 'also', for example, which was not O.K. Did she try to kiss her on the ear? Or fuck her butt with a fireplug? It makes a difference, you know."

"Bec, maybe the three of us should go talk in your room," Marisol said to Rebecca.

"O.K., I'm sorry . . . " Wethby actually looked contrite, which was a big strain for him. "But you see my point, do you?"

Tami looked back at Wethby. His language might be crude, but he seemed more tolerable than the first time she met him, back in his apartment in December. He actually seemed to care about what she wanted to say. "It's O.K. with me if he's here."

Rebecca was deep in thought. Then she said, "He's right, I suppose. You don't have to talk about this at all, Tami. You can just mellow out with us and crash here. But it sounds like you want to get something off your chest." This caused Tami to blush; maybe not Rebecca, but certainly Marisol and Wethby were thinking, "off your BARE chest". It was so obvious that Rebecca could just as well have said, "get something off your nipples."

Tami got these odd thoughts off her mind and continued listening to Rebecca, who said, "I suppose if you really want to talk about what happened you should be as specific as possible."

Tami looked down. "O.K." She needed some support from her friends, and they deserved the uncensored truth. She cleared her throat, curling her toes under the chair. "Jen has been -- licking me like every day in the dorm since around Thanksgiving, which is O.K. with me. But last night she went on ahead and did it with Mandy there watching us. And then Jen licked my -- my butthole."

She could sense the look of recoil on Rebecca's face. She heard Marisol saw, "Ai! Ñema!" Behind her, she heard Wethby cough, something he did a lot of because of his constant smoking.

Tami cleared her throat again. She took a sip of tea. Remembering her butthole being licked, she felt herself clenching her butt cheeks again, and wondered if her friends could see it. Certainly from his angle Wethby could. "And then she -- put her finger in my butt and . . . licked me and made me come again."

"Again?" Marisol said, intrigued.

"Yes, I . . . I can come twice in a row." Actually, more than that, she thought, remembering her sessions with Rod.

Tami took a deep breath. "Then after Jen left Mandy came over to me and grabbed my -- my vagina and grabbed my breast and tried to -- to suck my nipple." Tami's face burned red, knowing that everyone was looking at, or trying hard NOT to look at, her nipples. "So I pushed her away. And she didn't understand why."

Tha naked girl exhaled a bit, now that the most graphic part of her tale was over. "Then when I tried to tell Jen I didn't like what happened, she" -- oddly, now that Tami was talking about the nonsexual part, she felt tears coming to her eyes -- "she didn't see anything wrong and wondered if she did a good enough job on me and that I have pretty nipples." She sniffled. Rebecca, a horrified look on her face, quickly gave her a napkin and she blew her nose and wiped her eyes.

For a while the only sound was of Tami sniffling and wiping her nose. Then Wethby coughed, his usual smoker's cough. When he was finished Marisol said, "That doesn't sound right to me."

Rebecca was more stern. "I'd call it rape."

Wethby said, "There's a big difference between that, and RAPE rape."

"Maybe they didn't know that you'd feel like that," Marisol said.

"Why? Just because she's naked? Does that mean anybody can just . . . have their way with her?" Rebecca said.

After a few more moments of silence Wethby said, "Everyone knows that Jen McIntyre is a flibbertigibbet."

Tami had never heard that word before. "A what?"

"A flibbertigibbet. A lightweight. She probably inherited some smarts from her dad, but she's never had to do anything hard. Probably got here under affirmative action. Has all the money she can spend and then some. Has never been denied anything. Probably thinks that sex is just like a big wet handshake."

Rebecca said, "Her parents divorced. That had to be rough."

"Maybe, maybe not. She's still a flibbertigibbet."

Rebecca said, "You don't have to be so harsh."

During the ensuing silence Tami realized how subtle Rebecca was being. Rebecca did not like hearing people being denigrated. But now, though she was criticizing Wethby's choice of words, she wasn't actually disagreeing with him.

Rebecca sat up straight. "Matthew says, if someone sins against you, go with someone else to her and tell her what she did wrong. You should go to Jen and Mandy and take someone with you for moral support, and tell them how you feel. It sounds like you tried that with Jen and it didn't register. Well, try again, with someone behind you."

"I thought that was Luke," Wethby said, briefly remembering the intense Bible instruction that had been drilled into him as a child.

"No, it's Matthew," Rebecca said.

"The important thing is to know exactly what you want, so you can express it muy bien," Marisol said.

"Yes, to your own self be true, and then it follows, as the night does the day, that you can't be false to anyone," Rebecca said.

"I suppose you're going to say that's Matthew too," Wethby said with a grunt.

"No, I admit that's Shakespeare," Rebecca said. "Not everything worth quoting is from the Bible."

"Wow, what an admission! I wish I had this on tape!" Wethby said.

"You sure like to quote sayings at me," Tami said with a smirk. She felt a lot better now. She had stopped sniffling and she sat up in her chair, arms crossed over her breasts, used-up napkin in one hand, her feet balancing and twisting around aimlessly on her big toes.

"Yeah, you're right. Sorry." Rebecca said, rolling her eyes.

Marisol tried to get everyone back to the point. "Tami, what exactly didn't you like about what happened? Make a list." Marisol was on the campus mental health crisis hotline and this was a chance to use what she'd learned.

Tami looked down and thought for a second. What exactly? "I didn't like being licked in front of someone else. I -- I didn't like Mandy grabbing me."

"And what about having your butthole licked?" Wethby said, to the mild irritation of Rebecca and Marisol.

Tami thought for a second. She blushed. She just couldn't lie to her friends. "I -- I did like it a little, I suppose."

Wethby said, "And having her stick her finger up your butt?" Rebecca and Marisol sighed in exasperation. Wethby shrugged and said, "Well you did say it was important to be specific!"

Tami looked down, momentarily forgetting the shame of being naked and discussing her butthole in front of these people. "I -- I don't know."

Seconds of silence ticked by.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 5**

Marisol slapped her forehead. "Oh wait," she said, running out of the room, her huge breasts bouncing under her sweater. "I forgot." She returned a second later with a pad and pencil. "Now let's write this list down. A column for 'O.K.', and another for 'Not O.K.'" She drew a line down the middle. "Under 'Not O.K.', there's being . . . licked . . . in front of people," she said, scribbling furiously. "Under 'Unsure'," she said, quickly bisecting the left side of the paper with another line, "there's having butthole licked . . . and having finger put in butthole."

"Oh Good God!" Wethby said. "Lay off the crisis center training, will you? Why don't you draw little diagrams of assholes and tongues and fingers while you're at it!"

At first Tami was mortified to see Marisol writing about her asshole, but in a second she looked around and everyone simultaneously broke into giggles. Then everyone was laughing uncontrollably. Even Wethby joined in. He was right. It was ridiculous.

For a long minute there was nothing but guffaws and attempts to stifle giggling as knees were slapped and tears rolled down from merry eyes.

Trying to control herself, Marisol ripped the page from the pad and rolled it up into a ball and threw it across the room, saying, "O.K. . . . we don't . . . have to write it down! Ha ha ha!!"

After the general hilarity died down a bit, Rebecca said, "So, Tam, what are you going to say to Jen? And Mandy?"

Tami stretched her legs out in front of her and reached up to grip the edge of the table with the toes of one foot. Looking down past her pubic hair at the dilapidated wood floor, she said, "'Jen, I don't want to have sex in front of people.' And, 'Mandy, Jen is my lover, you aren't. I'm like anyone else and I have boundaries.'" She sounded sure and confident, because she was.

"That was a good choice of words for an 18-year-old, if you don't mind my saying so," Wethby said, wrinkling his chin and nodding approvingly.

Tami shrugged. "The 'boundaries' part is from a pamphlet they gave us in September on date rape."

"Good work," Marisol said from her position of expertise. "You should practice those words in your brain, muchacha."

"So when are we going to -- I mean when are you going to tell them this?" Rebecca said.

Tami shrugged again. "I don't know."

"That's bad. If you want a confrontation you should schedule it so it's under your control," Marisol said, reaching behind and into her sweater to adjust one of her hefty bra straps. "The next time you see them, if possible."

Tami pondered a moment. "I suppose I could leave a note on their desk tomorrow to meet me in, say, the dining hall at, um . . . 6 p.m."

Marisol said to Rebecca, "Will they still take our I.D. cards at the dining hall?"

"I think so," Rebecca said. "That's still an option on the new food plan we have."

A gust of wind flew in from the window next to Wethby and stung Tami's bare bottom. "Wow, it's cold out," she said, rubbing her butt with her hands, feeling the goose bumps.

"You of all people should know, you were running out there naked," Wethby said.

"Of course, how else would Tami Smithers run?" Marisol said.

Tami wanted Wethby to close the window. "Are you done?" she said.

"I'm done," he said, snuffing out his cigarette in the saucer he was using as an ashtray and shutting the window, which was hard to close, with a full body grunt.

Tami looked back down at her tea and began to have misgivings. "This seems like such a big production . . . I don't think we have to make it a big confrontation. Having you two with me might make it look like I'm ganging up on them."

"The two of them just ganged up on you, remember?" Rebecca said.

"Well, maybe just one of you with me, then," Tami said. Her nipples still felt cold from that last gust of air and she decided to press the warm tea cup first against one nipple and then the other. It felt good.

Marisol tapped her forehead. "I just remembered I'm on observation at the crisis center tomorrow night. . . Well that settles that, you go," she said to Rebecca.

Rebecca said to Tami reassuringly, "I'll be next to you but I won't say a word unless you want me to."

Tami looked up at the clock. Past ten o'clock already! Suddenly she felt very tired. "Can I crash here tonight?"

Marisol said, "All we've got is this couch."

"You can crash at my place," Wethby said. "I have an extra bed in the living room."

Yuck . . .Tami didn't mind Wethby so much anymore, but everything at his place stank of cigarettes. As funky as the girls' couch looked, she would rather lay on that.

"No, the couch is O.K.," Tami said. She noticed that there was no discussion of blankets or pillows. Just the couch. But of course . . . everyone knew Tami Smithers didn't believe in using blankets or pillows!

In a few minutes Wethby had left, Rebecca and Marisol had said good-night and went into their respective little bedrooms, and Tami Smithers was lying on the couch, trying to get comfortable.

She was desperately tired, maybe because of that long frigid run and the energy her body expended in shivering and getting its heat back. Yet this couch was torture on a naked girl. There was something about the material that was itchy on her bare skin, like her father's easy chair at home. And the cushions were so lumpy. God knows what had been spilled on this couch during its first several centuries of existence, before it had come into the possession of Rebecca and Marisol. Tami could feel her back muscles being tied into knots.

She decided to take a few minutes to lie on the floor on her back with her knees up. This was a good relaxation position, and pressing her back flat against the floor was a good way to stretch those lower back muscles. At least that's what Coach Ballister used to tell his gymnastics team in high school. Feeling carefully with her hands for any exposed nails, Tami gently lay her back down on the ragged old wooden floor, knees up, feet flat. She could feel a couple of nail heads under her butt and under one of her feet. Well, she thought, once I get relaxed I can move back up to the couch. She took a deep breath . . .

. . .

Specimen Tami woke up to see, once again, the bars of her cage. Her naked, supine body shifted on the hard wood floor. She craned her head up and saw that, as usual, she had slept with her legs splayed open. Various observers, bundled up in their winter clothes, were looking intently at her genital area. This was easy for them to do, because her cage was on a platform so that the floor was a little below the observers' eye level. She could see them looking intently at her pussy, their breath forming condensation in the cold air. There were about ten of them at this early morning hour, of various ages, here to see the main attraction at the zoo.

It was a typical large zoo, with the typical selection of animals, except that this cage, set up on a hill in the center of the grounds, right past the admission booths, next to the food vendors, contained a specimen of the species homo sapiens. It was only right that a complete zoo should contain a specimen of one of the most common mammals on the planet. The mission of the zoo was after all basically educational, and by observing a human being on display thus, the customers and observers, being human themselves, would probably gain insight into their own selves.

Tami felt a gust of cold air entering her pussy and knew that her lower lips, as usual, were parted. She stretched, feeling the roughness of the wood and the latticework of metal wires embedded in it as they scraped her bare back and buttocks. She then sat up cross-legged, smiling at the observers as a couple of them said good morning. She replied politely, as she had been trained to do.

How long had she lived here? Months? Years? This cage had been her home for as long as she could remember. She briefly looked around. The cage was pretty big, about fifteen  feet square, and open on all sides so that she could be seen from almost anywhere on the zoo grounds. To one side was the little universal gym upon which she was required to exercise one hour each, three times a day. This, and the excellent low-fat organic food she was fed through the bars, kept her body taut and hard. She looked down at the concavity of her stomach, the wiry muscles of her thighs. She had to admit that her body was perfectly toned. As a specimen of the human species she was superb. She looked down at her nipples. Big, brown, hard. Then down to her luxurious, abundant pubic hair, her ample, sturdy vaginal lips, then down to her hard feet. Her entire body was covered with an almost invisible down of fine hairs. Yes, she was truly a creature of the outdoors and she looked it. One of many mammals on display at this zoo.

But the mammal with by far the biggest, most well-developed brain in all the animal kingdom. She glanced over to the other side of the cage, to the bookshelf which contained nourishment for her mental life, especially her main interest, higher mathematics. Often she would idle away the time by reading, lying flat on her back, one bare foot flat up against the bars while the other leg was draped over the bookshelf, as she held the book above her. Lost in her thoughts, she could be almost oblivious to the people who were always around her, watching her from every angle.

The cage had no chairs, tables, couches, indeed no furniture of any kind. There was an open toilet near the bookshelf. The universal gym, the bookshelf, and the toilet, that was it. She simply lay down or sat on the rough wooden floor when she was not standing. Three times a day, after each exercise session, she was hosed down by one of the zookeepers. Fortunately during the cold weather the hose water was nice and warm. Afterwards her body would give off warm little wisps of humid, heated air.

She was not allowed towels to dry herself off. That would be a violation of the first rule of the zoo, that the human specimen be kept naked and on display at all times. The other animals didn't wear clothes, why should she? Not a stitch, even now in winter. How long had it been since she had worn any clothes? She couldn't remember. She couldn't even remember what wearing clothes was like. Often she wondered how it would feel . . .

Of course, the possibility of any covering was out of the question. The two rules were posted next to her cage in big letters: "1. Do not feed the specimen. 2. Do NOT give the specimen any clothes under any circumstances! This includes gloves, shoes, hats, towels, etc."

Not that people didn't try to give her something. They cringed when they saw her up there naked in winter, unprotected from the cold drafts that swept up through the grounds, and often offered a scarf or gloves or even a sweater sometimes, through the bars. She dared not respond with either a yes or no. Sometimes the clothes were thrown at her through the bars, landing almost at her feet. It was hard to resist grabbing the clothes and putting them on, but she knew what the punishment would be. She had tried it a few times and the consequence was always the same. It turned out the latticework of metal wires in the floor was electrified. If she made the slightest move toward any article of clothing, a strong shock would be administered that she would feel through her bare feet. By now she learned to just turn away until one of the zookeepers reached in with a pole and snatched the offending item away. It was torture to look at it with longing. Better not to look at it at all and hope the zookeeper would come soon.

How could she survive such cold in a state of permanent nudity? She had often wondered. Maybe the exercise kept her metabolism up. More likely, her body had just gotten used to the elements. She could certainly feel the cold, but somehow she hardly ever even shivered, not even when she woke up to find the floor of the cage streaked with powdery windblown snow. Her ruggedness was a constant source of amazement to the crowd, and she heard them comment on it often. She had a theory that she had been initially put here in the summer, and during that first change of weather to autumn and then winter her body had had time to adjust. But that was just a theory. She couldn't really remember.

As she lay down again, stretching out lazily, she thought maybe this was not so bad a life after all. The zookeepers were friendly. And then, oddly, there was the smell of coffee . . .   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 6**

Tami opened her eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. Thank God. She was back in Rebecca's and Marisol's apartment. She was inside and it was not freezing cold. Though now that she thought about it the room was a bit chilly.

As she blinked herself into consciousness she sensed a hard, ragged surface under her and the presence of people. She realized she had slept the whole night on the wood floor! She pushed herself up to sit cross-legged, leaning back against the couch. She instinctively crossed her arms over her breasts and leaned over her crotch, then realized who she was. Tami Smithers, who must never cover herself. Well, it was a bit cold so it was O.K. . . She still couldn't believe it. She had slept naked on a hard, cold wood floor. . .

"Good morning," Rebecca said. She was sipping coffee at the table with Marisol. The two girls were in their bathrobes, which covered their pajamas. Thick socks were on their feet. Marisol also had on big fluffy slippers with fronts shaped like dinosaur claws.

"You are one tough mujer," Marisol said admiringly. "Sleeping on the hard floor like that."

Tami smiled groggily. "I'll try anything once," she said. Then, "That coffee smells good."

"Milk and one sugar, the way you like it," Marisol said, getting up and giving a third cup to Tami. The naked girl got up and sat on the couch, which was still itchy but at least was warm and soft. Man, what a dream, she told herself, as she gratefully took a sip. I'm glad I'm a free person in civilized society with good friends. Good coffee, too. She looked through the doorway into the kitchen and saw the old-style percolator on the stove. Obviously something Rebecca brought from home, probably been in her family for decades. She's real north country.

Though the room was a little bit cold, Tami felt nice and warm inside. She was among true, supportive friends. This was how her dorm room used to be. If only she could move here! But she remembered Mr. Jensen, the landlord, who had recognized her as this naked girl he had been hearing about among the townspeople. And then he had caught her with her friends applying hot towels to her nipples and feet and butt to warm her up after that first expedition out here in December, and told her that he didn't want to see here around here. To be caught in such a position was bad enough, but the way he spoke to her made her feel like a real slut. No . . . she couldn't live here. In fact, living off campus would present new daily ordeals of public exposure which she would rather not deal with. Still, it was nice to fantasize about living here. Right now, her dorm room was not exactly a welcoming place to go to.

As it turned out the three girls had their first classes at 10:00. Rebecca said she was about to close a deal on a used car, but for now she and Marisol were either walking to class or getting rides from friends. Tami cringed at the thought of walking all the way back to campus in broad daylight, particularly through the ice and frozen slush on the side of the highway, but fortunately this morning they were getting a ride from Marisol's friend Luis. With some time on their hands the girls made breakfast and took turns in the bathtub.

It was not until Tami had lowered herself into the warm water she had drawn that she realized what a rare sensuous experience it was for her to take a bath. This was not like taking a shower. She was enveloped in warm wetness like a womb. It was covering, it was clothing . . . she was protected from drafts and cold and, with the door closed, from the eyes of anybody else. She lay back, greedily hoarding the warmth in to her body to save up for a day of chilly classrooms and freezing sprints across campus. After a couple of minutes she realized that the heat had awakened her sexual desire. She felt a strong urge to diddle herself. Should she? With her good friends right on the other side of the door?? But her fingers wouldn't make any sound underwater. And she could muffle her gasps. But it was hard to spread her legs in the tub. . . After weighing the pros and cons she finally decided against it. She got up to towel herself and stepped, warm and horny, back into the living room where Rebecca and Marisol were ready to go.

Once on campus, the first thing she did after her 10:00 class was go back to the dorm and leave a note on Jen's and Mandy's desk. The note was short and to the point: "I want to talk about what happened. Please meet me in the dining hall at 6:00 p.m." Fortunately, no one was around, nor did she run into Jen or Mandy during the day. As Marisol put it, it was important that this confrontation take place on Tami's time. She didn't want to deal with her roommates until the time she wanted, 6:00 p.m.

After that she made her first visit to the summer job board. It was in the basement of the Student Union. As soon as she approached it she knew how easy it was for her to be noticed. Spies. There were lots of people around, many of them adults who must be staff or faculty or administration. At least some of them were spies, and they didn't have a very hard job. The slapping of Tami's approaching bare feet announced her, her nakedness shone out like a beacon. It would be easy for the Dean to learn that she had been looking at the summer job board. And somehow sabotage any plans for her to have a clothed summer. Fortunately the job board was in the hall and she could pass it and make like she was going somewhere else. She did manage a quick glance as she passed and saw that there were a few jobs up already, written in neat handwriting on index cards. The Student Union was open 24 hours a day. She decided to come by again after hours and take a closer look at the board then.

True to her plan, Tami stayed away from the dorm for the rest of the day. Just before six she got to the dining hall and met Rebecca at the entrance.

While waiting on line Tami had a jarring experience. In front of her were three biology majors talking about their classes. Two of them were dweeby looking pimply guys. The third was a just as dweeby looking girl who liked to doodle, judging from the outside of her notebook. The doodles were of little people and Tami at once recognized the style. This was the girl who had drawn that picture of Tami in the bathroom stall in the Psychology building! Tami burned with shame and frustrated rage, knowing what this girl thought of her. She knew that this girl was intensely conscious of her presence but was pretending not to notice her. Tami wasn't fooled. No doubt Naked Tami was a frequent topic of conversation among these bio dweebs.

Chalfont! Did these bio majors go there? Would they see Tami being experimented on? That would be hell -- to know that they would be seeing her body used for science, no doubt in some intimate fashion, knowing that they were secretly laughing at her. Then Tami remembered that, during her visits to that place, she had noticed that it had its own cafeteria. Yet these bio majors were eating here. Also, the students she had passed in Chalfont were not the same students she saw on the rest of the campus. Tami breathed a sigh of relief. It looked like Chalfont was a place unto itself, with its own student body, probably graduate students. Tami said a secret prayer of thanks. In her bleak life of enforced public nudity she had learned to be thankful for whatever little strokes of luck she could find.

Ten minutes later the naked girl, her tray loaded with a light supper, gratefully pulled away from these bio majors and went with Rebecca to the far table. They sat with their backs to the windows, the same table they had sat at so often last semester during those long lazy Saturday brunhes when the girls in the wing would gossip and complain about Wanda.

In front of their sparse dinners Tami rehearsed with Rebecca what she would say. To the eighteen-year-old freshman, practicing and carefully phrasing and arranging this confrontation seemed like such a mature, adult thing to do. It was only when she had decided on the proper phrasing -- "Jen, I don't like it when you lick me in front of people" -- and found herself staring out at the students waiting on line that Tami realized what she had forgotten.

That awful morning back in December. . . ! When she had been sitting at this same table and Henry Ross had come up that same line to talk with her. Tami closed her eyes, but could not blot out the memory. She had successfully blotted it out for weeks, but now that it came back to her she remembered it perfectly. Jen had just jumped under the table, forced Tami's legs apart and mischievously started tonguing her, with the bemused Jeffrey Dillon looking on. Tami had begged Jen to stop, especially when she saw that Ross had entered the dining hall and was heading toward her. Hearing Ross's voice, Jen had stopped. But then when Ross made it clear he had noticed Tami receiving oral sex under the table, and told her that she should not feel modest with him around, from his look Tami knew that Jen must continue.

It was at that point that Tami had made the difficult decision to tell Jen to keep tonguing her. With Ross watching. Tami was forced to reach the most explosive orgasm of her life while looking right into the eyes of Henry Ross, who was gloating with sadistic glee. The most shaming experience of her life, and that's saying a lot . . . Tami put her hands over her closed eyes, trying once again to erase that sadistic gaze from her mind.

No wonder Jen was so pissed yesterday! Tami had indeed asked her to lick her with someone watching, an administration guy no less. And yet it was supposed to be NOT O.K. with Mandy watching? It was no wonder that Mandy was pissed off too.

"Oh no," Tami said, eyes closed, hand over her eyes.

"What's wrong?" Rebecca said. "Do you have a headache?"

Tami looked down at her food. She just couldn't tell Rebecca, this supportive born-again Christian friend, that she had actually asked Jen to lick her in front of other people in the past. In the dining hall, to boot. Not after Rebecca had just taken her side, telling her that what Jen had done yesterday amounted to rape. To tell Rebecca about that incident with Ross, it would be a betrayal. It would be jerking her around, using her.

It reminded her of something Marisol had told her once, something that had happened at the crisis center. A guy had called and said, "I'm thinking of killing myself," throwing the whole staff into a frantic, nervous state of panic, and then two minutes later he said, "I'm just kidding" and hung up. Marisol and the others on shift were shaken and upset, and then got very angry at being emotionally ripped off. As Marisol put it, "I felt like going out and finding that guy and making him suicidal again, then helping him do it."

No. Tami just couldn't tell Rebecca. It would be like that idiot saying he was just kidding. But what else was there to do? Jen and Mandy might be here any minute. She just couldn't stage the confrontation she had Rebecca had planned.

Tami gulped and said, "Rebecca, I just can't do it."

"What?" Rebecca was nonplussed at this sudden loss of confidence. A second ago Tami had been real gung-ho. Now this!

"I can't -- oh shit!" Tami said. Jen and Mandy had just appeared on line and Mandy had spotted them. Of course, it was easy to find Naked Tami in any crowd.

"Tami, you must be strong," Rebecca said. "You shouldn't have to put up with what they did."

Tami closed her eyes. This was agony. She felt miserable, terrible, like she was a real awful person.

Her mind went a million miles an hour as she tried to think of how to handle this. Stall. Stall. Then she couldn't stall any longer. They had gotten their food and here they came. When they were halfway to the table Tami said, "Look, just let me handle it the way I want, O.K.?" Realizing this sounded harsh, she added, "Thanks very much for your help. Just sit by, and I'll be O.K."

Jen and Mandy sat down across from Rebecca and Tami, faces blank. Jen was sitting exactly where she was when she had dove under the table to lick Tami that time. Did she pick that seat on purpose? Then she floridly flung her heavy scarf and hat down next to her. Mandy did the same. They they shucked off their heavy coats and draped them behind on their chairs. Each girl was wearing a ton of clothes, making Tami feel even more naked than usual. And more defenseless and unprotected. And exposed.

"Hi," Jen said, looking Tami squarely in the eye.

"Hi," Mandy said.

Tami's toes dug into the carpet. She felt goosebumps over her whole body and her nipples get hard. The room was suddenly freezing. Her throat felt dry as she once again longed intensely for clothes. And what could she say? Rebecca looked on in puzzlement.

"So what's there to talk about?" Jen said coldly.

The tension in the air was electric. Seconds went by. Tami started with a stumble. "I -- I just felt a little uncomfortable yesterday, that's all."

"About what exactly?" Jen said.

Tami, cowering with guilt, withered beneath her roommate's gaze. "Well," she said, "about -- about being in front of other people . . ."

"Oh really!" Jen said. She exchanged looks with Mandy. Tami may have gotten paranoid but there was plenty of reason for paranoia in her present life. This paranoia had sharpened her intuitions and perceptions. She figured out that Jen had told Mandy everything about that awful morning. Which to Jen, unaware of Tami's shame, had in fact been a glorious, triumphant morning . . .

Then Tami's eyes widened as she saw in the distance, coming up the line into the dining hall, Henry Ross.

Dressed in his business suit under a long overcoat, the college lawyer glanced in the girls' direction and then seemed distracted and confused by something. Tami partly exhaled as she saw him turn and walk back to one of the dining hall offices. But she just knew he would come back. This was just too weird. The naked girl gulped as she felt the iron grip of fate around her neck, or maybe spreading her thighs. History was about to repeat. Ross would come by and Jen would dive under the table again. No! No! Not in front of Rebecca! Yet if she pushed Jen away with Ross watching, it would be a dead giveaway of her modesty and a sure ticket to expulsion . . .

Tami knew that Jen didn't see Ross, but Mandy probably did -- seeing Tami's eyes widen, Mandy had turned to see who was there. Of course. Mandy, the spy, tipped Ross off to this meeting. This was a setup. But Tami had been the one who set up the meeting in the first place! What a trap she had sprung for herself!

Henry Ross re-appeared. After some more fussing he decided to finally start approaching. Mandy tapped Jen on the shoulder and pointed him out. As Jen turned back around to Tami she said, "So. Here we are again." She shifted in her chair. Tami closed her eyes and prayed.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 7**

Tami opened her eyes and looked uneasily at Jen. Mandy giggled. If she was trying to get a reaction from Jen she was unsuccessful. Jen just kept looking right at Tami. Then she looked down, as if looking through the table at Tami's pussy.

With her hand Tami shielded the side of her face closest to Rebecca. She brought her other hand up and with a hidden index finger pointed to Rebecca and mouthed the words, "Please. No." She hoped Mandy didn't see this.

Henry Ross approached the table, announced himself with a clearing of his throat, and said, "Good evening, Miss Smithers, ladies. May I talk to you for a moment, Miss Smithers?" With his courtly manner he pulled up the chair next to Jen and sat down. Whenever she was in the presence of any adult in a business suit, especially a leering creep like Mr. Ross, Tami became doubly aware of her nakedness. She longed to cover her breasts but, once again, had to resist the urge. She looked at Ross with a thinly disguised expression of sullen hostility and dread.

"Well?" Mandy said to Jen.

"Well what?"

"You know what," Mandy said.

Jen didn't answer.

Ross seemed uncertain for a moment, then said, "Ladies, you are in the compnay of someone whom the, ah, college considers a great, ah, asset to the student, ah, body, and in fact the college as a whole. I just want to keep you, ah, abreast of what she has done for us." Tami's face blushed in shame and rage at what Ross was doing. A great ASSet to the student BODY. Keeping aBREAST. She was sure the others (except maybe Rebecca) heard these puns, designed to remind everyone of Tami's naked body.

Ross continued. "She has agreed to serve as a model for the figure drawing classes in the Art Building, and has volunteered to be the subject for experiments at the Chalfont Institute on various physiological processes. In both cases she has gotten the college out of a bit of a bind."

"A bit of a bind." It was Tami whom the college had in a bind. She bit her lower lip as her attention turned to Jen. Please, Jen, please don't . . .

Mandy cleared her throat. Jen half-turned to her but then turned back to face Tami again.

From her end of things, Rebecca watched these interactions and knitted her brow in total puzzlement.

"Miss Smithers, I just wanted to know how things are treating you so far," Ross said. He smiled pleasantly at her in a way that made the naked girl want to scream. He waited for an answer.

Tami cleared her dry throat and said, "Fine." She looked at Jen and suddenly felt a little bit of hope. It was beginning to look like Jen was not going to do anything.

Ross looked briefly at Jen and at Mandy with a blank expression. "Miss McIntyre, I believe?"

Jen turned to Ross coldly. "Yes, that's me." She was remembering how phony he had acted at her orientation two years ago, when he came up to her and her father and made like he was God's Gift to Black Folks.

"And how are you?" said Henry Ross, seeming a little ill at ease.

"Fine," she said, then turned back to Tami. Tami could not even guess at what was going on in Jen's mind. But this "flibbertigibbet", as Wethby called her, this pampered, hedonistic lightweight, made a decision, which she expressed to Jen only by the slow spreading of a gentle, crooked smile on her pretty African-American face.

Tami smiled with relief and almost could feel tears of gratefulness and joy coming. Good old Jen. I knew she wouldn't humiliate me and embarrass Rebecca. . .

Then the naked girl looked at Ross and suddenly realized that she was in a position of strength. Quietly but firmly she said, "That agreement I signed. You said you'd send me a copy."

Ross cleared his throat and swallowed. He paused a moment and said, "Didn't we?"

"No," Tami said coldly.

Ross arched an eyebrow, which made Tami concerned. "Is there a problem?" he said insinuatingly.

Tami looked at Jen and breathed out. "No, not at all. I'm just entitled to a copy."

"That's right, she is," Jen McIntyre, the daughter of a lawyer, said icily.

Ross was defeated, at least for now. He smiled meekly. "Then I'll see that you, ah, get a copy by intracampus mail," he said. Then, with a final quick look at Jen and Mandy, he got up and said, "Well, with that ladies, I bid you adieu." He walked away quickly and was soon out the exit.

The four girls sat motionlessly. Then Tami said, "Jen, I'm sorry about making that scene in front of half the dining hall yesterday."

Jen shrugged with a half-smile.

The words came to Tami like an inspiration. "You must understand that you can't just show my body to everyone like it's a piece of . . . like I'm an object. When you showed my . . . my butthole to Mandy, for example. I love my body and I don't want it ever to be covered, but when I display it, it's because I want to, and in the manner I want to display it. It's my body and it's up to me. I'm a feminist, you know," she said, ending with a smile.

Jen smiled and for a moment the two friends basked alone in their little invisible cocoon of love. Maybe she was getting carried away, but then Tami said, "I love you," and leaned over the table to plant a big, soulful kiss right on Jen's lips. As Tami retreated back to her seat her nipple, erect as always, sheared off some of the whipped cream from the top of her jello dessert. She laughed as she sat down, looking at it, then wiped it off with a napkin.

There was nothing more to do. When she was in control Tami's sense of timing and staging was impeccable. She looked at Rebecca and said, "Well, we have things to do. Let's go. See you," she said to Jen and Mandy, who suddenly looked crushed and abandoned. As Rebecca and Tami made their way to the exit Tami looked back and saw Jen and Mandy speaking in a way that made it clear they were fighing over something.

Outside the naked girl gladly stood barefoot in crunchy snow as Rebecca stopped her and spoke to her. "Tam, what exactly was going on in there?"

Tami thought for a second. "Between Jen and me is more complicated than I thought."

"Well, you were great," Rebecca said. Another of Tami's adoring fans. "It wasn't what we planned, but you did the job. I'll tell Marisol. Congratulations!" And she hugged her naked friend, her gloves grabbing Tami's bare back, her rough coat against Tami's nipples, the cold zipper stinging her flat bare tummy, her jeans scraping against Tami's bare thighs.

"I've got to go to the Union," Tami said. As they parted, Tami felt good, like a hero to Rebecca, and glad that she and Jen were once again O.K. She briefly watched Rebecca walk back to the dorm. She shook her head as she realized what an inspiring speech she had given and also what a crock of shit it was. "When I expose my body it's because I want to, in the manner I want to display it." Yeah, right! She passed a couple of heavily bundled students, and looked back at them, for the thousandth time longing for some nice warm clothes. Her life was full of contradictions. It seemed she couldn't have the good things without also having the bad.   
 

Then she bent over to adjust her ankle pouch and shivered as she felt a gust of frigid air hit her asshole. She considered how cold it was and realized she had better get going. Like the athlete she was, she sprinted toward the Union, about a thirty-second run. Before she stopped to enter, she tried something she had thought of, a crazy wild idea, and now that she was in a good mood she did it. She got a running start and slid along that long patch of dark ice next to the concrete courtyard entrance. The campus grounds crew had blocked it off with sawhorses, realizing how dangerous it was, but what the hell . . . Tami got a thrill as she slid a full thirty feet along that patch, her bare feet against the ice making it possible to slide a lot farther than if she had been wearing shoes or boots.

