**Tami Beethoven**  
by Donny Laja

**Part 1**

"Here's some burnt connective tissue," she said, wiping a small grease splatter off her nipple and forking three strips of bacon onto Rod's plate. Before turning back to the stove she snapped off a piece for herself. Burnt connective tissue tasted so good sometimes, especially on a late winter morning like this.

Her comment was playing to her vegetarian guests, Jen and Leisha, married three years ago under the laws of the State of Vermont, who were taking in Tami's famous soy flour pancakes. Dressed in flannel shirts, jeans, and sneakers with nice thick wool socks, they also took in the trim butt cheeks as Tami worked the stove, cheeks that were always bare like the rest of her and were a prime display of her trademark tan. It was well observed in the Campbell-Frank College community that Tami's summer skin was copper, but her winter skin was a light brown, a change like the summer and winter colors of certain birds. But at any time of year, her permanently nude body was one of the glories of the local countryside.

She turned to slide another pancake onto Jen's plate. "Nice, what is that, burgundy, Tam?" Jen said. Tami stood back, playfully tossing her shoulder-length hair like in a shampoo commercial, then looking down to her full length nudity. Her hair, her fingernails, her pubic hair ("lower hair", she called it), and her toenails were all the same reddish color, a shade lighter than her natural hair color. "No, more magenta-ish. The box calls it 'Plum'," she said. "Goes well." "Thanks. I might stick with this for a while." "I still like the all-black look on you."

As Jen said this she brushed aside a few of the beer bottle caps that had some time ago spilled over the top of the big round oatmeal carton that graced the end of the table. Most of the caps reflected Tami's favorite brand. The carton had been there a year but, still, that was a whole lot of caps. Behind the mountain of caps, on the wall, a bulletin board with various pictures and notices, many way out of date. And a little framed note that said, in Tami's neat hand,

"Would you spend your life  
 With a naked wife?"

Next to that, a Pawtucket Red Sox hat, push-pinned into the board.

Rod, about ten minutes from having to leave for work, ready for the outside world in his gray button-down shirt, dark pants and engineer's boots, looked up from reading this morning's news on his laptop. He reflected on how Tami's appearance had changed over the past three years. Her face, for one thing. Longer, a bit more angular, more like a mature woman. Looking back at those old photos now, like from the Black Formal he had taken Tami to during her first semester, her face seemed more babyish, almost chubby. Now it was more "beautiful", as if to catch up with those bright green eyes.

Her body, too, was a bit more angular, the muscles slightly better defined, especially around the midriff and that tight little butt typical of white girls. Her breasts seemed a bit larger. Remarkably they did not sag, being without the benefit of a bra all this time. Maybe not so remarkable. When she was a sophomore Tami had dug up a study showing that bras, for all their other purposes, do not really prevent sagging. Sounded wrong, but in Tami's case the theory was correct.

Looking at her matching hair and nails, Rod was glad that her personal fashion sense, or what fashion choices life had permitted her in light of her allergy, had calmed down. That sophomore year, at least the second half, was a wild ride. Blazing colors, half-buzz cuts, shaving into a "T" for Tami, Bride of Frankenstein shocks -- Tami's crotch was like a dazzling billboard bopping around the campus and town, making it even more the center of attention that it already was wherever she went. Her upper hair was no less flamboyant, one month almost a Mohawk, the next green dreadlocks, and usually different color nail polish on each finger and toe. It was a trial to be seen with her, though he never admitted it. Just when he was hoping people would get used to this naked girl walking around, she calls attention to herself.

Then that summer internship in Germany, working with a famous math professor on six-dimensional polymers or whatever it was -- he never could quite understand her attempts to explain it, even though he was about to complete an engineering degree with two years of calculus. When she came back in August she was so enthusiastic. "Germany is such a totally nude friendly country. It's where nudism began. They go out naked to the parks. I'd walk out and, it was like, I'm not the only one for once. It was so nice not being stared at. Everyone was so polite and grown-up about it. One day they had an exhibit at an art museum; it was a really hot day, so if you went naked you got in free. I was just one of the crowd. I wished all the time you could be there and we'd be naked together. Of course" they were on the bed at the time, late at night, "I wouldn't be able to control myself, looking at this! Roarrr!" Whereupon she grabbed his dick, swung it around from the base like a floppy baseball bat, then took it into her throat.

When she came back from that summer she was full of German phrases. He had learned a little bit from his father, who had been stationed there during his Army days, and had thought it a military and harsh language. But then he heard Tami speak it in a gentle, musical way and it was enchanting. "I love the way you wrap your lips around those umlauts," was his favorite phrase for a while.

She had also, really for the first time, embraced what she called "the theory of nudism" -- the beneficial effect of the elements on bare skin. She was determined to live in as natural a state as possible and it was almost as hard to take as The Year of the Dazzling Pubic Hair. She let her legs and armpits go unshaved, let her hair grow wild and long, till it was almost to her butt. And she would take long hikes at night in the woods behind the house. He had quite a shock the first time he woke up in the middle of the night to see a wild naked white woman, autumn leaves in her hair, perched in the opened bedroom window, dirt-covered toes curling over the sill, green eyes glowing in the dark, then pouncing across the room onto him, pulling the covers off, commandeering his dick, and jumping on it to ride him through her many orgasms, his crotch scratched by crumpling leaves that had gotten caught in her lower hair. She did this a number of times until the novelty wore off.

Maybe he was too buttoned-down. Maybe there was a wildness inside him that she was trying to tap, without saying so. Certainly when they were alone she was wild enough for both of them. But it was good to see her calm down and settle on "Plum".

He returned to reading his laptop. Tami kissed the shaved smoothness of his ebony scalp and scooted in across from him, beside her old roommate Jen. While shoveling in her third helping of potatoes she turned a bit, drew her leg up toward the microwave with her gymnast's flexibility, and with her dexterous toes tapped in ninety seconds for the eggs. A flick of her pinky toe and it turned on.

"Ooo ooo ooo," Leisha said in a raspy voice. Tami smiled. Her friends sometimes made chimp sounds when she used her feet like hands. For her it had been a natural progression, going around in bare feet for three years with toes always out there and available. It also made the wedding band more noticeable, on the third toe of her left foot, matching the larger one which Rod wore in the conventional place.

"Going to Killington today?" Rod asked. (The biggest ski center in Vermont.)

"Not sure. Might be too warm," Jen said, leaning against Leisha. They were more or less bumming around the region until Leisha's next anthropology conference in Montreal. Jen, daughter of wealth, was conducting a very low-key job search, hoping to land an assistant professorship next fall.

Rod tapped a few keys. "Says it'll be cloudy today, possible rain, up to 40."

Tami stretched and thrust out her breasts. "No, that's wrong."

Jen smiled. "Accu-tits weather."

The naked 22-year-old got up and stretched again, giving Jen and Leisha a mouth-watering view of her breasts riding up on her perfectly formed body. She tapped on her dark brown, permanently erect nipples with her index fingers and then flicked them up and down, making her breasts jiggle, giggling as her guests swooned. "Let me go out and check. I forgot the mail yesterday anyway."

After she had gone, Rod, checking sports scores, said, "See Tam's latest rescue?"

Jen and Leisha looked at each other with a flash of realization. "So that wasn't a dream."

"No, another girl from Teaser's." Rod exhaled. "Luci, the manager, called around midnight. I keep telling Tam it's not her place to put herself out so, but you know how she is. At least this one was just weepy and drunk. We put her on the couch in the sun room."

"I think Herr Remmler would have approved," Jen said, referring to the deceased professor emeritus at Chalfont who had willed this little house to Tami and her husband for as long as she was associated with the college. Rod shrugged helplessly. Providing emergency shelter for wayward strippers was one of many things he had to resign himself to, as husband of Queen Tami the Nude.

Tami returned sorting mail in her hands, tapping last night's fluffy snow off her toes, having padded silently down the driveway to the mailbox and no doubt waved at the ever-present Mrs. McBreer across the street. Having sampled the outside air, her nipples could give a more accurate forecast. "It's about 25 now, going up only to 35. Clear all day."

Leisha said, "Clear tomorrow too?"

"Vielleicht," Tami said, parking her butt down where it was before. One of the German words she still occasionally used -- they knew by now that "vielleicht" means "probably".

Another huge scoop of potatoes into her mouth, to the amusement of Jen and Leisha. It was often remarked that during the cold months, Tami ate like a hog.

They breakfasted silently for a moment, Rod reading his laptop, the two African-American women wiping up the last of the syrup as they leaned against each other, about as true as true love can get.

Rod could sense it before it actually happened. Beneath the table, Tami's snow-encrusted toes now caressed the crotch of his pants. "How about a quick go-round?"

**Part 2**

"Babe, you're going to kill me," he said for about the ten thousandth time.

"You're the one who attacked me, last night," the naked girl countered.

"It was more like you attacking me," he said.

"That was only the second time."

"And the third."

After a quick wink to Leisha, Jen quietly slid under the table. A quick inhale from Tami ensued.

"Thanks, Jen," Rod said. The experiments that Tami had been coerced into undergoing at Chalfont during that awful freshman year had created within her an insatiable sex drive which had not diminished after all this time. Rod knew that Tami's dedication to him was total, but also knew that he just did not have the time or the energy, or maybe the staying power, to keep her from climbing the walls all by himself.

It got worse after that bra and panties that had been so diabolically designed for her at Chalfont, with the bristles and dildos inside, got too uncomfortable for her to wear. It was a shame. It was the only thing she could wear after her allergy set in. They would be happily hanging out on the porch on a fall evening, him in his sweats and her in that bikini, conversation interrupted only by her quivering now and then as she worked the remote in her hand. Afterward she would be sated and happy for hours. But then, not far into her sophomore year, she felt confined with those straps around her back and her hips. According to Dr. Kantor, the behavioral therapist at Chalfont who had been assigned to cure her clothes aversion, it was simply another manifestation of the allergy.

Now the bristle bra and dildo panties hung, unused, in the closet. Add to this the odd fact that Tami just could not reach orgasm by her own hands. The help of others was just necessary. Rod had adjusted to that fact a long time ago. So he appreciated Jen's help. Besides, Jen had a kind of seniority.

Under the table, Jen's tongue worked her magic. It never took long with Tami. She swallowed, then lay her head back, eyes half-closed. Then soft, breathy moans escaped between her deepening breaths. Tami's orgasms had a wonderful diversity, every one was different, but the general signs of her ascent were well known. One foot came up to brace against the wall next to the microwave, as if she was about to defy gravity and walk up sideways. Leisha cradled the other foot in her lap. Toes spread and the naked young woman swallowed quickly, then held her breath as she waited for the onslaught. Rod lifted his coffee off the table.

"Zhh!! Zhh!! Zhh!!" Eyes exploded open. Her knees jerked up with each jolt, banging up against the table and causing plates to clatter (but not coffee to spill). Rod disengaged himself from today's news and looked at his beautiful wife. One could only smile. He never tired of seeing her face registering the greatest physical pleasure a person can know. This was a really violent one, her body showed incredible strength – he almost believed she could lift a car with her upward jerks. He admired Jen's virtuosity. He had gotten better at oral sex over the past few years, but maybe it takes a woman to really know what works best on another woman.

In fact he was convinced of it. Tami and her female "fans" (as he thought of them) seemed to occupy a world different from his. A totally female world. The last time Jen and Leisha visited was memorable. It was one of those Saturdays he’d had to work. He left after lunch, Tami sitting like she often did, cross-legged on top of the living room table, with her two seated friends holding her hands. Jen had brought some white wine and bread and cheese; Jen liked to bring in some elegant props and it was unspoken that they were getting ready for one of their little "events".

He got to the project -- restoring an old dam near the Canadian border -- and it was hard for him to concentrate. His mind wandered so much that the jeep he was driving almost drifted off the service road at one point. He kept wondering, what are they doing to her now? His mind relaxed after about three o'clock, realizing they must be finished and sitting around, maybe while Tami took one of her frequent afternoon naps.

The job took longer than he thought. At six he called home but there was no answer. He left a message on the machine promising to be back at nine sharp. When that time finally rolled around, bleary-eyed and exhausted, he rolled into the driveway and stumbled into the living room.

He was stunned. They were still at it. Tami was on the table, on all fours, covered in sweat, her hair dripping around her face. Behind her, Jen was slowly working a big ribbed dildo in and out of her rectum, while licking her pussy, drawing out the lips, poking at the clit with the tip of her tongue. Leisha, sitting on the other end, had drawn the end of Tami's stretched breast into her mouth, vigorously sucking on the nipple while reaching over to rub the other nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Tami's whole body was tight as a drum, her toes twitching, suspended right on the brink.

Had they been going all this time? Jen and Leisha were still fully dressed, not a button undone. Had Tami been pleasured for nine hours straight? Had they given her a breather? How many times had she come? Were there any limits at all to the sexual capacity of his naked wife? Questions flooded his suddenly awake mind. The wine had almost all been drunk, some crumbs of bread still on the plate. It was as if Tami was the main course.

