**Tami Beethoven**
by Donny Laja

**Part 49**

Rod felt his shaved scalp prickle. Tami's allergy -- advancing? How is that possible? She already was allergic to the tiniest scrap of clothing. She couldn't even put one foot into a flip-flop.

Dr. Kantor, a tall white man of about 60 with a closely-trimmed white beard, brought out a laptop and switched it on. "We have been monitoring Tami's GSR, that's galvanic skin response, twice a week. I think you were actually at one of these sessions, as I remember." Yes, he was, once. It was a disorienting experience, seeing Tami standing on a lab table, clutching a metal bar overhead, while Dr. Kantor and a couple of assistants passed loops of fabric around her.

On the screen of the laptop appeared a close-up of the top part of Tami's body, her face down to her breasts, nipples puckered up and even harder than usual. Her arms were evidently stretched out to the side, as if they were tied to posts. The background was gray and metallic and misty, like she was in a sauna maybe. Her face was passive, eyes closed, her hair tied back. Oddly, her face and breasts and bare shoulders had a purplish tinge. In the lower right corner, a little graph that looked like an equalizer graph you see on recording equipment, low vertical bars that were a placid green.

The image was disturbing, especially when he saw Tami's breath come out in little clouds and now an insulated gloved hand drew in front of her with a little swatch of what looked like fur. The room she was in was not hot but actually bitter cold!

"This is imitation fur," Dr. Kantor said, "used because of its ability to afford warmth."

Rod was a bit angry. "She's -- cold -- "

"Yes," Dr. Abu Jamal broke in, "to accentuate the natural desire for covering, we have held many sessions in our cryogenic chamber."

Dr. Kantor chuckled, "Commonly known in the restaurant trade as a walk-in freezer. Of course, it's easier to get grant money for a 'cryogenic chamber'. During this session the temperature was, I believe, minus ten degrees Celsius."

"But -- " Rod was about to protest when he saw Tami's breathing get heavier as the fur was drawn closer to her left nipple. The clouds shot out from her nostrils, then her mouth. In the corner, the little bars leapt up into the yellow zone and then, briefly, into the red. Then the gloved hand drew away the fur and Tami heaved as if in relief. During all this time, her eyes remained closed as if she were in a dream, or maybe trying to think of being on a nice hot beach.

Now the image changed. Tami's bare feet on a block of ice! Her spread toes were very flushed. A contrast with the heavy boots and pants around her. Again, a mere wisp of fake fur was placed near her foot by a gloved hand. The toes spread even more and twitched. He supposed it was an allergic reaction, but one also imagined the freezing toes were agitated and frustrated by the presence of something they so desperately craved.

"I hope she was all right," Rod said.

"Of course," Dr. Kantor said. "You know, of course, that Ms. Smithers is acclimatized to the cold. We were in that chamber for only fifteen minutes."

Now the image changed again to a rainy forest scene, melting snow here and there. The researchers stood in their lab suits and coats, safely dry under umbrellas, as the naked girl carried a large rock on her shoulder up an incline leading to the huge trunk of a tree. It was clearly a strenuous task even for someone of Tami's strength. Rod thought of some guy from Greek mythology, he forgot who, carrying a rock up a hill. Sisyphus? Atlas?

Tami leaned forward under the strain as her bare feet, covered with mud and small twigs, carefully scaled the hill without slipping. She had been out in the rain for a while; her hair was soaked and plastered to her back. Despite his concern Rod could not hide his admiration for the perfectly toned, evenly tanned body, sleek and wet in the rain, and his great luck that this most gorgeous of female creatures should be his wife.

Now another image, the same scene, only this time Tami was carrying a somewhat smaller rock, with a cloth tied around it. She struggled more up the incline this time, then straightened up as if arrested from behind and dropped the rock in front of her. She breathed heavily, her concave tummy heaving in and out as the rain continued to pour onto her hair and drip from her chin and her nipples.

"I think you can deduce what is happening here," Dr. Kantor said, putting the video on "pause". "Tami has an allergic reaction to clothes, as we know. This has been carefully monitored. There have been fluctuations which we first could not explain, but turned out to be due to barometric pressure, academic stresses, even to an extent sunspot activity. But even taking these into account, in the past few months the GSR reactions have gotten noticeably more intense, as well as the loss of strength when cloth approaches her."

"Let me ask you, Rod." Dr. Abu Jamal said, calling Rod by his first name for a change, "Have you noticed any... changes recently."

"Um, no... Wait, yes. One time, a few weeks ago, she tried to touch a towel when coming out of the shower and it was, like a shock. She had to drop it. She said the towel felt like fire."

The two Chalfont doctors looked at him as if expecting to hear this, and expecting more.

"Also, she felt sick and didn't want to sit on the couch. She felt better sitting on the tile floor in the kitchen."

He looked at the still picture on the laptop, Tami standing upright in the rain, looking down past her dripping nipples and muddy feet to the cloth-covered rock in front of her, in front of the clothed researchers. As he continued looking at this freeze frame, he decided she appeared to be in the middle of shrugging her bare shoulders.

"Tami doesn't look too concerned there," Rod said.

"No, she seems to enjoy being naked," Dr. Kantor said. "As you know, any sense of shame was burned out of her long ago, at least to all appearances."

"She doesn't think of herself as naked," Rod said. "She thinks of her hair, that her hair is her clothes." He forced himself to add: "Even her... pubic hair, she thinks she's covered up down there."

Like Brigid, the majorette in those crazy dreams he'd been having. A "uniform" consisting only of tiny circlets barely covering her nipples, a minimal G-string below, skimpy sandals, yet feeling fully dressed and proud to wear her Tunemasters uniform. A modest girl who seemed to have no idea how naked she was. He had been trying to interpret those dreams. Brigid clearly symbolized Tami, and now he saw a similarity. Naked yet not an exhibitionist, in a world of clothed people. Brigid doing difficult twirling routines in the freezing cold while damn near naked, with everyone else's uniforms affording full coverage and with thermals underneath. Tami doing grounds crew work naked and barefoot in the wind and rain while people around her trudged by in their overcoats and boots.

He knew these doctors, at least some of them, were psychiatrists too, and had a fleeting thought of asking them these dreams could mean, what they might say about his own hopes and frustrations and desires.

Dr. Kantor interrupted Rod's thoughts to say, "It's natural that Ms. Smithers would think her hair was her clothes. Seems like a reasonable adaptation, or perhaps rationalization. Young women tend to, if anything, obsess on clothes. They care about how their bodies are adorned and presented to the world. We tested Tami's psychological makeup and it is basically that of normal young woman, so she would be no different."

Dr. Abu Jamal broke in. "But the Chalfont Institute bears a heavy responsibility for the incredible misfortunes that befell Ms. Smithers in her freshman year." Rod could not know this, but at the moment the Pakistani doctor was thinking of how he probed and examined Tami's anus and pussy with Dr. Harridance as she lay spread-legged and naked on that cold steel table in the bright clinical light of Lab 13 upstairs, the terrified and mortified young girl afraid to protest or let slip any evidence of her burning shame. He had never gotten over his guilt and to compensate he was determined to get Tami's allergy cured. In fact, it was he who kept ordering Dr. Kantor to press onward even though no progress was being made. "Ms. Smithers may be happy as a naked woman at Campbell - Frank, a rather protected environment, but she will be under a crushing disability after she graduates."

"Yes." Tami could not fully see that, or maybe was pretending not to see that, but Rod could. He was glad the doctors and he were on the same page.

"It's not just cloth," Dr. Kantor added. He hit a few keys and now the laptop showed a bizarre scene. Tami, standing up on the table, arms at her sides, with a series of metal hoops encircling her, apparently supported by a metal post behind. The hoops were open-ended, the first around her head, then at six-inch intervals, the lowest around her ankles. As Tami stood there in her nakedness, eyes closed, someone twiddled knobs at a console and the hoops slowly closed around her, touching her skin, then opened again, at a regular pace, maybe once a second. It looked like she was being zapped with current, a strange electrocution torture, though her face remained impassive and she stayed motionless.

Now Dr. Kantor typed something and the equalizer bars appeared in the lower right again. They rose almost up to red as the hoops closed, then relaxed to green as they opened.

"You certainly have measured her carefully," Rod said.

Dr. Kantor did not detect the hint of venom in Rod's voice. "It's very important, from a treatment perspective, to get accurate readings. Fortunately Tami's lack of modesty makes it easy to... well, I know I'm sounding like McMasters..." The white professor blushed in embarrassment.

Rod let the silence punish the man for a few seconds before he decided that it was unfair. Kantor hadn't been involved in the McMasters horrors. Tami had once told him so. What they were putting Tami through was with the best of intentions. "You mentioned treatment."

Dr. Abu Jamal said, "It appears that Tami's allergy is to anything covering her or fastened around her, not just to fabric. This indicates that the allergy is not physical but psychological."

"Well that's clear isn't it?" Rod said, challenging them. "How can you treat her if you don't know the cause of the allergy?"

Dr. Abu Jamal and Dr. Kantor looked at each other and then at Rod.

"Actually," Dr. Kantor said, "we now think we do."

**Part 50**

"This is good coffee, thank you," Rod said. Indeed it was. Better than that swill he had to drink at the trailer.

The three of them -- Rod, Dr. Abu Jamal, and Dr. Kantor, were sitting in the lower part of Dr. Abu Jamal's spacious office, in elegant upholstered chairs around the little table upon which Dr. Abu Jamal's secretary, an older woman named Grette, had placed the coffee set.

"As you pointed out," Dr. Abu Jamal said, "Tami's allergy is psychogenic." Rod felt strange. He did not doubt the sincerity or good intentions of these men, but it was odd for the three of them to be sitting here, in their business clothes, in this elegant setting, discussing their proposals on what to do to a naked girl, someone who did not have a stitch of clothes or shoes to her name.

He pushed these thoughts aside as he forced himself to listen as Dr. Kantor took up what was evidently a well-rehearsed presentation. "The allergy certainly has something to do with the trauma of her freshman year. Tami seems on the outside as a normal girl, I mean young woman, but there is something about her that is unknowable, hidden. Almost Sphinx-like. This is perhaps what everyone senses. I believe it is not simple projection on our part, but an objective reality. In other words, it's not us, it's her. She really IS a little like a Sphinx."

Rod nodded. It was good to know someone else felt the same way.

"The extent of the shame and mortification that Tami endured is almost beyond the comprehension of a normal person. Imagine being brought to orgasm against your will, and forced to look someone like Henry Ross right in the eye at the climactic moment." As Dr. Kantor spoke, Rod remembered that DVD, and closed his eyes and shook his head. "And that is aside from the shame of being forced to walk around naked in public, and on top of that, not being able to show any sign of being shy about it."

"Yes, I know, I know." Rod did not want to be reminded of Tami's trauma, which only reminded him of his guilt at being so blind to it and possibly increasing it unwittingly.

"How could that not have something to do with her allergy?" Dr. Kantor asked rhetorically. "Perhaps it is evidence of a defense mechanism. Either a form of suppressing the shame, or adapting to it, a kind of 'sweet lemon' reaction."

"Sweet lemon?"

"The opposite of 'sour grapes'. 'I'm given this nasty fruit, but actually it's pretty good.'"

"Oh."

"One obvious piece of evidence in support of the 'sweet lemon' theory is her interest in fashion, in designing clothing, even though she can never wear any."

"I think she would admit that. The, uh, psychodynamics are real obvious." Rod felt pompous using such a word, but in this company it seemed fitting.

Dr. Abu Jamal said, "One can also deduce, perhaps, psychic pain from her orgasmic capacity and frequency, which we understand is quite incredible."

"What?" This was hard to follow. "She comes so much because she's in pain?"

The Director of the Chalfont Institute stirred his coffee, sipped it, and set it down. "I speak as a man. Tami has, quite in abundance, the gift that women have for multiple orgasms. I've always been quite jealous of that capacity that women have."

Rod nodded. He barely knew these men, had nothing in common with them, except of course that they were all men. Maybe that explained why they seemed to be, surprisingly, on the same wavelength as he.

"Forgive me for being so intimate, but a man experiences orgasm, ejaculates, and then is quiescent, unable to go further. But women... I ask you to imagine experiencing such an intense climax, and then, a few seconds later, experience another one just as intense? And yet another, a few seconds after that?"

Rod, a little embarrassed, looked down as he nodded.

"I simply cannot imagine how that must feel, after the intense and final catharsis, to continue to be aroused and experience another explosion of pleasure, another final catharsis." Dr. Abu Jamal, stilted and formal, was getting downright eloquent and flowery. Indeed he had always felt a little jealous of Tami's orgasms, a jealousy that competed with guilt knowing that so many of them had been unwanted. "It seems to me like eating a huge chocolate bar, then another, then another. After one bar, I would not want anything sweet for a while.

"But even among multiply orgasmic women, Tami is special. Understandably, given her past, she does not like her orgasms to be counted. But we are aware that there is a small, shall we say, club of female undergraduates who devote themselves to her pleasure."

"Yes, I know," Rod said. He decided to volunteer information which might be helpful. "They're called the, uh, Tami Lickers. Or the 'TL's' for short."

Dr. Abu Jamal and Dr. Kantor nodded, as if they already knew.

"At any rate," Dr. Abu Jamal continued. "We deduce that Tami experiences perhaps thirty orgasms a day, each one considerably longer and more intense than is reported in the literature as average. It could be that her unfortunate imprisonment in the equipment in Lab 6 increased her desire and her capacity. But maybe there is something else going on. Maybe after the chocolate bar, she eats something salty or bitter, so that the next chocolate is welcome, and then she eats something salty again, making her desire another chocolate..."

"I don't follow you."

"Maybe Tami suffers constant, if unconscious, psychic pain. Pain caused by the memory of her freshman year, or perhaps by frustration at not being able to wear clothes, or ongoing shame at being naked which in fact was never burned out of her, which in fact continues to this very day. That would be the salt. And each orgasm is a relief from that pain. That would be the chocolate. Another woman would get to a certain point and say, 'OK, enough orgasms.' But Tami still wants more."

Rod shook his head. "I find this idea of 'unconscious pain' hard to believe."

"As you walked to this meeting this evening," Dr. Kantor said, "you were not conscious of your feet stepping forward, one after the other. Just as one can perform physical actions without being aware of them, one can think thoughts, or experience feelings, without being aware of them."

After pondering this, Rod said, "So you think her capacity is an attempt to get rid of the pain, like an alcoholic who drinks to, uh, banish some memory."

"Not a conscious attempt, but an attempt. Another analogy is, an average woman versus a drowning woman. The average woman paddles as she swims. Each paddle is an orgasm. The drowning woman paddles much faster. A lot more orgasms."

"You think Tami is... desperate, trying not to drown?"

"Unknown," Dr. Kantor said. "Only in-depth psychoanalysis would reveal her inner dynamics. They would be brought to the surface and she would become conscious of them. And that is the comprehensive key to treatment. Find out how her freshman year trauma caused the allergy, and you likely find the solution to curing it. But we dare not. We just dare not."

"Why not?"

Dr. Abu Jamal said, "In the course of therapy one would rip away Tami's defenses. In a sense those are her only remaining vestige of clothes and we would be stripping her even of those. She would once again feel all that shame from her freshman year, a shame that obviously she has suppressed. And what if our guesses are wrong, or there is more going on than we thought to address, and the allergy does not abate at that point? Tami would be naked and ashamed of being naked -- and still not able to put on clothes."

Dr. Kantor said, "To use a surgical analogy, you don't cut someone open unless you know you can sew her up again. Psychotherapy would be a disservice to Tami because we are not sure we have the sutures to sew her up. At worst she would end up a frightened, dysfunctional creature, possibly descending into psychosis, desperately trying to put on clothes she cannot touch without an anaphylactic reaction." Rod had heard that word before used in connection with Tami's allergy. A person could die from an "anaphylactic reaction".

He remembered buying Tami that expensive dress, early in her sophomore year after Ross had left and Jorgon had gotten fired and she was freed of having to pretend she was a nudist. And Tami's pitiful, pathetic reaction as she told him for the first time that she had developed an allergy. "Clothes... please God... clothes..." she had whimpered, falling to the floor and stroking the forbidden fabric. Now, he pictured her in a padded cell, unable to wear a strait-jacket, flailing about, out of her mind, eyes rolled back in her head as she screamed herself hoarse as doctors in their coats and suits watched helplessly through the little window. "CLOTHES! CLOTHES! PLEASE! CLOTHES!!!"

