**Tami Beethoven**
by Donny Laja

**Part 61**

Tami was downright giddy as they ate. She seemed to have forgotten her prediction about bad things happening and he wasn't about to remind her. The casserole seemed gluey to him but she shoveled it down as she sat cross-legged in her usual position on the kitchen table. Being Tami and it being cold out, she ate about twice as fast as he did.

From time to time she paused to look down at her circlets and the C-string. She put her plate down and raised her crotch up for a close-up look. Rod's attention was arrested by this, of course, so she played it up. She grunted and did her old trick of jerking her clit up and down, a different effect now that it was hooded under the string.

"Mmmphhh!" Tami acted the part of her clit in a little voice, hand over her mouth. "Let me out! Let me out!" Then a giggle.

"It almost seems a shame to cover it," Rod said.

"I know... But when I get to wear clothes again, I can always strip down when I get in the house. You will still have a naked wife." She pointed to the little poem on the wall behind her, when she had proposed to Rod:

"Would you spend your life

"With a naked wife?"

"You will have a lot of clothes shopping to do," Rod said, with a theatrical shudder.

"I'm not going to go nuts," Tami said. "I had a dream once where I had a summer job and blew all my money on clothes and shoes. My closet was stuffed with them. I'd be fully clothed from head to toe, even in the summer heat. But that was when I was a freshman, when I was dying for any little bit of covering. It was my fantasy.

"Now," she said, gulping another bite of casserole, "I love being naked. Ich moechte ja. Sehr nett." She hadn't used German phrases in a while. "I'll wear only as much as I have to. No worries. I could go anywhere! There'll be a whole wide world I could visit now!" He was glad to hear her admit that. She stretched her legs out in front of her and flexed her toes, meticulously painted plum. "Except for one thing. I'd rather stay barefoot."

"Really?"

"Being barefoot, feeling the earth under me, reminds me of being naked more than any other thing. I think I can get away with it."

"Some places won't let you in with bare feet." Rod thought for a moment. "Carry around some uncomfortable looking high heels. Then tell them you had to take them off because your feet hurt." He had seen women do that sometimes, either as slaves to fashion or as a cunning way to get to go barefoot. "That might work."

They ate some more. "Joe comes back when?" Rod said.

"Next month. I'm so glad. I don't want him out there in Iraq another day. And not a moment too soon. I can tell Dad's just exhausted with that store. Last few times I called, he was already asleep."

"How's the Student Government thing? Still on that committee?"

"Yeah," Tami said. "Now it's turned into the Election Committee."

"The old guard passes. I bet it went downhill after you turned down running for president." That was two years ago. She would have won, of course. Tami was incredibly popular. It made him proud.

"Actually this year was not so bad. I have to hand it to Roberto, that Activities Night plan worked out pretty good. No fistfights... The committee is still together, though Lorinda is a pain."

"I don't know how you could even talk to that immature bitch." Just hearing that name made him angry. All that teasing and abuse of Tami during their freshman years. Rod had heard all about it from Jen.

"All that feels like a hundred years ago. Besides," taking a pause to swallow, "I feel sorry for her... She's probably like Samantha, all frustrated sexually."

Rod noticed the Cherish circlets, jiggling invitingly on her nipples as she swallowed. "How is the design business going?"

"Well. Quite well. Gretch and I are working on a full outfit for the International show, if I get picked. I just can't get the boots right. I don't know what it is, I have no sense for footwear. We might have to just have her in dress sandals or something.

"And then there's this problem." Tami got onto the floor and shook her shoulders, making her breasts bounce side to side. It reminded him of Brigid's test to see if her circlets were on securely. Then Tami jumped up and down, making her breasts bob.

"What is that all about?"

"The outfit just doesn't have the right support for the breasts. Gretchen's keep falling out. It's pretty embarrassing for her, even though no one's there to see except me. You know how she is. The topographical formulas work out, looking at the scans I've taken of my own bod, but Gretchen's boobs keep falling out anyway."

"Her boobs are different from yours." Not as firm, undoubtedly.

"It should work out the same. It's still a puzzle. Other than that, the dyeing is working out good. We've got six colors going."

"And this one?" He pointed to her circlets. "Which is that, teal?"

"Yes. Pretty good color ID for a hetero guy!" She looked down at them. "Goes good with my plum hair." Looking at the plum pubic bush bisected by the teal C-string, it was hard to disagree. "Say Rod, now that I can wear some little bits, can I follow my true professional ambition?"

"What is that?"

She patted his head, then caressed it, her white hands always a contrast to the dark brown elegance of his shaved scalp. "Why being a topless dancer at Teaser's, of course! Watch!" Hands on her hips, with subtle motions of her shoulders she made the left circlet trace a clockwise circle in the air, while the right one circled counter-clockwise. Rod could only whistle and clap.

"That reminds me," Tami said, getting up on the table to eat again. "Yvette's coming over tomorrow."

Rod rolled his eyes. "STILL at Teaser's?"

"She seems OK. She's got me half convinced that you can work there and not be desperate, or nuts."

"After all the effed-up girls you've rescued from that place?"

Tami shrugged and gulped down more gluey casserole.

. . . .

"Looks damn unacceptable," Acting Dean Anthony Noyes said, appraising the scene from the Dean's Office window up on the top floor. It was rather dark out, due to the snow clouds, but he could see something like this pretty well.

"Me, I don't mind," George Halifax said, leaning forward almost into the pane, stuffing a potato chip into his mouth, wiping a broken piece off his already-greasy tie.

They were watching the apparently naked form of Ms. Tami Smithers on one of the concrete tables, spreading her legs wide for a little crowd of faculty and students who were well bundled up on this cold and windy day. Of course, she was showing off her C-string. Over the past few days this had been a common sight.

"It shows progress, those little bits covering her privates and her tits," Halifax said. "Almost sexier than wearing nothing at all."

"I know, but we can't have her spreading her legs all over the campus. She's never done anything like that before and it just looks like hell. She's always acted so . . . modest."

"You know all you have to do is say something to her and she'll stop," Halifax said, searching a pocket for a doughnut. Then he remembered he ate it an hour ago. "Why begrudge her a few last days of happiness?"

Noyes shook his head. "The Pentagon. The damned Pentagon!"

Halifax, for once not chomping on food, said, "You're going to go along with it? Sometimes your connections are not, you know, helpful."

"Or at least not the right ones. My crowd left a long time ago... So what do you think?"

Halifax arranged his bulk over the comfy chair next to the window and sat. "They approached you with their idea, and you should let her know. How can you not? She's an adult, in the eyes of the law."

"She'd wonder how they found out about her project in the first place."

Leaning over to look down at Tami, spreading her legs for a new crowd, merrily pushing her crotch in their faces, Halifax said, "She doesn't seem like the suspicious type."

"I just don't want her getting mixed up in all that -- crap," Noyes said.

"It's a stinking business," Halifax nodded. "A stinking business!"

Noyes exhaled. After a moment he said, "Another problem is what to tell Girardo."

"Well he'll be sure to have Konrad look at it." The fashion department professor who was also an intellectual property attorney.

"And I bet I know what that guy will say," Noyes said. "He hates anything connected with the military."

"Getting busted down and drummed out because you're gay can do that to you," Halifax said. "Even if it was twenty years ago."

Now, down below, the wheeled figure of Homer Winant came into view. Accompanied by Omar, Homer's replacement as grounds crew chief. They stayed back at a distance, watching Tami spread her legs for yet another crowd. The C-string was not visible from Noyes's viewpoint but of course he knew it was there. A couple of people reached in between Tami's legs to touch it.

Listlessly, Noyes said, "And it gets her off campus after she graduates."

"Yes, yes, yes... There's always that."

"What can we do? What ELSE can we do?" Noyes said. "Tell her about the Pentagon grant proposal... when we know she can't really say 'no'?"

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As this conversation was taking place, Homer and Omar, a husky, dark-skinned native of Cuba, approached Tami as she hopped off the table, reached back to flick some concrete dust off her butt, and picked up her bookbag.

"You graduate in a few weeks, my congratulations in advance," Homer said. "We have something to talk about. Let's take you this way."

Tami followed them, not asking any questions, probably because she had a sense of what they wanted. In fact she could read their minds, as she overtook them and strode toward the big black metallic sculpture. They watched, intently as ever, the motions of her muscular thighs, the tight bare butt, the bare back, flushed red in the blustery cold. Finally they arrived and glanced at the little name plate on the socle.

"Tami Takes Flight".

Abstract but not overly so, a creation of the late Jan Latimer, the eminent sculptor who was on the faculty for so long. A nude young woman, one leg out behind her, bent forward at the hip, arms extended, as if she really were about to fly. The shaping was an exquisitely accurate rendition of Tami's curves (at least as they were at age 18), though there were no specifics except for the eyes and nose and some lines on the feet that indicated toes.

"Being that the conditions under which you posed for this were, no fault of Jan's, to be sure, but questionable," Homer said, "we want to leave it up to you to decide what to do about this."

"If you want," Omar, who was still her boss, added, "you can help us break it down and put it into storage. Or the other guys can do it without you. Or, we can move it onto the back lot."

Tami looked up at it -- it was about five times her size -- then jumped up to one of the arms. Her breasts, tight and red with the cold, bounced as she swung herself up on top. She looked down at them, hands on hips. The cold metal must have been like ice to her bare feet. Not that Tami would mind, after all this time.

Some people stopped to watch. Now, in a loud voice, the all but naked woman said, smiling, "No, keep it!" And, on top of the statue, she raised one leg out up behind her and spread her arms, giving an exact impression of the statue below her, the pose she assumed as ordered so long ago when she was a scared and
mortified teenager. It was so striking a scene that people flipped out their cell phones to take pictures.

. . . .

The snow fell ever more heavily on the way home and Rod was almost in danger of getting hypnotized by the flakes hitting the windshield. By the time he pulled into the driveway it was totally dark and there were two inches on the ground. It would be good to see Tami. I wonder what extra bits of fabric she could get on today? Maybe bigger circlets? Maybe a string around her butt to hold up a thong bottom? It was like the Brigid dreams in reverse order.

He stamped the snow from his boots and took them off before he got to the kitchen. "Home, Babe!" he announced.

Not hearing a response, he stood still, standing there in his stockinged feet and his coat and hat and gloves. Then he heard sniffling.

He was immediately concerned. Tami hardly ever got a cold. He padded into the bedroom and saw her at the desk, minus C- string and circlets, red eyed, tears down her face, staring at the computer screen.

"What's wrong?"

Tami sniffled again and looked at him through bleary eyes. "Joe."

**Part 62**

Rod's heart stopped. Her little brother Joe was due back next month. "Is he OK?"

Tami nodded. "No, not that. Thank goodness he's OK. But they just extended his tour eighteen months. And he's going into a combat zone."

Rod closed his eyes. "Jesus." They had both heard on the news of this kind of thing happening. And kept themselves from thinking that it could happen to Joe. Well, now it had happened.

"And..." Tami had a hard time getting the words out. "Dad is killing himself working all hours at the hardware store. He was looking forward to getting some help from Joe, counting the days!" She stared down at her bare sole grinding into the floor.

"SHIT!!!" Suddenly she slammed her fist onto the desk, causing the keyboard to fall against her knee. She kicked the keyboard away and it disconnected and rattled across the floor. Then the mouse, which she always kept on the floor, got a kick.

Rod could only approach her sobbing nakedness and pick her up, taking her into her arms like a sick child. Then he gently laid her onto the bed.

He sat next to her. "I'm sorry to hear that, Babe."

Tami sniffled and wiped her nose. After she caught her breath, she said, "And here I am lying about in college. Dad is trying to make ends meet. Joe is fighting a war. And I'm just dawdling around."

"Hardly. Nobody has worked harder in school than you."

"Well it's not helping my Dad, isn't?" She looked over at the dresser. The C-string was on top, next to her circlets. She looked at these, her entire wardrobe, for a long time. Then she said, "Yvette will be here for dinner. I'll ask her about Teaser's. Dad needs some cash."

Rod was so horrified he was speechless for a moment. "Babe, don't even think about it!" It was so out of place, he couldn't even picture Tami dancing in front of creepy jerks stuffing filthy dollar bills into her . . .

"Why not? On a good night Yvette makes three hundred dollars." Tami got up wearily and looked at herself in the mirror. Then a languid grin. "I don't mind saying my body will probably be the best one in the place."

He was glad to see a little lightness. "No doubt. The other girls will be jealous of you. Prepare for a catfight." Which Tami, of course, would easily win.

Still, asking Yvette for a job as a stripper should be avoided. Rod said, "Maybe you should call Yvette to cancel. This is a bad time to entertain guests."

"No, it's too late." Rod was ready to talk her out of it but then the doorbell rang. "Well here she is..." Tami got up and took a deep breath, her breasts heaving. She wiped her eyes dry with the blanket, briefly checked her hair in the mirror, made a quick adjustment to a pubic curl which had gotten out of place, and got the door.

It was a glum supper. Tami brought out the bean salad and stew she had made and they ate listlessly. Yvette tried to be cheerful, telling her about her parents' new house in Montreal, how her boyfriend Pierre was nicer recently and they might be living together again, about her plan to go to the "Lycee", apparently some kind of secretarial school, in a town called Saint Bruno de Montarville. But the oppressive gloominess beat her down until she was as silent as her hosts.

Finally Rod said, "You have to forgive us, Yvette. Tami's brother Joe is in Iraq. We just found out that his tour has been extended another year and a half."

"Tour?"

"Yes, time of his... uh, assignment. He's a, what, a Specialist Third Class now?" Tami nodded.

"Oh. Some of the guys at the club were in Iraq. I very much hope your brother is well. Is that a far place?"

"Yes," Rod said.

After a moment, Yvette said, "I like your country but I am glad I am... Canadienne."

Tami and Rod ate silently, deciding not to voice any reactions they might have. Mostly Rod was thankful that Tami was not asking about a job at Teaser's.

Yvette, clearly feeling miserable, said, "Please to think that I should go."

"No," Tami said. Then, looking out the window at the night, where the snow had stopped, she said, "I've got a plan." She went to the sink and bent down to get something from the lower cabinet. Yvette looked at Tami's butthole, winking in their faces, and wondered once again how this always-naked woman could be so free of shame. Even most of the dancers at Teaser's, getting totally naked in the private dance booths, were shy about exposing that last, most secret part of themselves.

Tami placed a bottle of Irish whiskey on the table with a loud thump. "I want to get smashed. Anyone want to join me?"

"I have to drive home," Yvette pointed out.

"You can stay over," Tami said. Then she grabbed a twelve- ounce class and poured it half full. And quaffed it like it was orange juice.

Well, Rod always knew that Tami had this capacity. Anyone whose favorite drink is a martini... Tami poured another.

"Well, OK, Babe, count me in," he said, though he filled his glass half full of water before she hit him. Why the hell not? Somehow it seemed the proper thing to do. Bad news and nothing to be done about it. Tami wanted to get drunk and they should get drunk with her. Why not?

He tried to drink as fast as Tami but it was not easy. He had never liked whiskey, it was too strong for him, and after the first glass he felt the dizziness kick in. Through his disorientation he saw Yvette put her glass out, though she mixed it with cola that Tami got from the fridge.

The three drank and then retired to the living room, where Tami put some oldies CD's on, Beach Boys and Beatles which she said Joe liked. Tami brought in some chips. Rod took a final belt of whiskey and announced he was turning in. He walked into the bedroom, still in his clothes, and fell onto the bed like a dead man, not moving. Yvette and Tami followed him to see this and giggled.

It turned out Yvette had almost as much capacity for alcohol as Tami. "You must be half Irish," Tami said as she staggered up to change a CD.

"Ooohh, I know this one," Yvette said, picking out an Enrique Iglesias CD. She danced to it as Tami watched. "They play this at the club." Tami laughed as Yvette did some dancer moves, exaggerating the swing and sway of the hips, the mugging at the guys sitting around the stage. The Canadian girl was glad to lift Tami's spirits. She did a modified limited strip tease, getting down to her bra and panties and socks, flinging away each piece of clothing like a stripper from the old days, when the girl would start the set fully clothed and take her time.

After the last CD finished, the two young women sat on the couch silently, Yvette feeling exposed but looking heavily clothed next to her always naked friend. Finally Tami said, "Thanks for hangin' out." She got up on unsteady feet and drank the last of the whiskey straight from the bottle. "You can... shtay in the guest room." Then to Yvette's surprise, she violently stamped her tough sole on the hardwood floor. "F\*\*KING SHIT!! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!!" Her breasts bounced with each stomp. Her bleary eyes blinked. She seemed about to throw the bottle on the floor but changed her mind.

Then, "Good night." And she was off to bed with Rod.

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Her dream, where the naked Tami, brandishing a machine gun, was leading a platoon of heavily clothed soldiers into battle, was interrupted by a double horn honk. She recognized it with alarm. But it wasn't part of her dream. And then another double honk. She woke up, head pounding, and lurched out of the guest room, and then put on her coat. She didn't go outside but looked through the kitchen window, and out past the Jeep and the old yellow VW Bug out to the street.

Yet another double honk. The tall figure on the motorcycle, out on the plowed street, seemed to look straight through her. "Come out, 'Vette!"

She slipped into her boots and crept outside the door. There was no moon out but the snow everywhere had its own dull glow. In a loud whisper she said, in French, "You should not be here. Please go. I'll see you at the club."

"No way. You belong with me!" He was in one of his moods again. "Do I have to come in and make you?"