She almost fell backwards a couple of times during the slide and at the end she finally  did, slamming onto the ice with her bare butt. She looked up at a couple of students who had stopped to look in wonder at this unique campus spectacle, Naked Tami, this time sliding on the ice. What a nut! They shook their heads tolerantly.  Tami felt herself blush and got up unsteadily, looking at her feet carefully as she walked back to the well-worn packed snow on the main path.

Her mission to the Union was simple. Check the summer job board now that no one was likely to be there. Indeed the hallways in the basement were dark and deserted. So dark that when she got to the board it was hard to read the cards. She had to look in close. There were about ten cards up, and though some of the jobs sounded good, she could tell by the phone numbers or the addresses that all the jobs were on campus or in town. No, that wouldn't work. . . If she worked on campus or in town this summer she would be seen by somebody, who would report to the Dean that Tami Smithers was suddenly wearing clothes. The job would have to be out of town. Tami was disappointed but also told herself that it was still very early in the semester. She would check back every few nights or so.

Clothes, clothes, clothes . . . As she ascended the stairs she looked up and closed her eyes dreamily. To feel covered, warm soft fabric over my breasts, covering my pussy, nice snug shoes on my feet . . .

She only caught a flash of a black-skinned, shaved head Rod. She smiled. Suddenly she wanted to be naked again. Only with Rod did she feel thus. She slunk along behind and hung back when she got to the snack bar entrance, peering inside.

There he was, his own adorable self, sipping a soda as he sat in front of an open text. Rod was really serious about his studies. Not like Jen. Tami wondered if Rod was kind of like she herself used to be. A serious student, kind of shy, basically a nerd. Well, I'm not like that anymore. I wonder what it would be like if Rod was forced to be naked like I am. . . Maybe not a nerd any more either.

Tami loved being a naked, sexual, wild woman in front of such a guy. She looked around and Rod was the only person in that part of the snack bar. She smiled as she formed her plan.

Rod Sykes heard the slapping of bare feet and smiled. Looking up, he saw his girlfriend standing over him. She had a serious look on her face. "Mr. Sykes," she said.

Rod swallowed his gulp of soda and cleared his throat. "Yes, Miss Smithers?"

Tami bent one leg up and planted her foot on the bench Rod was on. She looked down and with both hands opened the lips of her pussy, which was about two feet from Rod's face. "I would like you . . . to insert your penis . . . right here," she said, pointing with an index finger at the open, dark, pinkish cavity that she exposed. She looked up at Rod with the same serious expression. "Do you understand? Right . . . here," she said, looking down again.

Then she looked at Rod's face again and couldn't maintain the seriousness any longer. She giggled, a deep, womanly giggle that ratcheted up Rod's level of horniness yet another notch.

The two lovers, running hand in hand, sped through the frigid night past the blue office building on the edge of campus and then across the street to Rod's apartment. Once in his bedroom the naked girl ripped off his clothes, a laborious process, but then pushed him down and rode his hard dick, grunting with each thrust of her thighs, "I . . . love . . . you . . . Rod . . . I . . . love . . . you . . . Rod . . ."   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 8**

Tami stood in the full-length mirror on the back of her dorm door, slowly brushing her dark red hair. It was getting long now, almost down to her nipples. It was also thicker and shinier than she ever remembered it being.

She had gotten up, unable to sleep. It was just before dawn on Saturday morning. February 10. 99 days till the semester ended and she would -- she hoped --- start her summer job in another town where no one would know her and she could wear clothes. 99 days. It sounded less far away than 100, at least. Tami looked briefly back at her two roommates, both sound asleep in their bunks, then back at her reflection.

She ruefully smirked as she noticed once again how perfect her body was. Always on display, always naked, her public breasts and nipples, her public pubic area, even her public asshole. And totally, depressingly perfect -- she remembered always wanting to have such a killer bod, but to be always naked . . . ! Yet it was nakedness that had made her body so perfect. From head to bare toes, her skin was clear and beautifully, evenly tanned. And was it her imagination, or were the sexual parts getting more pronounced? Her breasts seemed bigger than before, though fortunately they still weren't sagging, despite not having seen a bra in . . . what was it . . . five months! They seemed rounder and seemed to stick out more. Her nipples seemed bigger too, browner, harder. Her pubic hair seemed fluffier and thicker. Maybe from being exposed to cold air all the time. She remembered Rebecca telling her that her brother Jeremiah grew a beard every winter because the cold air made it grow faster and thicker. The same seemed to be true of pubic hair. Her body was getting used to the elements.

Of course there were limits. She would never try another mile-long dash in zero degrees, like that time she ran to Rebecca's and Marisol's. But she was learning how to handle the cold. She no longer had to sprint when she went around campus from class to class. She knew by now that a couple of minutes out in the cold wouldn't hurt her. She now strolled, almost casually. And when the sun was out she appreciated it and tried to absorb the meager warmth it provided on her bare skin.

She had also learned to appreciate the indirect ways in which she could still be covered. In the bathroom, for example. When she was sitting on the toilet with the stall door closed, she was in her own private world and no one could see her nakedness. Anyone passing by could see the bare feet underneath and know it was Tami Smithers in there, but that wasn't so bad. A couple of times Tami even brought a textbook with her so she could spend more time alone and hidden, but she stopped when she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror about to go to classes after one such session, and saw the red ring around her butt caused by sitting on the toilet for so long. It was so humiliating to go out to classes like that -- was so obviously a red ring caused by a toilet seat. Thankfully she didn't hear any wisecracks behind her back. Not only did everyone know when Naked Tami was having her period from seeing the tampon string dangling from her pussy, they also knew when she had been on the pot a long time from seeing the red ring around her butt. So many intimate things about her were now public knowledge. It was like being a goldfish in a bowl.

The occasional wisecracks -- "Tami's on the rag!" -- were fortunately pretty rare. One  exception was that day she decided to go through the biology building. She closed her eyes and placed her brush against her face as she thought of that terribly shaming five minutes. She had thought she'd take a short cut on her way to her Psychology class. But as soon as she entered the bio building and started her way down the long main hallway, she knew it had been a big, big mistake.

"Wooo - wooo! Look who's here!" a doofy, overweight guy in a white sports shirt said immediately. The hallway was crowded with what looked like junior high school kids. Of course they were undergraduates, roughly her age, but they teased her like they were on a grade school playground. She heard wolf whistles, and saw guys and girls sticking their faces in front of her saying things like, "Nice pussy!" and "I bare-ly noticed you!" The girls were just as bad as the guys. Then someone said, "Look, Lorinda! It's your portrait subject!" A girl turned around and Tami's face went pale as she recognized the girl who had drawn that picture of her on the bathroom stall in the Psychology building. Lorinda looked at poor naked Tami with a vicious smile, and then made a bugged-out funny face as she looked down at Tami's crotch.

Tami was on the verge of tears. She started running, slapping her way down the hall, which suddenly seemed endless. Finally she made it outside, only to hear more laughter through the closing door as her bare feet slid forward on some ice and she fell on her back. Fortunately her backpack cushioned her fall. She got up and walked away, trying to regain her dignity. "Jesus! What idiots!" she muttered to herself. However much the campus as a whole seemed to respect her, among bio majors it was obviously a different story. She knew then she would never go into that stupid bio building again.

Tami opened her eyes again and looked at her reflection. Her dark red hair was brushed and luxurious. She looked down and saw that her pubic hair looked a bit ragged. She thought about brushing it. She resisted the idea, but then conceded that, as Jen once pointed out, people were more likely to look at her pubic hair than at the hair on her head. Finally she shrugged and carefully ran the brush through it a couple of times, successfully avoiding snagging her clit or her pussy lips. When she was finished her pubic bush was more tidy looking, and even fluffier than before.

Tami had mentioned the topic of that awful bio building experience once with Terri, who was a biochemistry major (among many other things) and had classes there. The two former roommates were sitting in Tami's favorite spot at the snack bar, way in back where not many people could see her.

Tami kept out the unpleasant details, she just mentioned that some people had teased her in that building. "I'm not surprised," Terri said, mouth half full of french fries as she scribbled some free verse on her poetry pad. "You wouldn't believe what babies most of those bio majors are. We more grown up types get together to commiserate about it sometimes. The other day in anatomy class Dr. Cho was using the overhead projector, showing diagrams of the parts of the reproductive system, and there was all this snorting and snickering going on. I'm surprised Cho didn't stop the class. And these are bio majors! Future doctors, a lot of them!"

After some more munching Terri said, "We have a theory that these kids are all nerdy virgins and they became bio majors because becoming doctors is the only way they'll ever see a naked person of the opposite sex." Tami smiled. Terri was too tactful to tell Tami the truth, that Naked Tami was an incessant topic of jokes and derision in that building. These jokes were never told right in front of Terri, who everyone knew was Tami's friend, but Terri just couldn't avoid overhearing things. By now there was a whole catalog of Naked Tami jokes, especially among the girls. Example: "What's white and cold and one inch long?" Answer: "Either the average bio major's dick, or Tami Smithers's clit during a blizzard." Ho, ho, ho.

Guardedly, Tami asked, "Do any bio majors go to Chalfont?"

"Where?"

"The Chalfont Institute."

"Oh," Terri said, suddenly recognizing the name. "No. That place is a kind of a mystery. It must be a specialized grad school of some kind but nobody here goes on to study there. I think they get their students from other parts of the country. Which means," she said rolling her eyes, "it must be a more serious place than that bio building." Tami exhaled in relief.

Terri looked up. "I miss hanging out with you, Tam," she said, swallowing the last of her french fries and taking a sip of soda so that her words could be more clear. "You should come by to my apartment. It's right near campus, behind the supermarket."

Tami cringed. The supermarket. Where she had been thrown out for being without shoes (!) and where she had had to wait facing the parking lot while Rebecca finished getting groceries. Afraid spies were watching, forced to stand with her legs parted and her hands at her sides, ankle-deep in the cold slush and freezing in the icy wind, it was there that she first said what had since become her daily prayer:

Please God, give me clothes.

If I can't have clothes, please give me the strength to get through whatever happens today.

It was a prayer she now said every morning, though as the weeks of constant nudity passed, being given clothes seemed a more and more hopeless request.

Terri said, "Why don't you come with me to the poetry slam tomorrow night in the Union basement? I'm reading there. In fact why don't you get on stage and read something of your own?"

"Are you kidding?" Tami said reflexively. Realizing that Terri wouldn't know how mortified Tami would be standing up naked to address a crowd, she added, "I'm way too shy. And I don't write any poetry."

"It doesn't have to rhyme. My stuff doesn't. Just say what you feel. You must be a very interesting person, Tami, but nobody knows what you really think because you're so quiet all the time."

Indeed. Terri didn't know the half of it. Knowing Terri was not one to easily take "no" for an answer, Tami diplomatically said, "Well, when I'm like ready. I'm totally not ready yet."

"Well at least come see me," Terri said.

That poetry slam was something. Tami had never been to one. The Union basement was packed, a black-walled room with a bare stage and lots of little round tables with chairs around them. There were mostly artsy, progressive types there. She could make out the Birkenstocks (worn with socks in this cold weather), pierced eyebrows, the smell of patchouli oil. Odd that Terri would be in with this crowd, but Terri was not an easy person to categorize.

Luckily Tami had gotten Terri to agree that they sit in the back. Terri signed up to read and then she got in back with Tami and the two girls listened. There were about five people on before Terri, and to Tami they seemed only mediocre. Lots of foul language, which always turned Tami off. To her, people whose every other word was "fuck" had no creativity and not much to say. From exchanging looks with Terri it was apparent that Terri felt the same way.

The crowd made the room hot, which made everyone sweaty except Naked Tami, who everyone noticed, of course, but few people glanced back to look at. Tami's main complaint was the disgusting floor; there was dried spilled soda which was sticky against her bare feet. The light was low but she turned one sole up and could see that it was black. Yuck. She would be sure to find some crusty, rough snow to rub her soles on after they left.

Terri was next. As she made her way to the front there was some clapping. Evidently she had been here before and had something of a fan club. She took off her coat and draped it on the high chair that was on the stage. Under it she wore a thick pullover sweater, black jeans, and fur-topped boots. She looked up from her pad and said, "I'm one of those confessional poets. I wrote this while sitting in the can, waiting for a turd to come out."

This caused a lot of chuckling. Tami smiled and winced at the image.

Terri started. "Man walks down the street. 'I've heard about you, I don't like you,' he says. Pushes her away and walks on. 'Old habit', he says.

"Professor points to diagram. 'This is a breast,' he says. 'Composed of adipose tissue and milk glands.' Bio majors asking questions. 'How big is it?' 'What does it feel like?' 'Will rubbing the nipple make her have an orgasm?' 'What comes after double-D?'" This caused some chuckling in the audience, including Tami. Terri looked up as if offended. "Is this poem causing some . . . tittering?" That got some big laughs.

She continued. "Women's Studies major sees a Playboy on a desk. 'How disgusting!' she says, looking through it. 'Objectifying women! Treating them like objects!' Stuffs it in her backpack for future reference. She IS a lesbian, after all."

Terri's 'poem' went on like this for another couple of minutes. To Tami it didn't seem like poetry but was pretty interesting. She liked the way Terri skewered some sacred cows. And then --

"I have a friend who is always naked," Terri said. Tami froze in her seat. She could sense a couple of people looking back at her.

"Some people push her away. Old habit. She's pretty enough to be in Playboy. But she's not an object. See her breast any day. Adipose tissue. Milk glands. I don't know what comes after double-D. I don't know what hers is. But this -- " Terri shifted her pad to one hand and with the other hand grabbed and lifted up her breast under the heavy sweater -- "is a 34 B. You have them too, most of you. Look at my friend. She is not different. She is like you. The you that you hide. She is proud. Stand up, Tami. The end."

Terri put her pad down and lifted her arm out to Tami. After a second of silence there was suddenly loud applause. People were looking back at where Tami was. The stage manager had the presence of mind to turn up the house lights so everyone could see the naked girl sitting in the back. Terri's arm coaxed the naked girl out of her seat. It was too weird, and unexpected. But as she shyly stood and took a little bow, Tami knew the applause was not really for the poem but for her. At first she was peeved at Terri for putting her onstage like this, but then she felt warmth and relief. This was not the bio building. It was like the ovation she got at the Black Formal. The artsy, bohemian crowd loved her too.   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 9**

Tami thought back at that ovation in the Union basement as she looked again in the mirror at her naked body. This is my new life, she thought with a sigh. Popular, and naked.

She looked back again at Jen and Mandy, sound asleep. Since that big showdown in the dining hall Jen had been back to her old self with Tami, dying to lick her most of the time. Only now she was careful to pick times when Mandy was out. In that way it was kind of like when Terri was here. Jen had expanded her reportoir, though; she now routinely stuck her tongue into Tami's asshole as well as her pussy. Then she would stick her finger into Tami's butt; last time her middle finger went in all the way. It was unsettling and strange to Tami, to be so totally invaded into her gut, yet the orgasms she had with a butt full of Jen's finger while Jen's tongue zeroed in on her clit seemed even stronger this way. As for Mandy, when she was around she was now sullen and didn't say much. Tami almost felt sorry her for, until she reminded herself that Mandy was still the Dean's spy, someone she had to be wary of. She was careful never to cross her arms or legs or cover herself when Mandy was around.

Covering . . . clothes were just a dream now. But something that was still possible was privacy, places where no one could see her nakedness. Aside from the toilet, there was the shower. Alone in the shower stall, with a glazed glass door enclosing her and a little curtain enclosing the little space meant for hanging bathrobs and towels (empty in Tami's case except for two or three little cloths), she would stand under the shower and feel like she was "wearing" the shower stall. She would stay there as long as possible under the hot spray; maybe it was to make up for Tami's extensive exposure to freezing cold, but she found herself now preferring showers that were almost boiling hot. Fortunately the dorm's supply of hot water seemed endless. Sometimes when Tami felt an especial need for covering she would crouch down in a corner of the stall, arms around her knees, covering as much of herself as possible. God, how she wished the had clothes . . . more than once she had looked down at her toes and told herself: I'm tired of being told I have pretty toes! I want to have pretty SHOES!

Ah yes . . . covering. Another place where there was covering was Rod's apartment, which during the night was so cold that Tami would have to lay with Rod under about five heavy blankets. They had gotten into a little tradition. Sunday was their Fuck Day. She would come over Saturday night, and then on Sunday, a day when Rod's roommate Khalid was always working all day, they would fuck and suck and eat and sleep and watch a little T.V. and then fuck and suck and eat and sleep and fuck and suck . . . until she scurried back over the ice to her room early Monday morning. Sundays were heaven. And with Rod she loved being naked, exposing herself, and talking like a wild, horny woman. "We were made to fuck," she said several times. As for Rod, his standard comment, typically after having drained his dick yet again into Tami's mouth or pussy, was, "Babe, I am so lucky to be yours."

Only once did they have an awkward moment. They were watching T.V. in the living room, Rod sitting on the floor in his boxer shorts, Tami splayed spread-legged over the couch. They were munching on an after-fuck pizza that had just been delivered. Tami held a folded piece of pizza with one hand while idly twirling her pubic hair with the other. Rod had no cable service, so they were watching the fuzzy picture coming from a Canadian broadcast station. This show was about spring fashions, and this being Canada, the fashions were about five years behind what was being worn in the United States. Tami, totally unguardedly, talking for a moment like the regular teenage girl she still was deep down, said, "I used to wear all black, but I wouldn't now. I'm sick of it. I'd prefer something more colorful."

Tami knew at once that she had said something wrong. Rod seemed to stiffen up. "I thought you were a nudist, Babe," he said.

Tami thought quickly. "I am . . . but . . . wearing clothes is still something I can respect in others. Some clothes look better than others. I was just speaking hypothetically." Then she said with emphasis, "But as for me, I don't want to wear any."

Once again, it was a strain to hear herself say something that was so opposite to the way she felt. But she didn't want Rod to think of her as false. She tried to keep munching on her pizza like before. Then Rod said, "When did you decide to become a nudist?"

"My first week of school," Tami said. There was no point in denying that, at least.

"And why?" Rod said. "If you want to tell me, that is."

More quick thinking. "I can't say. It just came to me." Fortunately, this seemed to satisfy Rod.

But now it was Tami who felt curious. "Stud, would you still love me if I . . . wore clothes?" Inside Tami had a flicker of hope that if he said "yes", she would have a way of getting into clothes again without putting a crimp in their relationship.

But Rod's answer did nothing to encourage that hope. He looked at his nude girlfriend, her pretty face, her big brown nipples, her wide-spread pussy staring him in the face, her pretty, muscular legs, her beautiful all-over tan, and then looked up and said, "I just can't imagine you with clothes on, Babe."

Then he felt drawn to her face and got up and kissed her, a pizza-flavored kiss. As he sat back down he found himself face to face with her spread pussy and kissed that also. Intoxicated as usual by her pussy aroma, he kissed it again and then began slowly, lovingly licking her lower lips up and down, then put his hands on her inner thighs and devoted himself fully to the task. "Babe, can you come and chew pizza at the same time?" he said while coming up for air.

"Of course I can," the eternally naked girl said, continuing to take bites from her pizza and watch the T.V. show. But then she could not control her moans and after one final swallow, she put her pizza down and lay her head back, eyes closed. Within a minute she was cresting into her seventh orgasm of the day.

Now, standing in the dawn light in front of her mirror, Tami saw herself smiling at the memory. . . Then she wondered how she would deal with Rod during the summer, when she had a job in another town and was wearing clothes. If I give him the telephone number of my job, someone else might answer the phone and he might mention about my being naked, and would find out that it was otherwise. Maybe if I just give him my address and cook up an excuse why there's no phone . . . we can still send postcards . . .

Tami looked at the clock. Six thirty. Her roommates would be up soon. Outside it was still dark, and it would stay dark for a good while yet. But she wasn't going to get any more sleep. Might as well shower and start studying or something, before another humiliating session in front of those art students.

Walking to the bathroom with her shower things and two little towels, Tami found herself thinking about that creepy old Chalfont Institute. Of all the things about the new semester, her Thursday sessions at Chalfont had to be the worst. Even worse than those art classes, which were a kind of torture in itself. Showing her body for everyone's close inspection five mornings a week. At least they weren't leering; these students were pretty serious, and their interest in her body was pretty detached. Still, that room was freezing! And she couldn't help thinking of all these different types of people who were now seeing her naked, grandmother types from the town, community college kids who looked like they were still in high school . . . And she was having her doubts about Professor Brignon. She seemed nice, but always happened to pick the most . . . shaming poses. It seemed that Tami always had her legs spread or was showing her butthole to half the class. And then after three minutes she had to turn around and show it all to the other half. Ugh!

Chalfont was worse, though. She remembered her first regular "session" two Thursdays ago. She met Dr. Harridance in his office and he was his usual genial self. But then he took her to "Lab 6", a weird round room with what looked like a little stage surrounded by a round console. Tami knew at once that she was destined to be on that stage, which was the first bad sign.

Waiting for them was Dr. Abu Jamal and a real young-looking assistant, both in white lab coats. She at once recognized the assistant as one of the kids (or at least they seemed no older than kids) who had been looking on behind her in December as she lay on all fours on that metal table upstairs while her asshole was stretched and probed . . . Her face burned red at the realization and the memory of that shaming exam.

"Miss Smithers, I can't say enough how much we appreciate your helping us with our project," Dr. Abu Jamal said in his nervous manner. It made Tami almost want to scream. She was exasperated at all the times she was being thanked for something she was being forced to do, though of course these men didn't know that.

"Our project, at least for now, involves galvanic skin response to various degrees of stimulation," Dr. Harridance said, leading Tami to sit at one of the stations around the console. The plastic chair felt cold against her bare butt. Tami was especially ill at ease right now, sitting naked and looking up at these fully-dressed men in lab coats who were discussing what they were going to do to her. Her toes curled up under the chair. Though the room was not cold, Tami felt goose bumps all over her. She wondered if these men noticed it.

"Do you know what galvanic skin response is?"

Tami thought. "I think it's electricity in the skin," she said, remembering something from high school biology.

"Exactly," Dr. Harridance said. "In a state of stimulation the skin gives off more electricity. I don't want to get too complicated, but the rate and location of the increase is very important for many applications." He looked back at the assistant, and said, "Brendo, bring the apparatus."

It was a little box connected to two black rubber tubes ending in little shallow cups, maybe as big around as a soda can. Dr. Harridance plugged the apparatus into an outlet on the console and flipped the switch. The entire apparatus hummed and Tami noticed that air was being sucked in through the cups, like two little vacuum cleaners, and expelled through a little vent on the box. Then he said something that made the naked girl's eyes open wide: "These go on your nipples."

"W - what?" Tami looked down at her nipples, which were half erect as usual, and almost made a protective motion to cover them, but then realized that she must never act to cover herself or show any sign of modesty. Dr. Harridace seemed nice but he was in contact with the Dean, and she wasn't sure yet about Dr. Abu Jamal. He might report anything.

Dr. Harridance laughed. "Don't worry, it's all in the name of science," he said. "Brendo, attach the apparatus."

The word "apparatus" was scary. And it was pure humiliation to have Brendo, a nerdy looking guy who looked as young as Tami if not younger, stand in front of her and attach the little cups. The way he did it was bold and yet coldly clinical. He lifted one breast, cradling it in his clammy hand, while with his other hand he gently pulled her nipple a couple of times. Tami's nipple reacted naturally to this stimulation and became more erect. Brendo then pushed the cup onto the nipple. Apparently there was some mild adhesive in the cup because it stayed put. He then performed the same clinical installation on the other breast.

When he backed away and returned to his station on the console about three feet away, Tami looked down and saw two suction cups and tubes attached to her nipples. It was a creepy, weird sight. She felt like a cow hooked up to a milking machine. Then Brendo took a series of wires out of a compartment in the console and, tearing off pieces of a roll of what looked like adhesive tape, attached ends of the wires to Tami's forehead, chest, just above her navel, and each thigh. At Dr. Harridance's signal, Brendo turned a little dial on the box, which turned out to be a pump, and Tami felt her nipples being gently tugged. Then he turned another dial and the suction started pulsating.

Tami gasped and realized that she was being sexual aroused by this mechanical device. Her face flushed and she looked up at Dr. Harridance guardedly. "You are now being stimulated, as you can surely tell," he said with a little smile. "For you, someone with no sense of modesty, this project will probably be very pleasurable." He looked up at the clock. "Brendo will monitor the GSR -- I mean galvanic skin response -- as you get to a certain level of arousal. This will go on for about twenty minutes. I want you just to relax, Miss Smithers, and think whatever thoughts are appropriate. Here," he said, getting a big pillow from a table next to him and putting it behind Tami's head. "And here," he said, pushing over a pair of footstools from under the table. "Make yourself comfortable."

Uneasily, Tami put one foot on each footstool and leaned back into the pillow. Dr. Harridace turned and left. Dr. Abu Jamal took a chair at a station next to Brendo. Both of them looked at Tami calmly but intently. Tami looked down at her feet. She flexed her toes. She didn't like being looked at, and didn't like having her body forced into sexual arousal. She prayed the arousal would not go too far. She dreaded the idea of having an orgasm in front of these two, especially Brendo.

As it was, the suction was not increased; it simply continued pulsating calmly, and Tami, relaxing into a mildly horny haze, slowly closed her eyes and dozed. She dreamed she was a naked princess on a throne, high up above her subjects, while milk from her breasts was sucked out through tubes and fed to the people down below. They waited patiently in two lines, each taking a couple of sips before making way for the next person . . . her breasts were encased in Marisol's bra and they were even bigger than Marisol's, containing enough milk to feed all her subjects once a week . . .

She was startled awake by Brendo's cold fingers removing the cups. Dr. Harridance had reappeared, and while Brendo was putting away the apparatus and Dr. Abu Jamal was checking the readings on the console, Dr. Harridance said with a smile, "Wake up, back to the real world! I don't know where you were just now but I bet it was someplace pleasant. We're done for today, Miss Smithers. Thank you." He helped her up from her chair. Tami was about to say good-bye when her attention was jolted by the sight of her nipples. They were big, hard -- and must have been a full inch long! It was grotesque! They had never been so big before! What had they done to her?!

"Relax," Dr. Harridance said, noticing Tami's concern. "The nipple distension is only temporary. They should go down to normal within half an hour or so."

Half an hour! She had a class in half an hour! She would have to walk across campus with these gigantic, extended nipples in full view! Oh God . . .

But this was not the worst shock of the day. As he was leaving with the others, Dr. Harridance said, "Oh by the way, Miss Smithers, I almost forgot. This is the project description. We thought you deserved a copy even though much of it is written in very technical terms. Of course, everything is well within the bounds of the agreement you signed for Mr. Ross. Please keep this confidential. Medical research is a very competitive field." He gave Tami a little two-page document stapled on the corner.

"We have to get going," Mr. Harridance said, looking one last time at the clock. "I hope you can see yourself out. Bye." Tami watched them leave and then began reading the project description. In a few seconds she felt weak and had to sit down. Most of it she couldn't understand but some phrases leapt out at her. "Stimulation device inserted . . . anal monitor . . . restraints . . . orgasmic response . . ." Fortunately for Tami Smithers's academic standing at Campbell - Frank College, there was no one around to see her reaction as she read on. The hurt look in her pretty eyes as she realized just what it was she had agreed to. Her eyebrows knitting in anguish and her eyes becoming red with tears. As she slowly put the document down and looked at the little round stage and the surrounding console, the naked teenager said softly in a weak, broken voice, "Oh God . . . no . . ."   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 10**

Tami, standing in the shower, remembered that moment and shuddered. Even worse was the session after that -- that little short knob they stuck right up into her pussy, that bulblike thing they put in her butt, the excruciating feeling of being kept right at the brink of orgasm for what seemed like hours, and worst of all, being brought to orgasm while they were being visited by the Dean, that big bully Mr. Noyes, and that other old guy. Only fantasies of a summer wearing clothes had sustained her through that ordeal. Thinking of that now, she crouched in the shower and hugged herself. That session was probably up there with that orgasm in front of Henry Ross in the dining hall as the most piercingly shaming experience of her life. Not that she wanted to take a mental inventory of the other experiences to compare them. She had been through enough shame to last several lifetimes and wanted to just put them out of her mind and get on with the rest of her life as much as possible.

She stood up, took a deep breath, and shampooed her hair. She remembered last semester fondly, forgetting how embarrassed she was at the time. At least in those days all she had to do was walk around naked. There was no posing for art students, no workshop with Dr. Congi, no Chalfont . . . she was exposed but it wasn't like now, intimate and seemingly calculated to maximize her shame and make her break down and admit that nudism was't actually her religion.

One way she had been exhibited, and she didn't mind, was when Jeffrey Dillon asked her to be his subject for a photo series for his junior project. Dear sweet Jeffrey. He asked her so nicely she couldn't say no, and the poses took a lot of work for him but he planned it so that her own effort was minimal. Most of the shots were outside, but he always went there himself the day before to get the framing and the exposure just right. All Tami had to do the day of the shoot was go out there and pose for five minutes and that was it. Some of the poses he had her do with her friends were pretty fun too. Though she hated herself for it, she wished not many people would go to Jeffrey's exhibit; she didn't like the idea of these pictures being seen by a lot of people. But Jeffrey was a popular guy and there would probably be a crowd. Well, at least I won't be there . . . I'll hate doing it but I'll make an excuse. . .

As Tami got back to her room, toweling her head with one hand and her pubic hair with the other, she saw Jen and Mandy just getting up, still bleary-eyed. "Hey gorgeous," Jen said, reaching up to twist one of Tami's nipples playfully as the naked girl walked past. Tami smiled, though mindful of the negative vibes given off by Mandy, who sat quietly at her desk in her bathrobe. As Tami got her things and went out the door to go to the art class, her bare butt and tanned legs strutting under her backpack, her two roommates watched intently, in different moods but with the same degree of lust.

. . .

Tuesday was an unusually warm day, considering. It was sunny and the temperature was  supposed to get up almost to freezing. The fresh heavy snowfall of last night was already partly melted in the warm sun. The students walking across campus were a little less bundled up than usual. Some even were without gloves or hats. Tami Smithers, as always, stood out because of her red, flushed nakedness as she made her slippery way up the hill  to the physical plant building, bare feet slipping and mucking about on the muddy path. She could have taken the paved path, but that was a much longer way around.

She was supposed to report to a Mr. Winant about her new job, which was a substitute for being on the gymnastics team. As much as she loved jumping and flipping and prancing on the mat, doing it naked in front of crowds was a different matter. She was relieved when the Dean told her that they would waive the athletic component of her scholarship, but got a feeling of dread when he told her that in place of the team she would have to accept a placement as a part-time worker for the campus grounds crew. She supposed they wanted her to continue in something physically demanding so that she could keep in shape. But the assignment seemed odd and filled her with foreboding. Who was this guy Winant? What kind of chores would she be assigned? Would she have to deal with leering co-workers?

The naked girl looked even more out of place than usual as she walked through the parking lot, past heavy machinery and piles of salt and stacks of pallets. This was no place for a naked person, she told herself. You'd need heavy clothes and boots and protective gear like gloves and goggles to work here. Perhaps . . .

The office of Homer Winant, Grounds Director, was right inside the rear entrance. Tami looked into the open door and saw a large industrial-shop like room filled with drill presses, battery chargers, a couple of piles of cement bags, various other items, and three very long work tables littered with tools. Looking up, Tami saw cables running along the riveted metal ceiling.

"Hello Tami Smithers!" barked a clear voice as if she were a contestant on a game show. Looking to one side of one of the work tables, Tami saw a thin, handsome man of about 35 in a John Deere hat and work clothes sitting at a little desk. What was unusual was that he was in a wheelchair. Otherwise he looked like a mechanic, albeit a good-looking one. He turned his chair a bit and smiled from across the room, looking Tami up and down. "You are certainly a fine-looking woman, my friend." Then he pulled at a rope hanging from the ceiling and said, "Have a seat."

Tami jumped in surprise as an old-style secretary's chair rolled in a controlled path right up to her. Looking up she saw that it had been propelled by a cable running along the ceiling attached to a complicated series of pullies controlled by the rope. Gingerly she climbed into the chair, which felt cold against her bare butt. She suddenly noticed that the whole room was a bit cold, and saw that the man was wearing thermal underwear under his shirt.

Tami grabbed the arms of the chair and felt her feet fly up as the chair backtracked in a smooth motion. She had steadied herself by the time it came to a gentle rest right in front of the man. Tami wondered how much of her private parts he had been able to see with her feet up. She also thought of how disgusting the bottoms of her feet must have looked, caked with mud and now with oily grime from the shop floor.

"Welcome, my name's Homer Winant," the man said, extending a hard, thin hand. He gave a very firm handshake and said, "I run this place. According to the powers that be, you work for me now, ten hours a week." He looked down at her body. "We do some hard work here, but you look pretty strong."

Tami was flushed and at a loss for words. This was all happening so fast. Finally she said, "This -- this wasn't my idea." Then she realized how stupid she was, saying such a thing to a new boss.

But Mr. Winant laughed pleasantly. "I know, my friend, you're supposed to be a gymnast. And a nudist. Don't worry, I'll take account of your -- life style -- and we'll be good to you here." He leaned back and said, "The way I understand it, we can look at you all we want. But nobody is going to lay a hand on you, and nobody is going to talk trash to you. I'll see to that." He looked down at Tami's pussy and then up at her breasts with a little smile. Then he went back to her eyes and said, "That doesn't mean you'll get out of putting in your full ten hours' work, of course."

"Of course," Tami replied weakly.

Winant looked pensively out to the shop. "This is not a big campus, but there is a lot to do. We can find things for you to spend your time at. I've been here fifteen years and the place is always changing, more than you think." He looked Tami in the eye. "Bet you're wondering, what kind of work I can do in a wheelchair?"

Tami shrugged, though in fact it had been the next thought on her mind.

"Well, I got into a car accident and lost the use of my legs five years ago, but I was too valuable to fire, so they kept me and promoted me," Winant said. "Part of my job is to think and create. This pulley contraption, for example, is my idea. Or picking new fertilizers when the old ones go off market." He gestured to a bookshelf Tami hadn't noticed before, stacked with what looked like trade magazines. "Or using solar and mechanical power to reduce the college's energy bills. Look at that flywheel up there."

