**Tami: The Meeting, 16 NEW**

by Katie

Saturday morning was a lazy time on a college campus. Many students, tired from the week and maybe overindulging the night before, often slept in. Others who may have awoken earlier stayed in their rooms and rested, watching a movie on their laptop, listening to music, etc. It was a perfect time for a nudist trying not to be seen to get things done around campus.

An early riser anyway, Tami got up at 7 and was in the fitness center by 7:15. Only one other student was there, besides the attendant, and neither seemed interested in gawking at the naked coed. Tami had nearly two hours of physical bliss as she pushed herself on the cardio machines and then weight training. Just as she finished and was heading into a shower, several students came in, disappointed that they had missed their nude classmate working out.

Tami utilized one of the private stalls in the locker room and took an extra-long shower, letting the heat absorb into her pores, storing it up for the long walk in the cold. Finally her skin was getting pruned so she shut the water off and got dry, using one of the flimsy towels that Wanda had allowed her, bypassing the big towels that were provided by the gym staff. She was mortified to see a group of girls, possibly members of the field hockey team, had gathered in the locker room and were surprised to see Tami with one leg up as she dried her feet, her vulva on full display. She smiled bravely and waved and the girls said hello and waved back.

Now she sat in the dining hall, a bowl of oatmeal in front of her, clicking away on her laptop. She was writing a missive to her friend Annie, detailing her life. Not the bad things or anything, just Rod and her friends, etc. She desperately wanted to hang onto the old life she once led, where she was clothed and happy and normal, not naked and an orgasm machine.

She looked up and saw Jen enter the Dining Hall. The girl was looking around and Tami waved. Jen nodded and moved to the food line. Tami felt stupid afterwards; did she really think that Jen might not notice her? Everyone notices Naked Tami on campus and Jen especially would never miss her.

Jen had been a bit irritable lately. Clearly she knew about Tami and Mandy’s little tryst the night before. Tami thought they had gotten away with it; she had awoken before the sun and reluctantly slid out from beneath the covers to go and lay on her bare bed so as to avoid Jen finding out about her and Mandy’s sexcapades. However, the look on Jen’s face, her obvious annoyance when in Mandy’s presence was proof of the fact that she knew.

Tami wondered, did I do anything wrong? She and Jen had been in a sexual relationship for months now. Mostly Jen luxuriated in bringing Tami to orgasm after orgasm, rarely asking for anything in return. Over the months though, Tami has returned the favor but only occasionally. It seems that Jen never minded but she was obviously not happy about Mandy. It was strange though: Jen knew that Tami was seriously involved with Rod and she was fine with it. Perhaps it was because Mandy was a girl? And Tami never minded that Jen obviously had girlfriends. She wondered what this was all about.

Jen was at the register swiping her card and made her way towards where Tami was sitting, way in the corner. Tami knew that she was clearly visible but this felt hidden. Her bare back was to the window so anyone looking in could see that and the top of her bottom. But, with her right knee up on the chair and her left arm in front of her, the always naked girl felt somewhat covered. Her bare feet on the cold surfaces and her butt and thighs on the hard, bare chair, were reminders that she was in fact naked but still, this was pretty covered.

“Hey,” she said pleasantly to Jen who slammed her tray down on the table and began to shuck her coat, gloves and hat.

“It’s freaking cold out again,” Jen said angrily. “I thought spring was coming.”

“You’re telling me,” Tami said with a laugh. Seeing Jen’s unhappiness unsettled Tami. Jen was usually so easy-going and loved Tami so much. This was a side of her that Tami rarely saw.

They sat in silence for a little while, Tami picking at her oatmeal and Jen digging into a pile of pancakes with syrup. Tami loved that meal before but worried constantly about extra pounds showing on her naked body. However, she did allow herself a treat this AM and had gotten a cup of hot chocolate to go with her coffee.

“You got up early today,” Jen said accusingly.

“Yea, wanted to work out,” Tami replied. “Nice to get it out of the way and just relax today.”

Tami looked up and saw a younger woman walking towards them. It was clear that she was headed for their table and Tami wasn’t sure why. It was also clear that this woman was not a student.

“Hi Tami, I’m Molly,” the woman said, holding her hand out. Tami noticed that the woman did a really good job of maintaining eye contact, barely daring to look at the naked girl’s boobs.

Tami shook the hand offered and said, “hi.”

“Jen told me you were probably here so I popped over,” she said. “Can I sit?”

Tami looked at Jen who looked sheepish. “Sorry, I forgot.”

Molly noticed this interaction and her smile broke. “Oh jeez, sorry,” she said, looking at Tami. “Well then you must be very confused. I work in the college PR office and need to speak with you.”