He shook his head quickly, trying to shake this horrible image from his mind.

Dr. Abu Jamal let this sink in before he said, "You understand, Mr. Sykes, why we asked you not to disclose to Tami the content of this discussion."

Rod nodded.

The three men sipped their coffees, changed their crossed legs, adjusted their pants and jackets, looked down at their shined shoes, and contemplated the plight of the nude girl.

Finally Rod said, "So what remains?"

**Part 51**

"There is a possible behavioral explanation for her allergy," Dr. Kantor said, brightening a bit. "An explanation that was staring us in the face but we did not see it until recently. The explanation involves simple classical conditioning. It is like Pavlov and his dog."

"What?" Rod thought he remembered this from the intro to psych course he took as a freshman but he wanted to be sure.

"A dog salivates when it sees food nearby. Professor Pavlov rang a bell whenever food was about to be given. Ultimately the dog salivated when it heard the bell, even though no food had appeared."

"Right... So?"

"Think about Tami's experience. She comes to Campbell-Frank as a freshman, clothed and insecure. A year later she is popular, loved, by you especially, amazingly creative, getting straight 'A's. And naked.

"From what we know of her early interviews with us, before the second week of her freshman year, she was clothed, she had no sex life except for very occasional masturbation. Now, she has what appears to be a fulfilling sex life with you, and a small army of friends whose sole purpose in life is apparently to give her as many intense orgasms as possible. Clothed, no sexual peaks. Naked, she has dozens a day."

Rod looked down at the coffee set. "I see what you mean."

"She has associated nudity with love, nudity with scholastic excellence, nudity with creativity, and above all, nudity with sexual pleasure."

"Not just sexual," Rod pointed out. "She gets a lot of pleasure feeling the ground underneath her bare feet, the wind against her breasts... Her bare skin touching everything around her." He smiled with a bit of embarrassment. "I'm jealous, tell you the truth. This sounds wack, but I wish I could go around naked too, roll around in the grass like she does. So long as no one sees me."

They all laughed, which broke the tension.

"Our theory," Dr. Kantor then said, "is that the allergy represents the contrapositive of this association."

"The -- what?"

"Given a statement, 'If A, then B', the contrapositive is, 'if not B, then not A'. If a statement is true, then the contrapositive is always true."

"Oh." Again, a vague memory was triggered, maybe from high school algebra.

"Meaning," Dr. Kantor said, "that Tami associates nudity with pleasure, and has extended this to associate clothing with pain. Hence, the allergy to clothes. If the, as you say, the 'TL's', have been especially active and successful lately in their attempts to drive Tami to greater orgasmic heights, this would also explain the recent advancement of her allergy. It has only strengthened the association and hence the contrapositive reaction."

This was a lot to absorb. But after chewing this over, Rod said, "That’s irrational. Tami could be clothed and still have my love, and be creative, and have orgasms and all that stuff."

"Yes, but irrational does not stop something from being effective, at least not in classical conditioning. Let's say you were Pavlov's dog. Or that we devised an experiment where, I don't know what you like, say it's a steaming hamburger."

"That'll do." Rod was in fact getting hungry.

"And we sounded a bell just before it was served. You would eventually react like Pavlov's dog did, salivating, or maybe your nostrils flaring, just at the sound of the bell. You would say to yourself, 'this is silly', but the bell would still sound and your nostrils would still flare."

Rod thought for a moment. "I think this, at least, we can tell to Tami."

"True," Dr. Abu Jamal said readily. "From this point on, I want you to explain to Tami everything we are about to discuss. If she wonders why we called you here alone, tell her it would be awkward and perhaps impolite to discuss conditioning her with her sitting there." He pointed to another chair next to them. Rod pictured Tami's nakedness sitting on that chair, her bare butt on the cushion, a contrast to their full sets of clothes, her bare toes maybe idly grabbing the coffee table. He thought of her reaching over with her toes and caressing his dick through his pants. This got him hard and then he had to shift in his chair.

He sensed they were finally getting somewhere and was eager to learn more. With a touch of raillery he said, "What's the plan, gentlemen?"

"Break the connection," Dr. Kantor said. "Get her to associate clothing with pleasure. Put clothes on her while she is experiencing orgasm."

"Sounds straightforward enough."

"It's not a sure thing. There might be an unexpected interaction with some deeper psychodynamic which would even make the allergy worse. Also, even if, as we expect, it is straightforward, it will not be easy, because both elements of the association are extremely strong. Tami's nakedness has been utter -- possibly nobody in the history of the human race has been so naked for so long, in relation to the person's surroundings, a nude in the middle of a world of the clothed, often HEAVILY clothed, as when she walks barefoot and naked through snow in the middle of the campus. And Tami's orgasmic pleasure has been so great as to be perhaps unique. It is off the scale."

Dr. Abu Jamal got up to his desk and came back with an oversize leaflet which he handed to Dr. Kantor.

"As you know, when we discovered that Tami's consent to the experiments in Lab 6 had not been properly obtained, we destroyed all the records we had made of those experiments. This included brain wave studies done during her stages of arousal and climax. To emphasize our contriteness we gave the floppy disks to Tami personally -- we were still using floppies at the time -- and she did the erasing herself, in this very room." Rod looked over at the computer next to the desk. "But one record of her responses does survive: the replication experiment she volunteered to do when she heard our accreditation was in danger."

Rod remembered that, the airplane trip to Chicago, the brightly lit stage with the dildos, Tami heaving into ten orgasms surrounded by the rows of professors taking notes, during the climactic moments looking up at him for support with mixed feelings of love and shame.

As Dr. Kantor opened the loose leaf, Rod said, "You folks owe Tami a hell of a lot of thanks."

Dr. Abu Jamal said, "It is not an overstatement, Mr. Sykes, to say that we would sacrifice our professional reputations for her if required."

"See this chart," Dr. Kantor said. "These are Tami's delta waves at plateau, orgasm, plateau again, orgasm again... Delta waves are 'pleasure waves', as has been shown in a variety of contexts."

"Like when eating chocolate?"

Rod meant this as a little joke but Dr. Kantor said, with a straight face, "Actually yes. Chocolate studies have been done... During this plateau/orgasm series here, see how the delta waves were particularly prominent. This was during --" he pointed to another squiggly line in the chart, lower down, "a certain type of clitoral and Graffenberg spot stimulation."

"It would probably be more effective, from a brute force standpoint, to work on the 'pain' end of the association, giving her electrical shocks when naked and stopping them as she puts on an article of clothing. But that would be inhumane and besides, we want to her to be free to be naked when she wants. We propose instead to work on the 'pleasure' end of the association. If clothing could be introduced exactly during that time, perhaps just a small article at first, then taken away as stimulation ceased, then introduced again -- "

Rod suddenly sat up. "You're not suggesting strapping her into that -- Lab 6 -- thing --"

"We would hate to do that," Dr. Abu Jamal said. "Lab 6 has been boarded up for three years. The equipment has been disassembled but is still there. It probably is not a good idea anyway because in Tami's mind the equipment has a bad association of its own. But it occurred to us that such a mechanical process, the thrusting of dildos into Tami's vagina and rectum, and the suctioning of her nipples, is too crude for the split-second timing and delicate manipulation of her genitals that would be required."

Rod swallowed and said, "I will... perform with her if that's what's needed."

"Actually, more than one set of tongues and fingers will probably be required. Tongues and fingers that are intimately familiar with every nuance of Tami's reactions..."

By the time Rod came home it was almost ten o'clock. He was really hungry now and hoped there was enough in the refrigerator to put together a sandwich. Also he needed a full stomach to think about the mouthful Drs. Abu Jamal and Kantor had said at Chalfont and think about what to tell Tami.

He came in to the kitchen and Tami was at the table, sitting at it instead of on top, dawdling over a cup of tea. When she saw him she came up and hugged him. She seemed sad. They separated and she held his hands in front of her. Then she brought her limber leg up and placed her foot on top, grasping over his hand with her flexible toes.

Rod looked down and playfully and made the standard chimpanzee sound when Tami used her feet like hands. "Ooo ooo ooo."

Tami smiled wanly and looked down at her toes. Rod gave her toes a closer look and his eyes widened.

On her third toe, where the wedding band used to be, was a tattoo!

It was exquisitely made, evidently done at that place in town. It was in the shape of a ring, taking up the area formerly hidden by the band. In spiderly but flowing words it read across her toe, "I belong to Rod," with a heart.

Rod tried to form words but couldn't. Getting a tattoo, marring her perfect nudity, was always one thing Tami was against. As was he.

"I just had to, Baby," she confessed through moist eyes. "I want the world to know I'm married to you but I can't wear that ring even for one minute now. It burns like fire. And I can't wear a ring on my finger either. Not even a little necklace. Baby, I don't know what's happening to me!!"

**Part 52 Snow.**

On the morning of April 4, Tami and Rod woke up at the same time, Tami on the hardwood floor, Rod on the bed. Though it was before sunrise the bedroom was bright and silent. They knew what it meant. Wordlessly they padded to the bay window and saw the white mounds and valleys, the fluffy white cotton balls encoating the recently sprung buds on the shrubbery, luminous in the predawn light.

The April blizzard, a yearly tradition up here in the Vermont north country.

As Rod watched, Tami slid open the glass door and stepped out, her bare feet silently and effortlessly fluffing through the soft white stuff. Rod crossed his arms, shivering in his pajamas, as his wife strolled nakedly and languidly through the drifts, at one point up to her thighs, as relaxed as if she were sauntering along a warm beach. Then she sat down in the luminous snow. Tami had no fear of being naked in the snow, she knew that it was harmless for short periods, plus she had built up a resistance to the cold far greater than a normal person's. Still, Rod cringed as he imagined the tiny flakes pressing up into her pussy and her little brown-skinned sphincter.

Now she lay back, and stretched herself out into an 'X'. She seemed in position to make one of her 'snow angels' but for her mood. The snow was so deep that he could only see the tips of her breasts, disembodied nipples poking out from behind the drifts.

Tami had gotten to love playing in the snow. She was a great one at throwing snowballs at friends on campus, a long left-handed sidearm delivery that would reach a surprised Trent or Gretchen from halfway across the quad, before laughingly running away from any counterattack, her toes kicking up bits of white behind her. Or spending half an hour hefting rolled-up white boulders across the field in front of the art building, painstakingly building a snowwoman (always a female, with breasts and a "V" below) while half the campus walked by.

But now she seemed almost like she was lying down in the snow to die. It was very unsettling.

She had been depressed since he came back last night and showed him the tattoo on her toe. Giving her the Chalfont doctors' explanation for her allergy improved her mood a little, but just a little. She must have been aware of the advance in her allergy over the past few months, and it was touching that it began to concern her only when it meant she could no longer wear her wedding ring. But she had gotten to love being naked and the prospect of a program to get her back into clothes did not seem to excite her much.

Maybe she sensed that the doctors had told more to Rod than he let on. A couple of months ago she said they were holding back on her. Maybe she was still sensing that. Hence the lack of any relief as to a theory of her allergy finally being disclosed.

Rod was so lost in his thoughts that it gave him a start to see Tami rise out of the snow, like a corpse coming to life. The sun was rising and the pale light graced her bare shoulder and hip as she approached. Her head down, she padded back to him, then hugged him, the snow on her bare skin chilling him as it melted through his pajamas. Then she knelt down and without closing the sliding glass door behind her, took his limp dick out of his bottoms and started sucking him.

He wanted to tell her to stop, she was doing it so joylessly. But her technique was so good, and it occurred to him that she was sucking him as therapy for herself as well as for his pleasure. Maybe as a kind of recompense for not being able to wear the ring that bound her to him. Though of course that was not fair. The tattoo around her toe was far more permanent that any ring that one could slip off.

Rod looked up at the snowy back yard, the trail incongruously made by bare feet, breathed in the cold air, looked down past his wife's head at the bits of snow stuck to her bare butt cheeks, and rose up and deposited a full load of semen down Tami's throat. She gulped it down to the last drop and kept sucking until the last, weak spasms, then took his softening, floppy dick out and kissed it. She got up and hugged him again and he felt about to cry.

He followed her as she went to the kitchen. Even though it was morning, she popped open a can of Naragansett, the cheap beer she knew from Providence that for some reason one could buy at the supermarket up here in Campbell County, Vermont. She sat in her usual cross-legged position on top of the table as she sipped it.

"I can't lie to you, Baby," Tami said, looking down at her nipples, wet with the melted bits of snow, "I have a feeling something bad is about to happen. I can feel it in my nips."

She could pick up barometric pressure with her nipples, it had long been clear. And could sometimes pick up other people's thoughts with them. But foretelling the future was a new ability.

"Like what?" he felt compelled to ask.

"I don't know." Another sip. "I don't feel well. I think I'll call in sick today."

Tami had always been driven by a work ethic and the need to impress. Kind of like he was, though with him it was the words his parents had brought him up with, the words of Martin Luther King, Jr. -- "burn the midnight oil", "I hate being even one minute late". With Tami, he took it as an expression of Catholic guilt, original sin. So this calling in sick was unusual. He felt like she wanted to be alone for a while. So after sitting around a few moments, he got showered and dressed and went to work.

The return of snow brought the return of Yvette, once again having broken up with Pierre, once again dancing at Teaser's and calling up Tami's house, this time without getting into trouble and leaving it for Luci the manager to call.

"Um, OK/. Sure," Tami said. It was after supper and she and Rod were sitting around glumly watching T.V., almost as if waiting for the bad thing that Tami had predicted to happen.

Yvette needed a place to crash tonight but was not in crisis. She simply needed time for a callback from a friend in Montreal she could stay with. Now that she was in that kitchen again, the kitchen she had such fond memories of, she felt a little guilty, like she was intruding. There was no atmosphere of gaiety. Tami the Naked Girl, the girl who was allergic to clothes, seemed preoccupied, depressed. Even her big brown nipples seemed to droop down a little, not stiff and perky as usual.

Fortunately Tami's coffee was as terrible as before.

"Oh, sorry," Yvette said, as she coughed upon the first sip of the bitter, grounds-filled fluid and spilled it across the table.

Tami looked at her for a moment and then giggled. It was good to see. She reached over with a napkin and cleaned up the spill, her breasts jiggling and dancing as they pointed downward.

After she was done Tami said, "You look better than last time."

"Much. Partly because of you. Merci. My dancing is better now too. I think I like it."

Tami began to roll her eyes but then corrected herself. "OK.

"Want to see my new costume?"

Tami hesitated but then said, "Sure." Yvette found herself back in that bathroom, with the big enema bag near the toilet, and remembered her first conclusions as to how weird this naked girl was, the enema bag, the smell of vomit that she attributed to Tami being bulimic but later realized had been her own, seeing the naked white girl in a kitchen full of black people.

In a moment she was out in the kitchen, proudly showing off what she wore at the beginning of each set. A lacy black bikini top, a black g-string with feathers that stuck out from the waistband, and over it, a sheer red baby-doll cape. On her sock-ess feet were high heels with clear glass soles. Yes, a typical outfit for a topless dancer, but she liked to think of it as a bit classier than the usual.

As Yvette stood there, tottering on the high heels, hands on her hips, her 32B breasts stuck out just so, Tami applauded. And then, her expression getting more serious, looked Yvette up and down and walked around her, eyeing her from every angle. It was a little disconcerting. At first she thought Tami was getting turned on. Some of the other dancers had made lesbian advances and she still didn't know how to deal with it. She didn't dare tell Pierre -- having a threesome was one of his announced fantasies and if he got wind of it, well he could be quite overbearing when he wanted something, especially something sexual. It still hurt a little when she swallowed, from that time he forced his dick into her mouth.

But then it seemed like Tami's interest was more clinical, like a doctor doing an exam. And it was odd being in this skimpy outfit and yet feeling so dressed next to Tami's utter nakedness. She looked down and saw Tami's strong, tanned bare feet next to her pale white toes strapped into the high glass heels. And looked sideways at Tami's plum-colored pussy hair next to her g-string with the feathers and the baby doll over it. Even at Teaser's you weren't allowed to take off your bottom, though some of the girls cheated in the lap dance booths. Yet Tami went around bottomless all the time, in public no less.