Tami's eyes followed his pointing finger. On the far end of the shop was a little wheel, about two feet across, that looked like it came from a miniature water mill. It was turning steadily. "That's powered by solar energy from a little panel on the roof," he explained. Tami noticed a little wire going up from the center of the wheel. It was impressive. She said, "Is that a Physics Department project?"

"No, but it will be, now that they put in for the grant. Those professors can tell you why something works, but they're all thumbs when it comes to actually making something. The mechanism is my idea. I showed it to them and they got inspired to write their grant proposal. If they get the grant that wheel will be a pilot for much bigger things."

Tami looked again at Mr. Winant. This was no average handyman. This guy was smart. In fact, as she listened to him chat about other projects he was working on, she realized that this man radiated intelligence in a way few people did, even professors. After a couple of moments she decided that he was actually pretty engaging to listen to.

Then Winant stopped talking science and mechanics and returned to the business at hand. "So. You'll be working five hours each on Tuesdays and Wednesdays? . . ." He looked at a clipboard on his desk. "Hmmm . . . Let's start with something basic. The snow at the front entrance has to be shoveled. I'll show you." As Tami followed, Winant wheeled himself down a side hallway and then down another, nicer looking hallway.

The sun hit them both as they entered the little lobby of what Tami realized must be the front entrance. "We're in luck, the shovel's here," Winant said, finding it next to the door and handing it to Tami. "I don't have to show you how, of course," he said, pointing outside. "Just get that sidewalk cleared. It's about three feet across. Management types come in and out of there, so make sure it's neat. And go all the way to the road." He started wheeling back down the hall and called out behind: "Report back to me when you're done." The naked girl's spirits sank. She was hoping she would get gloves and boots or maybe even a little apron. But no, just a shovel.

Tami opened the door and then froze, not from the cold, but from apprehension at the bright vista that suddenly presented itself. This front entrance was on a main highway. It was four lanes. Cars and trucks were whizzing by. She guessed that this was the continuation of the highway that went near Rebecca's and Marisol's place. Most of the traffic seemed to be big trucks.

The sun and snow reflected brightly on the naked girl as she stood in broad daylight and desolately contemplated her assigned task. The path was already marked by a few footsteps that had served to crunch the snow down a bit. But to the road was at least sixty feet. The snow was wet and heavy. This job would take over an hour.

Miserably, the naked girl started her task, telling herself that the sooner she started, the sooner she would finish. She bent over, her breasts hanging tightly, erect nipples poking downward, flexing the muscles of her thin back and her concave tummy as one bare foot rested against the blade of the shovel and pushed. She was easily visible in the broad daylight, and immediately the chorus of honking and whistles began from the passing cars and trucks. Some stopped aross the road, or even parked on her side, so that they could take in a long, close view in the brilliant sunlight of something you don't see every day, a beautiful naked girl shoveling snow. After fifteen minutes of this hard exertion they saw something even more remarkable, namely, that the naked girl was sweating, her thin, hard, exquisite body shining in the winter sun.

She was most of the way through her job, getting close to the curb, when she heard yet another horn honking, really close this time, and another shout. She ignored it, pushing ahead through the snow, one heavy shovelful at a time. But then the shout repeated and it sounded familiar. Tami looked up without expression and saw Marisol shouting from the back seat of a big, old, beat-up Oldsmobile. She saw Rebecca driving and Jen sitting in the front passenger seat.

At first Tami was ashamed to be seen by her friends all sweaty and naked, in the middle of hard public labor. But then she gritted her teeth and decided to put on her bold, proud face. Pushing the shovel to leave it standing upright in the snow, she stepped through the remaining ten feet or so of crunchy snow and stood bolt upright next to the car, sweat wetting her hair, running down in little rivulets between her breasts and down her back onto her red, flushed butt cheeks.

"How do you like it?" Rebecca called out from within.

Tami smiled, looking at the collection of dents and rust which pockmarked the car from front to back. The car was blue, but you had to look at it for a while before you realized that. "This actually runs?"

"It goes the speed limit," Rebecca said, proudly fondling the steering wheel.

"You gotta see the inside," Marisol said.

Tami leaned into the front window and looked. All the cushions were ripped up and covered with old blankets that looked almost as ratty as the cushions. "Wow," she said. "What did you pay for it?"

"A hundred dollars, and worth every penny," Rebecca said.

Jen said, "Tami, with your bare butt you might get pregnant or catch a disease just from sitting in here." The other two girls said, "Ewwww!! Gross!"

Tami just continued looking in. This was a big, roomy, wide car. She recognized the model year as 1980 or so. Just before Oldsmobiles shrank for good. She realized then that her breasts were hanging right into the car, in fact right in Jen's face. Jen reached up and twisted a nipple.

"Ow!" Tami said with a smile, drawing back, holding the attacked breast in her hand. Seeing the naked girl apparently fondling her breast, a passing trucker honked his 200-decibel horn and hooted. Tami looked up in shame and irritation. Then she poked back in and said, "Does this mean you can get me on cold nights?"

"Of course," said Rebecca, remembering Tami's last zero-degree run.

Figuring she should get her task over with as soon as possible, Tami said good-bye and the old junker rumbled off. The naked girl returned to shoveling snow, trying to ignore the honking from passing cars and trucks, intensely conscious of everyone watching her laboring nakedness.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 11**

It was Rebecca's idea, her invitation, and also a chance to give her new old car -- named by Jen "The Ark of Doom" -- its first good ride in her hands. With a little smile, she had asked Tami to bring Rod along. How could Tami refuse? A weekend up in the mountains to visit Rebecca's brother Jeremiah. If Rod and Tami could sleep in their own room, it could be romantic. As for all the other times, Jeremiah would see her of course, but otherwise the place sounded secluded and there would be nobody else to see her nakedness. As Tami had long recognized about herself, whenever she had an option, she would make whatever decision would result in the least amount of public exposure.

Aware of the icy roads, they decided to wait until daylight on Saturday to set off, and here they were, going carefully over packed snow up a twisting unplowed one-lane road, higher and higher on this frigid morning.

Rod and Tami were huddled in the back seat under the thick blanket Tami had gotten for Christmas, and which in Tami's case was her only protection from the cold. They looked through the frosty windows at the beautiful, stark white scenery. Endless pine trees, powdered with snow, interrupted in the distance by the occasional bare crag. On the more distant hills, Tami thought, the trees look tiny and kinky and dark, like a black person's hair. She looked at Rod's scalp and wondered how he wore his hair before he decided to shave it all off. Then she leaned against him, her naked body curled up tight under the blanket, her bare skin scraping against his coat, and smiled contentedly.

In the front seat, Rebecca kept a steady hiking-booted foot on the gas. Bundled in her coat and scarf and hat, she was trying to imagine feeling the almost nonexistent heat in the car. It had a heater, but its purpose was defeated by the large rust holes in the floorboards, which Rebecca had plugged up with old rags. This state was notorious for the abundant amount of car-eating salt that it put on its roads in winter, and the Ark of Doom was evidently a lifelong resident. Fortunately it had a big engine which had no trouble scaling these hills. There being no working radio, the rumbling of the engine was the only sound to accompany the beautiful scenery.

They had gotten off a paved road about ten minutes ago and passed a couple of intersections and even some houses. This area was not really deserted, just rustic. Finally Rebecca turned and found herself going too fast down a short, downhill driveway. Everyone cried out in alarm as the Ark slid on ice and crashed into a bunch of bushes next to a little stone house.

He stood in the doorway, about 35 years old, with sparse, longish blond hair on top and a thick, long, graying beard, wearing a flannel shirt, corduroy pants, hiking boots, and a bemused smile. This guy is so obviously Rebecca's older brother, Tami said to herself. Seems O.K.. . .Rebecca got out of the car and hugged him. Soon Rod and Tami were following them into the house, Tami with the blanket wrapped around her, trying not to slip as she negotiated the ice with her bare feet. As she looked up she saw that this was a pretty elegant house. The windows were clear cut glass. She also saw a big 4x4 jeep in another driveway on the other side.

"Welcome to the outland," Jeremiah said, heating up tea on a black wood stove in a huge room that served as kitchen, dining room, and living room. Tami looked around. This was not as rustic as it seemed from the outside. She had heard that Jeremiah worked for an internet company of some kind, writing software, and there were three computers in this room, along with various components strewn here and there. In the corner was a work bench covered with the wiry guts of a CPU. Tami wondered, Is this guy "Christian" like his sister? It didn't look like it. When he opened the refrigerator to get milk for Rod's tea she saw bottles of beer, and there were a couple of statuettes of naked women on a shelf. That "vase" with thistles in it on the window sill was obviously a bong.

Finally and most obviously, there was a big Playboy pinup on the pantry door which Tami noticed as she positioned herself on a high chair next to the counter. The pinup was hard to miss, though Rebecca had her back turned to it and was possibly trying to ignore it. Tami couldn't help looking, though . . . the woman was African American and had huge breasts, maybe as big as Marisol's. It was an outside shot, and the playmate was on a blanket in a desert. Behind her were a cactus and a watering hole at which were two -- what were they? Deer? What especially caught Tami's eye was what was scrawled on a piece of paper below, "Song 4:5".

As they sat around sipping tea, Jeremiah noticed Tami staring at the pinup and said, "I bet you're wondering what that is about. Song of Solomon, Chapter 4, Verse 5. 'Your breasts are like gazelles.'"

Rod laughed. Tami did too. As for Rebecca, she stirred her tea with a tolerant (or possibly exasperated) smile. "That verse is allegorical," she said, in the manner of someone who has had to make this explanation many times before.

"Well, to me, those breasts look like . . . breasts." Jeremiah said, stroking his beard, sitting up with his tea on another high chair next to the old-style wood stove. "It's my curse," Jeremiah said. "Mom and Dad named me after the most depressing man in the Bible. To make up for it I prefer to joke around."

The whole place smelled like wood smoke. It was a nice smell, Tami thought, going well with the cold, fresh air outside. As she sipped her tea on her high chair, between Rod and Rebecca, she remained bundled up in her blanket, only her bare feet showing. Realizing that the room was plenty warm, remembering her "religion", intensely conscious of showing herself to Rebecca's big brother, Tami slowly let the blanket fall from her shoulders. It was partly under her so as it flopped down she ended up sitting on it, fully exposed. She tried to do this as casually and unobtrusively as possible, then returned to cradling the tea mug in her hands.

She felt like she was presenting herself for comparison with the big-breasted Playmate, obviously coming in second. But out of the corner of her eye she saw Jeremiah give one unstinting look at her nudity and then look back at his tea. To her it seemed about the right balance of interest and respect.

"It is COLD up here," Rebecca said. "I've never been up here in winter before."

"Or when the driveway was icy," Jeremiah said. "I put those bushes in as a cushion." He looked out the window at a small thermometer. "Twelve below zero. Should go up to five or ten above by afternoon, though." Tami noticed a car battery sitting next to the refrigerator with big "monkey grip" gloves lying on top of it. She remembered keeping the battery of her father's car warm on very cold nights by removing it and bringing it into the house, so that in the morning it would be sure to crank. Obviously something one had to do every single winter night up her in the north country.

Rod remarked that he heard that Jeremiah worked for an online company. This started a long chat about computers and the internet. Jeremiah was intelligent, articulate, sociable. Why did he choose to live way up here alone? Tami looked again at the computers. Maybe he socializes over the internet. He didn't seem like the hermit she had imagined.

. . .

It was around noon. Jeremiah and Rod had gone on a long hike while Rebecca had mellowed out on a couch and read from a big book on Bible scholarship. Tami had sat at one of the computers and gone online. Ever since she was a kid Tami had loved to go into libraries and read about science and math. This was why she liked the internet; it was like having a library at your fingertips. She started out by reading about deep sea fish, then got into transuranium elements, then four-dimensional geometry.

At one point she stretched her arms and looked down. Glancing at her pubic hair, she looked back at Rebecca, noted that her friend was engrossed in her book, and started searching the web for "nudist organizations". She pulled up a number of them, unfortunately all based in the southern states or some tropical country. She thought of searching for the name of the nudist in her home state that Father George had given her at Christmas, but couldn't remember it. That slip of paper was back in her dorm desk somewhere. She wondered if there were any real nudists who might somehow he1p her in her predicament. Probably not. Her "religion" was a sham and a real nudist would probably be offended.

She eventually got bored and started riffling through the magazines lying around on coffee tables and chairs. Jeremiah's place was clean but cluttered. Not only magazines, but books and computer parts and items of clothing were scattered everywhere. There were also some "bikini mags" like Maxim.

Tami found a big soft chair and gratefully eased into it; it felt good against her bare skin. She leaned over and saw a fashion magazine and absently picked it up. Odd that Jeremiah would have something like this around. She sighed as she looked at the pictures of beautiful coats, hats, boots . . . why did she torture myself by looking at these things? But thumbing through fashion magazines had always been one of her favorite things to do, being just a normal teenage girl, and even in this bleak life of total and public nudity it was a hard habit to break. This particular magazine was devoted to winter fashions, and the naked girl looked appraisingly through the pages of heavy clothing, successfully (for the most part) holding down the intense desire to wear some of these things, to feel them covering and warming and encasing her bare skin.

Whoa.

There were a few pages devoted to swimsuits, what to wear on your winter vaation. Models in bikinis, posing on beaches and around palm trees. This is probably why Jeremiah had this mag around. But what caught Tami's eye was a full-page picture of a deeply tanned model looking shyly at the camera, arms folded over her bare breasts, wearing the absolute tiniest bikini bottom Tami had ever seen. It looked like an eye patch, maybe two inches across and barely going over where the clit must be, covering only the pussy lips. It was so small it looked like this woman, who was thin like any model, was a giant who had strapped on a normal size woman's bikini. All her pubic hair had obviously been shaven off. The little patch was held up by two tiny strings that went around the hips. A small picture to the side showed a rear view -- a totally naked girl with just a little string coming up from the butt crack where it met another little string going around the waist.

Yet the tiny pubic patch seemed secure. This was a serious swimsuit; Tami could picture the model running around and swimming in it. Tami looked at the caption. This was called a "microminimus".  Order it and you get instructions on how to shave your pubic hair. Tami chuckled out loud when she saw the price. Forty dollars! For maybe four square inches of fabric!

Rebecca heard Tami chuckle and looked up. Tami just smiled, and Rebecca went back to her scholarly exegesis. Then Rebecca got up and walked in her stockinged feet over to one of the bookcases that lined one side of the room. Tami took another look and noticed that there were maybe two hundred books up there. Most seemed to be about religion, like an expanded version of the little bookshelf in Rebecca's room. Rebecca selected a fat, old-looking book and sat back down to read.

Tami looked back at the "microminimus" and suddenly couldn't breathe. She felt herself desperately wanting one. This is all I need, God. Please. All I want is to be allowed to wear just this little thing, and I'll feel totally covered. Anything is better than being totally naked all the time. I'll even shave off my pubic hair -- which Tami conceded would be necessary, because having pubic hair poking out around the edges of this thing would look totally ridiculous.

Tami's mouth felt dry as she put her head against the picture, praying. Then she breathed out and cleared her head. Wait, she told herself. This is stupid. I'm praying to be allowed to wear a bathing suit. Bargaining with God. Right. Tami, her legs splayed out across the big soft chair, looked at Rebecca through the toes of one hanging foot, and felt ashamed for so cheapening the idea of God and religion when there was such a truly devoted person right there. The naked girl put the magazine down, but looked at her pubic hair and then shot one last glance at the microminimus and realized she still wished she could wear one.

Tami looked at the ceiling. She was getting hungry. Then she pictured how she must look. Here I am, slouching completely naked in this big chair, legs spread this way and that, my pussy fully on view for anyone who walks in. And with my good Christian friend reading books on religion less than ten feet away. Suddenly Tami thought of that last session at Chalfont, being brought to -- what did Dr. Harridance say afterward? -- three orgasms while Brendo and some other young assistant watched her and monitored her. She clenched her butt together as she thought of that hideous bulb thing being stuck up in there. The memory then came back more intensely and Tami tried to block it out by bringing her legs in, squeezing herself into a ball, and putting her head down.

This drew Rebecca's attention. "Are you O.K. Tam?"

Tami said, "Yes, I'm just hungry," and then exhaled and opened herself up again.

"Me too."

Jeremiah must have had ESP, choosing that moment to come in through the big wood door, followed by Rod, two men made twice as big by their heavy clothing, stomping the crusty snow from their boots. Jeremiah said, "Anyone hungry?"   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 12**

Tami had never been big on vegetarian cooking, but she had to admit this was good. It was also fast; Jeremiah worked quickly and quietly and it was ready before they knew it. Whole wheat lasagna with cottage cheese and meatless sauce. And a salad with tofu and various other odd things.

"I didn't miss the meat," Rod said, though actually he did miss the meat.

"One thing I do have in common with my namesake, I'm a vegetarian. I try not to be too odd about it," Rebecca's older brother said while Rebecca gathered the dishes. It took Tami a moment to realize that he was referring to the Jeremiah of the Bible.

"He never could sell my folks on it though," Rebecca said. "Dad absolutely must have his char-broiled burgers."

As they lounged around with postum, which Jeremiah served because he figured everyone was sick of tea and he had no coffee, he said, "Well now you know the real reason I invited you. I'm sheetrocking the basement ceiling and it is pure botheration. Will you help?"

They were expecting this; Rebecca had mentioned this before they started on their trip. They trooped after Jeremiah down into the basement. Tami felt the cold halfway down the stairs as Jeremiah screwed in the first of a series of porcelain light bulb holders strung along the ceiling. There were a couple of ladders, two hammers, boxes of nails, sheets of gypsum leaning against upright studs that were the beginnings of walls, and other odd things strewn over the floor. In the corner was a big rectangle of nailed-together two-by-fours. Above, pink fiberglass insulation, looking like cotton candy, lay tucked in between the bare joists. It was cold; in the ghostly light Tami could see the others' breath coming out in faint clouds. But it was hardly like the outdoor cold she had spent so much time in.

Along one side of the ceiling two sheets had already been nailed up. Jeremiah explained that he wanted to get the rest of the ceiling done. Soon they were working in teams of two, Jeremiah and Rebecca, Rod and Tami. After the first couple of sheets Red and Tami had worked out a system. They would both position the sheet up against the joists, then Rod would hold his end up with his head while hammering in the first couple of nails, then work around hammering in the rest while Tami continued to hold up the sheet in the middle. The naked girl's part was easy. All she had to do was stand on the ladder, pushing up with widely spread hands.

Standing there, arms up, she was fully exposed to the gaze of Rod, who often stopped to admire his girlfriend's perfect naked body. He would stand in front of her, looking at her breasts and the nipples erect in the cold, and then down to her tummy, which was just a hollow concavity when she had her arms up, and finally her lush pubic bush. Then he would hammer in some nails, and as he worked his way around he would admire her from the side, then from behind admire her slim back and tight butt. She was glad she was working with Rod; she imagined that with anybody else such a close panoramic exhibition of her charms would be deeply shaming.

The contrast between the fully clothed Rod, in a sweater and heavy flannel shirt and jeans and sneakers, and his totally naked, white girlfriend was striking. One moment was especially electric. Rod had finished hammering in a nail and brought his arms down to take a few breaths. He looked at Tami's breasts, goose-pimpled and tight in the dank cold air, making them look more pointy than usual. Goose pimples were also on her areolas, forming a perfect circle around her nipples which stuck out like little fingers, seemingly rock hard. Rod licked his lips and looked up and their eyes met. Both knew that he had an intense urge to suck her nipples -- Tami would have welcomed the warmth and wetness of his mouth -- but he could not do that in front of Rebecca and her brother. He resisted the urge, adjusted his hard dick so that it ran down one leg, the friction almost causing him to spurt. Then he stepped over to hammer in some more nails.

Holding up another sheet, glancing at Rod admiring her side, Tami turned to see the others' progress. Both teams were moving quickly and the whole ceiling would be up in far less time than she thought. She also reflected on doing this work in the nude when everyone else was fully clothed. It was cold and she had goosebumps, and of course her nipples were erect. Also, she had stepped barefoot on nails and dust and other grit on the rough concrete floor. But there was no mention of whether she would be cold, or of her walking over things in her bare feet. Her nakedness was taken for granted. Here I am, she thought. Tami, the Naked Carpenter.

At one point Rebecca said, "This is actually pretty fun."

"It always feels good to do something productive," Jeremiah said, helping Rebecca take another sheet and carry it over to their ladder. "Nail it up, it stays up. A new ceiling where there wasn't one before."

Tami briefly thought of Mr. Winant. "It does feel good to work with your hands. Math is so abstract. Even writing software is productive."

"That's why I quit law," Jeremiah said.

"You used to be a lawyer?" Rod said casually, hammer in hand, momentarily pausing to admire the curved indentation of Tami's waist over her hip.

"Yup. I just churned paper for a corporation. Lawyers put great burdens on other people, but they themselves don't lift a finger. Luke 11:46," he grunted, hefting his end of the sheet to the ceiling.

The whole job ended up taking about forty-five minutes. They put things away and ascended to the living room/kitchen/dining room. Tami was glad to feel the warm air on her skin. They were sitting around drinking another one of Jeremiah's herb teas when he said, "Thanks, gang. It was a great help. There's only so much you can do with a dead man."

"A what?" Tami said, dipping the tea bag up and down in her cup, snugly and warmly sitting cross-legged in the big soft chair. A dead man? Was this house haunted?

"That big rectangle downstairs," Rebecca explained. "You use it to hold up one end of the sheet while you hammer up the other end."

Tami and Rod looked at each other. Each was thinking the same thing: these country folk are so, well, capable. They knew how to do things.

Then Rod looked lustily with an arched eyebrow at his naked girlfriend and said, "Well, this live woman was nicer to look at than any dead man!"

There was a second of silence, during which Tami wondered if Rod had made some gaffe. But then Jeremiah and Rebecca both laughed, and then the two lovers laughed also.

A few minutes later Rebecca said, "We'll leave you two alone tonight."

"What?" Tami said, anticipation almost cracking her voice.

"We're going home to see our folks and go to church," Rebecca said. "It's only about ten miles from here. We'll be back around noon tomorrow."

"I'll give you the number we'll be at," Jeremiah said, "You can make supper or breakfast out of anything you find here. Just don't burn down the house," he said with a smile. "There's a little guest room upstairs you can sleep in."

Tami and Rod glanced at each other. Both were trying to hold down their excitement. A night in a rustic cabin! Alone!

Jeremiah said coyly, "I hope you won't be bored. There are lots of books you can read," motioning to the bookshelves, "mostly about religion and computers."

Tami and Rod couldn't help giggling, as Rebecca half-seriously reprimanded her brother by slapping him on the knee.

. . .

The physical work, the clear mountain air, the quaintness and romantic possibilities of the old stone house, all of these had heightened Tami's and Rod's unquenched horniness. Standing on the front step, they waved good-bye to Jeremiah and Rebecca as the 4x4 jeep turned out of the driveway and started down the narrow road, the sound of crusty snow crunching under the big tires. They waited exactly thirty seconds before they looked at each other and, laughing at themselves, ran into the house.

The naked girl pushed Rod down onto a couch and started ripping off her boyfriend's clothes. "You got to help me, this is taking too long," she said breathlessly. "Damn you, you wearer of clothes!" Rod did what he could but Tami was in charge. When he was fully naked she pulled him onto the rug and got on top of him and turned around and placed her pussy over his mouth as she practically inhaled his hard dick. Both lovers immediately started moaning through their otherwise occupuied mouths.

And then both froze upon hearing the sound of a vehicle outside.

It faded away and they realized it was just a car passing by on the narrow road. They giggled into each other's genitals and then went back to their ravenous licking and sucking . . .

It was Tami who came first. She wanted to come right away and a lot of times. Her last three orgasms had been at the prompting of artifical electrical stimulation in Lab 6, and she wanted to think of orgasms in connection with Rod, not with some machine in a cold lab with people watching. She moaned loudly and raised her head up, pulling it off Rod's wet, hard, fully erect dick, then cried loudly. "Ohhh . . . yes . . . oh God . . . ohhhh!" But she couldn't help being aware, like she never used to be, of the contractions of her anal sphincter, and in one corner of her mind she blushed with shame at knowing that this awareness was caused by the memory of that hideous bulblike monitor.

She returned to deep-throating Rod and he began spurting soon after. The lovers rested, Tami lying on top of Rod, both bodies so sweaty that it was hard to keep from sliding off him.

Glancing across the room after she caught her breath, Tami giggled and said, "Look, we steamed up the windows." Then she sat up, her butt on Rod's chest, the sweat crackling as the bodies disengaged. Tami had an inspiration. "Let's go," she said, standing up and pulling Rod up by the hand.

She led him to the door and opened it. The cold air hit the wet bodies and they gasped, inhaling the invigorating frigid air into their lungs. It had started snowing; it was near the time of sunset and the grey sky was getting darker. "Let's go," Tami said, running out to the driveway. Rod stood where he was and their hands parted.

"Come on, wimp!" she said, finally coaxing her naked lover out of the doorway. He hopped out to where Tami was, his bare feet jumping up and down as if he were dancing on hot coals. "Let's run!" The permanent nudist started a circumnavigation of the house, her feet slipping on the crunchy, hard snow. Rod began after her, but then said, "I can't! It's fucking COLD!!" and dashed back into the house and shut the door.

Tami continued around the house, breathing hard, feeling the sweat beginning to turn into ice on her flushed skin. When she got back to the front door she saw Rod peering out at her through a window. He had thrown on his sweater and was hugging himself. Smiling, he shrugged.

His girlfriend, used to being naked in the snow, put her hands on her hips in mock disappointment. Then she blew a kiss. The snow was coming down heavier now and starting to accumulate on her hair. Knowing that Rod was watching, she went over to the icy patch that the Ark had slid on and which was now covered with a thin film of snow. The patch was about four feet square and the perfect canvas for what she wanted to create. Leaning over, she bent her big toe down and drew a big heart. Inside it, "T.S. & R.S." She stood up straight again, flexing her "writing foot", which was beginning to get numb. But Tami was ambidextrous. She used the big toe of the other foot to draw the arrow going through the heart.

She looked back at Rod and blew a kiss. He stood there inside, warm in his sweater, his long limp dick swinging gently between his legs, a sight which drove Tami crazy with love and lust. Finally she raised her hands up and twirled on one foot, one of her favorite old gymnastics moves, albeit one she had never done naked with bare feet on ice. She enjoyed making her boyfriend's eyes open wide. Her next trick was to grab a bunch of crusty snow and smear it all over her breasts and tummy.

The happy naked girl then ran into the warm house and tackled her lover. A moment later they were back on the floor for their second session of sixty-nine.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 13**

The two young lovers soon discovered that the house got very cold at night. But instead of turning up the central heating, they decided to snuggle in front of the wood stove. Tami carefully opened up the firebox door and noticed that the fire was still going, but only barely. Rod was warming his hands over the stove, standing as close as possible, but the outside of the stove was still pretty warm and he didn't want to burn the tip of his dick. Tami made him promise to stay naked, then went out to the side of the house where the woodpile was.

It was VERY cold . . . Tami kept saying "zhhh! zhhh!" to herself as she quickly gathered a few promising split logs. She grimaced a bit as she piled them on her arm, feeling the rough bark scraping her breasts and tummy. When she had gathered about five or six splintery logs, she carefully tottered back in, her toes trying to get a good grip on the hard, crunchy snow.

A few minutes later, the stove being rekindled, the two naked lovers sat in front of it, hugging each other against the cold. The sun had gone down and they decided not to turn on the lights. They looked at the fire through the little grille in the firebox door. Hugging soon became unnecessary as they discovered that the stove by itself was prefectly capable of heating the whole room. They stretched out their legs and leaned back on their hands, looking contemplatively at the closed door, thinking of the fire behind it. In the flickering light Tami looked down admiringly at Rod's dick, temporarily limp and hanging between his legs almost to the floor, and Rod looked over at Tami's taut breasts, riding high on her chest, her nipples permanently erect.

"I want a beer," Tami said, remembering the bottles they had seen in the refrigerator.

"He did say we could have anything here," Rod said, gazing up at his girlfriend's bare butt in the dim red light as she got up.

It was very good beer. Tami stretched out and caressed Rod's feet with her own. She was getting pensive. "What do your parents think about me?"

Rod exhaled, reluctant to answer. "I told them I love you," he said. He smiled and looked at Tami. "I left out the part about how good our loving is."

Tami briefly smiled but got back to being serious. She had been curious about this for a long time. "Well then, tell me the parts you didn't leave out."

Rod looked at the fire and sipped from his bottle. "There . . . will be problems."

Tami gulped. Might as well get right out with it. "Is it because I'm -- naked?"

Rod looked at the fire and then at Tami. Then they both laughed. "Well of COURSE it is!" he finally said. "What do you think?"

Conceding it was a ridiculous question, Tami said, "'Guess what Mom, I'm in love with a white girl. And she's always naked!' . . . I suppose most parents wouldn't go for that."

She looked at Rod lovingly but with a little trepidation. She had no intention of walking naked into Rod's black neighborhood and showing herself to his parents; she was thinking far into the future. "It's O.K. if you don't want to bring me to see your folks . . . at least for now."

"I'm not sure if it ever will be," Rod said sadly. "They're very conservative."

Tami said, "I think . . . there will come a time when they won't mind meeting me."

Rod smiled at Tami and shook his head. "Tami, you truly have faith. Rebecca would be proud. Like the Bible says, 'Faith is the evidence of unseen things.' Well, right now I don't see my parents accepting you."

Tami knew she could not explain what she was thinking. And she still hadn't figured out how Rod would react when she graduated and got back into clothes. But her mind was still on that faraway, clothed future. "Rod . . . what about my being white?"

Rod opened his eyes wide and looked down and shook his head. "Babe, if you were black and naked, they'd prefer a white girl with clothes."

"Well then . . . would they accept a white girl who wore clothes?"

"We're getting pretty hypothetical here."

"Still . . ."

Rod thought for a moment. "They wouldn't be comfortable with a white girl, but if they saw I was happy they'd eventually accept her."

The two gazed at the grille for a few moments.

"Are you happy, Rod?" Tami said, still looking at the fire.

Rod turned Tami's face to meet her eyes. "Babe, I am happier than I ever was." He kissed her deeply. "I don't know how this will work out with my parents, but somehow I know that eventually it will turn out O.K."

"Well I KNOW it will," she said. The two lovers stared dreamily at the grille and the fire behind it.

. . .

They napped a bit but both woke up at the same time. Horniness had taken control of their bodies again. They were in the little guest room upstairs, across from what was apparently Jeremiah's room, in a single bed with a mattress. The bedsprings sagged almost to the floor, but it didn't matter. It was their bed, their little home. And their little fuck cocoon.

Tami decided that this was the time. She had thought about it for a few days. They did some preliminary licking and when they were at the point where Rod usually slid his dick into her pussy, she surprised and puzzled him by saying, "Wait," as she got some K-Y from her backpack. Handy stuff, which they had used often, when her pussy juice had run dry but they wanted to keep fucking.

She got on all fours and smeared some jelly on her butthole. In front of her astounded boyfriend, she carefully snaked in a middle finger to the second knuckle, a little bit like Jen had been doing to her recently. She took her finger out and pushed her butt practically into Rod's face. "Fuck me, lover," she said in a soft, little voice.

She had never voluntarily presented her asshole to anyone. Against her will, of course, it was a different story. There had been many times. At Dr. Congi's workshop. To Chief Burdick and her friends in the dorm. To various doctors and young lab assistants at Chalfont. It seemed to Tami that her butthole was public property, to be presented without question to anyone who desired to look at it. But with Rod it was different. She wanted to show him that she was so dedicated to him that she would give him her whole body, without reservation.

Rod didn't say anything, but then she felt Rod's hand on her butt cheek, and a big, silky dick head being gently placed against her asshole.

She had also thought about that bulb dildo thing that kept being inserted into her butt at Chalfont. It had been put in the last three sessions, and by now she was resigned to the fact that she would have something up her butt on a weekly basis the rest of the semester. But though the Chalfont Institute now had the use of her rectum, she wanted her innermost, most secret space to belong to Rod. If anal penetration was to be an ongoing part of her life, she wanted it to be associated with love and tenderness, not with cold scientific research.

"Be gentle," she said. . . Rod didn't need to be told. He steadily increased the pressure, guiding his dick with his hand. Tami couldn't help but remember Brendo's advice when he first tried to insert the anal monitor and it was painful and difficult -- she pushed down as if she were shitting. Whereupon her anus opened and Rod's dick slid in a couple of inches.

"Ohhh!" both said in unison. Tami at the thrill of feeling Rod's beautiful big dick stretching her sphincter and penetrating into her gut; Rod at the incredibly tight massage his dick got from pushing through her tight anal ring.

Rod began fucking slowly and gently, gradually entering deeper and deeper. As he approached full length strokes Tami felt Rod's dick pushing her insides somehow to one side to make a straight path. Finally Rod was in all the way. Tami felt as if the head of his dick was about to pop out of her mouth, she was so deeply pierced. The tightness in her anal ring was uncomfortable but tolerable. She realized that she really did enjoy this, as she had hoped. She reached up to finger her clit and to her surprise she almost immediately came.

Feeling the rhythmic contractions of her anal ring, Rod came a few seconds later, fast jets of semen hitting Tami inside in such a sensitive spot that she felt like he had never come so hard. He collapsed on top of her and they rested. It was a bit of a strain but Tami twisted her head up and around and they kissed.

. . .

Rod and Tami fucked and showered and then fucked and then snacked and finally, in the wee hours, dropped into a deep sleep, exhausted, in each other's arms. They didn't wake until noon the next day, both awakened by the stiffness of Rod's dick. Gently and wordlessly they applied the K-Y and soon Rod was once again deep in Tami's rectum. Then they both stopped, hearing the front door open downstairs.

"Damn! I left my clothes down there!" Rod whispered. They both stifled their giggles, thinking of Rebecca and Jeremiah finding his underclothes strewn around the room. "Oh Lord . . ." Rebecca said, which caused them another fit of stifled snorting.

Rod started gently fucking again but stopped when they realized that every motion caused a bed spring to creak, something they hadn't noticed that before. Yet they didn't want to separate. As they both smiled at each other, Rod flexed his dick rhythmically, while Tami matched his rhythm by pushing with her bowel muscles. This interior fucking kept Rod hard and kept Tami aroused.

They rested again as they heard more noises from below, cups and dishes being set down, water being poured. They heard Jeremiah say, "Well now what?"

They started their mini-buttfucking again, but slowed down as they heard chairs scraping into place and Rebecca saying, "I don't know."

