Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 1

By Katie

It was Sunday. Tami and Rod were in the midst of their normal Sunday activity.  
  
“OH GOD ROD…UGGGHH!”  
  
Sunday was their traditional “... Day,” a day that the two of them were together and alone at Rod’s apartment as his roommate went home for an overnight. Most of that time they spent in bed, giving Tami orgasm after orgasm. The experiments at Chalfont and the multiple moments with Jen gave the naked girl an insatiable capacity for sexual pleasure. One orgasm was not enough for her now. She needed repeated opportunities and Sunday was her day to scratch that itch. Sometimes she felt guilty about it. After all, she was Catholic and Sunday meant something different for the years she was growing up but in her current state there was no way she would set foot in a church.  
  
Right now, she was on the cusp of orgasm number eight. She was riding Rod, bouncing up and down on his long, thick cock. Her superhuman strength when engaged in sex amazed her boyfriend every time. By now, he was mostly exhausted but Tami seemed to find a reserve of energy every time.   
  
“UHHHHH!!” And she stiffened and rode her way through orgasm eight. After all of the sex at Chalfont, she had amazing muscle tone in her vagina and she was able to milk Rod’s organ as he screamed out simultaneously with his third orgasm. His sperm filled her, coating her with warmth that was missing when she was brought to orgasm after orgasm on that machine at Chalfont. She yearned for this personal attention and soaked it up as often as possible on their Sundays.  
  
This time though she slumped on top of her exhausted boyfriend, though his penis was still inside of her. She loved the full feeling that it gave her and she angled herself so that he continued to fill her, even as he deflated after another orgasm.  
  
The two lovers laid there, their sweat covered bodies sticking together. He ran his fingers through Tami’s long red hair with one hand and rubbed her back with the other. Time and again, Rod could not get over how lucky he was to have found such an amazing girl to be his lover and best friend. There was no doubt in his mind that they would be married and together forever.   
  
“Babe,” he whispered in her ear. “Can we talk for a second?”  
  
“Yeah,” she said drowsily. “But first, I need one more orgasm. Can we please?”  
  
“Oh God Tam, I don’t know if I have it in me.”  
  
With that, she slipped his cock out of her and slid her body so that her head was now at his groin. She licked the length of his now flaccid shaft and despite the fact that he had been all sexed out just a few moments ago, his penis showed signs of stirring.  
  
“Oh, look at that,” she said teasingly. “Looks like you might have a bit more in you.” With that, she took the tip of it into her mouth, swirling her tongue around. Tami was an expert cocksucker and knew how to get Rod excited no matter the situation.  
  
In this position, Tami’s slit and asshole were just inches from his face. Her anus was cute (if an anus could be considered cute) and she always kept it immaculate. Just below that was her bare pubic mound. Between her two swollen lips he could make out white liquid, the remains of their most recent encounter. That sight alone was enough to make his cock jump a bit harder.  
  
“OHH,” he moaned and his cock was now rock hard and Tami slid back around.  
  
“That’s my good boy,” she purred into his ear as she slid her pussy onto his now erect cock. It went in easily, aided by her natural lube and the copious amounts of cum that she had already received. She rode him again but this time he stopped her.   
  
“Get on all fours,” he whispered. She did as commanded and he got behind her and slid his cock into her from behind. “AAHHHH,” she moaned loudly. Rod knew this was her favorite position, her breasts hanging beneath her and swaying up and down with each thrust. It did not take long for her to cry out in yet another orgasm, this one number nine. She came twice more before finally Rod could do no more and he plunged into her and filled her now sopping sex with more cum. The two lovers collapsed on the bed, spooning, his cock still inside of her.  
  
They drifted off to sleep but awoke a bit later. The sun had gone down but the two did not care as they laid in each other’s arms.  
  
“Babe, can we talk now,” Rod asked.  
  
“Whatever you want,” she purred. “After what you’ve done to me, you can do whatever you want.”  
  
“Well, I want to invite you to come with me to a family picnic this Saturday,” he said quietly and softly. Tami’s heart soared. She smiled though she knew that Rod could not see her face.  
  
Rod continued. “I just think it’s time for you to meet my parents and the rest of my family.”  
  
Tami turned around and kissed her lover directly on the mouth. “Oh Rod, I would love to go,” she said, pressing her lips tightly against his. She mounted him again, her knees on either side of him. “Rod, I love you so much.” She slid down and took him in her mouth again and before long he came in her mouth and fell off to a deep sleep.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 2

Tami was walking across the Campbell-Frank campus early Monday morning. It was a regular thing that she would wake up early and, after kissing her man goodbye, scamper off to her dorm for a shower. She said it was because she wanted to get ready for class but in truth she wanted to be out before most of her fellow students were up. She remembered her first trip home from Rod’s. It had been a bit later on a Sunday morning, after the Black Students Formal, and she had walked past several students going to church. They had laughed and pointed and she realized that she was leaking cum down her leg and they had noticed.  
  
Of course they noticed, she thought, everything about her was noticed. She was Naked Tami and it was a noted popular sport to watch her do just about everything.   
  
It was during this walk and subsequent shower that Tami got a knot in her stomach. Meeting Rod’s parents this weekend would mean they would meet her naked. She had thought about meeting Rod’s family but she had never thought she would be naked while doing it. Of course that was silly. She had been naked for months now and, although she was set for a summer job where she would finally be clothed, it didn’t look promising that she would be wearing clothes for the rest of her college years. The Dean, Ross and Wanda had certainly made sure of that.  
  
So, of course she would most likely meet Rod’s parents while naked but she wasn’t sure she was ready for it. Despite her months of constant nudity and several humiliations, she hated being naked. Her modesty was rock solid and seemed to not be relenting at all.  
  
Of course in some ways she had lost her modesty. She regularly spread her legs so that Jen, her lesbian roommate, could lick her to orgasm. This was the same Tami who would change in a bathroom stall after gym class in high school. Yep, I guess you could say that some of her modesty had been ripped away but still, in ways that mattered, she still hated being naked and always on display.  
  
After her 8 a.m. art class posing (shaming as usual) and her 9 a.m. class, Tami grabbed her laptop and sat in the snack bar where she grabbed a yogurt and apple (an always naked girl has to watch her figure). She opened her Macbook to work on a history paper but first IMed Rod.   
  
“Thx 4 gr8 Sun. Nrvus bout meetg fam.”  
  
She hoped Rod was near his computer. As an engineering major, he was almost always using his laptop but she wasn’t sure he would have a chance to respond.  
  
Finally it binged. “Babe, u wre awsm. Dnt wry. Fam wil luv u.”  
  
She felt better and, that night on the phone, they discussed it again. “What do they know about me?”  
  
“They know I love you and they are happy that I have found somebody.”  
  
“Are you sure they are okay with me? You know, me being naked and white and all.”  
  
“Sure, not a problem.”  
  
That made her feel better and she sleep more peacefully. It was the next night when everything changed.  
  
“Tami, phone,” her roommate Mandy yelled out. Tami was studying in the common room with her friend Rebecca. Although Rebecca was studying to be a minister, she had embraced Tami’s religious nudist claim and supported her. Though it seemed odd for a Christian to accept such blatant sexuality, they had a wonderful friendship and Tami felt comfortable sitting there naked in front of her.  
  
“Hello,” Tami said once she had gotten to the phone in her room.  
  
“Hi Tami, it’s Annamae Sykes, Rod’s mom. I hope you don’t mind me calling”  
  
Tami’s stomach started to knot again.  
  
“Oh, hello Mrs. Sykes. It’s not a problem at all.”  
  
“Oh dear, it is so great to talk to you. Rodney has told us so much about you.”  
  
Tami breathed a sigh of relief. Obviously they had discussed her different “beliefs.”  
  
“He tells us that you are quite a young woman with strong beliefs. That and you are incredibly smart.”  
  
Tami blushed. “Well, I don’t know about all of that but I know I am very lucky to have Rod in my life.”  
  
“Well, I think he would say the same about you.”  
  
There was some awkward silence but then Rod’s mom began talking again. “I hope you don’t mind me calling but I thought I could give you some information about the family picnic this weekend. We are so happy that Rod is bringing you along.”  
  
“I am honored to be coming maam. Can I bring anything?”  
  
“Aren’t you sweet? Well, if you’d like, why don’t you bring a dessert?”  
  
“I could bake a cake, here in the dorm, if that’s okay.”  
  
“Wonderful. I look forward to it. There will be roughly 100 people here, mostly relatives of ours but a few friends. We go well into the night so I suggested to Rod that you two spend the night. Juanita’s room is available for you since she is still away at school.”  
  
Tami smiled at the quaintness of she and Rod sleeping in different rooms, especially after what they had done two days ago but she just thanked Mrs. Sykes for the offer.  
  
“Well dear, I think that’s all. I look forward to meeting you in person on Saturday.”  
  
“Thank you Mrs. Sykes. Me too.”  
  
“Oh, one last thing. The day is casual so feel free to wear shorts or a casual skirt or one of those sundresses that girls your age wear and look so pretty in. And you can bring a bathing suit since there is an in-ground pool.”  
  
Tami froze. This woman had no idea that she was going to arrive at her party totally naked. She had no idea that her son was dating a naked white girl. Tami’s whole body ached and she had no idea what to do. Her hands were shaking in anger.  
  
“Tami, are you there?”  
  
“Um, yes, sorry, I got distracted by my roommate. I’d better go. Thank you for the call.”  
  
“Alright dear, bye-bye.”  
  
Tami hung up the phone and sat there on the floor, pulling her knees up against her chest and sobbed, resting her head on her knees. She had been through so many terrible moments in her year at Campbell-Frank but she had never felt like this. Her heart was broken.  
  
Devastated, she picked up the phone and called Rod.  
  
“Babe, what’s wrong.”  
  
“Can you meet me at one of the tables near the quad right now?”  
  
“Sure, what’s wrong?”  
  
“I can’t talk about it on the phone. Please, meet me in 15 minutes there.” And then she hung up and tried to pull herself together.  
  
In her year of total nudity, she had really had to work to keep her emotion below the surface and not let her modesty show. But this was possibly her hardest acting job yet. She had to get herself together on her way out of the dorm so as not to arouse the attention of Rebecca and Mandy.  
  
Tami got to her bare feet and grabbed one of the small towels that she was allowed (bath towels were removed for fear that she might cover herself) and wiped her eyes and face dry. She took some deep breaths and used some makeup to cover the redness around her eyes. She pulled her hair back into a ponytail, a rarity because she liked how her hair covered much of her upper body when it was down but nervously she needed to pull it back now for reasons she could not explain.  
  
She pulled a bottle of water out of the frig and took a swig to get her voice back. Then, she grabbed her ankle pouch which contained her ID, keys and some money. It had been a gift from Rod for the Black Formal and she had worn it ever since. Besides her backpack it was the only thing she ever “wore.”  
  
“Hey girls,” she said to Rebecca and Mandy who were studying. “I have to go and meet Rod in the quad for a minute.”  
  
“Sure Tam, is it Sunday already,” Mandy asked with a smirk. Rebecca, who was not in the loop about their “... days,” looked confused but smiled anyway. “See you later.”  
  
The walk to the quad wasn’t too bad as it was late and most of the students were inside putting the final touches on papers and starting to study for exams. Spring was in the air but here in New England it still got chilly at night. For Tami, however, this was balmy. After all, she had braved blizzards and below zero temperatures, all while going naked around campus. A little chill would not affect her much. Plus her blood was boiling.  
  
When she got to the quad, it was mostly empty. There were a few girls at a table and they, of course, gawked when Naked Tami arrived. She paid them no mind and they got back to their conversation. Tami took a table as far from them as possible and waited, sliding her bare butt onto the smooth stone bench.  
  
Finally she saw Rod walking quickly towards the quad. She prayed for the strength to get through this moment. After all, they had only one other major fight and that was a few weeks ago when she had been honored at Chalfont and he had found out that she was undergoing sexual experiments. That night, she had to calm him down and they had made up in wonderful ways. She wondered how tonight would end up.  
  
“Hey babe, what’s up?”  
  
“What’s up? Well, I got a call from your mom.”  
  
Rod’s face froze in horror.  
  
“Yeah, she was giving me the dress code for the picnic on Saturday.”  
  
“Babe, look--,”  
  
“Don’t babe me you ass. How dare you?”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Are you ashamed of me,” she screamed at him. The girls at the other table got quiet and turned their attention to the argument underway across from them. “So ashamed that you can’t tell your parents about me? Well screw you Rod. I deserve better than that.”  
  
Her green eyes glared at him, boring holes in his. Rod looked down, seeing her bare feet flat on the ground. “Tami, I’m sorry. You don’t understand.”  
  
“Oh no, I understand perfectly. You didn’t want to tell your parents that your girlfriend is a nudist. That she has no modesty and wears no clothes. I get it. You’re embarrassed by me.”  
  
“Tami, you know that’s not true. We’ve been together all year. If I was embarrassed by you, would I be with you at all?”  
  
“That’s here Rod, where everyone knows about me anyway. And I guess I was some kind of catch. Oh Rod got to ... Naked Tami. Look at Rod, how lucky he is to be dating the campus freak. I guess you are enjoying laughing at me with everyone else.”  
  
This time it was his turn to get angry. “Laughing at you? How dare you say that to me? I have defended you from anyone who has ever had the audacity to say anything about you. I have taken a lot of criticism for being with you. But I never minded because I thought we had something special. But if this is the kind of guy you think I am than I was wrong.”  
  
The two got quiet and both sat there, not looking at the other. Tami had never thought that Rod would have gotten some abuse from being with her but she guessed that made sense. After all, it could not have been easy to have everyone staring at your naked girlfriend.  
  
“Why didn’t you tell them Rod? And if you are embarrassed by my nudity, why did you invite me to meet them?”  
  
The tall black man took a deep breath. “I don’t know. I have no answer. I’ve come close to telling them a few times but it never felt right. I talk about you all the time, how great you are, how tough you are, how you have to overcome things but I’ve never been specific.”  
  
Tami’s face softened and she took Rod’s hand in hers. “How are they going to react when they see me on Saturday?”  
  
Rod looked at her. “I don’t know. I guess I figured that once they met you they would see how wonderful you are and that would overwhelm the fact that you are naked. That’s what worked for me.”  
  
Tami took a deep breath. “So, you really think I’m great and tough and all that?”  
  
“Oh babe, I have never meant anything more in my life. I love you so much and I am so sorry that I hurt you like this.”  
  
Tami slid over and wrapped her leg over his so she could get real close. She then moved in for a deep kiss. “Rod, I’m sorry I overreacted. I just was so hurt that you might be ashamed of me.”  
  
“Babe, I would stand next to you anywhere, anytime.”  
  
They kissed for a while before breaking off and heading back to their respective dorms. Tami had three days to prepare for the meeting that she now dreaded.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 3

The two college students drove through the mid-day sun, just like so many other couples across the country with one exception. The girl in the passenger seat was not wearing a stitch of clothing.  
  
Tami’s butt felt hot and sticky against the vinyl seat of Rod’s old car. She looked down and saw the seat belt carve right between her breasts, with her right one under the strap and her left above it. Just below the strap at her waist was her bare vagina, the lips prominent and poking through with no pubic hair to block it.  
  
“Ok, tell me again who will be there,” she said nervously.  
  
“Well, my mom and dad, my aunts and uncles and some cousins. Plus some neighbors and family friends. And my grandma.”  
  
One hundred. That number kept running through her head. That was the number of people who would be attending the picnic, or that’s what Mrs. Sykes had said.  
  
The last three days had been tough for the nude girl as she worked through the meeting in her head. The one nice thing had been baking the cake. Marisol had helped and they had made a mean chocolate cake. She even had borrowed a plastic cake holder to carry it in.  
  
The cake was on the floor between her bare feet. The only other things she brought were her ankle pouch and a small bag that contained a hair brush, a toothbrush and some makeup. A naked girl could really travel light.  
  
They pulled off the highway and into a nice development with single homes. It was obvious from the cars and the people on the front lawn where Rod’s parents house was. A group of boys, roughly college age or a bit older, were gathered in the driveway, playing beanbag toss. They saw Rod pull up and started over to the car.  
  
Tami’s stomach tightened. This was the moment of truth. Rod jumped out of the car and came around to open her door.  
  
Now there is no demure way for a girl in a short skirt or dress to exit a car with people watching. Something is going to be shown that should not be. Same goes for a naked girl, The only things that saved Tami from a Paris Hilton or Britney Spears style upskirt were a) she wasn’t wearing a skirt and b) she was holding the cake box on her lap. Still every eye was on her as she shifted first her right leg and then her left and stood up. As she stood, the cake box rose and gave the guys an unimpeded view of her bare sex.  
  