Tami touched the feathers and said, "If you don't mind," and cinched about an inch of the waist band between two fingers. "Does this fit better?"

"Why, yes." The g-string was a little awkward. She thought that was to be expected. But with it taken in like that, it fit her like a second skin.

"I think the bra could use more room in the cups, and a smaller band." She let Tami's fingers gently tug at the lace so that her breasts jiggled a bit.

"Oh that's a shame, this cost a hundred dollars."

"What! Oh... a hundred Canadian?"

"Oui."

"You don't have to buy another. This can be altered. Look, why don't you let me do it? I can do it tomorrow. You can stay another day."

"Merci. Thank you."

Tami looked up at the clock. It was seven and getting dark.

"Cold outside," Yvette said. As if Tami wouldn't know.

Tami looked down at her nipples. "Yes, it's going to be clear and cold the next few days. Below freezing." She looked at Yvette with a smile. "I bet Homer's flooded the rink. Want to go skating?"

"What? Skating?" She looked down at her glass heels, then at her boots that she had taken off in the hall, then at Tami's bare feet, then up at the rest of Tami's bare body. "I'm not sure..."

"You're Canadian, for goodness sake. You MUST know how to skate!"

"Well..." She had skated as a kid but it had been a long time.

"C'mon, you can rent skates there. I'll get mine. Get dressed. Let's go!"

A few minutes later, she watched Tami fling what looked like a little sandal bag into the back seat and cringed as she saw the bare buns settle onto the freezing vinyl of the front seat of the Volkswagen. They were headed into town. Just like before, only now it was nighttime. She remembered that bright snowy morning, walking with this naked girl down the main street, the naked girl who proudly showed her newly pedicured toes to that old lady and her professor friend, spreading them as they sparkled, encrusted with snow, in the bright morning sunshine, then opening her pussy lips and making her little thing jump in the cold winter air as everyone watched. Weird, but happy. A happy woman, this Tami was. She wondered why she had seemed so depressed a while ago.

As the outdoor rink came into view, all lit up with lights strung around it and a crowd of skaters circling round and round, Tami said, "Yvette, I'm glad you came!" Yvette smiled, feeling good about herself. Tami was like that. She made you feel good about yourself.

The roads were horrible up in the mountains so it took Rod a long time to get home. By the time he dragged himself into the kitchen his eyes were so tired from peering through that salt-sprayed windshield that he had to get to sleep right away. He only barely read the note from Tami on the table, saying she was going skating with Yvette. Yvette? Was she back? Another Tami project, rescuing wayward strippers. As if just being a stripper wasn't wayward enough. At least it looked like Tami had gotten out of her funk. With hardly another thought he stripped off as much of his clothes as he had energy for and hit the bed face-down.

They were in between songs in the big practice room and Sarge, up on his stool, looking down at his stand, itched behind his ear with his baton as he read from the papers in front of him. Rod sat in the trombone section, looking across the sea of black faces and the occasional white one, especially Brigid in the clarinet section, trying to catch her eye. She was very fetching today, no jean jacket, but a purple sweater over a white collared shirt. Some girls looked good no matter what they wore. The strands of Brigid's red hair, long and loose, played over the shoulders of the fluffy sweater.

Alas, Brigid wasn't looking at him. Her attention was fixed on Sarge as he went over the new invitation. "Now, this is a big step for us, the Winter Carnival at Killington. We've never been at an event like that before. We'll be doing straight marching, but the affair is kind of, how shall I say it, glitzy. You notice the uniforms are gone," he said, motioning to the empty coat racks around the perimeter of the room. "Some shiny piping is being put in. But we won't be doing any different moves, just what we did basically at the Patriots pregame in Foxboro.

"Now, this is at night, the middle of winter, up in Vermont. It will be cold. The thermal underwear that some of you were wearing in Foxboro, well some of it was too bulky. A couple of you looked like you were about to explode." There was some laughter; everyone knew exactly the kids he was talking about. "So the school has decided to spring for streamlined thermals, made especially for marching bands. We have to get the orders in right away. Let me know now. Who is going to be wearing thermals?"

He looked up and saw almost everyone raising their hands. He counted. Now Brigid's hand slowly rose to join the others. Sarge laughed. "Not you!!", and good-naturedly waved her hand down with his baton. Brigid put her hand on her lap and stuck out her lower lip in an exaggerated pout.

After he had taken the count, Sarge said, "OK, enough talk. Let's get to 'National Emblem'." He raised his baton and waited for the shuffling of sheet music until everyone was ready.

His baton still up, Sarge covered his eyes and said, "Sorry, I just had a vision of our band being led by a majorette in long johns." He shook the thought out of his head as some of the kids laughed. Then he looked at Brigid. "Don't worry, it won't be a long march. And not like that last game. No standing still in the freezing rain while some old guy gives an endless speech."

Brigid, remembering, momentarily dropped the clarinet from her mouth to say, "Zhhhh!" and shudder. Debra and Virginia and some of her other girlfriends giggled in sympathy.

Baton still up, Sarge said, "By the way, we'll be marching on packed snow, so the majorette's footwear is being revised to be more secure. Also, some other uniform changes."

Tentatively, Brigid said, "Like what?"

"Well I understand they're doing away with the circlets. Okay, let's go!"

His baton went down for the first beat.

"Thhhhbbbvvvvssshhhzzz!!!"

It was a spectacular flub, from the suddenly dry lips of the trombone section.

The room burst out with laughter as if it had been the world's loudest fart.

"Goodness that was horrible," Sarge said, cutting off the tune. "Let's try again." He raised his baton. "Let's go!"

**Part 53**

Once again, Acting Dean Anthony Noyes looked out the big bay window of his ninth-floor office, this time onto a campus white with the aftermath of the annual April blizzard, and once again beheld Tami Smithers, the all but certain valedictorian, this time hanging from a bare tree whose branches were thick with white. Her legs crooked back over the branch, red toes wiggling, she was conversing with some friends who were standing around, apparently in the process of climbing down when they arrived. Her short plum-colored hair hung down a bit, her face a little flushed as one would expect. Her breasts, tight and hard as always, tended ever so slightly downward in their upside down position. Her arms hung down to the ground, fingers playing in the snow. In her stretched out position one could see her firm, concave tummy, the secret envy of every woman on campus.

Presently she flipped her feet forward and somersaulted onto the ground, snow up to her ankles, with the nonchalance of a trained gymnast. Now, bookbag slung over her bare shoulder, casually skiffing the snow ahead of her with her toes, she continued chatting with them as they made their way down the concourse.

It was poetry in motion, the beauty of the feminine form at its utmost, the true essence of femininity, the spirit expressed in flesh, that had inspired DaVinci, Velasquez, Renoir...

"Look at those titties! Lord Almighty!"

Noyes closed his eyes in quiet toleration as he heard the not-unexpected babblings of the college lawyer.

The "new" college lawyer, that is. After the departure of Henry Ross the Hiring Committee, shell-shocked by the revelations, had overreacted. They hired an old friend of Professor Emeritus Jan Latimer, one George Halifax, who was to Henry Ross as matter is to anti-matter. Or maybe the other way around. They wanted to turn the page on Henry Ross, secretive, wiry and thin, always impeccably dressed, with a background as a prosecutor, and a maze of complicated and, it turned out, evil thoughts behind his Sphinx-like face.

George Halifax was grossly overweight, and was always stuffing himself with pretzels or potato chips, many of which could be found between the couch cushions in his cluttered, disgusting office. His tie always rebelled at staying tied around his bulging neck, his shirt at staying tucked. He babbled constantly and sometimes incoherently at anything that might cross his mind, usually not touching anywhere near his legal experience, which had been mostly in entertainment law.

He also talked very often and very fondly about his wife Ethelinda, whom Noyes had met at a luncheon once, as she and George crowded everyone out from the buffet table. Ethelinda weighed only slightly less than George. Try as he might, Noyes could not help contemplating the logistics involved in their sex life, which George referred to often, and which, Noyes concluded, must require some kind of winch-like device.

"Man, those nips must be rock hard in that cold! What a super woman! Isn't she a babe? You got to admit -- "

"Yes, she is attractive, George," Noyes said limply, trying to shut him up. What could he do? George Halifax had one thing in common with Ross, and that was that knowing what he did about the Tami Smithers affair, he was basically unsackable. And he had a good heart (being the Anti-Ross) and seemed to know enough about the law to -- well, as Noyes said to Professor Girardo at a faculty party, "He'll do for now."

Halifax popped a pretzel into his mouth (he had a batch in his jacket pocket) and munched as he watched Tami as intently as if he were 18 again and watching a peep show in Times Square.

"Now George -- "

"Really a super woman," Halifax continued. "Popping off 136 times in a row! Can you imagine that? I know it wasn't her idea, but even now, I bet she could rattle off a few dozen between classes, with the help of her army of pussy lickers. Girls just have it all over us guys. Me, my record is three, and that took all night. E (his shorthand for Ethelinda) tried and tried to get another but I was limp as a wet noodle and half dead."

Again, Noyes thought of winches. He tried once again to interrupt these observations, the likes of which Halifax had made many times. "George!"

"What?"

"George, we have to talk about this new development."

"What?" Halifax spat out a speck of pretzel as he spoke, his eyes still glued on Tami.

"The unfortunate news about her brother."

"Oh, man," Halifax said, wiping the pretzel flecks of his jacket as some hit Noyes -- "sorry" -- then he observed, "That's rough, ain't it. What a dry socket that hellhole is. What a monumental f\*\*\*up! And most of the world saw it coming!"

Noyes nodded.

Halifax continued, "At least he's not a casualty."

"No, thank God for that." Noyes looked out over the horizon. "Almost four thousand dead, fortunately not yet including Joseph Smithers, age 20."

"Not so fortunate for the four thousand... This will be a big blow to her." Halifax made a futile effort to straighten his tie, something he did automatically about 500 times a day.

Noyes quickly reviewed, "He was supposed to return in May, to help with the father's hardware store, which is struggling. The father's health isn't too good either."

"Yes, he drinks a lot of beer, probably in heart attack country," Halifax said, without irony.

"So what can be done?" Noyes said.

"I looked into it like you said. Not a good idea to make this known before the news is officially out. But then we can send a signal to the International."

"Is that all? Can't we get her home before the semester ends? Give her her degree early?"

"Don't you think that would raise eyebrows? I mean, be honest."

Halifax was right. Noyes had been thinking of how to avoid the commencement, only six weeks away, with the very naked Tami Smithers on view for the local cameras and, horror of horrors, finally attracting the national press. The local press had been tactful, but the national press was full of vicious armchair masturbators... The name of Campbell - Frank would be synonymous with "radical nudist college"...

But, George was right, trying to avoid the commencement situation was probably impossible. So maybe angling to get Ms. Smithers a (bare) leg up on the International was the best hope.

Consuming another pretzel, which was his idea of a diet (his usual pocket-stuffer was cookies), Halifax said, "It's safe to talk to Girardo about amending her application."

"Oh, good. That's very good." Somehow Halifax had gotten Professor Albert Girardo, Chair of the Fashion Technology Department, to play ball. Which Noyes had never been able to do. Give Halifax that much, he could be a successful schmoozer. Maybe because he was so honest about his intentions. Another stereotype about lawyers, shattered.

"Should we do it on our own?" Noyes said. The application had a separate section to be filled out by the sponsoring institution, which the candidate did not see. They could put the words of Tami's family hardship there.

"Yes, from what we know of her, she won't want any special consideration." Munch, munch, swallow. "Best keep it secret from her."

Noyes shook his head. "She might need such special consideration, with those weird designs of hers."

"Albert said something which I think is right. She's been naked so long, she probably forgot what clothes feel like. I hear she doesn't even think of herself as starkers. She thinks her pussy hair and her head hair is her clothes."

Noyes winced at the language. Despite all he had been forced to witness the past three years, he was still a churchgoer. Not like Halifax, who bolted from the Catholic Church years ago.

"When she gets back into clothes, it'll be a shock."

"You think so?"

"I KNOW so." Another pretzel. "The Chalfont people figured that out a while ago. The deal is, she gets her rocks off so much while naked, her body now thinks that clothes mean pain. This week they've finally started a program to desensitize her."

Noyes's eyes widened. For a long time Abu Jamal had refused to tell him what was going on over there. "Why didn't you tell me that?"

Halifax shrugged, causing the tail of his shirt to finally pop out. "You never asked me. Uh oh, here she comes."

Tami, having taken leave of her friends, was heading toward the administration building. Whatever reason Tami had to come to them, they dreaded having to face her, while keeping secret the bad news about her brother. It was impossible to lie to Tami Smithers. Even keeping something unsaid would be detected somehow, through those extra-sensory nipples.

Noyes and Halifax both exhaled as Tami turned to the right. Evidently she was going to the fashion building. And now a big soft snowball planted itself squarely into the bush of her plum-colored pubic hair. She dropped her bookbag and ran for revenge, her bare feet knifing through the snow, no doubt soon to overtake her booted and heavily clothed assailant as they both ran out of view.

"The kid in clothes doesn't stand a chance," Halifax observed. The two older men were about to turn away from the window when Tami re-entered their view, her flushed-skin nakedness prone and wrapped over the shoulder of a tall athletic hispanic girl, preceded by two other girls who carried one bare foot over their own shoulders. Tami's bare butt cheeks, wet with melted snow, glistened in the sunlight. It was like barbarians hauling off precious pillage after a raid, and their captive did shout and beat her fists against the hispanic girl's back, though her distress was only playful. They carried their naked captive out of sight, to a place unknown.

"There they go again," Halifax said, munching another pretzel. "What a sight. This is better than all that intense, graphic pornography. I tell ya Tony, I love this job!"

. . . .

Tahir Abu Jamal, M.D., Director of the Chalfont Institute, checked the attendance list for the meeting, a meeting for which he was late, which was kind of rude. Ms. Smithers and her six friends, who would help with her desensitization to clothes. Irregular, obscene in a way, but he agreed with Kantor, who was right behind him. Really, from a humane point of view, the best way to do it. Ms. Smithers' allergy was formed in the most invasive situation possible, a place of cold pistons and suction cups, surrounded by unfeeling, if not outright sadistic, strangers, older men. It should be undone in an atmosphere of friendship and love.

They hurried down the hall to Lab 4, which consisted of chemistry tables surrounded by high lab chairs, used in the old days for recombinant research. In these days of computer models, actual lab work was almost a thing of the past. He and Kantor opened the door and looked up --

"OHH... Ohhh... h - hello... d - d - doctor..."

Ms. Smithers was up on the nearest table on all fours, facing the two doctors who stood dumbstruck not three feet in front of her gasping face. Her nakedness was being attacked from every quarter. One of the undergraduate girls had her head resting on the table, facing up to suck on one nipple while her hand twisted and rubbed and stretched the other. The nipples could withstand such treatment, big and brown and permanently erect, having been mercilessly bristled and suctioned in this very building... Another TL reaching over with a finger in her crotch. Two others were seated behind her, each holding an upturned foot in her hand as she sucked on the toes. Another, standing up, was running her tongue over the lithe, muscular bare shoulders. Most jarringly, the sixth young woman was standing behind the table, separating the buttocks with her hands, while her tongue was noodling deep into Ms. Smithers's anus.

He had been expecting a seated audience, waiting for his presentation. He blinked and returned to eye contact with Ms. Smithers. Everyone was, of course, very familiar with her facial expressions while sexually aroused, and it was clear that she was approaching a climax, perhaps not for the first time.

"Y - yess... d - doctorrr -- OHH! OHH! H - how are yyyou -- OHH! T - todayyyy -- EEEE!!"

As her eyes popped open her body bucked like a bronco as her six friends held onto her, not allowing their ministrations to be detached for even one second.

He cleared his throat and decided to say what he had to say. He had heard that Ms. Smithers did not like for proceedings to be interrupted while her friends were licking her. From what he understood, it was an unspoken contest. As their knowledge of her body increased, they were determined to bring her to ever more intense orgasms, while she augmented her self-control by the same amount.

"Ms. Smithers, ladies," he said, briefly looking over to the quite preoccupied friends, "you have been given a rough idea of this project. Thank you for donating your time."