Then Tami and Rod froze, holding their breath. Rebecca was crying.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 14**

The crying became muffled. Maybe Jeremiah was hugging her. Tami and Rod listened with sharpened ears.

"I can understand them thinking that you've gone off the deep end," Jeremiah said, "but to boot you out of the church, that's cold." He cleared his throat. "After all the things you've done for them." His voice wavered. "You were their bright, shining star. Since you were a kid, they knew you were something special. And not just because you're so smart. All that work you did for them with the youth group. . ."

Rebecca sounded like she was swallowing her tears and then a chair shifted and she sniffled.

Tami felt like a shameless slut, overhearing such a personal conversation -- about a church, no less -- with a dick deep in her rectum. She was about to move forward and off of it but then felt it getting soft. Rod evidently felt the same way she did. This was not exactly a sexy moment. The two lovers shifted slowly so as not to squeak the bedsprings, his dick popped out, then they settled into a spoon, Rod holding Tami across the tummy.

"And to say you're not even welcome at their events any more, that was just gratuitous," Jeremiah said. "These are not loving people, Rebecca. At least not anymore." Another silence. "My advice is just to leave them behind and go your own way. There's got to be another church you can hook up with."

Rebecca finally spoke, in an unsteady voice. "I was so hoping that they'd at least understand. It's not like I wanted them to agree with me about Tami."

Tami's eyes widened as she listened.

Jeremiah said, "To tell these conservative Baptists that you admire this friend of yours who goes naked all the time, telling them that she shows true faith -- did you really think they'd just sit and nod? You know how they are. They worry that when their kids go away to college, even when it's close by and run by Baptists like Campbell - Frank, that they're going to find the Devil there and be seduced by him. Well, by gushing over Tami every time you go home, you were just feeding into that."   
 

Rebecca cleared her throat and Tami recognized a little more of the self-assured voice she was used to hearing from her. "Maybe they care about me a lot and think that Tami really is the Devil's agent," she said analytically, "and they're giving me this good slap in the hope that I . . . condemn her and have no more to do with her."

"Maybe. Or maybe they're just jerks. I hope you don't mind me saying this, but you're only twenty-one. With such a young person, even a young smart person, I'd expect them to have a little more tolerance. Or at least patience." After a moment's silence he added, "Suppose it is just a slap. What are you supposed to do now? Reject Tami and her religion. Anything less than that and they're not going to take you back. They're forcing you to make a choice."

Rebecca breathed in and out a couple of times through leftover tears. "Well . . . my choice is to stay with Tami."

Jeremiah exhaled and said angrily, "I just can't forgive those jerks for forcing this choice on you. . . It's not going to be easy, leaving those people you've grown up with." A moment later he said, "I know I keep asking you this, but aren't you reading too much into Tami? All you really know is, she goes naked all the time, and says it's her religion."

Rebecca said, "There's something about her that's so . . pure. And modest. She's naked all the time, and yet she's the most modest person I know. So unpretentious. She prefers not to wear clothes, and that's it. She's not doing it for kicks. Or to be outrageous. In fact sometimes she seems almost shy about it. But she keeps on, even walking naked and barefoot through the snow. She never makes any move to cover herself, yet never seems to be deliberately exhibitionist." Another pause. "There's a long history of religious people who do something which is not particularly in itself religious, but they keep at it. Nuns who go barefoot all the time. There are nudist monks. Or ascetics who don't eat meat, or live on bread and water. For some reason with the right person it causes a, I don't know, kind of humbleness and modesty that allows them to focus on what's really important."

"So are you going to go naked now too?"

"No . . . I'm not the right person. I'm not called to do that. But I think Tami has been."

Tami felt her own eyes getting wet. She felt absolutely dreadful. The sacrifice that Rebecca was making, for something that was just a sham. A sham to excuse that stupid episode of streaking. Tami wanted to leap up and cover herself with a blanket and run downstairs and say, "Rebecca! I was only faking it! I'm not really a nudist! Go back to your church!!"

Jeremiah said, "Well, if that's what you really feel. She certainly seems like a good person. I'm glad she looks like she's really in love with that guy Rod. He seems O.K. too." He said, "I just want you to be sure, that's all."

After a pause Rebecca said, "I'm sure."

"Well then that's the last I'm going to say about it. Good thing I left that church years ago. Of course, I bolted from the faith entirely."

"Don't remind me."

"I'm sure you'll end up all right and healthy. It's just impossible for someone like you not to." Tami heard chairs scraping and imagined they were hugging again.

There were some sounds of tea being sipped. Jeremiah then said, "It looks like our guests are still snoozing. Not that I'm surprised after what they've probably been doing." After a moment he said, "I can just tinker around until they wake up. Why don't you go online. Look up religion and nudism."

Tami heard Rebecca grunt appreciatively. Then a few minutes went by without any words. She heard a computer beeping and then the brief shower of electrons in the ether. Rebecca was apparently online.

Tami whispered, "I've got to say something to her. I can't be the cause of this."

Rod said, "What are you going to say, Babe? Tell her not to talk to you any more? This sounds like it's between her and her church."

Of course Tami couldn't tell Rod what she really wanted to say to Rebecca. It was impossible anyway, and she knew it. She just could not reveal herself as false when Rebecca had given up so much for her. It would be a deep disappointment to Rod, too. There was this other Tami that was a true believing nudist, whom Rod loved and whom Rebecca respected and would follow to the ends of the earth. Tami found herself wishing that she could really be this "other Tami".

Tami and Rod rested for as long as they could stand it. Then they made ostentatious waking up sounds and washed and dressed and went downstairs. The four were convivial and ate a fine lunch -- pancakes and fried vegetables -- but the atmosphere was subdued. Tami and Rod wondered if Rebecca and Jeremiah suspected they'd overheard anything.

Rebecca said it was almost time to go, but first she said she wanted to go on a short walk. Nobody asked to join her; it was apparent that she wanted to be alone.

Tami also went out, in the opposite direction from Rebecca. There was no path in that direction;  the naked girl stumbled, her bare feet poking into rocks and sticks as she trudged between pine and maple trees in snow that went almost up to her knees. At one point she stood up straight and looked around at the woods. Here I am, a Nature Girl, naked in the woods. She took in the cold mountain air deep into her lungs as her flat bare tummy moved in and out. The sun was out and it was really beautiful out here. In a way it was nice out here. She was exposed, but there was no one here to see her nakedness. If the weather was warm she could picture herself escaping to a place like this.

Then Tami reached behind and massaged her buttocks. Her rectum and asshole were still a little sore. Then, feeling her feet and legs getting numb and her erect nipples getting tingly, she poked her way back to the house.

The ride back to the college was only about thirty miles but took an hour because of the twisting roads. Once again the naked girl huddled in the back seat next to Rod under the blanket. As they wound downhill, the bright sun reflecting off the white surroundings, forcing Rebecca to squint as she navigated the Ark from curve to curve, Tami looked into the woods and saw the snow melting from where it overhung little creeks and cliffs. There was no longer any snow on the trees. Here and there, little pails hung on maple trees under diagonal cuts in the bark, waiting to receive sap to make syrup. Winter at long last was ending. No more deep freeze. But this did not make Tami feel any less miserable.   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 15**

The child had been condemned in September as a heretic, caught in a dalliance with a traveling spice merchant, and then she had made the mistake of not stating under oath that she believed her acts to be sinful. In fact, part of her hoped that the carnal act could have been more fully consummated before the bishop's confessor happened by. Of course, she had been raised basically as an orphan, with no one to teach her the clear medieval rules of right and wrong.

Her punishment was made to fit the crime. She was once more stripped of all clothing and let loose in the forest, told never to return. The townspeople were told that this was God's judgment and to avoid any "social intercourse" with her. They were also told that anyone who attempted to give her clothing of any type would be punished in an unspecified but no doubt severe manner. For the child the punishment was intended as a death sentence which avoided the unseemly spectacle of having someone so young burned at the stake. Surely she would perish when the snows came.

But deep in the forest she found a little cave which eluded the extremes of cold, and found some meager food in periodic forays into the snowy thickets. She then befriended a pack of wolves who kept her warm at night; watching them closely, she adopted some of their ways of getting food. In the late winter she was secretly taken in by a kindly stableman and his wife. They dared not give her clothing or put her up in their house. Instead, she slept in the loft of their barn, in a bed of hay over the sleeping horses and pigs. She bathed in the freezing waters of the nearby stream, but even so, due to her daily activities little sticks of hay and dirt were always strewn about in her long, black, thick hair, and in the pubic hair which had become especially abundant from exposure to the cold. She helped out with the stable and sometimes, at night, would ride her favorite horse around the fields.

It was on one such outing that she had been sighted, and word of the naked maiden on horseback spread throughout the village. The local bishop was unnerved when he heard. Had the child actually survived the winter? Was this divine intervention? Or had she been protected by the Devil? She would have to be summoned and questioned.

Word went out that the child's presence was requested by the bishop. Safe passage was guaranteed for all who helped secure her presence. Remembering the earlier edict, no one dared give her clothes. But now she found herself in the center of town on this damp March morning in this year of our Lord 1328, dismounting from her horse, stepping barefoot onto the wet snow, in front of a crowd of townspeople. People further away looked out from towers and rooftops, but the fog lay thick on the snow and the best view was had by those in the square. They all craned their necks to catch a glimpse of this wild naked child, who had survived a winter outdoors without clothing, as she looked around uncertainly and then began with snow-encrusted bare feet up the many steps to the big church.

The bishop was waiting in his study, and it was truly an elemental confrontation as the prelate, burdened in his abundant black robes and warm shoes and stockings, saw the naked child in his doorway. Her small young breasts rode high on her chest, nipples hard and erect from the cold, her legs slightly apart, her arms at her sides, the arch of her back showing her superb physical condition. The dampness of cold fog was on her skin, which though streaked here and there with dirt, was clear and healthy; little droplets lay on the hair on her head and on her pubes. Her hands were rough and dirty from stablework, and her bare feet were rough also and muddy, with the stains of manure coming up between the toes. The child looked at the clothed, magisterial prelate with wonder and a little fear, while the bishop looked at the child, also, with wonder and a little fear, and a sinful awareness of lust . . .

. . .

Tami woke up with a start. That was a weird dream. She vaguely remembered having other weird dreams, all of them about being naked. It was always a relief to wake up and find herself in good old 207 Pilgrim Hall.

The next thing she was aware of was that this 207 was pretty damn cold. She had goose bumps all over her naked body. Shit! Who opened that window!! She got up and closed it and cranked up the radiator. She looked out. It was mid-afternoon. She had been so exhausted by yesterday's session at Chalfont that she needed a lot of sleep last night but couldn't get it, having to get up at 7:30 a.m. to pose for the art class. Then there had been her own classes to go to. She was waking up now from the after-lunch nap she badly needed, and now had to report to Mr. Winant for her next grounds crew assignment. She looked at the alarm clock. It was set to go off in ten minutes; she turned it off.

She looked out the window. A foggy, not-too-cold day in March. Lots of snow on the ground, but it was gradually melting. At last. It looked like the days of zero-degree weather were over. She stood up and pushed her thighs against the radiator, hoarding its warmth, not caring if people saw her nakedness from outside. What did it matter? She'd been naked now for six months.

Six months! She reflected on that. Half a year. Half a year of being always uncomfortable, frequently cold, often -- too often -- shamed and exposed and forced to do all sorts of humiliating things in front of people. She thought of yesterday's Chalfont session and shuddered. Ten orgasms! It wasn't really public, but with Dr. Abu Jamal and Brendo and Corey watching, always refining their techniques, always trying for one more orgasm, even when she just wanted to get unstrapped and take those things out of her and close her legs and go hide in a corner somewhere and rest -- it was like their private Orgasm Show, with Tami the performer.

She went to the bathroom with a couple of little towels, intending to take a hot shower to warm up and get ready. She was not optimistic about what Mr. Winant would have her do today. It was almost always the same. He had this thing about her shoveling snow. He was always assigning her to clear a path here or there on campus. It was a legitimate assignment, she supposed, but didn't they have a snow plow or something? So far she had shoveled snow in front of the faculty building, in the quad, in front of the administration building, even in front of her own dorm, and her hours were always right during when everyone was going to and from classes. It seemed like for anybody on campus, seeing Tami Smithers shoveling snow was a daily event. And she could do nothing except keep shoveling, knowing how many eyes were on her jiggling breasts, her tight butt, her pubic hair, her bare foot pushing on the shovel.

Today was to be different, at least. She was to report to the Dixon Mill, which was apparently a kind of museum halfway up the big hill on the south side of campus.  Finally, some work indoors. As she got up to the bottom of the hill, following the campus map -- she hadn't been to this part of campus yet -- she noted with irritation that there was no direct paved path to the Dixon Mill. It was far shorter to walk up the hill, over the snow. Well, here I go . . . She wadded up the map and stuck it in her ankle pouch and started trudging upward.

Halfway to Dixon, she looked down and saw that her feet were poking through the soggy,  thin snow and stepping into mud. She cursed to herself. Here I am stamping through freezing mud. At first she had been ashamed to be seen with mud over her feet and between her toes, but she had gotten used to it. What did they expect, anyway? . . . She was not in a very good mood today. All her hopes rested on getting that summer job and so far the job board had zilch. She had looked at it again last night and once again the only jobs were on campus or in town.

As she approached Dixon she looked up and saw a couple of young guys watching her approach. They had hunting jackets on over their green uniforms and were sipping coffee. Aware of their intense study of her naked body, she crossed her arms in front of her breasts as she made the final ascent. I can cover my breasts, she told herself, because I'm cold, not because I'm modest.

She entered the little clapboard building and was hit with the smell of coffee. And with the sight of Mr. Winant, having a sip at a table which had a coffee urn and a big plate of buttered rolls and pastries. "Have one," he said. "Base of operations for the afternoon shift."

There were a few other guys hanging around. The two who had been outside had followed her in. She found herself surrounded by grounds crew men in heavy jackets. With much self-consciousness she made herself a coffee and picked out a buttered roll, aware that everyone was watching every minute motion of her arms, breasts, legs and butt muscles as she went through these motions.

She followed Mr. Winant as he wheeled his way around a partition and into a large room that seemed to take up most of the interior space of the little building. There were a couple of windows high up on each side. Bare wood floors. There was not much in the room except for what looked like two watermill-type wheels, about two feet across and two feet apart, which were halfway set into the floor, coming up to maybe three feet at their highest point. Tami recognized them as bigger versions of the wheel she had seen in Mr. Winant's office, the one being run by solar power. Two thick bars were bolted to the ceiling and came down to a point over each wheel, each bar curved at the end as if to form a handle.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 16**

"This is your new assignment, Miss," Winant said, sitting at the side of the standing naked girl as she took in the scene.

"What is it?" she said. She had no idea what this new assignment entailed.

"This used to be a water mill that supplied power to part of the campus back in the old days," he explained. "Then we got power from other sources and the mill became outmoded and was turned into a museum. And, they dammed up the stream and diverted it. Up the hill it now feeds into another stream that eventually goes into the Connecticut River.

"But," he said, wheeling up to the blades of one of the mill wheels, "we're thinking of reactivating the mill. Using the technology that you saw with that little wheel in my workshop, only in reverse. These here wheels will create energy which will be stored in those capacitors and batteries you see over there."

Tami looked to the side and saw something she hadn't noticed before, a series of little canisters that looked like fire extinguishers, each topped by a dial. She saw a thick wire running along the floor from the wheels to the canisters.

"What should happen is that with the turning of the wheels, the dials will show energy being stored. If this works out then the college will get the local authorities to let the creek flow through again. But first we need a means of turning the mill wheels so that the principle could be tested. The best way to simulate the force of water is through human effort."

Tami suddenly realized what part she was going to play in all this. "You mean you want me to . . ."

"That's right. Get up on the blades of each wheel and reach up to those overhead bars. Face me. Then wait for my signal."

The naked girl slowly approached the mill wheels and walked behind them along the dusty wood floor. Standing behind the wheels, she looked up at Winant for a moment, then down at the wheels again.

"Go ahead, I don't have all day," he said, adjusting his wheelchair slightly.

What use was there to even think of resisting? Tami knew that she had no choice but to comply with all assigned tasks. Carefully she put both bare feet on a lower blade that was almost flat with the floor and easy to stand on. The blades were made of metal and were about two feet deep, leaving plenty of room for her feet. Legs together, she stood up straight and put her hands up to hold onto the curved bar, which was slightly over her head. She blushed as she realized that she was being asked to work this thing like a treadmill, like a beast of burden, or a hamster in a cage, and worse, that with her arms extended upward, she would be presenting her full frontal nudity to anyone who entered this big room.

It got even worse than that. "No no, you have to work both wheels," Winant said.

Tami gulped. She stretched one foot over to the other wheel, and found that she would have to put her other hand onto the other overhanging bar. She was now spread out into an "X".

"The overhead bars are to push against so that you have more leverage to push down on the blades. It might be hard to get these wheels started, but once they're going inertia will take over. Go ahead, try to get them started."   
 

Tami pushed down with her left foot and up against the bar with her left arm. She pushed and pushed and could not get the treadmill to move. It also was uncomfortable.

"Try pushing up with the opposite arm," Winant said.

Tami tried this and felt the treadmill begin to move beneath her left foot. Then she pushed down with her right foot and up with her left hand. Both wheels were now moving. Some more pushing and they were moving a bit faster.

"That's it! That speed is fine. Just keep it up."

Tami got a rhythm going and was soon pushing down with a regular step, blade after blade. The wheels made a whirring sound and she looked to the side. She couldn't tell if the dials were moving because they were so small. One thing was clear: this was a pretty thorough workout machine. It was like those stairmasters she used to work out on in the high school training room. It seemed like all her muscles were being used -- and stark naked, spread out like she was, anyone who looked could see that.

Winant scooted over to look at the dials. "No reading yet, but I didn't expect any. One of these dials counts the turns of the wheels. After about a hundred turns we should see something. After a thousand we can take readings and start evaluating this project."

Tami's eyes opened wide. As she continued on the widely spaced treadmills she said, "One . . . thousand . . . turns??"

Winant laughed. "No, not all in one day. I want you to get in three hundred today. That would be about one hour's worth of work straight through, but of course you'll want to take breaks. Grab a soda or water or something. There's a cooler under the coffee and doughnut table. There's also a bathroom by there which isn't too disgusting. This job should be easy for a well-conditioned athlete like you. Any questions?"

Tami couldn't believe it. He was going to leave her alone like this. Well, better that nobody be around to see her --

This hope was dashed by the sight of one of the grounds crew guys strolling in to watch.

Winant turned to leave. "You'll probably get some company. You're quite a sight, Miss, like I said, anybody can come and look and I understand it's all the same to you. But nobody is going to lay a hand on you or talk trash. If anybody does, let me know." He turned to his employee. "Is that clear?" he said, more to the employee than to Tami. The grounds crew guy gave a barely perceptible nod.

In a moment Winant was gone and Tami was left to work the treadmills for the benefit of science, and for the viewing pleasure of this leering guy. To keep the blades moving required constant exertion of force. She looked ahead with a blank, desolate stare as she saw another grounds crew guy, and then another and another, come into the room. She pretended not to notice as a couple of them wandered around behind her and to the sides, to take in the view from all angles: a totally naked, slim, athletically conditioned teenaged girl, standing bolt upright with her widespread hands on the overhead bars, her widespread feet working the two treadmills, unable to cover any part of herself, breasts sticking out, erect nipples pointing forward like little guns, her flat tummy heaving in and out, pussy lips slightly parted between her spread legs, and then beads of sweat forming on her brow and on her chest, running down her face and breasts and tummy into her lush pubic bush, the sweat on her back running into the crack of her tight little butt.

Tami brought her hands down to her sides and crossed them over her breasts, trying for a tiny shred of modesty. But the treadmills ground to a halt. Her own slight weight simply did not provide enough downward force to keep them moving. With a resigned sigh she put her hands back up to the bars and pushed and got the blades going again.

She sensed the guys behind her were sitting down on the floor and she could feel their gaze shooting like arrows at her asshole, no doubt blatantly exposed between her spread, laboring legs. God this is awful. . . She turned her eyes upward and prayed.

Please God, get me out of this. Deliver me from this torture of shame . . . I'm only an 18-year-old girl. I'm naturally modest. Why put me through this? Please God, please . . .

Of course, Tami did not expect God to answer back, or to do anyting to ease her suffering. Instead she reflected on her life. Here I am, forced to be naked all the time. Why can't I enjoy it? Why can't I enjoy being naked and having people look at me? She tried to talk herself into it. I love being naked, I love being naked . . . She said this to herself in rhythm with the blades as they passed under her feet. I love being naked . . . I love being naked . . .

Tears started rolling from her eyes as she gagged on these mental words. She just couldn't continue thinking them. Every fiber of her being wanted clothes, anything, even a scrap of clothing, even a "microminimus" bikini bottom . . . She looked down at her bare feet, the dried mud stains between her toes, her erect nipples . . . She was now wet with sweat and dust was beginning to stick to her breasts and tummy and thighs. She was naked, sweaty, dirty, and on full view for these jerks.

The grounds crew men looked at the naked girl from every angle and shifted uneasily in their uniforms, trying to hide their erections. The girl's tears did not much impress them; they had only a vague idea of why she was here, and assumed that she was being punished in some way. The tears seemed therefore to be a matter of course.

Tami's soft sobs did not interfere with her by now skillful working of the blades. She found she could get more thrust by pushing with the balls of her feet, then letting the foot relax flat on the blade while the other foot pushed. After her tears had spent themselves she looked forward dully, the dried tracks of the tears still visible on her face, and plodded onward. She was thinking: let's get these three hundred turns done a.s.a.p. so I can get out of here.

After what seemed like forever, her legs feeling like rubber, the naked girl stopped her labors and staggered down from her perch. With unsteady steps she walked over to one of the dials. Only 74 turns! Her bare shoulders slumped. She listlessly walked between the grounds crew workers, pretending to ignore them, and went over to the cooler. She bent down to open it, giving everyone a view of her butt and asshole, picked out a bottle of water, and then collapsed into a cross-legged sitting position on the dusty floor and took a few sips. After resting a few minutes she pivoted herself up and walked back onto the treadmills. The dust from the floor had clung to the sweat on her butt on the backs of her legs, making them almost black, but she didn't care. She thought of the summer, when she would be wearing clothes, and that thought kept her going.

As her exertions caused her to once again breathe heavily and exude sweat, her eyes had a dull glint of determination. This is hell, she told herself, but I can get through it. She tried to ignore the stares. I can get through this. She calculated in her mind. Fifty-four days to summer break. Fifty-four days to clothes . . . fifty-four days to clothes . . . Fifty-four days to clothes . . .   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 17**

The Chalfont Institute. Founded in 1897, a fact reflected in the architecture of its one and only location, a large ornate brick structure adorned with columns (Ionian), cornices with sculpted flowers, ivy practically covering all its walls, large, wrought-iron windows, even a couple of gargoyles sitting watch over the sides of the roof. Expanded and modernized (somewhat) in 1962, the entrance was still untouched in the old style, with a big round portico of marble at the top of thirteen concentric circular steps. Shrouded by trees, it hid at the edge of the campus of Campbell - Frank College, in its own world, having almost nothing to do with the college except for sharing certain funds and being (technically) under the college's administrative control.

The Institute, lacking the resources to continue as a full-service medical school, had long since been dedicated to certain narrow areas of medical research. Its 200 or so students, drawn from all over the world (though none from this state at the moment), were an industrious and rather odd bunch, intensely interested in medicine, glad to have some project to specialize in which they could put on their resumes. Its faculty, mostly old-school fuddy-duddies, were a stolid bunch who had long been accustomed to moving in the rarefield circles of specialized research. The Institute was doing quite well; both government and industry (particularly drug compaies) could be counted on to keep the grant money or contract money flowing, provided the areas of research were selected with care, and due to the Institute's connections it had a prescient (to put it coyly) ability to predict which projects would attract investment.

On this sunny day in early April, the Institute stood proudly and mysteriously in its place on the other side of the athletic fields, now muddy with some patches of melting snow, which separated it from the campus. Around it were its circle of trees, trees which were beginning to bud and which would soon provide a leafy cover which would almost totally hide the Institute from view. The air was fresh and springlike, really the first breath of spring this year, and several young men in lab coats were sitting and standing around the portico.

What then engaged their attention was a sight they had seen before, but which understandably was still arresting in spite of its familiarity. It was a beautiful, 18-year-old girl with dark red hair walking toward them over the fields, totally naked except for a small pouch strapped to her ankle. Her body was evenly tanned (a rarity in this climate) and perfectly proportioned and toned, and she walked with an upright posture, shoulders back, tummy flat, though with her head down. Her attention was on her bare feet, muddy up to the ankles. She tried to avoid the mud, hopping from one patch of snow to the other, preferring the clean cold of the crusty ice particles to the sloppiness of the mud, though even from this distance it was clear that the mud had won; it looked like she was wearing mud-covered shoes, though the young men intently watching knew that shoes were not a part of this girl's life, nor was any other article of clothing. They knew that this was Tami Smithers, the campus nudist, who never wore a stitch of clothing, who did not even own a stitch of clothing, who went through her days in a state of total and permanent nakedness, and did so voluntarily as a matter of religion.

The truth, of course, was far different. As the naked girl approached the portico, trying to ignore the stares of the young men, her mind was a welter of complicated thoughts. If the students had been telepaths, they would have heard her thoughts saying, "44 days . . . 44 days . . . 44 days . . .", though why she was saying this may well have remained a mystery.

. . .

Tami looked down at her muddy feet, seeing the steps of the Institute at the top of her peripheral vision, and kept telling herself that there were only 44 days to the end of the semester and summer break. But she just couldn't shake the thought of this morning's art class out of her mind. That doofy guy with the big teeth, who was always smiling and leering from the back of the room . . .

This morning when she walked into that big classroom she saw that he had taken a seat right up front, hard up against the pedestal. The pedestal that elevated her so that every student could have a full and clear view of every inch of her naked body. And then Professor Brignon had had Tami squat with her feet way apart, holding her crotch up about a foot above the pedestal, and then stare down at an angle that brought her almost eye to eye with that guy. She resolutely had looked a little to his left but as he leered up at her, with his toothy, doofy wide smile, they both knew that they were all but making eye contact . . . And then he looked down at her crotch, both of them knowing that she was sticking it practically right in his face, and she felt the air in there and knew that, as they did every day in this class due to her widespread posing, her pussy lips had parted. He did look at his easel from time to time, but it was clear that his sketching was at a minimum, while his staring was at a maximum. She knew what he was thinking: "We both know I can see right up inside you!"

And then she had had to turn and face the other side of the class and get into the same position, and she knew that her butt cheeks were widely separated and her asshole was clearly visible to this guy from its shallow, wide valley. . . Her face burned and she shut her eyes in shame, until of course instructed by the professor to keep her eyes open and focused a bit downward; the professor wanted the class to practice drawing eyes too. Afterward as the class was breaking up she tried to avoid eye contract with that guy, but he got in right behind her as everyone was leaving and deliberately brushed his rough jeans against the back of her bare thighs.

Ugh! Tami thought as she watched her feet once again slop ankle-deep into cold mud. By now she was convinced that the professor just wanted to humiliate her. More than once the naked girl had almost gotten to the point of breaking her pose and standing up on the pedestal and saying, "These are not art poses! This is a disgrace! You're only forcing me to expose myself in the most humiliating ways possible!" But of course, every time she thought of saying that, she realized she couldn't. Modesty was supposed to be against her religion. A person without modesty would have no objection to such poses. Saying what she wanted to say would have raised a red flag, and it would get back to the Dean and she would be expelled.

Tami breathed in the cold but springlike air. Her mind was so full of jumbled thoughts today. Among which was, she couldn't deny the effect of the first smell of spring. In a word, it was making her horny. She badly wanted to hop on Rod's dick and fuck him all day. But Rod was busy in classes today. Could she hold out until their traditional Fuck Day, Sunday? That was two whole days away . . .

She grimaced at the thought that her spring horniness would be taken care of in a little while by the artificial stimulation in the Chalfont lab. Damn that Lab 6! She wanted this horniness to be satisfied by the warm, silky dick of her lover, not by that infernal vaginal plug with the bristly pad that pressed against and stimulated her clit. Yet she was destined to have another 10-orgasm session like last time probably . . .

She got licked by Jen every day, fucked by Rod a couple of nights a week and all day Sunday, and brought to ten unwanted orgasms every Thursday at Chalfont. She didn't want to but she found herself calculating. She said to herself, I probably have about 30 orgasms a week. More than any other girl on campus, that's for sure. They call me Naked Tami. They should also call me Orgasm Tami. The orgasms were all enjoyable -- except for the ones she had at Chalfont -- but it was also all tied up with her being naked all the time. She never thought she would think of coming as anything but unadulterated pleasure, but now there were these big strings attached . . .

Tami finally made it to the portico, closely watched by the young guys in lab coats. Aware of their intense stares, she looked down at her feet and decided she couldn't enter the Institute like that. Stark naked is bad enough, but with muddy feet too . . . she knelt down at a little pile of melting snow and applied it to her feet, scraped it over her soles and around and under the toes. The snow was wet and did a good job of removing the mud. Then, standing up, shaking the wetness from her hands, she walked between the guys into the front entrance.

She briskly walked through the hallways to Lab 6. It was a well-worn path for her now. Evidently others knew about, or had figured out, her schedule, because the halls she passed through were crowded with male lab coats. They stood to the sides as they passed. It was like she was passing a reviewing line for inspection. No doubt her attributes were being judged closely! Thank God the shame of unwanted orgasms was something witnessed only behind the closed doors of the lab, in front of only three people.

When she got to the lab she found the door was closed. She went around to the side into the waiting room. There she found Dr. Harridance, who had not been around much lately, and a man she had never seen before, a man who did not wear a lab coat but had on a plaid blazer, a colorful silk shirt, and what looked like polyester pants and white leather shoes.

"Hi, Tami, this is Mr. Nevada McMasters, one of our adjunct instructors," Dr. Harridance said in his genial way. The two men were going over a clipboard. Tami and McMasters exchanged nods. To Tami this guy seemed out of place. The Institute might be old and creepy but it did have a kind of grave dignity, and this guy stood out like a neon sign in the middle of a cemetery. Worse, he wrinkled his chin and took long appraising looks down at Tami's breasts and pussy, causing her almost to make a move to cross her legs and cover her breasts, an urge which she knew she had to suppress. She decided right away she did not like this man.

"There won't be any session today, Tami, though you'll fill out your time sheet as if there were," Harridance said. Tami felt disappointed and then hated herself for feeling that way. She found herself actually wishing that the session would go on so that her horniness could be relieved. She looked down and closed her eyes. What am I turning into, anyway?

"Are you O.K.?" Harridance said with concern.

"No I'm fine," Tami said quickly.

"The current phase of the research, or at least the part that Dr. Abu Jamal and I were instrumental in, is now over," Harridance said. "And I'm glad to say that we got very good results that will help the Institute a good deal. More on that later," he said. Then, turning to McMasters, he said, "Mr. McMasters will be supervising the next phase. Nev, why don't you say a few words about it."

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 18**

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Smithers, I've heard a lot about you, nothing but good things," McMasters said, in a quick way, something like a salesman. "Come this way," he added, putting his clammy hand on Tami's bare shoulder, which made her squirm, and leading her into the lab room.

Tami froze at what she saw when she entered. The circular console was still there, but components had been removed, leaving holes filled with half-hidden wires. The stage was completely ripped up. A couple of workmen, electricians perhaps in green uniforms, were fiddling with screwdrivers and hammers, installing things in holes that had been sawed into the painted wood platform. They glanced up at Tami with a long glance, then perhaps fearful of being accused of ogling, promptly went back to what they were doing. The whole sight was very scary to the naked teenager. She felt her knees shaking. What are they going to do to me? She dreaded what the answer might be.

She was almost glad that McMasters spoke in vague terms. "Your participation has been a great boon to the Institute," he said in his slick manner, "and due to your beliefs and habits and what we now know about your bodily responses, we are embarking on a new phase of research. A phase that has great potential, both for the cause of medicine but also for commercial purposes."

Tami heard Dr. Harridance chuckle. She turned back to see him, arms folded, leaning against the doorway. She felt comforted by him and was sorry that he was apparently handing her over to this McMasters guy. "Watch out for this fellow, Tami, he's a real go-getter," he said. Tami was wondering what he meant by that, but then he said, "Nev, why don't I take her up now."

She thankfully nodded good-bye to McMasters and followed Dr. Harridance back into the hallway. He slowed down so that they were walking side by side. "We're going to meet the big man," he said, smiling. "Dr. Schnitzler, the Director of the Institute. We have some nice things to say to you."

As Tami walked along her mind was awhirl. The "big man"? "Nice things"? She went with Harridance up a stairway, then up another stairway, then down a hall that was obviously in the nicest part of the building. She gratefully felt the warm carpet under her feet, and glanced at the portraits on each wall as she passed. Guys with beards, from the 1800's or early 1900's. The portraits had big, ornate frames. A couple of older men passed them. They were wearing business suits. In fact, Dr. Harridance seemed out of place here in his lab coat. And Tami felt even more out of place, walking totally naked through such opulent, stately, and dignified surroundings.

They entered a small but well-furnished reception area. A middle-aged woman sat at the desk, reminding Tami somewhat of Gwendolyn King, the secretary to Dean Jorgon, but kindlier. Dr. Harridance nodded to the woman and guided Tami into Dr. Schnitzler's office.

He was very distinguished looking and definitely "Old World". He reminded Tami of pictures she had seen of Sigmund Freud, that old psychology guy. Well-tended gray beard, three-piece suit, past ordinary retirement age. The office was carpeted and wallpapered and filled with little mememtos, much like an 1800's version of Dean Jorgon's office. There was the faint whiff of pipe smoke. Tami was intensely conscious of how much her naked skin contrasted with in this place, and feared a repeat of when she was stared at and outmaneuvered in the Dean's office with Henry Ross.

But blessedly, that was not to be. Dr. Schnitzler was a nice old man who walked in front of Tami and made a little bow. "Miss Smithers, I salute you," he said in a slow, scratchy voice with a German accent. He took her hand and kissed it like a gentleman. He stood up and said, "You are a most charming and attractive young lady," even though Tami did not detect him looking down at her body, "and intelligent and industrious too, from what I've heard. Please, have a seat."