He had sometimes resented it -- he sometimes imagined they were seeing how many orgasms they could get out of her, playing her like a pinball machine. Yet that was not it. It was something more like communion -- maybe Tami, raised Catholic, got some kind of fulfillment out of it, Catholicism had always been something alien to him -- or maybe more like worship.

It turned out, unexpectedly, to be romantic. The three women did not appear to notice his approach. But then as he got near the table Jen and Leisha accelerated their ministrations, and as he circled Tami's shaking body and came around to her sweaty face, he caught a look in her half-opened, feverish eyes that could only be called pure love. He then knew what to do -- he bent over and kissed her, a full-throated kiss, and as he did she lurched forward, moaned loudly into his mouth, and her whole body spasmed, and spasmed again.

More followed. It was a powerful orgasm even for Tami. Her whole body quaked and quaked, as Jen and Leisha hung on for dear life and he kept his lips on hers, grasping the damp hair behind her head, and she held her lips to his to the extent she could. The whole event, the whole nine hours, had been a preparation, waiting for him to join her as she scaled and reached what must have been the pinnacle of ecstasy.

Rod thought of that time as, now at the breakfast table, he saw the post-orgasmic catching of breath, the slight sheen of sweat, the hands that went under the table to caress Jen's hair, which nowadays was set in short cornrows. Tami was descending to the plateau now, from whence she could rise and then rise again -- "going up", she called it. Leisha watched intently too.

Inconsequentially, the microwave beeped and the eggs were ready.

Now the ascent to the second orgasm.

"Rrringg!!"

Rod was about to get up when Tami reached up with a sharp motion and got the phone. Maybe it was her good-girl, straight-A sense of duty, her Catholic upbringing, but she would not let her orgasms interfere with anything. She pushed down the crest with a visible effort. "H - hello."

"Oh hi Wanda," she said with a smile and she relaxed and went back to riding Jen's tongue. She looked and fondled the cornrows. "Wow. C - congratulationsssss!!" She seemed happily surprised and glad for her old friend. To Rod and Leisha she said, "W - Wanda's b - been hired by th - the B - Boston D.A. off -- off -- office -- Ohhhh!"

Her eyes opened to the ceiling and lost focus as they always did just as an orgasm began. She was listening to what Wanda was saying, or at least trying to. How did she do that? He had asked her once -- "I just play back in my mind what I just heard." It probably took practice, but of course, she had had plenty of that.

Spasms and little grunts followed. She was holding back her vocalizations so she could hear better. Then she looked down at Jen. "W - wanda says hi." She hadn't needed to mention Jen's name.

"Ohh!" Her pelvis jerked. Jen had apparently delivered a little rough suction to Tami's clit. This was Jen's way of saying, "Hi, Wanda."

Jen and Wanda continued to converse through Tami's body for a little while, sentences, pauses, commas, an occasional exclamation point. Then: "T - tomorrow night then -- ohhhh!. . . OK . . ." After replacing the receiver with great effort Tami exhaled and caressed Jen's hair, lurched one final time, then came down from the plateau at last. "Mmmmm . . . " After a few moments Jen came up to lay her head against Tami's breasts, like a contented baby with a tummy full of mother's milk.

Rod felt his dick, recently given up for dead, stirring. It was Tami's musk, which filled the room and made it hot and humid. He might or might not be able to get fully erect again but it was a moot point; it was time to go to work. He put the laptop on "hibernate" and went to get his briefcase. When he returned a couple of minutes later he said, "Your guest is up. I found her in the hall."

Tami, by then back in this world with her orange juice and eggs, said, "Tell her to come in. She must be hungry."

"She's too shy. She'd rather stay in her room. . . Well, good-bye Babe." Off to his new engineer job in Burlington, his first real job after the year with the Army Corps of Engineers which had been a condition of his scholarship to Campbell-Frank.

Tami stood her naked self in front of him, her breasts jiggling as she straightened his tie.

"Thanks Mom," he said.

"'Clothes make the man,'" she said as she looked him up and down admiringly.

Which was greeted with a snort. He put his finger behind his tie. "Akk. If the world is ruled by men, how come we have to wear ties?"

"Because it's not ruled by SMART men."

"What's on today, Babe?"

"Aside from the usual, I have the presentation in Fashion Design with Gretchen. I think she'll be all right. Also they want to see me about something. Then Kantor."

Rod exhaled in exasperation. "It just goes on and on. Why doesn't Kantor or Abu Jamal talk to you? I think they're holding back on something."

"Oh I KNOW they're holding back," Tami said. "They'll tell me when they're ready." Once again, the odd fact: Rod wanted one of the many therapies they had tried to finally work, while Tami seemed to take it one day at a time.

A slow kiss on the lips, bare arms around his coat, tan midriff against his belt buckle, toes wrapping around his gumshoe boots, and Rod was gone.

**Part 3**

She woke groggily but then with a sudden sense of alarm. She was in a strange bed. The strap of her camisole had pulled off her shoulder and she straightened it. Her black vinyl pants were bunched up too. She poked her head up from the covers like a ground hog. What had she gotten herself into? Had somebody dragged her half-naked drunk body into bed and humped her? She had heard of that happening --

Fortunately her private parts did not hurt. She felt more or less in one piece, except for the hangover. And this sun room she was in did not seem sleazy, in fact it seemed respectable and neat.

Taking care not to move too fast -- with her hangover she could easily get dizzy -- she got up and saw that her shoes were placed neatly on the floor. She clumsily slipped her bare feet into the glass-bottomed, four-inch-high platform sandals and, straightening out her long black hair behind her, took stock of where she was.

A nice little house. As she lurched into the next room, a living room, she tried to dismiss the weird dream from last night. Practically being thrown into the cold night air, a cold ride in a pickup truck with someone who spoke gibberish, then a naked super-woman picking her up like she weighed nothing and carrying her inside. It was obviously a dream, at least the last part.

Pierre, Pierre . . . I know he won't forgive me for this . . .

She heard voices far away somewhere. Trying to trace their source she found herself in what must be a master bedroom. A queen-size bed, recently slept in. An open closet with lots of clothes -- just men's clothes. She looked around for women's clothes and shoes and found none. Just a guy must live here. She also noticed that the covers were thrown back on only one side of the bed. Single. And a gentleman, not to have screwed her last night.

There was a big window showing the back yard, and a computer table with books and papers, a monitor and keyboard. The mouse and its pad were on the floor, under the chair. Weird.

Her eyes were arrested by the pictures on the dresser. Naked girls. No, they were all the same girl. That super-woman? The big photo, in the middle, with her standing on a riser in front of a cheering crowd, flowers in her hair, next to a young black man in a white formal type coat. It could be a wedding picture, but for the missing bridal gown. A young lady in a minister outfit is next to them, and a straggly-looking bearded guy in a blazer and jeans. The naked girl looks so out of place, with everyone else fully clothed.

Another picture, the same naked girl, sitting on a throne wearing a tiara, with an exaggerated haughty expression. Below her, on some steps with a red carpet, three girls in matching red and black, bowing to her. One was white, one was thin and black, another was Hispanic-looking with giant tits almost spilling out of her low-cut dress. Another picture, of the naked girl in the tiara, this time with her arm around another girl, thin and white and kind of no-nonsense looking, in a kind of business suit.

Some smaller pictures of the naked girl with what must be a brother and her parents, cropped at her bare shoulders. Now the same brother it looked like, in uniform next to an American flag. There she is with her shoulders again, next to the black guy, this time he's in a black graduation gown, with what must be his parents. The father is bent over and supports himself with a cane. Quite a contrast in that photo, with her bare white skin.

On the other wall a large painting caught her eye. Somehow she hadn't noticed it before. It was the same girl, in a chair in what looked like the stacks of a library, pausing from reading a book as if pleasantly surprised to see the viewer. The book is half-open in her hands over her flat tummy. Totally naked, her pubic hair and breasts on full view, yet not showing them off either. Her attitude was strange -- not at all like a stripper, just the opposite. As if she didn't even know she was naked. Both her face and her body are beautiful, as if the artist was in love with her.

Now on another little table, set apart, a frame with photos of a tall, friendly-looking guy with black curly hair, wearing a long black coat, and a girl in red lipstick in a black dress with a real long string of pearls, leaning against a lamp post, her hips playfully swayed and her head tilted, like a hooker. This is the white girl from the throne photo. Between them, a photo of the World Trade Center.

She looked at the doorway, thinking she heard a movement. I shouldn't be in here. So she scampered back into the hall, realizing how loud these ridiculous stripper shoes were on the hardwood floor. Still a bit hung over and disoriented, she made a wrong turn and found herself facing a bathroom. Too late to turn back. So she went in, her shoes stomping on the little tiles, and closed the door.

No sound. She found that she did have to pee and sat down. The bathroom was tiny. As she exhaled and let it flow she looked at the bathtub and shower right next to her and realized that there wasn't just a guy living here. Three bottles of shampoo, one of conditioner, then some hair coloring. They couldn't be for the guy because his head was shaved. On the sink were a brush with reddish hair in it, and a long comb. Also a very short little comb, like guys might use on a moustache. Odd, the guy in the pics didn't have a moustache. What's the little comb for?

Reaching over for the toilet paper she was startled to see a big blue rubber bag on the floor with a narrow tube coming out of it. Where had she seen that before? Oh right -- that dancer Lita had one, who kept talking the virtues of anal sex. Ewww, an enema bag. Well, now I know more about this girl living here than I really want to.

And now she detected the faint odor of vomit. She thought: great. She's bulimic too.

Back to the bed in that little sun room. She waited and there was no motion. She got up again.

"Oh," she said, startled in the hall by a tall black man about 25 years old, with a shaved head and wire-rimmed glasses, in a suit and big brown boots. This was the guy from the photos.

"Hello, are you feeling O.K.?" he said, with concern.

"Oui . . . Merci . . . yes. . ." She was babbling.

"You were quite a mess last night. You probably need some food in you."

That would ease the hangover, at least. She smelled eggs and pancakes cooking from somewhere. A telephone rang and there were female voices. Uh - oh . . . a woman gasping as if she were crying. Some kind of scene was going on.

"I still am need to sleep," she said. She couldn't concentrate to speak good English right now.

"O.K. I have to go. My wife's name is Tami. You can't miss her," he added with a smile. "She'll take you to the help center. Good luck getting back on your feet."

She watched him go. She wanted him to stay. Anything to keep from the clutches of this Tami girl. She was getting a very bad feeling about her. Into anal sex, bulimic, takes naked pictures, even with her family -- and now she's breaking down in the kitchen. How did this O.K. seeming guy get involved with her? And why was he leaving her to cry in the kitchen? It made her own situation seem positively normal.

She tumbled back onto the refuge of the bed, wearing her shoes in bed even though it was impolite.

She couldn't stay there forever. It was about fifteen minutes later that she got her courage up to traverse the narrow little hallway, the walls studded with ornately framed black-and-white photos of old men and old women like from a hundred years ago. Then she turned the corner and --

"Hi, Yvette!"

The cheerful girl was next to the stove with a spatula in her hand, facing her as if glad to see her. And without a stitch of clothing. The naked super-woman, in the (bare) flesh! And with no sign of having cried.

Yvette, her mouth open, took in the bare breasts and pubic hair and bare legs. The only thing this girl was wearing was a little golden ring on one toe. Yvette shielded her eyes. "So sorry -- "

"No, it's O.K." she said with a laugh. "I'm Tami. Excuse my appearance. I'm allergic to clothes."

"That's right, she is," said Jen with a mouth full of pancakes. Leisha, also eating but a bit more refined, nodded in agreement.

Yvette slowly unshielded her eyes and accepted the invitation to sit down. There was a table setting in front of her. She nodded to the black women. Do they live here too? What kind of kinkiness was going on? Does the fact that this Tami is the only white person in the house have something to do with her showing her skin all the time?

She watched Tami's backside as she worked the stove. Yvette was a stripper and had seen plenty of naked women walking around, but only on stage or in the dressing room. At home, strippers tended to cover up. This was decidedly weird.

Yvette quickly blinked and realized: and what a body. Thin, firm, narrow waist, nice tits. And a pretty face with striking green eyes. She'd never seen a girl on the circuit so good-looking.

"Eggs, pancakes, bacon, cereal, oatmeal?" Tami said. "Tami's diner, at your service."

Yvette had taken in the ordinary, good-natured atmosphere in the room and decided it was impolite to act freaked out by Tami's nudity. After all, she should be grateful, a safe night's sleep in a clean bed. "Oatmeal, s'il vous plait."

Her mettle was tested again as Tami crouched and then leapt three feet up onto the counter. Her naked host opened the cupboard and stood up there and reached into a shelf near the ceiling. In the meantime she resumed a conversation she had been having with Jen.

"So what kind of job is that?"

Jen described a position that had opened up at Middlebury College that she was interested in. Tami said periodic "mm - hmm's" as she pushed aside boxes of cereal to get at the oatmeal. Meanwhile her toes reached over to the sink and turned on a faucet. Having found the oatmeal she searched further in for the honey. Two quick passes of her toes under the spigot to test if the water was getting hot, then the foot stretched over to the back burner for the kettle. "Mm -- hmm. . . Sounds kind of boring . . . Aren't you overqualified for that?" Clasping toes placed the kettle under the spigot. Tami hopped down with the oatmeal and honey, so gracefully that the only sound was the soft click of the toe ring as it hit the wood floor.