"Ohhhh... ohhhh..." As Tami's moans subsided into ragged breathing one became aware of the sounds of the TL's, breathing heavily and sucking and licking. The woman with her tongue in Tami's rectum, who was facing him across the top of the bare back, looked up him impassively, but the others did not seem to acknowledge his existence.

"After much study it appears that Tami's body has..."

Tami kept her eyes focused on him to the extent she could, though her twitching eyebrows betrayed the continued stimulation on all her sensitive areas. But her friends appeared to be trained on her body, not on his words. Finally he put his foot down.

"Ladies, I think you should... sit and give me your undivided attention. Please."

So intent were they on extracting another orgasm that Tami had to shake them off, like a dog shaking off rain. With obvious disappointment the six clothed young women wiped their mouths and arranged themselves on the chairs. The naked girl stayed on the table, and sat cross-legged. Tami was still catching her breath, her breasts heaving, her tummy expanding and contracting. The TL's were, also, catching their breath.

Dr. Abu Jamal and Dr. Kantor pulled up a couple of chairs and sat down. After allowing silence to sink in, the Chalfont Director spoke.

"Tami wants to wear clothes."

"Awwww... " The expression of disappointment and pouting lips from the TL's was playful but also heartfelt. They wanted Tami to be always naked so the sight of her beauty would never be denied them. But they knew it would be a disservice to Tami for her allergy to continue, especially with her about to graduate.

"Her body has associated nakedness with pleasure. Somehow, it has formed a contrapositive reaction, associating clothes with pain. We are here to undo that association. Now I have some brief handouts here for you to read..."

. . . .

The big atrium of the rec hall was permeated with the smell of sweat, which of course was not unusual. Only at the moment it was just one person's sweat. Mixed with the smell of female sexual arousal.

It was a crowd by any definition, dozens of students in rec room attire (T-shirts, shorts, sneakers and socks), looking up at the "Hamster Wheel", the double treadmill, and the naked laboring body up on it, Tami with her bare feet pressing down on the blades, one foot after the other, the toes curling over the edges.

Arms pressing up againt the overhead bars, her perfectly toned, tanned body was dripping with sweat. Sweat ran down her face, coated her arms and shoulders, dripped off her breasts, ran down her concave tummy into the wet plum-colored forest at her crotch, down her widely-spread legs. Her eyes were closed as she concentrated intensely. Her heavy breaths were the only sound as everyone stood there enraptured.

Her pussy lips, slightly opened, glistened in the harsh lighting. The young men watching felt their dicks stiffen and were grateful for jockstraps and long shorts that hid their arousal. Dr. Kantor, off to the side, standing with his clipboard.

Now, Spica, who had plenty of room to stand below Tami's slightly spread pussy lips, carefully raised the dildo up, up, closer... as Rosaria, on a stepladder to the side, carefully encircled a string around Tami's waist, closing in, in...

**Part 54**

"Good afternoon, Ms. Smithers," Dr. Kantor said, turning on the harsh overhead hanglight in the freezing, abandoned lab.

The naked girl, splayed out on the black granite table, opened her eyes and raised her head, eyes blinking in the sudden light. She was surrounded by her friends, in gloves and overcoats. The doctor was right in front of her, she could see his face through the forest of pubic hair at the junction of her widely spread legs. Being Tami Smithers, having gone naked for years, she felt no need to close them as she responded, her breath making little clouds in the still, sepulchral cold. There was an element of shivering, from the cold and also from sexual deprivation. "I'm r - ready... zhhhh..."

Here in Lab 1, a cavernous subterranean space abandoned since 1955, the team went to work.

Fifteen minutes later, what seemed like agonizing stasis was actually an approach to climax. The naked girl's body writhed in frustration as her body was gently, and inadequately, stimulated by the six TL's, none of whom had taken off their coats or gloves. Spica and Myra lightly licked the brown, hard nipples that reached up in vain for greater stimulation than was offered. The rough fabric of Melissa's gloved hand scraped along the concave tummy and along the arms. Rosaria blew on the red, engorged clit, almost steaming in the cold air, and licked along the inner thighs, but never actually touched the clit or the pussy lips. She had to raise her head to avoid the straining pelvis as it lurched up with a groan from its owner; she simply pushed the thighs down with her powerful arms and began the licking and blowing again. Barbara and Jeane, their noses red with the cold, were holding the feet, licking and sucking on the toughened toes. The shadows of the TL's, harsh in the overhead light, lurched and receded across the landscape of the always naked Tami, her butt and her heels scraping against the rough granite as she writhed and moaned.

Dr. Kantor stood to the side with his clipboard, his thoughts and desires hidden. Now he called Barbara away from her station. Barbara pulled a flip-flop from her coat pocket. A single, solitary flip-flop, the merest possible covering for the foot, and drew it closer to the straining toes of the totally naked young woman, closer, closer...

. . . .

Rod sat alone, having finished his makeshift supper, after another long day at the project. Another afternoon of military maneuvers. More people not showing up, the ranks always thinning.

He was worried about Tami, even though she seemed a little better the past couple of days. He had assumed that Yvette would be nothing but trouble, but going to the skating rink with her seemed to cheer her up. He wished he could have been there. He wanted to see Tami happy. Yet he could not get out of his mind what she had said that strange day when she drank beer and stayed home, about getting the feeling that bad things were about to happen.

And he was worried about her "rehabilitation" at Chalfont. He couldn't imagine Tami in clothes. He knew she had been a normal clothed freshman her first week, so long ago, but he hadn't remembered her then. Like everyone else, he had only noticed her after she had been stripped. Thank goodness that first encounter in the dorm lounge had worked out well, when he had sat in front of her and Jen and ended up convincing her to run for dorm rep. Of course, what he took for normal freshman shyness was actually a deep, cringing shame at being naked in public... And then that even bigger risk, inviting her to the Black Formal. He was always thankful to Jen for convincing her it was O.K. to go.

So Tami wearing clothes? Even the idea seemed strange. He had seen her playing on the computer, putting her head onto the clothed bodies of other women, and it always looked fake.

He hoped it would work out. She had finally gotten motivated, having been freaked out by not being able to wear her wedding ring and having that blue ring tattooed onto her toe. He had been told that the TL's would be helping out, and it was just as well that he not be involved. He wouldn't feel comfortable licking Tami with people watching.

Now as it was getting dark he heard the slopping of bare feet in the slush outside, then the rubbing of tough soles on the doormat.

She surprised him by flinging the door open and bursting in with a loud "HI!" Then she stood there smiling broadly, her hand placed on a saucily jutted out hip. "What do you think?"

"About what, Babe?"

She waited a few beats and then -- "MY OUTFIT!"

Her shout made him jump. "W - what?"

"MY CLOTHES!!"

He looked her up and down. Aside from the tattoo on her toe there seemed nothing to mar her perfect and total nudity. But now she swung her hips from side to side. Then she raised her leg way up, and gripped the counter with her toes.

He peered carefully and saw some kind of orange sliver between her pussy lips. "What is that? Polyester?"

She beamed with pride as she pulled her lower lips apart. "The fabric isn't the best, yet. I call it a C-string. It came to me in a dream a long time ago. I was sitting on a beach in California and these Mexican girls were wearing thongs and... well it's a long story. But I got the idea after they tried to put a string around my waist and put a flip-flop on. That didn't work, but this did. It only took a few minutes to cut and put it together in the fashion lab. Gretchen helped. I want to make it in cherish."

"Cherish?"

"The fabric Gretchen and I are working on?"

"Oh right. How does it stay on?"

"The C stands for clitoris. The top ties around my clit, and the bottom has a little ball that stays in my butthole. See?" She bent down to look at it along with him. Indeed the top was a little bud of fabric over where her clit would be.

"Hi hi!"

She did her trick of bobbing her clit up and down. Hidden behind the fabric, it looked like the head of a modest women who had a sheet pulled over her.

"Now watch!" With a quick motion of her fingers and a little grunt, the C-string was off and held triumphantly over her head. The little ball was the size of a large marble. The whole item was about three inches long and half an inch wide.

Now she rinsed it in the sink and pressed it dry with a napkin. And with a little motion of her hips and fingers, it was back on again.

"Oh Baby!" She giggled and the C-string seemed to giggle too. "Finally! Clothes! Dr. Kantor says this is the big breakthrough! After this I can progress to even more clothes! Wheee!!"

She hopped onto Rod's stockinged feet and they kissed. "Babe, I'm so glad," he said, more as a response to her happiness than to anything else.

Tami then hopped off him and dragged him into the living room, breasts bouncing, taking little mincing steps that were unusual for her. She ran to the CD player. As she bent over Rod could see the C-string upside down, coming out of her butthole and disappearing between into the bush between her legs. Then she hopped up and stood before the big full-length mirror.

It was Madonna's "Vogue", a song she rarely played. As the beat began Tami twisted to and fro, posing like in the video, all the time keeping her legs open, pushing her pelvis forward, emphasizing the C-string, and maximizing its visibility. "Clothes! Clothes! Yay!" she chanted, giddy like a little girl.

Rod laughed, taking this to be a display of good-natured sarcasm. "Clothes", indeed! Hardly more than a thread, lodged between her lower lips. But as Tami continued dancing in the mirror, kicking to the side, doing some slow cartwheels and some other gymnast moves, his smile faded as he realized she really did consider herself to be wearing clothes, genuinely thrilled to be in her C-string.

He even started to feel his eyes getting wet. Yes, Tami had been naked for over three years, had long ago gotten used to being naked, had long ago lost any sense of modesty about every inch of her being on public display at all times. Yet he couldn't help but think that deep inside there was still that frightened, modest 18-year-old, that Girl in the Mirror, dying of shame at having to walk around naked, who was joyously celebrating her dream come true, a happy ending to her fable at long last.

He thought of that long ride home, when he had picked her up in Providence that dreary cold January day, the negative reaction of her father to seeing his daughter taken up with a black man, the sudden break of clouds over John Smithers's head when he decided it was OK, Tami's endless sucking of his penis on the way up to Campbell-Frank. That was probably the first time she had seemed at ease with being naked. Only later did he realize that she was deeply ashamed, looking for any way out of her predicament, desperate for any merest scrap of clothing. Well, now she had it!

The song ended and Tami had worked up a sweat. She playfully collapsed into Rod's arms. He kissed her deep, then held her away from him to look down again at her precious wardrobe.

"Tugs at your clit a lot," he observed.

"Oh Baby... With every motion. That's why it works. It turns me on as I'm wearing something." Her legs shook. "It is time for a f\*\*k!!" And she pulled him toward the bedroom. Halfway there she undid his fly. She pulled him the rest of the way via his floppy but hardening dick.

. . . .

"Unhhh! Unhhh! OHHH!!"

Tami was cresting into her eighth orgasm. Rod looked at the clock radio. Thirty-two minutes. Exactly one every four minutes. He reached up and kneaded her nipples to extend her orgasm. She yelped accordingly.

After the last irregular spasms had spent themselves, she exhaled and lay down on his chest. She kissed him and then rose up to begin the ascent to number nine.

Rod looked at her sweating face in the near-total darkness. Then he looked at the C-string tied to the bedpost. Then outside at the streetlight. He thought of the 1991 World Series --

"Ummmm... "

An equation he had been working on on the dam site --

"Ooooohh yeah... "

That strange sound the fan belt on his Jeep had been making --

"Zhhhhh... oh wow..."

He got distracted by Tami, who now rose up to the crest of number nine. "Eeee... OHHH! Oh Rod!! OHHHH!!" Rather fast, that one.

Tami lay down on his chest again and stayed there, catching her breath. He expected her to rise up again but she just stayed there, rubbing his sides. Strange that she would be finished. Nine orgasms was usually just a warmup for her.

He thought of the future, when Tami would be wearing clothes. After a few weeks her wonderful all-over tan would be gone, replaced by the tan lines that white girls specialized in. And her ability to predict the weather with her nipples, and the sense she got of other people's feelings, those would probably fade away in time too. A shame, really. If only the whole world could be naked. The naked Tami was a kind of advanced human being that the world just wasn't ready for. But it would be all for the best. As a naked woman after graduation, in the world as it is, Tami would lead a severely restricted life, a life of horrible loneliness in a way.

Tami lifted her head and gave him a slow kiss. Then she slid off his dick and scooted down. She held the wet, hard dick in her hand. Then began licking up the sides. Slowly, philosophically, as if licking a lollipop while thinking on some profound question.

Rod smiled. He didn't have to come. In fact recently he hadn't been coming at all. "It's O.K., Babe," he said. Using his standard line, he said, "I'm a little tired anyway."

Tami opened her eyes wide and said, "Not... if... I... can... help... it!" Then she sat up cross-legged, straightened her throat, opened her jaw like a snake, and dropped her head to consume more of Rod's dick than she ever had before.

"Oh -- wow!" he couldn't help saying. How did she do that? The head of my dick must be all the way down her throat?

"Gahhhh," was the grunting sound Tami made as she pulled herself off his dick. As she smacked her lips, strands of saliva suspended from the tip. The saliva in the bottom of the throat must be really thick. Then she rubbed his dick head with her fingers in a way to make him jump.

He watched her do that for a few seconds. Then she tried to speak but couldn't. She cleared her throat. Her voice was guttural as she said, "Tonight, Rod, you will have multiple orgasms!"

Rod laughed at the joke, thinking of that time he had confessed to her that he was jealous of her orgasmic capacity. "Yeah, right Babe. One is fine."

"No, I've been doing some research," Tami said. "Ever hear of Tantra?"

He remembered reading about that a long time ago. "You mean, where the man doesn't get to come at all?"

"No, no, you misunderstand," Tami said, casually slapping his dick against her face. "You come without ejaculating. Take deep breaths, stop before you spurt, then you feel the spasms. Then they subside and you go up again. Only on the last orgasm do you ejaculate."

He was unconvinced. "Sounds kind of... contrived."

"No, no... the spasms without spurting are an orgasm like a woman has. Try it, please, Baby?"

Her green eyes were so wide and earnest. It was impossible to say no to Tami.

As she started sucking him again he realized how well she knew his body. Probably she knew that his mind had been elsewhere during sex... He felt bad about being false to her. But then all other feelings fell away as his excitement rose. Faster and faster, deeper and deeper, her bobbing head took in his dick. He breathed deeply as she had told him.

He felt himself getting up into "the zone", then felt that little gate open up in the base of his dick, the "pre-cum"... Tami sensed this and hopped up onto all fours so that he could mount her. He was more in control in this position so he could be more careful.

As he humped her he began to feel the big rush inside him and stopped thrusting. It subsided and he began thrusting again. Then it came up higher and he stopped again. Breathe, breathe...

Now that wonderful instant when his whole body was flooded with pure pleasure. But this was not fleeting, it went on for several seconds. Then his dick jumped and he felt the spasms, maybe four or five of them. But no spurting!

He came down and then started thrusting again. The big rush again, his whole body on a high. He just couldn't hold back this time. He kept going and his dick erupted what felt like a quart of semen into Tami's pussy. It kept on and on. It seemed like he would never stop squirting.

Afterward he flopped onto his back, gasping as if he'd just run up a mountain. Tami slid onto his chest. When he seemed able to speak, she ran her finger around his lips.

"So, lover... seemed like you did it."

Rod, back to earth now, was able to be objective. "That was great... but weird."

"You had two orgasms."

"That first one was well... I suppose it was an orgasm."

They lay there for a few moments.

"Thanks Babe," he said. "But you're still the champ. I don't think I can ever..."

"I'd say it was a good start."

They lay there and hugged. He kissed her one last time. Within five minutes they were fast asleep.

. . . .

Rod straightened his sleeve and looked down with mixed feelings at his new uniform. He glanced around and saw that he was in a big room. Tunemasters uniforms were milling all around. Playing with the slide of his trombone, he decided to sit down at one of the long tables near the sodas.

He looked around for Brigid. She was not hard to pick out.

**Part 55**

He wondered why he was fiddling with his trombone. Everyone else almost, had their instruments over on those cabinets on the side of the room. It was a pretty big place, maybe a cafeteria or something for this big ski resort, whose Winter Carnival the Tunemasters were marching in. Converted to a kind of waiting room for the marchers.

He was still not sure about these new uniforms. Sarge had explained that the effect was to be a bit more glitzy, so they had been jazzed up a little. There were now ruffles along the buttons and on the cuffs, and extra piping up and down. He supposed it made them look taller. The piping, though, was gold. Weren't the school colors supposed to be black and white?