He motioned to a big, plush, overstuffed chair and then went to sit behind the big desk. Tami looked at Harridance and then gingerly settled into the overstuffed chair, demurely crossing her legs. It was a very comfortable chair, and as she enjoyed the feeling of the burgundy-covered corduroy upholstery on her bare butt and back, she mused that this was probably the first time that a naked girl had sat here. Then Tami looked up and saw that Harridance remained standing. She was really being treated like royalty.

"The Chalfont Institute," Dr. Schnitzler began, speaking slowly and with a gentle dignity, "has a long history of being at the forefront of research in various specific areas. I know that you are a very intelligent young lady, but I will spare you the technical details of our various projects. Suffice it to say that with your help, and with the excellent experiment plan and data work done by Dr. Harridance, we have made somewhat of a breakthrough. We have received preliminary word that his paper on your project will be published in the June number of the New England Journal of Medicine."

Tami was thinking, fine, they're getting printed up in a local, regional magazine, but then Dr. Schnitzler said, "You might not be aware, but the New England Journal of Medicine is the world's most prestigious medical journal. It has been some years since one of our faculty have been published there, and for all of us at the Institute, and our benefactors, this latest news has been wonderfully received." He put on a pair of very thick wire-rimmed glasses and said, "The credit is in no small measure due to you, for your willingness to put your body on the line for science."

Tami blushed. She looked down at her toes and flexed them nervously. This well-dressed, distinguished man, and this doctor in a lab coat standing next to her, had used her naked body for science. The fact that Dr. Schnitzler was such a nice old man decreased her embarrassment only a little.

Dr. Schnitzler fished around on his desk and then found a little bound pamphlet printed on white paper with no cover. "Here is Dr. Harridance's article," he said, presenting it to Tami. "We feel you deserve an advance copy. An intelligent girl like you should be able to understand it except for some of the more technical terms. Remember," he said, folding his glasses and putting them back in his vest, "that is confidential until published. Ours is a very competitive business."

Tami looked at the elegant typeface. "Galvanosexual Response in a Young Female Subject" was the title. There was a paragraph on top in tiny print, then larger print written in scientific jargon which Tami could not penetrate. But she had seen journal articles before, in her psychology class, and at least recognized the format.

"I understand your major is mathematics, and that you have received nothing but straight A's," Dr. Schnitzler said.

Tami nodded.

"Do you have a particular area of interest in that field?"

Tami strained for an answer. "Uh, calculus, I suppose . . ."

"Well of course, you carry yourself so, I forget you're only a freshman," Dr. Schnitzler smiled, "and just at the beginning of your career. Perhaps that was an unfair question. Mathematical models are being used more and more in analyzing research of this type, especially calculus. Who knows, perhaps in your future work you might come across research of a medical nature like this."

Tami blushed at the words "come across". She had "come across" in Lab 6 many times. But unlike with the devious Henry Ross, she was sure that this time the pun was unintentional. She felt very respected, flattered at being treated like such an adult. "At the beginning of her career," indeed! She was just a freshman math major!

"Well, I start to digress," the old man said. "I want to express to you a small token of our appreciation . . ." He handed an embossed envelope to Tami. "We have invited you, and a guest, to our annual banquet in our formal banquet hall downstairs. You, Miss Smithers, will be the guest of honor, and as is traditional, a portrait of you will be unveiled which will later be displayed, with your approval of course, in an appropriate place here at the Institute."

Tami weakly took the envelope into her stunned hands. She opened it up and it was an exquisitely engraved invitation to the "105th Annual Chalfont Banquet". It was addressed to "Miss Tami Smithers and Guest". Tami read it and found that the banquet was to be the next Wednesday night.

"I -- just -- oh I just can't," she said, staring blankly at the invitation, secretly horrified at the idea of attending such a formal banquet, a scene she could hardly imagine, and attending it naked. As the guest of honor no less! Seated in a prominent place! And with a portrait of her which would be put on the wall and looked at forever! Even the prospect of inviting Rod along did not mitigate the shaming possibilities that flooded the naked girl's mind.

Dr. Schnitzler cleared his throat and said, "The banquet is formal, black tie, so tell your, uh, companion, but of course we will make an exception for you in light of your religion."

Tami's throat was dry and she could not speak. Then Dr. Harridance said, "Tami, is there a reason you can't make it?"

His words were said in all innocence but Tami knew that if she refused to attend, someone -- who knew if there were spies here at Chalfont? -- would read into it a desire not to be seen at a banquet naked. She cleared her throat and looked up. She knew what she had to say, but looking at the kindly old face made it easier. Dr. Schnitzler was paying her a compliment and she was in fact very flattered. She didn't want to disappoint him. "I'd be honored," she said.

A few minutes later the naked girl, having been "bid adieu" by the old Director, walked down one of the hallways on her way out of the Institute, holding the pamphlet and the invitation in one hand. As she passed the closed door of Lab 6 she was startled by the loud sound of a power drill. She winced and reflexively covered her pussy with her hand, as if it was her pussy that was being drilled. She then went back to thinking of how much Dr. Schnitzler reminded her of that psychology guy Freud, then went out into the chilly sunlight and started trudging back across the muddy, snow-patched field to her dorm.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 19**

As her bare feet alternately pushed down to work the blades of each treadmill, the slim, naked, sweating teenaged girl looked down in desolation and watched as a bead of sweat fell from her forehead straight down all the way to the floor. There it joined the constellation of previous drops. The girl felt another drop run down her out-splayed left leg, finally reaching the treadmill blade at her instep. This drop, too, was one of many, following a well-worn rivulet that began at her armpit, angled around her firm breast, across the hollow of her concave tummy, stopping midway for a moment at her navel, which was a little lake of sweat, then down to hunt through the forest of her pubic hair, into her pussy lips, across her butthole, and then down the inside of her thigh. . .

The whole room smelled of the girl's sweat as she continued to work the twin treadmills. They were separated by about three feet, forcing her pumping legs to spread open, while her arms thrust up in an "X" on the two widely separated overhead bars. She was on her third session of the afternoon, having taken two short breaks for water, and had been pumping continuously now for twenty minutes. A rigorous aerobic workout, but within her capabilities as a trained athlete. Not that this activity wasn't serving to make her beautiful, strong, slim body even more toned, strong, and perfectly in shape.

She looked up at the roof as if praying for strength, and licked at some sweat that was caused to run into her mouth. She glanced at the dials on the canisters against the wall but knew that not only were they too far away to read from where she was, but that they would show that she was not nearly finished with her daily quota of three hundred turns. At her last break she was only up to 144. She was stuck here for another hour, at least.

The blades of the treadmills passed slowly and laboriously under her flexing feet. It took constant pushing and quite a bit of force to keep them going. She could not afford to ease off even for a second, or they would grind to a halt, requiring a huge push to start them going again. Her entire body was shiny with sweat. Oddly perhaps, her nipples were erect. The dust in this old wood building had stuck to her body so as to give the appearance that her all-over tan was darker than it actually was. The only evidence that the darker hue was due to dust were the streaks of dirt where she had scratched herself or wiped away sweat. These streaks ran across her face, her thigh, and across her concave tummy.

There were the visitors and their stares, which she tried to ignore. Grounds crew workers, who came by at odd intervals to get some coffee at the table and then stood around and stared at her from every angle, absently sipping from their paper cups. At length the naked girl decided to keep her eyes closed, which made it easier to pretend they weren't there. In her ears the grinding sound of the treadmill wheels and her heavy breathing blocked out the sounds of footsteps as workers came and went.

Blade after blade passed under her hardened soles as the girl kept her eyes closed and said to herself, forty-one days, forty-one days, forty-one days. . .

This was a bad, bad day for Tami Smithers, the girl who was forbidden to wear clothes, and the shame of this heavy labor just added to her existing frustrations. She still hadn't found a summer job; the bulletin board in the Student Union was still devoid of any notices for work outside of town, where she could secretly live a summer in clothes. Clothes, clothes, blessed clothes, please God . . .

And then there was the day before, Sunday, the day of the week she and her boyfriend had reserved for all-day sex and togetherness. They had tried oral sex, traditional sex, even anal sex, but she did not have an orgasm all day. She knew the reason but could not face it or express it to her puzzled boyfriend. The weekly session of artificially induced orgasms at the Chalfont Institute lab had become part of the sexual rhythm of her libido. And last week's session had been cancelled, and like a dog who will not chew a bone until it is thrown and retrieved, she had gotten hung up on this lack of machine stimulation and could not proceed with her boyfriend. She knew it was hateful and shameful to admit to herself, but she had come to need, even crave, the weekly penetrations and vibrations and frictions of cold, metallic scientific instruments.

Then there was the time she had to pee this morning and slipped into the women's room in the Student Union. On the wall of the stall she found another of the gross, insulting drawings of her, this one with exaggerated sagging boobs and overgrown pussy hair hanging down to the knees. She recognized the work of Lorinda, that geeky bio major. And then to pass Lorinda herself on the paths not five minutes later, with a couple of her geeky bio friends. That crowd was getting bolder and bolder. This time they did not try to hide the fact that they were joking about her, and after she had passed them one of them called out, "Tami! Your feet are muddy!" and heard giggling. She just shut her eyes and tried to ignore it, walking on. She tried telling herself, "Ignore them, they're so immature," but she herself was only 18 years old, just out of high school, and the teasing still hurt.

Now, sweating and pushing on the treadmill blades, the naked girl turned her head upward, eyes still closed, as she said to herself again, forty-one days, forty-one days, forty-one days. . .

It was late in her labors, when her breathing became more ragged and she could feel the sweat pouring down off her body, that she detected a faint smell of perfume. She opened her eyes, wiping away the sweat from her eyebrows so that she could see, and was dismayed and shamed to see four well-dressed, important-looking visitors watching her intently with varying degrees of interest, morbid fascination, and horror.

The naked girl blushed as she realized that her visitors were probably being overpowered by her body odor, which permeated the room. She had the urge to cover her breasts with her hands but then saw that two of the visitors were Dean Jorgon and Henry Ross. Doing anything to cover any part of herself would be a big mistake. She thought it polite to stop her exertions, and she brought her hands down to her sides and let the treadmills stop, balancing her widely-spread legs on the blades, the toes of each foot clasping the edge of each blade, so that she stood perfectly upright. She felt the sliminess between her arms and her sides and knew that she must look and smell disgusting.

"How do you do, Miss Smithers?" the Dean said quietly and politely. "I'm sorry to interrupt your assigned task for Mr. Winant."

Tami didn't answer. Standing sweating and naked on her precarious perch, the two blades under her at unstable angles, she made a little nod and silently regarded the two other visitors.

The other two were vaguely familiar but she couldn't place them. One was a minister, black shirt, white collar, wearing an opened black coat. He was tall and middle-aged with black hair that was gray at the temples. He looked at Tami with a steady glare of distaste that was so intense that she averted her gaze from him. The other was a grandmotherly type woman in a green dress and heels, wearing a soft green hat with netting. It was her perfume that had first drawn Tami's attention. The older woman looked at the naked girl with concern.

"Please come down, Miss Smithers, it must be awkward standing up there like that," the Dean said. Whereupon Tami carefully stepped back and dismounted and, unsure of where to stand, decided to approach her visitors so that she stood with her back to the treadmills, facing them from a distance of about ten feet, shoulders thrown back, legs slightly apart. Sweat had plastered her hair to her head and to her upper back and had made her feet wet so that she left a track of bare footprints behind her. She was still breathing heavily, her concave tummy moving in and out as her diaphragm flexed and relaxed.

The Dean stepped forward slightly from the rest. "Miss Smithers, you know Mr. Ross. This is Reverend Stipend from the local Baptist church, and Mrs. Millicent Lowell. You might remember them. They are on your scholarship committee."

Tami felt a shaming flash of recognition that caused goosebumps on her bare buttocks, fortunately out of the view of her visitors. She remembered these two distinguished personages sitting behind that long table last summer as she and her father answered questions as part of the application process for her scholarship. On that day she was wearing her very best, a white silk blouse over a sensible white bra, red linen pants over sturdy white panties, nylons, patent leather heels. She almost wept with longing for those long-ago clothes, and with shame at the thought of how changed was the impression she was making on these people now. Totally naked, sweaty, dirty, a beast of burden . . . She had never felt so degraded.

It was the Reverend who increased her shame by pointing this out. "Miss Smithers, you certainly present a different appearance than the last time we saw you," he said with a tinge of evangelistic condemnation. This was New England, and he was an American Baptist, not a Southern Baptist, a distinction unknown to the naked teenager, who had been raised Catholic, but there was a shade of that southern fundamentalist lilt in his voice that made it unnecessary for him to say his full thoughts. As in, "You have become a child of the Devil!"

Mrs. Lowell said, "You are a much different, uh, person that what we remember."

Tami almost cried. She wanted to say, no, I'm the same girl, the same girl that loves to dress in that white silk blouse and linen pants and heels you saw me in, you must believe me!! But she knew how utterly ridiculous the words would sound and they died on her lips.

"This is the way Miss Smithers has chosen to live her life," the Dean said. "Total nudity at all times. It is her religion and according to Mr. Ross it would be unconstitutional to penalize her for it in any way."

"Is it true, child, that you have discarded all your clothing, and intend to stay totally naked for the rest of your life?" the Reverend asked, as if interrogating her at an inquisition.

Tami had caught her breath by now and stood calmly and nakedly in front of her audience. She felt the urge to at least clasp her hands in front of her pussy, but knew she could not. Then she noticed that, standing behind the others, Henry Ross was looking at her with a raised eyebrow that told her with fatal certitude what her answer to the Reverend's question must be. "Yes," she said, briefly looking the Reverend in the eye, but then glancing downward again. She thought again of summer, and clothes . . .

"And that you consider modesty a -- a sin?" the Reverend said with incredulity.

"Yes."

"Then shouldn't we all be naked? Are you calling us sinners?" The Reverend stepped forward slightly, getting agitated, but was held back by the gentle arm of Mrs. Lowell.

Tami thought quickly. "My -- religion is just for me. . . I can't explain it."

Mrs. Lowell spoke with concern. "This . . . assignment with the ground crew, I hear, was a substitute for your athletic requirement. Is this suitable? It looks like hard work."

The naked girl said, "No more than gymnastics workout," which was only partly true.

The older woman had other questions. "The . . . research at the Chalfont Institute, is that acceptable to you?"

Again, a quick look at Henry Ross gave Tami the cue. "Yes." Tami felt a drop of sweat running down her tummy and again felt the slimy feeling as her arm shifted minutely against her side. She wished she at least had a towel to wipe herself off with, which probably would have been allowed, but this big bare room had nothing, not even a dirty mechanic's rag. She longed for her dorm shower, but that was more than an hour away, after more laboring on the treadmills and a dirty, sweaty, embarrassing walk across campus.

Then Henry Ross spoke up for the first time. "Is your participation in the project with Dr. Harridance, and then the project with Mr. McMasters -- is all that freely acceptable to you?"

Tami knew this was not a fair question. She didn't know what the McMasters project would entail. She had her fears. But under the intense stares of these people she could not think of a way to express her misgivings without giving lie to her professed religion. She said what she had to say. "Yes."

There was some silence as the naked girl and her four questioners regarded each other. She tried not to notice as their gazes tended to fix downwards to her breasts and her lush pubic hair.

Mrs. Lowell's warm, grandmotherly voice was heard. "Dear, are you happy like this?"

That was the question of questions. Henry Ross's eyebrow cocked again and he gave Tami a very, very suspicious look. Tami's voice almost cracked but she said quietly, "Yes."

"Well now you have it," the Dean said to the two scholarship committee members. "Miss Smithers is living her religion and appears to be thriving. I don't mind saying," he said, with a bland look at Tami, "that her grades have been perfect A's, and her conduct under the campus rules has been impeccable."

The Reverend gave Tami a long, roving look up and down her naked body with undisguised contempt. It was all Tami could do to keep from crying with shame.

After a little shuffling around the Dean said, "Well, I think we're done here. Miss Smithers, you might remember that your scholarship involved freshman year interviews in December and in April. Mr. Noyes conducted the December interview, and this is all that was needed for the April interview. In fact, we usually dispense with the April interview entirely if the grades are good, but in your special case the committee decided that you should be, uh, viewed in person. . . I thank you for your time. You may continue with what you were doing."

"Viewed in person." These words just reinforced Tami's sense that she was like an animal being stared at in a zoo. The Dean led the others out of the mill. Standing in her moist footsteps, afraid to move, Tami watched them go. The last one was Henry Ross, who turned back for a long, thorough gaze at Tami's nakedness, somewhat like the Reverend had done, but instead of contempt, Ross's gaze was full of gleeful, sadistic lust. Tami glared at him, trying to project hatred through her helplessness and shame.

After they left, the naked girl dutifully climbed up and splayed her legs out onto the treadmills and put her arms up to the overhead bars. She grunted with a big, long push down and up as she got the machine moving again. She briefly looked down at her dirty, naked, sweaty body, stained with dust, her erect nipples, her gritty bare feet. The naked teenager, barely out of high school, closed her eyes. She thought of lacy bras and nylons and silk blouses and patent leather shoes and all kinds of pretty things to wear. Tears slowly rolled down her face as she wordlessly trudged on.   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 20**

"You look beautiful, Tam," Jen said, kissing her on the cheek (the cheek of her face, that is, though with Tami all four cheeks were always available), then standing back to admire her handiwork.

The nude teenage princess, Princess Tami the Nude, stood up on the footstool in the wing lounge of Pilgrim Hall in front of her friends. The springlike night air wafted in from the open windows. She looked down at Mayree and Dawn and Jen, and was almost overcome with joy. This was like last December, when her adoring friends had made her up for her date with Rod to the Black Formal. They were joined this time by Jeffrey Dillon and his new boyfriend Trent, who sat on a couch in their matching long dark coats and Oscar Wilde haircuts (though Trent's was blond), holding hands. They agreed with Jen, nodding appreciatively.

Tami the Nude looked down at her loyal subjects and then at herself in the mirror Mayree held up. Streaky blonde highlights in her dark red hair, red rouge on her nipples, yellow and green (spring colors) on her fingernails, a neatly groomed pubic bush (no trimming this time), and toe rings on both feet, with yellow and green toenails. She didn't feel ashamed of her nudity this time, she felt proud, in a way she never felt before. She told herself: I am a proud, beautiful, naked princess.

Dawn helped her down and as if on cue, a tuxedoed Rod showed up in the doorway. "Deja vu," he said, hugging her and then kissing her on the lips. "Almost," she said, putting her head on his shoulder. She wished Rebecca and Marisol, who now lived off campus, were here. That would make it complete.

The spring air made her happy and energetic, and horny too. It seemed that all the desire she just couldn't summon on Sunday had returned with a vengeance. She whispered to Rod, "I want to fuck you," and licked his ear.

"I heard that!" Jeffrey said playfully. "Not here!"

"Why not?" Tami said, hugging Rod and looking at Jeffrey with a mischievous smile. As she hugged her boyfriend tighter she did one of her romantic flourishes, kicking one leg back and flexing her foot, spreading her toes.

"Yeah, why not? I think I'd like to see their legendary Sunday-style screwing finally." Jen said.

"Me too," Dawn said, though she was clearly joking.

"This is why not," Jeffrey said, and he pulled Trent up with him and the two young men indulged in a wet, sloppy kiss. "Ewww!" was the reaction as people cringed and Mayree and Rod turned away, though all of them were smiling.

"O.K,," Jeffrey said, "if they get to screw right here, so do we. C'mon, Trent, take your clothes off. I'll help." He started with Trent's belt buckle but then gave up because Trent was giggling and too shy to play along.

A few minutes later, as Tami and Rod were making their way down the stairs, Tami reflected on her life. It was either horrible, like at the mill that other day, or wonderful, like now. She looked up at Rod's adorable black face and, as they stepped outside into the cool early spring air, she stopped him and kissed him, giving him her tongue, in full view of students passing by them in both directions. "Go Tami!" said one girl going into the dorm. Then Tami led her boyfriend into skipping down the concrete path that led to the Student Union. It was sickening, like something out of a tampon commcercial, but for the happy 18-year-old girl in the first real romance of her life it was a perfect expression of what she was feeling. As her bemused boyfriend lagged slightly behind, Naked Tami skipped barefoot and carefree along the path like a little girl.

They stopped when Tami stepped into a puddle. In her shoeless and clothesless life Tami had gotten oblivious to puddles and thought nothing of stomping on them. But this time the result was Rod getting splashed on his pants. They stopped and looked at his formal trousers with concern, then deciding it wasn't too bad, they started skipping again. In a moment Tami couldn't help herself again. She stopped and kissed her lover under a streetlight. She was really horny and ground her hips into his hardening crotch. When they parted there was the undeniable smell of female musk and they realized that some of it had gotten onto Rod's pants.

He laughed as he tried to brush it off, saying, "Now you got my pants smelling like pussy!" Realizing he was merely transferring the musk to his fingers, he inhaled them and then licked them, looking at Tami with a devilish smile. Tami giggled and they continued walking, hand in hand, with Tami thinking, here I am, a horny naked girl leaving wet spots all over.

Of course, they were heading to the annual Chalfont Institute banquet. The invitation said eight o'clock and they decided they should probably get there right on time instead of fashionably late. After all, Tami was supposed to be the "Guest of Honor". They wended their way along various sidewalks until they came to San Beueno Hall and saw the athletic fields in front of them, like a big muddy moat protecting Castle Chalfont from invaders. They decided to follow an asphalt service road, which was the long way around.

The elegantly dressed young man and the elegantly made up naked young woman finally got to the grand front entrance to Chalfont and started up the steps of the portico. Along the way Tami, remembering they had been walking on asphalt, looked at the bottoms of her feet. Deciding they were a bit too dark, she found a patch of leftover snow and rubbed her feet on it while Rod winced, remembering his own very brief adventure with bare feet on snow. Then they straightened up, like a Lord and Lady, or a Prince and Princess, and entered the Institute in a regal fashion, the overhead chandelier-style light shining on Rod's carefully shaved black scalp.

For the naked girl there was only one jarring moment in this merry trip. As they followed the printed cardboard arrows to the banquet, going up stairs and along the second floor hallway, she felt a humming sensation coming through the floor. She stopped and stood still, a worried look on her face.

"What's wrong Babe?" Rod said. He could not feel anything through his dressy shoes and socks but for the barefoot Tami, she could hear the humming through her feet and it seemed to shake her whole body. They were standing over Lab 6. She just knew it. And there was some kind of motor or machinery running down there.

Tami shook off her concern over the future, wanting to get back into her happy mood. She started walking again and pulled Rod along. "Nothing. Let's go."

They entered the medium-sized banquet hall and were greeted by a surprised looking maitre d' who tried very hard to keep his gaze fixed on Tami's face and not look below. He guided them through the little sea of white tablecloths and up to the dais, about ten seats long with a big easy chair on one end. Near the center of the dais was a lectern with a space next to it and then a little card between two settings that read, "Miss Tami Smithers and Guest". As the two sat down, Tami enjoyed the feeling of the soft seat cushion under her butt and rubbed herself around on it.

"Have you no shame, Babe?" Rod said teasingly. Realizing she looked like she was rubbing her pussy on the seat, Tami giggled and blushed and said, "Oops . . .A naked person feels a lot of things that a person with clothes doesn't." This reminded her briefly of that humming she had felt with her bare feet over Lab 6, but then she returned to the point she was trying to make. "This seat feels good."

"The seats sure are elegant," Rod said, looking around. "Everything here is living very large."

Tami could only agree. She looked at her name card. Finely embossed script. Shiny stiff paper. The walls were covered with ornate, old-style velvet wallpaper, mostly red, and sported a series of portraits of old guys in suits and beards. Doctors from the 1800's, she thought. She looked around for a portrait of Freud, that old psychology guy. Wasn't he a doctor? Sigmund wasn't there, but there were several others who looked like his cousins.

Tami and Rod felt a little foolish. They were the first ones there. Now what? They sat silently for a few moments. Then, drumming his fingers, Rod said, "What do you do here, Babe? They must like you a lot."

Tami had managed to be vague about the topic and didn't want to get specific now. She reluctantly decided to lie. "I'm a guinea pig for a project where they tape little wires to my skin and measure what they call galvanic response. That's electricity that's in the skin. While I do things like sit around, read, walk, et cetera." Well, there at least was a grain of truth in that, she told herself. It's maybe five percent true.

There were a couple of guys in waiter jackets here and there, adjusting the place settings. Tami smiled tolerantly. She knew this behavior by now. What they were doing was totally unnecessary; they just needed an excuse to hang around here so they could sneak looks at the naked girl. Tami looked down. In front the tablecloth on the dais went all the way to the floor. She was mostly hidden from view. True, the crowd would be able to see her breasts, but to be merely bare-breasted was something that Tami would give anything for. She closed her eyes and for a moment thanked God for the covering provided by the dais.

Rod was about to ask something else when another waiter brought in what was obviously Tami's portrait. A covered flat object on an easel, not a paint-stained scratched-up easel like Tami had noticed while posing in that freezing art class, but finely varnished wood. The waiter put it next to Tami, behind the space between Tami and the lectern, and then left, sneaking a look at Tami from behind as he went out.

Tami looked at the white linen covering with dread. She wished she had X-ray vision or something and could see through it. Her eyes darted around. Could she sneak a peek now? She couldn't decide. She didn't want to know what was there. But she wanted to be prepared for the shock when it was unveiled in front of everyone. Please, God . . . Tami just knew that behind the linen was a portrait of her in Lab 6, her legs strapped wide apart, that awful plug in her vagina, sweating, convulsing in orgasm. . .

She was almost about to take a peek when Dr. Harridance's voice called out from across the room. "Tami!" he barked. Tami flinched, as if she was about to sin and God caught her. "This way, the cocktail hour!"

Walking up to Dr. Harridance, who carefully avoided looking at Tami's body with Rod next to her, Tami said, "Dr. Harridance, this is my boyfriend, Rod Sykes," and as soon as she said it terror struck into her heart. With a flash she realized that Dr. Harridance -- or any of the Chalfont people who happened to chat with them tonight -- would probably mention the true nature of the experiments Tami had been involved in. The sexual response. The orgasms. The vaginal plug. It got worse and worse in Tami's mind. Not only would Rod know that she had just lied to him -- how would he react? Would he be jealous? Mad at her? Would he complain to someone? He did have his protective side. . .

The walk down into the cocktail lounge was an agony of shame. The naked girl blushed furiously as she appeared at the top of the stairs with Rod and was met with spontaneous applause. She knew she could not cover herself, so her nervousness was betrayed only by her nervous smile, her increased grip on Rod's hand, and the flexing of her toes on the soft carpet. The two lovers glanced at each other and, led by Dr. Harridance, descended. Tami quickly took stock of the crowd. There were about forty of them, and almost all of them were old.

They were also very kind, even worshipful. After Tami and Rod were given their  non-alcholic drinks, they found themselves doted over by these old doctors, dressed mostly in three-piece suits, and by their grandmotherly wives. There were questions about her studies, about his, comments about their own grandchildren -- it reminded Tami of being at a big family gathering with uncles and aunts who were likely to say, "I remember when you were just a baby!" Both Tami and Rod detected an underlying current of admiration, of Tami for being bravely naked and modest about it and such a boon to the Institute, and of Tami and Rod for being a young interracial couple. Rod squirmed and smiled tolerantly at a couple of well-meaning but tacky comments from this all-white crowd. Such as a kindly, "Young man, do you play basketball?", even though Rod was barely six feet tall.

It was hard for Tami to keep focused on the conversation at times, so blushingly aware she was of the fact that her total nakedness stood out in the midst of this elegantly dressed, elderly crowd. She knew she was being looked at, especially from behind, and she couldn't help but picture herself thus, bare shoulders and back, narrowing to a bare waist, then widening (a bit) to her bare little butt, bare legs, and bare feet. She felt like an alien being from a naked race, mingling with the world of the clothed. At least the stares were more tactful than the stares of the students at the college, especially the guys.

She also looked at Rod nervously, dreading when someone would let the cat out of the bag about the experiments. She saw Rod scowl with puzzlement when an old man with an unlit pipe in his mouth told her, "I hear your responsiveness is extraordinary. Good, very good." That was a close call. She tried not to look at Rod, instead smiling and nodding and sipping some more of her ginger ale. Feeling the need to break up this particular conversation, she finished her soda and politely excused herself and went to the bar, where an elegant man with an Italian accent asked what she wanted.

He quickly added, "Of course, it would have to be non-alcoholic." Tami looked younger than twenty-one, and she obviously had no proof of age. Where would she be keeping it? She had left her ankle pouch in the dorm (she was intending to go to Rod's place afterwards) and her naked body was totally unadorned with anything save her nail polish and the toe rings.

As she started sipping her second ginger ale, and turned to go back to Rod, who was listening to an old lady with dyed red hair, she reflected on ridiculous things. Such as the fact that she was forced to go around in public naked, and spread her private parts for the viewing of art students and half the rest of the world, and have devices inserted into her pussy and butt and be driven into unwanted orgasms in front of scientific observers -- yet was considered too young to be served a beer.

Her musing stopped dead when she saw Rod's eyes open wide and his whole body stiffen, and out of the jumble of words the red haired lady was saying, she could understand only the words that ended the sentence:

". . . with your girlfriend being induced to have all those orgasms."

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 21**

The three of them stood there, the lady with the dyed red hair absently sipping her martini, perhaps a bit sloshed; Rod turning his gaze to Tami with an expression she had never seen before, of surprise and anger; and the naked girl looking up at him in fear.

Tami played back in her mind what the red haired lady had said. The entire sentence came to her: "I hope it hasn't ruined your love life, dear, this research here at Chalfont, with your girlfriend being induced to have all those orgasms."

Red turned his attention back to the red haired lady and did not know how to respond. She seemed not to notice the looks being exchanged, she just kept sipping her martini. Rod then said, "Things will be fine. Excuse me please," and then took Tami by the hand.

He led her around a corner to where no one could see them. "Things are NOT fine," he said, as his expression changed to more hurt than angry. "What do you do here, Babe?"

Tami had to tell the truth. She did not want to be caught in any more lies, not with Rod. She cleared her throat and forced herself to look him in the eye as she burned with shame and said, "They put . . . things on me that make me come, and then take readings."

"WHAT??" Rod whispered.

"It's all scientific, like sex research," the naked girl said. "These people are strictly objective. It's serious research," she said. She meant it. The Chalfont experiments might be deeply shaming, but she never got the sense here that she got with Professor Brignon or with Henry Ross, of people deliberately trying to humiliate her.

Rod looked at Tami for a moment. He seemed to get angry again. It was an uncharacteristic emotion for him, and Tami hated herself for being the cause. "So are these -- " he turned to make sure no one was watching -- "orgasms as good as the ones I give you?"

"No, no," Tami said reflexively, not stopping to consider the complicated issue of whether this was a true answer. "It's -- different. I feel the --" it shamed her to be so specific like this -- "contractions, but it's not pleasurable. My emotions aren't involved." This, she knew, was a blatant lie. Strapped wide and penetrated and vibrated in that lab, somewhere between her sixth and seventh orgasms, she remembered hoping she could get used to them, but with each one came a groundswell of emotion that shook her to her core and made her feel like she was going to heaven with pleasure and then to hellish shame and then back to heaven . . .

Tami endured a few more uneasy moments of receiving Rod's vaguely stern gaze, and then she gently hugged him, her head on his chest, feeling his buttons and jacket against her nipples and bare tummy. "I love you, Rod. Only you."

Putting his hands around the middle of her bare back, Rod said, "Babe, why didn't you tell me before? Why did you lie to me?"

Tami said, "I didn't want you to get . . . jealous." Which was one of the reasons, and to that extent was true. Tami closed her eyes and tried to resolve never to lie to Rod again.

They stood there, in a calm embrace, until Rod said, "O.K.," and slowly they walked back to mingle with the crowd.

Dr. Schnitzler came up to them with a short, wiry man who seemed vaguely familiar, and who was a little younger than the rest of this crowd, maybe in his fifties. Dr. Schnitzler said, "Miss Smithers, this is Jacques Darcel, who painted your portrait. He's painted many others for our annual banquets."

Mr. Darcel gracefully kissed Tami's hand as Dr. Schnitzler had done the other day. "But never with so much pleasure as yours." He had a mild French accent, maybe Quebecois, maybe a little like some people in Tami's home state. "I know you never posed just for me but I have sketched you several times. From time to time I have sat in on the art classes you pose for with Professor Brignon." He pronounced "Brignon" in the French style. "I know your features very well."

He certainly would. Tami smiled and nodded, cringing at the thought that this man had looked right into her spread pussy lips and into her little pink cave, during those awful spread poses Professor Brignon made her do. And he'd gotten a good view of her asshole, no doubt, too . . . Tami's mind whirled around again, thinking of all the possible ways she could be portrayed under that white linen cover, all of them deeply shaming. Why couldn't she have a beer, or maybe three. Sitting up there on the dais and watching her portrait being unveiled would be a lot easier to take if she was drunk off her ass. . .

Some more kindly old people spoke with Tami and Rod, and then there was a general migration into the banquet hall. They were starving, and were glad when they finally got served. The food was excellent. Tami looked up amid the clinking of forks and the low hubbub of conversation. Eating naked at a banquet was strange. She was glad to have the napkin on her lap and enjoyed the feeling of the fabric against her thighs. She again realized: this is a old, old crowd. Fortunately she was sitting between Rod and the portrait and didn't have to speak to anyone. Rod was next to Dr. Schnitzler, who spoke from time to time about the history of the Institute. Tami overheard him. He was talking about how many of the now retired faculty had come from Europe, something which the two young people had already figured out from the foreign accents.

There was a general commotion behind them and soon a very, very old man was being helped into the room behind the dais. The buzz of conversation died down as everyone watched. When he came into full view of the crowd, helped along by a middle-aged doctor on each arm, there was applause, with the old man acknowledged with a quick nod of his head.

Tami and Rod turned this way and that, looking at this old man and everyone's reaction. They noticed that everyone on the dais was standing up, as if in deference to the old man, so they did too. Tami saw him approaching her, and felt very embarrassed displaying her full frontal nudity to such an august personage.

The old man, little and crumpled but dressed in a suit, greeted Dr. Schnitzler with a slow, labored hug, then turned his attention to Tami. He reached out to hold her hand and shook it with a weak handshake, saying with what was left of a ruined voice, "Young lady, glad you could come."