To Yvette's horror, a strong, naked, and somewhat drunk woman appeared behind her. "Who is that?" Tami said.

Yvette paused but knew she had to answer. "Pierre."

Tami's eyes flashed. "Jesus! What's he doing here?!" Then she yelled out, "Go home. She doesn't want you here!!"

"Shhhh!" Yvette whispered to Tami, holding her hand up. Tami pushed the hand down.

"You stay out of this!" Pierre shouted.

"No, YOU GET THE F\*\*K OUT OF HERE!" Tami surged past Yvette and stomped out into the fluffy snow. "You heard me, GO!!"

At first Pierre was shocked to see the naked woman striding toward him, barefoot in the snow. Then he smiled. Another one of Yvette's dancer friends, the kind of stunt one might see from a crazy stripper chick. As she approached him he prepared to grab her by her skinny arms, wait as she pretended to struggle, then give her a big wet kiss. Maybe they'd be into a threesome . . .

But Tami ran up to him and to his utter astonishment pushed him off his bike. Then kicked him in the crotch with her bare toes. He tried to get up and land a few punches, but the naked girl, sliding and dodging and hitting, was too quick for him. Bare feet on snow are slippery, but unhindered by clothing she was quicker than him. Snow flung up around them, kicked up by her toes as the struggle continued, Tami's breasts bouncing, her muscular thighs flashing, her fists swinging, always hitting their target.

It was all Pierre could do to retreat and hop onto his bike and gun the engine. He forgot to be careful with the plowed-over snow surface and the bike slipped out from under him. On his second try he managed a more controlled ride and was soon out of sight, the engine sputtering away in the winter night.

Yvette didn't know what to think as she saw Tami, standing up in the street, catching her breath, snow on her hair and her pubic bush and encrusting her toes, watching where Pierre had escaped. Then Tami turned and scared the hell out of her as she approached her with the same violent intent.

"WHAT THE F\*\*K DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING, TELLING THAT CREEP WHERE WE LIVE?" She shouted, apparently too drunk to realize that half the town could hear her, or at least the ones who were up at 1 a.m. "You know how -- dangerous that is??! Do me a favor! Get that f\*\*ked up head of yours straight! Jesus!!"

And now Tami stormed back into the house, leaving Yvette out on the doorstep, alone with her thoughts.

She was mortified to the bone, and got back to the guest room and tried to think. And then tried to sleep. Then she got up and thought she might apologize to Tami. But Tami was snoring that loud Tami snore, face down next to Rod in their bed, her foot sticking out, melted snow and some street grit on her bare sole.

Yvette went to the kitchen and got a bottle out of the lower cabinet. It was some kind of sweet cordial. She drank a glass of it. Then she looked out the back door, out to the back lawn, the park area beyond, the long inviting stretch of virgin white snow, peaceful snow, quiet snow, eternal snow... She got into her boots and coat and, with unsteady hands, pried open the big glass doors and walked out. She felt tired and sleepy. Very, very sleepy. She had heard that falling asleep in the snow was the least painful way to go...

**Part 63**

She awoke with heavy lidded eyes and immediately squinted from the unbearably bright light all around her. So this was what Heaven was like. She thought of all she knew on Earth and was sad. She might be looking down on it but would still miss all those people very much.

Another few blinks and she smelled the disinfectant and heard the shuffling of clogs and knew she was in a hospital of some kind. And she felt relieved. She would have cried with thankfulness if she could.

She tried to get up and found herself being supported by an old nurse. "Steady, my dear," she said with grandmotherly assurance. "You'll be fine now, but go slow."

In another minute she had been sat up and was facing a tray of apple juice and cereal and a banana. This time it was another nurse, much younger, about her age. "Try to drink as much as you can." Yvette recognized the French Canadian accent, and read the name tag on the uniform: Jeanne.

She drank and ate and savored the tastes on her tongue. In heaven, she decided, one is a spirit and cannot enjoy the sensations of the flesh. Then she said, "I have a pounding headache."

Jeanne laughed. "Not surprising. Your alcohol level was almost fatal. You're taking vitamins and water now."

For the first time Yvette noticed the IV in her arm, going up to the bag on the stand. "Where am I?"

"The Chalfont Institute Emergency Room." She looked around. It was a very small emergency room, maybe three empty beds and then hers. And a passage into a hall of some kind.

She was not sure where this was. She had never heard of "Chalfont". But in a flash she remembered something. "Tami. Tami took me here."

Jeanne nodded. "Ms. Smithers dragged you in over her shoulder at three o'clock this morning, then collapsed." Jeanne pointed to the hall. "She's in intensive care."

"Alors!! Is she OK?"

"She's OK"

"Can I see her?"

"She's still sleeping."

"I still want to just see her. To make sure she's all right."

It was a struggle but Yvette got up, on unsteady stockinged feet. Then she realized she had on a hospital gown with an open back. She tried to close it behind her with one hand but then decided to give up the attempt. Having her backside showing was a trivial price to pay for being alive.

Jeanne steadied Yvette as they slowly walked into the hall. They turned into the second door on the left and Yvette gasped.

Tami was lying face up in a glass tank, at about the same height as if she were in a bed. The tank was about as high and wide and deep as a mattress. The water was bubbling gently and was warm, filling the room with a steamy vapor, like a sauna. The naked girl was sleeping, a tube in her nose, patches with wires going to each breast and to each thigh. And another wire going up in between her legs.

Her skin was bright pink, like a baby's.

Yvette was standing there open-mouthed so Jeanne gave the explanation she would have asked for. "Of course we already knew who she was. She was seriously hypothermic, and the prescribed treatment is warm towels. But because of her -- her disability, we could not do that. So Dr. Kantor was called and suggested the tank. It was used in the Institute for lab work. Her temperature came back to normal bit by bit."

"Oh God..." Yvette wept in misery. "Oh Lord... She'll be all right?"

"She's almost back to normal now." Jeanne looked up at various gauges. "She won't wake up for a while though."

And now someone she didn't want to see, Rod, walking in with a coffee in a styrofoam cup. It was clear he didn't particularly want to see her either. "Hello."

"... Hi."

"I hear you'll be all right."

"Yes."

Yvette, helped by Jeanne, made it back to her bed and sat up as Jeanne put blankets over her. She looked outside at the sun rising over the snowy scene, and thought of last night, and of Tami, and what almost happened. She watched the sun get higher in the sky. She sat and watched for a long time.

. . . .

Rod sipped the coffee, which was really terrible, and felt the pounding of his hangover. He looked at the strange pinkness of Tami's skin, from head to toe, interrupted only by the wedding ring tattoo around the third toe of her left foot. Called in the middle of the night by the E.R., he had stumbled out of bed. He had heard that Chalfont had an emergency room and medical clinic to serve the town. Someone had mentioned it that awful evening at the airport restaurant as Tami was sobbing through orgasm after orgasm delivered to her by that out-of-control tail dildo deep in her gut. But he had never been here.

Standing there with his coffee, he almost started to cry himself. What a lucky guy he was to have Tami Smithers, the prettiest, strongest, bravest girl in the world. And she loved him as much as he loved her. And he had almost lost her!

He looked at the peaceful face, above the warm bubbling medicated water. He glanced at her nipples, breaking the surface as she breathed. And thought of what had happened. Such a brave girl, going naked through the cold to save someone. Exposed to the elements... bravely doing her duty and marching on... while everyone else is all bundled up...

"Frigid Brigid."

The words came out of his mouth before he even thought of them. They hung in the air, incongruous in this setting.

Tami's eyes popped open. "What did you say?"

"Oh Babe! You surprised me. I didn't know you were awake!"

"I didn't know you were here!"

"How do you feel?"

Tami glanced down at her pink nakedness and took a deep breath. Her breasts rose up and emerged from the water to the extent of -- well, about as much as was covered by Brigid's circlets. From the dream where they were on the local TV show.

"I feel warm, thank goodness." She smacked her lips. "And thirsty."

"Here," he said, giving her a bottle of water from the tray. "They say you should drink as much as possible."

"I sure did that, last night," Tami said, holding her head.

Rod laughed. "Non-alcohol, that is."

Tami sat up in the tank and sipped. "Oooh," she said, shifting. "This wire is way up my butt." It was obviously a thermometer. They looked at a gauge that said 97 degrees.

"Looks like I'm back to normal," Tami observed.

"I thought it was a dream I was hearing," Rod said. "You beating up that guy and yelling at Yvette."

Tami shook her head slowly. "Good thing I woke up later when I did. I suddenly had the sense that something was wrong. My nips told me so."

"And then you saw the open back door and followed the prints of her boots in the snow."

"Yes."

"You carried her... it must be a mile to here. Why didn't you drive her?"

"I was too drunk to drive. Or maybe to think of that. We were all drunk."

Rod looked out to the hall that led to the emergency room. "Damn stupid girl."

Tami put the bottle back on the tray and lay down again, until the water was up to her chin. "It was my fault. I can't believe I yelled at her like that."

"Babe, don't be wack."

Tami's features darkened. "Knowing how... fragile that girl is mentally... I just shouldn't have." She looked up at him. "And look what almost happened. Oh Rod... I've never been so embarrassed in my life."

Rod looked down at the plum-colored pubic bush, exposed to the world's gaze for three and a half years, and thought of the mortified, scared naked child he had fallen in love with. Then up at the brooding face.

She brought her dripping hand up to hold his. "Rod, I love being in this warm water. I don't ever want to be cold again." She closed her eyes. "Going through that snow... I was so cold... so cold..."

Now she sat up again and cleared her throat. "I've got to wear clothes, and fast."

As if on cue, Dr. Kantor walked in and smiled. "Ms. Smithers, I'm glad you're O.K. Welcome to our clinic. I came over to be your attending physician. Let me express on behalf of all of us our appreciation. You saved that girl's life." He looked at his clipboard. "The average person would have died. You simply had hypothermia."

"You sound a bit cavalier about what she's been through," Rod observed.

"Sorry, but in fact she was not in any real danger. She was at eighty-eight degrees. We were more concerned about the girl. She was fully clothed but also badly poisoned by alcohol... How do you feel? How do your toes feel?"

Tami sat up, water dripping down her breasts. The old nurse walked in and now there were four people standing around the naked young woman in the warm water tank. They watched as she flexed her toes and wiggled them, causing little waves. "I'm fine. Doctor, I've got to get a job right after I graduate. I've got to wear clothes like the rest of you do. Can we... accelerate the desensitization sessions?"

Dr. Kantor clearly wasn't expecting to talk about this. He scratched his scrawny beard. "Accelerate?"

"After two years I can only wear that little C-string and those circlets. That's not fast enough. My family's in a fix. I've got to be fully employable in a month."

**Part 64**

They sat in the front row of the Little Theater: Barbara, Rosaria, Melissa, Spica, Jeane, Myra, Tami and the special guest, Ms. Jen McIntyre, studying the twenty-page stapled handouts. All stylishly clothed, in their own way, Barbara, the 30-year-old grad student, in her studied frumpiness, Rosaria, in her female jock attire, Jen in her Peter Pan hairdo and leotard and leg warmers. All stylishly clothed except of course for Tami, whose stark nakedness contrasted with their fashion sense. All had their legs crossed in the usual female fashion, one foot out front, forming a row of shoes sticking out toward the stage, interrupted by Tami's bare foot. A few rows back, Ms. Gretchen Spaulding, in a sweater and jeans, holding her coat in her lap, and Tami's husband, Mr. Rod Sykes, having just gotten back from work, in his engineer's suit and mud-stained project boots.

In front of the stage, Dr. Kantor, in his white lab coat and scrawny beard, and the rather shorter Dr. Abu Jamal, standing stiffly and formally in his three-piece suit. To their sides, on folding chairs, several Chalfont Institute interns, and a six members of the Chalfont faculty.

This was the 150-seat Little Theater of the Chalfont Institute. Not a place for plays, but for medical education films and guest lectures. There were no curtains, no catwalks, no colored lights. The lights were fluorescent and buzzed away quietly overhead as the TL's and Jen read.

"Let me begin," Dr. Kantor said. "You've been given a brief review of the literature which you can fully peruse later. Do not hesitate to e-mail me if you have any questions. Please use the campus intranet, of course. You can understand why this matter should be disclosed to others.

"Ms. Smithers -- I hope you don't mind if I call her Tami -- during her prolonged nudity, developed a contrapositive reaction toward clothes. Having experienced abundent orgasmic pleasure while naked, her body came to associate the wearing of clothes with pain. Thanks to the efforts of what we've been calling the desensitization team, the six of you, a small amount of progress has been made. Through timing the attachment of covering with the onset and duration of orgasm and its associated endorphins, Tami can now wear an amount of fabric totaling in the aggregate approximately ten square centimeters.

"However, this amounts to coverage of only one-fifth of one percent of Tami's body. Due to circumstances in her life, progress has to be accelerated. This presents a problem. Our current limited knowledge of how to stimulate the brain's pleasure centers is limited. Physical orgasm remains the most powerful known pleaurable stimulus, and the most powerful reinforcer of associated sensations. Tami's orgasms are unusually intense and long. How can we, shall we say, 'improve' on that?

"The answer lies in a qualitative leap to a type of response that has been reported in the literature, firstly by Masters and Johnson in 1966. This is the 'status orgasmus'. On page 3 of your handouts is the description and an electrocardiograph of one recorded instance, showing levels of stimulation of the vaginal opening, heart rate, and contractions of the uterus.

"As you can see, this status orgasmus lasted 25 contractions, extending over 45 seconds, which we can assume that is not the maximum possible. It was associated with hyperventilation and extreme tachycardia, up to 180 beats per minute or more. Only someone in superb physical condition can therefore achieve it for any length of time. Ms. Smithers certainly fits that category, given her rigorous exercise habits.

"Your task will be to induce status orgasmus in Tami. With an extended period of orgasm, we hope that a much greater amount of clothing can be placed on her, and there will be enough time before the end of the episode that her body will become used to the covering.

"I now will ask Tami to come up here on the table to illustrate what you should be looking for. Tami?"

The naked girl silently and solemnly climbed up on the table and lay down facing them. She extended her legs wide, wide, wider, until she could hold her bare feet with her hands. With her hands pulling, her legs were extended almost to a ballet dancer's split. The TL's got up and crowded around the table. They were joined by the interns and the faculty until every spot around the table was taken by the people standing around, peering intently at the spread naked girl. Rod and Gretchen stayed back in their seats.

Tami's stretch caused the familiar sight of her pussy lips opening. Pointing to them, Dr. Kantor said, "Status orgasmus begins with a sharp contraction lasting two to four seconds. Tami has practiced this and will now show us what it might look like. Tami?"

A violent closing and then opening of Tami's lower lips, which caused her whole body to shake and the table to wiggle. It so suprised the observers that they lurched backward.

"Let's try that again."

Another violent snapping of the pussy.

"Now, if you study the chart, you see that as status orgasmus progresses, the contractions are at first not as pronounced, the inter-contraction period being almost as myotonic as the contractions themselves, but after the first ten or so, it becomes a more all-and-nothing situation, meaning the spasms become more pronounced and more violent, there being a greater contrast with the inter-contractory period. Oone might guess that the subject would feel as if she were being jerked from one end of the universe to the other. We feel it is at that point that the clothing can be attached. Tami has also practiced what such contractions might look like. Tami?"

Tami grunted rhythmically, as the students and faculty were treated to the sight of her pussy lips opening and shutting like doors being flung open and slammed shut. For the TL's, it was a more violent motion than they had seen during the hundreds of times they had brought their naked Queen to orgasm. All the time, Tami's eyes were open, staring impassively at the ceiling.

"Similar contractions, as you might guess, would occur anally. Tami?"

Tami got up onto all fours and turned around. She put her face down to the table and spread her butt cheeks with her hands. She had long had the ability to make her anus gape. Now, her anal orifice opened to the amazing width of almost two inches. The buzzing overhead lights allowed everyone to see the dark, red recesses of her recently irrigated rectum. As heads craned in to look, they could even see the little "inner butthole" that led into her sigmoid colon. Now Tami shut herself closed, then opened again to two inches, then shut again. She grunted with each motion, as her butt bucked and the table shook. Her upturned toes wiggled and flexed wildly.

"Thank you, Tami. Now if you would..."

They looked up as Campbell-Frank's only naked student, as prearranged, stood up on the table, separated her legs, held up her arms, and stretched herself out into a big "X". Dr. Kantor pointed here and there. "Other physiological changes you should look out for are those typical of orgasm. Of course Tami's orgasmic response is well known to all of us and, indeed, all around campus. The flush over the breasts, the puckering of the nipples, the engorgement of the labia... note here, here and here... the flaring of the nostrils up there, the spreading of the toes down here."

Tami turned around so that her rear was facing them, still stretching to the ceiling in an "X", giving them a full view of her thin but strong arms, butt and legs.

"The clenching of the buttocks, the flush on the rear of the thighs and the upper back, and so on."

Tami hopped off the table, her bare feet slapping onto the tile floor. "You can sit now." Everyone did except Tami, who remained standing facing them.

Dr. Kantor, standing to the side, said, "You have all been assigned your stations on Tami's body. As you might guess, the violence of the motions in status orgasmus makes some type of fixation necessary. Fortunately, one of you, Spica, has alerted us to a device that has already been designed by one of the undergraduates majoring in sculputuring."