Yvette thought: this girl is like a monkey.

The oatmeal was very good, if a bit rough going down. Tami had simply poured the oats into a bowl and added hot water. "Better fiber that way," she said.

"Well . . . " Jen said.

Tami laughed. "Actually if I try to make it the real way, it's awful."

Jen and Leisha had to leave. Their bags were already packed in the hallway. They each hugged Tami's bare bod, but casually. They would be passing by again in a few weeks.

"If you don't mind, next time we come, let's make a day of it," Leisha said.

Tami paused and said, "I'd love that. The pleasure would be mine."

"You KNOW that's not true," Jen smiled.

And now Yvette found herself alone in the kitchen with this naked Tami girl.

She almost choked on the coffee. "Sorry, I don't realize how strong I make it," Tami said. Yvette had to load it with milk and sugar to make it drinkable.

"This is a 'safe home'," Tami said. "I'm supposed to take you to the help center here, part of the Campbell County Social Services department. I'm in no hurry, I don't have anywhere to go till ten." She paused as if for effect. "You don't have to talk to me, but I am here to listen if you do. I'll keep it a secret if you say so." Another pause. Tami began to stretch, her breasts jutting out, then seemed to check herself. She stretched out one leg and rested the bare heel on the far corner of the table. "You were quite a mess last night. I heard you threw up on stage."

"I almost threw up on you too, when you picked me off the ground."

"Actually you did."

"Oh -- I'm so sorry."

Tami smiled. "It's O.K. It's happened to me before."

Yvette sipped and thought. "I miss my boyfriend."

"What's his name?"

"Pierre. He got me this job and then we had a fight."

"Where is he now?"

"Ste. Catherine. He biked there yesterday."

"Quebec."

Yvette ventured a smile. "Oui."

"Sorry, my French is poor. That's 'ja', right?"

"No, I think it's 'si'." Yvette hadn't used this knowledge since high school. She suddenly remembered her mother saying, "You're smarter than you think you are."

"Funny, I thought it was 'da'."

The two young women giggled. Yvette's first giggle in a long time.

After a quiet moment Tami said, "You like that job? At Teaser's?"

"There's nothing wrong with being a dancer. The pay is good and it's safe," Yvette said defensively.

Tami looked as if she'd heard that a thousand times before. Then she took a deep breath. "I didn't mean to sound, like, judgmental. A lot of girls from there seem weirded out. Others are O.K. Or so I've heard. I've never actually been there."

Yvette looked at the bareness of Tami's breasts and did not know what to think.

"Do you want to talk more about it?"

At the risk of being impolite to her host, Yvette said, "No. Sorry. No." She wondered about calling Pierre. No, it would be long distance from this phone. Also impolite.

"Well then let's get going." Tami got the keys that were hanging from the doorway. Yvette got up and followed her, with another twinge of disbelief. Surely she wasn't going outside in the winter -- like that?? There were no coats or boots in the doorway.

Tami opened the door and a gust of cold air hit Yvette. She shivered in her camisole.

Tami turned and put her hands on Yvette's shoulders. Yvette looked down at the tanned perfect body. Tami looked at the camisole, the vinyl pants, the sockless feet in platform sandals.

"The first thing to do," the naked girl said, "is to get you into some decent clothes."

**Part 4**

In the driveway, next to the tracks in the snow left by Rod's jeep, was an old, old yellow Volkswagen Beetle. Yvette, freezing in the doorway, watched in astonishment as Tami, holding up the key chain with one hand to separate out the correct key, walked over to it slowly and casually, bare feet slopping through the slushy snow covered with two inches of fluffy powder from last night. As she got to the driver's side she called back. "C'mon, Yvette. You'll be O.K. It's all in the mind. Besides, it's a real short ride."

It was a bright morning. The new snow was almost blinding. Yvette looked both ways, wondering if anyone saw this crazy naked girl, then rushed into the car.

She watched silently as Tami pumped the gas, bare toes curling over the padless metal that must feel colder than ice. Her breasts jiggled as she pulled the manual choke -- this was a really old model, like her grandfather used to have in Abitibi. Then Tami got out to the rear, opened the hood, and threw some kind of switch that got the motor to reluctantly kick over.

"Six volt system," she explained as bare buns settled back onto the ripped vinyl of the driver's seat. "The juice doesn't carry in the cold, so I had to put in a bypass on the fan shroud."

Yvette nodded like she knew what Tami was talking about. And then the old car lurched into action.

"Whoaa!" Yvette cried out as it swerved along the driveway, steadily propelled from behind but with the destination of the front end more uncertain. Tami swung the steering wheel back and forth like it was a bumper car in an amusement park. Yvette didn't feel in danger. This was fun. Tami laughed. "VW's are great in the snow. That's why I got this one."

Yvette was hoping for some heat, but then remembered that her grandfather's car was always cold. As they came to a stop sign she looked at the blank knobs on the dashboard. "Is there heat?"

"Theoretical heat, but not real. This has a stale air system. It's O.K., you don't really need heat in a car, unless you're on a long ride." Yvette did not ask what this naked girl did for long rides.

Now they turned onto what looked like the main street. Yvette had never been in the center of this town; Teaser's was on the outskirts. She looked around to see if anyone was noticing Tami's bareness. The tops of her breasts, at least, would be showing. But now a professor-looking type on the sidewalk waved at her. And a young couple carrying bookbags. Now, an old lady toting a cart with groceries. Tami waved back cheerfully to each.

Yvette smiled. "Everyone seems to know you."

"I've been here almost the whole four years." Then she turned closer to Yvette's face. "Also, I'm easy to recognize."

They pulled up to a church. Good God! Is she going to walk naked into --

When they got out it turned out they were actually going into a small clapboard house next to the church. A knock on the door and . . .

It was Rev. Josiah Stipend, a tall and strong-looking man in a rumpled minister's suit with gray hair almost covering his collar. "Welcome, Miss Tami," he said, not in a Southern accent, but in that lilt that Baptist preachers sometimes have.

"Good morning Reverend," Tami said respectfully but amiably. "This young woman stayed with me last night. Her name is Yvette. She could use some clothes."

The reverend nodded at Tami for a long second, then without looking below either woman's face, led them in a gentlemanly manner through a hallway, down some stairs, and into what looked like it might have originally been the house's garage. Aisles of donated clothes and shoes beckoned, so narrow that there was hardly room to get through.

A middle-aged woman, a kerchief holding back her hair, sat nearby sorting clothes on a low table. Behind her was a washer and dryer. "Hi Tami."

"Hi Mrs. Stipend."

Tami led her guest into the aisles, obviously knowing how the place was organized. "First you'll need some real pants . . ."

The Stipends looked at each other and then at the nakedness among the clothes. Rev. Stipend could not help reflecting on his past experience with Tami. He used to be a real firebrand, one of the hellfire members of the college Scholarship Committee. He could not forget the committee's visit to the Dixon Mill to see Tami at her grounds crew assignment, her sweating nakedness on display as her bare feet trod the blades of that awful double treadmill. How he had berated her sinfulness then, and also later when she was summoned to appear before the committee in those special bra and panties which contained protrusions invading her inner cavities, bringing her to climax after climax while being forced to answer their questions.

It was only later that he found out that she was a modest girl who did not want to be naked, and who had been forced into that escalating series of humiliations by Dean Jorgon and Henry Ross who were trying to get her to renounce her scholarship. And that, after Jorgon had resigned and Ross had disappeared and the whole injustice came to light, she discovered she had developed an allergy to clothes and shoes of any type.

What remarkable iron within those young features! He wrote her a letter of apology but knew that was not enough. He prayed for several nights trying to find forgiveness. Finally he met with her in the faculty lounge and asked her forgiveness in person. For a person of his pride it was not easy. She said nothing for a long moment, and then to his surprise she embraced him tearfully.

That experience profoundly changed him. Also, events in the outside world over the past couple of years had convinced him that fundamentalism was perhaps not the way to go. Fortunately most of his congregation followed him as he edged leftward. The lengthening hair was but a trivial sign of it. He peppered his sermons less and less with condemnation and more and more with social justice and compassion. It turned out not to be that hard. Support in scripture was certainly easy to find.

The idea that came to him to set up a clothing closet had such an obvious and questionable origin that he resisted it for a while, but it was simply the right thing to do. In this often cold climate there were many poor people, not so much in town but in the surrounding area, that would benefit. He was aware why he got the idea, through his partial embrace of Freud. Herr Remmler's mentor had made some penetrating observations. Rev. Stipend wanted most of all to give Tami Smithers clothes. Setting up the closet was a sublimation of that desire. Sublimation, he now knew, sometimes had its uses.

Tami and Yvette emerged from the aisles, Yvette carrying jeans, a coat, a flannel shirt, and tall leather boots. Tami carried a furry, Russian-style hat.

"You can take more," he said, then realized he was actually talking to Tami. What a cross she had to bear. Yet she carried it almost joyfully.

Tami seemed about to turn back, then said, "No, this will do. Thank you."

"Any time, my dear -- Tami."

Going back to the car, Yvette remarked, "For a cleric he is a nice man." Tami laughed.

Another quick jaunt in Tami's cold little metal crate and they were back at the house. Tami sent Yvette into the shower.

Yvette came out wrapped in a towel, with another around her hair. "Come over here." She followed the voice to the master bedroom where Tami had her "new" clothes laid out on the now completely made-up bed. Tami was rummaging through a drawer. As she bent over with a total lack of bashfulness, the brown asterisk of her butthole was almost in Yvette's face. Yvette tried not to look.

"You probably want some socks under those boots," Tami said. "Rod has some extras. Sorry I don't have any women's underwear."

"No?"

"No. I don't own any clothes of course. . . I'll be in the kitchen, calling the help center."

Yvette took her time with dressing. She couldn't help but smile as she presented herself to Tami in the kitchen. Though second-hand, the shirt, jeans, the coat, even the Russian hat, looked very good on her. This Tami had excellent fashion sense.

She felt like a little girl getting ready for a party as Tami fussed over the blouse and the coat. Absently looking at the jiggling bare nipples, she said, "Tami, your body is most fine. You could make a million dollars dancing on the circuit."

At this her clothesless host just smiled.

A few minutes later, the old VW, back in town, parked on the main street. They were about to get out and Yvette, sensing their time together was about to end, could not resist asking. "Tami. How can you stand being without clothes in this weather so cold?"

"It's mostly in the mind," Tami replied, as if having been asked this question many times and having rehearsed and refined the answer. "To some extent my body has gotten used to it. In the cold weather I eat like a pig and my metabolism is higher. Of course I can't stay out for, like, hours or anything like that. Or if it's super-cold. Keeping moving is important."

"How long have you been like this?"

"This is my fourth winter. The first one was rough. The second one, I kept testing my limits, seeing what was possible. By the third winter, I knew how to handle the cold so automatically, that I hardly thought about it."

They were getting out of the car now. A tall woman in stylishly bohemian clothes and stiletto heel boots stopped by. Next to her was a much older woman with a cane, in a big fake-fur coat and a green flowery hat.

"Hi, Tami," Assistant Dean Vanessa Congi said.

"Hello dear," the lady in the green hat, Professor Emeritus Mildred George, said in her scratchy old voice.

"This is my friend Yvette," Tami said graciously as she shuffled around the back of the Beetle to turn off the bypass switch. Yvette shook hands with each, a little ladylike clasp. As the naked girl came around to where they were, Professor Congi said, "That's a beautiful shade of hair, Tami."

"Oh thanks." Tami looked down at her pubic patch. This made Yvette half cover her eyes.

"I see your nails all match your hair color," Mrs. George said admiringly.

"I did them myself."

"It looks professional."

"Gee thanks," Tami said, blushing over and above the usual flush from the cold. As they looked down she lifted a foot and spread her toes. The plum-colored toenails, graced with crystals of fresh snow, sparkled in the bright morning sun, a strange and beautiful sight.

Professor Congi looked a bit further up. "Did you also color your clitoris?" She remembered what Tami had been like as a sophomore.

"No," Tami laughed, looking down there with the rest of them. She spread her labia with her thumbs. "That's just my lips. See, on cold days she stays inside." The little pink clitoris, lighter in color than the lips or the hair, poked out wetly and tentatively in the cold brightness as the two older women, bundled in their winter clothes and boots, looked appreciatively, Mrs. George leaning on her cane.

"Hi!" Professor said playfully with a little wave.

"Hi hi," Tami said in a high-pitched singsong, with little jerks of her internal muscles making the clit jump up and down twice. The older women got quite a kick out of that.

Yvette, feeling faint, stood up and looked at the blue sky and took a deep breath. After some minor chit-chat the two grown-ups left.

As they were getting Yvette's bag out of the car, her mind returned to the main subject of her curiosity. "And this fourth winter?"

"What?"

"You said how you dealt with going through the first three winters. This is your fourth. How is it?"

"Well," Tami said, standing next to her. "Now -- it's -- fun!!"

She kicked snow up with her toes, pressed it down on the other foot, then all in the same motion with a soccer player's skill kicked the little snowball right into Yvette's face just as she said "fun"!