“Holy crap Rod, what’s the deal?”  
  
“This is my lady friend Tami. Tami, these are my cousins, Jason, Ty, Thomas, Joseph and Myreek.”  
  
“Pleased to meet you all,” she said, trying to act the part of the dutiful girlfriend, all the while ignoring their eyes which ravished her bare body.  
  
“Why is she naked,” Ty asked.  
  
“Tami is a religious nudist,” Rod said, leading Tami by the arm around the side of the house. She knew that the guys were staring at her bare ass but she did not shirk. Instead she walked with her head held high, proud to be on the arm of Rod Sykes.   
  
That feeling lasted only a few seconds. She heard the noise coming from the yard, a mixture of laughter and music and splashing from the pool. As soon as she and Rod walked through the gate, everything but the music stopped.  
  
Tami wished she could dig a hole and crawl into it but she continued walking alongside Rod. They walked into an area where a group of women were sitting.  
  
“Hi Ma, it’s good to see you,” he said, leaning over and kissing his mother on the cheek. But his mother never took her eyes off of the naked girl in front of her.  
  
“Rod, what is the meaning of this?”  
  
“Ma, this is Tami, my girlfriend.”  
  
“I know that boy, but why is she naked?”  
  
Rod began to answer but Tami stepped forward. “Hello Mrs. Sykes, it is a pleasure to meet you. I am naked because I am a religious nudist. I have been naked all year.”  
  
The group seemed stunned by her words as much as her appearance.  
  
“You mean to tell me that you have been naked all this time? Even in the winter up in Vermont?”  
  
“Yes maam.”  
  
“Why?”  
  
“I don’t know, can’t really explain it,” she lied. “It’s just something that I feel called to do. I don’t believe in modesty.” Yes I do, yes I do, yes I do, she repeated to herself, but her face revealed none of that inner dialogue.  
  
There was silence. All waited to see how Mrs. Sykes would respond. The woman stood and looked Tami from head to toe. “Well honey, I guess if I had a body like yours, maybe I would feel called to be naked too. Welcome to our home.” With that she reached out and pulled the naked girl in for a hug.   
  
Just then all of the other women called out their greetings and Rod went to each and hugged them all. He then led Tami around the yard, introducing her to everyone. Though all gawked at her they were polite and looked her in the eyes, even the young men. Tami’s father was cooking on the grill and gave Rod a huge hug. He was more careful in saying hello to the nude girlfriend, shaking her hand and not letting his eyes roam too much.  
  
Tami carried the cake over and laid it on the dessert table. Awkwardly, her nipple scraped the top of the cake, causing it to be covered in chocolate. She looked around, hoping that no one saw it but a few had. She quickly grabbed a napkin and cleaned it off.  
  
The two moved towards a table near the women and Mrs. Sykes began asking Tami questions. Rod excused himself to go and hang with his cousins out front. Tami felt even more bare when left alone but the women were nice. She answered questions about college and her family, all the while sitting there with her legs crossed and her arms crossed over her breasts. Though it was obvious that she was nude, she thought this was as covered as she could be.  
  
She followed Mrs. Sykes into the kitchen and offered to do the dishes that had accumulated in the sink. It would serve to keep her inside and away from most of the wandering eyes. All that could be seen from the open window above the sink were her shoulders and the top of her breasts. She was working on the dishes when she felt someone come from behind her.  
  
“Well, well, well, Tami Smithers the Nudist, as I live and breathe,” a girl’s voice said. Tami turned and saw a beautiful brown skinned girl with curly black hair looking her up and down.  
  
“Yes, hi I’m Tami,” she said, drying her hands on a towel and offering it in greeting to the girl. “You are?”  
  
“I’m Tyesha, Rod’s old girlfriend,” the girl said, ignoring Tami’s outstretched hand. “I’m the girl he broke up with after he met your naked ass at that rich college.”  
  
Tami pulled her hand back. She had never heard of Tyesha but this girl seemed jealous of her.  
  
“I checked out what was going on up there at Campbell-Frank and heard that you are a nudist who doesn’t believe in modesty, blah, blah, blah,” she said accusingly. “I think you’re just a whore who gets off on showing her body off to everyone.”  
  
“That’s not true, I’m a --,” she stammered.  
  
“Save it,” Tyesha said. “Turn around and wash those dishes or I might tell Mrs. Sykes about all of those orgasms at Chalfont and your little lesbian encounters with your roommate.”  
  
Tami shook her head and mouthed the words “no” but did as commanded and turned around. She felt Tyesha’s hand on her shoulders pushing her forward. This had the additional benefit of having her ass stick further out.   
  
“Now, I am going to make you cum,” the girl whispered. “You might want me to finish before someone walks in on you.”  
  
Tyesha crouched down beneath the level of the counter and moved her fingers onto Tami’s pussy as Tami protested silently. She rubbed the outside of the lips causing Tami to moan softly. The girl’s fingers were soft and Tami was always on the verge of cumming anyway. It was a hazard of always being naked. After a few rubs, Tyesha worked her fingers inside as Tami had moistened almost immediately.  
  
“Oh, OH, OHHHH,” she said as Tyesha’s fingers knifed in and out of her sex.   
  
“Keep washing those dishes,” the girl warned as she continued fingering the nude girl.  
  
Tami was close to an orgasm as she grabbed the sponge and began washing the dishes again. She was about to cry out in orgasm when Mrs. Sykes came to the window.   
  
“Tami dear, I would like you to meet my mother Juanita,” the woman said. The older woman, roughly 75 or 80, reached her hand into the window. Tami’s whole body, on the verge of a major orgasm, was shaking as she dropped the sponge into the sink and went to shake the old woman’s hand. Just then she felt Tyesha’s other hand rub her clit which caused the nude girl to raise up on her tiptoes to avoid an instant orgasm.  
  
“P-p-p-pppplease to meet you MMMaaam,” she said, her brain addled by the pending orgasm.   
  
“Tami, are you alright?”  
  
“YYEss, maam, just a bit cold in here,” she lied again. She knew that the orgasm was coming soon.  
  
“Well come on back out here in the yard, it’s nice and warm here,” the woman said as she and her mother walked away from the window. Tyesha cackled a laugh and stopped her fingers. Tami, though grateful, groaned in disappointment.   
  
“Sorry doll, I just wanted to embarrass you,” she said. “Being fingered while meeting Rod’s grandmom will be a memory you will never forget. I’ll be watching you hon, so you’d better make sure you are your regular nudist self out there. Hate to have to send an anonymous letter to the school officials telling them that you weren’t a nudist on your weekend here.”  
  
Tami stiffened. She knew that there was now a spy on the premises and she was going to have to be the good nudist all weekend. That one night of streaking kept piling misery on her without end. Why was she continuing to be punished for one stupid mistake?   
  
She finished washing the dishes, still feeling on the edge of orgasm. She wondered if she could go to the bathroom and finish herself off but just then Rod appeared at the window.  
  
“Hey babe, let’s go out front and play bean bag toss,” he said with a smile. “We can be on the same team.”  
  
“Just a minute, let me finish up here,” she said.  
  
“OK, I’ll meet you out front,” he said.   
  
All she had time for was the blot the wetness in her sex so that she would not be announcing her arousal to the world. She threw the paper towel away and left the kitchen, praying that her paths would not cross with Tyesha again.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 4 (NEW)

Tami dried her hands and realized that her sex was probably wet too. She wondered how noticeable her arousal was to Rod’s grandmother and whether she would ever be able to look the woman in the eye again. She hated knowing that everyone was privy to her private moments, even her sexual arousal.  
  
Just to be safe, she grabbed a paper towel and wiped her pussy, ensuring that it was dry. She looked around for a place to stash the trash but could not find one. Finally, she passed a bathroom and dropped the wet paper in the waste basket, causing her to laugh; it was ironic…it was certainly her waste…stuff that panties would have stopped on most normal girls. But, obviously, Tami was not normal.  
  
She padded on her bare feet down the hall, thankful for the full, plush rugs in this house. Her dorm floors were tile as were those in most of the school buildings; of course, she spent many hours walking the hard concrete paths of the campus and her poor feet took a pounding. She was grateful for those times when her feet could feel soft rugs under them, almost like she had socks on. How pathetic, she thought…she yearned for socks. After nearly a year without any clothing, she was down to wishing she was not barefoot, having long ago given up her dream of ever getting to wear clothes.  
  
At least she had given up the dream of ever wearing clothes at school that is. Her dream of clothes while working her summer job with Ned and Ethyl kept her going…she would buy clothes on the journey and spend her summer blissfully covered, favoring high necks and long pants. She would not wear trendy miniskirts to show off her legs or cute tops that showed cleavage like the other girls she knew. Her cleavage and the rest of her breasts and legs and body had been shown enough for a lifetime.  
  
She made her way towards where she thought she could get to the front of the house without going outside. She found a metal door that led to a garage and, pushing it open, heard the voices of Rod and his friends. With a whoosh, she felt a cool breeze that it seems like all garages hold, and reluctantly stepped off of the warm, soft rug onto the cold, hard garage floor. As she was entering she saw one of the Rod’s friends who she had met when they arrived entering the garage carrying a large box.  
  
“Hey, Tami, cool, can you help me,” he said. Tami rushed over and grabbed the other side of the cardboard box. “Thanks…I just need to put this box up on that shelf.” He motioned towards a shelf high above the corner of the garage. On the floor was a stepladder.  
  
“Maybe you can carry it up the ladder and I can support it from below?” Tami moved towards the ladder. She rested the box on the edge of the shelf when, all of a sudden, she felt a hand rubbing the cheeks of her ass. She tensed but made no move to get away, not wanting to exhibit any sense of modesty in case it got back to Tyesha. Truthfully, she was unable to move as the box was pressing down hard on her chest, squashing her breasts. Without help, she was unable to move the box forward and if she moved back she would have fallen and the box would have tumbled on top of her. So she was stuck as this stranger fondled her.   
  
“I heard you liked this kind of thing but I didn’t believe it,” he whispered. “Man that Rod sure lucked out.”   
  
He pushed his fingers closer to the cleft between her cheeks and played teasingly with her butthole. Tami squirmed in disgust that this guy was fondling her against her will but she bit her tongue. She felt his fingers sliding down and begin to rub her sex from behind. Despite herself, she moaned. Her body was too well trained after the multiple orgasms she was forced to endure at Chalfont plus the good ones she experienced with Rod and Jen.  
  
The man pushed his fingers inside, causing her body to shake. In and out he plunged and her body moved along with them. This was always a favorite position of hers as she loved the sensation of being entered from behind. However, there was nothing intimate about this encounter. Still, in short order, she stiffened and her legs shook from the strain. It took every ounce of her being not to scream out in orgasm and bring attention to it. She was also conscious of the box propped on her chest and despite her legs turning to jelly she stood strong and firm.   
  
After her orgasm subsided, she felt this stranger remove his fingers from inside her and wipe them on her butt, drying off his fingers which were now wet with her juices. Gross, she thought…she was just a thing to him, nothing more; she was simply something to play with. She felt sick at the thought of cumming under his hand and cursed her high sex drive, which was being trained even further.  
  
He came around the front and smiled at her. “I’m Raheed, Rod’s friend from high school,” he said. “You don’t have to thank me.”  
  
Thank him for raping her, she asked herself. But she said nothing and grunted as he lifted the box and helped her push it onto the shelf.  
  
“I won’t tell Rod, don’t worry,” he whispered. “This will be our little secret.”  
  
He walked away as she hesitantly made her way down the ladder and stood on the floor. She regrouped and, using resources that she had never known she had possessed until this awful naked year, walked towards the group of men playing on the front yard as if she had not just been molested in the garage and that everything was totally normal. It helped that she was used to pretending that unwanted orgasms were no big deal. In reality though, they cut her to the core; every orgasm powerfully impacted her.  
  
As she got close, she noticed that about five guys were standing watching four others who, in pairs, were tossing bean bags from one side to the other, trying to land them on a wooden platform or, even better, into the holes that were in the middle of the platform. She winced when she saw the words “Cornhole” emblazoned in green neon across the platform. Tami had heard the word used as slang for a butthole and, as someone who knew what it was like to have things put into her butthole against her will, she unknowingly clenched her cheeks together in an effort to protect that poor, exposed hole.  
  
“Hey babe, where have you been,” Rod asked.  
  
“Um, inside, helping out,” she lied. Right there, she forgot about her nudity and that awful moment in the garage. She loved her boyfriend so much and wanted to feel his love; maybe that would make the memory of that awful invasion go away. She brazenly walked past the other men and, standing on her bare tip toes to reach Rod’s face, leaned in and kissed him passionately on his lips, her hands rubbing against his shaved head. She loved the sensation that came when their lips met. Rod leaned into her and she felt his shirt rubbing against her bare nipples and breasts and it felt so good. The only time she felt clothes was when they rubbed against her and she lived vicariously through them. How she yearned for clothes but now that thought was repressed. All she wanted was Rod and she wrapped her left leg around him while staying on tiptoe, a very athletic move but one easily made by a gymnast.  
  
“Wow babe, that was awesome,” Rod said with a surprise. “Unexpected but awesome. You’re making these guys all jealous.”  
  
“Well, let them be jealous,” she said, speaking indirectly at Raheem who grimaced. “You know that you are the only man for me.”  
  
“Um, our game is almost over,” one of the men said. “You can play next game.”  
  
“No worries, I’ll just cheer on my man from over here,” she said. Tami walked over towards a canvas camp chair that was set up on the driveway, aware that there were several sets of eyes directed on her naked body. Impishly, she wagged her hips and ass suggestively, causing one of the guys to let loose a low whistle.  
  
She sat down in the camp chair and smiled as the game continued. She was about to cross her legs at the knee and her arms over her breasts (a position she preferred as it made her feel “covered”) when she remembered about Tyesha being a “spy.” Although it was a perfectly natural position and was one that most girls would assume when sitting, it did technically “cover” her and she did not want to be accused of modesty. Instead she put her arms on the sides of the chair and kept her feet flat on the ground, roughly shoulder width apart. This position put her breasts on full display for anyone coming by but, she was happy to realize, her pussy was covered. The chair’s design made it so the fabric lowered beneath the bar in the front when she sat, putting it and her sex out of view of anyone looking towards her. Sadly, this was what passed for a good development for a girl who was always naked against her will.  
  
The game was spirited as the men threw the bags. She noticed furtive looks at her nudity but no one was blatant about it. Tami was used to it after all; Tami-watching was a regular activity back on campus. Still, she never got used to being the object of so much attention. Deep down inside, Tami was a very shy and modest girl forced to endure humiliations beyond anything she could have ever imagined. She had no idea how she had made it this far but she knew that she still wanted clothes more than anything.   
  
Still, there were worse places to be then right here. The sun was shining, a wonderful contrast to all of those cold days at school when she had to walk through biting wind, snowdrifts and blizzard conditions. No, all in all, she was happy to soak up the sun here. If only it was just she and Rod here, then this would be perfect.

Bottom of Form

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 5 (NEW)

There was some yelling and Rod and his buddies were high fiving. Obviously someone had won. “Tami, you’re up,” Rod said. “Me and Tami versus Jose and Raheem.”  
  
Tami got to her feet but her smile ceased when Raheem’s name was mentioned. She didn’t like him, hated what he had done to her in the garage when he had taken advantage of her predicament. He was not to be trusted.  
  
“Tami, come on down here with me,” Raheem said, motioning for her to stand with him at the far end of the game, closer to the street. Reluctantly, not knowing any way to avoid it, she joined him and, with an uneasy smile, accepted the red beanbags he handed her.  
  
“You get 1 point for each bag you land on the platform and three for each one that gets into the hole,” Rod said. “If you knock the other team’s bag off, they don’t get a point. We play to 21 and you have to win by two. Got it?”  
  
“Yep,” she said. “I’ll go first.”  
  
All eyes were on the nude girl as she flung the bean bag into the air. Even this simple movement was a turn on for the men who watched the naked body move and flex as she bent her knees to throw. Sadly, it missed the mark, landing a foot to the right.  
  
“Not bad, you’ll get the hang of it,” Rod said supportively.  
  
Raheem’s first bag was perfect in trajectory and landed just an inch or so from the hole.  
  
“Yes,” he screamed, pumping his fist. He looked at Tami with an air of superiority. “Tough one to beat.”  
  
Tami’s face changed expressions. The tough New England girl came to the surface and her face became determined. “Maybe for some people but I’ll beat it.”  
  
“OHHH, girl’s tough Raheem,” one of the other men shouted.  
  
“Well, let’s see how tough she is,” he said. “If your team wins, I’ll walk around this party naked like you but if my team wins, we throw you in the pool in front of everyone. Deal?”  
  