Tami noticed the abundance of clothes on this woman’s body. She wore a down vest, a long sleeve ribbed turtleneck and a scarf. Below, she noticed that the woman wore tight blue jeans and boots to her knee with boot socks poking out from the top. She looked adorable and Tami was so jealous.

“OK, well, I am one of the people charge with handling the press Tami,” she said slowly, as if Tami might not understand. “Usually, that means inviting them on campus for events or to do feature stories. This year, I’ve spent a lot of time keeping the press off campus.”

Seeing the confusion on both students’ faces, Molly tried to explain further. “Let’s just say that your, um, lifestyle has drawn some attention outside of our walls. We’ve gotten a few press calls about you.”

Tami felt her face go white and she instinctively crossed her arms over her breasts. She didn’t know if this woman was a spy for the Dean but didn’t care.

“I don’t want to be in the press,” she said softly. “I don’t want the, uh, publicity.”

Molly laughed. “Trust me Tami, we don’t either.” Tami relaxed. She was preparing for a fight with this woman who seemed way nicer than the other bureaucrats she had dealt with at Campbell-Frank. “However, I had a request today that I thought you might be interested in. He will be discreet and it might be cool for you considering your beliefs.”

For some reason, Tami trusted this woman. “OK, I guess so, if you think it’s a good idea.”

“I do. Would you mind coming to my office now and meeting him? He was in the area and popped over. When the campus police called me to let me know he was here, I came over to meet him. He seems like an interesting dude.”

Tami wasn’t sure she wanted to meet this guy but sitting with Jen was getting tense and Molly seemed nice. “Sure,” she said, putting her mostly empty bowl and mugs on a tray. She stood and bent over to get her book bag. A gasp from behind was her first realization that she was basically sticking her butt into Molly’s face. She could only imagine the woman’s view of her now exposed anus and her vulva peeking through. With a sigh, she grabbed her bag, took her tray in her hands, said goodbye to Jen and followed Molly.

Molly was nice, staying a half step ahead of Tami to lead her but not putting herself apart from the naked girl. All in all, Tami was impressed by how Molly handled her nudity in a manner unlike most in the administration.

Tami braced herself to head back into the cold but was surprised as Molly turned the other way to a set of stairs that Tami had never used. She followed the woman up two flights of stairs and pushed through a glass door that read: Office of Communications and Media Relations with the school seal. Very fancy.

Inside, there was a greeting area with a big desk and two TVs hanging behind it. Tami noticed right away the plush carpeting under her bare feet, a welcome change from the cold floors that make up the majority of this campus. Molly led the way down a hallway and pushed open a door to a conference room. Inside they both gasped when a very naked man stood up and walked towards them.

“Tami, good morning, Richard Snyder, editor of Nudist Monthly Magazine, the largest magazine in our industry,” he said, putting out his hand.

Tami was stunned by his nakedness. Her eyes were focused on his flaccid penis, the head poking out at her from a nest of grey hair below his small potbelly. Tami wasn’t turned on by him at all; after all, he was old enough to be her father. Still, she was mesmerized by his naked form. After so long being the only naked person in the room, it was so fascinating to have another nude.

“Ahem, Tami.” She looked up and laughed.

“Oh God, I am so sorry,” she said, taking his hand. “I just did the thing I hate when people do it to me.”

“I suppose you get a lot of looks around campus,” he said. “I hope that you don’t mind me getting naked. I thought it might make you more comfortable.”

“Well, it is a surprise,” Molly said.

“Stop it girl,” the man said laughing. “It’s not the first time you’ve seen me naked.”

Tami looked confused until Molly spoke. “Tami, I wasn’t entirely truthful earlier. Not only is Richard a reporter for the biggest nudist magazine in the country, but he’s also my uncle.”

“Indeed,” he said. “Molly spent many days visiting her aunt and me in our nudist community over the years.”

“Are you a nudist too,” Tami asked, desperate for an ally in the administration.

“Not really, though I do sometimes participate in the lifestyle when I visit Uncle Rich and Aunt Dot. Still, I’m not called to it like you are.”

Not a nudist but still an ally, maybe, Tami thought. In her lonely days of total nudity, this was something. At least this woman knew what it was like to walk around totally naked.

She turned her attention back to the naked man. She saw that he had Crocs on his feet and a towel draped on the chair.

“You’re wearing shoes?”

He looked down. “Yes, I actually brought these so I could be in my ‘nudist uniform’ for our interview,” he said, motioning to the shoes on the floor that he must have worn into the building alongside his pile of clothes. Even in this room with another nudist, Tami was apart. He would end the interview and dress. She would walk out naked, as always. “This is what I typically wear around the house or at a nudist community.”

“I didn’t know nudists could wear shoes,” she said softly.

“Of course, there really are no hard and fast rules,” he said. “Some nudists were shirts and some women choose to just go topless and leave bottoms on. Most of us wear shoes, even in the resorts. Some choose not to of course and that’s fine but mostly all do. I guess we aren’t as devoted to our cause as you are.”