"Eeeek!" Yvette brushed it away but it was followed by another. She ran behind the car, laughing, and decided retaliation was necessary. When she emerged a big sloppy snowball hit Tami right on her tanned concave tummy. This elicited a left-handed curveball that hit the shoulder of her coat.

The two young women ran around and around the Beetle, Yvette clumping around in her boots, bits of snow flying back from Tami's toes. It was not a fair fight, of course. Tami seemed to be a natural pitcher, and could produce an "eeek!" whenever she hit Yvette's face or neck. Landing snowballs on Tami's naked skin, already used to the cold, did not have the same effect.

The Quebecois girl was flushed and disheveled when Tami brought her into the help center, but was cheerful and smiling which would make her easier for the case manager to work with. "Thank you, thank you, merci," was all Yvette could say as she said goodbye to her naked new friend, hugging her tightly, enjoying the soft feel of the breasts crushed against her coat, and even betraying a sniffle or two, only partly from having been out in the cold.

**Part 5**

"I have come into your life to redeem your image of bio majors," said Gretchen, a tall, blonde, blue-eyed, somewhat chunky girl Tami's age. "We are not all dweebs. We are not all virgins. We do not all spend our time trying to make Tami Smithers miserable with fourth-grader antics. In fact, MOST of us are not any of that."

Gretchen had made this declaration to Tami three years ago during their freshman year, sharing a salad in the dining hall after a particularly odious episode of abuse from Gretchen's classmate Lorinda and her friends. On that occasion Tami, having been outfitted for the day with the bristle bra and dildo panties ostensibly for scientific purposes, defended Gretchen against chatter that was too loud not to be overheard, spreading their opinion to half the world that Gretchen had faked a sprained ankle to avoid a big exam. Standing in the middle of the circle of dweeby girls outside the bio building on a gray spring day, the 18-year-old Tami labored to articulate her protest amidst the internal frictionings and vibrations activated by the remote controls that had somehow made their way into their hands.

Gretchen, hobbling unnoticed toward them on crutches, would never forget the scene. "She's -- ohhh! -- more dedicated than you -- ohhh -- will ever -- beeeee!!!!!" The girls squealed with delight as the last word stretched out under the influence of the vibrations and bristlings as Tami crested. "Woo hoo! Another one! Up to fifteen!" said Betsy, reading the LCD display on the tiny pubic covering. "Come again, baby!!" Lorinda joined in, immediately renewing the assault. Tami's body bounced up and down like a marionette, her feet slapping crazily on the cold concrete, as they coordinated their attack, sliding the rheostats up and down in unison and enjoying Tami's words cadencing up and down accordingly. "You are acting so -- imm -- mm -- mature . . . If she d - didn't have to g - go to the same class she wouldn't -- OHH!" (she arched her back here) "have anything to do with youu . . . Kchkk . . .Eeeeeee!" Her eyes bugged open as the rear dildo vibrations were shot up to maximum.

They saw Gretchen and fled. At the risk of letting her crutch drop the lame girl put her arm around Tami's bare shoulders as her quaking gradually ceased. When Tami was breathing more or less normally and it seemed none of the dozens of remotes at large were in range, they went to the dining hall, Tami walking stiffly under the influence of the dildos and bristles that still rubbed on her and within her with every step.

Since then Gretchen, who had been hanging out with Tami but had not gotten close, became a good friend, and after the graduation of Jen and Rebecca and Marisol, probably her best friend on campus. Tami, without any effort, inspired deep devotion in anyone who got to know her, and Gretchen was no exception. From a different but equally conservative background as Tami -- Gretchen was from a straight-laced dairy farm family in upstate New York with a fiancé in the Army -- she and Tami put their work ethics and majors together and developed a joint term project, developing a biodegradable polymer from which fabric could hopefully be made that both insulated against cold and breathed in the heat.

So it was that they could be found together, at 10:30 a.m., in the biochem lab in Rockley Hall. Gretchen, in goggles and an apron, had poured the contents of a test tube onto the aluminum substrate. Tami, holding her goggles up to her eyes because her allergy did not allow her to put the straps around her head, watched from behind, glancing downward to make sure her feet were not touching anything on the floor that looked like a chemical stain.

The solution partially dried on the aluminum amid a slight cloud of smoke.

"We're getting there," Gretchen said.

"Do you think my nucleotide formula was correct?"

"I assume so. Your calculus is a lot better than mine."

"Maybe we need less alkyne," Tami said.

The solution was supposed to dry almost immediately, then be rolled into a thread for weaving. This was the third try and they were getting close. Their professors had already given them an A for the project but both had further ambitions for it.

Tami looked at the clock and smiled. "It's almost showtime."

Gretchen smiled behind the goggles. "You're really making me go through with this, right?"

After cleanup they were on their way to Thayer Hall, where the "Department of Fashion Technology" classes were held. Professor Wanamaker, looking quite the denizen of the fashion world with his ascot and paisley shirt, sat in the back of one of the basement classrooms while his Reinventing Fashion class did their midterm in-class reports.

There were three scheduled today. Tami, who was only minoring in Fashion but, being Tami, was headed for an A, was first up.

Bracing her hands behind her on the front table where her papers lay, Tami stood bolt upright in front of the class, giving them an unembarrassed full frontal view of her statuesque nakedness. Her topic: measuring bra size.

"My, uh, project is on a very basic topic, but I think one that maybe could be done better." Tami had little trouble with public speaking, having been Vice President of the student government in her sophomore year. "I think you girls, anyway, could identify. I remember --" she looked up at the ceiling, maybe a bit uneasily, her big toe twisting onto the dusty tile floor, "buying a bra that I was sure was the right size, only to get home and it was, like, too tight, or else I was swimming around in it. Or maybe, did you ever," she said, looking at a couple of the female students toward the front, "maybe you hadn't eaten all day, and your, uh, breasts" (one could tell that in this classroom setting she had stopped herself from saying "boobs") "were far apart, like this" -- she looked down and, cupping her breasts, separated them -- "and the bra didn't bring them together, or if you ate a lot of pizza or something, they were bigger and more mooshed together" -- the ideal model for what she was talking about, Tami compressed her breasts so that they met -- "and the bra pulled them apart?"

Some sounds of agreement and nodding from the female students. There were three male students, and being gay they were less interested, but polite. Tami was popular with them too.

Wanamaker said, "So what is your solution, Tami?" Tami didn't need it but, after years of seeing students freeze up while giving oral reports, he automatically interjected to help things along.

Turning around to pick up the papers, giving the class a view of her beautifully formed butt, Tami turned back to say, "The problem arises from the, uh, conventional method of measuring bust size. Look at page 137 of the Basics of Design text."

They could all see a slight sheen of sweat on Tami's face and her concave tummy, but this was not due to nervousness. It was well known that in the winter Tami, with her increased metabolism, often felt hot after spending some time indoors. Also this basement room was stuffy. Tami looked at Claire in the back row. "Claire, could you read the first step in that list, on the left?"

Claire, a very thin Asian girl in a silk puff-sleeve blouse, white jeans and high-heel black boots, found the page and said, "You mean where it says measure rib cage, then across nippples?"

"No, before that. The first step."

"O.K. 'Step One. Stand upright in a bra that fits correctly.'"

She looked up at Tami who had a little smile on her face. It sank in quickly. Wanamaker laughed and so did some others. With a big smile Tami said, "Now how it tells you how to measure the rib cage and across the nipples, but first you have to wear a bra that fits." She was a little animated now, moving her hands, her breasts jiggling. "It's like the joke about the germ killer that says, 'use only in well-ventilated area'. But if it was well ventilated, there wouldn't be germs in the first place.

"My solution involves some calculus," she said, turning to the blackboard, making some of the students groan. Wanamaker good-naturedly said, "O.K., people." As she wrote Tami held the papers in her right hand, her butt jiggling ever so slightly, quarter-phase glimpses of her bouncing breasts sometimes being seen. She was drawing a section of a cone, some curves, an integral... "Make it understandable, Tami. I don't want to clip your wings but we've never had a math major in this class before."

Tami got into the explanation of it and most of the class could partly understand, or thought they did. "My model is that of a parabola. Almost all women have breasts that can be fitted into parabolic cups. I made some computer models."

The room went dark and the big screen to the side lit up. A purple torso with two blue parabolic solids jutting out with some equations on the bottom in a neutral font. "Ooooo," someone said teasingly. "Finally, someone uses our new flat-screen," Wanamaker said.

"This is the paraboloid of a C cup. And now, D, and double D, or E in the British system. Here's B and A." A few more images and Tami darted to her right and turned the lights back on. "You can see that, with the breasts free and not wearing a bra, the cross-nipple measurement is plugged into the parabolic formula, and you translate that into cup size."

"How do you know this would be comfortable for all women?" Wanamaker said.

"Breasts are more pliable than even a lot women think, at least I believe so. I'll show you." Tami walked forward so that she was between the two students in the front row. "This would be a spherical model," she said, grasping her breasts from the front with her palms almost flat against the nipples. "From there you can go to the paraboloid, then the hyperboloid." She cupped her hands around her breasts, then squeezed a slight bit and then a bit more. "Finally there is the cone shape." She squeezed now so that her nipples were sticking out. "This was the 'bullet bra' from the 1950's." She stood in profile, both hands on one breast now, squeezing toward the base with one while the other pulled out on the nipple, extending out from her body quite a ways.

"And those were very uncomfortable, I hear," Wanamaker said.

"But that's because of the materials used, which were specifically designed to extend the shape. If the softer fabrics are used, and of course, if the bra size was measured correctly to begin with..."

"It sure looks like you're squeezing your tits out," another girl said, then looked back at the professor. "Sorry about the language, but it looks painful."

"I ask everyone to try it, all you women, next time you're in the shower," their naked classmate said. "It's not as bad as you think."

Wanamaker thought of saying, "All I can think of is B & D pornography, where women get their breasts tied up and clipped," but of course he didn't. As a heterosexual male, he had a fascination with breasts that practically no one else in his field shared.

"Anyway," Tami said, "we're not talking about conical projections, like that bra Madonna wore in the '90's. They would not be a good idea anyway just before you're period when you naturally have lumps, especially around here," she said, lifting her arm and tracing the side of the mound under her shaved armpit. "My model is with paraboloids. And now, my real life model," Tami said.

Gretchen, leaving her coat on the chair, got up from her place near the door. Protectively draped in her white sweater, she bashfully folded her arms in front of her as she stood next to Tami, a tall girl slouching, looking down at her uneasy suede boots next to Tami's confident bare feet.

"Gretchen is a bio major who graciously, uh, I mean was cajoled, into serving as my guinea pig. Now up here on the screen, these are CG fill-ins -- NOT photos, I'll have you know -- of her breasts. Note the measurements, plugged into the formula, and it shows she's a 38C. Now here is an actual photo of her wearing the cotton turtleneck she's got on now. . . Of course, now she has a sweater over it. Note the bulging on top in the photo. Though she measured herself in the standard fashion, it came out to 38B and the bra did not fit."

The lights were on again and Tami and Gretchen looked at each other. "I can tell you're nervous," Tami said, glancing down slightly at her own erect brown nipples that had sensitivities well beyond being able to predict the weather.

As Gretchen bit her lip and took off her sweater, Tami said, "Here she is wearing a paraboloid bra I cobbled together in the dress lab, 38C. Come on, stick 'em out," she teased.

Gretchen took a deep breath and stood up straight, all five feet eleven inches of her, and turned this way and that. Her breasts stood out proud and paraboloid. No bulges or straps were visible.

"It looks excellent," Wanamaker said. "Very nice lines."

"Great set of guns, wouldn't you say?" Tami said.

The class laughed, and for a second Gretchen swayed this way and that, like a runway model. Then her upbringing kicked back in and she turned to snatch her sweater and slip it back on.

"That concludes my presentation," Tami said, gathering her papers. Gretchen scurried back to her seat.

"Thanks, Tami," Wanamaker said, but before Tami could sit down he added, "Let me say, that's beautiful hair color you've picked."

"Oh thanks." She looked down modestly, separating her legs slightly, pushing her pubic patch forward and placing her hands on both sides of it as if to frame it. "It's called 'Plum'."

Wanamaker was at a momentary loss. He had been referring to the hair on her head. But it was the same color so he let it go. Besides, come to think of it it looked good down there too.

After Tami sat down the professor, sitting in the back, used a few seconds of silence as most good professors know how to do. "Thanks, Gretchen, for helping out, and good to meet you... Tami Smithers: A, as usual. Good project, very inventive." A few people clapped. "Now the next, Claire, you're up..."

**Part 6**

Scholar's, the bar the Campbell-Frank students went to, or at least those who were of drinking age, was hopping tonight. It was packed despite the trouble one had negotiating the frozen slush that made the sidewalk an obstacle course. The people having a smoke outside stood perfectly still so as not to lose their balance and slip as they chatted with each other. Bill Patton and Howie, his old high school buddy who was visiting from Dartmouth, waited patiently to present their proof of age and get the backs of their hands stamped.

"Are you sure she's here?"

"Pretty sure. 70 percent sure. Friday nights all the regulars are here," Bill said.