Tami was unsure. She had never played this game and desperately did not want the embarrassment of being thrown into the pool. But she was not one to back away from a challenge.  
  
“Deal,” she said. “Let’s play.”  
  
Her next two bags fell were still off to the side while Raheem’s two landed cleanly on the board, giving him three points to her zero. Setting her jaw firmly she swung the bean bag beside her and let it rip. The bag hit the board, knocking two of Raheem’s to the ground before sliding into the hole. In one swoop, Tami had made a five-point swing as she gave her team three and subtracted two from the other team.  
  
“Yeah Tami,” shouted Rod and he was joined by the other men.  
  
“I guess you’re just really good at putting things in your hole,” Raheem said under his breath so only she could hear. Her face got scarlet in shame and anger as the boy’s last bag sailed wide, giving her team a 3-1 lead.  
  
The game was back and forth. It was obvious that Rod was the best player out there but Tami was the worst. Making matters worse for the girl was the fact that every time she had to bend over and pick the bags up off the ground, Raheem always seemed to be bending over at the same time, putting his face near her sex and ass. He made a big deal out of taking a deep breath whenever he was in the vicinity of her sex, as if he was sniffing her pussy. She felt him “accidently” rub up against her, one time even rubbing a beanbag across her dangling breasts and nipples as she bent over. Of course he was smart enough to do it out of Rod’s sight and, as a nudist who did not believe in modesty, she would have no reason to complain.   
  
Despite her one shot, which was most likely just luck, she had only managed two points but Rod had helped keep them close and they were just two points back, 18-16. Raheem and Tami were throwing. Raheem first two missed while Tami’s first landed on the platform, putting them two behind. Neither thrower got anything with their third shot.  
  
Tami’s face was filled with obvious concentration as she swung back and fired her fourth. The bag’s arc was on the money and landed in the net to give her three points.   
  
“YES,” she screamed as Rod and the rest of the guys cheered in unison. It was now 20-18 and Raheem was sweating. “Getting ready to be naked,” Tami asked under her breath so that only the now tense man could hear her. She was sure he would miss and Rod would win the game when he threw. Raheem squatted into position and let loose. The bag seemed off a bit when it landed on the platform. But, amazingly it veered right and slipped into the net on top of Tami’s.  
  
“Game over sweetheart,” he sneered as the group jumped up in disbelief. Tami was crushed but put on a happy face as she shook Jose’s hand and then Raheem.  
  
“Ok, Tami, time to swim,” Raheem said with sadistic laughter in his voice. It was a character trait that she had seen before in sadists like Wanda and Ross.   
  
“Come on guys, you can’t be serious,” Rod said. “That pool is going to be too cold.”  
  
“Is your girlfriend a welcher Rodney,” Raheem asked with a sneer. “She made a bet. I am sure that if you guys had won, I’d be standing here naked already.”  
  
Rod looked annoyed but Tami stepped forward. “Don’t worry Rod, he’s right, I made a bet.”  
  
The guys all surrounded Tami and lifted her up. Two guys grabbed each bare foot and spread them apart. Raheem, of course, grabbed her from underneath and had his hands on her butt. Two other guys had her by her shoulders and they took off for the back yard, the nude girl above them spread eagle.  
  
What a sight they must have made as the group loudly entered the yard. Tami’s full nudity was on display…with her legs spread everyone assembled could see her bare vagina which even lacked the cover of pubic hair. Tami could feel air circulating inside of her and shivered. The men made their way to the pool and lowered her. She was now quartered with one man grabbing each arm and one man grabbing each leg.  
  
Raheem was obviously in charge. “Alright guys, on three, Tami goes in the pool. 1-2-3!”  
  
With that, the men flung the naked girl into the air and, in seconds, she landed with a loud splash into the pool. Tami’s body nearly went into shock when it hit the cold water. Though the day was nice it was still only early May and the pool was not heated and it could not have been more than 55 or 60 degrees. Most people would have gone into shock but Tami’s body was well-used to extreme conditions. Still though, it was quite uncomfortable, even painful; it felt like needles were sticking into every part of her body. Like when the wind blew during the cold winter months, her breasts and vagina, areas that would have been covered by a bathing suit, were those most affected by the cold. Her feet and hands also went a bit numb.  
  
She struggled to the surface and came up, her shaking hands pushing her hair out of her face. She saw that many of the party goers had gathered around the pool to gawk and laugh at her. Good naturedly she smiled, all the while dying inside.   
  
She struggled to the steps and was grateful that Rod was there to help her out. She instinctively crossed her arms over her chest for warmth. Rod’s mom came over with a towel. How she wished she could wrap it around herself but she knew that was not something a nudist would do. After saying thank you, she dried herself as best as possible, including her now dripping hair, and handed the towel to Rod, still shivering. Looking down, she saw that her nipples were even harder than normal and were a bit sunken, looking like little rocks jutting out from the center of her breasts. Goosebumps lined the skin on her arms and legs and the hair on her arms stood on end. The day which had seemed so warm just a few minutes ago had turned cold with the spring breeze playing havoc on her damp skin and hair. A normal girl would just wrap that beautiful warm towel around herself but Tami was not normal. She was a nudist.

Bottom of Form

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 6 (NEW)

Mrs. Sykes pulled a chair out into the sun and motioned for Tami to sit there. She was grateful for the thought though she wished she could head inside and take a nice warm shower. But, being the sweet, obliging girl that she was, Tami sat down on the metal chair, which caused her to shiver even more. She hugged her arms to her body and crossed her legs for warmth.  
  
She was now in a group of roughly a dozen women and all had turned toward her. She smiled uncomfortably but was saved by Rod’s mother.  
  
“Well, that was interesting,” she said. “That Raheem is always causing trouble. I suppose it was okay with you and all but that boy is going to get himself in deep shit some day.”  
  
“It was okay,” Tami stammered, still so cold. “We made a bet and I lost.”  
  
“Still, that boy has no sense,” another woman said. All the women agreed.  
  
“Tami, we’re all very interested in your, um, lifestyle,” Rod’s mom said. “It was such a surprise when you walked in and we’ve been talking about it all afternoon. Would it be okay if we asked you a few questions?”  
  
Inwardly Tami groaned. This seemed to be a regular occurrence any more. She supposed it was natural for people to want to know more about her unusual life (if she were them she would have questions too) and most of the questions were harmless. Still, it made her feel like a sideshow freak, on display for everyone’s entertainment. She knew that these feelings had to stay within so instead she smiled and said, “sure, ask me anything.”  
  
“How long have you been naked,” asked an older woman seated near the tree.  
  
“Since the beginning of school, around nine months ago.”  
  
“You never wear anything?”  
  
“No, I don’t own any clothing.”  
  
“Why?”  
  
“I can’t really explain it,” she said. “It just felt like something I was called to do. It just felt right.” Inwardly she squirmed. It was so hard for her to play the part of religious nudist. She felt like a real fraud, invoking God and religion as a cover for her indiscretions. Still, she had paid mightily for her sins and sometimes she thought that a kinder God would have let her off the hook already. So far, He had not and she was still suffering and living the life of a religious nudist.  
  
“Well, you have a very beautiful body, that’s for sure,” one of the women said. “I’m not surprised that God wouldn’t want it to be covered up.”  
  
Tami blushed and said “thank you.”  
  
“So you don’t wear anything, not even panties or a bra,” asked a girl, not much older than Tami’s 18 years. “What do you do when you have your period? Must be hard to keep it a secret”  
  
“No underwear, nothing. I gave all of my clothes away at the beginning of school.” Really they were taken out of her room by Wandabitch but that was not the way the story went. “And when I have my period, I put a tampon in and that stops it. I guess people can see the string and all but since I don’t have any modesty it’s okay with me.” Yeah right, she guessed, as if she didn’t hear the mocking “Tami’s on the rag” comments from immature people all over campus.  
  
“Man, I would be mortified if everyone could see my boobs and my girl all the time,” the girl said solemnly. “I don’t know how you do it.”  
  
You have no idea, Tami thought. Instead she smiled and said, “it was tough walking naked in public for the first time because it is so foreign to what I had grown up with. I wasn’t even allowed to wear a two-piece bathing suit until I was a senior in high school. But it got easier.”  
  
“What did you do when it got cold?”  
  
“I planned my trips carefully,” she said. “It was okay as long as I was moving.”  
  
“But it’s so cold up there in Vermont, you must have been hurting.”  
  
You have no idea, she thought. “It was difficult sometimes but it’s not always easy to follow your religious beliefs.”  
  
“Did you get abused or taunted by the other students or teachers?”  
  
“Not really, no,” she lied. “Our school is very religious and mostly everyone respected my beliefs.”  
  
All of a sudden, she noticed Tyesha sitting on the edge of the group. Without thinking she uncrossed her arms and legs and sat up straighter, showing off her breasts and letting her vagina show between her now-spread legs. She thought she saw a smile on the girl’s face.  
  
“I heard you let another girl lick you in front of a crowd,” Tyesha said. “Is that true?”  
  
The girl’s eyebrow was cocked as if to threaten Tami to tell the truth. Tami’s stomach was doing somersaults. Could she really admit to this in front of Rod’s family and friends? This group included his grandmom and aunts.  
  
“Um, well…”  
  
“No need to answer that Tami, we best leave that one alone,” Mrs. Sykes said, saving her the embarrassment.  
  
“Please Mrs. Sykes, Tami doesn’t believe in modesty,” Tyesha protested. “She doesn’t mind.”  
  
“Well, I do,” the woman said firmly. “This is my home and I will not have these things discussed. What Tami does is her business.”  
  
They sat in silence for a few moments. During that time, Rod brought a warm mug of tea out to Tami and she gave him a beaming smile of thanks in return. She held the mug in her hands for warmth and comfort as she accepted a kiss on the cheek from her boyfriend.  
  
The women had watched the interaction and smiled.  
  
“That boy of mine really seems crazy about you,” Mrs. Sykes said as Rod left.   
  
“I’m crazy for him too Mrs. Sykes,” she said, her first honest answer. “He’s the best thing that I have ever had in my life. I don’t know what I would do without him.”  
  
The women all smiled. Tami noticed that Tyesha had stalked off. Suddenly, Tami did not feel so cold as she chatted happily with some of the women near her.

Bottom of Form

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 7 (NEW)

The afternoon continued and Tami felt more and more comfortable. Mrs. Sykes was very sweet to her and that led to the rest of the ladies doing the same. The only bad feeling was when she caught Tyesha or Raheem out of the corner of her eyes. They seemed to be glaring at her, for reasons she did not know. Tyesha seemed jealous of her stealing Rod and her nudity seemed to be the reason. Raheem was just a dirty boy who obviously hated women. Those two would have to be watched.  
  
Still, the afternoon was nice. Tami was enjoying being a part of the group. Even though she had just met them and she was very different from them they were very nice to her, treating her better than even her own family in some ways. She stood to help Mrs. Sykes begin to bring the food in when Tyesha grabbed her.  
  
“Tami, we’re playing some games, come on and play,” she said.   
  
“Um, thank you for asking but I wanted to help Mrs.—,” she answered.  
  
“Oh Tami, nonsense, you’re young, go and play,” the woman interrupted. “I’ll be fine for now. You can help later.”  
  
Reluctantly, Tami followed Tyesha towards the side lawn where several other college aged people were gathering. She saw balloons filled with water in a box.  
  
“Me and Tami are teammates,” Tyesha said. Tami smiled nervously as she noticed everyone look at the two girls and try to refrain from laughing.  
  
Tyesha picked up a balloon and stood in one line and Tami got in the other. The first throws went. When Tyesha knew no one was looking she hurled the balloon at her naked partner. Tami was unable to catch it and the balloon exploded, soaking her for the second time.  
  
“Oh Gosh, I am so sorry. Let me grab another one and try it again,” Tyesha said with a smile.  
  
The girl grabbed another balloon and let loose again. A second balloon exploded all over Tami followed by a third. Soon, everyone in the yard was hurling balloons at the poor defenseless girl who was stunned. Then she leaped into action, grabbing balloons and throwing them. She grabbed one and smashed it onto Tyehsa’s head, drenching the girl who screamed. It became an all out battle before they finally ran out of balloons. Everyone was laughing but Tyesha who was wet and angry.  
  
“I will get you for that bitch,” she said, her eyes narrowed to a sliver. The crowd had dispersed, leaving the two girls alone.  
  
“You’re angry at me,” Tami said in surprise. “You set me up to be the butt of everyone’s joke and when I get back at you, you get angry. That’s rich.”  
  
“Maybe you should stop sticking your naked butt into our lives,” Tyesha said. “We were perfectly happy without your boobs in our faces all the time.”  
  
Tami was steamed and got into the girl’s face. “Obviously Rod wasn’t too happy or he would never have dumped your ass and started dating me.”  
  
Tyesha pushed Tami in the chest, surprising her and causing the naked girl to fall backwards. This gave Tyesha the advantage and she pounced, jumping on top of Tami and slapping at her, focusing especially on Tami’s exposed breasts. Tami was much stronger but was in a bad position, struggling to get out from under the whirling dervish that Tyesha had become. She managed to get her hands in front to protect herself but she felt scratches appearing on her belly and legs.  
  
“Whoa, whoa girls, break it up, break it up,” Rod had gone looking for Tami and came upon this scene. “What the hell is going on?”  
  
“This bitch soaked me with a water balloon on purpose Rod,” Tyesha said. “She knew that we had a thing and has had it out for me since she got here.”  
  
Rod started laughing. “Esha, I’ve known Tami for a while now and that does not sound like her MO,” he said. “Knowing you, I’m sure you started it.”  
  
The girl snorted and stormed off as Rod helped his naked girlfriend to her feet. “Tami, I’m so sorry,” he said, a look of concern on his face. “You alright?”  
  
“Yeah, I’m fine, I’m a tough girl you know,” she said.  
  
“I know that, trust me,” he said. “It takes a lot to do the things you do.”  
  
They started walking back towards the party where Rod stopped and got her a towel to dry off. “Plus, I understand why she’s so mad,” she said, tippytoeing to kiss the boy on his cheek. “If you ever left me, the next girl you dated had better watch out.”  
  
Rod turned towards her and smiled. “Babe, the only way you’re getting away from me is to break up with me,” he said. “I’m not crazy enough to let you go.”  
  
The two embraced and kissed. Mrs. Sykes looked up and smiled to see the couple in love. Tyesha, watching from near a tree, frowned and fumed. She was going to get that girl, she thought.  
  
The party continued. Though Tami did not know anyone, Mrs. Sykes made sure to include her in conversation. She helped serve dessert and brought food in and out. It felt good to be moving and doing something rather than sitting on a chair and being watched. She knew that eyes were still on her every move but at least she was busy and not thinking about it.  
  
She tried her best to avoid Tyesha but the girl kept showing up and making faces at her. In another situation Tami might have laughed but she was worried that Tyesha would make a scene here and embarrass Rod and his family.   
  
Many people started to leave as the party winded down. The weather grew chilly and damp…it was obvious that a storm was coming. The naked girl felt the chill most of all. Her body was attuned to the weather these days, especially her nipples through which could sense the change of seasons and storms approaching.  
  
“I think a doozy of a storm is headed this way,” she said to Mrs. Sykes, who turned to look at the approaching rain cloud.  
  
“I think you’re right,” the woman said. “We’d better get this stuff inside.” Turning towards the crowd. “Everyone, the rain’s coming. Grab the food and drinks and some of the other stuff and move inside!”

Bottom of Form

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 8 (NEW)

Everyone got to their feet and began moving the platters of food and drinks inside. Some of the women began to grab the table covers and other decorations. Tami happily grabbed a cover, feeling semi-clothed in the process and was heading in when Raheem stopped her.   
  
“Tami, can you help me grab the volleyball net?”  
  
Tami looked with suspicion at the boy.  
  
“Here Tami, let me grab those things out of your hands,” one of Rod’s aunts said. “You go help Raheem.”  
  
With a weak attempt at a smile, Tami let the woman take the material from her arms and followed Raheem to the side yard where the net was set up.  
  
“I’ll grab the racquets and stuff, you undo the ropes holding them in the grass,” the man said.  
  
Tami noticed that the net was tied into stakes in the ground. She bent over to undo the string but it was tied to the stake. Neither was budging. Staying in her position, doubled over at the waist, she worked to undo the knot, all the time noticing her dangling breasts swaying to and fro as she moved.  
  
She was so intent on getting the knot undone that she failed to notice that Raheem came up behind her.  
  
“Wow, look at your butthole, how pretty,” he said. “Tyesha, come over here. Have you ever seen a butthole up close? Tami’s is right here and it’s very pretty.”  
  
