**Tami Beethoven**  
by Donny Laja

**Part 13**

The wind and icy rain continued to pelt the quad.

One might think that, of all people, changes in weather would affect Tami, whose naked body had no protection from the elements, the most. In fact it seemed to affect her the least. Summer or winter, hot sun or cold rain, gentle breeze or gale-force wind, Tami walked across the quad with pretty much the same pace, on this occasion her feet splashing casually through the melting slush, her upright frame accepting the cold shower from above, her hair unconcernedly plastered to her shoulders as it got wetter and wetter, rivulets of water ski-jumping unnoticed off her stiff nipples, her tan skin sleek and wet.

Everyone else trudged slowly, shielding their faces from the rain, struggling with balky umbrellas, lurching ponderously in ponchos and raincoats, heavy steps in heavy boots. Tami passed through them easily, having learned the truth: that short term exposure to these conditions, once gotten used to, is not harmful.

True, it was only in warm weather that Tami exhibited what Jeane's boyfriend Tom called her "earth mother" walk -- slow, languid, shoulders thrown back, breasts arched out as if in offering to feed the whole world, soles broadly pressing against the earth as if joining it, arms swinging gently at her sides.

But most times her walk was that of the high achiever she was -- a bit quick, purposeful, sure of where she was going and intending to get there on time.

On this afternoon Tami glided effortlessly through the rain and into Rockley Hall, where in the basement lab she found Gretchen leaning over a table. Gretchen turned around upon hearing Tami dropping her backpack. Gretchen's smile was so broad that it made her goggles slide up.

Tami knew what that meant. Watching where she stepped, she made her way over to the lab table where Gretchen proudly showed her an entire tub filled with golden brown thread.

"Woo hoo!!" Tami yelled, and she picked up the surprised Gretchen, who outweighed her by some 40 pounds, and twirled her around and around in a tight hug. "Come on, let's go!" She tried to pull her by the hand.

Gretchen made her wait while she cleaned up. Then she covered the tub and started for her coat and umbrella. "I'll go," Tami said breathlessly, "take your time."

A minute later a naked girl could be seen running across the freezing puddles of the main concourse, holding a closed tub above her head, breasts wobbling wildly from side to side in rhythm with her strides, a big smile on her face. Even those well used to seeing Tami in all her moods wondered what was up and looked back at her after she passed. Others moved out of the way so as not to get hit by the wide-angle splashes from her tough bare feet.

As to Gretchen, she did take her time, deciding to record the day's work, though with a hand shaking with excitement. She battled the elements and finally made it to the dress lab in Thayer Hall. There she found Tami, as expected, seated at a sewing machine. Nearby was the high-speed automatic loom, where almost all the fabric had already been woven.

Tami was using the sewing machine she preferred, the real old style one she had found in a closet and reconditioned last year, the one operated by a see-saw pedal on the floor. She had one eye on a printout of one of her computer generated boot designs. As she worked the see-saw pedal with one foot, her other foot was up on the table where the thread was guided into the machine between her second and third toes, which grasped tightly and then let slack as required.

Tami finished with what looked like a sock. She stuffed it into an unlined rubber boot she had been keeping under the machine.

"OK. You know what to do," she said.

Gretchen bent down and slipped off one of her waterproof Uggs. A bit bashfully, she took off her white sock, exposing a pale white foot. She put on the new boot and stood up.

"How does it feel?"

Gretchen looked down at the boot next to Tami's foot and wiggled her toes. "Strange. A little like cotton, but kind of like I'm in steel wool."

Tami looked down thoughtfully, in the process flicking a lingering drop of rain from her right nipple. "That's not necessarily a bad thing... It's good that it feels unique without being uncomfortable."

The two young women walked out of the dress lab and a bit down the hall, all the while looking at Gretchen's foot. They sat down in one of the little alcoves that dotted the hallways. Tami sat up cross-legged as Gretchen turned the boot as if modeling it.

This was a below ground level floor. High up on the wall was a little window half-encrusted with melting snow, sustaining the patter of raindrops.

"It's bunched up a little bit at the toes," Gretchen said.

"That's just my fault. I was in such a hurry I didn't cut it right."

"Do you think this material will ever get to Joe and Roger?"

"Actually I hope they're home before then. Joe comes back in three months."

"Roger comes back in four. Oh Lord..." Gretchen shook her head. "I hope they're safe."

They sat awhile in silence. Tami clasped her fingers with her toes with the same ease that anyone else would clasp their hands.

As their minds wandered a bit, Gretchen looked at the nearby candy machine. Resist... resist... she was a chocolate addict and was trying to reform. Suddenly she realized that this was the perfect time. She had thought and thought and thought about it...

"Tam, I'm going home the weekend after next. Want to come with me?"

Tami looked at her for a moment. "What?"

"Come see my family. I've told them about you."

"About me?"

"About you being my good friend," she quickly said. "I'd love for you to meet my folks, and the rest of the clan. It's about a two hour drive. We can go Saturday morning, come back Sunday night."

"You mean Jim-Bob and all that?"

It was Gretchen's standing Waltons joke about her family. She was the second youngest of seven.

Gretchen looked down at the boot and then made herself look up at her naked friend.

Tami smiled. "If it's OK with you, it's OK with me."

This was a relief, but it also would have been a relief if Tami had said no. Gretchen was trying to treat Tami as a regular good friend. Her upbringing said it was just courteous to invite her. But then --

Suddenly Tami looked up at the window. "Whoa! This is the perfect time! Let's go outside!" She hopped out onto the floor with a determined double slap.

"What?"

"There's freezing cold puddles out there now. It's like the perfect way to test whether it holds heat!"

Gretchen's mind quickly changed gears. "Tami, it's a mess out there."

"Exactly. Who knows -- this might be the last time it's that cold outside. It might be an early spring. And in the cold water the loss of heat will be the most acute. Wicking properties!"

"Uh, yes..." Gretchen had to admit that Tami was right. And so she followed her naked friend as they ran out of the building.

Unfortunately Gretchen had forgotten her umbrella, but a few minutes of freezing rain on her head was a small price to pay for what would be a great breakthrough. Tami took her by the hand out to the grass, where there were still soft patches of snow. Hunting around, they found a large puddle that looked especially deep.

And so it was. Planting the boot in it, the water came halfway up. There must have been a rut here. It was so wide that Gretchen had to stretch a bit to keep her other foot out on the relatively firm snow. Tami stood in the puddle next to the test boot, the water up past her ankles.

Tami said, loudly so as to be heard over the rain, "Does your foot feel cold?"

"What?"

"Does... your... foot... feel... cold?"

Gretchen saw Tami's bare foot submerged in the freezing cold water right next to the boot, icy mud swirling from between her toes.

"Does your foot feel cold?" Tami shouted again. Sometimes Tami could get a little impatient and testy when she was excited.

"Oh Tam..." Gretchen thought of her foot in the boot and sock and could not stop looking at Tami's bare toes in the icy puddle.

Tami appeared to recognize the problem. She climbed out of the watery rut and said, "I'll be at the doorway. Wait one minute if you can. Feel your foot!!"

Gretchen took a deep breath and looked down, finally undistracted. She wiggled her toes again. Then closed her eyes, trying to feel. Yes, her foot was staying warm. There was no chill, or at least very little, possibly due to the poor fit of the sock. She felt the cold rain pelting her hair and face and vowed to endure...

Sixty seconds later she was splashing back to Thayer Hall, each step a great effort trying to lift the test boot, and the Ugg on the other foot, out of mud that was like glue. Tami was in the doorway as promised, but came out to the sidewalk to meet her. "Well?"

Gretched smiled as if to bring warmth to her friend. "Yes! It's nice and warm and snuggly!"

"Yes! Yes!" The two friends, rain pouring down on their heads, hugged. Tami once again picked Gretchen up and twirled her around, the water from their wet hair spraying out in a double helix around them, prompting a second glance from the passersby as they trudged slowly through the wind and the icy rain in their umbrellas and boots and raincoats.

**Part 14**

Rod was lucky this day. They were ready to work on the new dam, had all the kinks worked out, but the rain came and would not let up. There was no planning or paperwork to do while waiting; it had all been done. So he got to go home early.

Driving back home he realized how tired he was. He was doing better recently. Inspired by Tami's pep talk, he had quit trying to decide whether his boss was a good boss or a bad boss or whether he was being treated fairly or unfairly. Instead he decided to act like a major league rookie who knew he was lucky to be invited up to the big time and determined to do the best job he could. As a result things were going more smoothly. His boss seemed to be easing up on him.

Looking at his watch he saw that Tami would be in the middle of one of her "therapy" sessions over at the Chalfont Institute. He thought about stopping by. Dr. Kantor, a pleasant but boring man, had said hi to him now and then when he came to pick Tami up. He had also met Dr. Abu Jamal, who after Dr. Schnitzer retired had become the new director at Chalfont. A rather high-strung guy from Pakistan. Both were undoubtedly well-meaning, obviously feeling obligated to cure Tami after all that she had been through under their roof.

They had seemingly tried everything. Tami didn't say much about it, but when he pumped her for details she told him about the talking therapy, the behavior modification therapy, hypnosis, the testing of her skin responses. The last time he came by, Tami was in a lab room standing up on an exam table, stretched out into an "X", grasping a long metal bar near the ceiling, wires taped to her skin, while Dr. Kantor and his assistants positioned loops of fabrics around her body. He could see the goose bumps, the stiffening of her already erect nipples, even her pubic hair seemed to stand on end when the "covering" got too close. These therapies seemed very mild and tentative, but they were the experts, not him. Also, to be fair, they probably didn't want to risk causing any further harm.

He decided he was too tired to go to Chalfont and went straight home. He fell on the bed without taking off his clothes and was soon asleep.

. . . .

It was a scary, uncomfortable feeling. He felt decidedly out of place with his suit and attache case, following El Hamad down the stone steps. As special American envoy this was the most important assignment of his life. But thus far El Hamad had been rather chilly and almost brusque, with little of his famous charm.

The passageway got darker and the steps more uneven. A sentry followed him.

Yet another, increasingly narrow stairwell down, and the air got downright chilly. As they passed under a bare light bulb he could see his breath in little clouds. Finally they reached the rock bottom, the subbasement.

It took his eyes a while to adjust to the darkness. It was an enormous room divided by a stone wall. The floor was rocky and uneven, as if bedrock had been chipped into to create this level with no attempt to make a true floor. He could feel the pointy outcrops through his shiny, leather-soled shoes which slipped and bent as he tried to keep up.

He sensed her dark silhouette as they approached. And then was spooked by dull green flickers that turned out to be her eyes. The sentry lit an oil lamp on the wall.

It was recognizably Tami, but this naked girl was almost his height. Standing upright, legs apart, her dirty bare feet cuffed to rivets in the rock. Her skin was brown, in fact almost as dark as his own, contrasting with her green eyes in the flickering light. Her arms were drawn back, a heavy chain connecting her wrists to the wall behind. Her breasts were enormous, standing straight out like brown mountains over her concave tummy. Her nipples, gigantic and stiff in the cold, were pierced with rough thick iron rings three inches across that hung down in the chilly air. Below, one could dimly see her abundant pubic bush.

"Irish," El Hamad said. "Strong race. She could kill me with her bare hands, and probably wants to." She looked at him with undisguised hatred, her tummy breathing in and out with her passion. Then as he feared, she turned her gaze on him.

"What was her offense?" he said as blandly as he could.

El Hamad shrugged. "I forget."

He looked around. Except for them the entire level was empty. "Is she being punished?"

"No, this is her usual position when not performing hard labor."

"Where is her cell?"

El Hamad looked at him and waved his hand. "This IS her cell. She sleeps with one ankle cuffed."

There was no bed, no toilet. She slept naked on these pointy rocks?

"It's very cold down here," he said.

"Like I told you, a strong race. She's been naked for three months now. Hard labor keeps her toned. Of course, we have a purpose." El Hamad took out a flashlight and took him behind her. He gasped. Coming up out of the floor at an angle was a rusty iron shaft about two inches thick that disappeared between her taut butt cheeks.

As if to increase his consternation, El Hamad asked his sentry, "What's the penetration?"

"Eight inches."

Open-mouthed in astonishment, he just couldn't forsake his duty and said what he had to say. "You must be aware that this violates the Geneva Convention."

El Hamad laughed. "Oh really. And what country are you from?"

He bit his lip. This was untenable. His country was aware of El Hamad's human rights abuses, and had been willing to look the other way because they needed his help. But now El Hamad was rubbing this outrage right in his face.

He saw a way out. This might be a vital interrogation. "What information do you hope to get out of her?"

Another laugh. "This is not a spy movie." A small recorder emerged from El Hamad's pocket. Resplendent in his full-dress uniform, he faced the the naked prisoner. She spat at him.

El Hamad laughed and wiped it off with a handkerchief. "Good thing we'd rather have you alive... Now confess to the bombing."

She glared at him, her huge breasts heaving, the rings rising and falling.

El Hamad slowly twisted one of the rings ninety degrees. She was stoic but by the time he twisted to 180 degrees she was clearly trying to hide her pain.

The recorder came out again. "You know the words to say. Whether you actually did it or not is of no moment. Say what needs to be said."

She refused. The sentry, with a hammer from his coat, struck the iron shaft fiercely. The clang reverberated through the dank empty basement. The naked prisoner tried to shift her feet and stifled a cry, her breasts bouncing ponderously. The pain in her abused sphincter and rectum must have been horrible.

She looked right at him with green fire in her eyes. She had not said a word. Was she demanding that he help her? Or condemning him for not doing so?

Now, the sound of rushing water from behind. He turned around -- was the basement being flooded?

. . . .

Rod awoke with a start. He found himself still in his suit and shoes, lying on the bed. He staggered to his feet, disoriented. He had had dreams about Tami before -- sometimes as a naked superheroine, saving the world in comic book fashion from evil, sometimes as a naked Olympic swimmer whom he was coaching, often as a naked Queen on her throne whom he approached in supplication, even as a naked paper girl who delivered the newspaper every day. But this was the first time his dream-Tami had been imprisoned or abused.

It was past seven o'clock. He had been asleep for four hours. Glad he was in the comforting real world again, he lurched to the bathroom and the sound he knew so well, of Tami taking one of her bubble baths.

She had just turned the faucet off with her foot. This was one of those old-style free-standing tubs with legs. Lying fully submerged except for her head and her bent knees, her eyes closed, a little smile on her face. "Mmmmm..." Despite the bubbles he could see almost her entire body, her breasts buoyant.

She opened her eyes as if expecting him. He told her about his dream.

She giggled, a low, womanly giggle which made the water ripple. Lifting her feet up to the sides of the tub and wiggling her bubbly toes, she said, "Fortunately my circumstances are not quite that desperate."

He put the toilet cover down and sat next to the tub. He noticed the unadorned third toe and picked up the wedding ring she had she placed on the floor. "I think it's getting too tight," she said. "It gets uncomfortable sometimes."

He looked down at her. "You don't seem to be gaining weight."

"No," she looked down at her tummy. "The rec center takes care of that."

Rod watched absently as Tami's nipples broke the surface and then submerged in the little ripples, and thought again about his dream. "You were in a dungeon. That was like at the pony farm, right?"

"No, I wouldn't call it a dungeon. They kept us in a stable with straw on the floor but everything there looked pretty expensive. The food was certainly better than here."

"Ho ho," Rod said with a smile. A reference to his disastrous attempt at lasagna last night. Which Tami, with her winter appetite, ate anyway.

"So what were you working on today?"

"Dragging seedlings out to the campus lawn. It was a slippery, muddy mess in that rain. I fell three times. I needed this bath b-a-a-d."

"No, not the grounds crew, I mean at Chalfont."

"Galvanic skin tests."

Rod exhaled in exasperation.

"And," Tami said with a smile, "we got the polymer to thread. I made a boot out of it. Gretchen put her foot into a puddle and said it kept her warm."

"Great! -- So where is this headed?"

"Ling told me the government is interested. They might send us some things to sign."

"Wow..."

"And not only that," Tami said, "I got an interesting gift from a visitor. Look under the sink."

Rod at first did not know what this huge object was that he was dragging out of the cabinet, but as he supported it in his hands he suddenly looked at it in horror. "God... this isn't..."