On cue, Sessu, the modest Japanese art major, appeared on the rear of the stage, pushing a large scaffold-looking thing on wheels. It was the device he had shown Tami a couple of months ago, his invention for placing Tami upright and having seats for each of the TL's around her. Sessu, who had wished he could be a TL but knew that as a male he would not be permitted, now felt relieved and maybe vindicated, though he wished it could have been in a happier setting. When he first showed this device to Tami, she had not yet been approached about having more than one TL lick her at a time. And she had shown a wordless but obvious dislike for the device, for reasons she did not give.

The scaffold was wheeled up to the lip of the stage, right up behind Tami. She glanced back at it briefly, with no expression.

"Each of you has your own station, as I said." Dr. Kantor pointed up to the seven color coded seats in front, up to the sides, in the rear, and at the bottom. He looked down at his clipboard. "Ms. McIntyre at Tami's vagina and clitoris, Ms. Villareal and Ms. Thomas at Tami's nipples, Ms. Simpson at Tami's face and scalp, Ms. Jones and Ms. Schreiber at Tami's toes, and Ms. Firenza at Tami's anus.

"Note also the cuffs for Tami's wrists and ankles," Dr Kantor went on. "Again, the necessity of fixation. This has to be carefully coordinated and controlled. As I'm sure you know and as I understand you have much experience in that. In particular, as the final session begins you must resist the urge to bring Tami to a quick orgasm. She may beg, she may plead, but you must hold back, and build up and build up."

He stood behind Tami as she continued to face the audience impassively. "Our plan is for there to be a 'test run' of this fixation device early next week. Then at a designated point we will begin Tami's preparation for the actual immersion into clothes. As part of this preparation it is important that Tami not have an orgasm for two weeks." The sense of loss among the TL's was palpable but, knowing what was at stake for their Queen, they suppressed any pouts. "Also, Ms. Smithers, if you would refrain from wearing any of your bits of clothing during that time. You must stay absolutely naked.

"Also, it is recommended that you expose yourself to cold as much as possible. I know that, after that second April blizzard the other day, it has finally gotten warm, but try to roll around in whatever snow you can find that hasn't melted. The status orgasmus itself will be attempted up on Mount Washington, in subfreezing temperatures, and the clothing immersion will be into a preheated, full-length imitation fur coat and preheated insulated boots. The idea is to sharpen your body's desire for clothing and warmth, as well as sharpening its desire for orgasmic release. Again, the ramping up to the first violent contraction will be very slow and controlled. Excruciatingly slow, from your perspective. I apologize for all of the above, but we have to maximize the chances for success.

"I have to repeat, as I did in the handout, that there are risks. We are on untravelled ground here. Tami might not be able to achieve status orgasmus, or her reaction to clothes might not be what we hope. There is always the possibility of anaphylactic shock. An EMT will be on hand.

"But, as we know, this is something that Ms. Smithers has requested and, given her family situation, something that has to be done. Tami," he said, turning to the naked girl, "we are all in support of you. We dearly hope to help you."

"Yes!" the TL's said almost at once. "Amen," Rod said. "We love you Tami!" shouted out Spica. This made Tami smile for the first time. Spica hopped up and hugged the bare shoulders in her jacketed arms.

"Are there any questions?"

Barbara tentatively raised her hand. "I don't want to sound pessimistic... but... Tami is in a very stressful point in her life right now. Isn't it unrealistic to expect her to be in the right... mood... for a status orgasmus?"

Blandly, as if nothing strange was about to be discussed, Dr. Kantor said, "Gentlemen, ladies, I think this concludes the orientation into what you will be observing. I thank you for your time. We will just have a little chitchat now."

As if as a matter of course, the faculty and interns got up and left, leaving Dr. Kantor, Dr. Abu Jamal, Jen, the TL's and Sessu, Rod and Gretchen.

Of course, something like Barbara's question had been on their minds. Tami looked over briefly at Dr. Kantor and then at the TL's. She twisted her big toe against the floor, then scratched a nipple, signs of uneasiness. Then she said: "I have... a lot of experience in... coming... over and over... when my heart wasn't in it."

Dr. Kantor let silence sink in for a few moments. Then he said, "Ms. McIntyre has a few things she will explain to you about Ms. Smithers's freshman year experiences at the Chalfont Institute. Tami, do you want to stay?"

Tami thought and said, "No, I'd rather not. Thank you all." And she left with Rod and Gretchen.

Jen got up and waited until they were gone. Then she stood up and faced the TL's, and Sessu, who had sat down with them. In her quiet, graceful voice, she said, "This will take a while. I'm going to tell you a story. About how Tami got to be naked and how she got to be multi-orgasmic. It is really a horrible story..."

**Part 65**

The purple, tired face of the unconscious man was clearly visible through the thick plastic of the oxygen tent. There were tubes in his nose, an IV in his arm, and monitors all along the side of the bed. A nurse checked his chart and the readouts, and spoke quietly to the frightened woman in the chair on the other side. Now, a doctor fiddling with his name tag came by to speak to her. They were a lot more calm than she was. Because the time of emergency was over? Or because they'd seen it all before?

Now the frightened woman, about 45 or so, got up and held the man's clammy hand. Now she let go and nervously paced. Then chanced a little trip out to the ICU lobby.

Her brother was there, and her niece, a skinny girl of about 20 with trendy clothes on. And a chubby young woman of about 22, with a hispanic-looking man her age who looked to be her boyfriend. All yet in their coats, and sweating, not having thought to take them off.

The doctor fiddling with his name tag came out. In response to the unasked question, he said, "He had quite a close call. But he's stable now, finally. He'll be OK but reoovery will be slow. He's GOT to rest for a good while. And lay off the fatty stuff."

"He hates doing that," the brother said.

"Well he has to. No other way."

Now a commotion in the ICU and the scrambling of nurses. A gurney was quickly pushed into the operating room. No -- that was another patient...

The frightened middle-aged woman, obviously the sick man's wife, crossed herself and closed her eyes and prayed. After a moment's thought her brother closed his eyes too.

Into his gathering of white Rhode Island Catholics entered a tall young black man with a shaved head, neatly dressed in a business suit, holding his hat and coat. Instead of closing the door behind him he held it open, waiting for someone to enter.

Her steps were unsteady, her breathing labored. She wore nothing but three-inch-wide coral blue pasties over each nipple, and a tiny matching thong bottom held on by barely visible threads that crossed her hips and disappeared between the cheeks of her bare butt. On her feet were nothing but string-held flip- flops, the soles paper thin. The young black man helped her into the lobby. The doctor could not but notice her entry, and approached. Such minimal clothing would normally be unacceptable in a guest to his unit, of course, but he had been advised. The young woman was fighting an allergic reaction but had insisted on being as clothed as possible.

They all hugged, hands clasping Tami's bare shoulders and bare back gently, though her own hugs were firmer.

Her concave tummy quaking with discomfort, she brushed back the strands of red hair that had shaken across her forehead. She said, "D - doctor -- P - perini? H - how is m - my Dad?"

The doctor quietly repeated when he had told the others. "He was working too hard, I told him that last time I saw him."

"C - can I... see him?" She shook and her companion steadied her, placing his hand on her bare hip.

Rod let Tami go and be alone with her father. Then he went in and joined her, holding her hand. He watched as she contemplated her father's face, with a serenity that was remarkable.

When they got back to where her family was, her mother and Uncle Robert and her cousin Amaryl, and Tami's old friend Charlene and her boyfriend Carlos, and a handsome young priest walked in.

"H - hi Father George."

In measured tones, he said, "I'm awfully sorry about this. Your father's a good man, I think he'll pull through. Your family is lucky to have you, Tami. They look up to you. And to your brother."

"Th - thanks."

"I see your allergy is being treated bit by bit." Father George surveyed Tami up and down. He was gay, a carefully kept secret, but could not help but notice.

"This is... all I can wear. At the moment. I've got to g - get a job as soon as I g - graduate."

"I'm sure you'll have no trouble with that. You'll be the valedictorian, as I understand. Congratulations."

"Th - thank you."

Father George went on to talk to the other family members. Rod and Tami sat down.

Tami crossed her legs. The quivering caused by her allergy caused her foot to shake. It caused the papery flip-flop to fall off. With a lurching motion Tami bent down to put it back on, clumsily threading the string between her toes.

"Babe, you don't have to have all that on. Take it off. They'll understand." She was supposed to stay naked as the beginning of her "status orgasmus" preparation, but had insisted on being as clothed as possible here.

"N - no."

"At least take your shoes off."

"N - no."

They sat in silence and then Tami, unable to keep still, stood up and listened to the conversation between Father George and Tami's mother. Rod watched, seeing Tami's total nakedness from the rear, interrupted only by the little strings sloping into her butt crack, amid the heavy clothing of the others. He thought of his marching band dreams and imagined Sarge, the band director, had had a heart attack during a parade and the rest of the band, having found out that he was going to be OK, were chatting in the hospital lobby. Frigid Brigid in her micro- uniform, respectfully listening to the fully-clothed grown-ups. The other Tunemasters were no doubt nearby.

So Tami's premonition of bad things happening had been correct. First her brother gets his tour extended in Iraq, now her father has a heart attack. With a shudder he thought of the old saying that bad things happen in threes. What would be next?

He thought of Joe getting a hardship discharge. Of course it should be tried. But from what they had heard this was not the kind of situation that would qualify these days. No children involved. And her mother was around to take care of John Smithers. Unfortunately Martha knew nothing about running the store. Tami had, but obviously could not do that naked, or nearly naked. It would cause a riot on Chalkstone Avenue. He could picture cars honking and a traffic jam as everyone rushed to get a look at the naked chick behind the parts counter.

Once again, Rod felt helpless, inadequate. He wished he could do more than just stand around and be a shoulder to cry on. He wished he could make Tami's problems go away. He wished he knew how to run a hardware store. The thing to do was just to sell it. But without John Smithers around they would probably have to close it down and see if they could get out of their business lease. Who would buy a defunct hardware store? They'd be reduced to selling the stock for ten cents on the dollar.

Tami had worked out her thoughts on the three-hour drive down here, once she had collected herself after the first shock. "In high school I used to do his books. I could do that again, and the ordering, and payroll. I'll go down on weekends. Friday night, after hours." Of course, they both knew the store hadn't been doing well. Having to look at those books would distress Tami even more.

Idly, he thought of his own mother. They should really stop by Roxbury and see her on the way back. No, it would be too late. And he and Tami both had early morning things to do tomorrow. That old house, how he would hate to see it go. But she just couldn't take care of it by herself, since his father died. She seemed about ready to admit things and put the "For Sale" sign up. The sale should set her up pretty well. The house was in good shape and the neighborhood had improved in recent years. Naturally she would give much of her windfall to Rod and Tami, and they could use it to help out Tami's folks. But that would be, at the earliest, months away.

Twenty minutes later they all tried to get Martha Smithers to come home, but she insisted on staying the night at her husband's side. A nurse brought in a cot. The group dispersed, Tami having gotten the phone number for the nurse's desk.

The drive back to Vermont was a silent one. Rod looked over at Tami as much as he could while keeping his eyes on the road. He thought of the first time they had made this trip together, how she had gotten into his old, drafty car, clothed only in a blanket, and sucked him all the way to Vermont. Happier times.

Tami had placed her "clothes" on the dashboard. She spent an hour contemplating them. In a delayed reaction, she cried. Rod patted her thigh.

It was around two a.m. when they finally pulled into their driveway. Tami sniffled and said firmly: "I need to make some big bucks p.d.q."

"Please DON'T go dancing at Teaser's."

Tami didn't answer. She was looking down at her bare feet, flexing her toes. She was tired but obviously wide awake.

As he got out of the Jeep, Rod said, "Think you can sleep?"

"I'm going to have to try. Big day tomorrow."

. . . .

George Halifax, General Counsel of Campbell - Frank College, swallowed the last bite of his doughnut and ambled across the quad to take in one of his favorite sights, Miss Tami Smithers sprawled out napping on top of one of the concrete tables like a lazy cat.

She must enjoy every ray of sunshine on this warm day, he mused, after that long Vermont winter with the two April blizzards. There was still melted snow in shady corners but the day was glorious. As was her body, arms and legs spread wide, her nipples lazily erect in the sun, her pussy lips slightly opened.

Her rest was fitful, though. He could tell that. The bags under her eyes, the lack of that gentle smile. One could hardly blame her for being sleepless.

She turned a bit, the concrete scraping under her bare back, opened her eyes, and squinted at the sky, with a sexy little tired moan. George felt his dick stiffening. Fortunately, it was well hidden by clothes and his sizeable gut. And now Tami sensed his presence and looked down at him, realizing of course that her pussy lips were spread wide in his face, knowing he could see right up inside her, but showing no bashfulness nor making any motion to close her legs. It was all a part of Tami Smithers's life, a part she had long gotten used to.

"Hello, Mr. Halifax," Tami said to him across her pubic hair.

"Hi, Ms. Smithers, Tami," George said. "I'm sorry to hear about your father. It's been all over the campus intranet."

"Thank you."

"I've come to show you something." Realizing, in his dirty middle-aged man's mind, how that sounded, he quickly revised it. "I mean, a document came in for you. It's in my office."

Tami sat up and stretched her arms skyward, her breasts riding up. George took a deep breath and suppressed the urge to grab them. It was almost irresistible. He thought of this Smithers girl over and over, during sex with his wife, it got him fired up. He was going to say something about it on his sex blog (lawyer.tonsoffun.com) but didn't want to blow his cover.

She got up and they walked together. On the path to Rossland Hall he said, "What happened to your outfit?" He had gotten turned on by those little pasties, and that clit strap.

"It's the treatment at Chalfont, with Dr. Kantor, I'm supposed to stay naked for now."

"Oh." He pretended ignorance. She waved blandly at a friend who passed by. Then as they passed a pile of snow she stooped next to hit and desultorily smooshed sloppy handfuls onto her breasts and into her crotch. "I'm supposed to stay cold too." The snow made her nipples poke out more than usual. As she stood up George had to look away and take a deep breath.

As they saw the sign to Rossland Hall, he thought of Henry Ross. He'd never met him, of course, his infamous predecessor, but he'd seen him on those secret Chalfont DVD's before he handed them over to Tami. God, that scene with her being pistoned to orgasm, again and again, looking so young and frightened, having to look Ross in the eye as he shouted insults at her family and racial epithets at her boyfriend. The agony and terror and unwanted ecstasy in her eyes... He had to admit it was an incredible turn-on. He was charged up with his wife for two weeks after seeing that. Did that make him bad?

As they entered his office on the ninth floor he realized how cluttered it was and how Tami had no clear place for her bare feet. Tami didn't mind as potato chips crunched under her soles.

He handed her a large envelope. "This is important, Ms. Smithers. It came in today by overnight. A government contract. Or, actually, one of the companies that supply the government. They want to mass produce your fabric."

Tami's bloodshot eyes widened as she held the envelope in her hands. "Mass produce?"

"Somehow they've heard of it and they've decided it might be useful as military outfitting. Which is what you wanted it to be, right? Suitable for both heat and cold, for our boys in Iraq?"

Tami looked down at the sealed envelope in wonder. "What does it say?"

"I don't know, it's really for you to look at. You and Gretchen Spaulding."

"Gretchten will let me sign for everything."

"Well, you then. Make sure a lawyer looks at it though."

"You're a lawyer, right?"

"Yes, but I'm only the college lawyer. I look out for the college. YOU need a lawyer to look after YOU."

Tami opened the envelope and drew out the twenty-page document.

George didn't want to say it, knowing where it would lead, but felt he had to. "Dr. Konrad, in the Fashion Technlogy Department, he's an intellectual property lawyer. BURRRRP!" He cleared his throat. "Sorry. Have him look at it, OK?"

Tami's tired, worry-lined face started to read. "OK. Thank you, Mr. Halifax." And she turned and left, stepping between crumbs, George's eyes following her with complicated thoughts until they fastened on her trim little butt cheeks.

He was startled when she came back ten minutes later.

"I've read it," she said, breathlessly. "I agree. It says the advance is a hundred thousand dollars, payable in 30 days."

"Wow." Actually not unheard of in that business, but to a naked 22-year-old college student... "Still, talk to Konrad --"

"I've already signed it. Do you have a fax machine?"

"Uh... sure... next to Miss King's office... but you should -- "

She ran off, her soles slapping against the tiles in the hall. And so Tami Smithers faxed a signed contract to a Texas phone number that in fact rolled over to a fax machine in Dubai. The contract had been carefully drafted by a recently hired lawyer in the Department of Defense, who had had some professional difficulties, including leaving a position hastily, and a more recent order of protection. But he had connections, so of course the normal vetting process was waived.

**Part 66**

Horace Konrad, Esq., Ph.D., tenured professor in the Fashion Technology Department, smoothed his ruffled cuff and glanced at the twenty-page document with the fax transmittal sheet, lying on his desk. Then he smoothed his other ruffled cuff. This trim, 55-year-old was the most "out" of all the gay professors on campus, the most foppishly dressed. One could even see the rouge on his cheeks, the penciling on his eyebrows. Today he wore a pink striped shirt, an orange ascot, and a Little Lord Fauntleroy blue jacket. His pants were purple velvet, his boots fake- snakeskin with sapphire studding. His gray hair was highlighted with blond streaks. With this colorful attire and makeup, an unkind observer would say he looked a little like a circus clown, lacking only the red bubble nose.