Tami started to rise but Raheem said, “no, stay like that. I want to show Tyesha and some others how pretty your butthole is. Most people never see a butthole up close.”  
  
Tyesha came over and made a big deal. “Raheem, you are right, it’s amazing. Tami, your anus is really cute and so clean. How do you keep it that way? Girls, come over and see this. Tami is showing us her butthole. You should see how cute it is.”  
  
Tami’s face was red from the humiliation and anger. Tears were filling her eyes but she wiped them away. She had no choice but to stand there doubled over, her butt sticking up, as the group of five then six girls came over and stared at her butt.  
  
“Tami, would it be alright if I spread your cheeks a bit,” Tyesha asked sweetly. “It would make it easier to see. I know that you don’t have any modesty so it will not be a problem.” Tyesha’s voice betrayed none of the malice that Tami knew was behind her words but the threat was right there. Do it or I’ll tell.  
  
Having no choice but to comply, Tami reached behind her and spread her cheeks, letting the girls have an unimpeded look at her anus.  
  
“It’s funny how the ring around it is a different color than her skin,” one of the girls said, fascinated. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen a butthole up close before. It’s amazing.”  
  
“Yeah and those wrinkles, wonder why they are there,” another girl asked.  
  
“For pooping,” Raheem said. “Your anus has to spread to get those turds out.” Tami’s face scrunched in disgust at the words as did many of the other girls. It was horrible to stick her ass in their face and show everyone her poor anus but to have him describe it so disgustingly was too much to bear.  
  
“Well, you certainly keep it very clean Tami, you must be very proud of it,” Tyesha said. “I guess that’s why you are so eager to show it off to everyone.”  
  
Tami stewed inside. This girl was making it sound like this show was Tami’s idea, like she got her kicks showing her body off. The other girls dispersed, but Raheem and Tyesha called others over. Soon, nearly all of the college-aged party goers, except Rod, had the thrill of seeing Tami’s anus. Some even pulled out their camera phones and took photos. The nude girl didn’t know how she would look any of them in the eye again. Eventually all the others went inside, leaving Tami, Tyesha and Raheem alone in the side yard.  
  
“Yeah, that was awesome,” Tyesha said, high fiving Raheem. “Tami dear, don’t mess with me bitch. This was nothing compared with other things I can do.”  
  
Tami straightened up, tears streaming down her face. “What did I ever do to you?”  
  
“What, modest all of a sudden? Well, never mind, I won’t say anything to that school of yours. You earned those tears after showing this whole party your butthole. How humiliating. It will be nice dating Rod when you know his whole family has seen so much of you. Enjoy that.”  
  
“You are so mean, I never did anything to you and you are treating me like crap,” Tami said, her face changing from humiliation to anger.  
  
“You and your tits and pussy and ass scampered naked around that lily-white campus and you took Rod away from me,” Tyesha said, her face inches from Tami’s. “Girls like you make me sick. That’s what you did to me.”  
  
With that, the girl stomped off, followed closely behind by Raheem. Tami got on her knees and finally undid the knots. She went and did the same to the other despite the now hard, pelting rain. She was always a good girl, so conscientious, and wanted to finish the job she had been given. She also wanted to avoid going inside and getting so many stares.  
  
Tami undid the lines and folded the net, placing them in the shed alongside the house. Her hair was soaked again, sticking to her forehead and neck. She was miserable…a day that had so many wonderful moments was now just another day of suffering and humiliation. She prayed to God for help to get through this, to get to Ned and Ethyl and a summer of clothes.   
  
“Tami,” came a voice shouting from the house. “Come in here.”  
  
Tami just sat there on the now wet grass, tears mingling with the rain pelting her face. She pulled her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. Her butt felt slimy against the grass and mud but she stayed there.  
  
“Babe, come inside,” Rod shouted. She ignored him, instead just rocking back and forth, back and forth.   
  
Finally, she heard the slapping of feet against the wet grass. Rod was next to her, an umbrella in his hand, helping her up. “What’s the matter babe,” he asked.   
  
“Oh Rod, I love you so much,” she said. “I just don’t think having a naked girlfriend is good for you.”  
  
“What happened? Did someone say something to you?”  
  
She shook her head. “No, no one has said anything, it’s just a feeling I get. I think that everyone would be much happier if you had a nice, clothed girlfriend, especially not a girlfriend who was showing her body off to the world. No, you deserve a girlfriend that is not an embarrassment.”  
  
The couple stood there, Tami soaked while Rod stood under the umbrella. He lowered the umbrella and came closer to Tami.  
  
“Tami, you know it has not always been easy for me to have a naked girlfriend,” he said softly, his glasses fogged by the rain, his clothes getting soaked. “People say things to me. I hear them say things behind your back and I want to kill them. I don’t fight back because I know that you live your life the way you want, that you have chosen this path. In some ways, it would be easier if you were not always naked, if you had never decided to become a religious nudist.”  
  
Tami’s whole body sagged. She decided then and there to tell Rod the truth. That she was not a nudist; that she was tricked into a naked streak during the first week of school and had gotten caught; that she had said that she was a religious nudist to get herself out of trouble; that she desperately wanted to put on clothes and be a normal girlfriend, a normal girl who could give Tyesha crap back instead of always being the target and then she and Rod could be a normal couple and go out to movies or concerts or clubs. She knew, right then and there that he would understand and they would figure it out together. She was about to speak when he did.  
  
“But, that’s not the girl I love,” he said tenderly. “I love you, the naked and totally immodest you who allows us to see her entire being without any barriers or covering. You don’t hide anything and I love that about you. I know you, all of you, and even though some people give me trouble because of my naked, white girlfriend, it is all worth it. Babe, I could not imagine you ever wearing clothes again. You are perfect the way you are.”  
  
Tami’s body language changed. She was torn. A part of her wanted to tell him the truth and get this enormous secret and weight off of her shouders. She knew that, with his help, they could find a way out. But, a larger part of her just wanted to melt into his arms, secure in the knowledge that he loved her without any reservation. She would be naked for him always, no matter what else happened.  
  
“Oh Rod, I love you so much.” She wrapped her arms around him and pressed her lips tightly against his and the two made out in the rain. Finally, a thunder clap brought them out of their passionate kiss and they made for the door.

Bottom of Form

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 9 (NEW)

“Crap, I’d better go and change,” Rod said, referring to his wet clothes. “I’ll catch pneumonia if I stay in these wet clothes.”  
  
Tami again reflected how strange it was that everyone was always worried about changing out of wet clothes for fear of getting sick. She had been completely naked for nearly a year, through blizzards and biting cold, but had not been sick one time. Her feet had trudged through several months of snow and ice and yet she had not caught cold. However, friends like Terri and Rebecca told how sick they had gotten from wet socks or not wearing a heavy enough sweater but she hadn’t worn a stitch of clothing in all that time and had been healthy as a horse. She wondered if her body was responding to all of the orgasms she was forced to endure. Perhaps the endorphins being generated during those sessions were giving her superhuman resistance to illness. That plus the fact that her body had stepped up to accommodate all of the extreme conditions to which it had been exposed.  
  
Rod went up to catch a shower while Tami gratefully accepted yet another towel to dry off, her third of the day. She did her best to dry off her long red hair but finally gave up, accepting that it would stick to her bare shoulders and back and drip for a little while.   
  
Tami sat down in a kitchen chair with Mrs. Sykes and some of Rod’s female cousins. The conversation was lively but she did not know many people they were discussing. She eased her way out of the room and headed towards the family room where Mr. Sykes and some of the men were watching a basketball game. It looked like the Celtics were playing.  
  
Quietly, Tami eased into the room and all conversation stopped. Mr. Sykes looked up in surprise at seeing his son’s naked girlfriend in his TV room.  
  
“Tami, um, come in, join us, have a seat,” he said, motioning to an easy chair across the room.  
  
“That’s okay, I’d rather sit on the floor,” she said shyly. She had always been mostly a floor sitter but in her current state of undress she always worried about what might be left behind on a chair. She could not always control her wetness and did not want to stain a couch.  
  
“That’s fine,” he said as the group watched the nude girl arrange herself on the floor, trying to keep from flashing her pussy to the room. She knew that she was probably not entirely successful but still she tried. The naked girl knew her whole life was on display but still she tried her best to minimize exposure. She knew that no matter how long she was naked, she would always try to avoid people seeing her pussy and breasts. It is something ingrained in girls from early childhood. Her mother was constantly telling her to keep her knees together when she wore a dress so that no one could see up her skirt. Ha, she thought, imagine if that were the most she had to worry about today.  
  
Still, as she sat Indian style, her back against the couch, she felt that her exposure was minimal. Mostly, the only things on display were her breasts and she was used to that by now. Really, many girls had parts of their breasts exposed, girls who weren’t nudists. In her world of constant nudity, she felt pretty good.  
  
Slowly, the men’s conversation resumed and she enjoyed the maleness of the room. Though she knew that she was receiving some leering looks, she didn’t feel unsafe. Mr. Sykes was obviously a man of great character and she felt safe with him. For Tami, who always spent time with her dad and his friends while growing up, it felt comfortable being there with the men, watching the basketball game. She imagined herself home in better times, laying on the couch wearing nice warm sweatpants, a hoodie, fuzzy socks, panties and bra (oh how she used to complain about wearing bras! Never again, she swore). Perhaps, if it were winter, she would be covered by a warm throw blanket. Pretty much the only part of her exposed would have been her face.  
  
She was a long, long way from that picture but it still felt good. The game was close, the Celts trailing by three, late in the fourth quarter. One of the Boston players was called for traveling, a fact that caused an eruption in the room. But a turnover led to a Celtics layup and then a steal and a timeout. The home team trailed by one with a just a few seconds to go. The men all argued over who should get the ball. Finally, Tami spoke up.   
  
“I’d get the ball to Garnett,” she said softly. “He’s clutch.”  
  
The men looked at the girl in surprise.  
  
“You’re a Celtics fan,” Mr Sykes asked, causing the nude girl to nod.  
  
“Crap, Rod landed a big one,” one of the men, she believed it was Rod’s uncle, said in amazement. “She’s beautiful, she’s naked and likes sports. Christ, where do I sign up?”  
  
Everyone, including Tami, laughed. On the TV, the play ran as Tami had predicted and the Celtics had a miracle win. The men all came over to give Tami a high five as the game ended.  
  
Soon the room had cleared out, leaving Tami and Mr. Sykes alone. The party was pretty much over and Mrs. Sykes came in to sit down.  
  
“Tami dear, why are you sitting on the floor,” she asked.  
  
“I’m fine down here maam,” she answered.  
  
The woman put her hand out to help Tami up. “Sweetheart, you are like family now,” she said. “Family sits on the couch.”  
  
When Tami started to protest, the woman shushed her. “No arguing,” she said. “I know why you are sitting down there and I appreciate the thought. But material things are not important compared to people. You sit on the couch and we will worry about any issues that may come up ok?”  
  
Tami smiled and accepted the helping hand. She tried to be demure about her standing but she stumbled a bit and, to catch her balance, ended up with her breasts in Rod’s father’s face. The man got red and turned away while Tami muttered an apology.  
  
She sat on the couch and was soon joined by Rod as the four of them settled in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Sykes started asking Tami about her family, amazed to find out about her brother’s interest in serving in the Army after his high school graduation. Mr. Sykes had been in the Army for many years and Rod was in the reserves.  
  
“So, Tami, what do your parents think of your religious beliefs,” Mrs. Sykes said.   
  
Tami gulped. She had been asked a lot of questions about her nudity over the year but not this one. It felt oddly personal but, in this cocoon of love and support, she felt the truth was in order. In fact, she had spent so much time lying that it felt good to tell the truth.  
  
“Well, honestly, they were not happy about it,” she said softly. She felt Rod’s hand on her shoulder. “I didn’t tell them and when they came to Family Weekend, they saw me naked and that's how they found out. That’s when I told them about the whole thing. My dad was furious and didn't speak to me for a while.”  
  
She didn’t realize it but tears were flowing down her cheeks. The pain of her parents disapproval was more than even she realized.  
  
“Dear, a lot of parents struggle to accept the fact that their children are growing up, making their own decisions and changing,” Mrs. Sykes said. “But, while we make mistakes, never think for one second that we ever stop loving. I am sure that your mom and dad still love you, even if they disagree with your decision.”  
  
Tami nodded and accepted a tissue from Rod. “Thank you Mrs. Sykes. My dad and I had a real heart to heart over spring break. I think he is doing better with it. My mom has been great. Even my brother has been okay with it, though I’m sure it’s not easy having a naked sister.”  
  
“Well, this family would have saved a ton of money if Myeka had decided to be a nudist,” Mr. Sykes said, referring to Rod’s sister who was also in college. “We certainly spent a lot of money on her clothes.”  
  
The group laughed and launched into a new discussion. It was one of the nicest evenings that Tami could remember having.  
  
“Well, time for bed,” Mrs. Sykes announced. “Goodnight Rodney, good to have you home dear.” She leaned over and kissed her son on the forehead. She then leaned over and kissed Tami on the cheek. “Good night to you too Tami, it has been very nice to meet you.”  
  
The older couple started to leave but then Mrs. Sykes stopped. “Tami, you can sleep in Myeka’s room. I know I am old fashioned but I would prefer separate rooms tonight ok?”  
  
“Sure maam, that’s no problem at all,” Tami said quickly.   
  
“Great, good night then.”  
  
As soon as the two parents left the room, Tami gave Rod “that look.” The man smiled and turned towards his girlfriend who put her face in his lap, unzipping his pants and pulling out his sex. Shortly she was going up and down the swelling organ and bringing Rod to full erection. “Oh God Rod, it’s been too long,” she whispered.  
  
“Babe, we did it last night,” he said back.   
  
“I know, but I’ve been with you all day and nothing. I need it.” With that, she straddled the man and slowly let him fill her, causing both to moan softly. “I love you Rod Sykes,” she said as she locked her lips onto his and they both rode themselves to a long, rolling orgasm.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 10  
  
After laying in each other’s arms for several minutes, the young couple untangled from each other and made their way upstairs. Rod gave Tami a kiss on the lips as he pushed open the door to Myeka’s room.  
  
“Good night babe, thanks for making the trip out here with me,” he said. “I am so glad that my family got the chance to meet you.”  
  
“I’m glad I came,” she said. “You come from good people Rod and I am so happy that they have let me be a part of it. They love you and have accepted me.”  
  
With that, she went into the room, happy to see that her small bag of toiletries had made it and was sitting on the bureau.  
  
As she closed the door, she realized that she was now safely locked away inside a regular girl’s room. In here would be the belongings of a regular girl and that would, naturally, include a comfy bed spread, blankets, pillows and clothes, wonderful clothes! For a girl forced to always be naked, clothes were so foreign, and she reacted to their proximity like an alien would to a human being. Though she lived with two other girls and obviously had access to their clothes, she never went through them or touched them. She always felt like she would get caught or that someone was watching. Perhaps she was being neurotic but too many terrible things had happened to her and she was being cautious.  
  
But here, there was no fear of that. Who would be watching her? She was relieved to see the blinds drawn in the windows, probably since Myeka was not home. First she pulled back the covers to see clean, fresh sheets on the mattress. It would be such a treat for the girl now used to sleeping on a bare mattress. Wanda had decided that a nudist would have no need for creature comforts like blankets or sheets or even a pillow. After all, it might be a temptation for her to cover her nudity. The only time she ever got a chance to sleep on a made bed with covers was when she spent the night at Rod’s or snuggled with Jen or headed home for breaks. Tonight though, she would be sleeping like a princess, snuggled under the warm, toasty covers that God had provided for her tonight. She looked heaven wards and gave thanks.  
  
Glancing at the closed door, Tami padded her way over to the chest of drawers. She reached for the first knob and pulled, gasping at the sight of so many pairs of underwear and bras. Myeka’s underwear drawer contained dozens of panties, some thong, some bikini and some boy briefs plus some bras, many of them padded Tami was surprised to see. After so long naked, Tami forgot about the many manipulations that girls use to enhance their looks. After all, she only had the boobs that God gave her and they seemed to do the trick. They had gotten a ton of attention during the past nine months, more than they ever had during her push-up and padded bra days. She wished that people would stop looking at her boobs but that didn’t seem likely.  
  
The panties looked so inviting. Tami wished she could just pull a pair up her legs and cover her poor sex and butt, even for just a few minutes. She was so tired of them being exposed for all to see, for the world to pore over and examine. Her poor labia, which on every other girl were private parts, took a beating from the sun and the elements and deserved some nice cover. She wished that she could be allowed even just the skimpy thong that she held in her hand. She would wear it proudly and feel as covered as if she were wearing a sweatsuit.  
  