"It's not exactly what they stuck in me. Mrs. Wickland says it's improved and they're not into punishment any more. There's a remote there too. Push the purple button."

Rod found the remote and dropped the huge tail in surprise as it buzzed. "So now this is a vibrator?"

"Ja. Sehr nett?" Which meant, "Very nice?"

Rod held it in his hands. "I can't believe this whole wooden part went inside you."

"I had had a lot of practice at the time."

Rod remembered Tami's account of the huge dildos pistoning into both her holes at Chalfont under McMasters's direction. "It seems impossible."

"No, it's possible."

He thought again about the old plantation grounds, the pony girl system. That the slaves were there by choice made it in way worse. "What a sick enterprise. Playing master and slave."

"I had a dream about it once that wasn't too bad."

"Oh really. I suppose you were the lady of the manor?"

"No, I was the barefoot Irish kitchen girl. You were a field slave out picking cotton."

Rod cocked his eyebrow. A black person and a white person would have different ideas about such a dream.

"We would wink at each other, and one day we both escaped into the countryside, made love under the stars, and built a little hut to live in."

"If I was a field slave I wouldn't get a chance to see you, much less wink at you."

"It was a dream, Rod!"

Well maybe that was not so bad. Tami sat up in the tub, water coursing from her nipples, and kissed Rod's adorable shaved head. He watched as she settled back in. Her famous pubic fronds, buoyed by the water, waved to and fro like wheat in a lazy summer wind. Plum-colored wheat, of course.

"Got home early?" she said, sliding down some more.

"Yes. No work at the moment."

"Me too. It's a night for chilling out."

He took one last look at her submerged charms and then started out the bathroom.

The ominous whoosh of water into a cave. He looked back and she had braced her feet against the sides with toes spread. He knew this well -- she was a cobra rising to pounce. He tried to make a run for it and almost made it into the kitchen. But fifteen feet was well within her range. She raised her body up and a long thin squirt of bath water arced out from her womanly depths and hit him square in the back of his jacket. The female hunter-gatherer had once again arrowed her prey.

"Damn," he laughed. The only thing to do was swear revenge.

Part 15

In the kitchen, his wet jacket drying on a chair, Rod puttered around for something to make for supper. It was his turn again. He decided on what he was good at, salad with hard boiled eggs, cheese, and a side of toast.

As he was getting out the lettuce he heard the splashing and dripping of water. Tami was getting out of her bubble bath. She used to try to invite him in with her but the tub wasn't really big enough and, besides, she liked the water really hot, which he found suffocating.

"Aiee! Damn!" she suddenly shouted.

When he got there he saw his dripping nude wife looking at a big white towel on the floor.

"That thing is like fire!" she said. She reached down for it but drew her hand away at the touch.

Rod picked it up. It felt like the same old towel as always. The two searched for an explanation. "Maybe you're allergic to the detergent. Did you buy a different brand? I know I haven't."

"No."

He went to the linen closet. Unfortunately their other towels (all four of them) were in the dirty clothes hamper, leaving just some scratchy wash cloths. He threw three to Tami. In spite of his concern, Rod always found it sexy seeing her dry herself off.

He put the white towel in the hamper, intending on doing the wash later, then went back to the kitchen. Now a voice from the living room. "Rod."

He found her there sitting cross-legged on the upholstered couch, leaning against a pillow.

"I don't feel so good. I feel... I don't know, like I'm going to throw up."

Now he was really concerned. In all the time he knew her Tami had not once gotten sick. In Pilgrim Hall she was famous for it. They both figured it was because the constant exposure to the elements had toughened her. It was something she cited with pride during her embrace of "the theory of nudism" last year.

He didn't know what to do but she seemed so confused as to be helpless. He pulled her up by the hand and led her to the kitchen. Once on the cold tile floor she sighed. Then she sat down on it, breathing deeply. She opened her eyes and seemed to have recovered. Then she drew a glass of water.

"Rod," she said, "let's get some air."

Tami led him out the back door. The half moon was out. The forecast had been wrong; it looked like it was freezing up again tonight. They stood on the re-freezing crusty snow in the back yard. He watched as she took some more deep breaths, exhaling in little clouds of condensation, over her nipples that were stiffening with the cold. Wisps of mist emanated from her body, still hot and moist from the bath. Then she squatted and peed. She never had a bashful kidney when it was just her and Rod, or some of her close friends. Sometimes they would stand in a circle around her, conversation going on without interruption as she relieved herself.

Rod and Tami both watched the steaming yellow hole that formed in the snow.

As the jet of urine slackened she looked up and said, "I want some eggs. Let's go eat at the Plaza."

In this town, that meant the Plaza Diner, three blocks away on Water Street. The snow crunched under her feet as she slowly sauntered to the side gate with an even gait.

"Wait, Babe, while I get my coat." Rod also changed into his boots.

In a minute they were walking hand in hand down the small side street. He tried not to look over at her. Fortunately she seemed OK. By the time they got to the diner and she waved to Theo, the owner, and they got their favorite table at the back, it was back to being a normal night.

It would be too much to call the three-eggs-and-steak plate the "Tami winter special", but that would have been appropriate, because hardly anyone else ordered it. Rod picked at his own pancakes as she started wolfing it down.

He brought up something that had been bothering him. "I still can't believe you were so... casual about accepting that tail thing, that monstrosity, as a gift from that lawyer. Don't you remember what they did to you?"

"It was mistaken identity. Anyway, it seems like it was a hundred years ago." She leaned over and rubbed his scalp like it was a Buddha's belly and she was wishing for good luck. In the process her breast leaned into her potatoes. She wiped it off with a napkin as she said, "What am I supposed to do, relive it over and over? If I dwelt on all that old stuff I'd go crazy."

She had a point. That summer was three years ago, almost. She was just turning 19 then. From 19 to 22 is a long period in a person's life. More than 22 to 25 was, as with him. It was a condescending thought, and Tami had been through enough trauma and shame for several lifetimes. But nonetheless true.

Rod wondered about that dream he had. What did it mean? That Tami was being tortured inside and it was up to him to help? Yet she seemed so well-adjusted to what life had handed her. Except for Henry Ross and Dean Jorgon and a few others, all of whom were gone, she had forgiven everyone involved in her freshman year torments. As she put it once, they were simply under mistaken impressions created by a couple of bad people. She was even on good terms with Homer Winant now, that clever creep. And who was Rod to say that this peace of mind was not real? It certainly seemed real to him. She never had unsettling dreams, like the one he just had.

As she sipped orange juice she giggled.

"What."

"I was just thinking -- what if I wore that tail around campus?"

All Rod could think of was how uncomfortable it would be, but he saw how it might be funny and played along. "Maybe just to parties?"

"Or special occasions. Like graduation."

Now he did laugh. "Your valedictorian speech."

He thought about sitting in the audience, using the remote to bring her to orgasm after orgasm as she spoke. Maybe he shouldn't be turned on, considering her freshman year experiences. But still...

Stuffed for now, Tami sat back and put her feet up on the opposite seat, on each side of Rod. She fondled the sides of his jeans with her toes.

"How are your fans doing?"

"Attentive as ever. Spica keeps bringing up the idea of an after-hours get-together."

"Who?"

"Spica. She's a freshman. I don't think you've met her yet."

"Is this the 'Tami-thon' idea again?"

"Kind of."

The two of them had never gotten each other's views on this long-standing proposal because neither was sure what they thought about it themselves. But now Rod found himself saying, "If they want to do it at our house, that's O.K. I'd like to be there, though."

Tami looked at Rod. "It sounds too, like, intimate for you not to be there. Think of it as having Jen and Leisha visiting. The expanded version."

"I don't know if we can afford all that fine wine."

"Not for me."

"No?"

"No, I prefer keeping my senses sharp. Like when I'm with you."

So there he had it. The marathon, multi-tongue party idea had been OK with Tami all along.

Tami said, "You know, about this tail... If it does what Ms. Wickland says it does, it would come in handy, like the bra and panties from Chalfont." Which she couldn't wear any more.

The tail would certainly mean less work for him every night. He could just watch, or maybe work the remote, while her immense sexual thirst was quenched, instead of doing all that work of humping from below, from above, licking, sucking, always holding back, managing her orgasms so to speak. Instead, he could hold her hand as she spasmed to her heart's (or clit's) content, and just "come in" for the finish.

"The important thing is that I am with you, Babe."

Tami inserted a sausage in a hole in Rod's pancake, which made him chuckle. "You know I was doing all sorts of tasks while wearing that tail thing. Chopping branches, pulling buggies..."

"Babe, please -- I don't want to hear about it."

"My point is, sometimes I think it's all work for you and all pleasure for me."

"I don't have your capacity."

"Still. The tail will free up my hands and mouth and everything, to give you pleasure."

"You DO give me pleasure." At least as much as he could stand, considering he could only come once or maybe twice a night. Sundays, which they tried to reserve for being alone, he could usually come four times during the course of the day.

"What I'm thinking of is the TL's," Tami said. "They don't ever want pleasure for themselves. All they want is to make me come a lot. And it's not like they're playing me like a pinball machine like you say. It's kind of selfless. Maybe I'm reading too much into it, but the way they get into it seems almost mystical." She finished the last of her toast and then looked out the window into the black night. "I'm too much on the receiving end. I should devote myself more to pleasuring you. Be an RL. A Rod Licker."

Rod did not know what to make of this strange turn of the conversation. After a moment, he changed the subject.

"How's Joe doing?"

"O.K. It's a crummy situation all around but at least he's not getting shot at and he enjoys what he's doing."

"And what's that? He's with the 101st, right?"

"Yeah, but he's in ordnance. The guys who repair stuff and put it back together... I'm still amazed that Joe found his calling so quick. He used to be a total klutz mechanically. I told you about the time I had to run all the way to church to jump-start the car on Christmas morning because he didn't know how."

Yes, Rod remembered that story, from her freshman year.

"And his grades were never very good. Then after high school he decided to enlist. He was inspired by 9/11, of course, but then when they put him in mechanic school he suddenly took right to it. Really the first thing he's ever tried that he was a 'natural' at. . . If only they could have kept him at Killeen, instead of going to Iraq. They're really stretched for troops."

"Yes. I hear. My cousin's there." Actually a rather distant cousin, from relatives in Detroit.

"Oh right, I forgot. Well a friend of Joe's tried to get a hardship transfer back to the States because his uncle died. He couldn't get it. You have to be practically the only remaining source of support for 23 disabled children. Well," she said, stirring her coffee, "at least Joe'll be back soon."

"May?"

"Either that or early June."

"I'm curious. How did your father react to his picking the Army instead of the Navy?"

Tami chuckled, while wiping a drop of ketchup off her nipple. "That business about competition between the services is really not true. At least not with Dad."

The diner was almost empty on this winter night. Tami's position at their table was always facing away from the door. This way, if an out-of-towner walked in, which was unusual, he would see only her bare shoulders and naturally conclude that she was in a strapless dress. Now Rod saw a couple of scary-looking guys come in and sit at the counter. Maybe not scary. They were more like goofy and loud, and Tami's shoulders caught their attention.

Rod choreographed the situation as he usually did. Before they got too curious he asked for the check, then got up and made a show of flapping his coat around before putting it on, blocking the view. Tami got the signal and shot out the back door. Rod followed and the two walked back to the house along the path hidden behind a row of shrubs.

When they got back they sat around in the kitchen while Rod examined the tail minutely and tried the remote. There was a purple button but also a small touch-pad like a laptop has. Running the finger along the touch pad caused a little bump to travel along the shaft at the same speed. They both laughed at this, amazed at the ingenuity.

She got up on the table on all fours. Maybe some day she could accept this huge thing inside her again, but he didn't dare try that yet. Instead he got out one of Tami's selection of regular size dildoes, dabbed it with lubricant, and slowly worked it into her anus.

He hadn't done work in Tami's back door in a while. For now, he satisfied himself with using the tail as a big vibrator, pressing it against her clit as he worked the dildo in and out. He was rewarded with several short, sharp climaxes. Small climaxes for Tami, but no less satisfying to see.

Back in bed, he tried training the vibrating tail on her clit again as he slowly screwed her from below. Unfortunately the vibrations on his dick were too direct and his dick went numb, which was pretty funny. He ended up not coming himself, finishing the evening by licking Tami to several long, slow, rolling orgasms.

**Part 16**

Melissa, the new TL, smiled as she sat down at one of the chilly concrete tables in the Student Union courtyard. Tall, blonde, beautiful, she looked like a model and instinctively dressed like one, this time in a black carriage coat with blue scarf, black snow cap, straight leg jeans and long black boots. Every passing guy gave her a long look, but she was used to that and ignored them, focused on the object of her desire and thanking her luck.

It had become cloudy and a bit windy, but the courtyard was still filled with students and faculty during this lunchtime hour. Some were sitting at the round tables, some were standing, but none were at the table in the middle except Tami Smithers, lying on her back right on top, arms and legs spread out, snoozing.

The morning had been sunny and gloriously warm, a preview of the spring that was still some weeks away. Melissa had heard that Tami had taken an early lunch with some friends, sitting cross-legged on the table as she often did, and then as they left dropped off into one of her famous midday naps. When Melissa heard the news, the sun had disappeared, the clouds had come out, the temperature dropped. She had rushed over. Fortunately the cold hadn't awakened Tami yet.

This was not an unusual scene and the people in the courtyard took the naked slumberer in stride, almost as if she were a sculpture of a naked woman that was always there. They drank coffee, ate, chatted about their business, only a few glancing at the naked form, mostly passing guys who stopped by on a pretense but were careful to get going lest they be thought gawking. A few brave persons began to sit at Tami's table, careful not to be too near a bare foot. In the process of turning in her sleep, Tami had been known to kick over sodas and worse, one fine autumn afternoon having upturned a plate of spaghetti into a professor's lap. All the while without waking.

She was bound to wake up soon. Continuing to nap in this chill would be impossible even for her. Melissa watched, entranced, at the sight of pubic hair being ruffled by wind in the midst of the crowded courtyard. Tami stretched and turned onto her side, facing her. Her nose twitched, then little twitches of the hands. Tami's pinky toes extended. Her breasts trembled ever so slightly, the stiff nipples pointing right at Melissa. Tami must be dreaming. What was she dreaming of? There was always speculation. Maybe she was dreaming of running. Maybe of gymnastics, her old sport. The most common speculation, oddly, was the most ridiculous: that she was dreaming of wearing clothes and shoes.

Now Tami lay on her back again, legs straight out, arms stretched over her head, sticking out from the end of the table. Her nipples poked up to the sky. It was hard to believe that she could sleep like this, bare skin scraping against cold concrete, but everyone knew she had slept on all kinds of rough surfaces during her legendary cross-country journey. Now her legs separated again, one knee slightly bent. Melissa could see the lower lips parting ever so slightly, perhaps the nub of her clit showing, she wasn't sure. Tami's mouth opened and Melissa suppressed a giggle as Tami started snoring. There were other smiles too. On the inhale Tami sounded like a revving motorcycle.

Now that guy in the wheelchair from the administration, whom everyone called Homer, wheeled up with a tall guy in a suit and with Assistant Dean Congi. All were wearing overcoats, Congi in suede gloves. They stationed themselves in front of Tami, practically between her spread legs, and chatted, then turned to her as if expecting her to wake.

Wake she did, cutting off in mid-snore, opening her eyes, blinking back into a consciousness of her surroundings, then lifting her head to say hi to the three with a total lack of surprise. With her legs still spread, she spoke a little in that position, just her head lifted. To look her in the eye they probably had to look right past her open pussy. Yet Tami made no attempt to close her legs or change position until a minute later, when she laid her head back, stretched like a yawning cat, then sat cross-legged to continue the conversation. Midway through she gave Melissa a thril by idly scratching one of her big, dark brown, permanently erect nipples, making her breasts dance for a second.

The exchange was obviously cordial, though Melissa couldn't make out what they were talking about. Soon Homer, Congi, and the tall guy left. It was time to make her move.

She decided not to be hokey with any "my Queen" business, it being her first time. "Hi Tami," she said, standing next to the table. She slowly extended her hand, being unable to resist a quick glance down at those nipples whose sensitivity made further words unnecessary. Tami smiled a royal-looking smile and allowed Melissa to help her off the table. As Tami stood up she brushed bits of concrete grit off her butt cheeks. Then Melissa led her from the courtyard, up toward the library walkway. Tami kept up with her as they went up silently.