Tami scolded herself for having heard this surely unintended pun, and noticed that the old man glanced only briefly at her lower body and was now looking at her face with twinkling blue eyes. Dr. Schnitzler leaned over to her and said, "Miss Smithers, this is Herr Remmler, director of the Institute for many years." He leaned closer and said tolerantly, "If he refers to his 'mentor', he's talking about Sigmund Freud, one of his early teachers."

Tami looked again at this wizened old man, amazed that he actually knew that old psychology guy Freud. She pictured herself a nude princess, receiving visiting dignitaries at her banquet, and said graciously in a manner befitting her station, "Sir . . . I'm honored."

"No, no, it is I who am honored," Herr Remmler said. He also greeted Rod affectionately but wordlessly, then was helped along to the big soft chair at the end of the dais.

The dessert was as excellent as the rest of the meal. Tami had to control herself. She wanted to eat and eat and eat, but didn't like the idea of getting the slightest bit chubby. For a girl whose naked body was always on display, that would be just one more embarrassment. She dreaded what Lorinda would make of it in her bathroom-stall portraits. Tami smiled as she thought of the elegant, dignified portraits on the Chalfont walls, and Lorinda's "Tami" series. About as far apart on the spectrum as one could imagine. She looked over at Rod, who was picking at his food and seemed subdued, and her smile faded. Despite his assurance, she knew Rod still wasn't O.K. with the sexual aspect of the experiments.

The speeches from the lectern started with an introduction by Dr. Schnitzler, and the naked girl began to get nervous again. She looked respectfully at the lectern in the middle of the dais but couldn't help but sneak looks at the covered portrait on the easel. As for what was happening on the lectern, she had expected the speeches to be dull, and lo and behold, they were dull. She looked out on the crowd of old retired doctors and their elderly wives, realizing again that everyone could see her bare breasts but thankful that the rest of her was covered. This was a friendly, insular crowd; it was clear they all had known each other for years and years. She saw Dr. Harridance, in the back, looking a bit out of place. She didn't really expect to see Mr. McMasters. Where was he now? She thought of the humming she had heard with her feet in the hallway . . .

A mention of "this young lady" caught her ear and she started listening. It was Dr. Schnitzler up there again, and he was speaking in general terms about the experiment. He introduced Dr. Harridance, who had been sitting in the back of the room, and everyone applauded him for having the article published. Tami could tell that Dr. Schnitzler was right when he said that this was a really big deal that had the whole Institute thrilled.

Then Dr. Schnitzler said, "Of course, equal credit is due to our Guest of Honor, Miss Tami Smithers, a religious nudist whose lack of sexual inhibitions made this research possible. Yet she is a fine young lady of good character. Very modest, in fact, and a straight-A student. What a relief!" At this last comment there was scattered chuckling. Tami then remembered Dr. Harridance saying once that he thought he had found a subject for his experiments a few years ago, but she turned out to be a porn actress who wanted to record them for one of her films, and he had found out just in time to avert a public relations disaster. Tami smiled. Yes, the Institute really was lucky to have found her.

Another old doctor, a Dr. Holdshauer, got up. From Dr. Schnitzler's introduction Tami deduced that he was traditionally the one who introduced the artist and unveiled the portrait of this year's Guest of Honor. Tami's legs clenched together under the table and she glanced quickly at Rod, whose attention was on the white linen cover.

"The portrait of our guest of honor was painted, as always, by Mr. Jacques Darcel. Please come up, Jacques," Dr. Holdshauer said. In a moment Jacques was standing respectfully to the side of the portrait. Tami winced. Please, please, I don't want this . . . Make the portrait be of me in clothes . . . Ha! Fat chance! she told herself. She felt a heart attack coming on . . .

"And now," Dr. Holdshauer said, clasping a corner of the linen, "let me present this year's Guest of Honor, Miss Tami Smithers!"

The linen was pulled away and Tami looked into the crowd with a grimace, dreading what was next to her. But she could not resist. She had to look. She turned to the three-foot-high portrait, and her expression went from grimace to wide-eyed wonder.

In the portrait she was sitting in a chair, legs modestly crossed, looking up from a book titled "Calculus" with an open-faced, good-natured smile. Of course she was naked, and the portrait did not flinch from showing her full length nudity, from bare shoulders to one bare breast (the other was hidden by the book) to a little tuft of pubic hair poking out past one crossed thigh to long legs and bare feet resting on the carpet. She was in front of bookcases, as if in a library.

No wide-open pussy lips. No stretched asshole. No sweating, bug-eyed depiction of orgasm. But even more than relief, the naked girl felt suddenly flattered, honored, as if someone had given her a great gift. Jacques was a stupendous artist. The likeness was dead-on and . . .Tami had never had her portrait done, and the idea that someone had spent so much time and put such care into rendering her features . . . and had done it with such respect! The Tami of the portrait was intelligent, dignified, and beautiful. REALLY beautiful!

Tami wanted to be that person in the portrait, and in a flash realized that maybe she already was. As these thoughts tumbled through her mind, and as she stared open-mouthed and felt her eyes getting wet, she was startled to hear a loud round of applause. She turned, still open-mouthed, to the crowd, some of whom were on their feet. A quick glance at Rod, and then she slowly stood up, scarcely aware that her pubic hair and frontal features were now on full view, and acknowledged the applause with a bow.

She was still looking at the portrait a few minutes later, as Herr Remmler rose to speak. Refusing a transfer of the microphone to his special chair, he slowly and painfully made his way to the lectern. "I am . . . very glad . . . to be here," he said in his slow, ruined voice. He was so crumpled and bent over that his face could barely be seen over the lectern. "Every year I am more and more glad to meet with my old friends."

After a few other remarks, spoken in a deliberate manner, he said, "The thing one notices at this year's banquet is our Guest of Honor, a young lady. And one immediately notices that she is naked. She says this is the way she wants to always be. Now some might think" -- here he had to catch his breath and clear his throat before continuing -- "some might think that this is in some way wrong. But from what I know of her, and seeing the way she conducts herself, and with her companion, with whom she is obviously very much in love" -- some more breath-catching and throat-clearing -- "I think that she is what one can hope is a new type of human, free of the cathexes and inhibitions that has kept mankind in a state of ignorance and violence. My mentor was very concerned about freeing man from these problems, which can lead to horrible consequences, as he well knew, and as some of you remember."

After another short bout of coughing, Herr Remmler concluded, "I think if he met our guest here, my mentor would be very glad and would come away with a new hope for the future of man. Thank you very much." He slowly made his way back to the big chair to loud applause.

Tami felt Rod take hold of her hand and squeeze it. She smiled at him as he leaned over and said, "I love you, Babe." She thought of an episode of one of her favorite old shows, Twilight Zone, where a quarreling young couple finds themselves on a ghostly cruise ship filled with kindly old couples, who make them realize how much they really do love each other. She looked around through tear-blurred eyes at this kindly old crowd in this ghostly banquet room from the past, from a vanished world, and saw that they were starting to direct their applause at her and Rod again, and then she looked back at the beautiful, flattering portrait. She gave Rod's hand a squeeze and wiped a tear that was rolling from her eye.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 22**

Damn these April blizzards.

The two friends contemplated the gusty whiteness from behind the protection of the glass doors of the dorm foyer. Outside were updrafts and downdrafts and crossdrafts of white powder, above soft white dunes a foot high, the stiff driving wind so forceful that the powder hit the glass doors with a sound like little stones and the wind howled through the cracks between the doors, shaking them. It was hard to make out any shapes through the whiteness, just the very faint brownish shadow of the next dorm, Rankin Hall, less than a hundred feet away.

The two friends were also roommates, Jen McIntyre and Tami Smithers, and they had heard that in this north country April blizzards were to be expected. Today they were about to traverse the several hundred feet to Rossland Hall, which unfortunately meant heading right into the wind.

Jen was dressed (starting from the inside) in a black lace 32B bra and modest black panties; the second layer was a white "Ziggy Marley" T-shirt, black capri pants, and white cotton socks; the third layer was a lavender "Lick Bush in 2000" sweatshirt, black jeans, and heavy black wool socks; the fourth and outermost layer was a black cap, black ear muffs, a white scarf wrapped three times around her cute African-American face so that all that showed were her eyes and the bridge of her nose, a heavy gray ski parka, brown insulated fake fur-lined mittens that were twice the size of her hands, red snow pants, and huge cold-weather hiking boots. And, finally, a small backpack.

Tami was dressed in a little black pouch wrapped around one ankle with velcro.

Though they were roughly the same height and weight, Jen looked about twice as big a Tami due to the presence of clothes. The clothed girl looked at this return to winter with wonder, her naked friend with dread. Spring had been in the air, and now this.

Of course they had different strategies with getting through the snow, well-practiced by now. To this end Tami bent down, legs well apart, giving anyone who would have happened by a clear view of her brown-skinned anus, and took off the ankle pouch and stuffed it into her friend's backpack, leaving herself totally without a stitch of covering. For most students a blizzard was something to be trudged through in heavy clothing, but for the naked girl survival dictated that she dash through it as fast as possible. It was well understood that while running, the pouch might get dislodged, and in a heavy snow might get lost. So when Tami put her pouch in Jen's backpack it went unspoken as a matter of course.

Tami said, "Let's go," and opened the door. She shot out as her bundled up friend hung back in the doorway for a moment and then began her first laborious steps. Meanwhile, the naked girl was sprinting into the face of the blizzard, feeling the bite of the grains of snow as they knifed into her, stinging her face and breasts and midriff, accumulating in her pubic hair. She only momentarily looked down at her quickly-numbing bare feet cutting through the snow, white powder sticking to her toes. Her attention was focused straight forward through squinting eyes, which she had to protect from the grainy assault with one hand and then the other, trying to locate campus landmarks as she approached them, running where she knew the paths must be. The loud rush of wind and pelting grains was almost deafening as it hit one ear and then the other.

It would have been traumatic and probably fatal for the average person. But Naked Tami, toughened by five months of exposure to the freezing cold, had learned how to run naked through things like this sandstorm of ice particles. Rossland Hall was about four hundred feet away, counting the various turns one had to make from path to path. She knew it would take about three minutes to run there in these conditions, and knew also that three minutes' exposure would not hurt her. This knowledge, along with a certain amount of acquired resistance to the cold, gave her the strength to continue and complete her journey, even though she felt the cold right to her bones just as much as anyone else would. The travails this naked teenager had been through had made her hardy, tough, strong.

Strong as to the cold, that is. Not strong as to assaults on her modesty, which were never-ending in this life of enforced nakedness. She tried to concentrate on knifing through the blizzard, but could not put out of her mind thoughts of the upcoming shame. She and Jen were going to one of the meeting rooms in the Rossland Hall basement, typically used by support groups. . . As she turned the corner from one path to the other, glancing down at her feet, which were covered with white powder down to her red, flushed toes, her mind replayed the circumstances that led to this new ordeal.

It had been a week earlier when she got one of those intercampus envelopes she had learned to dread. This one was from Dr. Vanessa Congi, asking Tami to come to her office. Dr. Congi, who back in December had unwittingly and cheerfully led Tami through what was (at the time) the most shaming experience of the naked girl's young life, namely, serving as a live model for a sexual health workshop held in the lounge of her own dorm.

Dr. Congi sat Tami down on the same couch she had been on before that workshop, when she agreed to what she thought would be a simple workshop on breast self-exams. The professor began, in her warm and earnest way, by referring to that workshop. "Tami, let me thank you again for helping us out with that sexual health training. The response was fantastic and the students got a lot more out of it because you were there to illustrate your sexual anatomy."

Tami nodded and blushed, remembering that shaming and endless workshop, dreading what Dr. Congi was going to propose next.

The professor continued, "We hope to repeat the workshop every semester in the dorms," which made Tami cringe. "Of course so as to fit into your schedule. I've also seen that agreement you signed, and have heard about how sexually responsive you are, from the research at the CHalfont Institute. You, Tami, are a very lucky woman!"

Tami continued to listen, a polite smile frozen on her face, hiding a bottomless well of shame and dread.

"Many women find it impossible to reach orgasm at all, let alone experience multiple orgasms regularly like you do. It is for the benefit of preorgasmic women particularly, and for women in general, that we've set up a workshop on reaching orgasm. I was so glad when the Dean told me you had agreed to demonstrate for us."

Tami's throat felt dry and she coughed. She hadn't agreed to any such thing. The Dean had set her up, just as Wanda had set her up for that sexual health workshop. And now she was in a fine fix. She reflexively crossed her legs, and in Dr. Congi's small office the effect was that Tami's big toe touched Dr. Congi's dress. "I'm sorry," Tami said with a small, quiet voice, moving her foot. Inside she was quivering. She couldn't very well tell Dr. Congi that she hadn't in fact agreed . . . That would get back to the Dean. And then she would have to explain why she didn't want to participate. "It couldn't be because of -- modesty, could it?" She could hear the Dean's insinuating question -- and could also hear him then lower the boom and expel her. She looked down at her hand and thought once again of the Dean holding his thumb and forefinger an inch apart and saying, "You are this close to being expelled." She was hanging by a thread. There was no room for any hint of modesty, none.

And this agreement she had signed . . . it was getting to be a boogeyman. What did it say, anyway? When she signed it, in the dining hall back in December, she was on the verge of orgasm, shaking and almost out of her mind with extreme sexual tension, in no condition to understand the document suddenly placed in front of her. The words were a blur then, and she certainly couldn't remember them now. She wondered how much she had agreed to, how far others felt they could go with her . . . Where was that damned agreement, anyway? Henry Ross said he'd give her a copy -- twice -- and she still hadn't gotten it.

Tami got her throughts under control and listened as the professor continued. "Now the best way to demonstrate the stages of the orgasmic process is to have an orgasm in the way you typically do," Dr. Congi said. The naked girl, cringing on the little couch, blushed again. To hear the professor talk so matter-of-factly about such a thing! This had to be the ultimate horror. During that other workshop Tami had almost come from the the various manipulations of her genitals, and it had taken every ounce of willpower to keep from going over the brink. Now the professor was asking her to deliberately have an out-and-out orgasm while people watched. "Tell me, Tami, how often do you have an orgasm?"

To discuss such things! "Uh . . . every day." She hated to say it, but Dr. Congi was fixing her friendly eyes on hers and Tami just could not lie.

"Hmm . . . And what is your method of reaching orgasm? Do you use your fingers? A vibrator?"

"No. My . . . my roommate l - licks me," Tami said, averting her gaze, looking at her bare toes, not being able to look right into the professor's eyes while saying such a thing.

Dr. Congi seemed to draw back for a moment as if surprised. She knitted her brow. "Well, maybe that will be O.K., we can do that," she said out loud but to herself. "Tami, do you think your roommate will mind if she comes along and brings you to orgasm in your usual manner at the workshop?"

Tami quickly saw a way out. "Well, I don't know . . ." It would be risky, but she could report back to Dr. Congi that Jen had refused. Maybe the professor would give up the whole idea then.

Dr. Congi said, "This will stay confidential, Tami, but what is your roommate's name?"

"J - Jen. Jen McIntyre."

"Oh, I know Jen!" Dr. Congi said, straightening up and smiling as Tami's heart sank. "I'll ask her myself. I see her all the time in the gym. She's on the gymnastics team." Once again, Tami was trapped.

The rest of the scenario played out with the inevitability of doom. It was hardly the next day when Tami walked into her dorm room and Jen, sitting at her desk, looked up and said -- with Mandy sitting right there, no less! -- "So Tami, Congi told me about the little demonstration we'll be giving next week."

Mandy, who had been sulking and keeping to herself the past few weeks, looked up from her lower bunk, where she was sitting cross-legged and studying. "What are you talking about?"

As Tami froze, powerless to do or say anything, Jen said cheerfully and with a cocked eyebrow, "I'm going to lick Tami and make her come for a workshop on orgasmic dysfunction."

Mandy uncrossed her legs and showed a trace of her evil gleeful side, so much hidden recently. "Oh really? When and where?" Whereupon Jen told her. Then the two roommates looked lustfully at the standing nude before them, all up and down, and Tami once again had to suppress the intense urge to cross her legs and cover her breasts. Or turn and run to a world where circumstances did not conspire against her and she could go through life wearing clothes, like the normal teenage girl she was deep down.

Tami went over the whole affair in her mind. It was a fait accompli. There didn't seem to be any point where she could have derailed this train to humiliation. She was going to be licked to orgasm by Jen in front of Dr. Congi, Mandy and God knows who else and there was nothing she could have done about it.

A quick biting blast of freezing grains of snow hit against her anal sphincter and Tami was jolted into to the here and now. She turned from one path onto another on the home stretch to Rossland Hall. She tried to will herself so that her mind would be as numb as her body was getting. I'll pretend I'm somewhere else, she told herself as the faint shadow of the tall administration building got clearer and clearer and she slipped on the ice that covered the courtyard before quickly getting up again. If I can pretend I'm somewhere else maybe it won't be so bad.

The naked girl burst through the doors and after a few thudding slippery steps on the polished floor she came to a stop. She looked around. There was no one in the lobby. Jen would be here in a couple of minutes. At least Mandy hadn't gone with them. Maybe she wouldn't be there. Tami decided to wait and hide, and she was walking to the vending machine room when Dr. Congi came through the door from the basement.

"Tami, hi! Are you O.K.?" She laughed as she looked her naked student up and down. Tami's hair was blasted through with white flecks of snow. Her whole body seemed red and tight from the cold, the nipples sticking out, and as she looked down she saw that her body was not white and gray, a sign of hypothermia, but vibrant and alive. In fact now that she was inside she felt hot. The most striking sight was her lush bush of pubic hair, thickly caked with white wet snow that was beginning to melt in little rivers down each thigh.

Tami looked up. "Jen will be here in a bit," she said.

Dr. Congi said, "Come on down, we're all ready. We won't need Jen for a few minutes."

With a sigh the naked girl followed the professor down the hard rubber steps to the basement meeting room. As she entered she saw a small folding table set up with a chair next to it, and a blackboard over which some posters were hung, those same old posters depicting female sexual anatomy that she remembered from the December workshop. There were about thirty women sitting around the table in folding chairs. A rather bigger gathering than she expected.

But that was not the worst thing about it.

Tami followed Dr. Congi and hopped up to sit on the table, her bare feet dangling down, knees exactly ten inches apart, a chunk of snow falling from her pubic hair. She wiggled her toes as she felt the tingling return to them. She carefully kept her gaze to the floor because she just could not bear to look. The women ranged from older middle age to freshmen. But in the front row was Wanda. Wandabitch, her old R.A., in her usual stylish coat and wearing a beret. Where had she been all this time? And Heather, that snobby clothes horse from downstairs.

And . . . Lorinda, with a couple of her equally doofy, jerky bio major friends.

Tami was not looking at their faces but knew that they were barely able to hide their sadistic glee. The professor began talking and Tami knew she was about to descend into a new Hell of humiliation.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 23**

As Tami sat on the table, afraid to look up, afraid to move except for the periodic wiggling of her toes as the feeling returned to them, she listened to the professor as she gushed about her glorious nudity. "We are in the presence of a remarkable woman, Tami Smithers," she said. Tami wasn't facing her but could imagine that Dr. Congi was looking down and smiling at her. "Of course she's too modest to acknowledge it, but Tami is an inspiration to anyone who aspires to strength and bravery in a patriarchal world. She is a religious nudist, who doesn't own a scrap of clothing, not even any coverings for her bed, and as you can see, not even the weather can stop her."

During this discourse, embarrassing for Tami but not for the reasons Dr. Congi supposed, Tami kept her gaze down, not wanting to face her audience, in particular not wanting to face Wanda, Heather, and Lorinda and her friends in the front row. Her eyes darted furtively at the footwear of the people in the front row. Heather, Wanda, Lorinda . . .

My boots!

Tami's eyes opened wide as she saw, below Wanda's magenta jeans, the furry black boots Tami had gotten at Christmas during her senior year in high school. God, they had been great boots, so warm and snuggly . . . Tami tried to recall the feeling, and discovered to her chagrin that it was almost impossible. She tried to catch it, but like a butterly in a meadow the memory was a faint wisp that eluded her. She was beginning to forget what clothes even felt like. She closed her eyes in desolation and flexed her toes. Her bare toes, her bare feet, walking through the snow and through mud, getting muddy, mud squishing through her toes, everyone looking . . . God, she hated being barefoot. She wanted to feel soft socks and warm toes snuggling against the inside of those boots . . . She wanted to scream and knock Wanda down and grab those boots, shouting, "Give me back my boots!!"

She knew from long experience that it did no good to torture herself with longing. She was going to go through the next four years naked and that was it. At least until summer. Thirty-five days. Longing gave way to anger as she sensed that Wanda knew she was looking at the boots. She saw Wanda's feet turning and pointing as if she were modeling the boots on a runway. The naked girl wondered what had been done with the rest of her clothes when Wanda had taken them away, way back in September. Did she distribute them to her friends? Heather certainly wouldn't wear anything but her own clothes, but Wanda had other friends . . . Tami pictured herself seeing her old clothes on girls passing by on campus. There go my gloves . . . there goes my red fluffy sweater . . . my pretty white heels . . my plaid skirt . . . while she herself could do nothing but walk past in her wretched nakedness, unable to complain. Tami cursed her former R.A. in her mind and wished all kinds of horrible tortures on her. She pictured Wanda tied naked to some horses and dragged face down through the mud. Yeah! Sitting naked on the little table, facing her attentive audience, Tami allowed herself a little evil smile.

It was only a second since the professor stopped talking and Tami heard her shuffling around behind her, probably arranging the posters. The room felt warm and Tami's body started to flush as full feeling returned. She absently flicked off a few remaining chunks of melted snow from her pubic hair, causing someone to giggle. Tami blushed a deep crimson as the professor said, "Well, that's not a sight any of you are likely to see again . . . I know there's a lot of curiosity about Tami's lifestyle, so before we get going on our demonstration perhaps some of you have questions, Tami I hope you don't mind."

Of course Tami minded very much, but she couldn't say so. A woman in the back, about 40 years old, raised her hand. "Miss Smithers, don't you have to put up with a lot of abuse from going around naked all the time?"

Indeed Tami did, in ways that this woman could never know. But the naked girl, aware of Wanda's close scrutiny, aware also that there were probably other spies in this crowd as well, straightened up, her semi-erect nipples sticking out, and said in a little voice, "No, not very much, really."

A pretty, young black girl with very short hair and big hoop earrings, sitting behind Heather, said, "Don't you have any panties? What do you do when you have your period?"

Tami said evenly, "I put a tampon in. That stops it."

Another older woman said, "You don't wear anything at all? Not even when it's snowing out?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Tami swallowed and said, "Because I don't want to." Every fiber of her being was screaming the opposite. Her stomach bunched up with the strain of keeping it in . . . How much more of this could she take? Would she go crazy?

The older woman in the back said, "How long have you been naked?"

Tami said, "Since September."

"What did you do with your clothes?"

It was as if on cue. Lorinda stood up and said, "She gave them to her friends," and she took off her heavy coat to reveal a red fluffy sweater. TAMI's red fluffy sweater. Lorinda looked at the naked girl and said, "Thanks Tami! It's fluffy and snuggly and VERY warm!" She shimmied to and fro. Tami was barely able to hide the mixture of misery and anger and hurt which clouded her pretty face as she saw this immature tormenter of hers deliver such a crushing blow. What more was there to say? Lorinda and Wanda and the Dean held all the cards. All Tami could do was take whatever they dished out and try to tough it out. . .

Then Wanda said, "Tami, don't you ever get cold? It's an arctic blizzard out there!"

So Wandabitch, her evil former R.A., was twisting the knife. Intense anger and shame kept Tami from looking her nemesis in the eye as she said, "I . . . I get used to it."

Perhaps, even though they weren't looking for it, some in the crowd might have picked up on the naked girl's anguish and shame. But just then everyone's attention was distracted by a fat woman in the back, around 35 or so, who said, "Well honey, if I had a body like yours, I'd go naked too!" Everyone laughed, and even Tami felt a little smile coming on.

Dr. Congi hugged Tami's bare shoulders and said, "Well, I think we know a whole lot about Tami's religion, maybe now we can start." With the professor's warm embrace Tami felt a little better. Misguided though the professor was, Tami trusted her and knew that, though much humiliation lay ahead, it was not intentional when Dr. Congi was in charge.

The professor had the posters the way she wanted them now and said, "Tami, if you could spread your legs and show us some of the parts of the external female anatomy, I think that would be a good place to start."

Well, this at least I should have expected, Tami told herself. Her stone face hiding her shame, she brought her knees up to each side of her head and crouched a bit as she angled her legs open, her feet sliding as far apart as she could make them go as her pointed-out toes clasped each end of the little table. If she was going to show her genitals to the whole room, this was the most covered position she could think of. Her legs kind of shrouded and framed her pussy, and even better, her breasts were covered by her arms as they crossed in front and held her knees.

Of course it was inevitable that this pose was not good enough. The professor went around to stand behind the last row of women, and said, "Tami, if you could spread your legs so we could see better . . . I'm sorry we don't have the gyno table here." She looked around at her audience and then a solution occurred to her. She looked over to Tami and said, "Why don't you lay on your back and stick your legs out. Maybe a couple of people could serve as, like, stirrups. You, Heather, and you, Betsy . . . Grab one foot and stand up to the side."

Tami felt like a saint about to be martyred, impaled on a battering ram. The two torturers, Heather and Betsy (who was one of Lorinda's geeky friends) stood up and each grabbed one bare foot. They stretched Tami's legs apart while Tami eased her bare back onto the cold hard surface of the table, which wiggled slightly with the shifting weight. The naked girl looked up with a small measure of gratefulness at the ceiling. At least she wouldn't be facing the crowd. She closed her eyes and prayed to God for strength as Heather and Betsy, knowing that the naked girl was a flexible gymnast, pushed her legs apart and then even more apart and then even more, pushing her bare feet up and out, up and out, until Tami's crotch was well forward of her legs, sticking out almost over the edge of the table, her pussy lips gently parting and sticking right in people's faces. Her thin, toned, straight legs formed a wide, backward-leaning "V".

The harsh overhead light allowed the female audience to see every crease and fold in her pinkness, the shadow of every pubic hair stood out in sharp contrast to the clear, lightly tanned skin underneath.

"Tami, if you could show us your labia majora, your outer vaginal lips, and spread them a bit for us," the professor said in her earnest way, standing to one side.

Tami, aware again of Wanda and God knows what other spies were present, clenched her teeth from the strain of keeping her face expressionless. She felt like she was executing a routine on the parallel bars. Every little motion had to be perfect. The slightest sign of modesty or trying to cover up would be fatal.

In the basement of Rossland Hall, in front of an audience as part of a demonstration, Tami Smithers, the girl who was always naked, reached down and gently spread her outer lips, allowing everyone in the room to see the pinkness inside. Dr. Congi said, "Why doesn't everyone get out of their seats and gather around for a closer view. We've been talking about the female anatomy and now is the chance to see it."

Without thinking, Tami arched her head up to look down, and immediately regretted it. There was a sea of faces crowding close in from every angle. People had gotten up out of their chairs to get the closest possible view. The older women who had been in back were standing up, craning their necks. And in front, kneeling down right in front of Tami's crotch, not two feet away, were Wanda and Lorinda and Lorinda's bio major friends, staring with eyes wide, a mixture of curiosity and delight and viciousness on their beaming faces. Wanda quickly looked up to Tami and her eyes shone with sadistic delight as they made eye contact.

Tami couldn't stand it. It was as if Wanda's gaze was piercing into her soul. She put her head back down and, her fingers still holding her pussy wide, looked up at the ceiling. Please God, get me through this . . . She felt her feet being manipulated and realized that Betsy and Heather were playing with them. Betsy had put her fingers through Tami's toes and was spreading them. Heather was holding Tami's foot with one hand and with the other was tracing lines on her sole. At first Tami thought Heather was trying to tickle her, but then realized Heather was simply noticing how tough and hard Tami's soles had gotten from months of walking over rough surfaces. The naked girl remembered being splayed out on the gynecologist's table in the dorm and realized that this was far worse. At that time her legs were in cold metal stirrups and her pussy was spread by a metal speculum. But having her legs manually spread by the members of her audience and opening her pussy lips herself made the exposure this time that much more intimate.

"Now, Tami, if you could show us your labia minora, your inner lips, and spread them if possible."

Tami tried to get into the clinical spirit of things. Her brow furrowed as her shoulders hunched down so that her arms could extend down further. Her wrists bent as her fingers felt around for her little, delicate inner lips. Finally with the thumb and forefinger of each hand she delicately pulled each pink lip apart. She winced as she realized that her dark, pink hole was open to everyone's gaze and she felt the breaths of people on her most sensitive inner membranes. The breaths of Wanda and Lorinda! Then she felt a little gentle breeze down there and realized that one of them was deliberately blowing into her hole in an effort to further shame her. Probably Wanda. With the professor now in the back of the room, Wanda could do this without being noticed. Oh God . . .

"Now Tami, please show us your clitoris. Open the little hood. This might be hard to see, people."

Tami pointed her index fingers up and pulled back the little pink hood at the top of her pussy in an attempt to expose her most sensitive body part. She wondered if it was out of the hood, but dared not look down to check.

"Hmmm . . ." Tami could picture the professor's wrinkled brow. "Right now it's flaccid and hard to see. As we mentioned, during sexual arousal it gets erect, little a little penis. Maybe we'll be able to see it then . . . Tami, if you could rub it a little, maybe it will get a little bigger so we can see it . . ."

Tami shut her eyes. She tried very hard to think of Rod, of that romantic evening in Jeremiah's cabin . . . But she could not summon any feelings of horniness at all. She rubbed her clit, hoping this clinical stimulation would make her love button a little bit hard so that the professor would be satisfied. She felt Heather's hand once again rubbing her sole, and on the other foot Betsy's fingers once again spreading her toes wide and flexing them, felt another little whoosh of blown air from Wanda . . .

She turned with a start at the sound of heavy boots clomping in and Jen's jovial voice saying, "Hey Tam, wait for me!"

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 24**

Tami gratefully withdrew her hands from her pussy and exhaled, resting her hands on her tummy. Though it meant the humiliation of public orgasm was imminent, Jen's warm presence was welcome. It would be even worse if Tami had to reach orgasm by diddling herself. But when Jen licked her there was always a warm connection between them. And Jen's head would be in the way. Maybe, the naked girl hoped, the bubble of intimacy could act as a covering. Denied clothing for months, spread and exposed over and over, the naked girl was reduced to looking for covering in such desperately hopeful, pathetic imaginings.

"Here is Jen, Tami's partner," the professor said as Jen took her gloves off, stomped the last of the snow off her boots, and hung her overcoat on the doorknob. "How's it look outside?"

"The snow's dying down a bit, I think," she said, taking her hat off. She quickly looked at the crowd and motioned a pleased and surprised "hi" at the black girl in the hoop earrings.

"The usual way for Tami to reach orgasm is from oral sex from Jen, so we invited Jen along," Dr. Congi said. "Jen and Tami can answer a few questions about their sex life, if you want." As Tami sat up, she made room for Jen and the two girls, one naked, the other heavily clothed, sat side by side on the little table facing their female audience, who sat either on the chairs or on the floor around them, like disciples listening to a feminist, free sex gospel. Tami found herself reaching for Jen's hand and they held hands like the lovers they were. Tami found herself clutching onto her roommate's hand tightly, as if for support.

After a moment's hesitation the older woman in the back said, "How often do you, uh, do Tami?" There was a chuckle. "Well I didn't know how else to put it!" she added.

Jen said, "Every day. Sometimes twice a day." She smiled and glanced warmly at Tami. Tami gave a little smile back. This was torture, but sweet torture in a way.

"Tami, do you 'do' her too?" the woman asked.

Tami hesitated, then said, "Sometimes." With Jen here she had to be truthful.

Heather was acting as if she didn't know Tami. "How often do you come?"

Tami blushed with shame and an underlying anger. This torture was not sweet. She tried to stall. "You mean every . . . time?"

"No, let's say, how many times a week?"

Tami took a deep breath. She felt in a daze as she went right ahead and told the truth again. "A - about twenty-five or thirty times, I think."

There were a few gasps. Someone in the back said, "Girl, you are lucky!" There was some laughter. Though flooded with shame, in the back of her mind Tami felt a twinge of poignancy. She had figured out that some of these women were here because they had never been able to reach orgasm at all. Ever. For them this discussion must be torture in a way too. Tami wished she could trade twenty of her weekly orgasms to those women for some clothes. Hell, trade all of them . . . That would mean more clothes . . .

Jen looked at Tami with studied surprise, and said, "Wow, Rod must really do you!!"

"Is that your boyfriend?" someone asked.

"Yes," Tami said, with a faint smile, wishing she were alone with Rod under the covers in his apartment. She sighed.

Abruptly, Wanda said, "Tami, do you take it up the ass?"

Tami was shocked, and some of the others were too. She glanced over at the professor, who said, "Kind of bluntly put, but that's how a lot of people refer to anal sex." She looked at Tami as if expecting an answer.

Tami looked in Wanda's direction but couldn't look up at her face. It felt like with that question Wanda was shoving a fake dick up her butt and Tami felt her cheeks involuntarily clench. In a little voice she said, "Yes." She clutched Jen's hand a little harder.

The girl with the hooped earrings said with a warm smile, "You two look like you're really in love."

Jen and Tami looked at each other. Tami felt her nipples flush and stick out. She smiled as Jen hugged her with one arm.

At a sign from the professor, Jen sat up and faced Tami. Then she kissed her gently on the lips and whispered in her ear, "Turn around."

Tami gulped, feeling herself suddenly plunged into an abyss of shame. Jen was going to lick her butthole in front of everyone. It was the way Jen usually started, these days. But did she have to now?

These protestations had to be made silently, of course. With a frozen look on her face the naked girl turned around and positioned herself with her butt facing everyone, her knees on the edge of the table so that her feet stuck out. She felt Jen's breath on her sensitive sphincter and knew that everyone had a clear view of her asshole and was watching intently.

Then she felt Jen's warm, wet, soft tongue noodling into her butthole. She heard a few gasps from the crowd, and then the professor saying, "Well this is unexpected . . . but we know now that Tami is well in touch with, uh, the sexuality of her anus and rectum, something that most women never explore."

Tami, facing away from the crowd, looked dully up at the posters on the blackboard. So the professor was going to provide a running commentary. As she felt Jen's tongue squirming through her anal ring and into her rectum, piercing into her guts, she put her head down and buried it in her hands. She almost cried, uttering low moans of utter shame which everyone took for moans of passion. "Ohhhhh . . . ohhhh god . . . ohhhhh . . . "

She jerked at bit as Jen's finger found and rubbed her clit. In spite of herself she felt her body begin to flush with desire and her breathing got heavy and ragged. She heard the professor's words and knew that they would not distract her arousal. Jen was so good at stimulating her by now that Tami would respond no matter what was going on around them. "You see Jen now manipulating Tami's clitoris and Tami showing signs of arousal."