Mentally Tami cursed Wanda and her gang of tormentors. All this time she could have been wearing shoes and maybe even a shirt sometimes. No, that wasn’t good enough to shame her. They had to strip her completely.

Molly interjected. “Well, I think I will step out. Tami, I will be in my office down the hall if you need me.”

“Thanks dear,” Richard said. “Tami, why don’t we sit and chat a bit, if that’s ok.”

Tami nodded and sat down on the leather chair. It was so soft and smooth on her bare skin that she began to rub a bit as she sat. Looking up she saw Richard smile. “Feels good doesn’t it,” he said, sinking in himself, though he had a towel on the chair beneath him.

“Why do you sit on a towel,” Tami asked. Even though she had been naked for months and was supposedly a committed “nudist,” she was very innocent and naïve in the way of this world.

“Well, many people worry about hygiene,” he said, trying not to offend his naked friend who sat her bare ass (and bare everything) on the chair. “It’s pretty standard in nudist communities to carry a towel everywhere.”

Tami sat quietly. She had always been offended when people asked her to sit on a towel. Turns out, they were right. Too late now, she realized, but another moment of clarity for her.

“Can I ask a question,” she said. When he nodded, she continued: “how come you don’t have an erection? I mean, I know that’s kind of personal but most of the time, guys are, um, hard when they are around me.”

“I’ve been a nudist for many years Tami,” he said laughing. “Trust me, it’s not that you are not a beautiful woman, you are. It’s just I’ve been trained to restrain myself after years of being around naked women and not having any place to hide, if you know what I mean.”

The two began a pleasant conversation about Tami’s family and background. Though Richard had his legs crossed at the knee and his arms crossed and resting on the top of his belly, Tami felt like she had to be on guard. As usual, when in the presence of a possible spy, she sat with her bare feet flat on the ground, her knees spread shoulder width apart and arms pinned to the chair. The only thing not visible to the man was her anus and she didn’t think she could possibly expose that without being a contortionist.

“Your parents must be very proud of you,” the man said, “…straight As and a college scholarship, first in your family to go to college, plus your incredible devotion to this way of life. You are an incredible young woman.”

Tami blushed. She was an introvert anyway but she felt doubly embarrassed to be praised for her nudity. People like Richard, true nudists who live their lives this way by choice, shouldn’t be praising her. But by now she knew her role, to be the proud nudist who loved being naked, who was living a life dedicated to the lack of modesty. How truly mistaken they all were!

“So, how did you become a nudist?”

Wasn’t that the million dollar question? Well, you see, I was a stupid, stupid freshman who was bullied into streaking by a mean, sadistic girl who stole my clothes and sentenced me to a life of complete and total nudity and shame.

“I don’t know really, I can’t explain it,” she said. “One night, it just came to me.”

“So you got naked and just did it?”

“Yes, sort of.”

“That’s amazing. I would have thought you would have planned it or talked to people first. What did they say?”

“Well, they thought I was streaking and arrested me,” she said dead pan. Of course she had been streaking and they were right to arrest her. It was only her lie of being a religious nudist that had saved the day and kept her from getting expelled. But she had lived with that lie for so long and suffered terribly.

He laughed. “Yes, an occupational hazard for a nudist, I’m afraid,” Richard said. He then launched into the story of being picketed by people at his nudist community. “This was the 70s you understand and people were outraged that adults and some families would possibly choose to be naked in a gated community that no one could access. The police came and wanted to arrest us all. Luckily one of our members is a lawyer and handled it quietly. We did not want any publicity, as I am sure you understand.”

Tami nodded. She understood the desire to not have any publicity.

“Had you been in the habit of, um, underdressing,” he asked. “Strange question, I suppose but I wasn’t sure how to ask it.”

Tami smiled at the man. Something about him put her at ease. Maybe it was his nudity. Maybe it was his kind smile. For some reason, he didn’t feel like a spy but he also didn’t feel like a gawker. In fact, his eyes rarely went below her neck, a very rare occurrence. Despite the fact that Molly worked for the administration and he was her uncle, Tami didn’t think she had anything to worry about.

“No, not really,” she said. “I mean, I sometimes wore clothes that might have been revealing, a short skirt or a low cut dress or a bikini, but for the most part, I covered up.”

“Fascinating,” he said. “And this religion, what faith formation do you have?”

“I’m Catholic. Grew up Catholic, got baptized, first communion, confirmation, the whole thing. I still consider myself Catholic, just a naked one.”

The man laughed. “You know, we get more than our fair share of Catholics among our group,” he said. “I don’t know if it’s because they are so repressed as children or what, especially the women. I would say 75% of the women I have met in the nudist community are from a Catholic background or went to Catholic school.”