Tami had nothing with her. She kept her things in a locker in the Union with a combination lock, walking without carrying anything whenever possible. Nobody knew why this was. Maybe it reminded her of her journey across the country with no money or clothes or things, just her bare body. It just added to her reputation, the icon of female strength that the TL's all but worshipped.

Melissa had planned it well and the area turned out to be deserted. It was the series of concrete tables on the edge of the big plaza outside the upper library level, near what was technically the main entrance but rarely used because the whole plaza was so out of the way. She guided Tami to one of the tables and sat Tami down at it while she herself sat on the bench.

Tami's pussy was at her eye level and she looked up as if asking permission. Upon seeing the silent smile Melissa began. She kissed the plum-colored forest, the opening to the royal palace, then stood up to kiss and then tenderly suck each nipple. Tami closed her eyes, her head back, and began to breathe deeply. Melissa grabbed one bare foot in each hand and intertwined her fingers with the rough cold toes. The toes clasped back with amazing strength.

Now a gentle series of kisses down the tan, concave midriff, on the navel, and down the thickening forest. A hot breath on the lower lips. Melissa's hands wrapped around the taut butt cheeks and her breath quickened as she inhaled the first scent of Tami's secretions. Her tongue inserted, at first pointed and now flat against the inner lips, and she got her first taste of the famous nectar. Not sweet, not bitter, a mellowed yet distinctive essence, grown-up womanly and frisky girlish, so hard to describe yet so immediately recognizable, this essence of female. She burrowed deeper, remembering what she had learned, flat tongue side to side, regulating her own breathing, and now, an occasional swipe of the clit, rewarded by the little gasps above.

She continued for a couple of minutes before a slight grinding of Tami's pelvis told her it was time to "take her up". More determined, deeper burrowing, now up and down to include the clit, the nerve-rich uniqueness of the female, the only body part devoted exclusively to sexual pleasure, and now Tami found her own rhythm, and the two women synchronized their breathing, together in the ancient dance, and the naked goddess now cried out over and over, gasping as if for air but also to the skies and to the earth. Now the bare feet braced against Melissa's thighs on the bench and the great arching of the pelvis, the inhaling of air between clenched teeth, and now the great waves beat upon the shore, one after the other. Melissa was with her all the way, spasm after spasm, holding on for dear life, as if hugging a little motor boat bouncing across a choppy sea, as Tami took her up with her. The last irregular spasm spent itself, and now Melissa slackened just a bit, then returned to the flat tongue rhythm, keeping the naked girl on the plateau.

They were together up in the sky, whirling around this axis of tongue and clit. Now Melissa darted in, way in, and pulled the butt cheeks apart and in toward her, and her Queen moaned continuously as the tongue melded into her femininity, as if the tongue reached all the way in to snake around each ovary to caress and stimulate it, to secret itself into the cervix and all the way up the uterus, to the essence of the female and her gift of life. Melissa felt a hot sweat on her face, hotness under her many clothes, privileged to be present at this sacred moment, as Tami crested again and exploded with a loud cry.

Tami and Melissa traveled through the ages, looked down on empires and civilizations as they rose and fell, the projects and intrigues of men, while they themselves flew on, ageless and all-knowing and indestructible. Their joy was the joy of the universe, the pulsating, orgasmic surge of life. They were the sun and earth, earth and moon, and now they were a double sun revolving around each other, setting the universe ablaze with light, spiraling out radiation and hot sun spirit. . . Tami caressed Melissa's hair, her supple feet wrapped around and caressed the coat and scarf around her shoulders and back, the embrace mutual.

Thousands of years went by, and countless eruptions, as like a volcano Tami quaked and subsided and quaked and subsided. Now Melissa felt the call of ambition. She inserted her fingers way, way in, then gently hooked upward, finding the little twin grapes and pressed them toward her tongue. Tami lurched. "Ohh!! Y - yes!" Melissa tongued the clit, then pressed, working the clit and G-spot like a see-saw, as the pelvis shook and shook some more in unbearable escalating tension.

Now Tami's legs shot out straight with terrific force as if dealt a death blow. She shrieked as the first jolt hit, the first of a new and stronger series, and Melissa wrapped her arms more fully around her butt in a looser yet more all-encompassing embrace. Shriek after shriek echoed off the cold concrete architecture of the big deserted plaza. Melissa could not keep count but imagined someone might be watching, counting the contractions of this prolonged orgasm with awe and envy. With each jolt Melissa felt herself shooting up to the heavens with Tami like an astronaut in a rocket.

After it was over Melissa looked up, tongue still inserted in its home, to survey the quietness of Tami now lying back in rest on the table, breasts heaving with the recapture of oxygen, sweat drying, her body a strewn landscape after a violent storm. Now for a little comedy. Melissa flicked up to the clitoris to see Tami's whole body jolt upward. Another flick, another jolt, making Tami giggle, her belly and breasts jiggling. More flicks, in a steadily quickening rhythm, and now Tami's body jerked and jerked and she laughed and trilled like a bird, and the Queen bestowed her last orgasm on her subject like that, light-hearted trilling and laughing as she went up and then came down, like the last act of a Shakespearean drama, after all the heights and depths of drama, a little comedic epilogue to make the audience go home happy.

Melissa rested the side of her head on Tami's forest, like a child at her mother's breast. Now she separated, lying back on the back of the bench. Her tongue was sore, but only a little, and her whole body, recovering from the experience, was pleasantly tired and a little sweaty. She became aware of the chilly wind again and was grateful for the coolness. She held her hand up to her nose to whiff the drying scent. She had never felt so satisfied, so... fulfilled.

Now she found Tami hugging her. "Thanks," the naked Queen said softly, "I'm glad you came." After a tender moment Tami separated and said, "What time to you have?"

"Uh... Five minutes to two." It seemed like but moments but in fact they had been in commmunion for almost half an hour.

"Gotta get going. See you around." And with that Tami sprinted off across the plaza, pumping her arms like an athlete, her soles a sandpapery whisper on the concrete. She passed a few people coming this way and waved as they waved back. Just before she turned out of site at the far end, her fingers scraped the back of her head, as if to unstick hair that had gotten sweated on. And then with a final flick of an upturned sole she was gone.

. . . .

Marianne watched, more or less helplessly, as Tami hefted the big trunk onto the top of her little BMW. At least she was of some assistance when it came to tying it down, holding the rope down with her thumb as Tami did the knots. Soon the loading was done and Marianne, up until now a TL, stood there in her sweater coat and jeans and sneakers, car keys in her hand, looking down at Tami's bare feet and legs on the wet gravelly shoulder, then again at her car, aimed down High Street in the direction of the interstate ten miles away.

"It still seems odd to quit in the middle of your last semester," Tami said.

"It's what I should do, Tam. My mother needs me at home."

"She has the nurse."

"Yes but she needs ME. I should be there. I think of all the times she took care of me when I was sick, all those years as a single parent, just me and her. Now it's my turn to take care of her."

That her mother would likely recover from her latest relapse was known to both of them. Of course Tami did not point this out.

"It was you who put me in a place where I could make this decision, Tami," Marianne said, deciding this was the time to look her full in the face. "When I first came here I was a spoiled kid, only interested in myself. To make any kind of sacrifice was just not something that would have occurred to me."

Tami did not correct her, tactfully, because both of them knew it was true.

"But with you I learned selflessness. At first I thought Georgene was some kind of New Age airhead for talking about the mysticism of licking you. But as I got better at it, and more into it, and you took me up with you to see the whole world at a glance, all around us, without having to turn, with you holding onto me to keep me from falling, my perspective expanded. It went way beyond sex. You taught me how to give of myself. How one gets more out of giving than out of taking. Any good mother knows that. As I now realize. And it is high time I become a good mother to my own mother."

"Best of luck," Tami said. "Stay in touch. Tell your mother I said hi and we pray for her."

Marianne reached around Tami's bare shoulders and gave her the biggest, teariest hug she ever gave. "Bye, my Queen," she said with a chuckle and a sniffle. She got in the car and turned the key and then stuck her head out the window to say a few more words.

She saw Tami waving in the rear view mirror and then the road curved and her permanently naked friend was out of her line of vision. Fortunately as she reflected on her long drive home, down past Brattleboro and Springfield and Hartford, the words she left Tami with, well-rehearsed, remained the exact words she had wanted to say. They were the words of a 21-year-old who was trying to be profound but was utterly sincere. "If we are lucky, we meet someone who shows us who we are, what the really important things are in this life, and how to pursue them in a way that is honest and worthwhile. It is hard to say in words because it cannot be taught in words, just by example. In the life that happens to be mine, that person was you, Tami Smithers."

**Part 17**

Homer Winant wheeled himself into the Recreation Center atrium, the big, high-roofed arena that held all the center's equipment, the weight machines, the gymnastics area, the pool, and the volleyball court, with an oval track running around everything. He liked to come here every once in a while, as he did now on this cloudy late winter evening, to see if everything was in order, the equipment in shape, the heat on.

He wheeled with his hands, hating those mechanized wheelchairs, and wore his trademark "Grafton Transmissions" baseball cap. But he was still in his suit, being a college bigwig now. He was the Assistant Dean for Administration, in charge of the physical plant, the dorms, the meal plans. As he put it, "I keep the lights on around here." Actually he was just the "Acting" Assistant Dean; he did not have the advanced degree for a permanent appointment, despite having been encouraged to get one. Sitting in classes always bored him. And his job was not in jeopardy. When old Hicks finally retired, they were forced to admit that Homer Winant, who had been doing most of Hicks's job anyway, was the logical replacement. He knew the campus inside out. And he "knew where the bodies were buried".

Tonight the rec center was a sweaty cacophony, the thumping of sneakered feet along the track, the grunts coming from the weight machines and the clanking of metal, the soft patter of chalked hands and feet from the gymnasts on the parallel bars and on the mats. Homer wheeled up toward the most arresting feature of the rec center, set up on a raised platform overlooking everything else: a double treadmill of the kind once used for water power, with bars added overhead for the hands to push up on. The little sign called it the "full body flexer", but to the students at Campbell-Frank, it was known as "the Beast".

Tonight there was a small cluster of students hanging out in front of the treadmill, Georgene, Myra, Spica, Melissa, Sessu, Jeane and Tom. All dressed in the sweats, socks and sneakers required here. Homer wheeled up to them.

"What's up?"

It was apparent that they were having a conversation which ceased when Homer approached.

"Not much, Homer," Tom said with easy familiarity. "How are you?"

Homer glanced back at the weight machines. "I might try some dumbbell work later on," he said. "You, why don't you use this? It's a fine machine, if I do say so myself." Which was true. Originally trod by Tami Smithers for that electricity generation project three years ago, the treadmill was designed by him to also provide a full-body workout.

He still congratulated himself on getting Hicks to agree to move it to the rec center. Better than have it gather dust in the Dixon Mill to look like evidence against him after the Tami Smithers situation blew up. He had also noticed that Ms. Smithers, at the time a sophomore, was developing a bit of a tummy and was freaking out about it. It got installed, and after some hesitation she became the most frequent user. And, along with everyone else, he noticed that the naked girl's tummy quickly slimmed back down, for which she could only have been grateful. Again, a stroke of genius on his part.

He now appeared to have her trust. He was aware, through his extensive grapevine, that her husband considered him a "clever creep". But the husband was graduated and off campus. Someday Tami Smithers would be too.

"It's pretty hard work to get this thing moving," Jeane said.

"There's a dial, you can set it for as wimpy as you want," Homer said, waving to the controls he had installed.

"It's still hard," Myra said. "That's why we call it the Beast."

"Weenies. And don't call it that, you'll hurt its feelings," he said, looking up to it as if pacifying a huge, well, Beast. "I'll see you, I've got to do real man things like sit in front of a TV and drink beer," Homer said. As usual, he amused his audience. In fact he wheeled toward the rec center office, to shoot the breeze with the attendant.

Tom, a tall, skinny kid with wild hair and an attempt at a beard, leaned against the treadmill and looked up at the bars. Jeane looked at him and said, "Well, my manly man?"

It was not that the treadmill was hard to turn, at least not on the lightest setting. Few admitted it, but most students were just too bashful for it. It was the setup of the thing, two treadmills three feet apart, with bars over each for the hands to push on. It stretched you into an "X" and pushed your chest and crotch forward. And it was on a platform to boot, easily seen from any point in the atrium. Even through sweats and underclothes, it exposed a guy's -- or girl's -- endowments, or lack thereof, to the whole world.

Tom, being dared by his girlfriend, smirked and climbed up. He planted one sneakered foot on each treadmill and put his hands on the bars. Jeane looked up at his crotch. "Oh baby," she said.

What guy could not proceed, given such encouragement? He pushed down with his left foot and pushed up with his right hand. It took a loud grunt but he got it to move. The double treadmill slowly turned as Tom looked forward into the far distance, obviously too shy to look down at his friends as they stared intently. He felt like he was shoving his package out into everyone's face. But now he looked down at Jeane with a little smile.

There was a general turning of heads around them and the friends knew what that meant. Nobody slid in here faster than Tami, who needed no ID to get in and had no need to go to the locker room to change. She was easy to see once you turned to the weight machine area. Clanking away on the shoulder press, the total bareness of skin easy to pick out in the sea of sweatshirts and sneakers and shorts.

Myra and Sessu ambled over first. They said hi, idly watching Tami's breasts vibrate as their naked friend, on her back, hefted 120 pounds with only a moderate amount of effort, her plum-colored pubic hair almost in their faces between the legs that splayed apart at the end of the bench, her bare feet flat on the floor. Tami said a quick hi but then started focusing on her exertions and Myra and Sessu, perhaps shamed into exercising, found things to do on the other machines. Those nearby who glanced over saw Tami's face start to get red, her breathing get louder, as she continued her reps. Like any dedicated exerciser, once she got into the reps she was in her own world.

Seesu tried to read as much as he could into the little smile Tami had sent in his direction. He was afraid he was still a little on the outs with her, a rare situation here on campus. Only Lorinda and some of her immature friends were not on Tami's good side, who had gotten such a kick out of the teasing and abuse they had put the naked girl through. But lately even they had been a little subdued. Lorinda herself, now a senior like Tami, had even gotten into student government a little and even found herself in meetings with her. But according to her roommate, Jeane's friend Celine, she was still "a nasty bitch" to live with.

Sessu's concern had arisen from a recent incident. He hung out with the TL's and it was no secret that he wanted to be one, but as a male his desires had to be sublimated. So he hit upon a solution. He had spent some weeks hearing the TL's talk about a Tami-thon -- a long session with all of them licking and sucking every part of Tami's body -- and that had given him an idea. An architecture major, he had privileges at the metal shop and he spent several late nights staring at all that tubing, then once the idea was in his head he roughed out the drawings and got to work.

Not that the Tami-thon would ever happen. Georgene had hinted at something like it during one of Tami's pass-bys at the Student Union and Tami had seemed turned off. Not that the proposal was ever spelled out directly. The Queen's permission was never directly asked for. They were too afraid the answer would be "no" and they wanted to hold onto the fantasy.

So it was a bold stroke, perhaps do-able only by someone who could never participate, when Sessu asked Tami to come with him to the metal lab because he had something to show her. The TL's went with him as he escorted her to the art building and down the hallway scented with acetylene and burnt wood. She must have thought he had made a sculpture of her, based on the many drawings he did of her when she sat chatting at the Union.

She was puzzled as he introduced her to the jumble of tubing on the floor. Then, taking off his jacket, he eagerly got to work, fitting this tube into that, banging some struts into place with the ballpeen hammer, climbing on top of the lower rungs to put the upper crossbars in place, then the final touch of screwing the cushioned wood seats onto the four threaded uprights.

The structure was a bit taller than he was and, after shoving it to and fro to show how sturdy it was, he hopped onto it, his arms and legs stretched out into an X, his legs slightly forward as he bent at the hips, his boots resting on cross-bars. Now Myra and Rosaria took off their coats and got into the raised seats a little to the sides so that their faces were on each side of his chest. Jeane got into the seat behind so that she was staring right at his butt. Georgene got into the plushest seat, so that she was eye level with his crotch. Not that she looked at it, or the considerable hardness that had developed there. She turned her head and, like the rest, looked back at Tami, who stood with her hands at her side, one foot sideways on the dusty floor, silent.