Inside it was very loud. Oldies night. Nirvana tunes blasting away, and everybody talking loud to be heard over the tunes. It was hard to see more than two feet in front, with all the people. "Hey Bob," Bill said, suddenly colliding with a friend from the dorm. He introduced Howie and they got to chatting, or rather yelling.

"So is Tami here?" Bill didn't know her personally but everyone called her "Tami", except those close to her that might have more endearing names. It used to be "Naked Tami", but with her popularity, it got shortened.

"Saw her a minute ago," Bob said, pointing thataway with the top of his longneck Budweiser. "You have to keep a sharp eye."

Bill knew that well. The eyes of half the guys in the bar were glancing here and there, looking for that glimpse of bare skin that was so conspicuous in this crowd of parkas and overcoats. Others looked downward, looking for the flash of bare feet darting through the thick forest of boots and sneakers. Tami, being unburdened by any of these, could slip quickly through the crowd with ease, and slip across the entire bar within seconds, making her all that more elusive.

These Tami-watchers, dedicated as bird-watchers trying to sight a rare jaybird, suddenly found their efforts unnecessary as Tami hopped up onto the bar. Standing upright, longneck in her hand, she naturally attracted everyone's attention. The whole bar cheered, because she was Tami, the guys also cheering because, well, she was a naked girl.

She stretched her lips over her teeth and whistled loudly. Then took a sip of beer as Justin, the bartender, cut the music as planned.

"Attention everyone," she said. "I will now sit on this bottle. Just kidding!!" A loud chorus of, "Awwwww!!" from the guys. "No really, we have an alumna, or alumnae, or -- some kind of alumnimunim," another sip, "who just got a job as prosecutor in the Boston D.A. office and I want to dedicate a song to her. It's... it's..."

"Who -- is -- it?" a number of people shouted in unison.

"Wandabitch!!" Tami shouted, breasts bobbing, then she pointed her bottle down at Wanda Percival, looking not quite like a prosecutor in her sweatshirt, parka and jeans, hefting a bottle of cola. Tami bent down, in the process shaking her butt at some guys on the side who reflexively whistled, and pulled Wanda up onto the bar. Wanda clumped up onto it in her hiking boots.

The naked girl and the new prosecutor faced the crowd. Tami grabbed Wanda by the shoulder of the parka, and said, "You remember Wandabitch. Let's hear it!"

Indeed they did, or at least the juniors and seniors. The chant was spontaneous. "Wanda-bitch! Wanda-bitch! Wanda-bitch!"

When it died down a bit Tami said, "The meanest, most vicious, rottenest R.A. in Campbell-Frank history" -- she looked at Wanda as she said this and then put her arm around her -- "is now the meanest, most vicious, rottenest D.A. in New England. Don't mess with Wanda!!"

"Booooo!!" The boos were good-natured (mostly).

"There's only one song for you. I dedicate this to Wandabitch. We love you!! BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT HERE ANYMORE!!"

She had to shout over the first notes of "Bad to the Bone" that now blasted out. As the song went on and everyone went back to talking, the two young women hugged, Wanda wrapping the arm of her fur-lined parka around the small of Tami's bare back. Both were a little bit teary-eyed.

Bill, Howie and Bob, having had a nice view of Tami to hold them for awhile, circulated around the bar. A few minutes later Bob saw a flash of skin and happened upon Wanda and Tami speaking to a couple of others.

"Where are you going to live?" Bob shouted to Wanda. He glanced at Tami who was casually lifting her foot and turning the sole inward to check it. Must really be disgusting, walking barefoot on this sticky, beery floor. Sure enough, Tami's sole was black except under the arch. She put her foot down again, not seeming to mind. Probably she's used to it, just like she's used to the snow and the cold.

Wanda shouted, "Back Bay, probably. Or maybe Comm Ave just near BU."

Bob, not having known Wanda well, was not really interested in this conversation; he just wanted to look at Tami. But out-and-out gawking at Tami was simply not done. Any Campbell-Frank guy would find that out pretty quickly. After a few more words he said goodbye and went to find Howie and Bill.

Talk, shout, drink. About ten minutes later Bob finally found them, near the benches, watching what was a frequent sight at Scholar's. Tami, leaning back on a bench, was facing some girl who was sitting opposite with her long-lace boots planted in front of her. Tami was doing that trick of undoing and tying shoes with her toes. Arms draped behind her on the bench, one hand still grasping the longneck, Tami leaned back with her thighs wide open and her knees bent, skillfully lacing and looping the girl's boots from the bottom up. She paused to take another sip and then resumed. It looked like she was using all her toes.

Some, mostly guys, chose to stand behind the shod girl, facing Tami and studying the ripples of her abs as she worked, the wiggling of her breasts, the pussy that was slightly open between the wide-spread legs.

"Man, how does she do that??" Howie said.

"Practice, she can do anything with her feet," Bill said.

Bob took a thoughtful sip and said, "Being barefoot for four years, she probably just learned to use them. You could probably do it too with practice."

Bill said, "Howie? I think I'll pass on seeing that."

They laughed.

Now the first girl's boots were all tied and people clapped. Another girl, this one with sneakers, took her place. Tami's big toes, anchored by her pinky toes, undid the big loops and she got to work. Tami could do this on almost any kind of footwear, even after three beers.

The last glimpse Bob, Bill and Howie had of Tami that night was after they had left the bar and were walking back to campus. They only made it about a hundred feet from the bar when Bill suddenly felt the pressure of a full bladder. Drinking a lot of beer and then going out into subfreezing air will do that. Bob and Howie stood around in the middle of the snow-covered town commons as Bill hunted through the tall shrubs for an inconspicuous spot.

As they waited they saw Tami with Wanda and another girl standing some distance away, near the convenience store. The three were apparently waiting for someone to come out. The other girl was smoking. Tami, arms at her sides, listened to the smoking girl, now and then rubbing her feet on the snow and lifting her soles inward to check them, tilting them just so to take advantage of the nearby streetlight.

It was the kind of still winter night when sound carries. So as not to be overheard, Bob and Howie spoke in quiet voices much unlike the yelling of a few minutes ago. "How does she do that?" Howie said. "She's standing there naked like it's not even cold." He blew on his hands. "Just my hands are freezing already!"

"She must have got used to it. For a few minutes, anyway."

"She's married?"

"Yup. And totally faithful. Don't even think about it. She'd kick your ass if you tried anything. I hear she's real strong."

"When she said she was going to sit on that beer bottle, for a second I believed her," Howie laughed.

"Oh man," Bob said, looking at the sky. "I hear with her friends she does that kind of thing on a dare, especially if she's had a few. I heard one time at an outdoor party, I think a birthday for one of her friends; she upended some beer into her pussy, then sat up, spread her legs, and squirted it out clear across the lawn."

"Holy christ. Think of the muscles in there! Her husband must be the luckiest guy in the world!"

"I'll say. Or maybe not. I'd be worried about her squeezing my dick off!"

Howie laughed. "So what's the story with her being naked again? She's allergic to clothes or something?"

"She said nudism was her religion when she was a freshman. She must have been a crazy kid then. Later she volunteered for some experiments, then at the end she found out she was allergic to clothes. They've been doing therapy to cure it ever since."

Howie was speechless for a moment. "Man, I should hope so. She should sue the hell out of them for that."

"That's the big mystery. Why she never sued. I suppose she wants to leave it in the past."

The girl with the cigarette dropped it in the snow and stamped it out. A guy came out of the convenience store. Tami, walking slowly and casually over the crusty, refrozen snow, followed them into his car.

Bill, sighing deeply, came back from the shrubs. He caught the last glimpse of Tami's bare soles disappearing into the back seat of the blue Chevy.

"Damn, missed her," Bill said, adjusting his fly.

"She might want to leave it in the past," Howie said, "but she's a senior now. What's she going to do when she graduates? Is she going to stay here forever?"

"It would be rough, going into the outside world as a naked girl," Bob said, his voice fading into the cold winter night as the three of them started on back toward campus.

**Part 7**

Tami looked so beautiful, her eyes half-closed in that combination of love and ecstasy, the look she always had when she was atop him. Rod gently rubbed her forearms up and down as her breath shortened and she began another ascent -- "going up" to that mountaintop of euphoria that she visited so often.

She knew he was a little tired tonight. So preoccupied with work. He was grateful to get home, and they did the usual thing, him tonguing her while she lay back on the kitchen table. It didn't take much tongue work, fortunately. He brought her to four orgasms in fifteen minutes, about the usual to hold her through supper. He declined her offer to suck him, fearing that after he came he would fall asleep when he had so much work to do. Then they cooked up a quick macaroni and cheese. Tami further fortified herself with a tuna sandwich. And a bowl of soup.

They spent the next two hours working, he in bed going over the plans for the next phase of the project that he was supposed to supervise, she on the computer finishing an English Literature paper. English was not her favorite subject; she was sometimes afraid of the unthinkable, getting a B, but of course that possibility was remote. Looking up at her at the computer table, he couldn't help but fall in love all over again despite his weariness. Such a lovely, intelligent face, such a beautiful, golden body... He did not mind that so many others admired it, it made him proud. He especially liked her response to the many well-intentioned suggestions that she get a tattoo. "Absolutely not. A tattoo would be on display all the time. It would be a message to everyone who saw me." Why ruin such perfection?

She still had the basic modesty that she always had, but had gotten comfortable with her nudity. Of course -- she had no choice, did she? She expressed it once to him during one of their post-sex chats. They were lying on their backs, looking up at the ceiling, holding hands. "I had a dream once where I was a serving maid for a king in a palace and I was naked all the time. All the other maids were fully clothed. For some reason I had to earn my clothes back. The king and his rich friends kept visiting me in the kitchen, or walking by when I was mopping the palace floor or something, saying, 'All you have to do is this floor, or be a good server at the next feast, and you'll get your clothes and shoes back.' And I was ever so industrious, saying to the other maids, 'All I got to do is this job,' and when it got done the king would say, 'Just one more thing and you'll get clothes', and give me another task, while the other maids just rolled their eyes at my stupidity. All those men really wanted to do was look at my body, stringing me along. Well, f\*\*k that. I'm not going to be that stupid."

That was only the second time he ever heard her use the "f" word. "So how did the dream end?"

"I'm not sure. I think I just escaped. Hopped out the window and into the meadow. Naked and free and smart. I wasn't going to bargain with God any more. That was what that dream was about."

Still basically modest, but not above flaunting her body when he was around. He remembered the graduation party for his class. It was at a swanky estate the college owned not far away -- formerly lived in by that creep Henry Ross. Rod was out there on the lakefront patio with the full bar and the buffet table, sipping a soda and trying to stay interested in what his Architectural Design professor was saying. He glanced around the crowd of students and professors and administrators, wondering where the hell was Tami?

He looked out to the pond and saw, far away near the marine dock on the other side, a fish or goose or something splashing in the water. Looking at it more he saw it was not a fish. It was someone swimming toward them. As he sipped and looked a smile started across his face and grew and grew. By the time Tami was a hundred feet away everyone's attention was drawn.

Like it was nothing, she got to where her feet could touch bottom, then walked up to the transfixed and silent crowd, water coursing off her hair and chin and now her nipples and now her knees, her copper sleek wetness the most beautiful sight of his life. Casually she hopped her naked dripping self up onto the patio, greeted a couple of people she knew, accepted the offer of a big cloth napkin to quickly dab herself dry, then went up to Rod and gave him a full-body hug and a kiss on the lips. And then ordered a martini and took her place among the suits and dresses, blending in with the party as the general buzz of conversation gradually returned. What an entrance!

Water was definitely her element. Another vivid memory was last May when he came to meet her when she got off work. She was on that grounds crew job, the replacement for her gymnastics scholarship. She probably could have sloughed it off, but being Tami, felt obligated to continue. So she had always put in her twenty hours a week. The day had been brutally hot. Sweating buckets in his suit, he found her hefting uprooted shrubs into a chopper while the chopper driver, union labor no doubt, sat up in his cab. She grunted with every heave of the heavy shrubs, her body stained with dirt and sweat and leaves. As always, she had an audience, people stopping for a moment before going on with their business. When Tami saw Rod and knew her time was up, she said, "Hit me Jose!" Another worker, walking by past a water pipe, picked up the hose and trained it on her. She danced and spun around as the water pelted her all over, with her trademark "Woo - hoo!" as Jose laughed. One could feel, with some envy, her delicious sense of relief at being clean and cool. As she put it later, "Only I get to experience that!"

She was now proud of being naked, though the fact her condition had been forced on her was never mentioned when she was around. By now it was an open secret around campus that as a freshman she had declared nudity her religion and been cajoled into various research that left her with an allergy to clothes and a greatly increased sex drive. And that she had spent her first summer making it back from California without clothes or money or outdoor gear, just her bare body. But not all the details were known, certainly not the more unpleasant ones. The original reason for her nudity -- that she had been caught streaking on a sorority dare her first week, then to avoid expulsion frantically gave the excuse that nudity was her religion, which turned out to make the college afraid to expel her on First Amendment grounds, causing Dean Jorgon and Henry Ross, the campus attorney, to coerce her into an escalating series of humiliations to get her to admit that the religion claim was a hoax -- had never gotten out.