"I'm not quite down with it either," his friend Jared said. Jared had wisely put his cymbals on the cabinets and was carefully sipping a soda he had gotten from the little serving table, which had sodas and pretty much nothing else. Just something to wet everyone's lips, he supposed, to get ready for playing. Jared and Rod looked down their uniforms, at their jackets with the big "T" over the right breast, the cummerbund, the long braided trousers with the now-gold piping, down to the long black boots.

He shifted a bit. This new thermal underwear, necessary because of the intense cold outside, was a bit itchy.

"Good thing it's not too hot," Jared said, reading Rod's thoughts. Their own thermals had gotten them hot while they were inside. These special-order ones didn't.

"Yeah... " He looked up at the TV screen mounted from the ceiling. A Vermont station, from Burlington, a brief news break. "And we will have live coverage of this year's Killington Winter Carnival, starting next." And now a long view of the route they would be marching, pure white, plowed snow, with ropes marking off the "street". Maybe there really was a street there in warm weather, but you couldn't tell now. Just to the side, a stand of skis and other equipment, then a kiosk that led to a path to the ski lifts, with a few people carrying skis to it. A big contraption that looked like a tractor, with a pile of snow behind it -- a snow making machine and a salt water tank, someone said. A little silo which contained a gift shop. And Christmas-style string lights hung over the route at intervals, held up by poles on each side. It was almost sundown -- for some reason this parade was at night -- but it was still hard for the camera to adjust to the sunlit whiteness. The camera got a little better adjusted and now one could see the orange electrical wires strewn along the sides of the packed snow "street". Lots of lights up.

He looked around. The room was mostly full of Tunemasters kids but also there were some grown-ups. Some important-looking guys in top hats and white gloves, maybe the Grand Marshals or something, talking to Sarge, who was in his usual bland business suit. Also some soldiers, a couple of old American Legion guys in their boy scout-style caps. Ladies' Auxiliary folks. But mostly Tunemasters. About forty of them were able to make this trip and they outnumbered the rest.

He licked his lips and looked at the soda table. Jamal's lips didn't need wetting, he was percussion, but Rod wondered what it would be like to blow into a trombone in such cold. Yes, there was that last game when it sleeted for a while, and that big parade before the Patriots game, but this parade was actually below freezing. As in, his lips might freeze to his mouthpiece! They had never marched outside in January before. It was already maybe 25 degrees and the temperature was sure to drop once it got dark. Fortunately there didn't seem to be any wind.

On the TV, two guys in ski outfits were talking in the foreground. In the background you could see people filling up behind the ropes.

He decided on soda, but it had to be clear so as not to make a stain on his uniform if it spilled. Luckily they had 7-Up. He returned his trombone to the cabinets and got a can and sipped.

He took another view of the room. The new uniforms sure made the Tunemasters look different. Before, the effect was kind of military. Now, with the luxuriant ruffles and piping, and the big new shako hats with frills that a lot of them already had put on, the effect was more like entertainment, like a big show in Las Vegas. Jaycee, Virginia, Debra, Morganna, Sid, Ty, Jacob... they all seemed to be wearing more clothes, somehow, taking up more space. And the gold piping made their raiment seem all the more abundant. It was not actually bad, he decided, just different. Hard to get used to.

He wondered about the changes to the uniform of the majorette, Brigid. He looked around for her but she was hard to find in all this finery. A - ha! Behind that clot of flute and clarinet players, all girls, he saw two bare white butt cheeks slightly sticking out in profile.

He and Brigid had a special bond, he knew, or he thought he knew, based on that on-field conversation at that last game, but it hard been hard to build on. He just couldn't screw up the courage to ask her out. Mostly he could just chat in the hall whenever he saw her between classes. It was a big high school and hard to "bump into" someone accidentally-on-purpose. And he couldn't think of anything interesting to talk about. "What's up?" He kept kicking himself for being so inane.

He took a deep breath, sipped from the can, and approached her.

As he walked up behind her he saw she was talking with Velda and Lourdes, friends of hers from the clarinet section, who were straightening out their jackets. Brigid was enthusing about the new piping, feeling the fabric in her fingers, testing the ruffles

"That's so neat, pwiddy!" she said in her "Pwovidince" accent. "They'll get a big chahge out of that!"

Rod looked down past Brigid's bare shoulders and slim, bare back, and for a second he thought she was totally naked! But no, the strings that held the thong bottom on were still there, they were just transparent now. Kind of like clear plastic, hard to see, and only what looked like an eighth of an inch wide. Also they didn't meet at a "T" like before. They curved down, well below her sacral dimples, and into her butt crack where they met. Kind of like a "V" in script. Down below, she had on her backless majorette sandals.

"Oh hi Rod!" Brigid said, turning around. He bit his lip as he saw her pretty white Irish face, the freckles and the red hair set up in braids. "You look real nice!" As she smoothed his ruffles he looked up. Her little cap had disappeared.

"Nice tiara," he said, thankful he could remember the name for that little half-crown that was now on her head. With a "T" in the middle, otherwise just a little half-circle of metal or maybe plastic, the ends going into her hair.

Brigid turned her head side to side as if modeling it.

"What's that? A headset?"

There was a little piece of it going into her ear.

"No, just a speakah so I can heah Sahge," she said, tapping it. "This way he doesn't have to mahch right next to us, he can give me directions to go fast, go slow... And how about my new 'T's?!"

His eyes widened as he looked down to her chest. The ever-shrinking circlets were now gone. In their place were black-and-white T's mounted on her nipples. They were maybe three inches high. His mouth opened in puzzlement. Behind them he could clearly see the circles of her nipples, a little below the junction of the "T". They were about the size of quarters. He had heard that white girls, their nipples were pink until the first time they went out topless in the sun. Then they turned brown and never went back. Brigid's nipples, as anyone could see, were pink, against her white skin.

Wasn't this against the public decency code? Weren't female nipples supposed to be covered? He imagined the Tunemasters majorette would know about such things. But the "powers that be" must have decided it was OK. Maybe it was just the tip of the nipple, the part that stuck out and supported these letters, that had to be covered.

"Aren't they great?" Brigid said, sticking them out slightly, proud of this change in her uniform. "The circlets were too small. This way my 'T's are more cleah." As she moved the T's danced a little.

"Do they stay on OK?" he couldn't help asking.

"Sure, they fit right on." In the middle of each letter was a little black circle, as big around as a pencil eraser, that covered the nub of her nipple. He couldn't imagine how these things felt. "Better than those horrid old clips."

"I'll say."

He noticed people forming a circle around them as Brigid explained the benefits of her new uniform.

Rod looked further down and saw that her uniform bottom, which used to be a narrow "V", was now also a "T". It was clear by now that Brigid had had to shave off every bit of her pubic hair because her lower T covered only her pussy lips and her clit, those private parts he had spied on during that last game when Brigid was being "cleaned up" under the stands by Ms. Farkas and Debra and Virginia. The T was way, way below her navel, maybe eight inches of flat lower tummy framed by the larger "V" of her hip bones. The junction of the T had to be right over where Brigid's clit lay hidden between her lower lips...

The clear plastic straps came around from the sides, crossing the lower parts of Brigid's hip bones, and met at each end of the T. The bottom of the T was almost hidden as it disappeared between her legs.

"Looks a little insecure," Marisa, who was standing behind Brigid, said of the strings in the back.

"Oh this is called a V-back," Brigid said, turning around and looking back on it to the extend she could. "It's actually more secuah than a T-back. I can move around and it stays put." Everyone looked down at the tiny transparent straps that curved into her butt crack. He couldn't help but continue to admire how tight and firm and curvy her butt was. Her white skin was beautiful and clear...

"Your sandals changed too," Brian observed.

"Yeah," Brigid said, taking one off and putting her bare foot on the tile floor, surrounded by everyone else's big ruffled boots. She held it up at the level of her cute puckered navel. "See, no heel. And it's got a tread." Indeed the sandals were now totally flat flip-flops, with straps that were as transparent as those around her hips. And the bottoms did have black treads on them, like sneakers do.

"Snow flip-flops," someone said. Everyone laughed, including Brigid. "Yeah, like tires," she said. "It was eithah that, or chains," she said. More giggling.

As Brigid put the flip-flop back on, Rod looked down and told himself: Brigid's entire foot is now exposed. He regarded again the T covering her pussy lips, and the tiny bit of coverage afforded by the T's on her breasts.

He held up the pinky on his gloved hand and told himself: now she's down to less than this. My pinky has more coverage than Brigid's entire body does!

This little chitchat was interrupted by Sarge, who was followed by one of the men in top hats, a white guy with a beard about 55 years old, with a ribbon across his ruffled tuxedo-like jacket. "Tunemasters, this is the mayor, Mr. Richfield, who's grand marshaling this parade. Mr. Richfield, we're all proud of them, the Tunemasters!"

Rod and the others said a variation of "good to meet you", the standard greeting they had been trained to say. Comportment off the march was very important, especially since the Killington resort was donating a big wad of cash to the school for this appearance. Mr. Richfield said a few words about how he was glad to have them here, how he'd heard about them even up here in the Green Mountains, etc., etc. Then he said,"It's traditional for a photo of some of the visiting band members to be taken before the parade. I'd like a couple of you to stand outside with me for a moment. We've got to hurry -- it's almost getting dark."

Sarge said, "Well one of them has to be our majorette, the other -- Jared? Get your things."

By that he meant: Brigid, get your baton, and Jared, get your cymbals. In a moment both were hustling to the foyer and then outside, along with Sarge. The rest stayed inside and watched through the big foyer window, through which they could see the marching route.

The photographer, bundled up in his scarf and coat and gloves and ski cap, was waiting out there for them. The snow was a little golden now, with the last rays of sunshine. As Rod and the rest of the Tunemasters watched, Jamal and Brigid stood on either side of Mayor Richfield and smiled, trying not to squint as they faced the setting sun. Jamal, with his cymbals posed in front of him as if about to crash, Brigid, with her baton primly placed up against her left shoulder, next to the Mayor. Down below, a few grains of snow had dusted up on Brigid's bare toes. Her body was flushed from top to bottom in the invigorating cold.

The Mayor's white glove rested on Brigid's bare right shoulder. Rod thought: how does a middle-aged guy feel resting a hand on the majorette, getting to feel her bare skin, if only through his glove? Didn't he really wish he was cupping her ass? He smirked at the thought.

"Come on, Mr. Watson," the Mayor said, beckoning for Sarge to get into the photo. Sarge modestly refused, but the Tunemasters, shouting through the glass, egged him on. Finally he shrugged and took his place next to Jamal as the band inside cheered.

Smiles stayed frozen on their faces as the photographer fiddled with his camera. A minute went by. Finally the Mayor took his hand off Brigid's shoulder and shook off the cold that was penetrating him even through his suit and gloves and heavy boots. One might think that someone who lived up here would be more temperature resistant. "Something wrong, Fred?" he finally said.

"The contrast with the girl, she's too white, she blends with the snow," he mumbled. At his suggestion there was some shifting around. Breaths condensed in the cold air as Brigid got a little more flushed. Maybe her increasing redness made the contrast better. Another minute later, the flash went off. A second flash, and now Brigid and Jamal and Sarge ran in to the foyer.

They all got back to the big "ready room" and Rod sat down and sipped his soda. Jared sat next to him and they talked about basketball, how the Celtics were doing this year. On the TV, it was amazing how dark it got right away. The two guys in ski outfits were still talking. The sound was too low to hear what they were saying.

He turned around, sensing Brigid near him. And found himself staring eye-level with Brigid's crotch only a foot away.

**Part 56**

Rod turned from where he was sitting and found himself eye- to-eye with the majorette's crotch, hardly a foot away.

She was standing and sipping soda, with Virginia and Debra, her fully uniformed friends, on each side of her, looking out to the gathering crowd on the snow-packed parade route. She wasn't aware of his gaze.

His close-in view allowed him to fully enjoy her smooth white skin, from her flat tummy with its cute navel down to her thighs. The only interruption from total nakedness was the thin clear string that journeyed from both sides across her hips, crossing the lower parts of the big "V" of her delicate hip bones, crossing the smaller "V" of her pubic mound, meeting in that little black-and-white "T" that hugged and partly bit into her pubic lips. She must have taken a lot of care shaving down there. Not a hint of stubble, no trace of the pubic hairs that he now knew were as red as the hairs on her head.

The little "T" was as skinny as his pinky and the top was only half an inch wide. It looked ridiculously tiny on her. Thin as she was, it made her hips look wide as the clear strings journeyed their way across them, like trekking across an endless desert toward the tiny oasis of covering that was the "T". She looked like a 50-foot woman who had stretched on a normal size thong.

And the stem of the "T" was so thin that it bit into her lips, actually separating them, as it disappeared between her legs. From his close view he could see the little streak of gold running down the middle of the "T", within the black that was in turn framed within the tiny white border. So here was the gold that matched the gold piping on everyone else's uniforms, though shrunk down to almost microscopic dimensions on the micro-uniform that the majorette had to wear.

"Micro-uniform." That was a good name for it. Brigid could hardly be said to be wearing anything, yet she stood straight up and poised and clearly proud of what was on her. He wondered what the scene was like in her house on game days. For his part, he would shower, get into his thermals, then his momma would have his uniform laid out on his bed, shirt next to jacket, then pants, then his socks, with his boots on the floor. And Brigid? He imagined her walking to her room totally naked, to find the tiny circlets and V-botton carefully arranged, tiny bits against the expanse of bedsheets, which would take only a few seconds to tie on. Then slipping on the flip-flops, and prancing out to get her baton.

Examining her crotch again, he saw the fleshiness of the white-skinned lower lips, sloping down from each side of the "T". Including the crease at the beginnings of her legs, it looked like the letter "W", though with soft bottoms. A little "w" in script, maybe.

He quickly turned around, thinking Brigid might be seeing him look at her crotch. She was used to being looked at, of course, but it wouldn't be cool to stare so directly. He sipped his soda and, looking back, was relieved to see she was still looking outside.

There was a big, flashy scene that was developing out there. The place seemed to be in the middle of nowhere, judging from that long bus ride, so where did all these people come from? it was a little city carnival. Music was piped in, food was being sold from booths, people milling around waiting for the start of festivities.

His mind wandered and he thought of those dreams he had been having. It had been three or four times now. He was older and had a girlfriend, or maybe it was a wife. Her name was Tami and she was red-haired and white and she was always naked. Like a natural forest woman, kissing him and then scampering away through the forest, her tough bare feet hopping from rock to log to branch, light as a feather, then in no time disappearing from sight. These dreams were clearly inspired by Brigid, especially that last one where this Tami lady was wearing this little string thing in her crotch and seemed to be as proud and glad of this covering as Brigid was with her micro-thong.

Now Brigid sat on the bench a few feet down from him, saying hi but then chatting with Debra, who sat down on the far side. He watched as they talked about their favorite TV shows, Brigid with her legs crossed dangling the flip-flop from the ends of her toes. You never saw bare toes in January, except with the Tunemasters majorette of course.

Her breasts must have gotten bigger. It sure seemed so, as he saw them in profile, sticking out from her rib cage more than before, jiggling slightly with the motions of her leg. Well, most girls her age were still developing. He saw the pink circles of her nipples in profile -- they were called areoles, something like that?

First the circlets, then the smaller circlets, now these suspended T's -- it seemed like the uniform was gradually leaping off the fronts of Brigid's breasts. Now only the very tip of her nipple, was covered, in that tiny half-inch tube that supported the "T"'s which had no other point of contact with her. They didn't pull down her breasts at all. They looked to be hollow plastic and almost weightless. They jiggled a little too, with every little motion.

"Ready to get -- Frigid -- Brigid?" a wise guy cracked as he passed by. Brigid began to turn but changed her mind and kept talking about soap operas.

"Icy titties," another boy said as he passed by. Brigid made a quick sign of "f\*\*k you" with her lips but kept talking.

Now a stray comment from some distance away. "Popsicle toes!"