"Forgive me for taking your throne temoparily, my Queen," Sessu said in his Japanese accent. "But I hope you approve of what I made for you. Think of it as the seating arrangement for your court."

Its purpose was perfectly obvious. With Tami perched as Sessu currently was, Myra and Rosaria could comfortably suck her nipples for as long as they wanted. Georgene, or whoever sat there, could sit before Tami's crotch and suck and lick. And Jeane could sit forward, arms resting on Tami's thighs, and noodle around in the rear chamber of the palace.

Tami stood stock still. Then her eyes got wet and she looked upset. Then she blinked a few times and said, "Uh . . . Thanks . . . Sessue . . . that's . . . interesting. Gotta go." And she turned and walked quickly out, and from hearing the receding slapping of her feet they could tell she almost ran out of the building.

They were stunned. What to make of that? They were in a funk for two days, until finally the TL's couldn't resist their horniness any longer and went back to licking Tami, for which she seemed grateful. As for Sessu he was depressed all week. He thought about apologizing to Tami, but felt like she wouldn't wanted to be reminded. As for why she had reacted that way to his invention, they really had no clue.

That was a month ago. Since then he had gotten good signals from Tami as if all were forgiven, like smiling when he kissed her knee in the Union last week. And now this little "hi".

Tami finished her 50 on the shoulder press, then went to the bench press, the pectoral fly, with her hard nipples sticking out halfway across the atrium, and now was on the hip adductor.

Who could not watch? Sitting upright as the weights clanked up and down behind her, her legs went way, way, way apart, as far as the machine allowed, almost a ballet dancer's split. Guys came by and looked down, then said hi as they passed. Tami sometimes acknowledged them, sometimes not, being too focused. By now a thin sheen of sweat covered her, as if someone had atomized water over every inch of her body.

Tom and Jeane sauntered by. Tom was sweating too from his five minutes of agony on the Beast. He looked down into Tami's crotch before waving at her.

It was a good long look, maybe five seconds. In the well-lit gym he could see inside the lower lips that were well pen as the weights pulled Tami's legs apart, the redness of the cave within. Every guy on campus was familiar with the sight of the interior of Tami's pussy. Mentally they compared it with that of their own girlfriends, if they had one. Jeane, like most Campbell-Frank women, had come to accept "the long look"; it was practically a reflex for the average male. Tom told Jeane that he fantasized, not about Tami, but about her being naked like Tami was, and Jeane believed him.

Tami tolerated the looks too with an easy humor. Just so long as the guy was polite and it didn't go on to extended gawking.

Forty minutes later activity in the atrium was muted as Tami was into the last stages of her workout on the Beast. As she always did, she had put it on the heaviest setting. Arms and legs apart, heaving out sweat in waves that filled the whole room with the scent of her exertion, hands pushing up, her toes curling over the blades as her bare feet pushed down . . . those gathered around felt privileged to see such a perfect specimen of the female form as they examined her from every angle, some looking up at the straining breasts, others down at her concave tummy, or at the muscles of her thighs and calves, the strong feet, others looking from behind at her bare shoulders and tight butt, sweat running down her back between her cheeks, then emerging in rivulets down her legs. Spica, standing right in front, made no secret of smacking her lips.

The timer went off and Tami relaxed. The great apparatus slowly creaked to a halt. Homer wheeled up. "Hi Homer," Tami said, catching her breath, looking down at him past her widely spread lower lips, her soaked pubic hair.

"You're looking good, Tami," he said with a smile, then he wheeled off.

And now the great moment, at least great for the TL's. They were chatting at the base of the Beast, and Myra looked up and said in a stage whisper, "Tami, I could just lick you all over right now."

Tami smiled. "That . . . would be nice. I have to get going though." The flexing toes, curled over the blades, indicated her horniness.

"Too bad," Myra said.

"I'd like to lick you too," Jeane said.

"Me too," Spica said.

From her perch, looking down, the sweating naked Queen said, "Then why don't we get together sometime?"

The mouths of the TL's dropped open.

As Tami dismounted, jumping down with a soft thud, she said, "My place sometime. Rod will be there."

Now that was a letdown. Having this man around would disrupt all that female energy. Not that this could be expressed to Tami. For one thing, she was always too down-to-earth to believe that "female energy" stuff. And he was her husband, of course.

By the time they had meandered to the exit with her, though, they had reconciled themselves to it. Having Rod around at the Tami-thon would not be so bad. They didn't know him well but he seemed to be a nice guy. Maybe he could help out with the refreshments.

Their ruminations were interrupted by the clap of thunder.

"Shit!!!" Spica said, looking out at the icy rainshower. "I left my umbrella in the dorm."

"Me too," Jeane said. They had their things in the locker room but it was just coats and boots, no umbrellas.

Tami seemed to look at them in sympathy. Then she said, "Well, gute nacht," and opened the door and sprinted out into the cold rain, her feet slapping the slush to both sides. They saw her sleek, wet body pass under the lights and disappear into the darkness.

**Part 18**

Albert Girardo, Chair of the Department of Fashion Technology, just could not find that damn cubbyhole. At least that was what everyone called them, the tiny rooms overlooking the multipurpose room in the Student Union where they had those dances and other big events. Every student tutor had one, and the one he was looking for was 2-07. But they only went up to 2-06 and then there was the fire exit. So he had to backtrack . . .

He hardly ever came here. All his work was in Thayer Hall right next to his special parking place. On this sunny, melting-snow day he had unwisely worn moccasins and his feet got a little wet coming down that unfamiliar concourse. He got his first real look at that statue Wanamaker spoke about: "Tami Takes Flight". A good piece of work, abstract but not too weird. That was his motto, a good rule to live by in his field, how he and his department fought for and won a measure of respectability during his fifteen years at its helm: Don't Be Too Weird.

So this little errand cut across his grain in so many ways. But with a student who lived without the benefit of clothing it was just no surprise that all the usual rules were reversed. That she was a salt-of-the-earth, working class type, so unusual in his field, made her all the more unforgettable. He vividly remembered the last time he was down this way. It was last spring, a warm day in May, flowers in bloom. They hadn't cut the grass yet and the lawn in front of the Union was a bit overgrown. He had been roped into one of those godawful Department Head get-togethers, spending all morning in the multipurpose room with the twelve most boring persons on the planet.

It was a relief to finally get out, around lunchtime. Clouds were overhead, possibly threatening rain, and the air was heavy with the scent of growing grass, a gentle warm breeze. He approached the lawn and saw people lined in front of it, maybe two dozen, most still well clothed as if it were still a chilly spring, some more appropriately in shirtsleeves. He ambled up to the edge in his lazy, old-man way, and stopped short when he saw what they were looking at.

It was Campbell-Frank's only naked student, sleeping in the lush uncut grass. Other free-spirited students had occasionally dozed off there, in the sun, but always on blankets after a little picnic. And always clothed.

She was on her side, upper leg extended in front of her, in blissful slumber. Grass stains were on her soles. Her butt cheeks were parted and everyone could see her anus -- was it winking at them in the breeze? Now she turned, pulling her leg across, and in the process uprooting some grass. It stayed between her toes as if she had grabbed it deliberately and now she was on her back, her legs splayed wide open so that everyone could see inside her womanly cave. She stretched her arms up and her tummy became almost freakishly concave, ribs visible over the tracery of well-developed abs, breasts high and firm with erect nipples poking up at the gray sky. A few strands of grass were caught up in her lush pubic hair. And now she sighed. "Mmmmmmm . . .", as earthy and natural as the scented breeze.

It was a wave partly of lust but also of wonder that riffled through the watchers. And envy, how it must feel like to roll naked in the grass. Two of those old Chalfont Institute professors stood next to him, one puffing on his pipe. You could tell those old German guys anywhere. "I'm jealous now," one said. The pipe puffer said, "Ah Fritz, if Youth only knew, if Age only could!"

Girardo had stayed to watch her lolling around for a few minutes and then she awoke, sitting up with wild hair, elbows on her knees, smiling a little absently at the people around her as if remembering an old joke. Then he left, as the crowd dispersed, some saying hi to the naked girl, others as if embarrassed at having been caught looking. Girardo was gay through and through, but a sight like that sticks with you no matter who you are.

Now -- this one's 2-01, now 2-03, this must be the odd numbers corridor finally --

Her door was open and he hesitated before making his presence known. She was facing away from him, leaning back on her chair, reading a text, pencil in her mouth. One foot was way, way up over her head, the heel propped up on the wall in the tiny room. Only a trained gymnast, like she was, could stretch like that. The other foot was up on the ledge of the little window that looked down on the multipurpose room. She held a pen between the third and fourth toes that she tapped idly against the sill. Girardo was reminded of the student who did that project on toe rings a few years ago, who said, "Toes are the new fingers." Well for Ms. Smithers, it was all the same.

Her desk was strewn with books, papers, a laptop. And what looked like a wedding ring, though it seemed too small to go on her finger. There was a shelf above that had some pictures and some type of geometric sculptures with magnetic sticks.

Finally he cleared his throat.

"Oh hi Mr. Girardo," she said, quickly swiveling around, putting her book down, and about to stand up.

"Stay seated, please," he said, quite surprised. Years ago students would stand up when a professor came in, but not recently.

She sat obediently waiting for him to speak.

"Um, how are you doing?"

"Fine, busy as always," she said. "I like it that way."

He looked at the upper shelf. "Did you make this? It's very pretty."

"It's a dodecahedron. One of the regular polyhedrons."

"Oh. A dodeca . . ."

"That means twelve. It has twelve sides."

"Hmm . . .Looks like more than twelve to me."

"The sides are pentagons. You have to stellate them to make it rigid."

"Oh right . . . of course." He looked at it for a moment as if knowing what she was talking about. "Tami, mind if I sit?" He grabbed a chair that had been out in the hall and sat facing her. She was upright in her chair, hands folded attentively. Her feet were on the floor, curled inward, the pen still in her toes.

"Dr. Wanamaker and I agree, your portfolio is outstanding."

She seemed to blush. "Thank you."

"We have a proposal for you." Knowing he was about to explain something totally new to her, he went slowly despite her high intelligence. "There is something called the International Fashion Industry Foundation. It's a group endowed by various fashion houses, that acts as like a trade group, a clearinghouse of information, and also advocates for designer and models and other tradespeople. And every year the foundation has a, uh, competition for students. This year is the 37th annual. We would like you to invite you to make a submission, enter the competition. In other words, sponsor you."

She seemed stunned. "But . . . I'm not a fashion major."

"That's not important. What is, is that we think you display an extraordinary amount of originality. Maybe it's you're, uh, situation . . ." He found himself glancing down at her clit and immediately regretted the reference. Her clit was poking out a little -- he heard it always did, except when she was out in the cold and it retracted between those plum-colored lips. He thought he detected a faint whiff of female musk. Then he brought his mind back on track. "But you have a view to fashion that is unique and should be made better known, and should be further developed if you wish . . . We don't just ask anyone. We don't do this every year. In fact we haven't sponsored a student in five years. So you see what a compliment this is meant to be."

"Gosh . . . thanks . . ." She was still in shock.

"You will need to put together a submission portfolio. You can select from your existing one -- the limit is ten designs -- or make up a new one. Probably selecting from the one you have is best, because the deadline is only in two weeks. Dr. Wanamaker will help you out with the details."

Tami looked down.

"That's the first stage. Then they select the ten or twelve best entries and present a fashion show, slash, awards ceremony. I have to say that they have several hundred submissions every year, so the odds of getting picked for the show are slim. This year it's in Montreal. And then, there's the prizes. First prize is a fellowship with room and board at a leading institution. This year it's somewhere that you especially might have an interest in."

"What do you mean?"

"The fellowship, which would begin next fall, is in your home town, at the Rhode Island School of Design."

Tami looked up, nonplussed. "Rizdy?" Which is how Providence natives refer to RISD.

Girardo nodded. "Again, I have to say, excellent as your work is, the odds of getting chosen are quite long. But even being allowed to submit is an honor. We get to put forth candidates because our department is on the International panel. Only about sixty schools around the world are on it."

Tami looked at him and then looked over at a pad on the desk. "I -- I don't know what to say. This is so . . ."

"Now Tami, you don't have to go through with this. I know you are involved in other projects and fashion is not the center of your life." God, was that ever an understatement, he told himself.

"Well yes, I was working on that polymer fabric with Gretchen -- "

"Maybe you can incorporate that into your submission. Ever think of that?"

"The fabric -- it's designed for military use."

"So? Does that mean you CAN'T use it to design regular clothes? Look Tami, the International is not a red carpet type fashion show like you see on TV. These are serious industry people who help decide mass production. What regular people wear. Practical stuff."

He told himself: I'm dropping hints that are so heavy that they're apt to break this poor girl's [bare] toes. Best back off. She will submit what she wants to submit, as weird as it may be. That is, if she accepts. Part of him wanted her to refuse. That would be a relief. On the other hand, Shel was right. Offering her the chance was really the right thing to do.

"Rizdy . . .But can I go there if I'm . . ." She looked down at her breasts, the big dark brown nipples, toughened and always erect.

Quite unlike the little pink nips Girardo had seen on countless anorexic models. What would Tami be -- a 34C? He was under no illusions about it -- gay designers really would rather be working with breastless young men. One of Wanamaker's pet peeves. He kidded Wanamaker about his name and his lusting after certain models, his hetero desire for the female form, his breast fetish, but his colleague had a point. To be true to what they were doing, designers of women's clothing should use models who look more like this superb naked young woman.

"From what I understand," he said, "your allergy is being treated at the Chalfont Institute." At least that's what Abu Jamal told him when Girardo called him last week. It was hard to understand that guy's Pakistani accent. He was polite but hesitant to give details. Girardo was well aware how sensitive the topic was over at that place, and couldn't really blame him for that.

"Well yes," Tami said uncertainly. ". . . Can I think about this?"

"Of course. When you decide, call Shel, Dr. Wanamaker. His extension is 2141." To his surprise Tami brought her left foot way up, the one with the pen, and scribbled the number on the pad, all without moving her arms or hands.

"Well let us know," he concluded. "And if you accept, congratulations." He got up and turned to leave.

"Mr. Girardo?"

"Yes?"

"I -- I don't know. But thank you very much."

He smiled. "You deserve it, Tami. . . And oh, before I forget." He turned back to her. "The submissions are not secret, of course. The names of candidates are listed in the trade publications. So you might be, in fact probably will be, getting calls and offers to market your designs. It's O.K. to get into contracts, we don't have any business telling our students what or what not to do.

"But we always suggest that the student create a brand name and logo for his or her work, and attach it to every design. Get copyright protection. The way I learned it was to mail the designs to yourself and keep the envelope sealed. That fixes the date you came up with the ideas. And be careful what you sign. Professor Konrad, two doors down from me, he's also an intellectual property lawyer and can advise you on common pitfalls.

"But maybe I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me repeat, no matter how good you are, the odds of actually winning are very low. But I think you should give it a shot."

Tami seemed about to say something but then stopped. She looked down and stretched her arms downward, then placed them on her lap. She idly tugged at her pubic hair.

Then she looked up and said politely, "Thank you. I'll let you know in a few days."

"Good." Girardo left the naked student to be alone with her thoughts. And then passed her cubbyhole a few seconds later because he was lost. Tami had to get up and walk him back to the elevator.

As the elevator opened, a tall Latina-looking girl in sweat clothes came out. She gave Tami a little kiss and went with her back to the cubbyhole where they closed the door behind them.

**Part 19**

"Sorry to interrupt your work, Tami," said Assistant Dean for Student Affairs Vanessa Congi.

"That's -- uh -- O.K. I'm -- uh -- almost done anyway."

"They put you through your paces, don't they?" said Dean Congi's administrative assistant, a quite overweight forty-year-old black woman named Barbara Barlow with a cute face.

Tami smiled and shrugged. The two watching women huddled in their heavy coats, hats and scarves on this near freezing, blustery day. Almost all the snow had melted but spring had not yet brought flowers to the bleak campus. The biting wind made them shiver despite their coverings.