As to her family back in Providence, information was tightly controlled. She was absolutely clear that they should know nothing except for her decision to go naked and her allergy which was being cured. It would greatly concern her if they found out she had been so mistreated and been through so much shame and abuse. Even as to that horrible summer, the cover story she had fed her parents during her calls, that she was doing a project for one of her math professors -- they had never learned anything to the contrary. Fortunately there was little danger her parents would find out anything. Except for Tami and Rod, they didn't know anyone up here, and on the rare occasions that they spoke to one of her teachers, she would take the teacher aside first to make sure no hints of anything but a happy life leaked out.

Her current life really was happy though. One time a half-drunk guy at a party told her, "Too bad you can't wear clothes." Rod felt about to slug him when Tami, draining her beer, said, "Too bad you can't be naked."

Professor Congi, always well-meaning if a bit dense, once asked her, on a hot sunny day outside the Student Union, "There are probably some advantages to being naked." Tami, basking in the sun, said, "Too many to list. Es gemutlich." Which he then explained, trying to translate as Tami looked on in amusement, meant "Naked is warm and fuzzy." They laughed at that. Another awkward Congi comment that they performed a judo move on to make it turn out well.

Tonight Rod's mind had been filled with these thoughts as he watched Tami zip through her assignment. There was nobody faster on a computer; her high school had been little more than a vo-tech school, with everyone taking typing and data entry. As with any fast typist, using a mouse slowed her down, but she inventively solved that problem by placing the mouse on the floor. Blazing away at the keyboard while working the click buttons with her toes, she flew through anything she was doing.

By and by Rod had gotten tired with his work and at a certain point he had lain back in his pajamas and closed his eyes, the blueprint falling to the floor. A few minutes later he felt gentle hands pulling down his bottoms, the warm engulfing mouth, and he smiled...

Now, with Tami on top of him, he watched as she crested and jerked through a series of spasms. What's that now -- number ten? Rod chided himself. Tami hated being kept score of. She came down slightly from the last orgasm, but only slightly. He knew what she wanted to feel and kept his hips thrust up. He held her hands down on the bed. In this way she could rub her clit against his pubic bone and stay on the brink. She liked doing this usually around the middle of their lovemaking. Eyes half-closed, breathing in short gasps, he could swear he felt her heartbeat on his dick as she lay suspended on the brink of orgasm, now and then giving into it, then coming down a bit, only to go up again when she chose. All during which he felt the end of his dick flicking back and forth against her cervix.

She could stay suspended like this for half an hour or more. It was difficult sometimes for him to hold his ejaculation, the pulsing of her inner muscles felt so good massaging his dick, the cervix relentlessly flicking his sensitive penis head, but being so tired tonight, he did not feel himself approaching the danger zone. Not that it was always "danger" -- "Rod, you can go again!" Tami often said after he came, milking his softening dick with the supple internal muscles of her pussy, or her mouth, until he had another erection. Tonight, though, he felt like after one load he would be soon fast asleep.

His mind wandered to his work difficulties as he looked up at her surfing along the edge from crest to crest. He liked working with building materials but as a newly minted engineer he was learning that dealing with people was just as important...

She knew his mind was elsewhere. She gave a little glance down and said, "it's -- uhh -- going to be all right -- lover -- ohhh... Fill me up, Baby."

She shifted her feet and pivoted on his dick so that she was facing away from him. He moved up and started on her doggy style. He could penetrate very deeply in this position, and had to be careful not to go sideways and poke an ovary, something which he'd heard was as painful as getting a poke in the balls. Now he began to get a rhythm and emit the low groans that always turned her on. With a short, sharp breath, she launched into what she often saved as her last orgasm, the longest and most powerful one. "Ohh! Ohh! Ohh!" He counted six spasms and then he let himself go, filling her up with his semen that seemed like the last of his energy and power draining from him, leaving him spent.

They lay there, waiting for sleep. As always she lay on top of the covers while he went underneath. For a long time now, being under a blanket had been too suffocating for her.

But he was actually too tired to get to sleep. Wordlessly they both got up, he getting into his pajamas again, and padded to the kitchen for some decaf tea.

As she often did, she sat cross-legged on top of the kitchen table. She had become quite the table sitter over the past couple of years. He sipped, and played idly with the pubic hair in front of him. Finally she spoke.

"You're worried about work, aren't you? What's going on, Baby?" She stroked his smooth shaved scalp.

He looked up and put it the best way he could manage. "My boss is hard to get along with. Very, well, bossy."

"Why is he like that?"

"Well Babe, he's what you might call an 'alpha male'. Head of the herd."

"Alpha male?"

"Right."

She sipped. "Or as we women call it, an insecure jerk."

Rod laughed and kept laughing. He had never heard that female viewpoint and it was refreshing and liberating. "Yes. That's exactly what he must be."

"Rough to deal with that kind of person, I bet."

Rod recognized this as a counseling move Tami probably picked up from Marisol, who had been with the campus crisis intervention service. Still, it was effective in getting him to open up. "Yes. Sometimes I think he already knows he will answer 'no' before I even talk to him."

"Is he like this with everyone?"

"In a way. But with me, the impression I get is, he thinks I'm unqualified."

"How can that be? You have a degree and one year of Corps of Engineers service."

Rod exhaled. "He thinks I got the job just because I'm African-American. I just know it."

"Did you?"

"Did I what?"

"Did you get the job because you're black?"

One could never lie to Tami. Rod searched his mind.

"Yes, I think I did," he said finally. "They have an affirmative action obligation, and the other guys who applied, I saw them during the interviews, they seemed older and more experienced. And white. And they hire me, a black kid almost right out of school."

Tami scratched a nipple and stirred her tea.

"So what do I do now?" Rod said, looking up at her. Then he looked a little lower and couldn't help himself. He stetched up and kissed one sun-darkened nipple and then the other.

She cleared her throat and said, "What you do is be the best damn engineer that insecure alpha jerk ever had."

Rod nodded to himself. "Yes."

"It's a gift that history has given you. Think of your ancestors. 'I am the dream of the slave'..."

Rod smiled to this reference to the famous Maya Angelou poem. "Indeed."

Continuing the quotation, Tami said, "'I rise; I rise!'"

The smile on him was now ear-to-ear and he was almost in tears. "I rise!"

They looked at each other and sipped one last sip. A moment passed.

"Speaking of which," she said, lying back and wrapping her nimble feet behind his ears, "can you take me up again Baby?"

"Of course, Babe," he said, putting his tea down and gently moving in with his tongue...

**Part 8**

Up on the fourth, top floor of Thayer Hall, in the office of Department of Fashion Technology Chair Albert Girardo, that person sat with Professor Shel Wanamaker as they absently gazed out the big bay window that overlooked the bright snow-covered campus.

Then Girardo, an old guy in a turtleneck sweater, black pants and moccasins, looked down again to leaf through the portfolio, as if he were looking at photos of persons with two heads. "There's only one word for these: weird."

"Also inventive, ingenious, possibly groundbreaking if you ask me," Wanamaker said. "Come on, admit it. If you didn't know it was Tami Smithers --"

"I just can't get my mind past it. Clothes designed by someone who can never wear any. There's no denying there's some kind of genius here, but it's a genius from another dimension. How long has she been 'au natural'?"

"Three and a half years. Not one stitch, not so much as a pair of flip-flops on her feet either."

"Is this a pant or a very long boot?" Girardo said, turning the portfolio sideways and then upside down. "I hate to say it, but she's probably forgotten what clothes feel like. Maybe she doesn't really know what she's doing any more."

A moment went by. "We've got to send SOMEONE to the International. We haven't sent anyone in five years."

"That's because we haven't had anyone good enough in five years," Girardo countered. "And even that last time, it was a close call."

"You know the problem as well as I do. If we keep on not sending anyone, they'll drop us from their panel."

"Where is it this year?"

"Montreal."

"Oh Christ! I forgot. Right in our goddamn back yard."

"So this is something we might have to do."

"She's not a major," Girardo said lamely.

"And... We've sent submissions from students minoring in fashion before."

Girardo put the portfolio down. "What if she makes the cut? We can't send a goddamn naked girl to a goddamn fashion award show. And what if she wins!! What if she wins!! The most prestigious fashion industry fellowship in North America, and it goes to a naked woman! They'll get publicity like never before, but not the kind they want -- a naked woman who will be bopping around the campus of --"

"They would never give the fellowship to a naked woman."

"Then aren't we setting her up to fail? And besides, there's no way she's going to win. Even if she was clothed. They'll give it to one of those inbred French kids like they always do. The odds are a thousand to one."

"We could make that clear to her when we tell her. She could handle that. Fashion isn't the center of her life. Her being a minor is actually an advantage as to that." Wanamaker continued, "Time is short. You know how I feel. We should tell her we want to submit her as our candidate. The deadline is in three weeks, and we have to give her a chance to put together her submission portfolio before that. She won't win, but at least we'll stay on their panel."

"Here she comes," Girardo said, looking out the bay window.

"Where? Oh." On the main concourse, in the middle of dozens of students going here and there for the next class, the naked girl, easy to pick out of course, was happily chatting on her cell phone, bookbag flung over one shoulder, hanging down to where it bounced against her bare buns as she walked with the swiftness of someone who was used to a tight schedule.

"Seems like she's in a good mood," Girardo said.

"She usually is. Everyone loves her too. And she's got a statue named after her."

"What?"

"Ever see that girl sticking her arms out like she's about to fly? Near the Union?"

"I hardly ever go there."

"It's called 'Tami Takes Flight'. Latimer did it."

"When was that?"

"The year you were on sabbatical."

"Oh... Well that's certainly interesting, though not relevant... Look at her," Girardo said as Tami broke into a little skip, going off the path to take a short cut toward them, kicking up snow with her toes. "She's traipsing through that snow like it's summer and it's sand on a beach."

"A nude beach, it would have to be."

"Right. My point is, how is a person like that supposed to know what anyone wants as far as clothes go? The International is not a bunch of dilettantes who design monstrosities for the Oscars red carpet. They affect real mass-production decisions, like what the chain stores will carry. The first thing a person wants clothes for is warmth. And there she is," he said, motioning toward the approaching Tami, "skipping barefoot and naked through the snow... What's her needs status? They take that into account these days, or least they're supposed to."

"She's married, to a recent engineering graduate, who's working for base pay on his first real job. She's from Providence -- that's another thing in her favor. Her family is working class, she has a younger brother in Iraq, no other source of income aside from her father's Navy pension and his hardware store, which according to our search is not doing too well."

"Think she knows that?"

"Probably not. I hear the father is proud of her but is a real stubborn, Irish beer drinking kind of guy."

"Not your typical designer background."

"I'll say. She also had a couple of close friends who died in 9/11."

"What, that plaque in the admin building? What's their names again --?"

"Mandy Rabinowitz and Jeffrey Dillon."

"Oh right. The kid who had the show on the 68th floor. Man. What a horrible loss."

They both sat in silence. Before they were ready for it, they heard the door to the stairwell close shut and the approaching slap of bare feet.

Though their door was open, they saw a bare arm reach around and knock. "Come on in, Tami," Wanamaker said.

She moved into the doorway slowly and politely. "Hi Professor, hi Mr. Girardo," she said with a little nod. "How did you know it was me?"

Wanamaker said with a smile, "We heard the stairwell door close. Everyone else takes the elevator... I told Mr. Girardo about your presentation on bra measurement. It was excellent as always."

A blushing "Thanks."

Putting on sociability, Girardo looked up and said, "That's a wonderful new hair color you've selected, Ms. Smithers."

To his surprise Tami looked down at her crotch and opened her legs slightly. "Thanks. It's called 'plum'."

Girardo gave a quick and pointed look to his colleague.

Sitting right next to where Tami was standing, Wanamaker tried very hard not to notice the dark red curls right near his face. Or the interesting fact that her pubic lips, jutting out slightly, were the same color as the surrounding curls. He cleared his throat, looked up at her face, and said, "We've been enjoying your... portfolio."

"Oh that," Tami said. Then perhaps thinking she shouldn't have been so dismissive, she said, "I hope it's O.K."

"It's more than O.K, Tami, it's very... inventive," Girardo said, paging through the computer graphics and freehand drawings, accompanied by more explanatory text than usual and, very unusual indeed, mathematical equations of some sort.

"Thanks."

"This uh, tank top or whatever it is," Girardo said, resisting the urge to turn the damn album upside down, "design 17A. How did you get the neckline so high with so little material?"

"Well it's in the equations there," Tami said. She dropped her backpack and turned toward it, apparently not aware that her butt was sticking in their direction. She fished a kind of ruler out. "Let me show you."

Girardo had some kind of vague memory from his 1950's high school days of this sticklike thing Tami now waved in front of him. "The neckline is a catenary, which you get by calculating the hyperbolic sine -- "

"The hyperbolic -- what? What is this thing?"