Jen withdrew her tongue and slowly inserted her index finger into Tami's asshole. Tami knew the signal. She turned over, rotating on Jen's finger, and eased down onto her back as Jen spread her thighs apart with her forearms and descended with her tongue flat onto her pussy lips.

Tami had her arms over her face but the professor said, "Tami, if you could move your arms so we can see the changes in your face and skin during arousal." Tami exhaled with a ragged breath and put her arms to her side, then extended them out to clutch the sides of the table. This was just going to get worse and worse and there was nothing she could do about it. She felt about to cry and her face contorted as if about to sob. She heard the professor's voice, now nearer, say, "Note that during arousal a woman's face looks like she's in agony. This is true of Tami, especially. Jen has told me that when aroused and after orgasm she sometimes even cries from pleasure, with tears coming down her face. My guess is it will look like crying from pain. Let's see . . ."

The naked girl found this unbearable. Jen began attacking her clit and Tami moaned again, this time from pleasure. Without thinking she opened her eyes --

Lorinda was standing next to the table, leaning over, peering directly into Tami's face! And next to her was Wanda. And some others. In fact it seemed like everyone was standing around the two lovers, crowding around the table, looking at Jen's technique, at Tami's toes as they flexed and writhed to reflect the naked girl's arousal, at her hardened nipples which Jen now and then pulled and rubbed with a free hand, but especially at her face . . . Oh God, not my face . . . She longed to cover her face with her arms again, and the strain of resisting the urge made her knuckles white as they gripped the sides of the table. . . And Wanda and Lorinda and Betsy and Heather and some others, Lorinda's friends, were looking into Tami's face with wide-eyed curiosity and sadistic fascination.

Tami once again moaned in shame. "Ohhhh . . . ohhhh . . . " Her eyes, bugged out and full of tears, looked up at the ceiling with fright and anguish as her face was contorted in agony. This could not help but draw the concerned comment of one of the older women. "She really looks like something's wrong. This is not easy to look at."

"I know," the professor said. "This is how women are, one of the unfathomable mysteries of life." The professor could not hear the silent, frantic, desperate prayers of the naked girl as she peered past Lorinda's and Wanda's faces at the ceiling to her God, a God who really had abandoned her . . .

Tami's legs suddenly shook with a frisson of intense pleasure. Her eyes shut and her teeth clenched and she breathed in and out with a strangled voice. "Zhhhh! Zhhhh!" Jen knew this to be a sign that the end was near and she pushed her head into Tami's crotch, attacking her clit with a strong, rapidly flicking tongue. Dr. Congi said, "It looks like Tami's on the plateau phase, about to go into orgasm. See how her whole body is getting flushed. Her breathing is getting more excited too."

The professor reached between Lorinda and Wanda and moved her finger in a little arc over Tami's head, saying, "See how sweat is beginning to form over her brow. . . No doubt you can tell the smell of Tami's sexual secretions, which are quite strong. Her pupils will also start to dilate." The professor, aware that she was speaking through a thick fog of arousal, raised her voice a little and said, "Tami, if you could keep your eyes open if possible."

Tami's tear-filled, anguished eyes opened. Her eyebrows and cheek muscles twitched and squeezed in an irregular, half-mad dance of pleasure and shame. Deep in her brain she knew that the sooner this was over the better. She pulled her arms in and grabbed Jen's head, pushing it even harder into her pussy. Jen's finger, in Tami's asshole, started thrusting in and out.

"Wow!" Lorinda said.

"This is amazing!" one of the older women said.

"This is beautiful!" the girl with the hooped earrings said worshipfully.

Everyone crowded in closer for the grand finale.

"Tami's about to reach orgasm," the professor said. "See how her whole body is starting to stiffen. Then we'll see the actual contractions. To the typical woman it feels like you're about to go over a waterfall."

"OHHHH!! OHHHH!!" Tami tried desperately to pretend that this was happening to someone else. But she couldn't. She was right here and now. Her nerves were rubbed raw. She was baring her soul right into Lorinda's face, and into Wanda's face, and Heather's, and . . .

With a loud shout Tami's pelvis shot up, causing Jen to almost raise up off her feet. Everyone looked closely as they saw Tami's teeth clench, then saw her eyes squeeze shut, then force themselves open wide again. Then they could not help but stand back a little as a hoarse, low voice, quite unlike Tami's, like the voice of a spirit that was possessing her, shouted, "OH . . . MY . . . GOD!!"

For a second Tami's body was rigid and straight and everyone stood tense and silent. The only motion, which no one could see, was Jen's tongue frantically flicking Tami's clit. Then the naked girl's body flexed down and then heaved upward, then down, then up again, then down . . . Spasm after spasm erupted like a geyser. The violence of the contractions caused everyone to step back from the table.

The naked girl's mind was in a voiceless, bright void, full of sparks and explosions. When she became aware of her surroundings again her body was jerking erratically. She caught her breath as the last jerks died down. She heard the professor say, "As you can see, Tami did have a bit of a sex flush, not so clear because of her tan. With some pale, white women it's very noticeable. See how she's catching her breath, and the wave of sweat all over her body. It's even on her feet.

"And now she starts to cry."

Tami sobbed as her last contraction spent itself. She was bawling like a little girl who had banged her finger. Tears streamed from her eyes and rolled down to her ears.

"That was incredible," someone said.

"I counted twelve contractions," Lorinda said with girlish enthusiasm. "Is that a lot?"

"That's more than normal, yes," the professor said. "But obviously Tami is unusually responsive."

To her horror the naked girl felt her body stiffen a bit again. Jen was beginning to lick her clit again with slow, long strokes. No. Please don't. Not any more. Not again. . .

"We -- " The professor stopped herself. "I -- I was going to talk about the refractory period, but it looks like Jen has caught Tami on the other side of the plateau phase and is going to bring her to another orgasm. Let's watch." Lorinda and Wanda and the rest of them, having stood back out of the way from Tami's violent spasms, drew closer around the table again. Tami erupted in a low, desolate moan as she felt her body being dragged up once more into arousal. "Uhhhhh . . . uhhhhh . . ."   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 25**

The professor said, "I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised, Jen told me that Tami is usually multi-orgasmic. Most women have the capacity. In fact some say that once turned on, women are sexually insatiable, stopping only because they're exhausted."

Jen's tongue once again began a strong, sharp attack on the naked girl's clit. The professor continued giving the play-by-play. "This time shouldn't take as long, because Tami never dropped from the plateau phase."

Everyone could see the steady, stepwise progression of Tami's arousal as Jen went doggedly after her, burrowing into her crotch. Tami looked up at the ceiling, now with a dull, defeated look, and grunted rhythmically. "Huh . . . uh . . . uh . . . uh . . ."

"The range of vocalizations that women go through on the way to orgasm is really remarkable," one of the older women said.

The girl with the hooped earrings said, "There's no words, but it's so easy to understand that they're expressions of joy."

"Very primal. Primitive," the first woman said.

Jen might have agreed with these stuffy Women's Studies assessments at other times, but right now she was obviously focused on her task. Tami was about to crest again. Just then, her head glued to Tami's crotch, Jen waved one hand frantically behind her, beckoning. She reached out blindly and grabbed the hand of the amazed Lorinda and drew it under her head toward Tami's asshole.

"Oh, I was told Jen would do this," the professor said quickly, realizing time was short. "Orgasmic contractions occur in several places, but most notably in the anal sphincter. Jen wants someone else to feel them." Seeing Lorinda's hesitation, the professor, still speaking in quick tones, said, "Don't worry, Lorinda, you can clean your finger off later. This really is a privilege."

In a tiny corner of her dulled, half-crazed mind the naked girl felt Jen's gentle finger withdraw from her rectum and felt another, cold, rougher finger push into her butt and knew it to be Lorinda's. This caused a moan of shame which mixed in with the other moans. Tami's teeth clenched and there was another strangled scream.

Lorinda felt Tami's anal ring grab her index finger and her arm was pulled up with Tami's pelvis as it tensed and arched again. The geeky bio major set aside her adolescent leering for a moment and was overcome with wonder. As the naked girl's body subsided and then powerfully spasmed upward, Lorinda felt the first iron clench and was amazed. "Wow!" she said. "She's squeezing my finger to death!" At the second spasm she said, "Another one!" Then, as Jen's head moved to make room for her finger, as Jen was focused on flicking Tami's clit right ahead of each contraction so as to strengthen and extend them, Lorinda started counting. "Three! . . . Four! . . . Five!"

Some of the other women found themselves joining in with the counting. They were cheering Tami on as if watching a football player crossing the yardlines towards a touchdown. "Six! Seven!" Some of the other women laughed at this childlike, spontaneous enthusiasm. The professor smiled.

Tami came back to consciousness as she heard the chorus shout, "Ten!" And then the last, ragged contraction. "Eleven!" Then she heard cheering.

Jen didn't stop.

Someone giggled. "Here she goes again!" Someone else said, "Go Tami!" The naked girl's eyes looked up and back, the green irises almost disappearing under her eyelids. Her dulled mind knew that her dignity had been fully surrendered. Her face was beet red and shiny with sweat, contorted in a rictus of extreme agony. Jen reached out again and Lorinda's finger was replaced by Heather's. In a hoarse, dull voice, Tami tried to pray. "Ohhhh . . . God . . . please . . . oh . . . God . . ." Soon as if from far away she could hear the cheering begin again. "One! . . . Two! . . . Three! . . .

"Eight! . . . Nine! . . ."

. . .

In the respectful, worshipful silence of a room drenched with the smell of Tami's sweat and pussy, Jen had pulled the exhausted girl up and was now hugging her as the clothed girl stood up at the edge of the table. The professor kept silent too, allowing the two lovers their moment of tenderness without distraction. The professor's eyes were a little moist. As she looked around she could see tears in the eyes of more than a few of the group, particularly the older women.

"I've got nothing more to say," Dr. Congi finally admitted. "This was a special moment. Tami is totally in touch with her sexuality and so is Jen. These are two lucky young lovers and we can all learn a lot from them."

That was the end of the workshop. As the professor began putting away her posters and other things, at first people did not know what to do. Even Wanda and Lorinda and Heather and Betsy and Lorinda's other geeky friends seemed at a loss. Jen and Tami stayed in their embrace but Jen started to look around a bit. For the first time she noticed Wanda and whispered into her naked friend's ear, "Look who's here, Wandabitch," as if Tami didn't already know.

One of the older women came up with a broad smile. "I want to congratulate both of you, that was beautiful." Jen broke the embrace and accepted her thanks. In a moment Jen was chatting with women as they came up. She was enjoying being such a feminist role model. As for Tami, she was too exhausted and wrung out to feel any further embarrassment. She felt the humid air of her arousal in the room and had a vague idea of having big, hanging breasts with huge nipples, and fat, thick, prominent pussy lips on view for everyone like a cow at state fair, maybe the winner of first prize, but still an animal on display. She looked up with tired eyes and nodded in acknowledgement when she was addressed or thanked. They were almost forming lines waiting to silently hug her and Jen. Tami only said one word, when a woman -- was she talking to Tami or to someone else -- said, "five orgasms." Tami uttered weakly, "Five . . . ?"

The girl with the hooped earrings came up and immediately drew a big, tight hug from Jen. "So good to see you," they both said at the same time, then they giggled. They kissed on the lips, one of those ostentatious, undergraduate, see-how-proud-we-are-to-be-lesbians kisses. Tami's face finally showed a sign of awareness, though not much, when Jen said, "Tam, this is my former significant other, Leisha, gone on to better things. She's at Cornell now." Then Jen shot a quick glance around with a stretched-out mock grimace, hoping that the professor, or any of the older women who looked like they might be on the faculty, hadn't heard. But it looked like the coast had been clear.

Tami offered a limp handshake and then watched as Jen and Leisha chatted and chatted, gradually migrating to the other side of the room, leaving her to sit naked and limp, sweat drying on her body. Lorinda and Betsy came up, and then Heather, offering their thanks for the demonstration with poisoned courtesy, and Tami tried to ignore them, being forced finally to say, "You're welcome."

People gradually left, including the professor with her posters. At one point even Jen left with Leisha, looking back over her shoulder to say, "Bye Tam, Leisha and I have got some catching up to do, see you later." It was maybe two minutes later that Tami's slowed-down mind realized that Jen still had her ankle pouch and her key. She sighed as she realized she had no way to get back into the dorm. She thought of what Wethby said and found herself muttering under her breath, though not without affection, "Flibbertigibbet. . ."

Tami looked up and realized that everyone had left, with one exception. Wanda, bundled up in her overcoat and gloves and beret, smiling viciously and saying, "You were incredible, naked one."

Tami looked up with a low glare, like a wrongly imprisoned inmate looking up at a guard. "Go away."

"Really? I still have a key to Pilgrim Hall, you know. I'll walk you back."

Tami limply got off the table and onto her feet, facing her tormenter with stooped shoulders. "Let's go."

"Not so fast. We have some things to talk about." Wanda went over and closed the door and stood in front of it. "I guess you figured out that I set this up."

Actually Tami had suspected the Dean, but it was clear by now that this definitely had the mark of Wanda stamped on it. "Like before," she said wearily, referring to that December workshop in her dorm.

"Yes. Pretty good, won't you say? I've got you in the palm of my hand." Wanda held out her palm and with the index finger of the other hand pointed into it. "I can diddle your clit," she said, wiggling her finger, "or poke you in the butthole," she said, stabbing her finger into her palm so as to make the naked girl wince and her butt cheeks clench.

Tami shook her head slowly. "What have I ever done to you? Why do you do this?"

"You mean aside from the fact that I'm a sadist?"

Tami looked up at her, once again becoming fully conscious of her surroundings, which meant that she began to feel the urge to cover her breasts with her hands and cross her legs and had to resist it.

"Well, it so happens that I have only two semesters left and it would be nice to spend them in some other place than this stuck up holy roller syrup-sucking wilderness," Wanda said, obviously having built up contempt for these surroundings for some time. "And it so happens that I have a friend who, though she's not a hardcore nudist like you, she's in the habit of wearing very little clothing. Being out of that Pilgrim Hall 24-hour day care center, I've helped guide her, uh, career, which she's been very successful at. She's gotten, shall we say, an engagement overseas and I've put in for the foreign exchange student program and it would be very fine to be there with her next year." Wanda slid her beret over to the side at a jaunty angle. "How do I look? Oo la la. Parles vous francais?"

"What?" Tami was totally lost.

"Well, the powers that be have made me an offer. If I can get you to admit the truth on tape, that this whole religion thing is a hoax, before the end of the semester, I'm accepted into the program and off I go." Wanda pranced over to in front of the blackboard. "There's other people working on getting you to cave in, too. I know about your, uh, exercise program at the mill. And your scientific work with the Chalfont Institute." She opened her coat to show a microcassette recorded clipped to an inside pocket. "And I'm wearing a wire. They've got to have your confession on tape. Some legal mumbo jumbo reason. But that won't be a problem. With what I've got planned I think you'll crack."

Tami looked at the floor and said, "I don't think you can do worse than what just happened."

"You're wrong. VERY wrong," Wanda said sharply.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 26**

"You're wrong. VERY wrong," Wanda said sharply. "Today was bad, and a work of art even for me, I'll grant you that. You came five times right in the faces of Lorinda and all those geeky bio majors who have barely gotten their periods yet. It's not like your top-secret big O's at Chalfont. This thing today, they'll blab it all over the school like fourth graders. Which they probably were until last year. You'll never hear the end of it . . .But things can get worse. Remember, things can ALWAYS get worse."

Wanda stood back and looked the naked girl up and down with a vicious smile. "Where's your ankle pouch? I bet Jen had it, I know the little system you two have for snowstorms. And I bet she spaced out and forgot to give it back to you." The naked girl withered under the gaze of this powerful, knowledgeable, evil bitch. "I like the effect of you being totally naked. That pouch covers up too much. What if we took it away and made you keep your I.D. card and keys and stuff in a hollow metal cylinder? Which you would keep up your butt. You get fucked in the ass enough by Rod, and by Jen's finger, you must be nice and loose by now. So whenever you have to get your key or use your I.D. to get in somewhere or get money, you'd have to squat and shit out the cylinder in front of everyone. That would be nice, wouldn't it?" Once again Tami found herself clenching her butt cheeks together.

"It's not just me, Tami girl. I've got friends in the administration, on the faculty, everywhere. And some of them have even sicker minds than I do. I like that cute brown skin around your butthole. Congratulations, you always keep it squeaky clean. Think of how many people have seen it by now. It's almost as recognizable as your face. I've got it!" she said, pointing her finger up, as if she had just thought of this idea. "We'll have a new I.D. picture taken of you, only it won't be your face. We'll have you spread your hard little butt cheeks for the camera and before you know it your asshole will be on your I.D. card. Think of what your card will look like. Tami Smithers, date of birth, I.D. number, then a picture of a brown butthole. What if you're on line for a campus movie or the dining hall and they check your I.D. and then want to see some, uh, verification that it's really you? You'd have to bend over and show them! 'Oh yes, I recognize that asshole, you're Tami Smithers, all right!'"

Tami felt about to cry. This was too much.

"Had enough?" Wanda said, opening her coat to reveal the microcassette again. "No? What about a Tami-cam? We can mount a camera on your desk to be pointed at your bed at all times. Someone in the psychology department can think of some plausible scientific pretext. Research on sleep, for example. You'll be on camera as you toss and turn, stark naked, realizing that you're on T.V., not only for the computer or whatever research associate they have watching you, but maybe accidentally on purpose you get put on the internet. You'll have no place left to hide. Exposed to the world, you can't get away, not even while trying to sleep in your own dorm room. Maybe they'll move you to the dorm lounge so the camera doesn't interfere with your roommates. Why should you care? Modesty is against your religion, remember?"

Tami looked at Wanda with increasing panic and horror. "No, you're lying," she said. "This is all a load of crap."

"Hardly. Remember, it's not just me, it's lots of other people. And some of them will have wires on too." Wanda opened her coat once again. "Confess? . . . No? . . . Well then . . . how about, piping subliminal messages into your room while you sleep? 'You must be modest, you must be modest . . .' While you sleep your sense of modesty will be strengthened to Victorian era prudishness. You'll be turned into the type of girl who doesn't like anyone to see your bare feet, let alone any other part of you. And then you'll wake up and find yourself stark naked in front of your roommates, no bedclothes, no towels . . . and then have to walk to classes naked! You'll go nuts! You'll go stealing clothes off people. Then everyone'll know -- ha ha, you were lying about being a nudist" -- Wanda then affected a deep voice like the Dean's -- "Miss Smithers, you are expelled, go back to waitressing tables like all the other Swamp Yankees!"

Tami couldn't quite believe all this, but enough had happened to her over the past few months to think that anything was possible. Wanda was right about one thing, namely, things could always get worse. Just when Tami thought she had reached the ultimate in exposure and shame, something was done to her that was even more extreme.

Tami realized Wanda was being successful in trying to scare her. She took a deep breath and tried to bluff it. And strongly. "Go to hell!" she said quietly. Then she thought of something. "I'll just drag you down with me. You're the one who started it all. You're the one who was into streaking."

"What do you mean? I never streaked in my life. I merely convinced a stupid freshman that it was the thing to do."

Tami's face burned with anger. This was so unfair! "But you're the one who made me do it. You're just as guilty as me."

"So you tell this story to the Dean. I'll just deny it. They're not going to expel me when it's one person's word against another's. I know the system by now. Remember, though, you're the one they found naked. No question about that. They got you red-handed." Wanda looked down at Tami's bare attributes. "And red-titted. And red-clitted." She giggled. "I'm starting to sound like Lorinda."

The sadistic former R.A. walked right up to the suffering naked girl. "Send me to France, darling. I know you're not exactly in the mood to do me a favor, but look at your choices. Getting expelled from this place will be rough. But at least you won't lose your mind." She looked straight into Tami's eyes with dead seriousness.

Tami knew she had developed reserves of strength through her long ordeal of public nudity. She called on them now. "Get me to my dorm," she said evenly.

Wanda exhaled. "O.K., time to walk barefoot and naked through the snow again." She opened the door and Tami followed her out, staggering a bit, still a little unsteady on her feet after five orgasms from Jen's skilled tongue.

Jen had been right. The blizzard had been dying out and now all was still and white. Mountains and valleys of soft whiteness surrounded the two girls as they emerged from the front entrance of Rossland Hall. Classes had been cancelled and offices had been closed. The campus looked deserted.

Tami marched bolt upright aside her heavily bundled tormentor, her flat tummy expanding and contracting as she took in the cold air, trying to ignore the intense cold of the snow on her bare feet and calves. Wanda, trudging along in her clothes, was jovial. "Ah, what a beautiful sight, your freezing bare feet stomping through the snow. Too bad this is probably the last snow of the year." Wanda stopped for a moment and Tami had no choice but to stop also. "These boots of yours are real warm. My toes feel all nice and snuggly." Again, she pointed and turned her feet as if displaying the boots on a fashion runway. "Of course you know that, Tami. Or do you even remember? Do you remember what it feels like to be warm and bundled up? It was so long ago . . . Think about how you feel now, Tami. Think about feeling like this through the next three winters. Do you, uh, have anything to say to me?" she concluded, pointing to where the microcassette lay under her coat.

She looked at Tami with a smile, as the naked girl got colder and colder. "Come on, let's go," Tami finally said.

"Why? I'm enjoying the view and the fresh winter air." In the quiet of the freshly fallen snow Wanda's voice was loud and clear and doubly piercing.

Tami closed her eyes and tried to stop from shivering. She could get through the snow as long as she kept moving. But standing still was a sure way to hypothermia. "Wanda, plase," she finally begged.

"O.K.," Wanda said. The two girls continued. They looked around as they passed various buildings. Snow lay heavily on bushes and trees, on window sills. It seemed like everyone was inside. There were hardly any footprints anywhere. Tami was expecting to see Jen's and Leisha's, but the path to Pilgrim Hall was virgin. God knows where they went to. Fortunately it wasn't all that cold. Tami, whose bare skin had developed a fine sense of winter temperatures by now, could tell that the snow was already starting to melt.

Her feet and hands and butt were numb by the time they finally got to the front door of the dorm. Tami stood naked and helpless, ankle-deep in the snow, as Wanda fumbled with her coat pocket and finally produced a key chain. "I'll let you in and then I've got to go. Many plans to attend to. Involving you, of course. I've only got a few weeks."

Tami felt about to scream as Wanda's gloved fingers picked through her keys with agonizing slowness. Finally she got to what Tami recognized as a dorm key. "Here it is. Is this it? Yes, I think it is," Wanda said, as Tami exhaled with frustration.

"Wanda, I'm getting seriously cold," Tami said.

"No you're not, it's probably hardly below freezing. Balmy weather for you." Wanda drew the key to within an inch of the keyhole but then stopped. "Wait a second," she said. She looked at Tami up and down. "How do I know you're really Tami Smithers? I can't let just anyone in to the dorm, you know. Security reasons."

Tami's patience snapped at last. "Wanda, open the fucking door!" Such language was not usual from Tami, but she was getting desperate for some warmth.

Wanda arched one eyebrow. "There's one way to tell if you're really Tami Smithers. Let me see that ring of brown skin."

"Fuck you!"

Wanda held the key up. "No brown skin, no entry. Spread 'em nice and wide so I get a good view."

Tami felt like she was about to cry, though her tear ducts were dry after that workshop. She quickly and desperately turned around and bent over and spread her legs and with her half-frozen hands, spread her butt cheeks. She felt the cold winter air on her sensitive sphincter skin.

"Wider, I can't see," Wanda said.

"Fuck," Tami said, as she stretched her cheeks apart farther. Then --

"EEEE!!!" The naked girl felt a sloppy, wet snowball being pushed and rubbed against her asshole. She pitched forward and closed her buttocks, then opened them again as she desperately scraped bits of snow out. Her head hit the snow as she fell forwad to her knees, snow in her hair, snow stuck to the soles of her bare feet as they kicked upward from her knees.

The naked girl was possessed. She turned and picked up her clothed tormentor and with the strength of an athlete, with the strength gained from hours at the treadmills, she threw Wanda five feet into the air so that she landed on her back. Then Tami turned and sat on Wanda's chest and undid her jeans and turned around again and pulled them down and then pulled her panties down, revealing pale white skin and a sparse bush of black pubic hair. Finally Tami gathered snow with her bare hands and shoved a big snowball into Wanda's crotch as Wanda squealed in agony and shock from the cold.

Tami grabbed the key chain and opened the door as Wanda began helplessly trying to get up and brush the snow away from her most private area. The naked girl shot into the dorm and before she closed the door, she flung the key chain as far as she could. It disappeared into a mountain of snow about fifty feet away. Wanda, still trying to get up, didn't see where it went.

Tami ran with numb feet up the stairs and went straight to the bathroom in her wing. She sat huddled under the shower, praying thankfully, as the water brought her skin back to life. She sat and took deep breaths as her senses returned, reveling in the fact that she was hidden. Nobody could see her nakedness here. She crouched in the corner of the shower stall under the lukewarm jets, arms across her chest, legs together, trying to recapture some of the modesty that was so scarce in her life.

Minutes went by and she felt better and more clear-headed. She giggled, thinking of what she had done to Wanda. Then she stopped herself and thought about the threats Wanda had made. Were they for real? Maybe they were just idle fantasies designed to scare her.

Tami got up and turned the shower off, hoping her room wasn't locked. Maybe Mandy was in. The naked girl, water streaming from her soaked hair, dripping from her pointy nipples, streaming off her bare feet, walked out of the bathroom and down the hall, straight and proud, skin flushed and warm, totally unself-conscious about her nudity here in her dorm wing where her friends were, once again a proud nude princess, though one looking for a towel.

It turned out Mandy was indeed in. The wet naked girl opened the door and found herself facing not only Mandy, who was sitting at her desk, but also Muffy, the new R.A., sitting on the window sill. Both had serious expressions on their faces.

"Hi," Tami said as she grabbed a couple of little towels from the top of her dresser and began drying herself off. She did a thorough job, arching her back, turning around, spreading her legs, not caring if they were watching. When she was done she said, "What's up?"

"We saw that stunt Wanda pulled on you through the window," Muffy said, putting aside her preppy cheerfulness for once.

"She is a mean bitch, but you know that." Mandy was also in an unusual mood, not snotty and not sullen, just dead-on serious. "You got her good. Good for you."

Muffy said, "I know you don't wear clothes and don't believe in modesty, but even you don't have to put up with abuse like that." She got up and started out. "I'm glad you can fight back. If anyone tries to abuse you or harass you, come to me." Almost as an afterthought, she turned to give Tami a quick hug and then left.

Tami looked at the doorway where Muffy had just left. Then she turned to Mandy. "I didn't see you at that workshop."

Mandy exhaled and looked out the window. "It's because I knew Wanda would be there. She is one sick chick. She gives sadists a bad name." She looked up at Tami's nakedness and gave a little smile. "So how many times did Jen make you come?"

Tami stood up straight and proud in her nudity. She had a little smile of her own. This was an odd feeling. "Five times." She didn't feel ashamed at all. But felt a little bad for Mandy, who seemed so lonely and left out.

"Wow." Mandy shook her head and looked out the window again. "Five orgasms. Another day in the life of Tami."

Tami didn't want to be impolite but she really was tired. "If you don't mind, Mandy, I'm going to nap. I'm exhausted."

"I'm not surprised," her roommate said. She got up to leave.

"No, you don't have to go," Tami said.

"I've got stuff to do anyway," Mandy said, though Tami got the sense she was lying.

After she left, the naked girl cranked up the radiator as high as it would go, and fell onto her bare bed, arms and legs splayed out. Within seconds she was sound asleep with the loud snore of a strong-bodied woman who had been through heavy exertions.

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 27**

"I'll make you crack."

Tami looked down and winced as she looked down on her muddy, cold bare feet, slopping through yet another melted-snow afternoon across the soccer fields for her weekly appointment at the Chalfont Institute. The sun was out and yesterday's blizzard was quickly metling, but not quickly enough. Patches of snow alternated with patches of mud all across the field. When does spring finally start up here? Tami asked herself. But the cold on her naked skin was not her chief worry. It was the cold grip of fear that was beginning to clutch at her insides.

Ahead of her lay Chalfont, the scene of such warmth and adulation at that annual banquet last week, but now looming large like before, creepy and threatening. Wanda's words from yesterday stuck in the naked girl's mind. Wanda was determined to make her confess the truth by the end of the semester. If she did so the college would approve Wanda's foreign exchange student application. Clearly Wanda wanted to go to France in the worst way and would do anything to get Tami to break down.

And now it turned out that Wanda knew about the Chalfont experiments and maybe has ideas to make them more hideous and shaming. And then there was Mr. McMasters, who is now running those experiments. He did not give off the sense of warmth and caring that Dr. Harridance did. And what about that remodeling McMasters had shown Tami in progress in Lab 6, new machinery being put in -- to do what? No doubt something she did not want to look forward to. Tami shut her eyes. She didn't want to think about it. Maybe she should let it be a surprise, even though an unpleasant one.

And -- still no summer job. Her nightly run by the job board in the Student Union kept turning up no out-of-town openings. There were only 34 days left to the end of the semester.

Tami shook her head and thought about how Wanda had come back into her life. And much more powerful and sadistic than before. It was Wanda who had started this whole nightmare the first week of school back in September. That streaking dare which Tami, a new freshman away from home for the first time, was stupid enough to get talked into. Since then Tami had gotten more and more powerless. She remembered once upon a time, early on, she had gotten her hands on nude pictures of Wanda, and for a while she could blackmail her into wearing tiny skirts with no panties, and other skimpy outfits. But it turned out Wanda liked wearing tiny skirts, and then during Thanksgiving break Heather had found the stash of pictures when she was clearing Tami's room of towels and footwear and blankets, and now those pictures were gone, no doubt destroyed. For a while Tami had had some power over Wanda. But that was so long ago, almost a dream now . . .

The naked teenager, her feet covered in mud and ice crystals up to her ankles and splattering her ankle pouch, her backpack chafing against her bare back, stopped in the middle of the field and said a short prayer. Please God, there are only . . . 34 days left. Please let me find a summer job where I can wear clothes and get away from this madness. And let me get through these 34 days of whatever Wanda has planned. Hoping God was listening this time, Tami opened her eyes, took a deep breath, and squished onward.

She had not had a restful night. Maybe it was a mistake to take that late afternoon nap yesterday. In the middle of the night she had gotten up and did something she never did before, going out into the hall and down to the main lounge, the scene of that sexual health workshop last December. She sat on the perimeter bench, feeling the rough carpet under her bare butt, then lay straight on her back, looking up at the ceiling, the carpet bristling against her bare back. At first Wanda's ideas seemed ridiculous, sick fantasies from a sick mind. But in the middle of the night they seemed very possible. The Tami-cam. The cylinder she had to keep up her butt. The "butthole" I.D. card. Subliminal modesty messages while she slept. To take her mind off things she turned on the lounge T.V. A slasher movie was on and her mind was escaping into it when she realized that it was only when one of the actresses got naked, like in a shower, that the slasher attacked. It was a movie Tami Smithers, Naked Tami, did not need to see.

Now, walking up to the Chalfont portico, Tami realized that sitting in that dorm lounge had not been a good idea. But what was really unsettling was how she felt this morning. Usually things don't seem so bad in the morning. But the possibilities Wanda mentioned did not seem any less likely now that it was daytime.

Tami exhaled deeply before opening the big entrance door. At least she knew Wanda was not in charge here. The Institute might be big and old and creepy and insensitive, but at least it was not evil.

She was right on time for her weekly session. But when she got to the door to the waiting room for Lab 6 she found it was locked with a sign directing any visitors to Lab 5, across the hall. Into Lab 5 she went. McMasters was there.

Lab 5 looked less like a lab than like a meeting room, though a very clinical-looking one. There was a long white folding table with folding chairs around it, behind which sat McMasters and two other men about the same age, all three dressed in white lab coats over business attire with shiny black dress shoes. Tami looked around. The place was not very inviting. Everything was either metal or white and looked cold and antiseptic. Even the walls were white and glossy, with no coverings, just a clock and some gauges for something. There were cabinets and a couple of desks, all metallic, and a scary-looking metal table that looked like something one might lay a cadaver on. The room looked cold, and indeed the air was chilly on the skin of the naked girl. She felt goosebumps rising all over. The cold tile floor felt like ice under her bare feet.

Mr. McMasters rose and held out his hand across the table. "Welcome, Miss Smithers, as always we're glad you could make it," he said with his fake-looking smile. As she reached over the table to shake his hand, he said, "This is Mr. Zipkin and Mr. Margolis, my colleagues who will help me run this series of experiments." The two men nodded at her but did not extend their hands. They both seemed a little like McMasters, smarmy and slick like salesmen.

McMasters motioned for Tami to sit down on the one metal folding chair that was on her side. She put down her backpack and inhaled a bit as she planted her bare butt on the cold metal. It felt like it had been kept in a refrigerator. She looked around and realized how brightly lit the place was. The whole ceiling seemed to be made of lit panels. Everything was spotless and new-looking. Tami's bare toes squirmed nervously on the floor under her chair. This was not an inviting place. Worlds away from the quaint, carpeted, warm, friendly office of Dr. Schnitzler, somewhere upstairs. Sitting across from the three men, she felt like she was about to be interrogated.

McMasters said, "How are you feeling today, Miss Smithers?"

Tami lied. "O.K." Though Mr. McMasters was making eye contact, she was aware of the other two men glancing at her nipples, hard and erect in the chilly air, visible over the table. She was thankful the rest of her was out of their view.

"Miss Smithers, we are starting a new phase of experimentation based on what has been learned during your work for Dr. Harridance. His work was more theoretical, but ours has a more, shall we say, clinical aspect. You have been found to be a young woman of exceptional sexual capacity, and together with your lack of modesty and permanent nudity, are an ideal subject to test various items we have spent a long time designing.

"By the way, the Dean says hi. This experiment, as you know, is within the terms of the agreement you have signed, and the Dean has asked us to advise him as to your participation in accordance with the present arrangement."