After running a few more pair through her hands longingly, she grabbed a bra. She barely remembered how to work it, having not worn one since September. Worried that pulling a bra on would be tough to cover up if someone walked in, she instead held the cups of Myeka’s bra up against her breasts and found that she was bigger. She had complained about wearing bras before, that the straps dug into her shoulders, etc., but now she yearned to pull these straps onto her arms and let her poor, abused breasts feel lovingly caressed by the cups of the bra. She would welcome the cover for her achingly erect nipples, giving them a chance to reduce to normal size for once and not always be pointing out for the world to see.  
  
Eventually she removed the bra and placed it back in the drawer. She moved onto the next drawer down and found socks. There were white cotton ankle socks and there were knee socks plus a few pair of wooly fuzzy socks that looked so warm. Tami’s feet tingled and she flexed her toes as they ached for the cover these socks would provide. Clothed Tami had loved socks, more than life itself sometimes. She wore socks in the winter and in the summer and everything in between. She even hated wearing cute flip flops because she hated her bare feet being exposed and out on the street. Ha, she thought, how she would crave flip flops now.  
  
She even envied the stockings which were balled up in the bottom of the drawer. Normally she hated stockings and had to be coerced by her always formal mother to wear them for nice occasions. Now, she would happily pull the nylon up her long legs and relish the feel of them encasing her legs. She would find the colored opaque ones, another layer of cover for her poor body to wear after so long without cover.  
  
The next drawer contained tshirts, many with funny sayings or brand names like Abercrombie or American Eagle. Mr. Sykes was right…Myeka did spend a lot of money on clothes, especially since these were just the clothes that she left behind.  
  
Tami spent the next half hour or so combing through the girl’s clothes. She had been obsessing over clothes for so long that she had become a regular fashion expert and was able to critique Myeka’s wardrobe. The girl obviously favored fashion over function, or at least that was the impression left by the clothes she left behind when left for college. There were hardly any sweatpants or hoodies but a lot of sweaters and designer jeans. Several miniskirts hung in the closet, each one prettier than the next.  
  
Her shoe collection was to die for. Tami had never been a shoe lover but, in the months of walking barefoot she had developed a longing deep in her soul for shoes. She now understood why women throughout the world bought boatloads of shoes. Once her religious nudist days were behind her, Tami planned on becoming a clothes horse with shoes to match every outfit. She looked with longing at a comfy pair of fur lined Uggs. God, how she had loved her Uggs, a Christmas gift during her senior year of high school. She wore those boots everywhere, even when the weather was really too warm for them. She tried to remember how her feet felt inside them but could not. The feeling vanished, like a feather flying away or a ghost.  
  
She reached and touched the soft boots, moaning uncontrollably at the feel of the warm material. She stuck her hand in and felt the fur against her bare skin, trying desperately to remember what it felt like to be warm, to be clothed, to be covered. Tami looked nervously at the door and then back at the boots. She wiggled her toes, desperately wanting to feel the warmth of these boots. Slowly, she crossed her right foot over her left knee and slid the boot onto it.  
  
Tears flowed out of her eyes as she felt her poor, abused foot be absorbed into the warm fur. She angled her foot back and forth, admiring the sight of shoes at the bottom of her legs instead of bare feet. How silly, she thought, to be this happy about boots but there was no denying that she was ecstatic about it.  
  
She did the same to the other foot and stood. How wonderful it felt to, for once, not feel the floor beneath her bare feet. Instead of the carpet, she felt the soft, warm fur of the Ugg boot. The memory of wearing shoes and socks came flying back to her. She could not believe it but she felt flushed and warm all over from just this little bit of covering.  
  
Tami walked around the room and stopped when she came upon the full-length mirror hanging on the door. She was shocked to see herself wearing shoes…it had been so long. She wondered if she would ever wear them again or if she would be relegated to a life of being naked and barefoot forever. Like a runway model, she flexed her feet in the air, moving them to and fro. It felt so good.  
  
For a second, she wondered if she should sleep with them on under the warm covers. After all she had been through, sleeping with Uggs on under blankets would be the ultimate in luxury. It was a fleeting thought and a wonderful one, but she decided against it. With great reluctance, Tami sat down and slid the Uggs off of her feet, feeling a jolt of sadness that her feet were no longer in their cocoon and were again open to elements.  
  
She slid the Uggs back into place and closed the closet door. Tami went and grabbed her toothbrush and floss when she heard a knock at the door.  
  
“Um, come in,” she said. Slowly the door opened and Mrs. Sykes stuck her head in.  
  
“Tami dear, I am so sorry to bother you this late but I saw your light on and figured I would be okay,” the woman said.  
  
“No problem at all Mrs. Sykes, I was just getting ready for bed.” Tami’s stomach was churning though at the thought of what would have happened if the woman had entered the room just a moment before.  
  
“I’m glad I caught you because I wanted to apologize,” the woman said. Tami looked perplexed.  
  
“For what? You don’t owe me an apology for anything Mrs. Sykes. You’ve been wonderful to me all day.”  
  
“Well thank you for saying that Tami, but I have not been very accommodating for your religion. This room is not appropriate for someone of your religious beliefs.”  
  
Tami looked around, wondering what the heck was going on. This room was perfect in so many ways.  
  
“I have no problem using Myeka’s room,” she said.  
  
“You are very sweet, but I know that this room is not appropriate, especially after what Tyesha told me about your regular sleeping habits.”  
  
Damn, that Tyesha kept finding ways to get at her.  
  
“I am sorry for putting so many temptations in the room,” the woman continued. “Though I suppose it is too late in the evening for me to clean out the closets and the drawers, I came in to strip the bed of its coverings so you can sleep normally.”  
  
Inside Tami was screaming “NOOO!” After all, she had been looking forward to sleeping on the warm bed, covered by the comforter, a soft pillow under her head.  
  
“Really Mrs. Sykes, I can manage. Please don’t go through any trouble.”  
  
“Not a trouble at all dear,” the woman said, walking towards the bed. “Would it be okay for you to help me? That would make this get done quickly.”  
  
Tami’s heart sunk. She had been looking forward to sleeping in the bed under the beautiful covers. But the world seemed designed to disappoint and hurt her so she made her way to the other side of the bed and helped Rod’s mom remove the covers.  
  
The two women worked quickly, removing and folding the comforter. Then, they each grabbed a pillow and placed them on top of the folded comforter. The top sheet was next. When Mrs. Sykes had turned around, Tami rubbed the soft sheet against her body and had to stifle a moan. The sheet felt so good against her poor exposed skin. Instead she would not feel that against her tonight. No, Tami must not deserve a nice sheet. She would be stuck with a bare mattress.  
  
In no time at all, the two women had stripped the bed clean, until only a bare, blue mattress sat there, unadorned by the pretty comforter, soft sheets and pillows. The only thing that remained was the frilly ruffle that hung over the box spring.  
  
Tami felt miserable. Her night was ruined. She had been reduced to less than human in a matter of moments. She had been a pampered guest, receiving the best of accommodations. Now she felt like she was like an orphan found begging on the street, being allowed to spend the night but not allowed any comforts. Not only that, but she had been made to help in the execution of her own humiliation by stripping the bed.  
  
The women carried the bedding out of the room and into a closet.  
  
“Thank you dear,” Mrs. Sykes said, pulling Tami in for a hug. Tami relished the feel of the woman’s nightgown against her bare skin. “It’s nice having you and thank you for understanding about my rudeness.”  
  
Though she was upset, Tami knew that Mrs. Sykes had no idea the pain she was causing. Like Professor Congi back at school, Mrs. Sykes was innocently thinking that she was doing the right thing.  
  
“Good night Tami.”  
  
“Good night maam.” Glumly Tami went back into her room, grabbed her toothpaste, tooth brush and floss. After a few minutes in the bathroom, she returned to the now bare bed and laid down to cry herself to sleep.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 11  
  
The morning light filtered in through the white lace windows, bathing the bedroom in a warm, soft light. The room obviously belonged to a girl by the decorations and style. Pretty yellow paint covered the walls and a purple thrown rug was laid on top of the neutral beige on the floor. The lamps were a bit funky but pretty with bangles and jewels. A few posters (from movies and music artists) hung on the wall.  
  
Though the décor was decidedly teen, a closer look at the clothing proved that the person who lived here was closer to womanhood. Slinky dresses and short skirts hung in the closet and sexy panties and bras filled a drawer.  
  
However, one striking thing seemed out of place in this well fashioned room: the bed. Instead of matching the walls or the lamps or the flooring, the bed was bare. No frilly bed spread, no fashionable sheets or pillowcases. There was only the mattress. Right now, on top of that bare mattress was the prone form of a naked young woman, who was uncovered and did not even have the luxury of a pillow under her head.  
  
The girl was splayed out, her arms up over her head as if attached to the head board. Her legs were spread too, in a V shape. Between them, beneath her denuded pubic mound, a tell-tale glob of white was perched between the lips, a sign of her night-before encounter with her boyfriend.  
  
That naked form was one Tami Smithers, the unintentional nudist. She had been caught streaking on a dare during her first days at college and, to avoid being expelled, had claimed to be a religious nudist. Since then, she had walked naked through life, including the cold winter days at her school in Vermont. Not only that, Tami had remarkable amount of modesty and she hated being naked and the object of attention. During high school, she hardly ever wore anything revealing, sticking to a teen uniform of long sleeves and jeans. Even while swimming she did not show much, wearing a one-piece suit and covering up as soon as she was out of the water. But now, she did not have the option to cover up and was always on display.  
  
On top of that, the administrators at her college were embarrassed to have a naked woman on campus. They were increasingly subjecting her to humiliating tasks, knowing that a girl without modesty would never balk. They did not believe her claims and were trying to break her. Sadly, they were close to doing so time and again but Tami had a well of resolve in her New England soul and would not give up. So they ratcheted up the humiliation and she soldiered on, suffering terrible shame.  
  
On the task of getting her to break was her former RA Wanda, AKA Wandabitch. She was a sadist and was the one who convinced Tami and some other freshmen to streak that night before stealing their clothes. Tami was the only one who got caught and, deliciously, was now under the thumb of Wanda who was tasked with keeping an eye on her. Wanda had steadily removed all of Tami’s coverings through the year. In the beginning, Tami had been allowed shoes and was given a t-shirt to wear in those situations where naked breasts would be a health or safety issue. However, Wanda knew that no one would bother to enforce these rules and had taken those meager coverings away from Tami. Even a pathetic clear plastic poncho had been taken because, according to Wanda’s flunkie Heather, “this raincoat is far too much for a nudist.”  
  
So she had been naked for nearly nine months now. In some ways it’s not long, a blink in some respects especially compared to a lifetime. But for this poor girl, nine months was an eternity. She had been exposed for so long and to so much in that time.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 12  
  
Over her naked months, Tami had many extreme dreams. This night had been no exception.  
  
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She had no idea how she ended up in this mess. No home, since her parents had thrown her out of their house. She was too young to have a job plus she had no training. She was left alone, to beg and plead for food and whatever change they would give her.  
  
Not only that, but she even lacked the basics like clothing. The little she had was stolen on one of her first nights out on the street and she had been stripped of the clothes she had worn during a robbery attempt. She had begged for someone to take pity on her but no one did, walking by as if she were not there. But she knew that they saw her because they gawked and stared but when she approached them to ask for help, they turned away.  
  
Finally, after days with very little to eat or drink, a woman had approached her. “Child, come with me.” She had turned and walked off, leaving the poor naked girl to run after her, which was not easy in her weakened condition.  
  
She stayed closely behind the woman for several miles, the concrete ripping at her poor bare feet but the woman, in sturdy walking shoes, paid her no mind. Finally they arrived at a well lit, cozy home, far from the grimy streets that she had been inhabiting.  
  
“Go around back and cleanse yourself with the hose,” the woman said, turning her nose up at the naked girl. “Work especially on those disgusting feet of yours. I will not have that dirt in my home.”  
  
The girl, feeling that her life might actually be changing for the better, rushed around to the back of the house and found a hose attached to a nozzle. Despite the chill that rushed through her body, she turned the hose on and sprayed herself. Using a smooth rock, she scrubbed the grime off of the soles of her feet, doing the best she could without soap. She also cleaned the rest of her body, rubbing off the dirt that had accumulated over the days she had been outside and naked. Finally she felt that she was presentable and went around front to knock on the door.  
  
“Turn around,” the woman said, appraising her. The girl did as commanded. “Lift your feet so I can see the bottoms.” Embarrassingly, the girl complied. “Not good enough. Do it again.” With that the door closed and the girl was still left out in the cold. She rushed around to the back yard and did the work again, scrubbing her feet so hard that they hurt. Finally she was sure there was no sign of dirt or grime on them and she tiptoed around front. Again she knocked on the door.  
  
“Show me your feet,” the woman said harshly. Again the naked girl did as commanded. This time the door remained open.  
  
“Fine, now you may enter,” the woman said. The girl was relieved and began to step towards the door when the woman stopped her.  
  
“Not through this door, through the back. Actually, there is a large doggie door back there. Use that.”  
  
The girl went from happy to defeated in just one moment. She had thought she was getting help. Instead she was being treated as bad as she had back on the street. Still, she had no other choice and tiptoed back to the yard. Seeing the doggie door, she got on her hands and knees and, with great shame, crawled through the plastic door, her breasts dangling beneath her, her boobs, with their erect nipples, swaying as she crawled. She got to her feet on a cold, tile room, dominated by a washer and dryer.  
  
“Those clothes need to be laundered,” the woman said, pointing to a dirty pile of men’s, women’s and kids’ clothes. “You will stay in here until it is all done.”  
  
For the nude girl, denied clothing for so long, this was torture. She began by emptying the dryer, moving the clothes from the washer to the now empty dryer and then filling the washing machine. Touching the warm, dry clothes was horrible as she folded them neatly, leaving them in rough piles according to who she thought they belonged to.  
  
Tediously she stayed in that room, losing track of time. It was now dark outside as she continued her work. Finally, after nearly a dozen loads of laundry, she was finished. The clothes were folded and sorted as best she could figure the owner.  
  
She was so hungry, having not had a thing to eat or drink in nearly a day. Slowly, she made her way out of the laundry room and found the house quiet. She guessed most people were asleep.  
  
On the counter was a glass of water and a sandwich with a note: “Girl, here is your dinner. When you finish, you may kneel in the laundry room and wait for to wake up.”  
  
The naked girl was so hungry that she greedily ate the sandwich and water. Though she was exhausted, she was obedient and a good girl and knelt in the laundry room for hours until she saw the first signs of dawn. Her knees ached on the hard tile floor and her body felt like it was going to crumble but she hung in there and stayed in an upright kneeling position.  
  
She heard footsteps and grew excited, hoping that she would soon be allowed to stand. She heard two adults talking and the sounds of children in the background. She cringed, not wanting them all to see her nudity, especially the children. Despite having been through so much and being seen by many strangers, she was still a modest girl.  
  
She saw the woman from yesterday approach the laundry room. Like an obedient dog looking to please her mistress, she got even straighter, which had the effect of sticking her breasts out. The woman put her finger on her lips and closed the laundry room door.  
  
The girl was heartbroken. She had done such a good job, had been so obedient. She had expected a treat or some words of encouragement. Instead she was stuck in the laundry room. The family outside in the kitchen made the regular family noises, noises that she had once made with her family. Instead she was here, naked and alone.  
  
Finally the kids’ voices disappeared and the woman reappeared in the laundry room.  
  
“Girl, you can remain here but you will live the way you are. You will remain naked and you will work for me and my family. Otherwise, you must leave here immediately. What is your preference?”  
  
The girl was stunned. This woman who had taken her in, was offering her a home but in terrible consequences. No clothes, she would basically be a naked slave for the family. Still, what choice did she have? She said, “Maam, I would like to stay.”  
  
“Good, then get on your feet and follow me. Take those piles with you,” she said, pointing to the two largest piles of clothes, which obviously belonged to the two adults. “You can get those later.”  
  
She carried the clothes, the closest she had been to being covered in days and followed her new mistress to the bedrooms. She was instructed on how to put the clothes away. The same was done for the children’s clothes.  
  
After that was completed, she was given a bucket with soap and told to wash the kitchen floor and then the bathrooms. How her knees ached from being on her hands and knees and cleaning the floors and toilets. Finally she was finished and waited on her knees for her mistress.  
  
“Excellent, now follow me downstairs.”  
  
As they descended into the basement, the warmth of the house grew less. There was definitely a chill down here. She was led to a room that looked like it had been hastily constructed. There were boxes piled to the ceiling with a bare mattress on the floor.  
  