"It's a slide rule. I got it off the internet. These are really great, in fact they're beautiful. This one's a Hemmi. You see the SH scale here, you read it along with the C scale for radians -- "

As Tami went on and on in what seemed to Girardo like a foreign language, his mouth slowly opened in utter incomprehension. Halfway through he realized Tami's left breast was almost slapping him on the side of the face as she leaned alongside him so they could both see these sticks she was sliding back and forth. Wanamaker looked on in amusement.

When she was done, Girardo said, "I'm afraid it's been a while since --" Actually, he had never, ever been able to --

Tami stood up and started over. "The slide rule is based on logarithms rather than linear relations." Her fingers danced along the scales as she explained. "See how the distance from 1 to 2 is the same as from 2 to 4? It's because that distance is a factor of 2. From 4 to 8 is also the same. Now let me set it to show 6 divided by 3 is 2. See? Without moving the scales you see at the same time that 12 divided by 3 is 4, 38.4 divided by 3 is, 12.8, and so on. The whole operation of division unfolds before you in one panoramic sweep!"

Tami was trying to light a bulb over Girardo's head with this picturesque phrase but there wasn't even a bulb there to turn on. "Oh," he said weakly.

By way of nudging Girardo in the right direction, Wanamaker said, "Tami, I wonder if you have any ambitions for your designing talent."

Tami thought for a second, then said, "I've designed dresses and clothes for my friends. It seems whenever there's a wedding or a formal dance I get called. It's just my minor, though. My major is math, and my project is math with biochemistry. My friend Gretchen and I are working on a biodegradable, toxin-proof fabric that holds heat in the cold and breathes in the heat."

"That would be quite an accomplishment."

"I heard about that project from Professor Ling," Wanamaker said. "That's Gretchen Spaulding, right?"

"Yes, Gretchen and me. What we want is to develop something that can be used by our troops in Iraq. My brother tells me it gets both very hot and very cold there, at least where he is. Gretchen's fiance is there too."

"I hear they need equipment there," Wanamaker said. Then, perhaps tactlessly, "I hope they're safe."

"Joe is in a part of the country where not much happens, and Roger, that's Gretchen's fiance, he's training helicopter pilots."

"I see," Girardo said. "Well, good for you. And good for Gretchen too."

"Thanks."

There was an uneasy silence, at least uneasy for the two professors.

"Well, Ms. Smithers," Girardo said, "we just wanted to say that we're very impressed with your work, not only on your biochem project, but also in our classes. I hope you stay interested in this field of endeavor. See you around."

"Thanks again." She picked up her backpack and started to leave. From out in the hall she said, "What happened to that cartoon thing?"

"The what?"

"You know, that old magazine thing?"

She was referring to an old National Lampoon item entitled, "What high fashion would look like if designers were heterosexual." It had a picture of a so-called designer in a sweatshirt and jeans, pointing to his new "design", an invisible dress on a naked woman. "And if she gets cold, she can always wear a car," he was saying. Girardo, who was gay, had put the item up some years ago as a joke on himself. But he took it down recently out of sensitivity to Tami's plight.

"Um, it was time to change the board a bit," Girardo said.

"Oh. Too bad, it was pretty funny. Well, bye."

They heard the bare footsteps receding and then the stairwell door close. Soft descending footfalls faded into silence.

Wanamaker said, "I knew you'd chicken out. You won't get many more chances."

Girardo sighed and said, "Shel, you know I'm always swayed by you. I have to admit, strange as it is, this girl's work is exceptional. She probably really does deserve to be our candidate. But a naked fashion designer... This is the weirdest situation I've ever been in."

"I think you're being hyperbolic."

"Oh shut up."

**Part 9**

The second, mezzanine level of the college library was quiet on this dark afternoon. The sound of the heavy rain outside was all that could be heard, a rain that was quickly turning the snow into slush. A slush that this time, according to the forecast, would not freeze overnight. It was taking a while, but the deep freeze this north country was famous for had broken and it was warming up, if ever so slowly.

Tami Smithers was parked at her usual table in her usual position. One leg curled up, the other heel up on the table, her foot facing in, markers of various colors slotted between her toes. With her left hand she was grading papers from the remedial math class she tutored, selecting the appropriate marker according to her own system. Red = incorrect, Black = correct but incomplete work, Blue = correct, Green = helpful comments.

Next to these papers were a couple of textbooks. Her backpack was on the chair next to her. She worked quietly in the quiet library.

Another creature lurked nearby.

At first it was just a shadow in the stacks behind her. Watching, waiting...

It was Rosaria, tall and athletic with cropped hair, travel pouch around her waist. In wool jacket, leotard top, tights and long wool socks over her duck boots, looking like the Latina lesbian she was. She silently circled in front of the table and, when Tami looked up, she leaned across the table and kissed the big toe.

Standing back at attention she whispered, "My Queen."

Tami smiled and whispered, "In a minute."

A quick glance down told Rosaria the reason. Tami wanted to give her students' work her undivided attention. Rosaria sat down at the next table and pretended to text message on her cell phone.

A moment later Tami put the papers away, took the markers from her toes, stretched her arms back, her breasts riding high on her chest, and sighed. Rosaria's mouth almost watered at the slight scent that issued. No doubt it had been several hours since the Queen's last release.

Gracefully she removed the chair next to Tami, bent under the table, and sat cross-legged in front of her altar. It was then that Tami emitted a quick, sharp gasp. As Tami read her text with quivering hands Rosaria did what she had learned so well to do. A moment later the sudden long breaths, then the jolting hips, told her she was successful. Tami turned the page as Rosaria laved the engorged lips for a few seconds with the Queen's nectar and then gently rolled them back into her mouth. In less than a minute Tami went up again. The edge having been taken off, this one was longer, more peaceful.

Rosaria kissed the palace entrance gently, then scooted around behind to plant a kiss on the naked girl's butt. In response Tami got up on her knees, transferred one knee to the next chair and bent forward, her head over the edge of the table as she kept reading. Rosaria separated the chairs and, tall girl that she was, could sit cross-legged while reaching up to insert her tongue in a different place. Queen Tami was very considerate of her subjects and kept herself clean and well-irrigated for the benefit of those who wished to enter her palace from the rear. Now she bestowed on Rosaria yet another reward, the sound of her Queen's pleasure. "Mmmmmm..."

All the while Tami kept reading, now and then emitting an "ohh. . ." or a little gasp. Now her subject inserted fingers into her pussy so that the tongue could play off against them. And, of course, the G spot, playing off the fingers of the other hand pressing rearward against the clit. Soon Tami was shaking violently and, another gift, Rosaria sensed her laying her forehead down on the text until the spasms were over. Then with a deep breath and a slight smell of sweat, Tami, future valedictorian that she was, went back to her assigned reading for her English Literature class. That she could concentrate on it and be able to retain it afterwards was in no way taken as a sign of disinterest. It was just part of her mystique.

It was some five minutes later, when Rosaria, exploring the delights of Tami's rectum, was in the middle of enjoying Tami's fifth orgasm of the session, that Ms. Tami Smithers was approached by Sarah Wickland.

Sarah Wickland, in-law of Henry Ross, the evil college lawyer, author of Tami's freshman year torments, who had escaped outside of her reach as well as of everyone else's. Sarah Wickland, law partner of Brian Cook, whose "rent" at his Pacific coast estate had been to have all his female tenants stay naked, a sore trial for Nina West and company but just a part of everyday life for Tami. Sarah Wickland, whose clients tended to specialize in bondage and discipline, and included the Cronenberg School, and Taft McNamee and his trade in pony girls.

Yet for all the strange things she had seen in her business, Sarah was quite unprepared for what she now witnessed as she drew near. Glad to see Tami after a space of two years and, expecting that Tami, having finally trusted her, would be glad likewise, she stopped when she saw the look of orgasm on her face and, upon further viewing, the crossed legs visible behind her on the floor.

She stopped. Then she continued. She signaled behind her and another woman, a little older than Tami and strikingly beautiful, obediently emerged from the stairwell and followed her.

Not sure how she should handle this situation, Sarah smiled as she stood at the table. Tami smiled too, or tried to, while keeping her eyes determinedly open. In the clutches of orgasm the look in her eyes changed instantaneously. She was a surprised friend, a sleepy fawn, a scared child, a lost soul, a witness to a birth, the Creator of the Universe, an eager girl scout, a sprinter straining for the finish line, a proud countess, a gambler counting cards -- fear, love, death, life, redemption . . . every emotion except the one Sarah expected, shame.

"H - hi Ms. Wick - ck -lannnd," Tami said.

"Hi Tami. You just won't call me Sarah, will you? They told me I could find you here. Is this a, uh, bad time to talk?"

"N - not at all -- ohhh!"

Sarah pulled up the chair across from Tami and sat down. "I bring you greetings from Taft McNamee and his board of directors." As she spoke the other woman, in a bulky black leather coat and spiky black boots, approached but stayed standing behind her. She wore a studded collar that nicely set off the gorgeous face.

Tami looked up and nodded to her with some effort.

"This is Katie, one of the ponies from the farm. You might remember her. She was your stable mate for a short time."

Tami's head jerked a bit as she looked up again. There might have been a look of recognition but her kaleidoscope eyes made it hard to tell. "Hi."

Katie looked at Sarah, who said, "You may speak."

Katie said, "Tami, you were called 'Naked' when you were with us ponies. I have been elected to say on behalf of all of us, thanks to your bravery the lives of all ponies are greatly improved and we will always be grateful."

Had Rosaria been listening, she would have found this exchange quite arresting. But she was in another world. Tami experienced the noodlings of Rosaria's tongue in her rectum, and the fingers bringing her to another orgasm, as she continued to engage in conversation.

"Th-thank you," Queen Tami said from her throne. "H - how is M - Mr. Cook -- ohhh..."

Sarah looked down. "I'm sorry to say that Brian passed away a few months ago. He never did recover from that stroke."

Tami's body quaked on the brink but she reached around and firmly placed her hand on Rosaria's head. Rosaria understood what that meant. She withdrew her tongue and hands, even though it meant leaving Tami quivering and unsatisfied, only a few licks from orgasm.

"That m-makes me very sad," Tami said, controlling her metabolism.

**Part 10**

"Yes," Sarah Wickland said. "It seems like the creator of our entire universe passed away."

**Part 11**

Sarah and Tami looked at each other and then looked down as if in respectful silence. Then Tami looked up at Sarah and motioned behind her and Rosaria once again drew her fingers up front into her crotch. She inserted her tongue deep into Tami's rectum, making Tami flinch and gasp. Sarah, having watched Tami's all-fours orientation, already had figured out what Rosaria had been doing and knew that she was simply resuming her prior attentions. During this entire time Tami did not break eye contact with Sarah.

Sarah was about to instruct Katie to speak again when Tami launched into a climax, especially violent due to having been left near the peak. Tami seemed waiting for Sarah to say something but it was Sarah, ironically, who was too distracted to continue. The quaking naked student and the well-dressed lawyer looked at each other across as wide a gulf as two human beings can look. When Tami had come down again Katie spoke.

"We bear a gift for you." She looked to Sarah, who said, "Tami, your trials while you were trying to prove that you had been falsely corralled made a great impression on the farm and indeed on the entire pony girl culture. You were tested by Taft and his board and did not betray your parents even while the tail you were wearing was being made to press against your ovaries. Taft had told me that this was the maximum level of pain that any master was allowed to inflict in his or her pony, equivalent to a man being hit in the testicles. Further neurocerebral research shows that is incorrect. In fact, the pain you underwent is more equivalent to a man having his testicles placed in a vise and gradually tightened until they rupture.

"This discovery, as well as your example, had quite an effect on the pony farm directors, particularly the men. It forced a change in the pony system. As you know, it is an entirely voluntary and humane enterprise. Key to this is the new model of tail. We would like you to have one."

Katie, drawing from a bag hitherto concealed within her coat, brought out a highly polished wooden shaft about a foot long with a beautiful, multi-colored tail of what looked like horsehair about twice the length of the shaft, and carefully draped it across the table.

"UHH!!" It was Rosaria's strangled scream, issuing from behind Tami.

Tami, eyes wide open, moved forward a bit and Rosaria fell backward to the floor. The naked girl quickly leaped back and picked Rosaria up, without much effort hefting the tall young woman and sitting her on the table. Rosaria had her hand to her mouth and was in tears. Sarah and Katie looked upon all of this with puzzlement and alarm.

Rosaria put her head against Tami's breasts as Tami held her head close. "I'm sorry, Ro." She looked up to Katie. "It's not your fault, Katie... Let me see." Rosaria tentatively stuck out her bruised tongue. "Looks O.K. Don't worry." Again, Tami held Rosaria against her breasts. Then looked up. "Sorry for the interruption. Seeing this... thing... well it was, like, a shock. My anus contracted."

"I should have asked her to take her tongue out first," Sarah said. "I'll never forget what Figvee said to me. 'Her rectal tone is amazing'."

Tami smiled as if she should feel she was being complimented. Meanwhile Rosaria disengaged from Tami's embrace and said, "I think... bleahhh... I think I'll be all right. Her thphincter is tho thexy."

She giggled which gave everyone else permission to laugh, including Katie.

Tami took the tail into both hands. "This was the most humungo thing that was ever in my butt," she said objectively. And that was saying a lot. "I was so totally impaled, like a specimen of a butterfly."