“Maybe it’s the uniforms,” Tami said smiling, drawing another laugh from the man.

Getting more comfortable, Tami folded her hands in her lap, covering her pubic region a bit and making her breasts less obvious. She also moved her feet together a bit to be more comfortable. Most people start tense and crossed when they first meet someone; Tami had to be loose and free so no one thought she was “covering” herself in an attempt at modesty. Another way that she lived differently.

“So, tell me some of your favorite things about being a nudist,” he asked.

There aren’t many, Tami thought, but she had a few.

“The people I have met because I am naked,” she said. “Some really cool people seem drawn to me, I think because I don’t have barriers up. They know they can trust me.”

“Interesting,” he said, writing that down. “What else?”

“Well, like you said earlier, I feel things that others don’t,” she said, “like this chair or the sun on my body or soft rugs under my feet. I also think it’s made me more perceptive. I can’t explain it though.”

The man wrote some more. “You seem very popular on campus,” he said and she laughed. “Yeah, I guess a pretty naked woman would be popular wouldn’t she?”

Tami nodded.

“Seriously though,” he continued. “Molly was telling me that you seem to have amazing friends. Apparently there was a meeting or something this week and people were very effusive in their praise of you. Even those who don’t agree with your lifestyle seem to like you.”

Tami blushed…was it weird for a person without modesty to blush? “You’re right, I am very lucky. My friends are great.”

“And you think you have good friends because you are naked?”

Tami remembered something that Mandy had said to her. Early on, when she first moved in with her, Mandy had said that she should face it, being naked was the best thing that had ever happened to her. In many ways she was so so wrong but in some ways she was right on.

“I think it’s a part of it,” Tami said. “People seem to gravitate to me, maybe because I’m naked. They seem comfortable with me. I was a math nerd in high school and I only had a few friends. Only one or two as good as the friends I have here.”

Richard leaned forward to write on a notebook. As he did, Tami saw his penis bob a bit. She couldn’t help but stare. Again, she wasn’t necessarily turned on by this man (he was nothing like Rod), but still, seeing a naked male member caused a bit of a jolt inside her belly. She supposed it was the natural order of things.

“Why do you think God called you to this religion?”

Long quiet as Tami reflected. She had no idea why she found herself into this awful situation. She knew that she was at fault but come on? How long did she have to suffer for one sin?

“I’m not sure,” she said softly. “But I know there must be a reason.”

The man turned and looked at her in the eye. “Don’t you get lonely?” Seeing Tami’s confusion, he added, “it must be hard being the only nudist. After all, no one else experiences the things that you do.”

Tami sighed. He was right…her life was so very lonely. Not actually, of course. She had many friends and she rarely seemed to have time alone (which was highly coveted for a reluctant nude girl). Still, she was so very alone, but not for the reason stated.

“Yes, somewhat,” she said honestly. “But there’s not much I can do about that. There don’t seem to be many other nudists up here in Vermont.”

He turned and grabbed his back, reaching in to the pocket. It contained his card and a pamphlet.

“Tami, we have many communities, including some not far from here,” he said. “Call me and I can hook you up with them. They would accept you and love you the way you are.”

Tears started to fill the girl’s eyes as she took this kind gesture. “Thank you,” she said, “I will.”

“May I give you a hug?”

She nodded and they stood. Richard was careful to not let his penis touch the nude girl, angling himself so that his leg met her thighs. Tami moaned at the touch of another naked person. This was so intimate but not sexual in any way. It was the way Tami would hug an uncle or a cousin…it just felt good to be touched.

“Thank you for taking some time to meet with me,” he said. “I will get your contact info from Molly and share the article before it runs. May I take your picture?”

Tami frowned, hating to have photographic evidence of her nudity. Still, as she knew, there were thousands of pictures of her in the world…this might actually be tasteful. “Sure.”

“Since this is a nudist magazine, I can show your whole body,” he said. “Is that okay? Or I can just leave it at topless. Your choice.”

What choice did she have? If she chose topless, that word would get back to the dean, a sign of obvious modesty. Choosing whole body meant that thousands of people would see her boobs and pussy.

“You know, I think I will just stick with a shot from the waist up,” he said. “Is that okay?”

She nodded, grateful for his discretion. As he took the photo, her smile was genuine, wanting to please him and his readers, other nudists. Even though she was nude by accident, it was still a solidarity they shared.

“Well, I should be getting dressed and hitting the road,” he said. Boom, their shared moment of solidarity was gone. He had the option of getting dressed; she did not. “I’m taking Molly out to lunch.”

“Nice meeting you,” she said, holding out her hand. He took it and shook it warmly.

“My distinct pleasure Tami,” he said, keeping his eyes on hers. As she turned to leave, she heard him rustling with his clothes. Before she had left the room, she saw that he had already pulled his underwear on and was starting on his shirt. Once again, Tami was the only one nude.