“This is where you will sleep. You will wait here until I come for you. My children will never know you exist. Understood?”  
  
The girl began to cry. She was just a thing to this woman. Still, she obediently answered, “yes maam.” The woman left her there and the girl heard the door lock upstairs. She was now a prisoner in this house, trading the horrors of living on the street for slavery here inside. She wondered if she had made the right choice.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 13  
  
The sleeping girl thrashed her head from side to side yet her body remained in the position of her legs spread in a v and her arms straight above her. Her mind moved quickly though, to another strange dream.  
  
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The naked girl cowered in front of her master. She had made a major mistake in her farm duties and she was now to pay the price.  
  
“Please Sir, have pity on me,” she begged. “I am so weak and tired and sore. I won’t let it happen again.”  
  
“Girl, this has happened before…you are no good to me,” the master said as she sobbed at his feet. “Put her on the machine. Leave her there for 48 hours.”  
  
The crowd gasped. This poor girl was going to be punished for two full days. No one ever had been locked into the machine for more than a few hours at a time but no one had ever done something this bad.  
  
The girl screamed and cried but the male slaves were strong and easily lifted her, especially in her weakened condition. They carried her over to the “machine,” a contraption invented by the master to punish the female slave. The women were strapped in and long, narrow tubes would be pistoned in and out of their lower holes until they had an orgasm. Of course this all happened in a very public spot on the plantation, where all of the other slaves, workers and passersby would see. Usually the slave was punished for an hour or two but this would be way beyond anything they had ever seen.  
  
“Lock her in,” one of the slave drivers shouted. The men easily handled the struggling girl. They put her in the seat frame which had no bottom so there was easy access, and strapped her ankles tightly before putting another strap around her belly to hold her tight against the back of the chair. They pulled her arms up and strapped her wrists to a bar above her head.  
  
This was easily the most beautiful slave on a plantation filled with young, beautiful slaves. She had long, curly red hair, round, full breasts, skin that was now tan but still maintained its sheen, nipples that were long and pointy and long, thin legs that were shapely and gorgeous. Even her feet, despite years of pounding uncovered on the bare earth of the farm, were pretty.  
  
The girl was completely immobile though she tested her bindings thoroughly, trying to escape. She had been a bad slave often, struggling with even the easiest of tasks. She had suffered many punishments under her Master’s hand but never this and never for this long.  
  
“Insert the vaginal probe.”  
  
The slaves who worked punishment duty were the best and most loyal. They had earned the trust of their master and were rewarded. This punishment was definitely a reward for them. The largest one positioned the tube near the girl’s spread sex and placed it at the entrance. Slowly he thrust the tube into the girl’s vagina, causing her to grimace and cry out in humiliation, pain and a little bit of pleasure. That was the worst part of this punishment for the girl slaves…they were humiliated at the public spectacle of the moment but also by the fact that their bodies betrayed them by being brought to orgasm.  
  
“Insert the anal probe.”  
  
“No, please no, please don’t do this to me,” the girl screamed and thrashed but did not move an inch.  
  
Slowly the tube made its way towards her poor, puckered anus. Without any lube or warning, the man pushed it in, past the sphincter and in. The girl screamed in pain and every woman watching instinctively grimaced.  
  
“Now power up the machine and let the punishment begin.”  
  
With that, the slave started the machine up and the tubes began to piston in and out of the poor girl who moaned at the invasion but also in pleasure. It was such a full feeling, one she had never experienced. In some ways she guessed that pieces of it were pleasurable but not like this and not in her butt.  
  
Soon, the machinations of the tubes were too much and the girl screamed out, humiliated by her body’s betrayal in front of all these people.  
  
“Back to work everyone,” the slave driver said, and the rest of the slaves and workers went back to their duties, leaving the poor girl to suffer alone. She was so miserable and tired but the tubes did the trick. In no time at all she was cumming again, screaming out her misery to no one, though some who were working nearby glanced up. The poor girl was getting delirious, smelling pancakes, a favorite from her time as a child before her slave days.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 14  
  
Back in the present, Tami awoke with a start after the two awful dreams. The smell of pancakes filled the room. She realized that her legs were brazenly spread and, instinctively she brought them together. Even in a room alone, she was modest and did not like to have her legs spread. Her mother had taught her that good girls kept their legs closed and no matter how long she had been naked and exposed, that rule and her mother’s voice kept playing in her head.  
  
She felt the slimy residue of Rod seeping out of her and she leapt off the bed, not wanting to leave a stain on the bare mattress. That would be humiliating. Gratefully the slime did not seep to the floor overnight. Looking around for something to wipe with and finding nothing, she was panicked. She desperately wanted to avoid leaving the room with Rod leaking out of her sex.  
  
Tami went over to Myeka’s underwear drawer. Remembering that every girl has a pair or two of ratty panties lying around, for those days when you have your period or if you are just hanging around in sweats, Tami rummaged through. She found three pairs of older, worn panties; the nude girl felt bad but thought that Myeka might not even miss one pair, especially with a drawer full of underwear. She grabbed an old pair of blue cotton bikini briefs that had a small hole at the waistband. Looking nervously at the door, Tami used the blue material to wipe her sex clean. She looked and saw the goo had made a stain on the panties.  
  
Now, what to do with the panties? There was no trash can in the room but of course that would not work anyway as they would be detected. She had no place to hide them since she wore no pants and that meant she had no pockets. She could stuff them into her small bag but she worried that Rod might look inside later that night when they were packing or that one of her roommates would see it when she unpacked. She didn’t want to have to explain why she had a pair of panties in her bag.  
  
Seeing no place else to go with it, the naked girl looked at the bed; she lifted the mattress away from the box spring and slid the now soiled panties between them. She felt bad doing it, wondering what would happen when they were found but she figured she would be long gone and would not be blamed. She worried that Myeka might get in some trouble for it but didn’t think she had a choice.  
  
She grabbed her toothbrush and headed towards the bathroom to look as presentable as possible at breakfast. She was still a bit shaken by her dreams, both involving being held against her will and public nudity. She knew that, subconsciously, she felt that she was a slave, forced into a life style not of her own choosing. These dreams were her mind’s attempts to deal with the tremendous mental strain it was constantly on. It was exhausting to always be dealing with the remnants of her lie. That fact, coupled with the awful shame that she was forced to deal with all the time, caused her to be mentally fatigued and was almost too much to handle.  
  
Just as she entered the hallway, a pretty young girl came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her body and another around her head after a shower.  
  
“Oh God, I’m sorry, I didn’t know you were awake,” the girl said, her eyes going up and down Tami’s naked body appraisingly. Tami wanted to curl up into a ball. This exposure seemed so personal here in Rod’s house. She didn’t know the girl but she obviously knew her.  
  
“Um, yeah, just got up,” Tami said.  
  
“Yeah, I went in and saw you conked out,” the girl said. Tami cringed, remembering the position in which she had awoken. She wondered if this girl had seen her spread eagle with Rod’s sperm leaking out of her. “I just slept on the couch instead.”  
  
The two women stood there awkwardly, neither one knowing what to say. Finally Tami spoke up. “I’m Tami, Rod’s girlfriend.”  
  
The girl smiled. “I know that silly, of course you’re Tami. Not too many other naked girls around the house. Well, I guess under this towel I am naked but I live here.”  
  
Tami still was not getting it. The girl saw Tami’s obvious puzzlement and offered a hand. “I’m Myeka, Rod’s sister. I came home late from school.” The realization registered on Tami’s face as she took the girl’s hand and shook. It was strange but meeting Myeka while they were sort of on even footing felt good to Tami, though she would kill for the luxury to be allowed to wrap herself in a towel. Still, Myeka was mostly naked; the only areas covered extended from just above her breasts to mid-thigh.  
  
“Nice to meet you,” Tami said.  
  
“Oh girl, I have heard so much about you,” Myeka said, pulling the naked girl in for a hug. Tami was startled but appreciated the feel of the thick, soft towel rubbing against her poor, bare boobs and nipples, uncovered so long. She now lived vicariously through others and through the brief contact with clothes. “Rod is in love with you, big time. Hope you don’t hurt my big bro. He seems tough but inside he’s just a pussy cat.”  
  
Tami blushed. “I would never hurt Rod,” she said shyly. “I love Rod.”  
  
“I know, I know. Now, go and wash up,” Myeka said. “We can catch up during breakfast.”  
  
Myeka turned sideways to pass by Tami who did the same. Her breasts grazed the girl’s towel as they passed, sending a shiver down the naked girl’s body. She had to admit, she missed Jen and her magic tongue right now.  
  
Tami wondered if she had a few extra minutes to take a shower and finish off her horniness. The encounter with Myeka, though benign, had put her on edge. That and the fact that she had only experienced two orgasms yesterday (low for her) made her body feeling charged up.  
  
She slid into the bathroom and saw two freshly folded towels on the counter. Myeka called out from the hallway. “Tami, those towels are for you,” she said. “I figured you could use two towels like me. It’s impossible to dry yourself and your hair with just one towel, don’t you think?”  
  
Yeah right, she was used to drying her body and hair with just three small washcloths since Wanda had decreed that a regular towel would be too much covering. Two towels was an embarrassment of riches.  
  
“Thank you Myeka, you are too nice,” Tami said, closing the door to the bathroom. For a second she wondered if someone with no modesty would have closed the door but she could always use the excuse that she didn’t want to make Mr. and Mrs. Sykes uncomfortable if they walked in on her.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 15  
  
She started the shower, letting it warm considerably. She was so used to being cold all the time during the winter that she had become accustomed to showers that were nearly scalding hot. While the water got to that level, Tami stood in front of the vanity mirror, examining herself.  
  
Her red hair was showing some grey strands, a sign to her of the stress she had been under during her year of nudity. Still, despite all of the strain and abuse heaped on her, she felt that she had help up remarkably well. Her eyes shined a vibrant green. Her face still showed its Irish complexion, freckles dotting her cheeks and nose. There was a hint of red in her cheeks, making blush and rouge unnecessary.  
  
Looking lower, she saw her breasts standing tall even with all of the abuse they had received. They were full and perky and still firm despite not being encased in a bra for nearly a year. She had thought her boobs would sag after not being lifted by the bra but they were still in good shape.  
  
Her nipples were longer than before, after being erect for nine months and pulled and scraped by that damn machine at Chalfont. Her aureoles were still dime shaped and remained pinkish, the same color as her nipples. Further down, her belly was concave, beyond flat, from months of exercise and dieting. A naked girl can’t afford even a few extra pounds, though she wondered if people would look at her less if she gained some weight. Her vanity would not allow her to try it out. Plus, with all of the exercise on her grounds job plus the orgasms at Chalfont and the miles walking the campus, she was in too good of shape to put on serious weight.  
  
She could only see the top of her pubic mound in this mirror but, even though she had been shaved for weeks now, it still felt weird to see no hair in that area. For the first few months of her enforced nudity, it had provided the only cover she knew. She craved that cover but had to relinquish it, another in a long line of events created to break her. Now she was required to keep it shaved and she did so reluctantly.  
  
Noticing that steam was now appearing in the shower she hopped in. She remembered that this shower did not possess the hot water heater capacity that her dorm shower did so she hurried to get clean. Her dorm shower had been her oasis from the prying eyes and the battering weather. She had spent much time in the shower, covering herself.  
  
Showering was such a long process for a naked girl…she had to ensure that every last inch of her body was clean because every last inch of her body was on display. She would be mortified if any part of her was not clean, another remnant of her mother’s training.  
  
During showers, she especially took time to work on her anus. She was always on edge that it would not be clean during one of the many times that she had to display it. No girl she knew had to worry about the cleanliness of her butthole, another fact that made Tami so special.  
  
She also scraped the bottom of her feet. Her bare soles took a beating and were constantly getting dirty. It bothered her when her feet got black so she was very careful to keep them clean. She had been given a scraper by Wanda to get the worst of the grime and the dead skin off.  
  
Finally, she washed her hair, her beautiful, long, red hair. It was always a source of pride to her and in her current state it was all she had from her previous clothed life. Her hair was the only part of her that was not skin and she loved it. In high school back when she wore clothes, she had chosen to mostly wear it up in a ponytail. Now she almost always chose to wear it down in an effort to cover her breasts. It was all she had to cover herself though she had to be careful not to cover too much lest she be accused of modesty.  
  
She was grateful that Myeka had left her shampoo and conditioner in the shower. Tami sniffed the bottles and noticed that they smelled tropical. She liberally filled her hands with the shampoo and lathered her hair. The hot water caused the soap to bubble down her body and she shivered at the sensation, despite the heat. She slid her right hand between her legs and began to rub her sex. She was always on edge and her dreams had caused a fire inside of her. Though they were horrible in reality, the thought of it did something to her. After months of constant nudity, she was trained to cum, like a freak in an x-rated circus. In no time at all, her body responded and she was quivering as an orgasm washed over her like the water.  
  
She let the orgasm run its course before pulling her hand away, running it under the water to clean her fingers. She then poured conditioner into her hands and lathered her hair again. She luxuriated under the warm stream as the water cleaned and conditioned her hair.  
  
Using a loofa that was hanging there, she rubbed her body clean. It felt so good to her poor, battered skin to rub soothing mixtures over it. She spent a lot of time on her breasts, then her belly and then her long legs. She grabbed her razor from the counter and, after spraying lotion on her them, she shaved each leg. She did the same to her pubic region and her underarms. Unlike the dorm shower, this was a luxury, using the tub to raise her legs a bit, making it easier to get the whole leg done.  
  
Finally she was done, just as the water cooled. She turned the shower off and wrung her hair to get the worst of the water off. She then shook her body dry a bit, a habit since she usually had only small wash clothes to use to dry. This made her breasts bounce up and down which would have embarrassed her if anyone else had been there to see it.  
  
She remembered the towels. Did she dare use both? Yes, she thought, she would use the towels. Stepping out of the shower, she grabbed the big bath towel and dried herself. Looking nervously at the closed door, she tentatively pulled the towel around her, tying it tight above her breasts as Myeka had done.  
  
Tami’s breath was short and shallow as she caught a vision of herself clothed in this towel. A year ago, this would have felt naked to her but now it was like wearing the fanciest gown in the world. She stepped out of the tub, happy that there was no sign of her pussy or breasts as she moved around the bathroom. Her sex parts were private, hidden to view the way they had always been meant to be.  
  
Taking the other towel, she dried her long hair, bending over at the waist to dry underneath. This had always been hard to do with the wash cloths. Using the towel made her feel like a queen. Though it had been a while, she instinctively knew how to secure the towel in place on her head so that her hair was covered and drying.  
  
She stayed like that for a few moments while she brushed her teeth and applied a little makeup. It felt so good to not be naked while performing these tasks. She did everything naked anymore and it was wonderful to be covered while performing a mundane task like putting on makeup or brushing her teeth, though she figured that many women did these tasks naked every day. She put one leg up on the toilet and spread some lotion that was in the medicine cabinet on them. She repeated the act with her other leg and then her arms and the rest of her body that was not covered by the towel. It felt so good to pamper her body in this way, especially after the abuse it received so often.  
  
She jumped, startled, when she heard a knock on the door. Without thinking she undid the towel covering her body and let it drop on the floor, instinctively kicking it to the side in a heap. She did the same with the towel on her head and said, “come in.” Once again, her sanctuary had been invaded.  
  
She was relieved when the bald head of her boyfriend peeked into the door. She never minded being naked in front of him. “Hmm, hmm, you look good babe. Wish I could come in and join you but breakfast is being served…your favorite, pancakes.”  
  
“Oh Rod, you’re my favorite,” she said in a soft but sexy voice as she moved closer and kissed him softly on the lips. “Come in here first, it won’t take me long, I promise. The pancakes can wait.” She moved her body to show off her breasts to their fullest extent. It had the desired effect on the man as she realized when she ran her hand over his crotch.  
  
“Oh God Tami, you are unreal,” he said, pulling back. “But my sister is 10 feet away in her room and my mom and dad are downstairs. I promise you I will make it worth your while when we get back to school.”  
  
“Fine, if you don’t want me, I’ll have to find someone else to take care of me,” she said, feigning disappointment.  
  
“Babe, you know that will never happen,” he said with a smile. “Finish up and come on downstairs.”  
  
She smiled and returned to her teeth. She noticed, sadly, that he had left the door open a bit. After all, why did she need it closed, she had no modesty. After a few minutes of feeling like a normal girl, Tami was back to being the nudist, though it was good while it lasted.  
  