A sad, serious clown. He glanced at Mr. Rod Sykes, in his suit and engineer boots, sitting to the side. And then he studiously regarded the naked young woman standing in front of his desk, her pubic hair looming over the photo of him and his long-time partner that perched on the far edge. He had offered her a chair but she was too nervous to sit. Her big toe corkscrewed uneasily into the carpet. Her nipples, normally big and brown and erect, sticking themselves into everyone's face (Dr. Konrad was not enamored of nipples in general, at least not female nipples), were parched, receded, as if trying to go into hiding. Something not possible for nipples that happened to belong to Tami Smithers.

"Yes, as you point out, there is a huge advance payable in 30 days, but there are conditions that have to be met, before the 30 days starts to run," he said.

"Like what?"

Rod, having a side rear view of Tami, noticed her butt cheeks flexing and braced himself for bad news. This meeting was Tami's idea. She had tossed and turned through another sleepless night, wondering at what she had signed. Several times during the night she had gone over to the kitchen table to go over the contract yet again, trying without success to penetrate the legalese. There were also some references to "incorporated protocols" but no hint as to what those protocols were. Finally in the morning she called on Dr. Konrad to look at it. Just three hours later he asked her to come in at 5:30 p.m. Rod left work early to get here with her for support.

Exhaling, as if in weariness and exasperation, Dr. Konrad said, "It took me a while to find the referenced protocols, they are supposedly on the Department of Defense web site but the link is dead. They are a relic of a time when it was much harder to get contracts for core services. That's a term of art, it means things the Army, for example, traditionally does for itself. That includes uniforms. I know this, I used to be in Quartermaster Corps. One of my old pals had the protocols in his files."

He made a limp-wristed wave at a thirty-page fax to his side. "The relevant provision is a kind of bootstrap, where you have get a similar contract before you get THIS contract. And it has to be with a, what it calls a 'qualifying institution'."

"What does that mean?" Rod said.

Dr. Konrad looked up at the naked girl. "In your situation, it basically means you have to win the International to get the advance."

Tami shut her eyes. "Oh Jesus." She crossed her arms in front of her, squeezing her breasts so that they spilled out over her arms.

"In the meantime this company, this, uh, Graywater Enterprises, they have dibs on the fabric you have invented. Since you haven't patented it, they are free to get a patent themselves, or declare it a government secret. I know that sounds unfair, but to quote Ronald Reagan, 'when you get into bed with government, you get more than a good night's sleep'."

"This is a private company, right?" Rod said. "How can they declare Cherish a government secret?"

"They can, trust me."

Finally Tami sat down, her now clammy butt sticking to the vinyl of the chair, and she drew her legs up and wrapped her arms around her knees, as if to curl up into a ball, a very unusual gesture for her. Dr. Konrad had a full view of her lower lips, and the wink of butthole below. He tried not to look. Her toes flexed and writhed in front of her. "Lord... win the International!"

"You can use your fabric in your International submission, of course, because it would be what the contract calls 'for demonstration purposes'. But you can't sell it and you can't license it to anyone else."

Rod felt miserable for his poor wife. True, she had learned that she had made the finals of the competition, she would be going to the finals show in Montreal, two weeks from now. But she had also been told that the odds were against her winning. That would be so sweet if it happened, though. A fully paid scholarship to the Rhode Island School of Design, back in her home town, and if this status orgasmus experiment worked out she'd be back to fully clothed by then... "You can win it, Babe!"

Tami grunted, putting her head between her knees. "Maybe... maybe..."

"I have to be honest. You shouldn't delude yourself," the professor said. "The panel of judges who will be at that event in Montreal, well they have their own prejudices, or maybe I should say predilections. They are not familiar with the military, they are suspicious of what they picture as the military mentality, and they do not like Americans, especially recently. And now you have signed up to be, in essence, a defense contractor. There has been a lot of bad publicity about defense contractors lately. I won't lie to you. Having signed this . . . contract . . . will be a powerful mark against you, in their book. I would be on firm ground if I said it would in effect disqualify you."

"Can't I get out of it?"

"I'm afraid not. Listen, Miss Smithers," Dr. Kantor said, slouching and wrapping his hands in front of him, "I may seem cold about this but I'm supposed to be a lawyer to our fashion students, and a good lawyer must be honest with his client. Like everyone else around here I have a great deal of respect for you. And I understand the family pressures that caused you to rush into signing. But you're over 18, and there is nothing that can be called duress or unconscionability or anything else that the law recognizes as a reason to erase that signature. As far as legal protections go, you are now... shall we say... quite naked."

"This contract... it's a mark against her only if the judges know about it," Rod said. "What if they don't find out?"

"I won't say a thing. Halifax is sworn to secrecy too. But..." He paused. "The government has no problem outing people when it serves its purposes. And even if you won the International, if they found out about this contract later, and they almost certainly will, there could be adverse consequences."

Rod and Tami sat there in uneasy quietude, unavoidably facing the essence of what Dr. Konrad was saying. Tami had made a big, big mistake.

"So Cherish is... out..."

"From what I understand you are an accomplished designer, well apart from your involvement in that fabric. I've seen some of your 'Tami Original' designs, they're quite unorthodox but, in the hands of the right people, they could sell. Perhaps... aggressive marketing... of your brand..."

The silence of this remote, faint prospect hung heavy in the air. "Thank you, Dr. Konrad," Tami said. And she gathered up the contract and left with Rod.

She walked ahead of him, eshewing the elevator as usual, and Rod watched as her dusty bare feet slapped down the concrete steps. She descended loose limbed as if very tired, breasts bouncing, that wretched contract in her hand. When she came to a landing she stopped.

She looked out the window, onto a playing field, beyond which lay San Beueno Hall and, beyond that, the Chalfont Institute. On the field, girls in soccer uniforms were having a scrimmage in the springtime mud, running and kicking a ball around. They seemed happy, oblivious to the mud on their sneakers and tall socks. Happy and clothed. For once, Tami seemed unhappy about being naked. Having to forego orgasms the past few days, as part of her preparation for the status orgasmus session, didn't help. That certainly contributed to her inability to sleep.

Now he was chilled to the bone as Tami asked the questions he had dreaded for three years.

"Rod... how come I'm the only one in the world who is always naked? What's it like... to wear clothes?"

He couldn't think of how to answer that, except to say, "You'll know soon enough, Babe."

To Rod's surprise Tami sniffled and turned to him. A tear fell onto her nipple just before she buried her face in his jacket. "Oh Rod... I've let my family down... and how can I explain this to Gretchen? I've signed away all her hard work!"

. . . .

Gretchen, holding her arms up in the uncut sleeves, stood on the little stand in the Fashion Lab and looked down at the tired, bleary eyes of her best friend. Even her nipples drooped a bit, as if tired of facing the world 24/7.

"Ouch!"

"Sorry, Gretch." Another pin prick, very unusual for Tami. Her naked friend shook loose some threads that had gotten tangled between her toes and moved behind her to cinch up the back.

It was another attempt at getting that evening dress just right. On previous occasions Gretchen's boob kept popping out, to her intense chagrin, Gretchen being such a shy farm girl from a conservative background. Though at the moment she felt not shame but guilt, guilt she knew was irrational but felt nonetheless. Her fiance Roger, having survived a year in Iraq as a fighter pilot, was coming back in a couple of weeks, while Tami's brother got his tour extended at the last minute.

And there was the palpable guilt that Tami exuded, at having signed away the rights to Cherish. Gretchen had given Tami permission to sign for them. Despite this huge mistake she kept telling Tami, "It's OK, Tam, it's OK!" Surely Tami's family situation made the whole Cherish business trivial. Gretchen would have gladly signed away Cherish if it somehow would bring Joe back, or make Tami's father healthy again.

Now, watching Tami, with pins in her mouth, pick out a thread that had fallen into her plum-colored lower hair, she put her thoughts as gently as possible. "Tam, why don't you take a break? Go home and rest." Tami went back to cinching and Gretchen suppressed a yelp as she was pricked again, near the waist.

"No," Tami said with finality. Then she stood back, hands on her hips. "How is that?"

Gretchen hopped off the socle and landed softly on her stockinged feet.

Unknown to both of them, the door had swung open slightly. Students were passing by in the hall, on the way to the Intro to Fashion class. Mostly non-majors who had signed up for it as a lark, not realizing all the reading they would have to do. And now including Lorinda, who had mercilessly abused and tormented Tami during that awful freshman year, who had gotten that summer accounting job with Ned and Ethel that Tami had longed for... accompanied by her roommate Celine, who could just barely tolerate her.

"Turn, Gretch."

Gretchen turned and, unfortunately, her right boob once again popped out.

"Woooo!" squealed a delighted Lorinda, whose view through the open door was unobstructed.

"Oh Jesus!" Gretchen, suddenly aware of her audience, blushed furiously and drew the flap of Cherish over her right breast. Only now it was her left breast that popped out.

"Wooo! Wooo!" Lorinda squealed with delight. "Nice tits, Gretch!"

"Oh Lord Almighty..." Gretchen turned and fled to the dressing closet in teary-eyed shame.

Campbell - Frank's only naked student, a being possessed, flew through the opened door and tackled Lorinda. Then threw a punch square in the jaw with her powerful arm. A few seconds later Lorinda Summerton lay face-down in the hallway, surrounded by shocked students and faculty, motionless, with a pool of blood forming on the floor under her head.

**Part 67**

Sitting in the kitchen, Rod and Gretchen looked at their coffees and then up at each other.

"I don't hear a sound from up there," Gretchen said.

Rod nodded. Tami had been in the attic since they woke up an hour ago.

Gretchen hesitated at what she was to say next, but said it. "Aren't you afraid she'll do something... stupid?" She pictured Tami hanging by a noose.

Rod shook his head and took another sip. "All in all, Tami's seen worse." He thought of the stories he had dragged out of Tami about that naked cross-country trek back home. Nearly freezing and starving to death on the tar paper roof of a diner in Arizona. Nearly baking to death on the hot Texas chapparal, until she was rescued by that horse. Trussed up in that harness on that pony farm, almost going mad with pain as she refused to have that horrible fax sent to her father, while that tail dildo pounded her ovaries mercilessly. He thought again of what the Chalfont people had told him, that it was as painful as having one's testicles squeezed in a vise until they popped. He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"She'll find a way to survive. She always does. And she's with us, not alone. Surrounded by our love and our support."

"Amen." They both looked up at the ceiling. Then gazed out at the misty early April morning, hearing the birds sing as they fluttered among the newly sprung flowers. A season of hope and promise. "The cruellest month."

Then together they got up, Rod in his sweats, Gretchen in her bathrobe, and ascended the stairs silently, Rod in his stockinged feet, Gretchen in her tennis shoes.

The attic of this small house was a bare expanse of dusty hardwood boards, under the bare joists of the sloped roof, holding nothing except some boxes stored in the corners. Three peaked windows afforded a view of the street and Mrs. Blanton's house and the mountains beyond. As Rod and Gretchen ascended, the first thing that hit their eyes was the well-known ring of brown skin around Tami's anus, winking at them from between widely separated butt cheeks as she kneeled prone on the floor, her head down and her arms extended in front of her. To the side was a bottle of water and, further out, a laptop. Next to the laptop, an envelope with Tami's careful block lettering:

CPL JOSEPH P SMITHERS
C CO,784 BSB
101ST INF DIV
OIF VII
FOB SPEICHER
APO AE 03574

They recognized Tami's pose as one of her gymnastics positions. Now as they stepped up onto the boards she turned on her side, clasped one foot and veered into one of her stretch positions, legs split apart. Then with her hand she turned the upper foot so that it almost touched the low ceiling. The dust from the boards clung to her butt cheeks and the side of her thigh. Her pussy lips were split open and they hung out obscenely, engorged with arousal from days and days of not having release. The smell of female filled the room. Rod's dick stiffened at this natural signal, despite his mood. As he sat down cross-legged with Gretchen he had to shift it around so it ran down his leg.

Tami turned again and now she faced them, legs apart in a split, hands in front. Then she extended her hands out to rest on her knees and opened her dexterous toes. The toes spread so wide they looked like fingers opening to clasp a softball. Like a chimpanzee's feet. Rod thought of lightening the mood by saying "Ooo! Ooo!" but changed his mind.

"How are you holding out?" Gretchen said at last.

Tami reached over to the water bottle and took a sip. Her face, drawn with lack of sleep, was serious but somehow serene. "Considering I'm under indictment, and under the college code of conduct I'm suspended from classes and barred from campus, and I've signed away our invention and my degree is in grave danger and I might be expelled, and my brother is in a combat zone and my dad is in critical condition, I'm OK."

Thank God Lorinda hadn't been killed. Tami was so strong that one punch could have done it. But Lorinda's jaw was broken, and had to be wired shut for at least a month. And then there was that arraignment. Judge Prudence Staton, in shock, had listened to the heartbroken Assistant D.A., Miss Granby-White, ask for a charge of first degree aggravated assault. Tami had listened nakedly and almost in tears next to the exquisitely dressed Marcus McIntyre as Lorinda's mother, a stringy-haired shrew who was like an older version of her daughter, screamed for a charge of manslaughter. But the judge wouldn't do that.

Then the judge really set Lorinda's mother off by refusing to set bail. It was patiently explained that the purpose of bail was to prevent flight and Tami was not a flight risk, not only because she was Tami but because it was hard for a naked woman to flee town without detection. This did not satisfy Lorinda's mother one bit. Rod supposed he could sympathize. After all, her daughter had almost been killed.

Rod's and Gretchen's thoughts were interrupted by the naked young woman, speaking with her hands on her knees again, her pussy lips languid and hanging down, right in their face, her toes separated. "I've made three big mistakes. I yelled at Yvette and she almost committed suicide, then I signed that contract, then I socked Lorinda in the jaw. From now on . . . ooohhh . . . nothing stupid. Everything I do has to be exactly the right thing."

That shudder was a product of her extreme horniness. Rod hated to see her suffer. "Babe... let's go to bed. I'll lick you." Which made Gretchen blush.

"No!" the naked girl said firmly. "I have to stay -- unsatisfied. The buildup to the -- status orgasmus. When I get into clothes again. And can lead a normal life and find a job where I can."

The three sat on the floor in silence, Rod and Gretchen cross-legged, Tami in her split. Then Rod said, "I think there was a lot behind that punch you gave Lorinda."

"There's no need to psychoanalyze me, Baby. I know EXACTLY why I punched her so hard... It was all that shame from my freshman year coming out. I thought I'd let it go, but it was still inside me. When she started in on someone else, on my best friend, well then I had to..." All this delivered without emotion, with clear-eyed, or maybe cold-eyed, seriousness. Tami seemed like a different person. There was no joy in her. No sense of dreams and hope. Just brutal honesty.

Gretchen thought of something Jen had told her, of Lorinda's finger up Tami's butt, feeling the rectal contractions as Jen brought Tami to orgasm after orgasm at that demonstration arranged by Dr. Congi in the basement of the admininistration building. "She's squeezing my finger to death!" Lorinda had squealed, as her immature friends had held Tami's hands and feet, while Jen used all her skill to intensify and extend Tami's orgasms, not knowing the mortal shame Tami was suffering. Yet after all that freshman year humiliation, it was only when Gretchen herself had been shamed, that Tami let her anger out.

"So now what?"

Tami said, "Well... I can still keep up with classes by e-mail. My professors are seeing to that. And I've been looking at... options."

She pivoted on her butt to the laptop and turned it on with her pinky toe. In a moment Rod and Gretchen were shocked to see it was set to some kind of porn site.

"Watch this," Tami said. "She calls herself the Pussygun."

A quick video showed a platinum blonde with fake breasts, naked except for high glass heels, spreading her legs and leaning back and squirting a stream of what looked like water from her crotch.

"That's easy," Tami said, extending her foot to pause the video with her second toe. "I can do better."

Rod's heart sank because he knew Tami's talents and knew what she was about to do. It was a surprise to Gretchen, though. Tami upended the water bottle into her pussy, then turned toward the windows. She raised her widely spread legs on flat bare feet, raised her butt off the floor, then with quick grunts she directed a narrow, laser-like stream at each window, hitting each dead center. She managed a second hit on each before the water ran out.

"I've looked into it," the naked young woman said. "Setting up the web site and the cam is easy. And I'll use an alias. Maybe pixellate my face. Nobody will ever know it's me."

"Oh Babe..." Rod said. "That would be so..."

"Cheap?" Tami's eyes flashed. "Rod, even once I get into clothes, even if they let me graduate, I won't be able to make real money for a long time. My family needs cash NOW."

"And I have other tricks too. Like this." She leaned forward and reached one of Gretchen's sneakers with her feet. Then did her trick of untying the laces with her toes. And tying them up again. "And then there's putting that tail in. I bet not many women could do that. And the gymnastics. Not many totally naked gymnasts on the web, from what I've seen. Or at least no good ones. If I can learn to do status orgasmuses at will, that will be an extra. Put it all together, probably a unique site. I should draw a lot of paying subscribers. And, on top of that, there's Teaser's, or some such place."

"Oh Babe..." Rod said again.

"It won't be so bad," Tami said, deadpan. "I'll be cured by then and can wear clothes for my day job, maybe being a grad assistant. Again, if they let me get my degree. This web site will be my cash cow, though. I can work on it on weekends."

That she had carefully thought this all through made it worse. Rod and Gretchen looked at her, then at each other, in great sadness.

Now Gretchen contemplated the envelope with the military address on it. Similar to the address she used to write her fiance Roger, whose tour ended next week. "I see Joe got promoted to Corporal."