And wondered once again how Tami Smithers, her bare body hard and tight and reddened from the cold, could stand it. She was on the last few minutes of this morning's grounds crew shift, putting down pebbles for a new pathway across the lawn in front of the Student Union. She had rolled the full wheelbarrow halfway across campus, which is how Vanessa first saw her from afar, along that long windy path from the physical plant building to San Beueno Hall, and then onto the busy part of campus, a different creature from the many heavily clothed students with backpacks battling the wind on the way to class.

Now, having dumped the wheelbarrow's contents next to a tree, she had climbed onto the little mountain of pebbles and was pushing it down flat with her tough bare feet. An overhead branch came in handy; she reached up to it and pushed up with both hands, increasing the force she could exert downward. The two administrators watched the cold-tightened breasts jiggling in the wind, rebounding with her motions, the brown nipples seeming as hard as the pebbles, and the concave stomach down below that they both secretly envied (though for Barbara Barlow it was pretty much an impossible dream). The dusty feet worked the pebbles with what looked like a practiced motion, first pushing down with the heels, then scattering the pebbles with spread toes that were also reddened from the cold.

Looking at the perfect feet, Vanessa thought: I wish I had feet like that. Or a body like that. And she knew she was not alone. Almost every woman on campus under the age of 50 had similar thoughts. And felt a little guilty about it, if they knew the price Tami had paid for that body.

Others stoppped and watched the laboring naked girl, then went on with their business.

Dean Congi fastened her eyes on the pubic hair ruffling in the wind. Then she wondered how it must feel to have icy wind on one's pubic lips. She decided she must make some kind of comment. "I can't get over how your hair color matches your labia exactly. It really looks very nice."

Tami, bent arms pushing up against the branch, smiled and then laughed as she worked, her breasts and tummy quaking with each chuckle. "You're about -- uh -- the tenth person who's told me that. Honest, it was -- just a coincidence. I didn't know I was such a -- uhh! -- fashion plate."

Congi and Barlow thought about laughing but then stopped themselves.

Homer Winant rolled by. "Hello, Homer," Vanessa Congi said. Everyone called him Homer so calling him "Mr. Winant" or even "Dean Winant" would sound too offputting. But her hellos to Homer were always a little forced.

He rolled up to join the two women in watching the laboring nude.

"Isn't this a bit rough on a day like this?" Barbara Barlow said, clenching her gloved hands against the cold. "Maybe you can get Omar to ease up on her." Omar had Homer's old job as grounds crew chief.

"It's -- O.K.," Tami said, pushing one foot far forward to expand the area of pebbles.

"Nonsense," Homer agreed. "This girl is the best crew worker we ever had. She's smart, she listends to you, never slacks off, and she's strong as an ox. Get a look at her butt cheeks, her muscles are like iron." Of course, everyone already knew that. "She should be in the crew worker Hall of Fame."

Vanessa Congi didn't know what to think about a comment like that. Should she be offended? Tami as a beast of burden. But he did say she was smart. Tami just smiled. Then Homer wheeled off.

The old clock tower over at Old Main struck twelve just as the pebbles appeared have gotten fully spread out into a flat rectangle.

"There, I'm finished," Tami said, bringing her arms down from the branch and wiping her hands, then bending down to scuff the dust off her feet and a stray pebble from between her toes. She parked the wheelbarrow upright against the tree. "I can get that later."

"Like Vanessa said, let's lunch," Barbara Barlow said.

Fifteen minutes later the three women were sitting in the cafe on the second floor of the Union. Barbara Barlow was a considerable eater but had to take second place to Tami, who had devoured a plate of spaghetti and was working on a double helping of mashed potatoes. Tami sat at the end of the table, her leg way up, her foot up on the top of the little wall behind them.

She was spreading her charms for the benefit of Simon, an art student who sat cross-legged on the carpeted floor and did a quick sketch in pencil. Vanessa watched Simon, a good kid with a lot of talent, who seemed to be doing a good rendition of Tami's vulva. Usually he liked to sketch her anus. Tami never charged for posing. So long as she had a few minutes, she would pose for any of the many art students who asked.

The three women "chewed the fat" for a few minutes. Then Simon left with abundant thanks and Vanessa felt free to approach the subject on her mind.

"Tami, did you think of a theme for your valedictorian speech?"

Tami laughed. "I keep telling you, don't remind me!" She hated to be reminded that she had, by a good margin, the highest GPA in her class. "It's like telling a pitcher that he's got a no-hitter going. It's a jinx. . ." She looked up at her foot, still up on the wall despite Simon leaving, and wiggled her still-dusty toes. Then took a sip of soda. "I just know I'll fail a class now. Or something will happen. I'll screw up somehow and get suspended."

"Girl, you are talking crazy," Barbara Barlow said.

"Seriously, Tami," Vanessa said, "graduation's only two and a half months away. What are your plans?"

"Well, Rod is still on that project up near Burlington, he's not sure when he'll finish. Professor Hamid told me I could be his grad assistant."

"What, a Master's in Mathematics?"

"Yes, N-Dimensional."

Their conversation was interrupted by Trent and Cyrus who passed by on the way to taking another table. Vanessa and Barbara were quick to say hi to Trent, a tall, melancholy blonde-haired kid who was the campus's only "9/11 widow", so to speak. Over the past year he had partly gotten out of his funk after losing Jeffrey, at least well enough to hook up with Cyrus, an even taller African-American kid with a shaved head and goatee.

And now Georgene passed by, bookbag slung over her shoulder, cell phone parked in her hand. "Hey Tam, whatcha doing later?"

Tami blushed into her soda and said, "I've got Modern Dance II, then I'll be around."

"O.K."

After she too had left, Vanessa said, "A master's program in just math doesn't seem like enough to occupy your time."

Tami brought her foot down and crossed her legs. Scratched a nipple. "Well, Mr. Girardo has asked me to . . . um . . ."

Vanessa already knew but she pretended not to. "To what?"

"Enter a fashion competition. I'm flattered but I'm not a fashion major. It should go to someone else."

Vanessa said, "You mean the International? Tami, congratulations!" She smiled broadly. "That's great!"

"What do you think I should do?"

"You should go for it!"

Tami remained noncommittal. Not much else was said through dessert (Barbara: butterscotch sundae; Tami: cheesecake and fruit plate; Vanessa: decaf).

Barbara had to go back to the office but Vanessa walked with Tami downstairs, to Tami's locker with the combination lock. It impressed Vanessa that Tami wanted to go unladen as much as possible, going through the world with nothing but her bare body. "When it's just me I feel like I can tackle anything," is how she once put it. Which must have been true, on that incredible cross-country journey. But now apparently she needed her bookbag.

In the Union foyer, Tami waited patiently while Vanessa put on her coat and gloves. Then Vanessa braced herself for the oncoming wind. Striding across the bleak concrete, she looked down at her boots clip-clopping next to Tami's bare feet. Tami's feet never seemed to get dirty.

Vanessa looked up into the wind and found herself yawning. "I should have had a coffee. Maybe I'll get one after my next appointment."

"Get me one too," Tami said. "If you can, please."

"Sure. What's next for you?"

"Modern Dance, then I do my own exercises. I'll be at Studio T afterward."

"That'll work out perfect. I should be done with my thing in an hour and a half."

"See you," Tami said as she was about to walk into the dance building. She turned to see Vanessa looking at her. Then, obviously remembering their last hello on Main Street, she opened her legs a bit and spread her labia with her thumbs, holding the strap of the bookbag back with her right shoulder. "Bye bye!" she said with a smile, making her clit jump twice.

Vanessa smiled and watched her go in. She stood there to ponder how at ease Tami was with her body. That horrible freshman year, during which the girl's modesty was so sorely tested, all that body consciousness had been obliterated, wiped out. Surely Vanessa could wish such an ordeal on no one. But the end result . . . !

Five minutes later, in the dance building, Vanessa looked in through the little window to Studio K and watched Tami in her Modern Dance class. The barefoot students, two-thirds female, some in leotards, others in loose shirts and drawstring pants, all facing the big mirror, went through their coordinated warm-up steps, the naked girl on the end keeping pace with the others, distinguished only by her lack of clothing.

Vanessa wondered what it would be like if all of them were naked. In spite of everything, Tami had shown that being naked had its advantages. In fact, a whole lot of them. "Too many to list", as she had put it once.

Vanessa sighed and walked out the building to her appointment. In an hour, she planned on returning, going to Studio T with two of those wonderful lattes they made at the Java Cafe on the other side of campus.

**Part 20**

Assistant Dean for Student Affairs Vanessa Congi, carefully carrying the two "grande" lattes, managed to open the rear door of the dance building with one gloved finger and started up the long corridor. Studio W, Studio V . . . She couldn't remember the last time she had been through here. As she looked into the little windows on the closed doors of the empty rooms, she noted that these studios at the end were a little smaller than the rest but were still fully equipped, with wall-length mirrors, all-around barres on the other three sides, and usually a piano.

She looked into the window for Studio T, where Tami said she'd be, and saw no one. But it was a little window and her view was mostly blocked. Again using a gloved finger, she hooked onto the door latch and opened it and, looking down at the coffees, walked slowly into the room, her boots tacking onto the fine-paneled floor. She told herself she was probably breaking two rules: bringing in food and wearing street shoes. She passed a piano and what looked like a freestanding overhead beam apparatus, six feet high, like gymnasts swing from.

She heard breathing from the corner and imagined Tami must be exerting herself. But then that odor of --

OH GOD!

Tami was under attack! Pinned in the corner, hands stretched out on the barre, legs spread wide, wide apart, as Georgene and Spica hungrily sucked each nipple, someone -- it looked like Myra, from the Afro -- knelt in front and, hands around poor Tami's butt cheeks, burrowed her face into the naked student's crotch -- and another woman, cross-legged, her back tucked into the corner under the barre, was assaulting from behind.

"Ohh -- ohh -- eeee -- G - godd -- "

Tami crested into orgasm as her eyes burst open in Vanessa's face, in ecstacy, in embarrassment, in apology, in amusement -- it was hard to tell through Tami's intense emotional storm but it seemed she was partly laughing at their predicament, the two of them, Vanessa and Tami --

Vanessa stood there open-mouthed, the lattes in her hands. The heavy clothes and boots of the attackers were a sharp contrast to Tami's nakedness. As Tami's orgasm ran its course and the attackers continued unabated, it seemed like the four hungry mouths were sucking the life out of her. Tami's eyes closed only slightly. She seemed to be trying to form words. But then, amazingly, she went up to orgasm again!

It was too intense to look at. Vanessa turned and got the hell out of there. Out in the hall, she heard the door close behind her and wondered what to do. All her years of activism on sexual assault issues came back to her. She had helped set up rape crisis centers at other colleges, had done awareness trainings here at Campbell - Frank. She saw an actual assault once, when she was a student in Boston, late at night on campus, back in the 1970's. She had been lucky to find one of those police call boxes nearby and the attacker was arrested.

Now what??! Should she call 911 on her cell? Or just go back in there and break it up?

She caught her breath and her brain took over. This was Tami and her friends. Doing what they always did. Or at least that's what she heard. But it was always one-on-one. Again, what she'd heard. Tami had never been set upon by four women at once.

"Set upon" was the right phrase. It didn't look like this was Tami's idea. Not with Tami expecting Vanessa to show up with coffee. It was clear that Tami had been exercising, doing some stretching exercises at the barre maybe, when her friends came in and took over her bare body. She found herself imagining Tami bent foward, touching her toes, and Georgene walking in and placing her tongue flat against the wide-exposed anus, and then . . .

"Ohh -- ngghhh -- nghhh -- "

Tami's grunts could be heard through the closed door, here out in the hall. Vanessa looked both ways. Nobody else was around. Still holding the lattes, feeling a bit ridiculous, she decided to go outside and get some air.

Once outside, she took a sip of her coffee and tried to calm down. This rear entrance was rarely used, fortunately it was always kept clean. Like Tami's, she thought, then she blushed at thinking this. She looked out at the campus, a few faculty and students walking here and there, a little hurriedly on this raw, cold day.

More odd thoughts filled her mind. Right now, Tami Smithers is not 50 feet away from me, having multiple orgasms. I wonder who the next nearest person is who is having an orgasm right now. She looked up into the distance, the hill going up to town, the buildings and apartments there. Maybe someone up over there is having sex right now.

She looked down at her boots and took a deep breath and brooded. She judged that maybe ten minutes had passed when she decided to venture inside again.

The grunting, a little different now, told her the Tami-lickers hadn't finished. Hating herself for doing so, she gave the longest possible glance through the window as she walked past the door. Tami, sweating now, was hanging from the overhead beam, stretched out in an "X", her hands wide apart as two kneeling women licked her front and rear, Georgene and Myra. Her feet were stretched way, way apart, and Jeane was sucking her toes on one foot, Spica on the other. This was kinky. And Vanessa found herself wondering what it felt like to be sucked and licked that way, on the anus, on the toes.

She turned around and passed the door again. Georgene and Myra were alternating licks, bouncing Tami between them as if they were playing tennis and Tami was the ball. Vanessa remembered something she had read about long ago -- about hanging from the hands stretched out every muscle and made for a full-body orgasm that was more intense.

And so -- Tami held her breath, eyes squeezed shut and teeth gritted, her entire body flushed, and now a great jolt nearly knocked Georgene off her knees. Jolt after jolt shook the entire apparatus as the four lickers held on for dear life, as if they had hooked a huge fish and were determined to reel it in.

"Zhhhoohh -- zhhhohhh -- zhhhohhh -- " Tami's grunts were shouts now and Vanessa looked up and down the hall again. A horrifying thought occurred to her. What if a faculty person passed by? One of the Department heads? The head of the Dance Conservatory was Dr. Lena Yevgeny, an old Russian ballet type who struck her as being very conservative. If any of those people passed by here there would be an incident. Disciplinary action, certainly.

Vanessa sat in a nearby alcove and sipped, and put Tami's latte onto the bench. She felt soiled, like a voyeur, like one of several male faculty who had gotten in trouble over the years for peeping on female students. What creeps. And she -- ?

She waited a few minutes and hoped it was over. From Studio T there was silence, then sounds of things sliding around on the floor. She got up again and walked uncertainly toward the little window.

She was almost there when she heard Tami's grunts again. Jesus, will this never end? Tami was on the floor now, face up, legs wrapped around Georgene's head, her toes flexing. Spica and Jeane were sucking her nipples, Maya cradling Tami's head in her lap, massaging her plum-colored hair. Tami's eyes were wide open, looking up at Maya -- in agony, supplication, amazement? It was so hard to tell.

Now came a slow, rolling orgasm, with full-body waves accompanied low moans. The three lickers worked as a team, like rowers on that crew team she was on at her undergraduate school, sucking together in a decreasing tempo, and Tami's contractions slowed down too which seemed to be their aim. By now Vanessa could look at the scene clinically. That's interesting -- they can slow the orgasm down like that, extend it. It must have taken a lot of practice.

It was five minutes later when the Assistant Dean of Students felt it safe to re-enter Studio T. She found the four clothed women in a big circle, surrounding their naked friend who lay snoozing in their midst, on her stomach, her head on its side, her arms and legs sprawled crazily in all directions.

Vanessa sat down cross-legged with the others. "Hello all," she said, setting the coffees in front of her. "Tami and I were going to have a couple of lattes."

Her mind was a mass of conflicting emotions but she focused and knew she had to be stern. Like any skilled administrator, she knew how to use silence. Then she broke it. "I think you realize that if the wrong person came down the hall, you would have gotten into quite a bit of trouble. You would have gotten Tami into trouble too." She was going to say "poor Tami" but stopped herself.

After a few seconds, Georgene said, "Sorry, Ms. Congi." Usually everyone called her Vanessa.

"You've got to be discreet," she further advised. Not that she could stop it entirely. After all, the college was to blame for Tami's hyperized sexual hunger in the first place and could hardly object to it being satisfied.

"Sorry," Myra said.

Then Tami turned onto her back, legs stretched out, arms out too. Her plum-colored pubic hair parted a bit to show the cleft between her lower lips. Her bare feet, which never seemed to get dirty, pointed outward. Then she started snoring, really loud. It echoed off the bare walls.

A couple of the students giggled. Vanessa couldn't help but smile. It was like a buzzsaw.

"It's just that it's so much fun to do," Spica said. "I like making her come and come and come."