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The day was warmer than she had felt in months and she wanted to savor it. At first she grabbed a cup of coffee and then sat at one of the tables outside but after a few minutes, it was still too cold for her naked body. Even though she was much more used to it than others, it was still just a bit too chilly to stay out long. Still, the thought of spring being near warmed more than her body.

After just a few minutes, she grabbed her coffee and headed inside. Recently she had found a table, sort of out of the way. There was a large window that let the afternoon sun stream in. Though it meant she could be seen from anyone outside, she did it anyway because the sun felt good on her nude body. She sat quietly for a few minutes, sipping coffee and absorbing the warmth.

It was Saturday and she normally called home on Saturdays. Grabbing her phone from her ankle pouch, she propped it up on the table and hit Facetime to call her mom. From the photo in the lower corner, she could clearly make out her bare breasts but after so long of exposing them, that was almost tame. Plus, it was her mother and she was ok with her seeing them.

Just then, the call was answered and on the other side was her brother Joe, whose eyes popped out when he saw his sister’s boobs. Tami nonchalantly covered up but not before Joe got an eyeful.

“Hey Joe, what’s up? Why you answering Mom’s phone?”

“We’re at a track meet,” he said, “and she left her phone here. When I saw it was you, I figured I’d pick it up.”

Oh God, Tami thought. “Are your friends there with you?”

“Ah, yeah, they are. Say hi to my sister guys.” He turned the phone and all of the teenage boys waved hi just a few seconds after seeing her bare breasts. Trying to be a good sport, she waved back but then realized that revealed her boobs again. Sigh. For a naked but modest girl, even ordinary interactions were fraught with shame.

“How’s the meet?”

“Good, came in third,” he said, “waiting for the relay.”

They chatted for a few minutes when he said, “mom’s back. Bye Tami.”

“See you Joe,” Tami said. It was nice to talk to him, even though it felt weird talking to her little brother while she was naked. This wasn’t as bad as being with him in person. She always felt like she should dive under a blanket or wrap a towel around herself.

“Hi hon,” Tami’s mom said, taking the phone. “How’s it going?”

They fell into an easy rhythm. Tami filled her mom in somewhat on her life. She left out the modeling and Chalfont and the meeting and the lesbian sex and the orgasms. Mostly they talked about her class. Mom always asked about Jen and Mandy and then Rod. She even asked about that “nice girl Wanda. She was so thoughtful to drive you home that time.” Hmm, yeah, Tami thought, Wanda’s real nice.

“I was just with a reporter,” Tami said, trying to change the subject. Her mom’s face got serious.

“What? Are you serious? Tami, why would you speak to a reporter?”

“It’s fine Mom, he was from a nudist magazine,” she said. Mrs. Smithers’ face softened.

“That’s odd. Tami, does he know you’re not a real nudist?”

Tami looked around, hoping that no one heard her. She was lucky that no one was around. “Mom, I am a nudist. I don’t wear clothes so I think that makes me one.”

“You know what I mean,” the woman said. There was quiet between them and then she spoke again. “You ever think about what your father said? That you could give up this whole thing and come home, be normal again?”

Tami started to tear up and her mother immediately stammered an apology. “I didn’t mean it like that sweetheart, I’m sorry,” she said. “You know, just be a normal girl wearing clothing, I mean.”

“I want that Mom, I really do,” Tami said, wiping away the tears. “But not like that, not giving up everything to come home and work in the hardware store. That’s not my dream Mom.” The hurt and frustration was building up; that, coupled with the dean, Ross and Wanda ratcheting up the humiliation, was finally getting Tami to crack.

Mrs. Smithers, disappointed that she had hurt her daughter’s feelings, moved on to other topics of conversation: Joe’s meet, her recent medical appointment, the hardware store. Tami nodded when she could but had no desire to participate.

“Well, Joe’s race is next,” the woman said, “I should go.”

“OK Mom, talk to you soon.”

“I love you Tami,” she said, “I hope you always know that.”

Tami nodded, more tears. “I know. Bye.”

She tried to compose herself, blowing her nose into a napkin sitting on the table. She pulled her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them, completely shielding most of her body from view. She knew that some people would scold her for covering herself but seriously? Anyone who cared to could see her pussy peeking out from between her legs, under the table and her boobs were clearly visible from the side. Why couldn’t she be a normal girl, like her mother said? Why was she the only one who had to be naked, who had to display her body at all times? Why did she ever agree to streaking all those months ago?

“Babe?” Tami looked up, tears streaking down her cheeks, to see Rod standing there with a few friends. “What’s wrong? You ok?”

Tami quickly put her feet flat on the floor. All three men looked directly at her boobs with her hard nipples pointing right at them. “Yes, I’m fine…just a rough call home, that’s all. You know mothers and daughters.”