"It's lateral only," Tami said. "Same pay grade as Specialist. Only now he can order Privates around. Necessary now that he's in a combat zone. . . I'm writing him a long letter explaining what happened." Tami exhaled, raggedly, then stood up, her head nearly touching the joists. She shook her muscles all over, evidently to redistribute the blood that kept collecting in her pelvis. Her breasts bounced and she looked down at her two companions. In a perfunctory sign of vanity, she ran her fingers over the short hair on her head, then fluffed up the plum-colored hair below. "Joe's gotten a lot more interesting to talk to now that he's grown up. The Army matured him. I think it might be good therapy for me, to explain myself."

"Speaking of therapy, Tami," Gretchen said, "if you can't go on campus -- "

"The Chalfont folks said screw you to the rules," Rod broke in. "They told Tami that her sessions will continue for the buildup. She goes again on Monday."

"Right... and..." For once Tami showed a trace of emotion as she looked up at Rod. "It's Friday. I've got to go down, you know. Do Dad's books."

"I'm coming too, Babe," Rod said.

"Yes... I've got to face Dad. I'll need you next to me, Baby."

. . . .

Rod sat in the hall next to Tami, who was suffering in her little pasties and stringy thong bottom and paper thin flip flops. They overhead John Smithers's raspy, weak voice speaking on the phone behind the partition.

"No, no, Walt, what are you doing buying rakes? It's the end of the season! Now don't go higher than five bucks per on the outdoor clocks. They don't have to be huge... Oh Christ, I don't know what we'll do. We'll have to close on Sundays then. Just keep the damn place going..."

A nurse passed them and walked behind the partition. She made him end the call. Evidently she told him about his visitors. She came out and looked at the young couple and shrugged, then went on to her next task.

Rod and Tami sat uneasily. Then her father lurched out from behind the partition in a motorized wheelchair. They stood up, out of politeness. John Smithers, thin and pale and with an IV in his arm, strugged with the controls and wheeled up to them halfway.

He stared at Tami with a look that could pierce metal. Tami gulped and drew her hands in front of her, then forced them to her sides.

He let the silence go on and on, never dropping his stare. Then he said, in a short-breathed voice, "Young lady... I am very disappointed in you."

"S - sorry Dad..."

"How COULD YOU -- " He coughed and breathed and held his chest, then made sure the I.V. was still in. "After all you've done... how could you do something... so STUPID... so GODDAMN STUPID!!"

Tami sniffled, like a little child being scolded who was waiting for the spanking.

John Smithers caught his breath and spoke now in a low scratchy voice. "To throw all that... four years of hard work... to throw all that away... Tami... is there something I don't know about? Why exactly did you slug that girl?"

Rod closed his eyes and felt like a great weight was about to be lifted from Tami's shoulders. Now was the chance to tell her father about the shame she had experienced. Not to go into detail about the Chalfont experiments, but at least to tell him of all the teasing and taunting... how it was like Hell on earth to have to go around naked... how this was why she suddenly lost control...

"Is there some reason you felt the need to slug her?" he asked again.

Tami closed her eyes and then opened them. In a teary voice, she said, "N - no, Daddy."

John Smithers's nostrils flared and he slammed his hand on the arm of his wheelchair with what little strength he possessed. "Then I am ASHAMED of you! ASHAMED!! I don't want to talk to you... ANY MORE!!"

Rod jumped up next to Tami and was about to say something. But Tami shook her head vigorously and held him back.

John Smithers worked the controls and mananged to turn the wheelchair around. In a moment he was back behind the partition. Tami stood there, sniffling, forcing herself to stand up straight, a picture of utter misery.

They waited there for a few minutes. Then from behind the partition a nurse emerged and told them Mr. Smithers wanted to be left alone. They had no choice but to leave.

**Part 68**

"How could he not accept her apology? With her miserable and crying like that? Can't he figure out she's been under stress?? He's just a stupid, stubborn, closed-minded old jerk!" Rod said, shaking his head at his eggs. "I'm sorry Bec, but even though he was in a wheelchair, I was about to whoop him upside the head."

Rev. Rebecca Stanton, sitting across from him tonight at the Polka Dot Diner in White River Junction, N.H., nodded. "It sure sounds like he was being jerky."

"But I stayed back because I just had to respect Tami's wishes. She always wants to keep the past a secret from her folks. Yet another thing that she holds in. Maybe she didn't want to get him even more excited, with his weak heart. Yet another sacrifice she makes for that old buzzard who's too stubborn to open up and realize what she goes through for him."

Rebecca looked different these days. She dressed more like a minister, not in her former lumberjack shirts and jeans. Longer, freer hair, and some wrinkles around the eyes. Not wrinkles of worry. Wrinkles of someone who has learned to laugh a lot.

But the helpful, intelligent demeanor was the same. "I can see how you feel paralyzed. Obviously an unfinished situation."

"Yes... and with her father's health the way it is... What if he dies tomorrow? With that... scene... being the last words between them?"

They sat and looked out the big windows at the parked cars in front of the diner, then out into the night, down at the river, flush with the melting snow from the mountains. Further on, the trucks boomed by on the interstate.

"So..." Rod lurched himself into a smile. "How's the... conjugal life? What's his name? Rodrigo?"

Rebecca blushed and her eyes crinkled. She flung back her long hair. "Oh Lord... Sex... I've never known such pleasure. Wow!!"

She and Rod laughed together. Rod reached across and patted her on the shoulder. "Good for you! You deserve it, after all the helping people you do."

Rebecca these days was doing mission work in Kenya. She was "in the States" on a two-week leave, to see her brother and the rest of her family. She was going to stop by the Campbell - Frank area next week. But Rod had called her ahead of time and arranged this meeting, 30 miles out of town, because he needed what he called "some pastoral counseling". And of course to say hi and catch up on things.

"I don't mind being frank with an old friend, if you don't," Rebecca said. "But feeling Rodrigo's penis stretching me, going way up into me, riding him like a cowgirl... it's heaven on earth. And he's such a good man."

Rod smiled. It was so weird to hear Rebecca talk this way. "Are you going to tie the knot?"

"That is a question for next year. But we sure fit together." She giggled naughtily, something Rod had never heard from her. "In so many ways."

They both smiled and then looked out into the night again.

Rod exhaled and said, "John Smithers... what a jerk."

Rebecca said, "Let me ask you something... That incredible strength Tami has. Where do you think she gets it from? Do you think it suddenly sprung up inside her at age 18 when she was forced to go naked and forced into all those trials? No, it was already in her. She got it from her dad. She's just as stubborn and mulish as he is. In the context she was in, that quality turned into courage and sacrifice, being brave when no one could see she was being brave. That inner stubbornness allowed her to survive, allowed her to keep her scholarship and get straight A's and make her parents proud. A weaker girl would have gone crazy, or cracked. But not the daughter of John Smithers."

Someone got into one of the cars to leave. The headlights turned on and illuminated Rod's face.

"If he's as Catholic as he sounds," Rebecca continued. "Have there been any divorces in Tami's family? Or annulments?"

"No." It was a point of pride with Tami. "We Smitherses marry for life," she once said.

"Well, then, to him marriage is forever. You can't stop being Tami's husband any more than Joe can stop being her brother. It's not a question of you coming between Tami and her dad. You have every right to intercede... And say what you think is the right thing to say."

After a few moments Rod said, "It's time to step up. And be brave like Tami."

"A form of being stubborn."

. . . .

Wanda Percival, Suffolk County (Mass.) Assistant D.A., put her arm around her old friend's bare shoulders. She looked down at her slacks and her fashionable pointy-toed heels next to the hard, tanned bare feet. Then looked out with her friend at the blinking lights of the runways out here at Campbell County Airport.

"I wish I could help you," she said, looking down at her rum and coke, "but I'm not admitted to practice law in this state. And from what Jen's dad says, there's no research to be done. I wish you the best. You deserve it."

Tami took a sip from her martini. The bar here made really big ones. Her glass was like a cereal bowl. "How is life as an A.D.A.?"

"Not like I hoped. I thought I could be mean in a good cause. But a lot of these criminals, they remind me a little of myself. They just grew up on the wrong side of town, that's all. Or were in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Tami's toes rubbed Wanda's shoes, whether in curiosity or appreciation or envy, Wanda couldn't tell. "I think I liked you more when you were Wandabitch. You've gone all squishy now."

Wanda laughed. "Maybe it's because right now I wish I was naked and you were clothed."

Tami's big toe pushed on the points of one of Wanda's shoes. "You could still kill someone with those."

It was called a "solidarity dinner" for Tami Smithers, here at the Skyview restaurant, the scene of that horrible orgasmic torture Tami had undergone, though of course tonight she wasn't about to wear that tail. Marcus McIntyre, who arranged it and paid for it, had decided on an out of town location. And, Tami being "persona non grata", no one official was here from the college.

Except George Halifax. "Tony Noyes wishes you the best," the college's lawyer said as he drank up a diet soda and drank in Tami's naked charms up and down. "He can't say so, of course. But they wanted to, uh, strip you of being valedictorian, so you wouldn't give that speech, but he said, Not while she's a student here. You are a fine young woman, Ms. Smithers."

"Thanks."

As she stood next to Rod, he in his best suit, she with a new manicure and pedicure and pretty flecks of sparkles in her plum-colored hair, both above and below, and greeted the line of well-wishers, one could tell she was blushingly shy about all the compliments but also glad she had so many friends. Now some of the TL's came up, Barbara and Myra and Rosaria, and also Sessu, hugging her and complimenting the sparkles in her lower hair. This got a smile out of the naked woman. As Rod held her martini she spread her lower lips and waved with her clit. "Hi hi!"

Now a look of surprise. Yvette!

"Merci, merci," she said, almost tearfully, hugging so hard that Tami's breasts squeezed out to the sides against Yvette's blazer.

Tami took a deep breath, her breasts heaving, as she looked Yvette up and down. She also had on a button-up blouse, long skirt, and black sneakers. And had cut her hair and permed it. "What are you doing these days?"

"I thought a long time, a very long time, after you saved me. I told Pierre to stay away. I went up to his house in St. Hubert, and told him so. Then I went back to the pere, the priest, with the closet of clothes, remember? Now I have a job, a real job, being a secretary at his friend, he has a lumber company in Grafton. So nice people."

A genuine smile from the naked woman. "I'm so glad!" Another hug.

A few moments later, the line of well-wishers was finished. People stood around in small groups, drinking, chatting, eating the snacks brought around by waitresses in their long black slacks. Rev. Stipend came by and apologized for being late. He had to counsel a battered woman for whom he had arranged transportation to a shelter. "I pray for you and for Lorinda too," he said.

"Reverend, I will accept all the responsibility for what I did," Tami said, gravely, as those near her turned and watched. "I'm glad I have so many friends, but what I did was..."

"I pray it turns out well for you and for her," the gray- haired minister said. "So does my congregation."

After he left, Rod and Tami sipped their drinks and looked out onto the nighttime airport. They were approached by Gretchen, in a sensible long black dress, who had been staying in the background. The two young women looked at each other.

Gretchen's eyes reddened and she sniffled. "I share a little of your pain, I suppose."

They didn't hug but instead clasped hands. Rod looked down and gently shook his head. They had heard the news earlier today. Roger's tour had been extended at the last minute, just as Joe's had. It was worse when it's a fiance, as opposed to a brother. He thought of the intimate moments Gretchen and Roger had been looking forward to. Now, put off till next year. That is, IF he came back at all.

Trent came by with a revised "Tami Original" logo. The girl holding the coat was more obviously naked now. One breast could now be seen. "I think Jeffrey would have gotten a kick out of it," Tami said. "It's the least I could do," Trent said. His new boyfriend Cyril came up and put his arm around his shoulder. "Life goes on," Trent continued. "Tam, you're coming to the end of another phase of your wonderful life. I get the feeling this one's going to end happy. Maybe surprising, but happy."

Jen and her father stopped by. Jen wordlessly hugged her naked old friend, then playfully flicked a nipple, then looked admiringly down at the flecked pubic hair. She whispered in Tami's ear, "I SO want to lick you right now!" "Stop!" Tami said. "Please have mercy. I had to take a cold shower before we came here!"

Rod looked around. It was not exactly a happy occasion, but people could get their minds off Tami's predicament and talk about other things. Of course, her situation didn't apply to them. There was no uproarious laughter but the conversation was lively.

There was an observation deck above the restaurant, a glass- enclosed bubble, reachable by stairs. Homer Winant sat up there in his wheelchair with the lights off, listening to the hubbub below, taking in the 360-degree view of what stars could be seen in the glare of the lights, watching the occasional small plane land or take off. He put his martini on the railing that ran along the sides. He sensed someone behind him and turned. It was Tami, who had crept up silently on her bare feet, looking up at the sky, her toes twisting against the cold hard marble floor.

Somehow she didn't know he was there. She placed her heel up on the railing and leaned her head down onto her leg, a ballet stretch.

Homer watched the play of muscles in her perfectly formed butt, the turn of the jiggling breast, the gentle valley of the spine. Then he decided to not remain covert. "Hello, Miss Smithers."

Tami turned. "Oh hi, Homer," she said quietly, continuing to stretch.

"Best of luck to you," he said.

"Thanks."

"Also, best of luck on the experiment to get you into clothes. I've heard something about it. From what I understand, it might work, it might not."

Tami straightened up and faced her drink on the railing. "I'm sure it will," she said. She had gotten a second martini and tookg the first sips. She idly scratched a nipple and continued to look out.

Homer plucked an olive out of his. "I see we're both martini people."

Tami looked his way.

"Too strong for most folks."

This got a little smile, which pleased him.

"How did those new ice skates work out?" The ones made out of wood, that he had designed so that they could bear Tami up without covering any part of her foot.

"Excellent. You're a genius. Everyone knows that."

"Thanks," he said, turning to face her head on across the circular deck. "Ever since I lost the use of my legs, my mind has improved. That's how I invented the full body flexor, that you tried out when you were a freshman, that gives everyone a real workout now at the Rec Center."

Tami took a big sip. "The hamster wheel."

"What?"

A pause. "When I was sweating on it, up at the Dixon Mill, when I was eighteen, all stretched out. And anyone who wanted could just come by and look at me, every part of me. I used to think of it as 'the hamster wheel',"

"Well, I didn't know your true situation then."

"Of course."

He paused. So much unspoken, but they understood each other. "That was another life. You won out over those creeps and came out naked and happy about it."

He was gauging her reactions. This comment elicited none. So he went on with what he was going to say.

"Back when I had my legs, I was just another stupid wrench, working on tractors and lawnmowers, the low man on the totem pole over there. Then I slipped off that icy roof. Now I've invented that body flexor, and those skates... and I've patented those, and seven other designs, all in what they call these days 'ergonomics'. Professor Konrad might be the world's biggest fruitcake but he knows his stuff.

"Stuck in this chair, I learned to watch people. And in the back of my mind I'm always thinking about how people move, how their legs work. That's how I get the ideas. I lost my legs, so now I keep thinking about how it must be to have them. It turned my mind on."

Tami sipped and looked out as if trying to make out Orion in the glare. The lights of an incoming mini-jet played faintly over the slopes of her breasts, then along the hollow of her tummy. "I'm sure you'd rather have your legs back."

"True. But they're gone. In their place, I've been given a big gift. How could I not use it? Being legless AND stupid, that would be the worst of both worlds. It's my role in life to be legless and smart. So I grab that gift and make the most of it. That's the way to happiness."

Tami and Homer remained up there in the observation deck for some time, Homer glancing over at Tami from time to time, Tami looking at the stars.

Finally Tami said, "See you later, Homer," and descended the stairs with the gracefulness of a trained gymnast, holding her drink.

Gretchen had been holding Tami's cell phone. Now it rang. "Tami! It's your dad!"

Tami stood in the corner with it for a few minutes, then sat cross-legged on the floor, her bare butt cheeks pressed against the polished coldness. Then she closed the little clamshell and went over to Rod and hugged him.

"Thanks Baby," she said. "Dad is OK. He says he's sorry." She had a lump in her throat for sure. "That's not easy for him to say."

Rod felt good, having stuck his neck out, been brave for Tami, for a change.

Now Tami, her mood having totally changed, ran her toes along the leg of his pants. "I think I owe you..."

**Part 69**

She had gotten him naked in the kitchen, and they had hugged there, then walked hand in hand through the living room. It felt unusual. He didn't usually walk around naked, but it felt nice, like an interracial Adam and Eve, about to walk into the world and procreate a race of tan-skinned children.

She had something in mind and he didn't know what it was. He thought of that "solidarity dinner". She was melancholy until that phone call from her father. That changed everything. He was so proud of himself for getting up the courage to make that long trip down to Providence, unbeknown to her, taking a personal day while she thought he was at work. Good thing she didn't call on the cell. On the way back from the dinner, she had said, "I can take anything now. I've got you, Baby, and my dad and the rest of my family, and all my friends..."

Now she was up to something as she led him naked into their bedroom. It had to be for his pleasure, not hers. She was determined to stay unsatisfied until the great status orgasmus expriment, the shock treatment that would reverse her clothing allergy, scheduled for this Saturday. It had been a while since she had taken charge of giving him pleasure, not since that disastrous week when she had tried greeting him upon his return from work with a different idea each day.

It was with a lot of nervousness that he agreed to be tied to the bed. Of course he trusted Tami, so he was surprised at his hesitation. "Just let go," Tami said, as she tied his ankles to the little posts below and his wrists to the tall posts at the head, with soft cords that she seemed to have bought for the occasion.