This did not sound good. Tami watched in apprehension as McMasters reached behind him. She noticed that there was a box back there, and when his hand returned to the table he was holding --

"Oh!" Tami's eyes widened in horror. It was white and plastic and huge. Maybe the size of a big, big cucumber. It had hundreds of little holes all over it. One end was rounded and at the wider end it was cut off with a little plug of some kind sticking out. It could only be . . . a dildo? Tami had never used one, of course, but she had seen pictures of one in a magazine once . . .

As Tami sat there openmouthed, her widened eyes showing increasing fear, McMasters pointed to it and said, "This object, there's no other word for it except 'dildo' I'm afraid, will be pistoned in and out in a regular rhythm."

"P - pistoned?!"

"I'm sorry, that is maybe too strong a term. Intercourse will be simulated, like a penis going in and out." McMasters went on coolly describing this monstrosity, seemingly oblivious to the fact that the naked teenager was plainly terrified. Pointing with his fingers, he said, "The contours are designed to provide maximum massage to the internal muscles. Note the holes, which serve two purposes. They increase the stimulation to the areas of entry, and act as a conduit for lubrication which is forced through this hydraulic system" -- here he pointed to the plug -- "so that, I suppose I should call it thrusting, can comfortably continue, long after natural lubrication has been exhausted. The lubricant, by the way, is formulated to soothe any chafed areas, either internal or external, though chafing is not expected to occur."

Tami's eyes filled with tears. "No, no," she said. In the back of her mind she realized that she was totally giving in to her feelings and was obviously betraying a sense of modesty. This guy had said, in so many words, that he was a spy for the Dean. But he wasn't taking note of her hesitation. This was either welcome, or very, very scary.

McMasters held out the big dildo to Tami. "Why don't you feel what this is like, Miss Smithers. Go ahead."

"N - no." She just wanted him to put it away and out of sight. This was like a bad dream.

"It really is best if you hold it, Miss Smithers. We don't want to in any way surprise or deceive you. It is very important that you are acquainted with all the devices and equipment involved. It will make everything go much more smoothly, believe me." He held the big dildo out to Tami again.

It was clear that he would keep holding it right in Tami's face until she at least took it for a second or two. She reached up with a trembling hand and as it was passed to her it fell right to the table so that she had to pick it up again. This thing was really heavy, like a piece of lead. As she turned it over in her hands, feeling the many holes, picturing how it would feel going in and out of her, how the holes would run past her clit, Tami squinted in dread. This thing is going to tear up my pussy, she told herself.

She cleared her throat and said, "Is this -- thing -- safe?"

"It's perfectly safe, Miss Smithers. You will suffer no ill effects. Quite the opposite."

Tami turned it over and over again. Was Rod's dick this big? Probably not. Rod's dick certainly wasn't as heavy as this thing. Tami closed her eyes and put her head down for a second and said, "Oh God . . ." She then covered her eyes with one hand. How was she going to survive this?

She exhaled and glanced quickly up at McMasters, with a quick flick of the eyes to the two men at his sides. She held the dildo out with one hand to give it back. "M - Mr. McMasters, I -- I don't think this -- this will fit into my -- my vagina."

McMasters looked at Tami and then looked with a stone face at each of his assistants. Then he said,

"Miss Smithers, this item is not designed for your vagina."   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 28**

The naked girl looked up at McMasters for a second in confusion. Suddenly her eyes darted down to the heavy dildo and she recoiled and dropped it onto the table, where it landed again with a loud clank. As she lurched rearward she felt the cold of her metal chair against her bare back. She watched the heavy dildo rolling along the table back toward her. Her

buttocks clenched.

"This dildo is designed to penetrate your anal sphincter into your rectum, Miss Smithers."

"No!" she said with a quivering voice. "I can't! It's -- it's impossible!"

McMasters turned again to his colleagues and, for once, allowed himself a little smile. "It's very possible, Miss Smithers. In the last couple of months you have been starting to have regular anal intercourse and your rectal passage should be readily able to accept this item."

Tami's eyes flashed. "What?"

"You're wondering how we know? We deduced it from Dr. Harridance's progress reports. You recall the anal monitor from those experiments?" Tami squirmed in her chair as she remembered it all too well. "If memory serves, it had two bulbs of one inch in diameter. At the early sessions it was hard to insert, but the notes show that starting about two months ago it suddenly became very easy to insert and there was no longer any sign that you found it uncomfortable. The inference is inescapable that you began to have regular anal intercourse around that time. Am I correct?"

Tami's face burned. Anal sex with Rod, their little secret. . . Even the secret things in her life were exposed and known to others. She had to clear her throat so that her voice would not crack, but in a tiny voice she admitted, "Yes, you're -- correct."

She sighed with relief as McMasters put the anal dildo away. Then gasped again as he came back with another dildo that was even scarier.

"This is designed to be pistoned, I mean thrust, into your vagina," he said, fondling it. This dildo was tan colored and like the other one, had holes all over it. But it was clearly shaped like a penis, complete with a head and a shaft. It was just as big as the other one. And it had a series of bumps along the whole length of the top, about a quarter of an inch high, running along in a spine. It reminded the teenaged girl of the ridges on the back of Godzilla.

Once again McMasters ignored the girl's reaction as he continued to dryly explain his invention. "Note the holes, once again for lubricant. The sculpted imitation of a penis is more for psychological effect than anything else. Miss Smithers, I think you will especially enjoy this extra feature, these protrusions will provide constant stimulation to your clitoris as the shaft thrusts in and thrusts out. See how they are designed to retract once they pass the entry into your vagina." He rubbed along the top of the spine and Tami could see that his finger pushed the bumps down but then they sprang up again after his finger passed. "Once inside, they re-emerge so as to massage your G-spot. The effect is constant, gentle stimulation to your most sensitive and pleasurable areas." He sounded, oddly, like he was trying to sell this thing to her. "We expect the effect to be almost immediate."

Tami looked at this dildo with another squinted, intimidated gaze. Under the table her legs automatically drew together until they squeezed against each other as if nothing could separate them.

"I can't, I just can't," she said, almost robotically, shaking her head, knowing and perhaps hoping that her protests were falling on deaf ears.

"Yes you can, Miss Smithers. This dildo is not of any unusual size. Perhaps a bit larger than the average penis, but not by much." For once McMasters seemed to take notice of the naked girl's fear. "I remind you, Miss Smithers, that these experiments are well within the scope of your agreement."

There it was, that agreement again. Tami looked blankly at the table, away from the Godzilla dildo. She wished once again for a summer job. If she had a summer job lined up it might make this all easier to take. At least then there would be something to look forward to. But as the semester slipped away it was beginning to look less and less likely. She would be stuck with either working at the college or working at home, and would have to stay naked at either place.

Her attempt to think of other things was thwarted when McMasters continued his spiel. "I think with these two dildos inside you, you will respond far better than in the previous experiments. You are indeed a very lucky young woman."

Tami looked up in alarm. "B - both? At the same time?"

"Well, not actually," he said, reaching back to get the anal dildo again. "They will be pistoned, I mean thrust, alternately, mounted on shafts that will run off a cam. Like this." As Tami watched in morbid horror, he angled the two dildos slightly toward each other, as if they were really going up into Tami's pussy and asshole, then moved them up and down slowly in alternation. Tami could picture herself being double-fucked, first by one, then the other.

McMasters looked at his colleagues again and then held up the cut-off end of the Godzilla dildo so Tami could see the little plug. "Finally, aside from the hydraulic conduit for lubrication fluid, there is a double-insulated wire that attaches here to supply current for the vibrator feature. Vibrations of various intensities and frequencies will be tried to see which will maximize your response. I'd demonstrate how it vibrates, but this has no battery port. It's been our experience that batteries run down, while A.C. current from the wall outlet of course can be applied indefinitely."

The naked girl made a slight grimace at the word "indefinitely". But she was losing the capacity to get any more terrified. She just sat there numbly as horror after horror was piled on.

This time it was Mr. Zipkin who reached back into the box. He put two thick wires on the table with round plugs on the end. They looked like spark plug wires.

"Ah yes these," McMasters said, arranging them so that the plugs faced Tami. "These are for your nipples. They are a modification of what Dr. Harridance used in his project." Tami immediately saw the resemblance to the suction tubes from the early sessions. No longer caring about showing modesty, she immediately crossed her arms in front of her to protectively cover her nipples with her hands.

McMasters unscrewed and opened up one of the plugs. "Note the bristles," he said, rubbing them with his finger. They sounded stiff; the bristly sound seemed to reverberate throughout the lab. "Aside from the air suction, these bristles will increase the stimulation. They can be set to rotate, or maybe I should say oscillate, a few degrees of arc either way, actually quite fast. Again, I can't demonstrate that now, it doesn't run on batteries, just on A.C. current from the wall."

Tami looked at the opened plug and cringed. The hole surrounded by stiff little bristles looked like some undersea creature that drew fish into its maw and then stung them and drew them in to digest them. Her nipples were going to go into that!? She cupped her breasts all the more tightly.

"Miss Smithers, are you cold?" McMasters said with a hint of suspicion.

Tami looked up and then slowly, reluctantly, put her hands down. "Y - yes, I'm a little c - cold."

McMasters looked around and said, "Yes, it's a bit chilly in here. By the way, we will deliberately keep the lab cold to accommodate your, uh, increased metabolism. Otherwise you may well feel hot and uncomfortable. As for us, we'll just put on some extra sweaters," he said, looking at his colleagues as they all smiled and shrugged good-naturedly.

Tami looked down at the crowded table. Or at least it seemed crowded, with two immense dildos and two long suction tubes ending in big plugs. All this was going to be on her or in her. She briefly remembered the pretty clothes and nice shoes she had worn at her college interview last summer. But now these were the ornaments that fate had decreed for her nude body. She felt as if she were about to cry.

Fortunately her thoughts were distracted by the clearing away of all this paraphernalia. There was a good deal of getting up and sitting down by the three men as they returned these items to the box. Apparently they had to be arranged in the box just so. Tami closed her eyes and sighed. Hopefully this experimentation wouldn't begin today and they would let her go now.

But it was not to be. Tami recoiled again as McMasters struggled carefully, turning around, then lifting a big black floppy object which he arranged on the table. Tami looked at it and indeed she started to cry. It was horribly apparent what it was.

It was a kind of sturdy black panty, or a bikini bottom that tied at the sides and was now untied and spread out, inside-out. The fabric looked like heavy elastic, maybe underwired. Sticking straight up, wide and tall, from the spot that would go over the pussy, was a tan-colored dildo. Three inches away, sticking straught up, wide and tall, from the spot that would go over the asshole, was another white-colored one. Not quite as big as the dildos she was shown before, they looked like two little skyscrapers.

"N - no, no," Tami said, shielding her eyes with her hands, covering the tears that began to flow from her eyes. The men watched her for a moment. Then, aware of their gaze, she put her hands down and tried to swallow her tears. As she did so her hands flew down under the table and crossed over her pussy as if protecting it. Her buttocks clenched once again.

"For some phases of the experiment -- Miss Smithers, are you listening?" Tami looked up and nodded limply. "For phases that are for an extended period, or where you would be in a resting position, obviously the pedestal arrangement is not suitable. This -- we call it the 'retainer' -- has two dildos, and because they will both be inside you at the same time, they are a bit smaller than the pistoning dildos. Note that the anal dildo is flanged so as to prevent the natural action of your rectal muscles which would otherwise eject it." He pointed to something Tami hadn't noticed, the fact that the white dildo had a bulge near the bottom. "This is on the same principle as the two spherical knobs on the anal monitor used by Dr. Harridance."

This parade of horrors went on and on. Tami could only look on numbly. "Note also the knob here to stimulate your clitoris," McMasters said, pointing to a little protrusion to one side of the tan pussy dildo. "In the previous experiments there was a bristly pad in this position. The knob should provide a greater response. It can vibrate or undulate, at various speeds, depending on circumstances." McMasters then reached around and took something else out of the box. "This is a separate piece but only temporarily," he said, fitting onto the tan dildo a little knob that stuck out and forward at an angle. "It will apply direct massage and stimulation to your G-spot."

Tami looked at it with a dull stare. It was as if this was all happening to somebody else. Certainly she couldn't be the girl who would have to put all of this on and in her.

"When we find the exact location of your G-spot, we will have this knob permanently attached to the dildo. Now finally," he said, getting out a little black plastic tube, about an inch and a half long with a little plug at the end, "this will provide vibrating and massaging stimulation to your perineum." McMasters placed it in between the two dildos. He pressed down and there was a bristly sound and Tami realized that there must be velcro on the bottom. "Your perineum, the area between your vagina and your anus, is just a little over an inch, and this has been designed to fit you."

Way back in her mind Tami had a memory of Professor Congi showing that "perineum" part of her body to the people in her dorm lounge and telling them that it was only an inch or an inch and a half. But by now the naked girl was too numb to feel embarrassed, either by the memory or by what was happening now.

McMasters pointed to the ends of the panties that would go around her hips. "These are fastened also by velcro, and additionally have clasps, so that you can put these pants on and they'll be secure."

Something odd struck Tami about what McMasters was saying. What was it? She looked down, trying to concentrate, shaking off her mental numbness.

McMasters brought another item onto the table which looked like a tiny black sliver of a bra. "Finally, this 'bristle bra' will provide stimulation to your nipples when you are in a rested position." He turned it over and there were little holes for her nipples surrounded by bristles. "Small attachments for vibration or massaging stimulation can be added later if indicated."

Finally Tami realized what the odd thing was. McMasters was asking her to WEAR these things! They were clothes! Against her "religion"! The naked girl actually mananged a triumphant half-smile as she said, loudly and clearly, "Mr. McMasters, I can't put these things on. I'm a religious nudist and these cover me up. They're clothes."

For a moment no one spoke and no one moved. Then McMasters said, "I believe that these items are within the scope of the agreement you signed, Miss Smithers. They were designed, in fact, so as to be in conformance with that agreement."

Tami was puzzled. That mysterious "agreement"! "They are?"

"Certainly. Do you want to see it again?"

Tami's eyes flashed. "The agreement?"

"Yes."

Tami gulped. At last. With eagerness and dread in equal measure she said, "Yes, certainly."

"O.K.," McMasters said, and got up and went over to one of the desks. He came back with a single sheet of paper and gave it to Tami. "Here it is."

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 29**

Tami felt a chill all over as she gingerly held the paper that she had seen once before -- long ago in the teeth-clenched hellish tension of resisting orgasm, with Henry Ross looking right at her with his sadistic leer, Jeffrey Dillon looking on fascinated, and Jen licking her relentlessly under the table. The naked girl gulped as she began to read the words, really for the first time.

1. I, Tami Smithers, being over 18 years of age, declare that I am a religious nudist who does not believe in showing any trace of personal modesty.

2. I freely agree to participate in scientific research sponsored by Campbell - Frank College.

3. I understand that the research is scientifically valid and I am prepared to be tested to the limits of my sexual and physical capacity.

4. I also understand that my right to total nudity at all times will be respected and honored except as required by the experiments, and then only to the absolute minimum amount of covering possible consistent with the purposes and goals of the experiment.

5. I understand also that I will be duly compensated for my time.

6. I understand that this agreement will continue in full force and effect until my graduation and will not be restricted to times when classes are in session or to the college grounds.

I have read this agreement and understand and assent to it.

Signed, Tami Smithers, December 9, 2000

Witness: Jeffrey Dillon

Tami looked at the scratchy, desperate signature and slowly put the paper down. This was a scary agreement. In effect clear up to graduation. On campus and off. "To the limits of my sexual and physical capacity." What did that mean? What were her limits, anyway?

She was brought back to the present by McMasters, who said, "You can see, as I'm sure you remember, that minimal covering is allowed when necessary for the experiment. Clause number 4. Hence the retainer and bristle bra are perfectly within the terms of what you have agreed to. Again, Miss Smithers, on behalf of the college and on behalf of the cause of science, I thank you for being willing to put aside your religion to the extent of allowing these items to be worn."

Tami looked again at the two little skyscrapers, the dildos, sticking up from the panties on the table.

McMasters then said, a little more sternly, "Of course, if there is something wrong with this agreement, you should take that up with the Dean."

Tami looked at the paper and raised an eyebrow absently. Yeah, right. Once again, she was trapped.

The door behind Tami opened and a man in work clothes peeked in. He nodded at Tami, pretending not to notice that she was naked, probably pretending also not to notice the dildo retainer on the table, and said to McMasters, "Want to see where we're at?"

McMasters got up and offered a courtly hand to Tami, helping her up. "Please come with us, Miss Smithers, let us show you how we've remodeled Lab 6 for your experiment." Tami was unsteady on her feet after the trauma of what she had seen today. She felt weak and a little sick to her stomach. Feeling alone and small and female and naked among all these men, she obediently followed them out and across the hall and into the waiting room of Lab 6.

They went through the waiting room and opened the door to the lab itself. The men went in, but Tami stood frozen in the entrance, her eyes and mouth wide open as she took in the view.

The rear wall had been knocked down and set back so that the room was now bigger. And it had been remodeled as an amphitheater. There were now two rows of cushioned seats that all but encircled the room. They looked like movie theater seats. Big mirrors were now on the walls, making the room look even bigger. The console area had been expanded and now included TV monitors and more dials and gauges, even a couple of microphones. The round console looked like something from Mission Control for a rocket launch.

The stage had been built up so that now it was almost level with the console. On the stage was a more cushiony version of the bottomless chair that she had sat on before. To the sides were chrome posts with cuffs for her wrists and ankles. The whole place was much more elegant and luxurious. The finest materials had been used, it must have cost a mint of money to do this.

And poking through holes on the stage, coming up from in front and behind, slanting in at an angle, were two thick metal rods that ended in dildos that were like the Godzilla dildo and the anal dildo she had just been shown. But these dildos were even bigger! Topping off the angled-in rods, the tips of the dildos were only a couple of inches apart. Tami tried to imagine these monsters fitting inside her and just couldn't. There was just not enough room in her slim, teenaged pelvis for such huge objects. She put her hand to her mouth and said, "Oh my God . . . No. . ."

Mr. McMasters, walking to the stage while his colleagues sat around the console, said, "Don't worry, Miss Smithers, these are larger size dildos, larger than will be pistoned into you. Don't be concerned. We had various sizes made, from very small to very large. You will be fitted only with sizes that are comfortable to you. The mechanism that powers the pistons is hidden below the stage. It is controlled from the console."

McMasters hopped up on the stage and pointed up to a large circle of little floodlights on the ceiling, pointing inward to the center of the stage. "Note how we have designed this for maximum visibility. And sound," he said, pointing to a little microphone that was suspended from the center of the ring. "Note that images will be transferred to the console monitors and recorded," he said, pointing to a camera mounted on a thin post front and center on the console, pointed right at the stage. "The idea is that all possible visual and audial information during your arousal will be meticulously observed and recorded."

Then, showing unexpected agility, McMasters hopped over the console and sat in one of the theater seats. "These experiments will be of great interest to the, uh, therapeutic community. That is why we will be inviting various groups of people to observe. Believe me, Miss Smithers, your religion and lack of modesty have made it possible for great advances to be made in the clinical study of sexual arousal and will, ultimately, benefit thousands or even millions of people." He crossed his legs and gave a big smile to the naked girl.

Tami's legs felt weak again and she felt tears coming on. This was too much. Not caring how it looked, she gradually crumpled down into a crouch, wrapping her arms around her knees, putting her face down and staring at her bare toes. "No, no, no," she said. She started sniffling. She clutched her legs together tighter, as if she were hiding from the world in a corner of her shower stall in the dorm.

Incredibly, McMasters seemed not to notice. Instead, he said, "Miss Smithers, there is one other feature, a digital monitor so that everyone, and perhaps you if you are so inclined, can monitor your progress." He spoke in a loud voice and Tami limply turned up her face. She followed his finger as he pointed to a space between the mirrors in front of the console, up toward the ceiling.

It was shrouded in black cloth but, when McMasters got up and pulled the shroud off, the naked girl's eyes widened. It reminded Tami of the little basketball scoreboard in her high school gym. Words on dark plastic followed by blank spaces for flashing electric numbers. Four spaces: "Orgasms", "Contractions/Last Orgasm", "Total Contractions", and "Time Elapsed". It was indeed a scoreboard. She realized its significance. Men working the controls at the console would be playing her like a pinball machine in front of an audience.

"NO!!" Tami cried, folding her arms over her head, crouched down, miserable, tears falling down onto her toes and onto the floor. Then she caught her breath and tried to control her sobs, sniffling quietly.

"Well, we have to be off," McMasters said, getting up out of the soft chair and walking to the door, followed by his colleagues. "You know the way out, Miss Smithers. We will see you next Thursday at two o'clock, as always."

Through her sniffles Tami heard the men leave, the clip-clopping of their hard shoes fading away down the hall. Tami kept her head down, in fact put it forward all the way down to the floor, then twisted and went down so that she lay in a fetal position, knees up to her chest, arms hugging her breasts, not caring that the tile floor felt cold and gritty against her bare side. She was silent for a long time.

After a few minutes she exhaled and decided to get up. She stood up straight, brushing dirt off her sides and off her feet, and trying not to look at the stage and the rods and the huge dildos, turned and went through the waiting room and back into Lab 5 to get her bookbag. It was late afternoon and must have been between classes, because there was no one in the hall. She was thankful for that. She wanted to be alone. Holding the bookbag over her shoulder by one strap, she turned into a hallway she hadn't been down before, a short one which led to the outside, and hid in a little alcove just beside the door. She crouched down again and stared dully outside at the gray sky and the muddy, snow-patched soccer field.

She was there for a long time, thinking and thinking. She thought about the agreement. If she broke it it would be all the proof the Dean would need that her religion was false. If she even checked to see how she could worm out of it, suspicions would be raised. Who would she talk to anyway? Either a friend, who would be devastated to know her secret, or a faculty or administration person, and that would get back to the Dean. She couldn't very well object that she had signed it under duress. True, she had been almost in the throes of orgasm at the time, but it was because of toguing by Jen under the table which she herself had asked Jen to continue.

As the girl's mood got darker and darker the sky got darker and darker too. Finally she realized that it must be supper time, but she was not hungry. Instead, she had to pee. Not wanting to get up, she pushed the door open and duck-waddled outside into some bushes. Spreading her legs, she looked down as the piss shot out of her little opening and made a steaming little yellow puddle underneath her, which spread so that it began to touch her toes. She moved her foot a little to give it more room. After the last few drops had tinkled out she reached back to open the door but it was locked from the outside. Sighing, she stayed where she was in the cold air, watching the little clouds of her breath, looking up across campus to the lights of the other buildings and the dorms, where students were happy and wearing clothes and living normal lives.

A few minutes later she felt her body getting flushed and stiff from the cold. She awkwardly stood up straight and tall, shaking out the kinks in her leg muscles, and breasts forward, shoulders back, proudly started her barefoot, sloppy walk across the dark, muddy, snowy field. She had finally had it. She knew she couldn't go on like this. Her mind was dulled by shock and by the cold, but she walked as if pushed from behind by a decision that had been made. No matter what it meant, no matter what her friends would think, she was going to go put on some clothes.   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist IX: Tami the Strong, Part 30 (Conclusion)**

The naked girl walked listlessly through the cold and the mud. As she got to San Beueno Hall and felt the mud grinding under her feet on the concrete of the pathways, she saw that there was almost nobody walking around and realized it was later than she had thought, maybe eight o'clock. She felt the cold making her breasts hard and flushed and her nipples stiff, pointing out like little guns. Her flat tummy went concave and flat again as she took deep breaths and tried to focus on practicalities. Where would I get clothes now? The fastest and easiest thing to do would be to go to the dorm and just grab some things of Jen's. She and Jen were about the same size (though Tami's breasts were a bit bigger), most of her stuff should fit.

Tami's bare shoulders slumped as she realized the shock and anguish that would come across Jen's face to see her roommate, this proud nudist who was her personal hero, suddenly wearing clothes, and not only that, her own clothes to boot. Still. . . Tami glanced down at her ankle pouch. Her bank card was in there. Maybe she should walk off campus to one of the stores across the highway and buy some clothes. Tommy's, a convenience store, she had seen racks of clothes in there, and it was open 24 hours. She had gone over this scenario this many times in her mind, during her almost daily fantasizing about what she would do on her way to her summer job. There was no summer job yet and probably never would be by now, but she went back to that plan, which was now a plan of desperation. She would buy a sweatshirt and sweatpants, and sneakers, to start. Socks too; she wanted her feet to be covered and warm.

She would need some money. There was an ATM machine in the Student Union up ahead. Realizing she was starting to get really cold, Tami ran toward it and went in.

There usually weren't any people in the Union at this time of night, unless something was scheduled, and tonight obviously nothing was. The lights were out, and the place was dark and deserted. She went to the ATM machine, next to the snack bar, which was now closed. It had been embarrassing going into town to the bank -- she went with Rebecca, who had helped the 18-year-old open her first ever account in her own name -- but since then she was able to make deposits and withdrawals all from this ATM. One good thing, in fact the only good thing, about posing for Professor Brignon's art classes and doing all that hard labor for Mr. Winant and her sessions in Lab 6, she got paid very well for it. After most of a semester the naked girl was rolling in dough. She punched in her PIN number and looked at her balance. Over two thousand dollars. She smiled, thinking how many clothes she could buy with that.

She took out a hundred dollars which she stuffed into her ankle pouch and went to the door and looked out. She was just getting warmed up now and didn't feel like going out into the cold so soon. She decided to wander around and wait until she built up some warmth.

She liked wandering around the Union at night. She had done it several times after coming up from looking at the job board. Nobody was ever around to see her nakedness. A couple of times, she had gone over to the couches and, after being sure no one was looking, sat down and covered herself with pillows and cushions. It felt so good to be covered up, and the fabric felt so good against her bare skin. Aside from feeling Rod's blankets over her, those were the only times in she didn't remember how long that she felt like she was wearing clothes. Clothes, blessed clothes, please God, give me clothes . . .

The naked teenager gave in to temptation and once again huddled under the couch pillows. She thought of dildos sawing into her in Lab 6 and clutched the pillows to herself more tightly, closing her legs tight, clenching her buttocks. That stage setup seemed perverted, the product of a sick mind. Tami had never seen an actual dildo before; once in high school she and some friends had giggled over a picture in a magazine. She couldn't imagine herself ever using one, though she could think of girls who might. Jen, maybe. No, maybe not. Jen might think that sticking something inside her was somehow, well, un-lesbian. Maybe Marisol. Mandy.

Still, to be strapped onto that bottomless chair and have dildos thrusting -- as McMasters kept putting it, pistoning -- into her was icky and horrifying. The 18-year-old girl was still fairly innocent, she knew little of pornography or sex toys. It was easy for her to see that it would be traumatic for her to go through with that experiment, no matter how much she tried to pretend she was elsewhere. She might go crazy. Or get her insides torn up. Really? Probably not. Chalfont was a serious place, and Dr. Harridance and the others, though they had mistaken ideas about her attitudes, they did seem to care about her well-being.

McMasters was different. She realized now that McMasters and his friends delibertately ignored her crying and obvious unwillingness to go through that experiment. McMasters knew the truth, that she really had some modesty, and that she really didn't mean it when she signed that agreement. Yet he was forcing her to go through with the experiment. That was scary.

The naked girl's mind tumbled back and forth as she again thought what she would lose by putting on clothes. Getting expelled. Losing the trust and confidence of Jen, Rod, Rebecca . . . Walking back onto campus with clothes on was not going to be easy.

She looked down at her toes and saw that the mud had dried. She had been sitting here for a while. In dread and in eagerness, she pushed the cushions aside and got up to start her trip to Tommy's.

It was so automatic; before she knew it she was going down the stairs to the basement to where the job board was. She had done it every night, an ingrained habit by now. As her feet padded down the stairs she shrugged. Well, why not, she told herself. I'd might as well see what weirdo jobs are down there this time.

Months of constant disappointment had made her nightly job board fly-by a desultory, joyless experience. The only attraction to it was to see some of the other jobs on the card, jobs that were on campus or in town. There were jobs to type term papers, shovel snow (no more of that for her!), read to blind people. But some of the jobs were pretty amusing and it was hard to imagine who would take them. Last week, for example, somebody (probably an old person) wanted someone to clean up dog poop when she walked her dog because she couldn't do it herself with her bad back.

Tami looked up at the job board and saw nothing weird up this time.

But there was a new red card on the side.

"Need mathematically inclined person to do accounting this summer. South Lowell (30 minutes from campus by bus). 30 hours/week. Small accounting office, long established. Call 555-3636. Fax transcript and references to 555-3637."

Tami's eyes widened and she realized that, by the time she was finished reading the card, her face had broken into a big, wide smile. Shaking with excitement, she got her pencil out and copied the number and started to leave. Then, knowing it was against the rules but not being able to resist, she reached back and grabbed the card and took it off the board. She ran out of the Student Union toward her dorm, then went out of her way to stomp up and down in a puddle of muddy, icy water, saying, "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!!"

She ran to the dorm and up the stairs and into her room. Only to find Jen and Mandy, who as always looked their naked roommate up and down when she walked in. Jen with a smile, Mandy with a more sphinxlike expression.

"Where's the fire?" Jen said. "You look happy."

Tami thought quickly. "Just a nice run, that's all."

"A nice muddy run," Mandy said, as everyone looked down at Tami's feet.

It was hard for Tami to sleep that night, she was so excited.

. . .

Tami looked at the clock. It was just after nine in the morning. She looked up over her math text to Jen, who was studying in her upper bunk. Damn. The accounting place would be open by now, but she couldn't very well call them in front of Jen. She had to keep this a secret.

She finally decided to buy a calling card at the Student Union and call from a pay phone. Sitting in the phone booth, feeling the cold metal seat against her bare butt, she made herself take a few deep breaths. Even so, it was hard to keep her voice from quivering as she spoke. "Hello, I'm calling about the ad you placed for an acountant's assistant."

A scratchy old man's voice was on the other line. The man's name was Ned. A real "Old New England" accent. Ay - uh, ay - uh. He seemed a million miles away from the culture of the campus and even the town. That was good. Tami was hoping that nobody in South Lowell would know her, that no one from the college or town would see her in South Lowell.

After some awkwardness the conversation got more chummy and Tami knew she was doing well. Yes, she had taken accounting in high school. She was a math major and her grades so far were all A's, though she managed to bring this out without seeming conceited. Finally Ned said, "Sounds good. Fax me your transcript. I'll call you back. What number are you at?"

"Uh . . . my dorm phone is out of order. I'll call you. Is this afternoon O.K.?" Tami was glad she thought fast. Having Ned call her dorm room while Jen or Mandy was around could be fatal.

The next challenge was getting a copy of her transcript. She had one, but Ned wanted an  official one. She would have to go to the registrar. Tami waited until lunch time when the maximum number of people would be on break. Her nakedness stood out like a beacon, especially in the Administration Building, where people tended to be better dressed. Fortunately there was nobody there but a work-study student, someone Tami knew from one of her classes. He looked steadily at Tami's nipples and said, "You getting a job?"

"I don't have one yet, but I want a transcript for when somebody asks for it," Tami said.

"Well I'm glad you won't be working at Teaser's," he said, referring to the local topless bar. A weak attempt to joke about her nudity. Tami stood there with a stone face while she paid her five dollars and he printed out the transcript and stamped it. Amid the line of straight A's for the fall semester and straight A midterm marks in spring semester, there were glowing comments from professors that had been inputted and showed up on the transcript. Perfect!

Finally, faxing the transcript. There was a packaging place in the Student Union that had a fax machine. No, too public. People were always walking by and everyone would see Naked Tami, who of course was always noticed, and ask where she was faxing her transcript to. Campus was like a small town. Everyone knew your business. Tami thought and thought. There was a fax machine in the Math Department office. Maybe if she snuck in there when nobody was around . . .

Luck! Finally! Tami frantically fed the two-page fax into the machine. The department secretary was having lunch. No professors were around. She got the confirmation sheet and stuffed everything into her backpack and quickly escaped the department office on tiptoe, so that her bare feet would not be heard slapping against the tile floor.

Three hours later, after nervously watching the clock ticking away at the Student Union snack bar, trying to ignore the daily stares of the guys, she went back to the phone booths. She asked for Ned but got his wife, Ethel. This was really a "Mom and Pop" operation. She had a warm voice that reminded her of Mrs. George's, that nice old professor lady who had found her crying in the bathroom after that disastrous confrontation with the Dean and Henry Ross in December. She could almost picture Ethel saying in her grandmotherly voice what Mrs. George had said: "Dear, you're naked. I don't see anything about clothes around you. You must be Tami Smithers."

Thank God Ethel knew nothing of that. Instead she said, "This transcript is outstanding. It looks like we're lucky to get someone like you," in a New England lilt much like her husband's. "We usually ask for references, but the notes from the professors are enough. They must really like you. You're hired."

Tami's heart jumped as she felt some kind of light from Heaven shining down on her. "When do I start?"

"Well, we will still need your transcript for the end of the spring semester. When does that come out?"

Tami thought. Last semester the college had sent out her grades the day after finals ended. This college was pretty snappy when it came to things like that. "Probably within a few days. Finals end May 22."

"Well, you can start on June 1. Where will you be living, dear? Do you have family up around here?"

"Some," Tami said, lying through her teeth, "but I'm looking forward to living on my own."

"Well, there shouldn't be any problem with that. Our brother-in-law has a big house he's renovated and you can get a room in there. Why don't you come by to look at it."

"Uh, I'm not sure I can get a away during the semester. I'm awfully busy here."

"I can tell, you must study all the time."

During this time Tami had her head down in thankfulness and could feel tears starting in her eyes. She struggled to keep her voice even. The conversation wound down as they made various small talk.

Finally, Tami asked a question that brought such emotions to the surface that her voice almost broke. "I'm new up here. Do the summers get cold at night?" The naked teenager sniffed back the tears as she said, "What -- what kind of clothes should I bring?"

"Well, around the end of July the nights start getting pretty cold. You'd better bring your heavy coat and lots of sweaters. Gloves too, and heavy socks. People get surprised their first summer up here."

Tami said good-bye and hung up. She looked down past her weather-toughened, permanently erect nipples, to her bushy, windblown pubic hair, down to her gritty, hard bare feet. Then she felt the tears rolling down her cheeks and looked up. She didn't have to get expelled, she didn't have to lose her friends. For months she had been saying the same daily prayer: Please God, give me clothes. She didn't think it would ever happen. There were thirty-one days ahead before the end of finals. Many ordeals lay ahead in those thirty-one days. But now she knew she could get through them because she finally had something to look forward to. She had a summer job in another town where she could wear clothes and no one would know.

God had answered her prayer.

[end]