The other guys seemed okay with that explanation but Rod still looked concerned. “What are you guys doing,” she said, planting a smile on her face.

“This is Mitch and Gianni, we are in a class together and were working on a group project,” Rod said. “They’re engineering majors too.”

The two men walked towards Tami and reached out to shake her hand. They tried to make eye contact but neither was really successful.

“We are headed to the basketball game,” Rod said. “CFC is playing for the league title.” Tami nodded. Except for those early gymnastics meets in which she had been forced to participate, she hadn’t been to any Campbell Frank sporting events, choosing to stay away from crowds. It was a shame, really, as she was a big sports fan, especially basketball. She and her dad used to love watching the Celtics and college hoops on Saturdays and Sundays.

“You want to come,” one of the men, she thought it might have been Mitch, asked.

“Oh, I don’t think so,” Rod said. “Tami never goes to games.”

Tami’s head snapped at her boyfriend. Who was he to make decision on her behalf? Did he really think her had to speak for her? The look on her face was enough for the man to realize his mistake. “Oh, well, Tami, maybe you want to?”

No she did not, but now she felt she had to, to make a point. “Sure, I’ll go,” she said. She grabbed her coffee and picked up her clothes bag. “Are the games free?”

“If you have a student ID,” Gianni said. Tami blanched, remembering that threat made by Wanda to have her butthole on her ID card instead of her face. This would have been one of the moments when she would have had to bend over to prove she was Tami Smithers. The thought caused her to shiver.

She headed out to what became some of the most fun hours she had spent on campus that year. After initial awkwardness with Gianni and Mitch, they eased into a nice conversation and she found them to be good guys. They laughed and joked easily and their eyes only occasionally moved to her boobs and vagina and butt. She supposed that they might have checked those areas out even if she was clothed; men tend to do that to all girls but they are especially noticeable when looking at her.

They got to the gym. Tami was grateful that all she needed to do was bend down and take it out of her ankle pouch (though she knew that Mitch got an eyeful standing on the step below her). Though the weather was nicer than normal, it was still a bit chilly. Most of the other students wore sweatshirts or long sleeves but once they got inside, they shucked them to reveal t-shirts or less because how hot the gym was. Some girls wore sports bras with the CFC logo on it or halter tops that revealed bare midriffs. Tami loved feeling the heat on her poor, battered body and to know that though she was the only naked person there, there was a lot of skin being shown here.

There was a bit of a stir when she made her first appearance in the student section. She got a huge hug from Dawn and Myree who were donning their CFC gear, Dawn in a tank top, denim shorts and a backward cap on top of her braided hair. Myree wore a CFC t-shirt that hugged her large chest on top of jeans and sandals. Soon she was surrounded by other fans who hooted and hollered, “yea Tami, naked Tami in the house!” Quickly a flask appeared and she took a swig of a foul tasting alcohol that felt so good going down that she soon took another swig, not enough to get drunk but enough to be a bit numb.

Soon she was surrounded by dozens of other students. Of course it was obvious that she was naked, it wasn’t as bad as being by herself. She was part of the crowd, one of many. For so long she had been a girl apart: the only one naked, the only one forced to display herself, the only one who knew the terrible secret she held. Now, today, for the first time in a while, she was a part of it all.

Tami didn’t even mind the attention when the teams came out. The CFC team, well used to seeing Naked Tami on campus, paid her no mind besides a cursory glance. The other team was incredibly distracted, which continued into the game. Each time they shot a free throw, the crowd around Tami would spread out, giving the shooter a full view. Inevitably, they missed a good share. She saw their coach arguing with the ref who shrugged his shoulders.

At one point during a time out, Mitch and Gianni lifted her up and Tami was crowdsurfing. She knew that her nudity was on full display; there was no way for a nude girl to crowdsurf with any modesty but of course she was not supposed to have any. Still, she blanched at the view that the parents and alumni at the game now had of her spread out and fully seen.

At the end of the game, the horn sounded and Campbell Frank had won their league championship. The whole group stormed the court, Tami included. She knew that she was groped and mauled in the pile but it was so much fun, she ignored it. After all she had been through, this little thing was expected and a small price to pay for being a part of the crowd.

She found Rod and they walked home hand in hand. Tami felt full and happy, though her mood changed a bit when she found a photo of herself, blurring over her breasts and vagina, posted on the local sports section. A bit of the old, modest Tami came back and she got redfaced. Why did every good moment for her always come attached to a moment of shame?

**Tami: The Meeting, 18 NEW**

Monday morning arrived and Tami had barely slept. Today was the day that she would learn her fate. Truthfully neither was a particular good thing for her: 1) she gets expelled and forced to move home, though she could finally put clothes on again; 2) things stay as before, the college letting her walk naked through campus. She knew that #2 was the only real option for her; option 1 meant going home and working in her dad’s hardware store, her dream of college dashed. No, option 2 was the only option she had, even if it meant being naked and barefoot longer.