"Where did you get these, Babe?" he asked, checking how securely he was fastened. The bonds didn't hurt and yet he couldn't hope to get free.

"No concern of -- yours," Tami said, breathing a bit irregular, a product of her unquenched horniness. She hopped off the bed and left the room. Her words now came from somewhere distant. "All I -- think about now that I can't -- come is -- sex. I've been reading a lot on the internet. Did you know there are -- blogs by couples who -- make a diary of when they -- make love? And with pictures too . . ."

"I think a lot of those are made up," he said, twisting uneasily, looking down at his widely-spread legs, his half-hard dick arcing uncertainly down between them, the base obscured by his belly. He really should work out more. His belly was a little more convex than he wanted it to be.

"Possibly. But I'm sure a lot are real," Tami said, walking in with a little bag from which she got out a tube of lotion. She worked it onto her hands and then rubbed some onto his thighs. She worked down to his shins, and then worked some onto his feet. She separated his toes with her fingers. It felt good and Rod laid his head back and relaxed. Being given a massage by a beautiful naked woman. I can deal with that.

"I've bookmarked -- fifteen blogs that look -- real to me." Now she came up to lotion his chest. "I read them every day. It's hard to -- stay focused on classwork. Of course... not having to go to actual classes gives me more time."

"How do you work that? What about your grounds crew job? Your tutoring?"

"SHHHH!" Tami's eyes flashed in mock imperiousness. "Don't worry your pretty little head about such things!" He felt like giggling but he didn't.

"Ohh Babe!!" She was now tickling the base of his dick, and his balls, tracing her fingers around, the merest touch. His dick stiffened, hoisting up by stages with his heartbeat up to a 45-degree angle, and now she wrapped one hand around the lower part of the shaft and the other above it, leaving the big acorn of the glans. She squeezed to make the acorn bigger. Their eyes met. Then she flicked her tongue against that sensitive spot under the head, making his whole body jump, to the extent it could.

He strained his arms and legs uselessly against the cords. She held his dick in her hands for a moment more, tantalizingly breathed on it, then went back to rubbing in the lotion, this time around his ears, tapping his forehead, his nose. At the same time she reached around with her limber legs and traced her dexterous spread toes up and down his hip bones, reaching for his dick, then drawing back, reaching for it, then drawing back...

Then she ground her bare body against his, lying on him full length, her rock-hard nipples poking holes in his pectorals.

This torture had been going on for twenty minutes. His legs shook with frustration. "Please Babe... finish me off." He shut his eyes.

"Tonight, Mr. Rod Smithers Sykes has multiple orgasms," Tami said breathily. Then she flicked her tongue against his dick again, making it jump.

Now, silence. Where was she?

His eyes still shut, he whimpered, "P - please Babe... please..." In the back of his mind he knew this was pretty funny, but that did not ease his frustration.

After a few moments of excruciating silence, he opened his eyes.

Tami's face was six inches above his.

"Listen, Mack... do you want multiples, or not?"

He opened his mouth and didn't know what to say.

"You SAID you were jealous, right?"

He thought for a moment and nodded weakly.

"Well then," she said in a sudden soothing voice, caressing his face in her hands, "I've done a lot of reading about it. A LOT of reading. Listen then... Pretend I'm a majorette leading you."

He could identify with that, certainly. He decided that he could do what Tami was trying to achieve. He could follow Brigid, or follow Tami, anywhere faithfully.

"You have two ways to go," she said, fluttering her hands up and down his legs, barely touching them. "You can squirt, or hold onto your seed and go the other way. Breathe deep. Hold the squirt in."

"OHHH!" Tami was working her widely-open, engorged pussy lips right over the tip of his dick! Back and forth, back and forth, sawing wetly, just a tiny bit more each time. Rod felt the sap rising and breathed in and out furiously. Now his whole body tensed and was filled with a euphoric glow. He felt his fingers and toes spread. He was marching in his uniform, his fly open and his dick out and erect, feeling the cold air on it as it swung to and fro in front of him, watching the blotches and patches of redness on the bare skin of the white majorette in front of him, Frigid Brigid naked except for a little string passing across her waist and running into her butt, twirling and leading with the baton in her left hand. And now he was in his Jeep going up the mountain, brights on in a snowy night, then the lights illuminated a fork in the road, and instead of turning right over a cliff he turned left --

His body jumped up and spasmed! Then jerked up again! It was like any other orgasm except he felt no shooting, no emptying, except for a great clearing of the congestion in his pelvis, a great relief of all that pent-up tension...

As the spasms died down he opened his eyes. Tami was sitting between his thighs, watching his dick, bigger than he had ever seen it, leaping back and forth a few last times. A little river of clear wetness ran down the side.

He caught his breath. "Oh God..."

Tami cleared her throat. "Was that a real orgasm?"

"Oh Babe... That was the best!"

"Feel wrung out?"

"Oh man... yes..."

"Can you go again?"

Rod felt himself coming back to earth and realized something. "Yes, Babe, I can. I think, anyway." A strange feeling.

"OHHH!" Tami's lower lips once again worked their magic, sawing back and forth, back and forth... Again he was raised up the mountain, again he turned left... and again he spasmed and spasmed, even longer than the first time.

As he came down again he said "Oooh!" Tami was gently licking his nipples. A strange but pleasant sensation. His dick was still hard.

"W - what's that... wet stuff?"

"That's your pre-cum. That's why you're not getting what we white folks call blue balls."

"Oh... OHHHH!" Now she had his dick in her throat, sucking it. "Babe -- tchhkk -- p - please -- n - no - more -- TCHKKK! OHHH! Ohhhhhh..." Another turn to the left, this time without having to think about it --

 . . . .

He sat at the kitchen table naked, in a fog, a big dumb smile on his face, his dick hanging between his legs as he hunched forward. He smelled the bacon and eggs and blinked and looked up.

Tami eyed him gaily as she forked the bacon out of the pan. "How about some burnt connective tissue?"

"Yum."

She brought the plate over to him with a halting gait. He felt sorry for her continued state of frustration but he was hungry.

"You are really devious, know that? Rod Sykes. Who would have suspected?"

He smiled again as he ate. She was referring to the blow job she had given him upon awakening. Last night, after coming who knows how many times, he had finally squirted down her throat, at her request. Then she had united him and he curled up to sleep right away. Then this morning she started sucking him again. He came without squirting. After which she said, "Come on, Baby, this time squirt." Then as he crested again he said, "Here it comes -- Babe!" She took him in deep, only to be greeted with a few drops of pre-cum. Half laughing, half pissed off, she had said, "Come on! You'll be late for work! Feed me, Baby! I'm hungry!" "OK, OK." A minute later he unloaded a generous serving of protein.

She had a laptop open near the toaster that she went to.

"Babe," he said, "I am so lucky. I love you love you love you."

She smiled and went over to him and kissed his shaved scalp. "I figured -- I only started having multiples -- when I was tied up -- in Lab 6 -- that would be the way for you to learn too."

"I wish I could get you off," he said, looking at her swollen pussy lips hanging out from her lush plum-colored forest. "I hate to see you suffer so."

"That's -- nothing," Tami said. "Now that I'm horny and -- coming... I can't imaginge how it must be... to be a man. Having that big dick hard, and with clothes! Rubbing against the pants all the time, rubbing, rubbing... I don't know how you guys control yourselves! Look at this..." She turned the laptop torward him. "This blog is called 'married and loving it'. This man says... 'Wifey had another good strong orgasm. That was number ten. I hadn't come in about two weeks so she told me it was my turn'... Two weeks! He keeps himself unsatisfied so that he can please his wife over and over. Rubbing against pants every minute of every day... Such -- unselfishness... Such -- love..."

Poor guy, Rod thought. Denying himself while bringing hi wife so much pleasure. Then he realized that Tami could have been talking about himself, up until last night.

"Of course..." She kissed his scalp again. "That's not something you have to deal with any more! I'm so proud of you!"

She was turning back to the frying pan but he held her hand. "Babe... I'm so lucky. You gave me the finest thing any stone fox can give a dude." He wasn't fond of using "pimp" slang from his youth but he wanted to sound different on such an occasion. "Wow."

"I wanted you to be able to come like I can."

"Wow," he blubbered. "I'm still wiped out."

She returned to the pan and made her own plate. "So was I, the first time. It's like a muscle you build up. In time, you can get taken up a lot of comes and then go on with your day."

He wanted to ask but, knowing how Tami hated quantification, hesitated. Tami read his mind. "You came eight times. About the same as me, when I started."

Rod looked down at his dick, semi-erect. Usually it was hard this time of morning. Well, it had gotten a workout.

"Next time, we work on other body parts. Your dick doesn't have to be hard. It's good you like having your nipples licked. Tonight we'll do more stuff."

Rod laughed. He couldn't help it and didn't know why he did it. But he laughed, a happy laugh. This morning he was just a giggling idiot.

Tami smiled, then before she sat down to eat, looked down at her lower hair and picked out a piece of napkin that had gotten stuck there, then fluffed it, as if it were a lush fake-fur coat, or a fine angora sweater.

When his laughter had died down, Rod said, "So what's going today, Babe?" He wondered how she would spend yet another day not being allowed on campus.

"Today... I heard Lorinda's back in the dorm. My next project is to tell her I'm sorry."

"Oh man... Do you think there's any chance? That dried up immature..."

"I have to try, don't I? Maybe she'll -- understand and drop the charges."

"Maybe pigs will fly."

"Like I said, I have to try. There's no downside."

"Yes there is. You can get caught by campus security. You're not supposed to be on campus."

Tami didn't answer, except to watch Rod finish his breakfast and then to say, "Now get some clothes on, you naked shameless stud."

**Part 70**

On this spring evening, around the dorms at Campbell - Frank College, the scent of newly risen flowers and fertile, moist earth mingled in the air with young voices from the open windows. From Pilgrim Hall, Rankin Hall, and the other dorms, students could be heard chatting, laughing, sometimes singing, music from CD's playing here and there. Mid-terms over, finals a long way away, an easy, carefree season.

In Pilgrim Hall, Room 207, Jeanette and Latosha, sociology majors and best buds, dawdled over their texts for tomorrow's little quiz, stockinged feet up on their desks, lazily lobbing questions at each other while interrupting themselves with what 19-year-old girls talk about, clothes, boys, hair, what's on TV, clothes, shoes, boys, clothes, what's on TV, hair, clothes, shoes, clothes...

Three years ago, on a night like this, a happy naked freshman girl held court in this same room, a room full of friends, her legs casually spread wide, her crotch full of depilation cream, with a little pink clit poking out the middle, a pink mountain poking up from creamy clouds, perking up and down as the girl laughed with her friends, at her jokey hints as to her opinion of the hugeness of her boyfriend's penis.

Tonight, way down below Jeanette and Latosha, a more tanned, older, somewhat more muscular nude crouched furtively and illegally behind a bush, her toes sinking into the moist soil, trespassing and subject to arrest, waiting for the coast to clear. When no one seemed to be on the paths, she took a quick look at the ledges and cornices above her and then leapt up like a cat, scaling the side of the dorm, fingers and toes curling around each brick, sticking into each crevice, thighs and knees and rough browned nipples scraping against the masonry, tacking to the right, then to the left, her tight gluteals rippling... then up to one side of Jeanette and Latosha as they traded ideas as to their summer wardrobe, then up past them, approaching the window of Room 313.

Somehow Celine, studying in her jeans and T-shirt, was not startled by the tapping on the window. She had long thought she was psychic, and maybe she was. She got up from her desk and leaned over and saw the face of Tami Smithers, eyes and forehead partly obscured by the mussed plum-colored hair. Quite impressed, she craned her neck and noted the trim butt cheeks, then lower down the dexterous bare feet grabbing the two widely separated ledges.

Celine looked around the paths, and saw no one was around. This unusual and intelligent girl turned the handle on the old- fashioned wrought-iron window and it creaked open. A bare foot, the sole smeared with wet dirt, thrust in incongruously over the sill, the toes flexing and spreading in a strange sign language as their limber owner worked her way in. Clutching fingers appeared above on the door jamb, and in a moment Tami Smithers, only a little winded, stood her naked self upright in front of Lorinda's roommate, her chest stuck out, nipples erect as always, bare feet well apart, concave tummy undulating with her breathing.

Without having to speak they looked over at Lorinda, asleep in her bed on the other side of the room.

"You have a lot of courage," Celine said.

"Please don't tell anyone," Tami said.

"You're OK with me. And with every girl on this wing. What you did wasn't right but with all the shit you've gone through they should have gone easier on you." They looked at the injured girl, her jaw wired shut, slumbering in pink pajamas, under a fluffy green comforter.

"If you've come to apologize, or get her to drop the charges," Celine said, "even if she was awake, you'd be taking a huge risk. You're taking a huge risk anyway. You're not supposed to be on campus and she's sure to report you." They looked at Lorinda's regular breathing. "Not that she'll wake up."

"How is she doing?"

"She's back at class but she's always a little doped up. So she's not quite her usual snotnose self. And when she comes in at night, she takes the strong stuff. Tylenol IV."

Tami suddenly noticed her dirty feet. "Oh sorry." She tiptoed ridiculously to the doorway and rubbed her soles on the mat there.

When they got back to regarding the sleeping roommate, Celine said, "She's out cold, Tam. She can't hear us. You might as well go... Caroline has a car, she can take you home. We'll sneak you down the back way so campus security won't see you." She picked up her bag and started to put on a sweater. "I have to go tutor someone now anyway."

Tami thought for a moment. "Can I just sit with her?"

Celine shrugged. "You can stay if you want. Suit yourself. I'll tell Caroline you're here, if you need her. Room 309."

As Celine was about to open the door she turned and pensively drank in the tanned form of one of the most beautiful female bodies in the world. Celine had the gift of eloquent speech and now she used it.

"Strange, isn't it? By rights it's she who should be apologizing to you, for all the abuse she heaped on you all that time. As her roommate I've seen more of it than anyone. Four years of constant teasing and humiliation, her seeing every inch of you, into the depths of your embarrassment, you having to look into her eyes as you went through all those unwanted orgasms as a freshman. And then the teasing and abuse went on and on, all through your undergrad lives, hers and yours. Tami, forced to be naked, freezing your bare butt off, teased; Lorinda, all protected by clothes and shoes, the tormentor.

"And now, at the very end, your graduating from this school, your career -- all depends on whether SHE will forgive YOU." Celine put on her knit cap and left.

Tami turned off the overhead light, leaving just the nightlight on. In the semi-darkness she sat down cross-legged on the fluffy rug. After a moment she looked up and said, "It's just you and me now... Lorinda? Lorinda? Can you hear me?"

She bent forward as if to shake her awake, then changed her mind.

"Well if you can't hear me, I can say anything, can't I..."

She stretched her toes out and wiped a speck of mud off the third toe of her right foot. "Sorry for dirtying up your carpet... I gotta do my toes. I suppose it's coming up on pedicure season for everyone, now. For me, it's always pedicure season. I'll stay with the plum... it goes well with snow."

A little mordant grunt. "Weird. Wirklich, as they say in German. I'm in this dorm room surrounded by clothes and shoes. It sounds strange to talk about toes in the snow. But it's my life. At least until tomorrow, when we do the big... status orgasmus project, and I get clothes again." She shut her eyes and hugged her knees to her chest. "Clothes, clothes, clothes. I love being naked but it would be so good to be like everyone else. I remember in California, at that awful art gallery, when I was stretched out and freezing and Henry Ross --" a half- serious noise of spitting on the floor at the mention of this name -- "he finally got me to confess that I wasn't really a nudist, I was crying and panicky and freezing and shaking, and I begged him... I didn't beg for clothes, I begged just to be normal. That's what I am, really. A normal girl with a good heart, and I love and want to be loved in return. Just like anyone else."

She stood up. "I'm not really a nudist, you know. It was all a pose. I was a phony. I went on a stupid streaking dare the first week and got caught. I told security that nudity was my religion. The idea just popped into my head. It was a lie, I was being a coward. I was just a kid then. But then Jorgon, remember him, told me that if it was my religion then I had to follow it." She laughed. "So now you know. Crazy, right? Like some sex story you read on the internet."

She looked over at the long mirror that all dorm doors had on the inside. "Being naked is great though. Everyone should be that way. It's like you feel everything, so much more. Once you get over the shame. Being clothed seems like living with a blindfold on. And you can pick up things, like the change of weather, tiny changes in temperature... I can even 'smell' girls' perfume with my skin. Don't ask me to explain it." She cupped her breasts and looked down at her nipples. "I can even tell when people are thinking, sometimes. I'd hate to lose that. So after tomorrow, when I put on clothes, I'll still be naked at home, on weekends, any chance I get."

She looked at her reflection and playfully brought her arms up to a flexing-biceps pose. "Quite a bod, won't you say? Look at my waist, it's tiny! Every girl on campus wants this bod, most of the women professors too." She turned this way and that. "I'm not modest at all about it. All that grounds crew work, and being out in the sun all the time..."

Now she put her arms down and looked at the sleeping girl. "I know you want this body too. I've seen you look at me, when you're not ragging me. Well every little bit of me is out for all the world to see. Every bare toe, each nipple, my 'private parts' which aren't private at all... no matter what the time of year. And not only that, but inside me too. Everyone knows what the inside of my -- pussy -- looks like. And the inside of my rectum." She seemed to think a moment, then turned and got down on all fours, and spread her butt cheeks. "Don't worry, I cleaned myself a while ago. Jeane keeps giving me flavored enemas, this one's coconut, nice, right? Unhhh... See my 'inner butthole'? A drawing class did it last year. It's not gross at all. You stuck your finger in here once, remember? To feel my clenching? I was terribly shamed but I have to admit, those were some fierce orgasms. Jen's tongue is amazing."