She finished her tasks, including brushing her hair, and was about to leave the bathroom when she remembered to pee. Tami figured this was the best time since no one was around. She went to the toilet and sat down, releasing into the bowl as she unwound some paper to wipe. Just then, Mr. Sykes walked by and the two made eye contact and froze. Nothing moved and there was not a sound except for the stream that Tami could not control hitting the water. She was mortified that the man was watching her pee, such an intimate act. Mr. Sykes was fascinated at the sight of the naked girl in such an organic moment but embarrassed to have caught her so intimately.  
  
Without a word, the man turned around and headed back downstairs. Glumly she wiped herself, depositing the tissue into the bowl and flushed. After washing her hands, she picked up her bag and the used towels and headed back to Myeka’s room.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 16  
  
The door was shut. Tami hesitated but since this room had been her home base since she arrived, she knocked.  
  
“Yes,” said Myeka.  
  
“Um, it’s me Tami,” the naked girl asked. “Can I come in?”  
  
“Sure.”  
  
Tami pushed open the door and gasped. Myeka was standing there naked, rubbing lotion onto her legs, the same thing that Tami had just been doing. Clothes were lying on the bed, obviously selected for wear that day. Tami noticed that a laptop was sitting on the end table.  
  
“Oh sorry, I was just getting lotion on before dressing for the day,” the girl said, holding her arms over her breasts and crossing her legs. “I didn’t think you would mind. Sorry I embarrassed you.”  
  
Tami was panicking. She could not let the girl think she had any modesty or minded seeing her naked. “No, I’m not embarrassed at all, I don’t get embarrassed. I don’t believe in modesty,” she said. “It’s just that I’m usually the only one naked around my dorm and I wasn’t expecting it. Everyone else is so modest around me. They change in the closet or behind the drawers so no one sees them. It’s crazy to me.”  
  
Myeka relaxed and went back to putting lotion on her body. “Good, I was worried I had offended you,” she said. “I’m not too modest either but I don’t normally run around naked. It’s just I dropped my towel to try on some clothes and didn’t feel like putting it back on.”  
  
The always naked girl examined the other nude in the room. Myeka’s breasts were hanging down as she worked on her legs. They were much larger than Tami’s, a full 36D or so Tami knew from looking at the bras. Her middle was a bit thicker than Tami’s, not that Myeka was fat. She was much fuller than Tami is all. Her legs were nice and shapely but not thin like Tami’s. Myeka was gorgeous, no doubt about it. Her skin was the color of caramel, a good combination of her mom and dad.  
  
The girl was sitting on the bare bed. Tami felt bad about that but just stood there with the wet towels and her bag. “I didn’t mean to bother you or anything but I didn’t know where else to put my bag.”  
  
“No problem, you can leave it here,” Myeka said, a smile on her round face. “You can put the towels in the hamper over there.”  
  
Tami did both things and returned to where Myeka sat. she was fascinated by the naked girl. During her months of nudity, it was extremely rare for her to be in the presence of another naked girl. Even her few times licking Jen had been brief and Jen only was bottomless. She remembered that Jen had quickly covered up after cumming. At least she had the luxury of doing that. After her orgasms, Tami was still naked, often cumming over and over.  
  
“Sorry about your bed Myeka,” Tami said shyly. “I’m a nudist and don’t believe in covers, not even in bed. Your mom said it was okay.”  
  
“Don’t sweat it, I’m not here long this trip anyway,” she said. “Just came home to grab a dress for a formal at school, do some laundry and see you and Rod and my parents. Wanted to be here yesterday but never made it.”  
  
Tami looked at the clothes on the bed and realized they were not Myeka had planned to wear today but instead were outfits that she might possibly wear to the formal.  
  
“I know you don’t wear clothes but would you mind helping me pick an outfit for a formal dance at school? Would that be against your religion?”  
  
“No not at all, it would be my pleasure,” she said. “Just because I don’t believe in wearing clothes doesn’t mean that I don’t appreciate them in others or that they should follow my lead. In fact, I spend a lot of time watching what my friends wear. I seem to notice things a lot more since I’ve been naked.”  
  
“Good. What I was planning on doing was taking pictures of each outfit and emailing them to Russell, my boyfriend,” Myeka said. “That way I don’t have to lug all of the outfits to school with me.”  
  
The girl stood up and walked towards her drawers. Opening the one that Tami remembered well from last night, she pulled out a black, lace thong and slid them up her legs. Tami felt a pang in her heart. She was no longer the only girl naked. She was the only girl not allowed the option of pulling on panties. Myeka followed by putting on a matching black lace bra that snugly raised her breasts. Tami thought she looked amazing.  
  
“Now, I narrowed my choices down to these three outfits,” the girl said, moving towards the bed. She picked up a dress that was midnight green. Myeka pulled it on and Tami had to admit the girl was gorgeous. The dress was snug in all the right places, on Myeka’s breasts and over her hips and butt. There were spaghetti straps that showed off her bare shoulders with just a hint of cleavage. The dress hung to about two inches above her knee, giving a great view of her legs.  
  
“Wow, you look great in that,” Tami said. “With a pair of heels, you will be unreal.”  
  
“Oh thanks,” Myeka said. “You really like it that much?”  
  
“Oh God yes. Almost makes me wish I weren’t a nudist so I could borrow it.”  
  
Myeka laughed as she studies herself in the mirror.  
  
“You’re right, this dress looks good on me,” she said with a smile. “Would you mind taking a picture?”  
  
“Sure,” Tami said, picking up the digital camera on the dresser. “Do you want to put the shoes on for the photo?”  
  
“No, need to leave something to surprise him the night of the formal.”  
  
Tami raised the camera to her face and, looking into the screen on the back of the camera, took a long shot of Myeka who posed as if modeling, causing Tami to laugh. She took a few more and then had Myeka turn around and took some of the back of the dress (“not that a boy is going to care about that,” Myeka had explained. “That’s for my girls back at school.”).  
  
Myeka stepped out of the green dress and pulled out a silver one. This one was not nearly as nice and was a showy metallic color. It was bolder where the green had been classy.  
  
Myeka pulled it on and it looked good. Tami’s face though registered the fact that it was not as nice as the other one. Way more of Myeka’s breasts were on display, with her boobs nearly spilling out. The dress was short too, showing off Myeka’s legs but Tami thought it looked trashy.  
  
“Well, you don’t like it right?”  
  
“Um, no you still look great, just not as good as the other one.”  
  
Myeka looked in the full-length mirror, turning to the side and then the back. “You’re right but I guess I’ll send the photo anyway.” Tami took some more photos of this one but lacked some of the enthusiasm.  
  
Myeka stripped out of that one and went to a black dress. She pulled it on and Tami noticed that it was completely and totally different than the last two. This dress covered Myeka from her neck to her ankles. It had long sleeves and was sweater-like in material. Though it was pretty, Tami felt that a gorgeous young girl like Myeka should wear something sexy. This was something a librarian would wear, though Tami saw the value in wearing something that fully covered her body.  
  
Myeka went to the mirror and looked at her image. Again she frowned. “Not so much right,” she asked. Tami nodded.  
  
“It’s a nice dress but does nothing for you,” Tami said, though she still envied the girl’s covering.  
  
“Alright, take the pictures,” Myeka said. Again the girl modeled the dress and Tami snapped away.  
  
“Great, let’s download them and send them to Russell,” Myeka said.  
  
KNOCK KNOCK. “Ladies, breakfast is ready,” said the voice which both girls knew was Rod.  
  
“Rodney, would you let your girlfriend and sister do some girl things in here and leave us alone,” Myeka said, faking anger. “We’ll be down to breakfast when we are ready and not before. Now go!”  
  
The two girls giggled. “Love you honey,” Tami said sweetly.  
  
“Now Tami, don’t let that Myeka be a bad influence over you,” Rod said with a laugh. “You’re a good girl.”  
  
He walked away and the girls laughed.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 17  
  
“…have you ever done it with a girl?”  
  
Tami’s stomach tightened. She knew that she and Myeka were passing a certain point in their relationship, beyond friends, even beyond brother’s girlfriend/boyfriend’s sister.  
  
The naked girl did not know whether or not to be honest. Honesty would probably force an embarrassing moment but she also did not want to appear to be lying if Myeka ever found out that she did indeed “do it” with Jen on a regular basis.  
  
“Um, well,” she said, her face turning red.  
  
“Oh my God, Tami, I’m sorry, I have offended you haven’t I,” asked Myeka. “Forget I said anything, I was just curious about other girls and thought that if I could talk to anybody about a sexual matter it would be you. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you and your religion.”  
  
Tami’s mind started to race. Had she just betrayed some modesty by not being willing to talk about lesbian sex or could it be assumed that a religious woman would be against that kind of thing? She wondered if word would get to Rod and maybe back to campus that she had become embarrassed by Myeka’s question. She decided to get it over with.  
  
“No Myeka, I’m not embarrassed at all,” she said. “In fact, I don’t believe in modesty.”  
  
The other girl gave a smile of relief. “Oh thank God, I was worried I had offended you, though I was surprised that a girl without modesty would be upset about a question on sex.”  
  
“No, not at all,” Tami stammered. “I was just surprised to hear you say it. Never thought that was something you would be into.”  
  
“Well not into really, just curious,” Myeka said. “I love Russell and we have wonderful times together. But I’ve heard that a girl can really satisfy another girl and my roommates and I sometimes joke about it. I just wondered what it was like but I’ve been too ashamed to ask someone.”  
  
Tami got quiet. It took every ounce of strength to answer. “Well, I have had sex with another girl,” she said, hoping that her face was not turning a bright red, a dead giveaway that she was embarrassed. “In fact, she is my roommate at Campbell-Frank and she licks me almost every day.”  
  
Now it was Myeka’s turn to turn red. “Oh God Tami, I had no idea,” she said. “Does Rod know?”  
  
Tami nodded. “Yeah, he knows but I don’t know that he is always happy about it.”  
  
The two girls were quiet for a moment. Then Myeka asked the magical question. “So, how does it feel?”  
  
Tami’s throat got dry as she answered. “Well, it is nowhere near as good as having sex with a man, that full feeling is s great,” she answered. “But, it is really good. My friend, Jen, is so gentle with me and she totally understands what I like and what she should do. It’s as if she can tell what will work because it works on her.”  
  
The room got quiet again. Tami could tell that Myeka was deep in thought. “Tami, this might be strange but would it be weird if, um, if we, ah, did it, now?”  
  
Tami was torn. The conversation was turning her on but the thought that she was only a plaything, used for sex, bothered her. Plus this was Rod’s sister. Tami planned to be married to Rod and knew that Myeka would be in her life for years to come. Could she live with the fact that they had done it?  
  
“Well, if you won’t be weirded out by it, I’m fine,” she finally answered. “I mean, I don’t believe in modesty right? It’s just sex and it’s beautiful.”  
  
Wordlessly, Tami uncurled her leg and spread them, showing her vagina to the other girl and spreading her legs in invitation. With a quickness that Tami had not expected, Myeka leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Tami could not deny the familiar feeling inside of her as the girl’s full lips pressed against hers. Feeling bolder, Myeka moved over and straddled the naked girl. Tami felt the warm sweatshirt and sweatpants press against her body, grazing her erect nipples. Tami moaned at the feel of it though she was sure Myeka would mistake it for passion.  
  
The two girls kissed for a while before Myeka’s hands moved to cup Tami’s bare breasts. Being naked of course made it easier to have sex and also, most likely, put sex into everyone’s thoughts more often. Tami knew that she thought about sex a lot, as did most of the people around her. She wondered if that was normal or did her nudity bring it out in people. Perhaps her “openness” towards sex made people, like Myeka and Jen, feel comfortable enough to express their thoughts on the subject.  
  
Myeka’s broke off the kiss and moved her mouth to Tami’s breasts. Her nipples were of course an inviting target and soon Myeka was sucking on them, her tongue circling them. Tami moaned…her nipples were so abused by the elements (they were always achingly erect) and at Chalfont. This felt so nice. Rarely were her nipples treated this well by Jen or Rod, both of whom only paid minimal attention to her boobs. Both seemed to love her mouth and her vagina, choosing to focus on those areas. But, for Tami, her breasts, and especially her nipples, were an erogenous zone and she was getting wet just from the attention Myeka was lavishing on them.  
  
Myeka’s hand moved between Tami’s legs and she pulled off Tami’s left nipple and gave her a cat-like smile. “Why you are very responsive, aren’t you Tami,” she said in a mock taunt. “Either that or I am a natural at this.”  
  
Tami moaned in response as Myeka rubbed her fingers up and down the now wet slit. The girl put her mouth around Tami’s nipple again and the nude girl’s whole body shivered in pleasure, a moan of ecstasy erupting. Myeka then slid first one finger then two into Tami’s lubed sex and the girl’s body arched, her hips and butt rising off the couch to press into Myeka’s hand. In just a few more moments, after Myeka’s fingers pistoned inside of her eight or nine more times, Tami came loudly in a voice quite unlike her own. For her part, Myeka just held on, milking the orgasm like Jen did. Turns out Myeka was a natural.  
  
After Tami’s orgasm subsided, Myeka let the nipples pop out of her mouth and the girl slid down so that her face was in Tami’s crotch. Tami moaned, “no, please,” but, as usual, she was ignored as Myeka let her tongue run up and down the length of the bare pussy. Tami’s cried out in shame and pleasure. She loved how her body felt right now but having Rod’s sister licking her bare sex was not something she could have ever imagined. Still, she had never fully came down from the last orgasm so another one was not far away. Myeka’s tongue went up and down, paying special attention to Tami’s now erect clit. Every so often, the girl’s tongue would poke into between the slick lips, causing an extra moan.  
  
Tami knew that another orgasm was imminent. She grabbed Myeka’s by her hair and pressed her face further into her sex. This was all the girl needed to reach her second orgasm in less than a minute.  
  
The two went at it like this for several minutes, allowing Tami to achieve orgasm after orgasm. The exhausted girl tried to push Myeka away, “please, I can’t, need a second,” she whimpered, but Myeka was like a woman possessed and continued licking Tami. The naked girl slid off the couch and onto the floor but Myeka remained vaccummed suctioned against her sex. Tami finally managed to slide around so that Myeka was on top of her and Tami’s head was between the girl’s legs, which were still encased in sweatpants. Tami started to pull the pants off but Myeka grabbed Tami’s wrist. “Wait. I don’t know if I’m ready,” she said, her mouth just momentarily off of Tami’s sex.  
  
Tami was floored. The girl had spent several minutes licking her boobs and pussy, giving her orgasm after orgasm but when the time came for her to receive she wasn’t ready. The always nude girl was tired of being the only one who was in these situations. She decided then and there to be the aggressor.  
  
“OHHHHH,” she cried out as Myeka sucked on her clit. Tami grabbed at the girl’s waistband and pulled them over her ass. The girl made a noise in protest but did not stop sucking. Tami pulled the pants down to Myeka’s knees and then did the same with her panties. Now Tami was inches away from the girl’s sex.  
  
Though not completely shaven, it was much more groomed than Tami’s had been before her recent denuding. There was just a little strip of dark black curly hair an inch or so above her slit.  
  
Tami could smell Myeka’s excitement. The odor was strong after being held in by the girl’s panties and sweatpants. She must have been stewing for the entire time she was giving Tami orgasm after orgasm. Tami could make out a glisten on the lips and between the labia.  
  
This was one of the blessing and a curse moments for the naked girl. She never had to worry about her sex smelling bad after being cooped up in panties and pants. Her juices just flowed and frequently she knew that people could smell her arousal.  
  
She lifted her head and touched Myeka’s sex with her tongue. The girl screamed out in surprise and pleasure, trying to buck away. But Tami held firm and the two girls began licking each other in a 69. Both girls moaned into the other’s pussy as the licking went on. Tami came once and was on the verge of cumming again when Myeka lifted her face out of the sex she was licking and cried out in a loud orgasm. Tami felt the girl’s legs shaking as she pressed her sex down onto Tami’s face. She rode the orgasm, as she had learned from Jen and let the orgasm reach a huge plateau before subsiding, leaving Myeka in a heap on top of Tami’s bare body. Finally, the girl was done, too tired to continue licking Tami.  
  
After a few moments of Tami gently licking the pussy just above her face, Myeka slid off.  
  
“Tami, that was amazing,” she said, her face glistening with Tami’s juices. Tami could tell that she had some of Myeka on her face as well. “You are incredible, such a capacity for sex. I’ve never seen anything like it.”  
  
Tami blushed but smiled. “You were wonderful.”

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 18  
  
The girls got to their knees and then feet. Myeka self-consciously grabbed her panties and pulled them on followed by her pants. Tami knew the routine…it always felt weird when Jen did the same thing at school. Even after sharing such an intimate moment, other girls always felt strange being naked and quickly dressed. Of course Tami had no choice but to be naked.  
  