Brigid ignored him, though it seemed like the skin around her collarbones flushed a bit as if in anger. She was used to the occasional jerky comment. It never rattled her. The way some boys acted, it didn't make him proud. Sometimes he wished she would jump up and say, "Hey in a few minutes I'll be freezing my tits off for you idiots! Just shut the f\*\*k up!" Or thrusting her breasts in some boy's face and saying, "Go ahead keep talking. Just know you will never... EVER... get to touch these!!" It would serve him right. But that just wouldn't be Brigid. To be the Tunemasters majorette was a big responsibility and she handled it like a real pro.

He briefly wondered what it would be like if it was him. That is, a drum major, who had to wear just a tiny jockstrap-;ike thing. He'd die of embarrassment. Kind of like if Brigid, standing at attention in front of the formation of full-uniformed Tunemasters, was nervously clutching the baton in front of her and saying, "P - please, Sarge... C - could I be allowed to wear more -- clothes? Please??"

His increasingly weird musings were interrupted by Sarge's loud bark. "Attention, troops!" Like what he must have said hundreds of times in the Army. Rod and Brigid and Debra and the others got up, as Sarge addressed them, Brigid as usual by his side.

"First question, how is that thermal underwear working out? Anyone feeling hot?"

A murmur of approval. Brigid, crossing her arms, one foot turned to the side, looked on.

"Good. Believe me, it's a new fabric and it's wonderful. Developed for the Army, or by the Army, I understand. No surprise here," he said with a smile. "You wouldn't get the Navy latching on to something that good... Now, it's a packed snow route, as you can see, and real cold. Out of consideration for the band, I've asked that the route be short. We'll be marching only about 300 yards. We'll be outside no more than ten or fifteen minutes. After that, you can come back here and change, or you can mingle. Be back by nine o'clock though."

Rod knew that the reference to "consideration for the band" was really "consideration for our majorette who has to march practically naked". But Brigid would not want any mention of special treatment. A pro.

"We'll be doing 'National Emblem', 'Little Giant' and 'Winter Wonderland', which is the obvious choice. Remember the double tonguing on the intro to 'Wonderland'. I know it's a new tune for you but I know you'll do fine.

"I won't be marching with you, I'll be on the reviewing stand. Watch Brigid. Like always, but especially tonight. She has a headset and will be hearing my directions. Remember," he said, lowering his voice to the majorette next to him, "if my voice is too low, turn left. Too high, turn right. I don't want you going deaf for our sake."

A short old lady appeared next to Sarge. He said, "Now you voted to donate our marching fee to the disabled learning center, as you recall. Good choice, though all the choices they gave us are worthy programs at our school. Here's the director, you've seen her around the school, Dr. Bellamy."

To his surprise Tommy Blackwell appeared next to her and everyone felt about to choke up. Tommy, who had been one of the most popular guys in the school, his ornate dreadlocks a daily sight swinging down the halls, the quarterback for the freshman football team, who was in a car crash, who since then hadn't been able to put a complete sentence together. His parents were optimistic but it was obvious he just wasn't getting better.

Dr. Bellamy said a few words, thanking the band "from the bottom of our hearts." Then she gave the floor to Tommy.

"Th - thank... you... g - guys," he said, struggling with each sound. Then a labored wave of his hand, and through his surgically repaired lips, a little flash of his old smile.

Some of the girls sniffled and probably some of the boys too. Then suddenly, loud applause.

It made Rod proud, once again, to be a Tunemaster. Sarge gave them ten minutes until lineup time. Ron went back to his soda at the table.

And felt his left boot go out from under him. Then a quick view of the ceiling and an awful pain in the back of his head, like being hit with a baseball bat.

It seemed like a week later when he woke. For a moment he thought he was as messed up as Tommy, but he blinked and realized he was OK except for a headache. He looked up from the floor and saw Brigid's T's, dancing gently above him, as she bent down and placed her hand behind his head.

Her breasts were so round and firm and white... he looked up past her bare shoulders at her concerned and helpful face.

"Are you OK, Rod?"

"Oh Brigid..." He was about to tell her he loved her. But then saw the sea of concerning faces standing behind her and thought better of it. He tried to help himself up. Brigid, her toes flexing in her flip-flops, put her strong arms around his wool jacket. He placed his gloved hand on the upper slope of her hip, which helped revive him a lot. The next moment he was standing up, taking deep breaths...

"What happened?"

"You slipped and were out cold for a few seconds," Jared said.

He shook his head quickly and felt a quick chill all over. "I'm OK, gang!" he announced. A sigh of relief all around.

"All line up!" Sarge shouted from somewhere in the distance.

"That was some spill," Brigid said as they lined up, he and Brigid and Debra and Virginia near the front, waiting to get into the vestibule and then out into the loud, light-filled nighttime air.

"You mean someone spilled soda?" he said.

She laughed enchantingly, tapping her baton against the bell of his trombone. "No, I mean you fell backwids, gave us quite a scay - uh."

They talked about the crowds outside, how the whiff of hot dogs was making them hungry, whether their parents would see this event on TV. Meawhile Debra and Virginia spoke among themselves. He and Brigid were having the most relaxed conversation they'd ever had. It was a good feeling, he told himself, as he looked down at his long braided trousers and boots next to her bare thighs, her bare feet in the clear-strap flip flops.

During a lull they looked at the night scene outside. For the first time they noticed the lights of the village down the hill, sharp and clear over the bluish tinge of snow. A bank thermometer said it was minus seven degrees. It must mean Centigrade. He wasn't sure he should be mentioning her plight but he said, "Are you going to be all right out there?"

She took a deep breath, causing the T's to rise and fall, then looked down as she wiggled her toes. "It's only a shawt time. Afterwids I'll run back heah and get into my clothes."

"You can wear my jacket," he said.

She laughed. "Thanks but I don't think that'll do it."

They waited and waited. Everyone was getting fidgety. From the front Sarge said, "There's been a delay. They can't get one of the floats to start up. Hang on, crew."

Then they had to move out of the way as some men rolled dollies by carrying what must be float stuff. The four of them moved aside into a little hallway with a water fountain and a door that said, "Custodian". They had run out of conversation and were getting seriously impatient. He twiddled with his spit valve and slide. Virginia played with her clarinet keys. She was using a size four reed and let Brigid try to play a few notes. "Wow, that's a thick reed," she said. "It's hahd to get a note out!" She gave it back to Virginia. They watched as another dolly went by.

Debra began to contemplate Brigid's T's in a way that only a close girlfriend was probably allowed to do. "It's hard to believe that those things stay on."

"They feel a little strange, but they're on good," Brigid said, sticking them out a little and looking down at them. "It's spirit glue and a little twist." With a push of her finger she gave the corner of one T a little turn, maybe five minutes on a clockface, and it wiggled and came to rest back in place.

"Don't they hurt?" Debra said.

"No. Well just a little. These little circles, they're called microcirclets. I fit the T's on and the microcirclets snap on last." Ron felt it was O.K. to look along with the girls. The T's, like that microbottom, were black with white borders, though there was a little lining of gold inside the white. Halfway up each T, in the middle of the black, was a little black circle, about the size of a pencil eraser. You couldn't tell unless you looked real close. Which he was thankful he had the privilege to do.

"Still seems dicey," Virginia said.

"Not at all. Look." Brigid made sure no one was looking in from the main hall, then shimmied her bare shoulders side to side to make her breasts shake and wobble vigorously. Ron's mouth opened.

Now with two quick pings, the microcirclets flew off, one after the other. They bounced into the hall unnoticed and were immediately crushed into a thousand pieces under the wheel of a passing dolley.

The nubs of Brigid's bare nipples, bright and pink amid the blackness of the T's, poked out at the world like little penlights.

"Oh Christ!!"

**Part 57**

The three Tunemasters in full band uniforms, Rod, Virginia and Debra, and the nearly naked majorette herself, stared speechless and in shock down at the bright pink nipples, poking slightly out from the little plastic T's. It was as jarring and indecent as if Rod's own dick had been hanging out the fly of his braided trousers. It was horrifying, it was disgusting... Brigid was as modest as the next girl, and was deeply shamed by having her nipples showing...

Brigid's fingers quickly flew up to cover them. She looked at her friends in panic and misery. Only two fingers were needed for each nipple. The four high school kids turned quickly to the hallway. Fortunately nobody was looking. "Oh... God..." Brigid saw Rod looking at her most private nipples and, in an uncharacteristically pleading voice, said, "Please don't look, Rod!"

Reflexively he directed his glance up and met her anguished face with his own look of empathy and concern.

Debra thought quickly. She tried the "Custodian" door and it was unlocked. "Let's get you out of sight. Rod, tell them we went to the bathroom." And the three high school girls closed the door behind them.

Oh man, what a fix we're in, Rod told himself, compulsively working his slide. Only minutes away from our big moment, the Tunemasters' biggest and most lucrative engagement yet, that would bring thousands of dollars to the Special Learning Center to help kids like Tommy Blackwell. And Brigid, who would be leading the band, getting instructions from Sarge through her headset, out of commission! Disaster!

Fortunately no one from the hallway was looking in at this little alcove. Sid, one of the other trombonists, sauntered by and nodded. Now here came the three faculty chaperones, the old shop teacher Mr. Tucker, with Mrs. Toriello the social studies teacher and Ms. Chen, the science teacher. They were talking among themselves. Rod was worried. If the girls came out of the custodian closet they would be noticed immediately.

Brigid, Brigid... How could he show his love for her in this crisis? He felt helpless, standing out in the hall with the suffering majorette trapped in that closet. He decided to be heroic. To hell with the band, it's Brigid's welfare first. She could not emerge as she was. He would give her his jacket, which would serve to cover her nipples. Then he would go out with her, and she could act sick with the jacket draped over her, and he'd tell Sarge that Brigid was ill and he was too, they just couldn't march tonight. The Tunemasters would have to go without their majorette this time. And Sarge would have to march alongside them as usual, shouting instructions whenever needed.

He bit his lip but congratulated himself. Yes, a gutsy thing to do, but I'll do it, dammit!

But of course it was not up to him. He wondered what Debra and Virginia were planning with Brigid in the closet. As the moments went by he got uneasy. Making sure no one was looking, he put his ear to the door. No sound. Now there was a shot of something like compressed air, and Brigid's gasp. His ears were burning now. He knocked. "Brigid?" he whispered loudly.

The door opened and Debra pulled him in.

It wasn't a closet, it was a whole office, with shelves of cleaning stuff and tools and paint. Debra and Virginia checked his face. He answered, "No one knows we're here." "Good."

Brigid was facing away from him, giving him a full body rear view of her utter, total nakedness, from her pinned-up hair down to her heels of the backless flip-flops, interrupted only by the curvy V of the tiny clear strings sloping into her butt crack. Her elbows up, she seemed to be still covering her nipples with her fingers.

"Show him, Brigid," Debra said.

"Oh... God..." Brigid showly turned around, fingers on her nipples, afraid to meet his gaze. Then she cleared her throat and looked up at the ceiling and brought her fingers down, just a few inches.

The T's were back to being all black! No more pink!

"How did you do that?"

Debra held up a can of black spray paint.

He looked closer, and saw the nubs of Brigid's nipples, now jet black. "Wow!"

"It's obvious, isn't it?" Brigid said in misery.

"No... it doesn't look bad at all... They just look like... part of the T."

"Exactly!" Debra said. As the three friends looked at the black-painted nubs, Virginia said, "It looks like rubber cement. Black rubber cement. To keep the T's on."

Indeed it did look just like some kind of glue to keep the T's on, colored black to match. If one didn't know...

Brigid forced her arms down straight at her sides, her fingers rubbing her hips. Looking up as if praying, she said, "You guys GOTTA look at me like that??"

"OK, OK," Rod said quickly, his eyes shooting down to the floor, where he contemplated their boots and Brigid's squirming toes.

Through the door they could hear Sarge's muffled voice out in the hall. "The floats are fixed, people! Line up in five minutes! For sure!"

"Let's get out there!" Debra said.

"I just -- can't!" He had never seen Brigid like this, so shy and queasy, though he could well understand.

"You know you have to," Virginia said.

Brigid gulped and shook her head in misery. "Yeah... What choice do I have?"

"Of course you have a choice," Rod said. "Tell them you're sick. Here, take my jacket." He began the laborious task of undoing the fifteen buttons down his front.

"No, no..." Brigid walked forward and gingerly opened the door. With a deep breath, a heave of her breasts and a rise of the T's they supported, she walked out into the alcove.

They got out there and Brigid once again reflexively covered her black-painted nipples with her fingers.

"You have to put your hands down," Debra said. "Don't give the slightest sign…"

Brigid nodded and straightened her arms down her sides. She got her baton from where she had laid it down before. And the four of them walked out the alcove into the hall.

The band was roughly in line but more or less hanging around. After all, they had five more minutes in this endless wait. The four friends stood around and tried to act relaxed. Rod allowed himself just fleeting glances at Brigid's T's. He felt Debra and Virginia under a similar stricture. The four of them tried to look everywhere but... Everyone else was going to see the T's, of course, the rest of the band and the hundreds of people lining the route, but only the three of them knew what they would be looking at...

"Hi Debra, Rod, Virginia, Brigid," Ms. Chen said. She and Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Toriello came up to them. The three teacher chaperones, expecting to be outside in a moment, were in their coats and winter hats, carrying gloves. "I could make you nervous and say 'ready for your big moment', but you're all old pros at this."

The four Tunemasters smiled politely, unable to think of anything to say.

"Your new uniforms are positively resplendent," Mrs. Toriello said.

"Thank you," Virginia said. They all felt the need to look down, if only quickly, at their new duds. Even Brigid. With the heavy coats on the teachers and the new uniforms, the rest of them looked twice her size.

"Looks good," Mr. Tucker said in his gravelly voice. "The majorette uniform keeps getting... more interesting." He looked down at the tiny T that covered and also separated Brigid's lower lips.

Brigid blushed, as if being gushed over, which was not surprising to the three chaperones.

Ms. Chen, a very short Chinese woman, looked at Brigid's T's which were almost at her eye level. Her eyebrow furrowed. "I thought these were all plastic. This looks like -- " The four friends almost died with fright as the three teachers gathered closer.

"It's -- rubber cement," Brigid said.

"Seems like it's coming out," Mr. Tucker said. "Excuse me dear." He gently held one of the T's and -- poked his rough old shop teacher's finger into Brigid's nipple!

Rod could hear the sudden intake of breath, could see the quaking tummy below --

"I'm afraid it might fall out," he said. "We don't want that happening, don't we?"

"Rubber cement?" Mrs. Toriello said.

"Looks like xanthum gum, a good choice I' say, but it doesn't look too good," Mr. Tucker said.

Ms. Chen said. "Excuse me, dear..." She held the other T and gently poked the other blackened nub...

Some of the other band members approached in curiosity. Soon there were about ten of them gathered around, watching the teachers fix Brigid's T's, maybe to prevent a "wardrobe malfunction" during the parade?

"What's wrong?" Jared said.

"Xanthum gum fastener, I think she put too much on," Mr. Tucker said, continuing to try to poke the black nub in, but it kept springing back out. Ms. Chen was having a similar lack of success with the other one.

"Oh... I didn't notice that before," Jared said. As indeed none of them had, when they were viewing all the new uniforms in the big cafeteria room. They had not been examining the T's too closely, their attention naturally being directed to what the T's were covering (or not covering).

This can't be happening, the three friends told themselves as they looked at each other. They watched in horror as Mr. Tucker and Ms. Chen kept gently poking as Brigid looked down with widened eyes and gulped. Seeing the faces around her, she suppressed her natural body reactions and said, "It's -- really - - O.K. We'll be mahching in a minute -- " Her fingers fidgeted against the baton, her toes wiggled and squirmed...

Ms. Chen and Mr. Tucker gave up on poking and stood there, contemplating Brigid's T's. "Maybe we can fix it."

Mr. Tucker saw the word "Custodian" on the closet and said, "We've just got to get this xanthum flush with the rest of the T's. Otherwise it looks like -- well..." He didn't want to say it but they knew what he meant. "She'll be on TV, you know. We've got to act fast."

"Where are you going?" Ms. Chen said.

"There should be some sandpaper in here," the shop teacher said, walking into the custodian's office. "Some steady buffing with 150 or so grit will probably do it."

"Get some for me too," Ms. Chen said.

**Part 58**

Before Brigid and her friends could decide what to do, Mr. Tucker had come out of the custodian office with two little sheets of sandpaper.