Sarah brought forth a little remote and pushed a button. Amazingly, the wood was not wood, it was a convincing plastic imitation. In Tami's hands the tail began sinuously twisting, like a snake. The naked girl gasped and then, after a long moment, started to giggle. "This is so weird!"

"Tails used to be for pain," Sarah said. Now they're for pleasure. The protrusion you see coming out now is designed to rub against the G spot and various other places in the vaginal wall through gentle pressure on the rectal wall. Now masters control their ponies not through punishment but by withholding the reward of orgasm."

"Reinforcement, rather than punishment," Tami said. "Or I think. I'm trying to remember back to that Intro Psych course I took."

"Precisely. And reinforcement is a more powerful motivator. Our ponies have become orgasm addicts, and to get their reward they will do things for their masters that they didn't in the past. Everybody wins."

Tami looked at the tail in her hands again, apparently deep in thought.

"It is yours, Naked," Katie said, "whether you want to use it, or just keep it as a token of our affection and gratitude."

Tami smiled. "'Naked'?"

"That is how I remember you."

"Your pony name was never officially changed, so that's how you still appear in the farm records," Sarah said. "Of course, your status is listed as 'released from contract'."

Katie said, "I remember how you wrote that call for help on that post-it and reached around with your toes to put it on the stable door."

Tami said, "I thought you were sleeping."

Katie smiled. "We real ponies are more aware than you think."

Sarah said, "Katie is quite an intelligent woman. She and her master have become a professional writing team, writing in technical journals, in the field of heuristics, I think."

"Ohmigod... Amazing!" Tami enthused. "I took a course that last year. Wow. I feel like I should get your autograph."

Katie said, "I even wrote a story about you. It's about how you got into clothes again."

Tami looked at her a long time. A thoughtful, faraway look.

Sensing the visit had run its course, Sarah said, "Tami, here's my card. I gave it to you on a previous occasion but, um, you didn't exactly have a place to put it. Don't be a stranger. And of course here's the remote."

And with that, Sarah and Katie said their goodbyes and left. Rosaria went back to Tami's embrace and they sat there for a long time, in the quiet library mezzanine with the wind and the slushy rain pounding away outside.

**Part 12**

In the Student Union, along the wall farthest from the snack bar, at one of those tables that were usually empty, seven young women, of various styles of dress, their winter coats draped on their chairs, sat silently as papers were distributed.

Another meeting of the Tami Lickers.

They had tried other, more dignified names, such as The Priestesses of the Temple, or The Queen's Court, but none had stuck. As a kind of code they had shortened the painfully obvious name to "the TL's".

Georgene spoke. "This shows the full clitoris. As you can see, it's not just the 'man in the boat'."

"Tami refers to it in the feminine," Myra, a scholarly-looking black girl in glasses and a granny dress, said.

"That's a good idea... But as you can see, it's actually a pretty big structure. The clit is like the tip of the iceberg. The bottom of it is the G spot. You can feel it yourself."

"Actually I hate poking around in there, at least in my own," Marianne said.

"I know... But the important thing is, when you get into Tami's front chamber, try to feel the G spot -- it's like bifurcated."

"I've felt it, when I licked her on Tuesday," Jeane said. "It's like two little grapes, almost, connected by a stem."

Georgene said, "The important thing is, don't be too poky. Tami responds well to stroking that's gentle. As she gets excited you will feel the two 'grapes', like, get a little firmer and more prominent. Tongue the clit at the same time. I haven't experimented a great deal, and actually I haven't licked her all week."

"Poor baby," said Marianne in a pitying voice.

"Yeah I know, I've just been so damn busy. I only see her when she's outside walking to classes."

"Then just do her there!" said Spica, a freshman in a punk hairdo and outfit.

"You KNOW she won't let you do that," Marianne said.

Barbara, a grad student who was about 30, spoke to Spica in her usual slow and thoughtful manner. "The administration tolerates what we do, because they know Tami needs it. But Tami doesn't want to cause them embarrassment and all kinds of other problems by the sight of her being licked in public. That's why we have to find her in semi-private spots like her library table."

"I think Rosaria's finding her there now," Marianne said. "At least that's what she told me she was going to do."

"Jen McIntyre was in town, I hear," Spica said.

"Really? Man I've been out of touch," Georgene said. Jen, foremother of the TL's and a bottomless spring of useful information, was quite a celebrity to this bunch.

"She had to leave though," Spica said.

"Damn, we'd like to talk to her about some pointers," Marianne said.

"Next time I see Tami I'll try to get Jen's cell phone... Well, getting back to the G-spot, has anyone found whether alternate clit and G-spot strokes work better?"

Spica said, "I did simultaneous licks and strokes yesterday and she came and came and came."

"That's what Tami does," Marianne said.

"I counted 17 times," Spica added.

This met with calls of "Brag! Brag! Brag!"

"Just don't tell her. Tami really hates it when people count," Jeane said.

"Why is that?" Marianne looked at Barbara.

Barbara thought for a second and said, "I don't know."

"When you really get into it, you lose count yourself," Teresa said. "You're in such another world, just you and her."

There was a general murmur of agreement. Except for Melissa, a blonde girl who looked like a model and was new to the club. She sat silently on the side and was taking this all in. She looked at the handout and studied it intently.

She spoke up. "I wonder how that feels like," she said, "to come so many times, like that?"

Marianne said, "I actually asked her that once. She said it was like being lifted up into the sky, and looking down on all of life from above."

"Strange," Jeane said.

"I kind of feel like I'm up there with her at times," Georgene said.

"It's what it's all about," Marianne said.

Spica said, "That's not how my own orgasm feels."

"Well of course it would be different," Barbara said. "If you have thirty or more orgasms a day, you develop a different perspective."

"Oh gosh -- you think she has that many?" Spica said.

Barbara shrugged. "Just an estimate, between us and what she does at home."

"I'm surprised Rod isn't dead by now," Jeane laughed.

"What about her nipples?" Melissa asked.

"Gentle rubbing between the fingers, after you start the buildup," Georgene said.

"Can I suck them?"

"Of course, she responds well to that, even a little mild biting. But watch where you are. It can't be too public. That's why it's best to work from below."

"What if somebody comes by? What if they want to talk to her?"

"Just continue. She can converse through an orgasm. She doesn't want you to stop. It's hard to explain, but she kind of feels that asking us to stop would be impolite to us."

"She's very considerate. I would hate to have my Tami licking interrupted."

"A very good, kind Queen," said Marianne, with equal parts of whimsy and seriousness.

After a brief lull, Georgene brought out a little plastic box. "O.K., let's get the beat."

Spica started snapping her fingers in rhythm. Others followed, some trying to push the beat faster, others trying to slow it down, but all snapping more or less together. Far across the room, some guys at a table looked over momentarily.

"O.K., stop." Then Georgene pushed a button on the box. It was a metronome. Tick - tick - tick - tick -

"Shoot. Too fast again," Jeane said.

This was part of the training they gave themselves. The metronome was set to tick every 0.8 seconds -- the length between orgasmic contractions, according to what they'd read. They knew that, by licking just ahead of the beat, they could extend Tami's orgasms by a few spasms. So predicting the next spasm was key.

After the business of the meeting was over they got back to regular small talk.

"I got a dress code letter yesterday," Jeane said.

"Oh God. The crackdown continues," Barbara said. "What did you do? Show a bit of ankle?"

"I had on a pink tee and they must have seen my navel poking out," Jeane said. "All this, under my coat that was probably open for a few seconds. That was the part they underlined, anyway."

She was referring to the campus dress code, which this year was starting to be actually enforced. It was an old dreary document prohibiting bare midriffs, backless or strapless tops, torn jeans, very short shorts, and the like. Any student seen violating it would get an intracampus note with the relevant provision underlined.

"Last week I took off my shoes in the library and they dinged me. I couldn't believe it," Spica said.

"Were you wearing socks?"

"No."

"Well there you have it. Is that a big deal to wear socks?" Marianne said.

"Claudia got dinged for wearing a tube top -- under a shirt!"

"Was the shirt open?"

"Well yes."

"All she has to do is keep it closed. Her own fault."

"Remember back in October on that nice day when they dinged Roger because he was playing frisbee in bare feet on the grass?"

"That was ridiculous."

"If they enforce the no flip-flops part when the weather gets warm, there will be a massive revolt."

"I don't think they'd be that stupid."

"Well what did you expect? This is still basically a conservative Baptist college. Us, and Congi, we're practically the only exceptions."

The conversation was halted by the approaching sound of bare soles on the cold tile, and the clip-clop of boots. It was Tami and Gretchen with sodas, Tami also with a hero sandwich. Gretchen was toting an umbrella and her overcoat and boots were wet. Tami's hair was disheveled and wet but her skin was already almost dry, just a few drops on the small of her back.

"Guten tag," Tami said, placing her soda and hero down. As she stood there she stretched and sighed, apparently unconscious of the near-swoon that the TL's underwent upon seeing her tan, concave tummy and navel.

The TL's worshipped Tami's body, had made drawings of it, taken pictures of various parts of it (with Tami's permission), knew every naked inch in detail, inside and out. Jeane, whose proclivities were in that direction, even had pet names for each of Tami's toes. Other common nicknames for her various body parts were "nubs" (nipples), "forest" (pubic hair), "winkie" (anus), "slopes" (the bottom curves of her breasts), "knob" (cervix), and "vault" (rectum). Tami's body was not only their place of worship but also their playground. As Spica once inartfully but enthusiastically put it, her pussy was their soccer field, her cervix was their monkey bars, her anus the slide into the play shed, her rectum the shed itself, her pussy lips the ropes. Her clit and G-spot together were the see-saw. The TL's celebrated Tami and in so doing celebrated themselves, the beauty and strength and capacities of the human female.

After Tami stretched, Myra said, "Your forest is beautiful. I like that color."

Tami looked down and slightly parted her legs. "Thanks. It's called 'plum', according to the box."

"Wow, did you get every single hair? Even the ones near your winkie?" Spica asked.

"I sure did," Tami said with pride. She turned around and bent over, spreading her butt cheeks, cheerfully displaying the last hairs on her perineum. They were plum color, every single one. Further down, a space of clear, tanned skin, then the darker brown skin around her much-photographed anus.

"Beautiful job."

"Thanks, it took a long time," Tami said as she turned back around, again not seeming to notice the near-swoon of her audience. Or perhaps having gotten used to it.

Tami and Gretchen pulled up chairs. Tami got right to work pigging out. As she did, a couple of the TL's leaned over and kissed her on the forehead as she smiled through munches.

Sessu, an architecture major from Japan, walked by. He waved to the TL's and bent down to kiss Tami's knee. "My Queen," he said, smiling good-naturedly, then walked on. No male had tried to become a TL, it being unspokenly clear that Tami, faithful to her husband, would never accept it. It was a standing joke that the Queen's male subjects were restricted to kissing her on the knees, though in fact friendly hugs and kisses on her cheeks (the cheeks of her face, that is) were permitted as with anyone.

Tami practically inhaled the sandwich. As she was finishing she said, "Sorry Gretchen, about that class report."

"What?"

"That joke about the guns. I was trying to put you at ease but it was stupid."

"Oh... Well that's O.K." Gretchen was glad she hadn't had to bring it up herself. She had been really quite embarrassed by the presentation, more than she expected, and Tami's little joke hadn't helped. She decided to add, "Apology accepted."

"What's this about?" Marianne said.

"Nothing," Gretchen said.

Some more small talk. Seeing a book half-out of Spica's bookbag, Jeane said, "What is that?"

"The Kama Sutra," Spica said. "It's an Indian book of sex positions."

Gretchen looked at Tami and rolled her eyes.

Looking at the pretzeled couple on the cover, Barbara said, "How could you possibly do that without throwing your back out?"

"Well you old folks have to worry about that," Spica teased.

"It looks painful to me," Jeane said. "Tom and I tried something like that once and I almost broke his dick off."

Talking about sex again. What girls do when they're together, at least some girls. Gretchen politely excused herself.

"I'll catch up with you," Tami said.

After Gretchen left, Marianne said, "It's more like an athletic event than making love," looking at the cover.

Barbara said, "Call me old-fashioned, but there's no getting around the fact that missionary is the most intimate position."

"I think it's when we go down on each other," Jeane said. "He looks up at me, and I look up at him."

Some thoughful silence. Then Barbara said, "What do you think, Tami? What's the most intimate position?"

Tami thought, leaned back on her chair sipping her soda, then swung her foot up onto the table, wiggling her toes slowly in thought. Playing with the straw, she said, "Anal sex."

"Akkk," Myra said. "That's painful."

"It takes some practice," Tami said.

"How can you say that's the most intimate?" Myra said.

"Because you're opening yourself up to him totally, surrendering your body to him, above and beyond what nature intended, a place not designed to accept a penis."

That thought stilled the conversation for a bit. Then Tami said, "I have to go. Auf wiedersehen."

"Bye, Queen," Marianne said.

Tami smiled and stood up. After tossing her empty soda into the waste can with a breast-jiggling jump shot, she gave them a royal bow, then grabbed her bookbag and walked out with a relaxed, upright pace that was decidedly queen-like and regal.