"It gets spiritual at times," Georgene said.

"The hell with that," Spica said, punky and irreverent as always. "I like seeing her get off and get off. Maybe I'm sadistic. I'd like to see how many times I can make her come."

Well, Vanessa knew the answer to that. She had seen the Chalfont report: 136 orgasms during four hours of what must have been the strangest torture any woman had ever experienced. And that was just the final session of a semester filled with similar tortures. Like the other well-meaning people who had unwittingly enabled Henry Ross's evil plans that year, it took Vanessa a long time to stop blaming herself for having been so dense, and to get over her guilt for being complicit.

"I don't think you can break any records in Studio T," Vanessa said, being stern again.

Jeane said, missing Vanessa's point, "It was only six times this time. They were good strong ones though."

"Only" six times! Vanessa herself, age 47, had never had more than three orgasms at one time. Once again she felt jealous and once again she told herself she shouldn't dare feel that way. For a few seconds they watched Tami's breathing, the rise and fall of the firm breasts with the big, brown nipples, erect even as she slept, the hip bones setting off the concave tummy.

Vanessa cleared her throat and changed the topic. "I think we're all violating the rule. You see the sign. Let's take our boots off."

Having left their boots by the door, the five women sat down in a circle again. Jeane had a hole in her sock showing her big toe which obviously embarrassed her. She tucked that leg underneath.

Tami's toes wiggled a bit. Her eyelids twitched, then her nose.

"I wonder what she dreams about," Myra said.

Everyone thought: clothes. But no one said it.

"Mmmmm . . ." Tami lazily turned onto her stomach again and drew her knees under her. She was facing away from Vanessa and her knees parted and she stretched her arms out on the floor in front. Her trim butt cheeks separated and Vanessa was treated to a wide-open view of her anus. Which now winked.

"Hmmm . . ." Tami's eyes opened.

"Hi Tami," said Georgene, who was sitting next to Vanessa. Tami responded to this voice behind her by winking her anus again, an unspoken "hi". Vanessa knew about Tami's twice-daily enemas but had never seen this before. She was fascinated by the aperture that opened widely twice, the dark cavity within. Practically public parkland to her legion of admirers.

Uncomfortable, Vanessa got up and padded over to the other side and placed a latte next to Tami's face.

"Mmmmmm. Latte. Thanks, Dean," she said. The latte was lukewarm by this time but she obviously didn't mind. She now sat up cross-legged in the middle of the little circle, sipping.

"Sorry about what happened, Ms. Congi, I mean Vanessa," Tami said, still groggy. "I tried to apologize but I couldn't get the words out."

"No, it's our fault," Georgene said.

"You were great as always, Tam. Your ass ring grabbed my finger like death," Spica said enthusiastically, which brought a blush to the coffee-sipper in their midst.

"Strongest anus in the Eastern Conference," said Myra with a laugh.

Jeane, after looking around with a conspiratorial grin, brought something out of her bag and rolled it in Tami's direction.

"Oh God, not here," Georgene said, half embarrassed.

It was hard rubber and round. In fact it was an orange lacrosse ball, with a six-foot-long nylon rope threaded through a drilled hole. Vanessa was totally puzzled.

Tami sipped her coffee, looking at the encouraging glances of Spica and Jeane and Myra and finally Georgene. "Ta - mi! Ta - mi!" Spica chanted, a chant taken up by the others. Finally Tami stood up and said, "Well, O.K."

Jeane threw Tami a small tube and a tissue. To Vanessa's astonishment Tami wiped the ball off, lubricated it, then squatted down. She closed her eyes and grunted. She stood up and looked around, the rope hanging from between her butt cheeks, like a long tail.

"Me! Me!" Spica said, like a kid asking for a turn at a piggy-back ride.

Spica padded over behind Tami, then pushed back her heavy coat and sat down. She put her gloves on and held the slack rope securely with both hands. Tami stood upright, took a deep breath, then the muscles in her concave tummy flexed and she took a careful stride with a flexed bare foot. The next stride followed and the rope went taut. Now Tami was pulling Spica in a big circle around the periphery of Studio T without using her hands, and now to the accompaniment of applause, and Spica's shouts of "woo - hoo!"

Vanessa was stunned, her mouth hanging open. She thought she had seen everything remarkable about this amazing young woman but she kept getting surprised. Then she found herself laughing. She imagined Tami on her grounds crew assignment, pulling the wheelbarrow full of pebbles via a rope coming out her butt, as no doubt Omar found other things for her to carry with her arms. And Tami casually conversing with friends as she carried and pulled across campus. Vanessa's laughs turned into giggles, the vision was so ridiculous.

**Part 21**

That night Vanessa's husband's voice came to her out of the darkness.

"Can't sleep again?"

"No."

"Let me guess. Tami Smithers."

"Ricardo... how can I not think about her? And those -- followers of hers."

"Ah yes. The Tami Lickers."

"I wish you wouldn't call them that."

"Sounds like the obvious choice for a name."

"It's just that they... they devote themselves so. It's all about her pleasure, not theirs. It reminds me of the bad old days, when it was a woman's duty to give a man pleasure."

"There you go with that Women's Studies bit again. Honestly, you feminists talk so much about the 'bad old days' that sometimes I think you miss them. Say," he said, grabbing her breasts, "I hear you feminist chicks really put out!"

This was one of their old gags: "Ricardo's Guide to Making It with Feminists". Vanessa smiled but wasn't in the mood. "All they care about is Tami's pleasure, not their own."

"What's wrong with that?"

"It doesn't sound very equal. I don't understand how you can do that without making yourself subservient."

"Well I, for one, understand it. ANY man can understand that, perfectly well."

"Really?"

"Of course. Bringing a woman to orgasm is the most satisfying thing a man can do. And it's not about ego, showing you're a stud. At least not for a man who's mature. It's about love."

Vanessa thought and thought. Ricardo gave up massaging her breasts.

"They bust in on her while she was exercising, and dragged her around that studio like she was a dummy, or a mannequin. And spread her legs, put her up on a high bar, dragged her across the floor, just so they could force orgasms out of her."

"Now you're saying SHE'S subservient?"

"It just didn't seem right. When I broke in on them and saw them attacking her, it reminded me of rape."

"Oh come on…"

"Well, it did. It kind of messed me up. I'm reminded of Liz."

"Who?"

"A teenager I counseled at the center at Boston College. She got raped and in the process of him thrusting, she got her first-ever orgasm. It messed her up for quite a while."

"I suppose it would... This was not Tami's first, though. From what you say, you probably broke in on orgasm number 35,467."

Vanessa sighed. "Yes... She triggers such conflicting emotions."

"I think you should just let her live her life. I think she's quite fine."

"Oh really?" She reached down and placed her hands firmly around her naked husband's testicles, as if threatening to squeeze. Another old gag of theirs.

"I keep telling you," Ricardo said in mock agony. "I imagine it's YOU who's always naked."

That seemed natural enough. To see a woman always naked was the most basic male desire. But... "I can't just let her live her life. I'm the Assistant Dean for Students."

"So... Did you have lunch with her? Did she tell you what her plans were?"

"No, she cagily avoided that, like always. She's a shoo-in for a grad assistantship. She says she's thinking about Hamid in math but that seems like a cop-out."

"Think she suspects what's up?"

"I highly doubt it. Oh Ric, if she only knew... I feel sorry for Tony Noyes sometimes. What a decision."

"Wow. Sympathy for that old coot. That's new."

"Well, he's not a creep, at least. Not like that old crowd that Jorgon and Ross kept so pacified."

Vanessa repeated, "If that poor naked girl only knew... what awaits her. Life has been so unfair to her." It was pitch dark in the bedroom but Ricardo could tell her eyes were wide open.

"There's only one thing to do," he said, sliding his head down under the covers. "I'm a Vanessa Licker. I'm going to -- damn you woman, must you wear panties to bed! I'm going to lick you for a solid half hour and make you come, maybe twice. And then me and my unused dick will go to sleep. Happily."

**Part 22**

"OK, now put your arms down."

Gretchen gratefully did so and looked at what was, at the moment, a shapeless white tunic covering her torso. She had a T-shirt on under it but could feel this new fabric against her forearms. It was weird but not bad. A little like chain mail, or how she imagined chain mail might feel like, but also a little like satin.

From her perch on the modeling socle she looked around here in the Fashion Lab. About six or seven models were up on their socles, mostly friends of the student designers who flitted about busily beneath them. Gretchen had learned to respect the science of clothing design. It wasn't easy.

She looked down at Tami, who had pins in her mouth, by turns scurrying to her plan book and looking at the tunic with concern, just like the other designers but for her nudity. The others, being fashion majors, were of course fully and stylishly covered. Gretchen wondered how Tami could run about on bare feet with no apparent concern as to falling pins. Maybe she had a sixth sense as to where they might be.

Tami and the others were planning for the "Spring Zing", the annual fashion show the Department of Fashion Technology put on for the campus and the community. Fortunately this tunic thing seemed to be holding together well. For Tami and Gretchen this was the first real test for their new fabric. They really had to decide on a name for it. Tami was also trying to decide on a logo for her designs. Because she had decided to put in a portfolio for the International. Tami had explained it on the trip out to Gretchen's home that Friday afternoon, three days ago. "Why not go for it?" is how she put it.

It was practically the only good news that weekend. The whole thing was just a bad idea, though Tami as always was a good sport. Gretchen had been telling her parents for a long time now about her friend, who always had to be naked because of a clothing allergy. It took a while for it to sink in, that this girl was for real. Finally they seemed interested and would ask Gretchen how Tami was doing.

Inviting Tami over, though, was a different deal. It was only a moment's hesitation before her mother said of course, she can visit, but Gretchen should have recognized that moment as her chance to cancel the idea. It was a nice, chatty ride over in Gretchen's car, up into the Adirondacks, where there was still a blanket of snow. But then to arrive for dinner and see that her parents had put up a low sheet barrier in the middle of the table so that they would not be caught looking at Tami's nakedness. It was Gretchen and Tami on one side, her parents and her brother Freddy on the other. Her parents were not naturally effusive but the polite conversation was even more stilted than usual. And poor Freddy, still in high school, did not know how to act.

That was bad enough. But Gretchen made it worse on Saturday morning by suggesting that Tami go to Freddy's hockey game, out on the outdoor rink. It was a sunny day with no wind and Tami could probably have stayed for most of the game. Tami resisted the invitation while Gretchen stupidly kept pushing it. Tami was adamant and finally Gretchen realized what a situation she almost put her parents and her brother in. She was, if only subconsciously, trying to score points with herself by bravely appearing in her home town with a naked person. While not taking into account the feelings of others.

Instead she drove Tami out to the gorge, where the two sat and watched the little waterfall. She wished she could take Tami up the path to Point Peter and see the view from there, but that was an hour's hike and impossible for a naked and barefoot girl. At Tami's insistence they did get out and walk along the ice-bound edge of the pool. As Tami idly kicked chunks of ice into the water, they ended up with a sullen talk about Roger and Joe in Iraq. There was a scary moment when Gretchen took off her engagement ring to show it to Tami and it slipped out of her hand into the pool. But the water was clear enough to see it lying on a rock under ten feet of icy water. As Gretchen cringed, Tami dove in to retrieve it. Of course Tami had to go immediately into the car where Gretchen cranked up up the heater.

Now, clothed in T-shirt, tunic, jeans, thick socks and boots, looking down at Tami, and thinking of that weekend, Gretchen realized what a terrible loneliness her friend lived with. Tami seemed to have it all together -- strong, popular, a high achiever, a loving family, a good husband. But there were so many places she could not go, so many people she could never meet, so many things she would never connect with.

. . . .

Rod was not psychic. Nor did he have his wife's ability to sense what people were thinking, though to be fair that ability had been developed through her nipples, exposed to the elements and to the world's gaze for so long. Rod's nipples did not have that kind of experience. Though Tami tried to suck them once in a while. Rod hated that. Though maybe he shouldn't. Was it ultimately homophobia? Too sensitive? Or just too weird?

Nevertheless as he sat in the trailer on the dam site that Monday morning, looking over the plans while drinking that terrible hot-plate coffee, he had a premonition that Tami would call with something along those lines. He remembered what she had said during that strange conversation at the Plaza Diner: "I should devote myself more to pleasuring you." And they hadn't really spoken in three days and he had an inkling that she had done some thinking in that time. She had spent the weekend with Gretchen while he had been down in Boston, helping his mother organize the attic. Poor Mama. She had tried to keep house for the two years since his father died, but finally had to admit it was just beyond her capabilities. It was time to get the house ready for selling and move in with Auntie.

The call came at 11:30 on his cell. "Wait for tonight, lover," she said. "This week is my week to serve you. Don't even try to make me come first. You come first tonight. Love you!" Then she hung up.

Monday

As he entered the kitchen he at first thought there was a power failure. It was pitch dark. But the light in the driveway had been on. Where was Tami --

"Boom... pa-chik! Boom... pa-chik! Boom..."

The blast of disco came from the living room, specks of light wandering over to grace the kitchen cabinets opposite. In the living room was a glitter ball spinning multicolored stars into the darkness. A ghostly figure stepped forward and positioned herself underneath. The lights caressed her breasts, her tummy, her thighs. She slowly turned, and now the glitter ball worked its magic on the bare shoulders, the beautifully formed bottom. As his eyes got more adjusted to the light he saw that her arm was pointed to the ceiling, the other hand placed on a jutted-out hip.

Then she turned to him and danced. A vigorous, disco-style dance.

Rod couldn't help himself. He snorted and hated himself for doing so. But he couldn't help it. At first he thought she was being jokey but he then realized that this was an earnest attempt. As a disco dancer Tami was bad. Really, really bad. She might have been a fine gymnast. And he still remembered her performance at the Black Formal when they first met, her glow-in-the-dark, kente-colored fingernails and toenails flying in the darkness as she did basic gymnast moves in the darkness of the Multipurpose Room. But now, trying to be funky, she looked spastic. She twirled and looked like she was trying to swat a mosquito that kept going behind her. She jumped up and looked like she was trying to adjust a light bulb with a itchy butt. Then she went down low and looked like she was constipated.

He lurched around until he found the stereo and turned it off. She didn't seem to want to stop but he held her in his arms, her sweaty nakedness against his work clothes as the disco lights rotated around them silently. Then he gave her a long, long kiss, or tried to, his lips unfortunately breaking into a giggle at the critical moment.

Tuesday

He entered the kitchen, which was fully lit again, and found himself facing Tami's bare butt practically pushed up in his face. With a little American flag sticking out of her butthole. She was on all fours, her head down and her butt up. "Wooo -- wooo! Chugga-chugga-chugga-chugga-" As she made these train sounds she turned her head and smiled at him, face against the table top. More train sounds, and the flag dipped up and down in rhythm with the flexing of her well-practiced rectal muscles.

Now -- "Warning! Big train entering tunnel! Watch out!" A few flips up and down with the little flag pole and then the pole dropped to the floor. Tami's patented anal gape now claimed his attention. The dark aperture, slick with lubricant, expanded to an inch and a half across, then closed, then opened again, in time with the -- "Woo -- woooo! Woo -- woooo!" As always, her toes flexed and spread each time she opened up. Rod had his own gape which did not close, his jaw dropping and staying dropped.

"Big train coming... here comes... open up the tunnel... yummm... big hot dog... yumm..."

Wednesday

Once again Rod stepped into a pitch black kitchen, by now with a sense of dread. This time it was soft music coming out of the living room. No disco lights.

Gingerly making his way toward the flickering dimness, he turned into the living room to see two glasses of wine on the table with a lit candle between them. There was something black draped on the chair.

A whisper from the shadows. "Have a seat."

The candle glowing in her green eyes, Tami's nude form approached silently. She floated behind the chair and approached him with her luminous eyes full of desire and love. She tilted slightly, then raised her foot and caressed his ear with her toes. Now she delicately picked up the soft black form that had been draped on the chair.

It was that black evening gown he had bought her early in her sophomore year, after he had found out the truth about her freshman year ordeal, after Jorgon had resigned and Ross had disappeared and Tami was finally free to wear clothes. He had, impulsively but in an act of devotion, blown his entire bank account on the dress, presenting it to Tami, only to hear her confess that she was now allergic to clothes.