Actually there was nothing they COULD do. Everyone was watching them, standing around waiting for the old shop teacher to emerge. Brigid couldn't run. She couldn't tell them the truth, that it was actually her bare nipples sticking out in everyone's faces. That would be indecent exposure, detention for sure, telling her parents... as well as shame that would last for years. The incident would stick to her name for years. And they were about to go out to march. She and her friends were frozen to the spot, terrified.

Now Mr. Tucker gave one sheet to Ms. Chen. "Only 220 grit, but let's see what we can do," he said. He wadded his sheet up into a little section, then grasped Brigid's left T around the edges. The T was only three inches high and was dwarfed by his rough, burly hand. "This should only take a moment, Miss O'Dierna..."

The first rub of 220 grit onto the majorette's most sensitive spot caused a little strangled gasp and a quick intake of her bare tummy. He slowly drew the wad all the way across, then back, then forth, back and forth --

In a full band uniform one can always hide the manifestations of one'e emotions. Tummies shake with nervousness, butt cheeks clench with cold, arms and legs and chests sweat with exertion or heat, toes squirm in their boots, and of course also hidden are male erections, which for a teenage boy are frequent events. But a Tunemasters majorette cannot hide her body. As they watched in sympathy and horror Rod, Debra and Virginia looked their suffering friend up and down and noted the twitching shoulders, the flushed collarbones, the quaking of the flat tummy, the flexing of thigh muscles, and the spreading of her meticulously painted toes as poor Brigid tried to withstand the unbearably intense stimulation.

Ms. Chen started working on the right T, holding it in her little hand as she began sanding what she took to be the black gum adhesive. It was almost at her eye level and she peered in very closely. Seeing no progress, the two teachers became more vigorous, brushing back and forth faster, faster, harder, rasping away at the nipples. Behind the T's, Brigid's breast flesh jiggled in response to their motions.

Rod shut his eyes. He couldn't look. But of course he opened them again. Brigid's eyes popped open and she seemed about to cry. She looked at her friends with pleading. But they could do nothing. They were horrified at what it must feel like. Debra and Virginia folded their arms tightly across their chests, as if to protect their own nipples, which lay hidden from the world and protected by bras, thermals, blouses and jackets. Four layers of covering that Brigid was denied. For Rod's part, he pictured the sandpaper going over the end of his dick, his most sensitive part, so sensitive that he himself never touched it, not even when jerking off.

Around them, the other band members drew closer, curious about whether the teachers could get that extra gum off. The buffing grew more furious. Mr. Tucker, a bit winded, stopped to tighten his grip on the T. So did Ms. Chen. Then they bore in and rubbed harder, faster, with lightning speed back and forth, back and forth --

Brigid's breathing grew ragged. Her eyes blinked and opened wide again. It must be agony! Rod felt about to cry. Poor Brigid must be about to jump out of her skin! Her fingers clutched the baton with a white-knuckled grip. Her toes wiggled in her flip flops and spread and squirmed, individually and together, as if speaking urgently and eloquently of her distress in some kind of sign language.

Brigid looked up as if praying for deliverance from this torture. She must be Catholic and Rod pictured this as a stained glass scene. The Agony of St. Brigid.

The teachers rested again, then buffed again. Brigid sniffled. Her eyes squeezed shut. Then she remembered she must not betray the truth and she kept as still as she could. As her nipples were rasped and scraped, she kept her eyes forward, not looking anyone in the eye, in a resolute gaze, as if waiting for the signal to march. She stood up straight, baton at her side. Only an occasional twitch of the tummy or toes evidenced her suffering.

Rod was afraid that the black color might rub off. But it was a penetrating, oil-based paint and could only come off with turpentine.

Finally Mr. Tucker and Ms. Chen stood back and conceded defeat. Brigid closed her eyes and caught her breath.

"We're not getting anywhere," Mr. Tucker said.

"If anything, it's sticking out more than before," Ms. Chen observed.

Looking around at the gathered Tunemasters, Mr. Tucker said, "Any ideas, folks?" This comment only emphasized how everyone's gaze was fixed on the black nubs at the center of Brigid's T's. She looked about to die from shame, though to everyone else it just seemed like the distress and concern she shared with the teachers, who had seen at the last minute a problem with her uniform that she hadn't noticed from her vantage point. Rod and Debra and Virginia glanced at each other helplessly.

Mrs. Toriello, a grandmotherly type, came up and stood right in front of the majorette. She gripped the T's in each hand and examined them appraisingly. In the process she turned them a bit inward to more directly meet her gaze, making the breasts look a little cross-eyed.

"I think we're under a misimpression here. This not what we think it is."

Oh no! Brigid, looking down at her T's, bit her lip.

"I think the gum has separated."

The four friends exhaled in relief. But then they held their breath again as she said, "It's in pieces. See all these little bumps? Maybe we can pluck some of the pieces out."

Mr. Tucker grabbed part of Brigid's left nub and pulled. She suppressed a gasp. He squeezed again, harder. But his fingers were too big and rough to get a good grip. "This is a job for women," he conceded. "Someone with long nails."

"I can do it," Brigid volunteered quickly.

"No, you can't see from your angle," Mrs. Toriello said. "Also I don't want you to ruin your manicure." A valid concern. With the disappearance of boots and gloves, fingernail paint and toenail paint had become part of the majorette's uniform. Brigid's nails were meticulously done in the school colors, black and white, now with a little line of gold near the cuticle.

Everyone looked on as Mrs. Toriello and Ms. Chen bit into Brigid's nubs with their fingernails, like pincers, squeezing them and pulling them, delicately and carefully, so as not to dislodge the T's, but none the less painfully from Brigid's standpoint.

Brigid's nipples were squeezed and pinched and yanked on for a minute or more, the sharp fingernails cutting and slicing into the little bumps.

"This material is very tough," Ms. Chen admitted. She brought out tweezers from her handbag. The nubs were now subjected to the merciless and crushing of the little metal jaws. The Agony of St. Brigid continued. Now Ms. Chen twisted the tweezers, almost half way around, trying to dislodge one little bmp after another Rod brought his hands over his crotch and almost doubled over as he pictured this being done to the end of his dick. The pain must be horrible. Debra and Virginia cringed and squeezed their arms across their chests even tighter.

The majorette reverted to waiting-to-march mode, eyes forward. Though her eyes were now rimmed with red. And now the pink circles behind the T's, her areolas, which one could see clearly because the stems of the T's were only a half-inch across... The pinkish hue was becoming more red, and the areolas were getting a little puffy. It made the T's stand out more from her breasts. Not only were the areolas getting puffy, little goose bumps were forming around the perimeters.

As for the black-painted nubs, they were getting bumpier and more prominent, as each individual little bump was yanked and crushed and squeezed and twisted. Rod had to admit that they did look like bits of some kind of dried glue.

The women were not succeeding in tearing the bits off. "The only thing to do," Mr. Tucker announced, "is cut. There's a wire cutter in there," he said, walking toward the custodian's office. "I'll be right back!"

"No!" Rod said. "No!"

Mr. Tucker, not one to brook any disrespect from students, said, "What, young man?"

Rod's heart was in his mouth and his whole body was shaking as he took his stand. Fortunately the words that came to him were convincing. "This is a... Tunemasters -- matter. We help each other in this band. Let us fix it ourselves."

"Yes, yes," Debra and Virginia said quickly.

"Th - that's right," Brigid said, still recovering from the assault on her sensitive nipples.

"Let me do it," Rod said. He stood in front of Brigid. Their eyes met. He wanted to kiss her, hug her, take her away from the probing eyes and the tormenting teachers. If only they knew how cruel they had been. But his task now was to pretend to deal with the outcropping black gum.

He looked down at her nipples. She didn't want him to look but she knew he had to. Under the black paint they looked swollen, abused, maybe angry. Like that time she took those old circlets off at the burger place, during the Patriots game parade, after her nipples had been squeezed by those bulldog clips all morning.

"It's best to push it in," he said. Gingerly he brought his gloved hands up. He brought an index finger to each nipple and once again contemplated how just one of his fingers enjoyed more covering than the majorette had for her entire, gorgeous body. He swallowed and looked at her. Her eyes were full of gratefulness. She pictured them going back into the custodian's office, alone, as he comforted her, crying on his shoulder. "Oh Rod... I thought I was going crazy..."

She gasped as the tips of his gloved fingers rubbed her nubs tenderly, soothingly. He wanted to lick them. They would be soothed by a soft, wet tongue. Actually what she probably needed was ice. Well, in a few minutes her nipples would be hit by to the frigid air outside. That should help, though it would be rough on the rest of her near-nakedness.

The three teachers watched closely, along with Debra and Virginia. "You're not getting anywhere," Mr. Tucker complained.

He rubbed gently and then began pushing the nubs in, as tenderly as possible. Brigid sniffled and then smiled at him. He smiled back. They were in love, for sure.

He wanted to kiss her, so, so bad!

"March time!" Sarge yelled from somewhere.

That broke the tension. The scene broke up as the kids turned quickly. "We'll be okay," Brigid said to Mr. Tucker as the Tunemasters went back into line. In a moment Rod was walking behind her as she led the band into the vestibule.

As they approached the glass doors the bright lights of the outdoor winter carnival began to play on their uniforms, on Brigid's skin. And now the frigid mountain air hit them as they walked outside, one by one.

**Part 59**

He blew through his trombone yet again and crunched his boots in the hard, rocky snow. Man, it was cold. Thank goodness for these new thermals under his full uniform, he was nice and snug, covered up from head to toe. Except for his face! The bank thermometer down in the distance read minus ten degrees. What was that in Fahrenheit? Fourteen? What made it worse was the wind. They weren't expecting wind. The wind-chill must be zero. His face was beyond cold, it stung with pain, especially his nose.

He was in the front row as always, as the band stood in formation, well behind the beginning of the route, waiting for the local police guy to signal to march. The band was only at half strength on this trip. Despite the big carnival some distance ahead of them, they felt alone. They didn't feel the usual big rush just before marching. Ahead of them was a space of maybe two hundred feet, then the beginning of the route, where the float before them had paused. Up further, near the slope of the next mountain, past the strings of overhead lights and the crowds cheering the passing floats, he could see the end of the route, and the reviewing stand where Sarge was, with all the other guys in top hats and a slightly out-of-season Santa. It did look like about three hundred yards, like Sarge said. About ten minutes' march at regular speed.

But from here, it seemed a million miles away. They seemed alone in the bluish moonlit snow of this remote tundra. Like they were about to march on the planet Pluto.

To his right, the other trombones, Sid and Lorenzo and Deion, all suffered from a bad case of Frozen Face just like he was, grateful at least for the flaps from the big shako caps that kept their ears warm. The parts of their bodies not covered by the thermals were feeling the cold too. His hands were stiff and cold in their gloves. And it seemed he could never find socks thick enough. Even with two pairs and these big boots, his toes were cold and he kept on stamping his feet to keep the blood going, albeit with little steps so that he looked like he was still in formation.

He blew through his trombone yet again. It really did seem like his spit had frozen, he could feel the ice crystals. What was the purpose of a marching band in this cold? They seemed totally out of place. The wind bit his nose again and he twitched it, trying to get some feeling back.

Now he contemplated the rear of the blue-skinned naked girl in front of him. No, not really blue; that was just the dull hue of this unearthly scene, a reflection of the snow. But the bare toes in the flip-flops, flat on the crusty snow, the bare legs and butt, the bare back, the thin but strong arms and the delicate bare shoulders -- how totally out of place. It was so unfair. They were freezing in their thermals and cover-all uniforms, but the poor majorette had to stand there in the frigid wind with almost no covering at all. Such exquisite nakedness should be soaking up the rays on a tropical beach. Maybe that's what she was fantasizing about. Or maybe thinking of Tommy Blackwell and how this march would help the Disabled Learning Center.

Of course she was not really naked. But in the dull blue light the V of the clear strings curving into her butt was totally invisible. And from the back one couldn't see the main parts of her uniform, the little T in her pussy lips, and the T's perched on her areolas. He missed the riot of White Girl Skin Colors that was Brigid on a brisk day. the blotches of red on her shoulders, the purplish fingers and toes, that cute patch of pink over her sacral dimples, the blushes of red at the ends of her butt cheeks. Tonight she was just blue and naked and motionless, facing the zero-degree wind chill without outward expression. Like she was not really Brigid but some alien woman, from a race of blue people living on an even colder planet than Pluto, who had decided the only way to deal with this "hot" Plutonian weather was to go naked.

He supposed it was not so bad for Brigid, just a temporary chill, then a quick ten-minute march. Colder by some degrees, but not really that much worse than what she had gotten used to as a majorette during that cold, rainy football season. There was a little station at the end of the route, past the reviewing stand, where she could duck in and warm up. After they finished he would gallantly run back to the cafeteria room and get her coat and boots, what she wore on the bus ride up from the motel. After that she could hang out and enjoy the party like the rest, covered up except for her bare legs showing below the knee.

That float just didn't want to start. It was a styrofoam- looking display of little ski slopes with three women in ski suits who were supposed to be elves or something, perched on them. At first he thought they were just pausing, letting everyone take in the sight before continuing, but bundled-up men were now lumbering around, speaking to each other through their ski masks, and he could see something was wrong. The band stood and waited. And froze. His butt cheeks were so cold they were starting to tingle.

His butt, that is, covered with thermals and jockey shorts and the long braided trousers. Brigid's butt had no such protection. He looked at it, motionless in front of him, like a double blue moon, and try as he might he just could not make out the plastic V-strings that he knew were there.

Another minute went by. "Come on," Sid said quietly, impatiently, "I'm half frozen."

"Jesus, it's cold," Deion chimed in.

"No weather for black people!" said Lorenzo, who had the darkest skin of all of them.

"I can't feel my toes," Sid said.

Rod saw Brigid turn her head slightly and could see the exhale of her breath in the glint of the faraway lights. Great plumes of condensation, as if she were in a deep freezer.

"Christ, you know nothing about cold, guys!" Debra said from behind them in the clarinet section.

"Yeah," said Millie, one of the saxophones, and the only other white kid to make this trip. "Our majorette's freezin' her bare buns off up there!"

Brigid turned to them halfway and he thought he saw her smile. Then she shivered all over. No longer a trans-Plutonian woman, once again a normal human adolescent, shivering in the bitter cold in a tiny majorette outfit. Poor Brigid!

A moment later, Brigid allowed herself to say, "Oh Jesus!" and shook herself all over. Her baton discreetly changed hands. And now, in a bold move, she raised one foot out of its flip-flop and wiggled her toes in an attempt to get some circulation back. It was forbidden, it was a little obscene, it was erotic, sexy, seeing her bare foot, her bare toes, in this frigid air, inches above the bed of crusty snow. After carefully parking the still- stiff foot back into the flip-flop, she did the same with the other foot.

It was very unusual for Brigid to complain about the cold. He could remember only one other time -- that second game in September. They were waiting in the stands to come down for the halftime show. It had clouded over and suddenly gotten chilly. And now a wind kicked up that he could feel right through his uniform. He was standing next to Brigid and saw goose bumps raise up and down her arms, on her butt, and on her thighs. "Oh brother!" she said, then shook all over as if trying to shake the chill off. Cold as it was that day, I bet she wishes it could be that temperature now!

That stupid float up ahead still wouldn't start. And now a bad sign. A little truck came out from behind that big snow- making machine, and ropes. The bundled-up men were forced to take off their gloves as they began to tie the ropes to the float to pull it. This would hold up things even more.

Now Brigid started seriously shivering. "Ohh... God... P - p - please..."

A couple of men walked up near them, on the way to the parade, not aware that the band was there. They were talking loudly and sipping coffees. "Crikey," one said. "I'm glad we have this coffee."

"Good thing these gloves are insulated!" the other said.

"These boots are great," the first one said, lifting one of his gigantic, bulky moon boots. "I'm nice and snug. I'm almost downright hot!"

Brigid brought her foot up again and wiggled her toes. The men walked away toward the carnival, never having noticed the band. She shivered again, miserably. It was most noticeable in her blue shoulders. Her bare butt cheeks trembled.