She hoped for an email from the dean but as of 6:45 am, there was nothing. She had to go and pose for that awful, shaming art class and wanted to shower first. Yesterday had been her annual day of lovemaking with Rod and she was worn out. Plus, she needed to be sure she was clean down there. After all, with no covering at all, even just a flimsy pair of panties, she was completely open and on display to all who cared to look.

Tami typically loved being in the shower…with the curtain drawn, in a place where she was expected to be naked, she felt normal and away from prying eyes. Today, though, she simply showered to get clean. She did take a few extra minutes to shave her legs, underarms and pubic mound. One way or the other, today was going to be monumental and she wanted to be clean and ready.

She wondered what she would do if the Dean decided to expel her. She could of course go right to the clothing store across the street from campus and buy clothes immediately. Or grab something from Jen or Mandy. It would disappoint them but she had no reason to be naked anymore. Or did she? She was loved by those two especially but many others. Her nudity was one of the things they loved about her. Could she just go, get clothes and dress on her way off campus? Would the college retroactively rescind her fall semester grades? There was so much she didn’t know, being just an innocent (no so much anymore, she supposed) 18 year old girl.

Back in her room, still dripping despite drying as best she could from the little towels she was allowed, she checked her email again but nothing from the dean. The wait was killing her. She brushed her hair, grabbed her ankle pouch and headed off to model.

Two hours later, she slid back into the room, what little remained of her modesty shredded to pieces yet again. Brignon had her pose in incredibly shameful positions, showing her pussy and breasts in exposing ways. Finally, at the end of the hour, Tami nearly broke when she was asked to pull her labia apart so that the group could draw “her inner cave.” It was incredibly humiliating, especially when the male students came up for “closer look.” She could feel their breath reaching up inside of her and desperately wanted to let her fingers close and slam her thighs shut, protecting her private places. Of course Tami the Nudist with No Modesty could do no such thing or a bad report would get back to the dean so she sat there, knees spread, labia open and let them look and breathe into her, no matter how gross she felt.

Back in the room, she was grateful that her roommates were gone to class. She had an hour before her next class so she laid on the bed and cried. Finally, her sobs subsided and she took a deep breath. After going into the bathroom and splashing water on her face, she came back to her room. Grabbing her laptop to do some review work for class, she saw that a new email had come in.

TO: Tami.B.Smithers@cfc.edu
FROM: DeanJorgon@cfc.edu
SUBJECT: Meeting Today

Tami,

Good morning. Sorry for the short notice but I see that you are available at 1 pm today. Would you be able to meet me in my office then?

Thank you.
Dean Jorgon

Tami’s legs started shaking with nerves. Was this it? Was all of the humiliation she had suffered all year for nothing? She slid the laptop back into her bag, knowing it was no use. She would not be able to concentrate now, her mind was working in overdrive.

As she laid there, she idly rubbed between her legs and it soothed her. As much as she hated to admit it, all of the orgasms she had tended to put her sex drive into another dimension. As she rubbed her bare vulva, she moaned, allowing herself a moment of pleasure without shame. Her fingers started moving faster now, especially near her clit which was erect and flaming. “YES,” she moaned as her fingers moved faster and faster. Normally she had trouble making herself cum but not today and she exploded into the mindless void of pleasure, grateful to be doing it in private and by her own choosing.

A few hours later, after class and a stop in the dining hall to grab an apple, she was on her naked way to her judgement day. She was glad that she didn’t pass anyone she knew along the way because she was too nervous to talk and socialize. She barely remembered what she had heard in class last hour. Something about the Middle Ages and the Crusades. As a Catholic, she felt a bit guilty about some of the behavior exhibited but, for the most part, she was barely able to pay attention.

The lobby of Rossland Hall was crowded. Though most of the people in there were well aware of the naked student, there were some visitors who stared open-mouthed. Even those who knew her weren’t as familiar with seeing her as the students and faculty were so they also gaped at the naked girl. Just another of the daily humiliations for the always naked and modest young Tami Smithers.

She got to the Dean’s Office and saw Mrs. King, who looked at her disdainfully as always. Tami sat in the comfy chair and saw Mrs. King shiver. For some reason, the woman hated it when Tami sat in these chairs, as if her butt sweat or pussy juice would just pour out of her and stain the pretty chairs. Feeling devilish, she slid her butt cheeks back and forth, as if savoring the feel of the cushion against her bare skin. She heard Mrs. King gasp and it gave her a little smile, despite her harried mental state.

“Miss Smithers, come in, please,” the dean said, motioning for her to go into his office. Tami wished she could have had a chance to look at the chair to see if she had “left” anything behind but there seemed so good way to do so.