Rod's eyes were wet as he remembered her breaking down, crying as she sank to the floor caressing the gown, saying, "Please God please... clothes... please..." He had picked her up and laid her on the bed, licked her gently, and she was soon fast asleep. She told him later that this was the last time she had prayed for clothes. In the morning he had cooked her a big breakfast which he brought to her in bed. As she woke she was bright and cheerful and a different person.

The gown was kept in the closet, preserved in a plastic bag. And now she had brought it out. She held it in front of her, the spaghetti straps in her fingers at shoulder height. Now she leaned down and, the gown between them, kissed him. "Wearing" the gown in the only way she could.

She meant it to be romantic and a prelude to lovemaking but Rod just could not think about sex. Instead, he hugged her and the gown as tight as he could, tears blinking in his eyes as the candle light went all blurry.

The kitchen was lit again as Rod entered. Three empty bottles of beer on the table, one fallen on its side. The naked girl stood unsteadily, leaning back on the table for support, and as Rod watched she downed another beer, gulp, gulp, gulp, all in one draft.

With great concentration she managed to place the new empty behind her. She looked down as if about to vomit, but instead --

"B - U - U - U - R - R - PPP!"

-- rattling every teacup in the cabinets.

She looked up at him with an unsteadily cocked eyebrow. "Wanna f..k?"

Friday

Oh no. Another dark kitchen.

This time, no disco lights or music leaking in from the living room. It was pitch dark, silent. He stood there for a few moments. He thought of turning on the light but that was evidently not Tami's plan for tonight. Slowly he crept around the kitchen table, feeling his way, putting his briefcase down. Now around the corner to the living room. He sensed a presence. This was creepy. Tami was here somewhere. He kind of knew her scent.

He thought he heard a motion near the couch. He turned toward it. He could barely see its vague couch shape in the dark. No, not there --

"Oh Jesus!" His heart nearly stopped as he was jumped from behind. He felt the nude skin all over him, like an octopus enveloping its prey with what felt like ten arms and legs. He was wrestled to the floor and turned face up, his arms pinned above his head, the bare knees holding down his thighs. At least tonight's event was successful in getting him aroused, and he felt his dick begin to grow in his pants just below the plum-colored forest he could sense right above it. For a while there was no sound except for the female predator's hard breathing.

Now his shirt buttons were being undone, and his belt buckle. He lay there passively as his shirt was peeled off his shoulders and his fly unzipped. Then the wild naked woman stopped. Seconds passed. What was going on?

It took a while but Rod figured it out. She wanted him to resist, like a dog who wanted him to try to keep a ball away from her. He obliged by straining to get up, finally overcoming the strength of his naked attacker. Then he started to run for the sun room. She grabbed his pants as he tried to pull them up. Harder and harder she yanked as he reached the passageway. Suddenly her hand slipped --

"OW!"

Holding his forehead which had hit the door jamb, he landed on his butt. Game over.

. . . .

Rod, in his pajamas, lay on the bed holding the ice-filled bag to his eyebrow. It was a nasty cut.

"I'm sorry, Baby," Tami said, caressing his cheek. She was leaned over so that, being so limber, her foot was planted on the bed next to her shoulder.

"It's OK, Babe. You get an 'A' for effort."

Tami sighed. "I want to do things for you."

"Maybe you tried too hard. Just relax."

Tami moved her foot down and opened the fly of his pants. She drew his dick out with her dexterous toes and rubbed it. "How about a blow job?"

Rod laughed. "That... would be perfect."

She went to work.

. . . .

And now, three days later, the snow having almost all melted, driving home past campus, he stopped to see an unusual sight, a bunch of students (and what looked like a couple of professors) playing an impromptu game of softball on the muddy field. They were having a great time. And of course there was Tami, in nothing except her left-handed mitt from high school, out in center field, now slopping through the muck in her bare feet to snag a long fly ball. She effortlessly threw it in to the pitcher, mud flying off her toes as the followed through.

He had never seen Tami play softball. She was not a natural disco queen but a natural ball player. A few minutes later her team was up and Tami waited for the pitch, her slim body upright, mud striping her bare butt and her feet and ankles, as well as a large smear down her side, maybe from having made a diving catch. She pulled a sharp line drive to right field.

He waved at her and people waved back. When the game was over she ran to his jeep and cheerfully parked her muddy butt on the easy-to-clean vinyl of the passenger seat.

When they got home Rod, being muddy himself from his work on the project, undressed and was the first one in the shower.

**Part 23**

And now he emerged in his towel to see Tami sitting on the kitchen table, leaning against the wall, pounding her mitt and looking down gloomily at the dried mud encrusting her toes.

"What's wrong Babe?"

"You know what I miss?" Her eyes had a faraway look. "The Pawsox."

Rod, a native of Roxbury, Massachusetts, knew what she meant. He had never been down to see them but he knew about the Sox's top farm team, the Pawtucket Red Sox.

"My dad would take me and Joe to McCoy Stadium. We would sit on the grass behind the center field wall and eat hot dogs. I always brought this old thing," the naked young woman said, pounding her tattered glove. "One time I almost caught a home run hit by Johnny Damon. A fat man got it behind us but then he gave it to me and Joe. We still have it in the living room."

Rod sat down, letting her talk. "And... I miss hanging out with my girlfriends watching the cool college kids on Thayer Street, and playing frisbee in Hopkins Square... Visiting my cousins in Woonsocket... I would bicycle to Attleboro Mass and back with Charlene..." Tami looked to her side, up at the Pawsox hat pinned to the bulletin board, less than a foot from her head. As if wishing she could put it on again. But no.

He had dreaded this day coming, but it was also a relief. With Tami about to graduate she had to decide on what her ultimate plan would be. Obviously she could stay at Campbell - Frank as a grad assistant, for a while. But not indefinitely.

Last year, during her embrace of "the theory of nudism", they had gotten a little drunk and spoke about countries where she might move about freely. Germany topped the list. Then they listed Sweden. Indonesia. Austria. Brazil. Spain. These were just guesses. It never got further than that.

"We don't have to stay here, Babe," he said. "There's other countries -- "

"Yes, but Rod, I'm an American. I do want to stay here. It's where I'm from. I liked Germany, but I'm from here. The people I love are here." Pounding the mitt again, then flexing her mud-caked toes and looking down at them. "Charles Street. Child Street. Charles Street. Child Street."

"What?"

Tami leapt off the table, being so light on her feet, and without any drama landed on the floor, her landing muffled by the stuff on her soles. She slouched in front of Rod like a tired outfielder, mitt on her hand, though this was a totally naked, barefoot outfielder with dried mud streaks across her nipples and her concave tummy. If she wasn't distressed Rod would have found this view pretty hot. "A Providence native -- I mean someone from Pwovidince -- they would say those the same. I've lost my accent. Charles Street. Child Street. Damn!"

She was overstating a bit now. "It's natural to lose your accent in college," he said, if a bit condescendingly. Rod had always had a standard, neutral African-American accent, pronouncing his R's and such, but he had noticed the loss of accent in others. Tami certainly had lost hers, though even when he first met her as a new freshman, when she was freshly nude, she didn't have much of one. Her family's accent was very strong, as he noticed whenever they went down to visit. Rod could see what was going on here. Tami had always proud of being from Rhode Island. And except for their brief and occasional visits, with her slipping out of the car into her parents' house when the coast was clear, she couldn't go back.

Tami stood silently, then flexed her toes and began to move one foot after another, toward the bathroom, heading for the shower after a long game.

Rod pondered a while and decided Tami would bring up the topic again when she wanted to. He got into his jeans and sweatshirt. Time to finally bring in that stuff from the jeep. The wind had kicked up and it was cold again. He brought in the four big boxes, his old things from his trip to Roxbury. It was sad to have to sell that old house he had grown up in, but it just had to be. His mother just couldn't take care of it any longer.

Now he smiled as he brought in the trombone case. He hadn't played this thing since his high school marching band days. Sitting in the bedroom, listening to Tami in the shower -- she's doing her off-key humming, a good sign she's feeling better -- he looked at the case and contemplated the loss of childhood, Tami's as well as his own.

What the hell. He opened it and assembled the old thing. This was a regular tenor trombone. He never liked those extra valves and crooks. Simplest is best. A naked trombone. He snorted. He preferred to put his mouth to something naked. A sign of the future, though he hadn't known it. Then he chuckled at himself for making this joke, the product of a high school mentality.

He wet his lips and pressed them against the mouthpiece. Wow -- this thing was COLD! Well, what did he expect? It had been lying in the jeep for three days. He inhaled and tried to blow a first-position B-flat ---

"Thbbbbb!!!!"

God, that wasn't even a note. He wet his lips again, tightened them up, and tried again. The next attempts were hardly better. Now he tried a pedal tone and all that came out was hissing air.

Tami sauntered in, all clean and ruddy and glowing from her rough toweling, and giggled at his atrocious musicianship. It was good to see, her breasts dancing with her laughter.

"Where are you going?" he said, as she gathered her things and hefted her bag over her shoulder.

"SGA committee," she said, casually glancing down at her toes to make sure she'd scrubbed all the mud off. She was still doing the Student Government Association committee thing. "Later."

After she'd kissed him and left, Rod, feeling sleepy, placed the trombone in the corner and lay back.

. . . .

"Thbbb! ... Th-thbb!"

He licked his lips and tried again on the next group of sixteenth notes, pressing against the mouthpiece that felt like a block of ice no matter how much he blew into it.

Even through his full-length wool uniform, and the long underwear, he could feel the frigid wind knifing right through him. It wasn't just him, of course, as he tried to pt-pt the notes of "Little Giant" along with the seven other trombonists in the front row. The rest of the band wasn't sounding much better. It was nerve-racking being a trombonist, having to be in the front row of the 60-member band to make room for the trombones' slides.

But this was a great day for the band, for their families, for their high school. They had won the national competition down in Atlanta and were privileged to lead the parade into Foxboro Stadium for the Patriots' last regular season game.

They had expected cold this time of year, but not THIS cold. It had snowed two days before and the banks were piled up high on each side of Washington Street. Behind the snow, crowds five deep watched, bundled up, and cheered, or made ridiculous muted clapping with their heavily gloved hands. There was some talk about the parade being canceled, but that was only a dream. They couldn't pass up being seen on national TV.

It was a poor, mostly black school, T----- High, but the marching band program was its pride and joy. They had quite a reputation in the Boston area and were often invited to march in other towns' parades, like St. Patrick's Day and Memorial Day. Their uniforms were resplendent, the tall plumed hats and the braided jackets with the shoulder tassles and striped pants, though with the district finances the way they were, upkeep required frequent fund-raising. He hated doing that.

But like for any kid it was worth it, being a proud member of this famous band, marching strictly in step as they were trained to do in their daily morning practices, out on the football field and in the gym in bad weather. The big glass case in the school lobby, right after the metal detector, had a slew of trophies, and annual band photos going back to 1937 when it was a segregated school.

Now "Little Giant" ended and they would switch to "Our Director". After the last cymbal crash from the half-frozen arms of his friend Jared ten rows back, he and the other trombonists counted three beats and then dropped their instruments down to waist level in "ready" position. The next tune after that was "Washington Post" and then "Manhattan Beach". This was part of their regular rotation, the traditional marches then "Hold That Tiger", during which the band could finally do a little swinging around to get their blood moving again.

Anything was better than straight marching on a frigid day like this. His feet were getting numb, and the tips of his gloved fingers. The wind was now blowing into their faces as they began marching downhill with the road. He could feel his nose sniffle and hoped snot didn't run down where he couldn't wipe it. Unnecessary motions were much discouraged, they ruined the formation. He thought of their band director, Mr. Weaver -- they called him "Sarge" because he used to direct an Army band -- who was marching to the side twenty feet back. He glanced furtively down at his white fake-leather gloves. Would snot show on them?

The drum guard, way behind him, did their vamping and he looked straight forward as he was supposed to. He could see the city ahead, and the stadium in front of it, looking like it was ten miles away. It wasn't that far, but this was a long parade -- first going down to the park, then a short break, then the final leg down Broadway, in front of the reviewing stand, then finally into the stadium.

The sound off, and now into "Our Director". D-flat was not his favorite key but this was an easy tune, not too many notes. The band didn't make as many flubs on this one. Now he looked a little to the right, to their regular majorette, a white girl named Brigid, prancing and twirling her baton all alone at the head of the parade, and contemplated her very interesting skin.

**Part 24**

He had noticed it in the photos in the glass case. As the uniforms for the rest of the band got more abundant and ornate over the years, with the addition of high boots, cummerbunds, epaulettes, the majorette's uniform got more and more skimpy. The 1940's majorettes wore mid-length skirts which showed some leg, but otherwise their uniforms were much like the rest of their band's. And then over the years the big "shako" hat got smaller, the jacket shrank to a vest, then disappeared, the blouse and skirt shrank to leotards, then in the 1980's the midriff appeared, the boots shrank to sneakers...

He liked looking at Brigid's beautiful skin, very white with freckles over the shoulders, a product of her Irish heritage. It was certainly well on display. Her uniform began with a little pillbox-style cap, a shrunken version of the shakos the rest of her band wore, black and white, the school colors, with a "T" on the front. It was pinned to her red, braided-up hair. Her nipples were covered by circles of white fake-leather (called "circlets") maybe three inches across, little rounded cones, with again each with a black "T" on them. He wondered how the circlets were attached so they didn't fall off as she went through her vigorous paces. That was something the girls in the locker room would know, though for obvious reasons, Brigid had emerged from there this morning well before the others.

Further down, her closely-shaved pubic area was covered with a little white V-shaped triangle, certainly the smallest bikini bottom he had ever seen, held on securely by sparkly silver strings that went low around her waist, meeting in the rear at the crack of her butt where they formed a delicate "T" with the band that went down and disappeared between the cheeks. Add a pair of low-heeled, dressy flip-flop style sandals, held on with just the thinnest silvery straps, and that was Brigid the majorette's uniform.

He was fascinated by white girls' skin, how it changed color, getting a tan in the summer, blushing, turning whiter when they were afraid, red when they were mad, red and blotchy in the cold. White folks' skin was pretty funny in general. During the competition in Atlanta, watching the other bands, he and his buddies almost lost it during another band's audition, an all-white band from Kansas or someplace. Five trumpeters did consecutive solos and the face of each started out white and turned red, one after the other.

Brigid was beautiful, though. Nothing ridiculous about her or her skin. He didn't really know her. Her regular instrument was clarinet, and the clarinets were across the band from the trombones. She always sat between her friends Debra and Virginia, black girls who were pretty O.K. And her skin, especially today, was interesting, fascinating really, like a canvas of a painting created by God called, "On a Freezing Cold Day". Her shoulders were reddish, her arms blotchy, her bare back a little lighter, her legs and feet a little purplish, her toes a little more so. Her sacral dimples, a few inches above the T-string, were lighter than the blushing butt cheeks below.

It was kind of callous of him to think of her this way, of course. She must be suffering on a day like this but she didn't show it. She was a real trouper. They had never marched on a day this cold. Feeling his cold hands and chilly arms in their gloves and two layers of sleeves, he thought of how her bare hands and arms must feel tossing and twirling that baton. Feeling his whole body trying to get some blood moving under his full-length wool uniform and long underwear, he felt sorry for her bare torso, the breasts tightly bouncing in the freezing air behind the -- were they glued on? -- little circlets. His butt was freezing -- but how much more freezing Brigid's must be, entirely naked to the winter wind except for the ridiculous tiny string. And his feet were almost numb in their heavy socks and boots. Meanwhile the frigid wind whistled between poor Brigid's bare toes!

But like always, she kept a smile frozen on her face, alternately twirling and the jabbing the baton in the air to keep the beat, then when the band was marching in place, tucking the baton under her arm, stepping in place. He wondered how she kept those backless sandals on her feet while whirling around. It must be hard to grip with toes going numb. Only once did she falter, one heel slipping a bit on black ice, but she recovered right away and hardly lost a step.