Rod felt flushed with anger, making his frozen face a little less frozen. This is an outrage! A wintry night is no place for a nearly naked majorette. At least give her several layers of body stockings! Give her the covering the rest of her band enjoys! Let her march in a regular full uniform and boots! He applied the logic procedure from a recent math class. She probably couldn't twirl in the full band uniform, and body stockings would look ridiculous. So therefore: you cannot have baton twirling in this cold. You simply can't. He wished he could do something, at least say something.

Finally! The little truck started pulling the broken-down float and now there was the signal from that police guy, using one of those airport flashlight extensions, to start marching. And now Brigid stiffly strutted into motion, giving the band four beats. Her breasts bounced with her motions. Even her breasts seemed stiff in this cold. Everyone blew silently into their instruments to warm them up as the drum guard did the roll-off. Then they launched into "National Emblem", doing the familiar "monkey wrapped his tail around the flagpole" leadoff without any flubs, and on the on-beat, took their first step forward.

As they came into the lit route he could feel his circulation going again. He could also sense the crowd coming alive, doubly attentive after that stalled float. Some were even clapping, not very audible because everyone was wearing gloves -- everyone except Brigid, of course.

The Tunemasters passed under the first string of lights, held up by poles on each side. Then another string. The lights played off Brigid's back and butt, off her legs. It was sexy but also beautiful. Everyone was enjoying the light show taking place on the majorette's body.

The snow crunched under his boots. An odd sensation. Brigid must feel it even more through the thin soles of her treaded flip-flops. She moved a little less stiffly and he could see her body flush with the cold. Good. It showed she was warming up. Now she started her first twirl, and as she turned around to catch it he saw the T's on her breasts jiggle and shift, in time with the tune, in time with the step, in time with catching the baton as it came down. The T's were dancing on her nipples. It looked like the majorette's breasts were leading the band. These T's were a good idea, they gave a whole new dimension to her twirling and to the whole presentation of the band.

They passed a setup of cameras. Back in the cafeteria room, on the overhead TV, Gus Guy and Pierre Poquette enthused about the visiting band to an audience of several custodians. "And here comes the Tunemasters, from T--- High School in Roxbury Mass. One of the best high school marching bands in New England. Winner of last summer's Regional Competition in Atlanta, Georgia."

"That is one brave majorette, in this temperature."

"Yes, her name is... it says here on the band list, 'Brigid O'Dierna, sophomore'. I'm told her uniform is designed to allow for maximum flexibility in twiring that baton."

"And she certainly is expert at it! Look at that throw! That must be thirty feet, at least!"

Brigid turned around again and Rod once again fell in love with the brave, flashing smile. She winked at him and he crinkled his eyes, his best substitute for a smile as he tooted away. The band sounded good too.

They approached another string of lights and Brigid tossed the baton over it and caught it as she passed on the other side. This brought some cheers. She raised her arms and pirouetted, showing off her lithe biceps and meticulously shaved armpits. Some snow dusted up on her toes. She spread her toes and expertly flicked the snow off with her next step.

Maybe it was on a signal from Sarge through her headpiece, or maybe it was her own decision, seeing that they were coming too near that float. But as they got near the snow making machine and the biggest bunch of booths and food stands she gave the baton signal to stop. The band kept playing, marching in place. Brigid stepped and turned slowly. It was always amazing how she could keep those backless sandals from falling off her feet while marching in place. She was crunching down with her toes, but just a little.

A whiff of hot dogs came from the booths and Rod got hungry. He pictured the two of them at the stand later, wolfing down hot dogs and soda, he in his uniform, she in her long coat and Uggs, her bare calves showing, as if she had nothing on underneath. And talking with their friends, Debra and Sid and the others. "The most fweezing mahch I've evah been in!" she would exclaim in her Providence accent, between bites.

But for now Brigid was still in her micro-uniform, still marching in place, still turning around slowly, round and around. From totally bare backside (the strings on her butt were still invisible) to almost bare front, the dancing T's on her nipples and the tiny T in her crotch, the lights from overhead played on her body, playing across her curves, caressing them. They hit her head on, then slurred and stretched sideways as she turned, then head on again. All the while, she smiled, exhaling clouds of breath that spiraled off into the wintry night air as she turned.

And the band sounded great! As Rod pumped his slide he never felt prouder of being a Tunemaster. He could see Sarge, on the reviewing stand up ahead, beaming, the men around him clapping him on the shoulder with the thanks he deserved. The cameras moved in closer. Rod thought of the regional competition they'd won, and the Disabled Learning Center, Tommy Blackwell...

They were launching into the final repeat of the "B" section when he saw the string of lights in front of them drop halfway, then fall all the way to the ground. Brigid, turned to face them, did not see. Then she turned and gave the signal, and began marching foward again. One of the bundled-up security men quickly ran to one of the supporting poles on the side and turned a crank that brought the string off the ground again in short, jerky increments.

Brigid, smiling and twirling, still did not see what had happened. With another jerk the string of lights came up about to the level of her breasts as she marched right into it.

**Part 60**

Getting to the end of "National Emblem", waiting for the roll-off to lead into "Little Giant", Brigid spun and twirled. Her T's looked perkier than when he first saw them in the cafeteria room, facing more upward as they danced on her breasts. Well, of course. Out here in the cold air, her nipples would be erect, pushing the T's up and out.

The tune ended and the drummers took over. He put his trombone down in front of his jacketed, shirted, thermaled chest. He watched the T's on her bare chest and smiled. Only the four of us know that the crowd is seeing Brigid's bare nipples right in the middle of those T's. Brigid herself must not be thinking of it, engrossed in her twirling. Good. She was tough as nails but basically a modest, unassuming girl. She didn't deserve to feel embarrassed.

And now he watched with alarm as she spun right into the rising string of lights!

Her T's got caught on them immediately and they rose up as the guy at the side pole kept cranking the string higher and higher. Rod stopped in shock and so did the other trombones. The rest of the band almost ran into them before they too stood there stunned.

"Aieeee!!" Brigid's poor breasts got stretched upward as the string of lights went up, up... The T's were on very securely. They gave way a little bit but were held on by the very ends of her nipples that were so swollen and hard in the cold. You could see the stems of her nipples stretched out from her areolas. As the T's stretched out and up, the areolas puffed out even more... In a split second her breasts were grotesquely distorted.

She dropped her baton and grabbed the string with both hands to keep it level with her breasts. The guy at the crank didn't see any of this because he wasn't looking. Up, up, up... Brigid did half of a wiggly kind of chin-up on the string as her feet left the snow-packed ground. Her legs kicked helplessly. One flip-flop dropped off and then the other. By the time the guy understood the shouts of people telling him to stop, the string was back to where it was, fifteen feet off the ground.

The crowd and the band watched in silent horror as the majorette struggled, trying to disentangle her breasts from the string without doing any damage. Her bare feet twitched and jerked around uselessly above their faces. The string was a tangled interweave of rope and electrical wires and extricating the T's would have been difficult even without the dire distress of her nipples being stretched.

"Aieee! -- Ahhhh!" Cries of pain and exertion cut through the cold night air as Brigid tried to use one hand to hold on and the other to untangle a T. But that was beyond anyone's arm strength. Next she tried to climb up onto the string. Her toes spread and her legs splayed wildly as she made it up. Straddling the string as if clutching onto a horse, she winced as it cut between her pussy lips, pushing the little T down there deep inside her. He thought of the moisture inside. If there's a short circuit she would be electrocuted!

There was no danger of that as the guy at the crank unplugged the wire and the lights went out. He tried to lower the string again but the crank was jammed! A friend came over to help him. They tried hitting it with a hammer. With every strike the thin pole lurched and the string jerked, causing Brigid to yelp as the rough rope dug in between her lower lips. Now one guy started running to the building to get some liquid wrench.

Brigid could not stop gravity from pulling her down and she spun around the string. Now she was hanging below it, grasping it in the crooks of her knees and elbows. Now her breasts were squeezed, one pulled up near her neck, the other yanked down toward her navel. Once again she tried to free a hand to work on a T but she kept losing her balance. Finally her legs slipped away and she was back to doing a half chin-up. She looked down and faced the band, her bare toes dangling above them.

She was crying, her face etched with pain, looking down at her friends helplessly. Rod and the others felt just as helpless. Her searching feet were too high up to find a supporting shoulder.

They saw the T's facing them from up on high. One of them was twisted onto its side. The other was turned completely upside down. Behind them, her areolas were creased with the twisting. Her nipples must be burning in agony!

Rod felt miserably helpless as his eyes met hers in the pleading, suffering face, the short, ragged breaths reflected in her quaking, concave tummy. Below, her little T had disappared into her labia. And one of the clear strings had snapped. It hung down from her bare hip.

"AIEEEE!" A mighty hammer blow to the pole and Brigid's hands slipped! There was a horrible moment when she hung by the T's, her head wrenched back, her face heavenward, her breasts stretched out torturously. Then, with a final awful pain, the T's tore away from her nipples and she fell to the snow, landing on her butt.

In the fall, the last bit of her uniform, her lower T, had flung off to the side. The traumatized majorette, now totally naked, rolled over onto her side, breathing heavily. Everyone was still too shocked to come forward to help. "Oh Jesus..." Her prayer was heard clearly in the still air. Though they all felt sorry for the majorette's embarrassment, lying there stark naked, they also heaved a sigh of relief. She seemed O.K. There was no other sound.

Her unsteady bare feet came up flat on the snow. Being barefoot on snow must be a freezing shock even for someone of Brigid's wide experience in being exposed to the cold. In trying to get up one foot slipped. She slowly got up again, onto all fours, still panting. Her breasts hung down, the nipples reddened and tender from the obscene stretching.

Now she tried to get up, splaying one leg out, and the crowd was treated to the sight of her cute brown eye, her little anus, in the valley between her exquisite, taut white butt cheeks, winking at them in the bright lights. The crunching of the snow under her gripping toes resounded in the silence.

And now a strange creaking sound, like a rusty door opening. For it turned out that in swinging the hammer that guy had hit the tank next to the snow-making machine. And now a valve gave way, and...

A ski resort must not only make snow when needed, but sometimes remove snow and ice from paths and equipment. So a supply of salt water, which melts ice, is always kept handy. A special salt is used which is not harmful to skin or membranes, and which further depresses the freezing point.

So the water which now surged from the tipping tank in Brigid's direction was chilled to minus fifteen degrees Celsius.

Everyone lurched back as the little tidal wave crashed onto the snow-packed path. It slammed into Brigid and knocked her over. And now more, and more of the subfreezing water coursed onto the path. Brigid tried to escape but her hands and feet kept slipping. She flopped down onto her back, then onto her belly, then onto her back again. And now the snow underneath began to melt and Brigid sank into a bathtub-sized hole.

The tank held several hundred gallons. Soon Brigid was totally submerged. When the tank had fully emptied there was nothing but a little pond. Everyone crowded around, careful not to get too close lest they too slip in.

Bubbles issued from below, and then the pretty head emerged. Somehow she made it to the edge of the pond and, after one more slip, she climbed back up on the snow on her crusty bare feet. She stood straight up, shoulders back. Her eyes were wide open, her arms were extended, fingers stretched out. The salted water dripped from her chin, from her nipples, from her fingers, from the center of her shaved crotch.

"OHHHHHH!" she howled in wide-eyed shock, lurching toward them. "OHHHHH!!!"

And now the load of snow on top of the snow-making machine gave way. Once more Brigid was knocked over as the powdery stuff piled on top of her. Soon there was a pile six feet high. Brigid was in there somewhere.

After a few terrible moments of waiting, they saw a set of bluish toes thrust out near the bottom of the snow stack. Now the pile broke up as Brigid fought her way out.

Once again she faced the crowd. Her whole body was encrusted. Snow was jammed into her lower lips, all over her hair. Her eyebrows were white. And her skin color -- she really was a blue trans-Plutonian woman now.

Slowly, as if regaining her senses, she blinked and looked around on the ground. Her uniform was all around -- one flip- flop here, another there, the T's flung to each side, and the little bottom T near the pole.

Now she lurched over to the baton. Slowly as if in pain, she bent to pick it up in her left hand. Her anus stared at them blankly, flecked with the white flakes.

The blue, snow-blasted girl looked at Rod blankly, then at the rest of the band. And now she said something.

"L - little... G - g - giant..."

She thrust the baton into the air with a jerk that them jump. Then three violent beats, making her blue breasts bounce, and she turned to march stiffly and nakedly into the winter night.

They could only follow and play. In their shock their sound was uninspired but after a few measures they got playing together. The trombone mouthpiece was almost frozen to his lips. And then he passed over a wet spot from the salted water and his boot flew out in front of him. Then a big blow to the back of his head --

It seemed like a week later when he woke. For a moment he thought he was as messed up as Tommy, but he blinked and realized he was OK except for a headache. He looked up from the floor and saw Brigid's T's, dancing gently above him, as she bent down and placed her hand behind his head.

Her breasts were so round and firm and white... he was so happy to see her, warm and happy, in her new uniform which she wore proudly. Thank God that was just a horrible dream... He looked up past her bare shoulders at her concerned and helpful face.

"Are you OK, Rod?"

"Oh Brigid..." He was about to tell her he loved her. But then saw the sea of concerning faces standing behind her and thought better of it. He tried to help himself up. Brigid, her toes flexing in her flip-flops, put her strong arms around his wool jacket. He placed his gloved hand on the upper slope of her hip, which helped revive him a lot. The next moment he was standing up, taking deep breaths...

"What happened?"

"You slipped and were out cold for a few seconds," Jared said.

He shook his head quickly and felt a quick chill all over. "I'm OK, gang!" he announced. A sigh of relief all around.

"All line up!" Sarge shouted from somewhere in the distance.

. . . .

Rod woke up with a start. He felt sad and blinked and there were tears in his eyes. It was just a dream, and here I am crying. But a powerful one.

He stumbled over to the big window, remembering Tami lying in the snow in the back yard the other day. What did these Frigid Brigid dreams mean? She symbolized Tami in some way - that was obvious. And then he realized why he felt sad. Somehow he knew he would never dream of Brigid again. That almost made him cry. Already he missed her terribly. Then he chided himself for crying over a dream. With a start, the thought hit him -- would he at some point also never see Tami again? That last Brigid dream was full of foreboding.

He flopped down backwards onto the bed and stared at the ceiling. Then he took off his shirt and pants, and lay there in his underwear. Thermal underwear, it still being cold out. He remembered hearing something about a \*second\* April blizzard hitting tonight.

Tami entered the room and he almost cried again with happiness at seeing her. I love her so much. With all my heart, all my soul --

Then he laughed. Tami was walking in upside down, on her hands. Up top, in her feet, she held her slide rule, the museum piece that his internship supervisor, old Mr. Gunderson, had given him.

"Playing with Gunderson's toy again?"

"Oh Rod, this is a thing of beauty." She looked at him with her flushed, upside down face, then up at the metal slipstick which she worked with her dexterous toes. "It's amazing what you can do conceptually on this, with all the scales."

"Spoken like a true math nerd." He eyed her lovely plum pubic hair, then the matching hair on her head, hanging down almost to the floor. She steadied herself with her hands as her attention focused up on her feet. "OK," he said, "what's two times two?"

She worked the slide with her toes. "Ummm... three point nine nine! Oh shit -- " Her toe slipped and the slide rule came crashing down. In ducking her head out of the way she lost her balance, but with her gymnast's skill recovered enough to make a graceful cartwheel. She ended upright in the traditional finishing position right in front of him, arms extended, chest out.

"What's wrong?" She saw the redness in his eyes.

"Oh just another stupid dream. The majorette."

"That again?" He had kept her up to date on each dream. "Well she and I are about to pass each other." Tami disappeared and said, "That kid's getting more naked, but I'm getting more clothed. Ta daaa!!"

She emerged from the bathroom wearing a more substantial C- string, blue this time, thick enough to hide the inside of her lower lips. And she had little pasties on her nipples!

She thrust her breasts out at him as he got up. He felt the pasties with his index finger. They just barely did cover her areolas. "What is this, your new fabric?"

"Yes. Cherish. Held on by spirit glue. I call them circlets."

"Damn."

"They're still a little uncomfortable. I feel like I'm blindfolded, or short of breath. But the girls got me used to it."

He pictured a long session with the TL's, no doubt with Dr. Kantor watching with his clipboard, and Barbara carefully sticking the circlets on during her twelfth orgasm.

"Let's eat," Tami said. "I'll reheat the casserole you made. That was good, Baby."