She stood up again and spread her lower lips. Her clit jumped up and down. "Hi hi!" She giggled, her clit laughing too. "Weird again. I talk about my daily life and in this room it sounds weird. Like I'm an alien. Maybe I am... The only naked person on the planet."

Tami drifted toward Celine's desk and looked out at the stars. "Sometimes I imagine I'm from somewhere else. Like there's a bunch of people who see me and read about me, like I'm a character in a story. A story board. Where girls are stripped naked. And there's other girls. I'm not the first, or the most popular. Maybe not the best written, but I am surely the nakedest. And the story goes on and on.

"I was stripped so long ago, been naked so long... And I imagine people out there saying my story's run its course. But I have to keep on living. That's what they don't understand. They can turn away from my story and go on with their lives... But what about MY life? I have to still get up every morning, naked, and make my way through the world, naked...

"Sometimes I want to say to those people who read about me: I'm in your head forever. You read about me going across the country without any clothes or money or stuff, just my bare body and my wits, and I'm still journeying. Look around. Behind that bush, there's a naked girl looking at you. Under that bridge, there's a naked girl looking up at you. Behind that tree. Under those stairs. Behind that garage. Splashing across that river. No, that wasn't a dream. That was Tami, naked, desperately searching for clothes, hoping you'll give her some.

"A naked girl in a world of the clothed. I feel, like, so alone, unique. And you know... people keep telling me how strong I am, all the things I've been through, physically, mentally, how all those things were done to me and I didn't crack... how I'm like a super-girl. . ."

She shook her head and stood up straight, her breasts stuck out. "They're RIGHT, dammit! I AM a super-girl! Who could have gone through all that! I went through hell, I walked naked through blizzards, I made my way naked across the country, hiding from the police, I had..." She bent over, clutching her stomach. "I wouldn't let those pony farm people hurt my parents even though that horrid tail thing inside me was banging my ovaries. God, that's the worst pain I ever felt in my life." She stood up again. "I am incredibly strong. It's just the truth.

"But..." Her shoulders slumped. "I don't want to be a super-girl. When people tell me how strong I am, they set me apart. It's a way of being lonely. I want to be a regular girl like everyone else, who wears clothes... I just want to be normal.

"Thank God I have Rod, and my friends, and my family." She looked down at the tattoo on her toe -- I BELONG TO ROD. "Rod, he's my anchor. I am SO lucky to have him. He feels like he's inadequate, not as strong as me. But think of how he must feel, walking next to me, with everyone looking at this naked white girl next to him. Thinking he's a pimp? Or something. Not being able to know how in love he really is. It's been as nerve- wracking for him as it was for me, I can feel it," she said, looking down at her nipples. "Sticking with me takes courage.

"And a strong tongue." She laughed. "Finally I got to give something back to him. I gave him multiple orgasms last night. It's possible for guys, you know."

She knelt down next to the sleeping girl. "People want to know what it feels like, to be naked all the time, have orgasms in public and carry on conversations while my body is jerking like a marionette on someone's tongue. Well I'll tell you. I feel like I'm turned inside out and everyone can see my guts and and secret inner self... And... it's really not so bad. I was stripped naked in every way you could think of. But I got back a lot more than what was taken from me. A LOT more."

She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror, and fluffed her pubic hair. "And I'm not really naked. My hair is my clothes. And it's all over me. Most of me has tiny, tiny hairs if you look close enough. I'm a beautiful animal. It's my natural fur." She fluffed the hair on her head, fluffed her pubic hair again. "I love my clothes."

A loud snore from Lorinda gave Tami a start. Without waking, the sleeping girl turned. In a moment her breathing was as low and regular as before.

"It's the most wonderful feeling. To come, and come... loud and heavy and... Since I've been, like, abstaining, the last two weeks, I've obsessed on the topic of orgasms. I've done a lot of reading on it. There's so much about sex that the average girl doesn't know. A lot of it is spiritual stuff. I'm not like that. I like my orgasms to be physical. The all-body spasms, jerking right through me, the pounding in my veins, the scream of pure ecstacy. Yes, yes, YES!!" She clutched herself, knees shaking, having awakened the sexual urge that she had been trying to suppress.

"GOD I'm horny... Tomorrow's the big day. Finally my friends'll make me come again. On and on. And then... clothes!"

With a sudden look she turned to Lorinda. "You don't know, do you? It just struck me. You've never had an orgasm in your life. That explains a lot. That's the real reason you went to that workshop with me and Jen and Ms. Congi. You're jealous, aren't you? I saw that look of yours. A few weeks ago, my friends were licking me in the library and you passed by with Celine. I was going into my spasms, Rosaria was licking my... vagina, Jeane was sucking my toes, Barbara was sticking her finger into my butt and sucking on a nipple, man oh man she likes to bite... and as I crested and my eyes got back into focus, I saw you glance at me. You were jealous. No wonder. I've gotten so much more pleasure than you can ever imagine.

"That was a long, long come. I thought it would never stop. People passed by, I think I said hi to Trent, and the waves just kept on and on. I remember all my comes, really well. . . That one was the twelfth of the day... Twelfth..."

The naked girl's face went slack and she stared at the window.

"Thirty-four thousand, seven hundred sixteen."

She blinked and her eyes got wet. "Ever since that first one, with that knob up my butt, in Lab 6, Dr. Harridance checking it off on his clipboard... I've counted every damn one. Thirty-four thousand, seven hundred sixteen." She shut her eyes. "DAMN it!! Why do I have to be so good with numbers! I can't help counting. Every single -- come -- I've had, in the back of my mind I COUNT it! Every damn one for three and a half years!" She shook her head. "No matter how close I feel to Rod, no matter how... great... explosive each one is, reaching deep into my... soul... in the back of my mind I COUNT! Like that damn scoreboard thing in Lab 6!" Now hands went up to eyes as if to block out a horrible sight. "I want to wipe it out, forget about it... but I just can't ever stop it. It's in the marrow of my bones, that deep secret place where no one can ever go but me, but in that secret place, there's Mr. McMasters and those assistants and those damn giant dildos pumping into me... and I have to look them in the eye each time!!! Ross! I hate Henry Ross!! But he's always in that secret place!! Shouting at me, calling Rod a -- a bad word... his face staring right into me... ohhh..."

Tami crumpled to the floor and sniffled, her hands still over her eyes, curled up into a fetal position, clutching her knees closed with her elbows, one foot over the other so that at least one set of bare toes would be covered. She sobbed sofly for a few moments. Then she was quiet. A few minutes went by, the naked girl curled up on the rug, Lorinda snoring in her drug- induced slumber before turning again and breathing silently.

Tami recovered, catching her breath. She uncurled and opened her eyes. "Sorry," she muttered ridiculously to her unconscious audience.

She stood up, breasts heaving as she caught her breath, and faced Lorinda's sleeping form.

"Lorinda, I just want to say I'm really sorry for what I did. I lost control, but that's no excuse. I knew how strong I was and I came this close to killing you." Tami held up her hand and put her thumb a half inch from her index finger and looked at it. "This... close...

"I don't blame you if you don't forgive me. But just think of me sometimes, OK? When you get the urge to feel mean to someone, when you get jealous of a girl who's got a good body and you want to humiliate her by ripping her clothes off... just think of me."

Tami went to the window and looked out. It was late now and the voices were fewer and quieter, the paths deserted. She opened the window and looked out at the campus. "Guess my time here is over. Or nearly so. It's been a really long and wild ride. A naked ride, of course." And then she flipped around and set her toes down on the brickface outside and was gone.

**Part 71**

The frigid wind blowing in their faces, the ten heavily clothed friends, and Rod and Dr. Kantor and Dr. Abu-Jamal, stood in a circle, some of them sipping hot coffees, and regarded the naked young woman in their midst.

Tami Smithers, once and soon to be wearer of clothes, stood upright, her bare feet, the reddened toes, the world's thickest soles, flat on the crusty ice, her bare skin flushed with the cold, her breasts bravely thrust forward, her nipples rock hard facing the cold blasts, her shoulders back, the wind ruffling her neck-length hair, the plum color sparkling in the bright arctic sun, her green eyes barely visible as she squinted, her pubic hair ruffling furiously in the wind, her hands in tight fists at her hips.

This was Mount Washington, New Hampshire, famously cold and windy, even on what was a pleasant April day down at the college. A spot carefully chosen by the Chalfont committee. To the left, a little gulley deep with snow, and further up, a level clearing with Sessu all bundled up, beating his gloved hands together, stamping his clumpy Inuit boots, next to his scaffold-like device, which he referred to informally as "the Tami lover".

Rod, the appropriate M.C. of this event, tried in vain to scratch his itchy thermals under three layers of clothes and thick gloves. He felt miserable, thinking once again of a high school band in nice long wool uniforms and thermals marching behind a nearly naked majorette who was twirling a baton and freezing her bare buns off. He was not good at extemporaneous speeches. He had composed something to say, as he held up in front of him the warm fake-fur coat just in Tami's size. Next to him, Jen and Leisha held up the fluffy gloves, the warm fluffy boots.

"Babe, I know you told me you didn't want to be cold any more. Today you will be cold, very cold, but you are clothed with love from me and from your many many friends. And in a little while your friends will... love you, and you will have clothes again. It will be a big jolt, and a big risk, but I know it'll end up OK. You will not be cold any more. You will be all snuggled up in warmth, all over your body, and you will never have to be naked again. Only when you want to be. No more having to be. And you can go anywhere you want." He felt himself getting wordy and cut himself off.

He nodded to Dr. Abu Jamal, who took the long thermometer out of its case and tapped on the remote reader to turn it on. Then he handed it to Georgene and Spica, the TL's who had drawn lots to win this honor.

Spica had wanted to be naked too, out of solidarity, but Georgene had wisely talked her out of it. So Spica in her bright purple peacoat and black jeans and Uggs, and Georgene in her full-length insulated jacket and ski cap and hiking boots, approached their naked Queen. Tami turned around and bent to touch her ankles. She spread her legs, her toes spreading and grabbing the ice, and limber as she was, bent and bent until her forehead was on the ground.

They had practiced it over and over so it was easy. Georgene applied the vaseline to the tip and then Spica brought it to the world's most recognized anus, part of the TLs' playground, which Tami helpfully dilated to the size of a quarter. Everyone cringed in their coats as they thought of the subfreezing wind curling around inside Tami's most secret place. Spica slid the long flexible tube in to the place that the TL's playfully referred to as the "vault", further, further, until it met a little resistance, and Tami twisted her hips a little and it slid in even further, ten inches or so. Then the anus closed around it.

For the TL's this was a bittersweet day. They wanted to do what was best for Tami, but knew that it meant the end of their way of life, that beginning soon they would not have the benefit of the sight of their Queen's beauty at all times, the ready access to every precious curve and crevice of her body. Georgene and Spica each placed a gloved hand onto a bare butt cheek and kissed it. "We love you, Queen."

Tami was starting to shiver but was able to bob the end of the thermometer up and down, waving it in everyone's faces. Then, as only she could do, she waved it left to right, then in a circle. Which brought a smile to everyone.

She stood up and turned to them and gave her body an exaggerated shake all over, meant to be jokey, but they still cringed, and almost cried, thinking of the warmth they enjoyed in their coverings, which she was still denied, which she had been denied for three and a half years... but now...

Georgene and Spica held her hands as she walked over a little ridge, her toes curling over the icy rocks, then into the little valley where she lay down on her side. This was the most disquieting part of the process and Rod just didn't want to take part, no one did. But Rosaria and Jen and Trent and Cyrus and Melissa got the shovels out of the big van and carefully spread the snow onto the white naked form. Rod could barely look. The shovelfuls fell gently, as if burying a beloved pet.

In five minutes Tami Smithers was hidden under a pile of snow. Rod sidled over to Dr. Abu Jamal, watching his remote reader. Tami's rectal temperature was 36 degrees Celsius, which was normal. The plan was to chill her to 30, the verge of hypothermia, then fish her out and...

He looked at the fluffy pile of snow and kept telling himself that Tami was in no danger. Abu Jamal had told him about cryogenic surgery in Russia, how they would chill the body so as to minimize infection and unexpected bleeds. Of course, those patients were put under first. Poor naked Tami was wide awake and could feel every degree of the intense cold, cold, colder...

He shut his eyes and turned. Then he made himself turn back. The TL's, and Trent, and Cyrus, they were gathered around, as if it was a snowy grave and they were paying their respects. In a sense the image was apt. The old Tami was being buried away and a new Tami would soon emerge, the clothed Tami, like a phoenix rising from ashes, though instead of immolation it was via deep freeze.

His gaze lifted up to the deep blue of the clear mountain sky. He pondered that he was actually looking at the stars, too faint to consciously detect, but they were out there anyway. Like the stars in the desert sky that Tami looked at long ago, naked and cold and praying for help, or baking in the sun, or contemplating the nighttime gegenschein and the universe, as the rough grass of the Texas chaparral scraped her bare butt. How he wished he could have helped then. At the time he was doing an engineering internship, thinking she was doing similar work for a math professor.

It was like a segment of her life that was ending... Tami: The Naked Years. He would miss her...

Giving him a playful goodbye kiss, then taking the short way to campus, hopping through the woods like a rabbit, breasts bouncing, bare feet finding each stone and log, deceptively speedy, suddenly disappearing behind the thickets of leaves and bushes...

Her amazing capacity for alcohol. She was particular about her martinis. "I'm not allergic to vermouth, you know..."

The footraces she would always win at the annual charity carnival, scooting way past the competition on the quad on tough bare feet...

The public celebration of her glorious nudity, the "match Tami's nipples" contest to benefit the local food bank, two tickets to a Red Sox game for the person who could find a scarf the same color as her areolas, a matter of weather forecasting as much as anything else as more sun meant tanner nipples, Tami proudly and smilingly holding up the winning scarf next to her nipples for the campus paper...

Tami convulsing from orgasm to orgasm as she cheerfully chatted with friends passing by in the library lounge, waving hi to professors, talking about classes and politics and "American Idol" in sentences punctuated by moans and gasps, as TL's licked and sucked and noodled her from below, in front, behind... Laughing at jokes... Jeane's boyfriend Mike expressed the campus consensus. "The sound of Tami coming and laughing at the same time is the happiest sound in the world."

The refusal to take bullshit. That creep at the math major convocation making a crack about him being her pimp, and then getting all embarrassed and saying, "I'm sorry, Tami. I didn't know he was your husband." And Tami downing her martini and flicking a drop off her nipple and saying, "If he wasn't, it would have been just as big a mistake. Apology NOT accepted..."

The occasional German phrase. "Mochtest du wein?" "Would you like some wine?" "Germany is such a totally naked-friendly country..."

The spunky Recording Secretary of the Student Government, standing up pluckily and nakedly in front of the monthly meetings, taking attendance, chiding those who were late...

The wild fashion ride of her sophomore year, her crotch the center of the campus's attention, the riot of pubic hair dyes, shavings, braids, ribbons, stopped on the campus paths with legs widely and proudly spread as seemingly half the campus crowded around to compliment her... showing off her new toenail polish, her spread toes sparkling with snow...

The surprisingly good reception of his old neighbors in Roxbury when they took a chance and visited together. Having tea in that old house, that his mother really couldn't take care of any more. The neighborhood had aged, it was still mostly black but all those folks were now old, and they cottoned to her (children of sharecroppers) and treated her like visiting royalty, old Mr. Granger and Mr. Madison and Mr. McCabe and their wives, who looked on tolerantly as the wizened old men politely but eagerly took in the doubly out of place whiteness of Tami's magnificent nudity...

The bareness of her body next to the lab coats of everyone else, working closely with Gretchen on the new fabric that would be warm in the cold and breathe in the heat, for people like Joe and Roger, serving their country...

That Tami, the Tami who was soon no longer to be, would always be with him, would always be with everyone who met her. They would see visions of a naked girl for the rest of their lives, hiding behind buildings, lounging in streams, crouched on tree branches, darting through hallways, watching, bearing witness to misfortunate and evil and meanness and how simple loving bravery can win out...

"Rodney! Mr. Sykes!"

Rod's reverie was interrupted by the high-pitched voice of Dr. Abu Jamal, who pointed out the 30 degrees on the remote reader, and the bluish toes sticking out of the pile of snow. Trent and Cyrus and Melissa and Spica dug down with their gloved hands to the interred hands and feet and head, per instructions. They gently leveraged the bluish, stiff, naked form upright, snow stuck to her all over. They held her by both arms as her snow- encrusted feet stumbled up to where Sessu and the scaffold awaited.

She had to be tied to it; otherwise she would slip out. Wrists and ankles were fastened and Tami now was stretched out into a bent-forward X, every inch subject to the full force of the biting wind. The TL's carefully assembled near their stations.

Jen and Georgene stood in front, looking up to contemplate the snowy face, the closed eyes, the hair frozen to the scalp. "Well, it's time," Georgene said. "Go ahead."

"No, you." Jen's pretty African-American face framed in the Peter Pan haircut smiled magnanimously.

"Oh thank you..." Georgene hugged Jen, surprised and grateful for the honor. Then Georgene composed herself and sat on the ledge in front of Tami's pussy. She breathed on the chunks of snow stuck to the plum-colored lower hair to melt them. Then her tongue reached out, sparklng wetly and brightly in the mountain sun, and made contact, laying flat against Tami's vulva.