His mind went back to September. It seemed so long ago now. The measuring for uniforms, one by one in the practice room, though how Brigid was measured, it would have been interesting to see. Then the meeting in the auditorium. One by one the members were called up by the band secretary, Ms. Jillian, to get their uniforms. A big travel bag held up by a coat hanger, with a smaller bag attached which held the boots. The bags were huge, massive, five feet high and heavy. Some of the girls had trouble hefting theirs back to their seats. Then Brigid was called. She was in the back and walked down the aisle in her usual outfit of black jeans, white-collared shirt, jean jacket and sneakers. Ms. Jillian handed her a tiny black thing like it was a little birthday present. It was the flip-flops tied together with a tiny black pouch the size of a CD case. Her uniform bag.

During the rest of the year the uniforms had been hung up on those racks along the walls in the rehearsal room. Big heavy travel bags, except for a hanger that looked like it had nothing on it until you looked and saw the tiny black pouch with flip-flops.

Now "Our Director" ended. Instruments down. The band halted, Brigid having been instructed to stay at least fifty feet behind the flashing fire truck. The whole band, the majorette and the instrumentalists and the drum guard, marched in place, little steps, two inches up, as they had practiced. During those early morning sessions at the school Brigid had taken off her shoes and socks, so she could practice in those backless sandals. Her bare feet were striking with everyone else so fully clothed. He wasn't a foot fetishist or anything but it was pretty sexy.

Of course, now she was almost all bare. He watched her butt cheeks intently, as they jiggled ever so slightly with each in-place step. Nice and tight, a white girl's butt. He knew she was on the soccer team and she was in such good shape. Of course, a majorette at this school had to be. Real narrow waist, flat tummy, nice legs, nice boobs too, not especially big but sticking out firm without a bra. He threw furtive glances at the crowds behind the banks of snow, looking for the TV cameras. None yet; they had to be further down the route.

And the newspapers. The crowd was all bundled up. Standing in place it was easier to get cold. Most of the faces were all but covered with scarves or ski masks. He tried to detect their expressions and supposed they were cringing at the sight of the nearly naked majorette in the cold. He could picture tomorrow morning's front page of the Globe, tabloidy as always. The headline: "CRUEL! School makes majorette march near-naked in freezing parade!" Pictures of horrified onlookers. And of course, a big picture of Brigid front and center, so all the outraged readers could jerk off to her under the breakfast table.

He told himself: I'm obsessing. He had obsessed on Brigid all year, being in the front row of the instrumentalists, having such a constant view of her. And he told himself that exposure to the elements was just part of the life of a majorette. He and the other trombonists had gotten used to following her around during the whole football season, watching her body soak up the sun those hot September days (and being a little envious back then, stuck in their sweaty wool uniforms), mesmerized by the sleek wetness of her bare curves in October drizzles, then counting the goose bumps on her butt during those windy November weekends.

So it was more than just watching her bod. He wanted to get to know her. He admired tough girls. What was she like?

Now on to "Washington Post". This was a livelier tune. He got with the program and concentrated on his playing as they again advanced. Then Brigid spun 180 degrees, twirling, and his thoughts wandered again. That tiny triangle bottom, it's really narrow - maybe no more than like two inches across at the top. Does she have to shave all her pubic hair? Or just pare it down so it's like a pubic Mohawk? Is her pubic hair red like her head hair? Someone told him that all white girls, no matter what their head hair is like, their pubic hair is like a dull brown...

. . . .

Rod groaned and stretched on the bed, feeling something hard in his jeans like a baton, then turned and curled up on the other side...

. . . .

It felt so good to wolf down this big burger. Being out in the cold makes you hungry. He sat up, munching on fries, his shako on the table, his trombone bell-down next to him on the bench.

And then Brigid sat down across from him!

Her breasts with their circlets wiggled a bit as she and Debra and Virginia, on each side of her, sat down with their trays. They sucked on the sodas and chatted about this and that as he tried not to look too directly. He could see down to about the middle of her tummy, and her almost total nudity, all that white skin, now turning white in blotches now that it was finally exposed to warmth again, contrasted with her fully-dressed black friends with their gold braids and buttons and epaulettes. Debra and Virginia had taken off their gloves to eat, carefully setting them to the side, but still had their tall shakos on.

It was a big room, with the whole band around them sitting at tables, and over the hubbub the girls were talking about their driver education class, namely that old big Chevy the school had. "It's hahd to control that cahh," Brigid said, and Virginia agreed. "Girl you know it." Brigid's accent seemed a little different than the standard white-person Boston accent. Maybe more like a Providence accent. Then she shifted on her hips and he knew that she had dropped her sandals to the floor and was sitting cross-legged.

Now she pivoted her body toward Debra, still engaged in conversation. Girls talked a lot faster than guys and by now they had gotten into going to the mall next weekend with Maria and Shonday. He realized Brigid was pretty popular. It was such a big school, though, that there was no point of contact between his circle of friends and hers. Now as he finished his burger, trying not to look, Debra scooted away from her and put ungloved hands down, and he realized she was massaging Brigid's half-frozen feet. His eyes leapt as he caught a glimpse, the warm black hands rubbing the circulation back into the white toes, stretching them, spreading them. He supposed it wasn't so skanky if the person was essentially barefoot all day like Brigid was.

"Hey Brigid!" It was a guy he knew as Willy, something of a wise guy. He held up an ice cream on the way to his seat. "Want some COLD ice cream?"

Brigid squinted sarcastically as he passed by.

He straightened up a bit, automatically, as Old Lady McPherson came around, the Principal. She could be (A), an old witch, or (B), a nice old grandma. Right now it was (B). "How are you doing dear?" she said. "Pretty good," Brigid said. "You look fine out there. You all do," she said glancing over at the rest. "We're proud of you."

Looking down at Brigid's feet, then at her hands, Ms. McPherson said, "You did a good job on the nails, girls. I didn't think you could get another year out of those old bottles."

"Well they WERE about empty," Virginia said. "I did the feet," Debra said proudly, as she held them up for the Principal to see, Brigid trying to spread her still-reviving toes with some effort. This was no small matter. With the disappearance of boots and gloves, fingernail paint and toenail paint had become part of the majorette's uniform. And like everything else about the band members' appearance it was expected to be meticulously perfect. The paint was the school colors, black and white, alternating on each finger and toe.

After the old lady had gone on, another guy came by with a giant-sized soda. "Brigid -- want some -- COLD -- soda?" The majorette stuck her tongue out with a sour face.

Sarge came by. "Don't eat too fast," he said. "We've got a mile and a half to go. How's everyone doing?"

Having finished his burger and used his napkin, he spoke up with a smile. "It's hot in here," he said. Indeed he was getting sweaty indoors, encased in his thermals and full uniform.

**Part 25**

"Pfft," Sarge said with a good-natured dismissive wave. "Talk to Brigid about that."

It was the first time he referred to Brigid's plight. With the forecast being for cold, there was some talk about canceling the parade. But that was just impossible. It was to be their big day. At the last band meeting Sarge had talked about it. "Now it will be chilly out, so it will be all right for all band members to wear thermal underwear, except the majorette of course, providing it's not bulky and doesn't show." Half the guys must have looked over at Brigid sitting in the clarinet section. Brigid showed no reaction to this passing mention, but Debra and Virginia glanced sideways at their friend. Everyone could wear thermals except the band member who needed them the most. Of course everyone knew for the majorette it would be impossible. Even a body stocking or something like that would look ridiculous. It probably would make the sandals slip off. And mabye there would be no way to keep the circlets on.

"Hey Brigid," another guy said as he passed, "are ya -- FRIGID?"

He could detect Brigid giving him the finger from under the table. He was fascinated by her even more now. She could give as well as she got.

"Woo! Look! The girl scouts!" Debra's announcement got the three of them up. Careful to put her sandals on first, Brigid joined the rest of them as they went up to the big window facing the street. They stepped up onto the low sill and pressed their hands against the glass, waving at their old troop leader, Miss Pikarski, who waved back as she passed by leading the pack of smiling little girls in overcoats. Debra and Virginia, standing against the window covered all up in their jackets and long-legged trousers and boots, and in between, Brigid in her backless sandals, her total nakedness from the rear interrupted only by the little T-string in her butt, and the little cap clipped to her hair.

They got down and for a while they ate silently. Now another clown came by and said, "Were ya frigid, Brigid?" He could see it might become a nickname now whether she wanted it or not. Frigid Brigid.

Her eyes were darting around the room, as if making sure no one was looking. Then she said, "This uniform is killing me."

Debra and Virginia seemed to know what she meant and looked around too.

"Make sure the coast is cleah, O.K.?" And then his mouth dropped as Brigid took the circlets off with a little sideways squeeze from each hand. He saw now they were kept on by springy metal clips like you use to keep papers together, or on a clipboard -- "bulldog clips", he thought they were called. God, they must hurt!

Her nipples stood out, stiff and red, like they were angry at being tortured all morning. Brigid sighed and closed her eyes as she massaged them between her fingers. It was almost as if taking them off was as painful as having them on.

And then she opened her eyes and looked up at him for the first time -- smiling and giggling a little bit, with a shyness and sense of slight embarrassment that was unusual for this tough girl, as she cupped her breasts in her hands. He smiled back and felt at that moment like he was in love.

She returned to massaging her abused nipples then put her hands at her sides. Her breasts wiggled a bit more freely now with the motions of her arms as she ate. She looked up warily now and then. Any T---- High majorette was aware of public indecency laws and knew she shouldn't be out like this.

Her breasts looked even more protruding, more pointy, with her red nipples exposed and sticking out. Again, a fascinating aspect of white girls -- he had never seen a real live white girl's nipples before, so expressive, angry and red. Especially against the breasts which were returning to the normal white color, as they spent more time in this warm fast food place.

Brigid's breasts needed more soothing, apparently. She finished her soda with a loud slurp and then she stuck her fingers in it. She fished out two chips of ice which she now held up against her nipples. "Mmmm..." It was a sensual sound that made his dick hard. Fortunately it wouldn't show under all his coverings. She checked around for grown-ups, rubbing the quickly melting chips againt her.

Now a clap from across the room. Sarge's signal. "Quick, do me up heah," Brigid said, turning to Virginia and sticking out her breasts. Virginia hurriedly clipped the circlets on. "Ow ow ow," Brigid said, taking off the left one. Virginia had clipped it too near the end of the nipple. He imagined it must have hurt like hell. Virginia re-did it.

"How do I look?" Brigid said, turning to Debra. "This one's crooked," her friend said, resetting one so that the "T" stood straight up.

Then Frigid Brigid shook her breasts violently side to side, making them bounce like miniature soccer balls. This took his breath away. But it was the only way to make sure the circlets were secure.

The band got up and made for outside. He put on his shako and picked up his trombone and followed. Having gotten hot in his uniform, he was almost grateful to feel the freezing air hitting his face as they emerged onto the sidewalk. They were bottlenecked as members filed through the narrow cutout in the three-foot-high snow bank to get back onto the street. Brigid was needed at the front and couldn't wait. So she took off her sandals and, using her baton as a walking stick, scaled the snow bank in her bare feet, her toes grabbing the refrozen slippery chunks of white with care. It caused people to look but it was simply the sensible thing to do.

Now out on the street, they got into formation. Sarge and Brigid stood in front. When everyone was all set Sarge said, "How are your toes, Brigid?"

Standing in front with the other trombones, he saw her look down, flexing her toes in the dressy flip-flops. "OK"

"Folks," Sarge barked out, "I... know... we don't... sound too good... today." He was speaking slowly so as to be heard clearly, his breath forming little clouds. "This is probably the coldest parade we've ever been in. There's just no way to play well in this temperature. Don't... worry about it. Concern yourself with formation. We'll be in front of TV cameras soon... so how we look... will be what counts.

"I've noticed the formation isn't too good." He pointed over to the majorette. "Watch... Brigid. She's freezing her… BUNS off... for us. The least we can do is follow her beat. Brigid," his voice lowering, "lead as much as possible. Twirl only when the band seems in step, and only one throw at a time." Brigid nodded.

And with a sound off from the drum guard, they were off, marching forward, beginning "Son of a Preacher Man". They were still going downhill and now the wind was so stiff that it was an effort to push ahead. The cold sun disappeared and now it was overcast. He glanced up and it looked like snow clouds. Brigid led, her baton jabbing into the air, stepping high, the icy wind no doubt piercing like needles into her near-nakedness...

In a few moments her skin was multicolored again, and he was grateful for his thermal underwear.

They got to the reviewing stand and stopped. Aside from entering the stadium itself, this was their big moment. As planned, the majorette turned and faced the Governor and the other important, formally-dressed personages up there in their top hats, overcoats and white gloves, as the drum guard marched single file around the instrumentalists and formed behind her. Cameras were everywhere, on the reviewing stand, perched up on scaffolds here and there, all aimed at Brigid.

The drum guard did the sound-off, then launched into a furious barrage of gunshot-like drum shots and cymbal crashes as Brigid twirled and spun and pranced. Her skin was a little purplish now, maybe from her exertions. He could tell she was breathing heavily, and realized what an athletic workout it was.

Now she flung the baton high, high up into the air, spun around once, and deftly caught it over her head in time with the last cymbal crash. She stayed in that position, baton up, her breasts wobbling for a split-second before coming to rest, her pelvic bones framing her concave tummy, one foot in front of the other, the other arm straight out from her side, the majorette's permanent smile frozen on her face.

The men and women up on the stand cheered, as did the rest of the crowd. He would have cheered too if he had been allowed. If she had dropped the baton it would be all they would hear about in the media, it would be how T---- High School would be known. But she had come through. Good old Frigid Brigid!

Now they marched down the hill again, behind the fire truck, as they went the last leg down to the stadium. Another easy tune, "Under the Double Eagle". Brigid's body stayed purple as she led the beat. He wondered how long she could go like this. Her exertions would heat her up to some extent, but there had to be a limit.

As he worked the slide his mind went into fantasy. He pictured the fire truck stopping and the firemen jumping off it with their hoses. And training them on Brigid, the great arcs crashing onto her and splashing her all over. Now there were more firemen, from all directions, coming out of the crowds, till there were ten or more big jets of water bombarding her. It was cold water of course, but to her it would feel warm and she would be grateful. Swinging her baton wildly over her head, she would dance in the massive downpour like it was a shower, kicking her sandals off, laughing as she flung up her bare feet. Her breasts were hit to and fro by competing jets and now the circlets came off, one after the other, and she gratefully accepted the water on one nipple then the other, soothing them. Another shot to her crotch and the little triangle flew off, shooting away from her with the tiny strings, and now Brigid the majorette danced joyfully nakedly in the fire hose shower, and now the whole band put down their instruments and cheered...

. . . .

"Wha -- "

Rod awoke with a start.

He felt disoriented and overpowered, like someone had just shaken him violently. As he blinked and sat up in his bed he saw Tami looking at herself in the dresser mirror. For some reason he smoothed his scalp as if to check if he was wearing a hat.

"Hi Baby," she said, turning around, her cute little white-girl butt presenting itself in profile. Her bookbag was on the floor next to her. She must have just gotten back from campus. She was playing with her hair. "Guess what?"

"Um... what?"

"The College - Town council asked me to grand marshal this year's St. Patrick's Day parade!"

"Wow."

"My Irish half is real proud." She laughed. "I wonder what I should tell my Dad."

Rod chuckled. Much to think about there. "That's very open-minded of them. A naked grand marshal." "Rod, Rod, Rod," she said, shaking her head tolerantly. "I'm not naked. These are my clothes!"

She shook her head, scattering her shoulder-length hair like a shampoo ad model. Then she opened her legs and surveyed her "lower hair". This was a point she had made now and then. She gloried in her hair, loved making fashion statements with it. She really did think of it as her "clothes".

She bit her lip appraisingly. "Now the obvious question. Should I go green for the parade?"

"Does it come out?" He knew the answer, from long experience of living with her. Taking hair dye out was a real chore, but letting it grow out would take a month or more. Both above and below.

Tami didn't answer, but turned gaily in the mirror and twisted her hips. "Maybe I should paint a green shamrock on my butt."

Rod smiled and got up. "I love you Babe," he said, giving her a full body hug.

"Whoa, what is this?!" She looked down at his dick bulging out in his jeans. Prevented from standing straight out, it ran down his thigh. The hardest it had been in a while.

He hefted her in his arms like a caveman claiming his woman, and threw her onto the bed. As soon as he could unzip his jeans he fell on her and ravished her energetically, taking charge much more than usual. Not that there was any chance he could outlast her. But tonight he was determined to give it a try!