Tami was surprised to notice that the Dean was alone. She had expected Ross here for this momentous occasion and wasn’t sure what his absence meant.

“Tami, please sit,” he said, pointing towards the plush leather armchair in the far end of his office, away from the desk. She had never been invited back to this part of the office. She sat, loving the feel of the smooth surface against her bare skin. “Can I get you something to drink? Water, coffee, soda?”

The nude girl was taken back from the man’s gentle manner and calm demeanor. This was so different from her normal interaction with him. “Um, sure,” she stammered. “Coffee would be great. Thank you.”

“Sure. Cream and sugar?”

She shook her head. “No, black is fine,” she said, though he normally took cream and sugar, she didn’t want him to go to any trouble.

Being off-kilter, she sat back and instinctively crossed her legs, the way all women (and some men) do when they sit. However, when the dean returned, his eyes went right to the crossed legs, as if she were doing something wrong. She took the opportunity of getting her coffee to uncross her legs and plant her feet on either side of the chair, exposing her pussy to his gaze if he chose to look. Strangely he was focused on her face, a rare occurrence in this office and on this campus.

The dean sat down next to her, his suit pants grazing her bare shin, causing her to shiver as she always did when she came into contact with clothing. She awkwardly held the coffee cup and saucer over her belly button, making great effort to not cover her boobs or pussy.

“Tami, I know that I have been rough on you this year,” he said softly, “and I apologize. I have to say, though, you have put this school into a difficult situation that I try to help manage each day. Some of my frustration with that might have rubbed off on you and for that I am sorry.”

He looked as if he wanted a response so she nodded.

“Have you really thought through this ‘religion’ of yours,” he asked in a friendly tone.

She got uneasy again, putting her guard up. “I don’t know what you mean,” she said, sitting up straighter, pushing her boobs out.

“I mean have you thought it through? It’s a very inconvenient religion to have.” He looked for an answer but she stayed silent. “I’m sure you have experienced it already. Walking naked and barefoot through the snow and ice, having to carefully plan nighttime excursions, not being able to go into some establishments in town, getting teased by immature students. These are only a small part of what you are going to deal with and more. It seems like a lot.”

Tami wasn’t sure where he was going. It felt like a trap but he seemed to be friendly, trying to counsel her. Still, she felt deep in her gut that he was not to be trusted.

“I’m fine with it,” she said. “Religion doesn’t have to be easy.”

He laughed heartily. “I guess you’re right,” he said, “the men who founded this school certainly spent some rough times standing up for their beliefs. I’m not sure how they would feel about you Tami.”

“How so,” she said, taking a sip of coffee, needing something to do.

“Well, I think, truthfully, they would be appalled to have a naked woman running all over campus,” he said, looking at her breasts momentarily before returning to her face. “However, in some ways, I think they would be impressed by your faith and your willingness to suffer.”

They sat there quietly, Tami letting his words run through her. She wasn’t sure what the next step was.

“Sir, have you made a decision on what happens to me,” she asked, sounding more like a child than she had intended.

He sighed. “Yes and no,” he said. “I have made my decision but I’m not sure it’s the right one. I also haven’t run it past anyone else here yet.”

“So?”

“Sadly, I can’t tell you my decision yet and I have to ask for more patience,” he said. “Can you give me 24 hours?”

“Sure,” she said, nodding, feeling like she got a stay of execution. “Thank you for the coffee.”

“My pleasure Tami, truly,” he said. “I will be in touch.” With that he stood and extended his hand. She laid the empty cup and saucer on the glass table in front of her and took his hand.

She showed herself out of the office, puzzled by the exchange. As she walked past the chair, she was pleased (and a bit disgusted) to see a smudge that could have been from her. Mrs. King was nowhere to be found, probably off getting cleaning supplies for the chair. That thought gave her a chuckle as she headed to the elevator and back into the chilly night. She wondered whether this would be her last naked night.

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The end of this came very unceremoniously. Tami, wrung out from having over a dozen orgasms at Chalfont, received an email on her phone as she staggered into the dining hall for dinner.

TO: Tami.B.Smithers@cfc.edu
FROM: DeanJorgon@cfc.edu
SUBJECT: Decision

Tami,

Thank you for taking the time to meet with me yesterday and over the past few weeks. I know that this process has been strenuous and a bit tiring for you.

At this time, I have decided to allow you to continue your enrollment at Campbell Frank College. Please know that all stipulations continue to be in play.

If you have any questions, please contact me or Mr. Ross.

Sincerely,

Dean Jorgon

Tami exhaled. For the first time in a while, there was no guillotine hanging over head. She should be grateful, and she supposed she was. She really did not have a plan that did not include Campbell Frank. However, it did mean that she was still naked and would be for the foreseeable future. She supposed she had to take the good with the bad. She may still be naked but she was still chasing her dream of a college degree.