Jeane and Melissa were seated down on each side and, in coordination, each sucked on a little toe, then worked their way up. Spica and Rosaria sucked on fingers. Starting with the extremities was the best way to get the blood going again, beginning the long journey up. Now Leisha took a place at one nipple, Jen at the other, holding hands. Finally Myra took her seat behind, spread Tami's butt cheeks, and noodled her tongue inward.

The men, Rod and the two doctors and Trent and Cyrus and Sessu, stood around, Rod holding the coat, Trent holding the gloves, Cyrus the boots, as the young women slowly brought the half-frozen corpse to life. Tami's eyes opened, at first a dull stare, and then she blinked and slowly turned to Rod and a weak smile, until her head was jerked away by an ardent suck by Georgene coordinated with an ardent thrust by Myra's tongue. The TL's were once again, maybe for the last time, frolicking in their playground, Tami's body. The naked skin lost its bluish hue and went to purplish and then to reddish. Tami was being escalated by stages.

Status orgasmus is a sustained orgasm, Rod had been instructed, starting with a two to four second "spastic contraction", then lasting possibly lasting 45 seconds. He pondered that. 45 seconds. He sat down once, with his watch, and waited the full 45 seconds. That was a long, long orgasm. Working with the TL's, Dr. Kantor had plotted the surest way to get there, so that endorphins could be maximized and prolonged as clothing was applied.

The first grunt from Tami grabbed the men's attention. The TL's were working together, playing each part of Tami's body in tandem, like an orchestra in the first movement of a symphony. Tongues were now assisted by gloved hands and coated arms as Tami was rubbed and caressed, her butt, her legs, her back, her shoulders, her face, her tummy. As if in aggregation the tongues and arms were her covering, her clothes.

Soon she was grunting rhythmically, as if she were an animal with no power of speech, as the TL's jabbed with their tongues. "Huh... unhh... huh... huh..." They were going up too fast. Jen, her mouth not leaving the nipple, held up her arms and the tongues slowed down, backed off somewhat. Tami gritted her teeth as if in agony, being so long denied, now forced to wait when she least wanted it. Her legs stiffened, her toes spread. Still going up too fast, Jen brought down her flat palms, like a conductor signaling pianissimo. The sucking ceased, tongues barely kept contact, gloved hands caressed butt cheeks and shoulders and thighs gently, very very gently, barely touching the electrified skin.

"Ohhh... Jesussss... " Tami's concave tummy quaked, her body reddish and actually sweating in the cold, her breath making a little clouds. She was actually giving off heat, as if she could melt the mountain all by herself. The TL's were sweating too under their coats, in their own peculiar euphoria.

Sessu had been overseeing how his invention had held out -- pretty well -- but now had another role. He handed out the contents of his bag to each TL. A short whip-like thing, with ribbons two feet long. The TL's drew away from their Queen's body and flicked the ribbons lightly against her, drawing them lightly over each inch of her body, across her nipples, along her anus, between her pussy lips, across her soles.

"Ohhh... ohhh please..." Tami strained mightly at her bonds with all her considerable strength. The scaffold groaned and creaked but held. The whole structure shook with her frustration.

Now the TL's withdrew further and started whipping her with the ribbons. Harder and harder, the sibilant smack of each blow crackling through the wintry air. Jen and Leisha seared each breast alternately, making them jump back and forth. Myra whipped at the anal ring furiously. Georgene was assisted by Spica, who held the lower lips wide apart as Georgene whipped the ribbons against Tami's clit, poking out red and stiff and wet, steam seeming to come off it.

"AIEEEE!! AIEEEE!!" Tami's body jumped with each lash, jumping in a different direction depending on where the lash fell.

And now the whips were flung aside and all eight tongues bore in, and Tami's eyes popped wide open as the TL's worked all their strength and all their skill and all their love, pushing her up, up, up to the top --

The great spastic contraction rocked the scaffold and almost threw the TL's back onto the snow. Rod and his assistants looked at each other and approached for the great moment. Now the first jolt shook the scaffold, then the second, then the third...

It was not an ordinary orgasm. Rod counted. Jolt, jolt, jolt... he could hardly imagine the ecstasy the naked girl was experiencing... twelve jolts, thirteen, fourteen...

He looked quickly at Dr. Kantor and Dr. Abu Jamal. Yes, this was it -- the status orgasmus!

"I LOVE YOU BABE!" he shouted as he enshrouded the heavy coat around Tami's heaving shoulders. Trent fitted the gloves at the bound wrists. Cyrus slipped on the boots at the bound ankles.

"AAIIIRRGGHHHHH!!" A great roar tore from her throat, echoing off the wintry slopes, off the rock face, as the metabolism of Tami Smithers was wrenched violently and permanently and irrevocably into another direction --

**Part 72**

Rod blinked, wondering why he kept staring at those overhead stage lights, and shifted uneasily in his itchy, rented tuxedo. He again opened the glossy program at his little table, keeping track of where they were in the presentation. Then he glanced around at the tables all around him.

The place was huge. This International Fashion Foundation was a well-heeled outfit. Such an opulent setting. There had to be a thousand people here. Not many were alone like he was. Most were in couples, or in groups of three or four. All well done up. "Black tie", the invitation had said.

And it was freezing in this place. Maybe in Montreal they assumed everyone else had the same tolerance of cold as Canadians. He was thankful for once for being covered in long sleeves and pants, cinched up to the neck. Despite the things weighing on his mind he was bemused by all the women in backless and sleeveless gowns, the bare legs and sandals. Usually he resented dress codes. They were so unfair to guys, and pure hell in hot weather. But it was funny to see all these white arms and bare shoulders -- well, some were brown -- rubbed by their owners' hands to keep warm. A few had been draped with tuxedo jackets by their chivalrous companions.

"Now, entrant number eight, Nadya Walewska, University of Gdansk, modeled by Cerena Jacunski..." Yet another pretty, skeletal model, strutting up the runway with the standard pissed- off expression, this one wearing a diaphanous metallic-looking pants suit... Rod tried to pay attention. But he could not take his mind off that notice that was burning a hole in his jacket pocket.

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He hadn't told Tami about it yet. Yet he had known it was coming. Notices had been raining down on his National Guard regiment, even as more and more of the engineers had started not showing up for the weekend maneuvers to receive them. He didn't want to burden Tami with the possibility, with all the rest she had to deal with. But now, of course, the worst had come true. A few weeks at Fort Dix, then off to Iraq.

Breaking it to her was best if he had a plan. And he had one, distasteful as it was. That big project near Toronto that was hiring. Several of his regiment had escaped there after they had gotten the call, and had told him a spot was waiting for him, even as he pretended not to hear. He disliked them calling it an "underground railroad", it trivialized the past, but in a way that's what it was. He had shut his mind to it; it was totally against his nature. His mother would be ashamed, for sure. But he had to do what was right. He was a husband with responsibilities. In Canada he would be employed, he would be sending home money… and he would be alive. Tami had a father in critical condition, the family business shuttered, deep in debt, a mother plunged into depression, a brother stuck in Iraq for another year dodging car bombs, and a dubious future for herself.

At least Tami wasn't going to get expelled from Campbell - Frank College. That disciplinary hearing was a heart-stopper. Tami, standing bravely in front of that committee, admitting that breaking Lorinda's jaw was all her fault -- Acting Dean Noyes about to announce, reluctantly but inescapably, her expulsion -- and then Lorinda's surprise appearance, speaking through wired teeth, saying that she realized all that she had put Tami through and that she was withdrawing the charges, then leaving with her eyes down. What a shock. Whatever Tami said to Lorinda that night in the dorm, it had obviously worked.

So Tami was going to graduate. And then what? Grad school was out of the question. She had to make money right away for her family. But she was precluded by that defense contract from patenting or selling her Cherish formula, and really Cherish was all she had that was sellable. Her clothing designs were too weird to be marketable -- they might be "Tami Originals" but they were not recognizable. Pants or overalls? Boots or leggings? He was too kind to point it out to her but it was clearly true.

And the money from the defense contract wouldn't come in unless she won this goddamn competition. Which was impossible. The International judges would never reward someone in bed with the American military industrial complex. And they knew about the contract. He blew his stack when the programs came in the mail. The blurb under Tami's name, on page 6, mentioned that she had sold her creation to the Pentagon. He was immediately on the phone screaming bloody murder at Girardo. The old man protested that he hadn't included that in what he sent them. But somehow they had found out. Someone was trying, over and over, to screw Tami from afar. The guy who drafted the contract. The guy operating the torturing tail from the FAA control tower. Rod was certain who...

As it was, the mention at the end of Tami's blurb sat there, in plain print, damning her. It was perfectly clear to everyone reading the program that THIS girl wasn't going to win. Once again, he felt so mad, but had no outlet for his anger.

Rod wearily looked at page 6 as the latest model exited the huge, wide stage. The MC, a stern-looking woman named Pierrette Louis-Jacques, in silvery hair and a red long-sleeved gown, had told everyone to hold their applause till the end. Now she looked out into the audience and announced the next entrant and the next model. Suddenly Rod realized that Tami's design was the next after this one. He hoped that backstage Gretchen wasn't breaking a heel as she fidgeted and got ready.

This one was a tall black woman of about 30, maybe. She was wearing a flowing robe over very tight leggings. She actually gave a half-smile as she teetered on high heeled shoes with pointy toes. With so much on his mind, Rod's observations became irritable. What is it with women and shoes, anyway? They gravitate to styles that hurt their feet as much as possible...

He took in a breath and braced himself. "Next, entrant number fourteen, Tami Smithers, Campbell - Frank College, South Lowell, Campbell County, Vermont, modeled by Gretchen Spaulding."

Gretchen, being Gretchen, was nervous, conscious of her height and the slight chubbiness that set her off from the other models, but she did not do too badly as she sauntered to the front of the runway, and did her well-rehearsed little turn. The tan garment was Tami's most conservative cut, a longish tunic- style dress, flowing around the arms, successfully hiding Gretchen's love handles, setting off Gretchen's pale skin and blonde hair nicely. Her low-heeled pumps looked downright sensible.

It was time for the narrative. Ms. Louis-Jacques said, "This entry uses a polymer-based fabric that Ms. Smithers has developed with Ms. Spaulding's help. It is lightweight and designed to hold in body heat, but to wick heat away in hot weather. This purpose is achieved through catenary-style shirring..." As the technical jargon flowed out, probably making some sense to this pretty sophisticated crowd, Rod tried to catch Gretchen's eye. He succeeded. She winked and he smiled and gave him a thumbs up. And now a broad smile from Gretchen, lighting up the room, a first for the night's models, and a little playful sway of the hips, from the first model tonight who had any.

The brief narrative ended. With an unusual (for her) graceful skip, Gretchen turned back and strutted off the stage. Whew. Rod was afraid she'd trip. But she did well and was quite fetching.

Now his smile faded and he found himself again falling into despair. He put his head in his hands. There were no good choices. He would have to tell Tami he was going to Canada. In his mind he rehearsed his exact words. And rehearsed them again. They still seemed to come out wrong.

He felt so inadequate and helpless, and once again pictured himself working his trombone, all dressed up on a freezing cold day, having marched in the front of the band for five miles through the biting icy wind, now finally entering Foxboro Stadium, for the pregame show before the Patriots took the field, a great honor for his high school, and as the band turned onto the field, all covered from head to foot with their thermals on, they followed in silent unease behind the faltering steps of their nearly naked, blue-skinned, now seriously hypothermic majorette --

Third place and second prize had been announced while he was in his miserable daze. Now Ms. Louis-Jacques said, "Before I announce the winner of this year's International, I must note that we have had more publicity this year than ever before. You obviously notice that many from the press are here. We are happy to have them, and it is good that more people know about us. The winner of this prize will be interviewed and his or her creations will widely publicized. Let me just advise the winner to handle this new-found fame with caution and responsibility. I don't want to be seeing you a year from now you on the cover of National Enquirer." Some laughter, mostly from the women rubbing their cold bare shoulders and arms.

"And now the winner of the fifty-first annual International Fashion Foundation Award. The winner receives a full scholarship to the Rhode Island School of Design, with adjunct professor status. Also he or she will have a slot at this year's Bryant Park show in New York." She opened the envelope. And opened her eyes wide and blinked. "Tami Smithers, for her design called 'Cherish'!"

Rod's head shot up. He had been rubbing his eyes and they were bleary. The thunderous applause stunned him. It took a few seconds before he could gather his wits and remember who he was, and begin to rise.

"Accepting the award for Ms. Smithers, her husband, Rodney Sikes."

He almost stumbled as he lurched down the carpeted aisle, fumbling in his pocket for the little speech Tami had written on the off chance that she would win. As he got closer he strode more upright. He felt borne up as if on a cloud, weightless, going up to a new world, as the realities of that world flashed before him.

Tami was going home to Rhode Island.

She was going to get that huge defense contract advance. Her family's financial problems were solved.

His mother didn't have to sell her house. Tami could stay with her. It was only a 20-minute drive in to Providence from there.

And, of course, he had to report to Fort Dix. She couldn't very well receive Department of Defense money if her husband was a deserter.

Going to Iraq scared him, of course, as it would anyone. But he was weirdly happy. Finally I get to sacrifice for Tami's benefit, after all the sacrificing she had done. In his dream life he dropped the trombone and grabbed Frigid Brigid, and carried her over to throw her into a heated pool that had materialized in the middle of the field, and as her body tingled and came back to pinkish, ruddy life he himself stripped and they hugged and kissed in the hot water as the stadium and the rest of their band cheered.

He scaled the steps and his shoes stepped from the red carpeting onto the cold polished marble, and shook hands with Ms. Louis-Jacques, who handed him the little pyramid-shaped trophy, which he held up playfully. He unfolded the short speech and looked out to the crowd and was amazed at their applause that went on and on, like one of Tami's orgasms, or like his own lately.

Rod thought of people who surprise you: of liberal fashionistas honoring a defense contractor; of foppy, limp- wristed professors with sharp legal minds; of immature, abusive girls who suddenly forgive; of stuck-up fundamentalist college people who found a warm place in their hearts for a naked student; of ground crew workers who turned out to be ingenious and wise; of a traditional black family that welcomed a white girl. And of a scared freshman, stripped and terrified, who survived her trials to become the bravest and strongest person he had ever met.

As the applause died down he cleared his throat, and was glad the words were in front of him to read. "I would like to thank you for this great honor and sorry I could not appear to receive it. I dedicate this award to my husband Rod," -- a little smile -- "and to my friends, and to Gretchen, who helped me with the chemistry, and most of all to my family. My design Cherish is named after a wild horse that saved my life. I hope that it will be of use to our soldiers in inclement conditions, to people like Gretchen's fiancé Roger, and especially to my brother Joe. Joe, your big sister loves you. And finally I hope that..." Rod found himself choking on the words but went on. "... I hope that all our soldiers like Joe and Roger come home soon."

This brought down the house. The applause became a standing ovation.

Rod bowed modestly, felt like he had to hold up the trophy again but decided against it, and in the pandemonium and flashing lights of dozens of cameras Ms. Louis-Jacques came over and held her hand up. Such was her presence that people stopped cheering almost on cue and the light flashes stopped.

"In your kit I'm sure you noticed the little zippered pouch with instructions not to open it until the show is over. Well I'd like you to open it now. It contains a half-yard of Cherish. Drape it over your shoulders, ladies, I think you'll be surprised."

Some unzipping and then the nearly weightless tan cloths came out. After two seconds or so, a massed chorus of female cooing filled the huge hall as cold shoulders suddenly got warm. Then laughter at the uninhibited cooing. Then another buildup of applause.

Now clapping was joined by whistling and shouts from the gratefully warmed women and the tuxedoed men. Rod and Ms. Louis- Jacques looked at each other and smiled. At a sign from Rod, Gretchen came out and bowed, now in her formal black dress, holding the long tunic made of Cherish up on a hanger, as the shouts got louder and more flashbulbs popped.

Her name was Caroline Unger and she was the stage manager of the event, and not one to let a good turn go unappreciated. She appeared from behind the curtain, clipboard in hand, pulling ferociously on a bare arm. And now the arm was followed by its owner.

One's first impression was of illness, but the bald scalp was tanned, the eyebrowless face strong and pretty, the naked bronze body lithely muscled, from the squared shoulders down past the firm breasts, the concave tummy, the bare lower lips with the little clit peeking out above, the strong legs and tough bare feet with widely spaced toes. Allergic not only to fabric but to her own hair now, she must undergo twice-weekly full-body depilations, a communal endeavor best done in the open air. Hence her desire to stay hidden and not a visual distraction to the proceedings.

Caroline Unger would have none of that. She turned Tami Smithers to the crowd so that the naked young woman could acknowledge their applause. Tears ran down many faces as they cheered the creator of this revolutionary fabric, which enshrouded so many bare shoulders in its warm, velvety embrace. Careful to keep her bare feet away from the carpeting, Tami bowed modestly, the constant popping of camera lights playing across her body. Gretchen walked over and handed her the tunic on the hanger.

Smiling happily at Rod and Gretchen, looking out at the standing, shouting crowd, thinking of people far away, Tami stood in the chilly auditorium air, holding up the wire hanger with the tunic next to her -- though not close, because she could not allow the merest touch against her tanned, cold-stiffened nipples, not even for a second.

THE END