“Oh boy, we left a wet spot on the cushion,” Myeka said with a giggle. “Have to turn that one over.”  
  
Tami was embarrassed, knowing that was her juice that had stained the cushion and that Rod’s parents would be sitting on it, not knowing what laid beneath.  
  
“Girl, you’d better go get cleaned up down there,” Myeka said, her gaze on Tami’s glistening sex. “While you’re gone I’ll do something about the smell.” Tami sniffed the air and realized the room smelled of girl. She went upstairs to clean her pussy, wetting a washcloth that she found in the linen closet and then wiping clean her sex. She then dried with another washcloth.  
  
She went into Myeka’s bedroom to drop the washcloths in the hamper. She then remembered the soiled panties under the mattress. Seeing that Myeka had filled the hamper, she went in and grabbed the old panties and stuffed them deep into the hamper, feeling better about not leaving the soiled garment behind.  
  
Tami heard a car engine and looked out the window to see Rod and his parents returning. She ran down the steps to warn Myeka but was greeted by the sight of the girl painting her toe nails, the window wide open and the ceiling fan on. The girl gave a smile when she noticed Tami had returned.  
  
The front door opened and Mrs. Sykes walked in first. She sniffed the air and scrunched her eyes, trying to determine the smell.  
  
“Hey Mom, just painting my toenails,” Myeka said. “How was church?”  
  
“Fine,” the woman answered, still not convinced but unable to go any further. Rod and his dad walked in next and were also confronted on a smell that was unusual. Rod thought he recognized it but the smell of nail polish threw him off a bit.  
  
The three took off their jackets and sat in the living room. Tami rushed to sit on the cushion that she had stained and Rod moved in next to Myeka. Mr. and Mrs. Sykes sat in easy chairs across the way. Mr. Sykes was rewarded by a full view of Tami’s spread sex as she kept her knees wide, as any good nudist would.  
  
The five talked casually for a while but Tami could tell that Rod’s dad was struggling to keep his composure. She felt bad for him and closed her legs a bit. The man licked his lips and seemed to shake his head and get back into the conversation.  
  
“Alright, I have some chores to do,” Mrs. Sykes stood and began to leave the room.  
  
“Me too,” her husband said. “Time to get some yardwork done.”  
  
Tami was very good at yardwork, having a lot of experience on the grounds crew and with Ross at his house that one awful weekend. “I could help if you’d like,” she said to the man.  
  
“Um, ah, yeah, sure Tami, that is very, um, nice of you,” he said. “I’m going upstairs to change into some work clothes. I’ll meet you out back.”  
  
The man made his way upstairs, trying hard to conceal his erection. Tami noticed but was glad that neither Rod nor Myeka had. She was used to men getting erections around her…many could not help themselves when presented with a naked girl, especially one as pretty as Tami. Sometimes she was even pleased when it happened, glad that she turned a man on in such a way. But not this time, in this place. Tami did not want to embarrass her boyfriend’s father in that way.  
  
She barely paid attention as Myeka and Rod chatted about school. Still, it felt good to be around a family again. She missed this, missed being at home in many ways. This felt like a second home.  
  
Mr. Sykes came down the steps and stood in the living room. He was wearing a long sleeve shirt, long pants and a hat, just the uniform to be working in the garden. Tami, of course, would wear nothing. That was her usual uniform.  
  
The man motioned for Tami to follow and the girl walked behind as they made their way to the garage. There Mr. Sykes grabbed some tools and put on gloves. “Do you wear gloves or is that against your religion,” he asked, a pair of gloves in his hand. Tami’s mind whirled…were gloves against her religion? Would be so nice to have them on and protect her poor hands but she worried that she might do something that would reveal her true modest self so she politely declined.  
  
“OK, your choice,” he said. “Let’s head out.” He handed her some tools and the duo made their way outside. Thankfully, for her sake, he was headed for the backyard. Tami was given responsibility for weeding a bed behind the pool. She shivered when she remembered the cold water from when she was thrown in the day before. Thankfully she was in the warm sun now and no one but Mr. Sykes was around. She felt comfortable with him, despite his obvious sexual pleasure. What man would be able to not get excited when sitting in such proximity to a beautiful naked girl?  
  
The two started in their work. Tami got so caught up in doing a good job that she did not realize that she was on all fours, her boobs dangling beneath her and her pussy and asshole on clear view from anyone looking from behind. Mr. Sykes noticed and was unable to take his eyes off of the girl and her not-private region. He had never been confronted with a view like this in real life. Of course, like any red-blooded American man, he had seen his share of porn but this was better than anything he had ever seen.  
  
Truthfully, Tami got way more work done than Mr. Sykes who was very distracted. He paid very close attention to his work when he heard the sliding glass door open, figuring that his wife was coming out. He was right and realized it when he heard a gasp when the woman saw the display that Tami was unintentionally giving.  
  
“Um, sweetheart, need a drink,” the woman said. Tami backed out of the bushes and sat back on her feet. Her breasts had dirt stripes across them, as if Tami had swiped at something and gotten dirt on there. Her knees also had dirt and the imprints of little rocks and grass on them. She seemed unfazed by it all as she gratefully took the drink that was offered and drank it in one gulp. Mr. Sykes wiped sweat off his brow and licked his suddenly dry lips.  
  
“Um, why don’t you guys call it a day,” the woman said. “Tami, if you want, you can get cleaned up in the sink in the garage. Honey, why don’t you go upstairs and get a shower. I’ll be up in a minute.”  
  
The man got the unspoken message, as did Tami. Mrs. Sykes was turned on and was going to help relieve some of Mr. Sykes’ tension. Tami blushed as the couple excused themselves. Tami grabbed the tools and carried them to the garage, cleaning them and herself off there. As she was finishing, she heard a throat clear behind her. She turned and smiled when she saw Rod watching her.  
  
“How long have you been there,” she asked innocently.  
  
“Long enough to be turned on,” he said. Her eyes went to his crotch and she could see a bulge there.  
  
“Oh my, did I do that to you,” she said, mock shyness to her voice. “I am so sorry.”  
  
“Well, maybe you can help me take care of it,” he said, moving closer to her.  
  
“You think,” she asked. “How so?”  
  
He was now inches from her and leaned in for a long, passionate kiss. “Hmm, that’s nice,” she said, her hands going for his belt and button. Once unclasped, she unzipped his pants and reached into his boxers and pulled out his hard penis and balls so they rested on top of his waistband. Using her hand, she rubbed his long cock up and down, causing him to moan. “Oh babe, that is so good,” he moaned.  
  
Tami was always amazed at the power she had in her hand. Rod was seven inches taller and more than 100 pounds heavier but she controlled him with just her hand. Their eyes were locked onto each other as she stroked his erect penis slowly, her other hand massaging his balls. She dropped to her knees, her eyes never leaving his, and slowly took him into her mouth. He moaned louder as the girl continued to stroke him, her other hand on his balls. He put his fingers in her hair and pushed her further onto his sex. Luckily for her, Tami had gotten good at taking him deep into her mouth and did not gag. In just a few moments he cried out and filled her mouth with his cum.  
  
Tami kept going, keeping him hard. Rod cried in a mixture of pain and pleasure. Finally he got over the painful part and felt good again. Tami got to her feet and sat on the edge of the sink, spreading her legs. Rod got between her legs and easily slid into her now wet sex. She stifled a scream of pleasure. Despite having had several orgasms under the tongue of Myeka, she was still horny and Rod’s penis was met by a wet .... Tami grabbed the pipe above her as Rod pounded her. Sometimes they made passionate love but this was just animal sex, rutting into one another. Tami came hard but stayed silent. Not long after her mind-numbing orgasm, Rod came again, filling her with his juice.  
  
After a few moments, Rod withdrew with a kiss. Tami closed her legs and got to her now shaky legs. She grabbed a wet rag and wiped her sex clean so that there were no remnant of Rod leaking from her. She had just finished and Rod had just zipped up when Myeka came out.  
  
“Lunch time,” she said, her voice betraying the knowledge that she knew what she had nearly interrupted.  
  
“Coming,” Rod said, smiling at his double entendre. The two lovers grabbed hands and entered the house.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 19

An air of satisfaction settled over the kitchen table as the five satiated adults sat and enjoyed lunch. The men had sandwiches while the women had salads. Tami’s smiled as she poured Caesar dressing over hers…it looked remarkably like Rod’s cum that had seeped out of her earlier. It made eating the salad even more enjoyable.  
  
The family was conversing and again, though not having much to add, Tami felt very comfortable around these people despite the knowledge that she was very naked in a place where people normally are dressed. She felt the cool, smooth wood of the kitchen chair beneath her bare butt and thighs; this always served as a reminder of her nudity.  
  
“So, are you going,” Myeka asks Rod. Tami was lost in her own thoughts and had missed the first part of the conversation.  
  
“No, I don’t think so,” his eyes darting to Tami and then back to his sister, trying to send a subtle message.  
  
“Going where,” Tami asks.  
  
“Nowher--.”  
  
“To Pax, a cool club in town here,” Myeka interrupts her brother. “A group of guys Rod used to play with will be jamming there plus my best friend is mixing. I figured Rod would go since he was home this weekend.”  
  
Rod is looking down at his plate, not making any eye contact with his girlfriend.  
  
“Do you want to go Rod,” she asked.  
  
“Nah, no big deal, I’ll those guys next time,” he said, trying to sound casual but Tami could see he was uncomfortable with the conversation.  
  
“Is it because of me,” she asks, her eyes getting bigger as she feels hurt and angry at the same time. While she could think of nothing worse than a bar with a bunch of people staring at her, it hurt her feelings terribly that Rod was embarrassed by her.  
  
Rod looked up and saw his girlfriend’s face. His heart broke. “Yeah, I didn’t think you’d want to go and I was a little nervous about how you might feel there,” he said.  
  
“Rod, I’m a tough Irish New England girl,” she said, her face breaking into a smile. “After all of the things I’ve been through, this should be nothing.”  
  
The man smiled and leaned over for a hug. “Good, I’m going too,” Myeka says.  
  
“But, I’m not 21,” Tami says. “They won’t let me in.”  
  
Myeka and Rod laughed. “Girl, this bar doesn’t worry about underage girls getting in,” she says. “They just card the boys. Trust me, they will let us in.”  
  
The rest of the afternoon passed quickly and soon Tami was helping Myeka get ready for the club. The girl tried on several outfits, finally deciding on a silky silver skirt, a black scoop top and five inch heels.   
  
“You look gorgeous,” Tami said, admiring the outfit. She had recommended this one and had even helped pick out jewelry and accessories.  
  
“Please, I have to do everything I can to keep up with you,” Myeka said. “Who’s going to look at me with a hot, nude girl standing next to me? Plus you’re white and these boys can’t keep their eyes off of the white girls.”  
  
That made Tami nervous. Being at a bar naked was going to be bad enough. It sounded like she would also be the only white person there, much like the Black Formal. She wondered how this was going to go.  
  
She did borrow some of Myeka’s make up and did her lips and eyes. Her all over tan made the other make up unnecessary.   
  
“Here, I think this would look good on you,” Myeka said. She showed Tami a beautiful pearl necklace that came to just above the girl’s breasts. Tami’s eyes filled with tears at this kind gesture.  
  
“Thank you so much Myeka,” she said.   
  
“My pleasure,” the girl said smiling. “I didn’t know if it would offend you but I thought I would ask.”  
  
“Let’s roll,” Myeka said and the two girls left the bedroom. They were met by Rod who looked gorgeous. On top he wore a white turtleneck that was form fitting and showed off his buff upper body. He wore a pair of black jeans and shiny black shoes. Tami could feel herself watering at the sight of her boyfriend.  
  
“Oh my Rod, you look so handsome,” she said, going towards him and kissing him deep on the lips. She pressed her breasts into his chest, reveling in the feel of the fabric of his shirt against her bare boobs and trying to turn him on. She was careful though not to let her pussy touch his pants. She did not want to leave a tell-tale wet mark on her leg.  
  
The threesome said goodbyes and headed outside. Tami cringed out of instinct as she left the safety of the house and was in public again. She followed along, not betraying any part of her thinking, looking for all the world like the committed religious nudist that she said she was. Inside, of course, she was quivering.   
  
Myeka got in the back and Tami slid into the drivers side of Rod’s old car. She slid the seat belt over, again dividing her breasts in half and partially covering her vagina. The three drove, the radio finding the lone station that it could locate on the old radio. It was playing reggae rap and the music reminded Tami of Jen. She hadn’t seen her on Friday before she left so it had been three whole days since they had made love. In many ways, that was an eternity to Tami. She was so used to Jen’s tongue going at her several times a day that she was missing it. Involuntarily, her sex watered a bit.  
  
Thursday morning, Mandy had left for class, leaving Tami and Jen. Tami had already been to her shaming modeling assignment but had an hour until her next class. Jen’s first class was at 11, plenty of time for her to bring Tami to several orgasms. Remembering now, Tami had trouble keeping count of her orgasms but it had knocked her out. Jen had to wake her 10 minutes before class. Tami barely had time to clean up her sex before class, using one of the few small washcloths to wipe herself. She was embarrassed to do this in front of Jen, despite the many intimate encounters the two roommates had engaged in. In many ways, she felt like a little girl wiping after going potty.  
  
Later that evening, the three roommates were studying. Mandy decided to head for the dining hall for a snack. Jen gave Tami that “look.” Resigned to the fact that she was no longer in control of these encounters and secretly craving the intense orgasms that Jen gave her, Tami put her math text book aside and spread her legs. She sat with her back against the cold, cinder-block wall as Jen knelt on the side of the bed and laid her upper body down on the mattress, her tongue flatly pressed against Tami’s spread sex. The nude girl moaned at first touch…the connection between the two was that powerful.  
  
From where she sat, Tami looked out the window. There she saw a group of girls sitting in a room in a dorm across the quad studying together, laughing at something that must have been said. There no one was naked. There no one had her legs spread nor was anyone getting licked by her lesbian roommate. “OHH,” she moaned, a mix of pleasure and shame.  
  
The window was open, letting in the nice spring air. Tami could hear voices in the quad below them. She leaned forward a bit, straightening her back so she would be higher and could see outside. This also had the effect of changing the angle at which Jen was licking causing Tami to shiver in pleasure and let out a moan. Jen used this moment to lick Tami’s clitoris while sliding a finger and then another. Tami let out a loud breath as she felt her sex filling. There was no pain…there never was with Jen. She instinctively knew what Tami was feeling and needing and fulfilled that desire, even though Tami sometimes did not realize it herself.  
  
Tami was moving quickly towards orgasm but incredibly aware of her surroundings. She could now see the group of students, three boys and two girls. She heard them talking, the flirting laugh of one of the girls, the teasing husky voice of one of the boys. They were having a normal interaction, something that she was unable to have in her nude state. It made her feel sad, like a piece of her was dead. Of course, being nude opened up a totally new world, though much of it was uninvited. The part that was dead was familiar. Tami could never again be a normal girl, at least not at Campbell-Frank.  
  
Just then, Jen put a finger from her other hand in Tami’s anus. The girl was now completely stuffed. Anyone looking in would have seen Tami’s body being played like a virtuoso would play her instrument; fingers were plunging in and out of both her holes, Jen’s tongue darting here and there along her sex. Tami’s body was rippling as wave after wave of orgasm pulsed through her body. Finally, it subsided. An exhausted Jen emerged from between Tami’s thigh and kissed the naked girl who sobbed in relief after the orgasms. She soon feel sound asleep and Jen laid her down gently before hopping back into bed and continuing with her studies. That’s how Mandy found them when she returned, a bowl of ice cream half eaten. She took a sniff and smiled. “Man, what did I miss?”

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 20

“Tami, earth to Tami.”  
  
The voice came through the haze from the backseat. Myeka was asking her something.  
  
“Oh jeez, sorry, I was daydreaming,” Tami said.  
  
“I wondered if you had a fake ID,” Myeka said.  
  
Tami shook her head. Actually, it had never dawned on her to get one, though many of her friends had them. In her naked state, she could not have imagined going to a bar. She saw a glimmer of hope.  
  
“Why, do you think I won’t get in without one?”  
  
“No, I think you’ll be fine,” Myeka said. “Just easier if you had one.”  
  
The group pulled up to the club. A line of people waited outside and Tami cringed. This was going to be a rough night of exposure, very different from the relative safety of Campbell-Frank. She looked at Rod who smiled at her.  
  
“You ladies can get out and wait here,” he said. “I’ll go and park the car.”  
  
Tami’s stomach was churning. “I’ll go with you,” she said, not adding that she was scared to be without him in this state of undress.  
  
“Don’t be silly, I’ll be fine and it will be a long walk,” Rod said. Myeka had already gotten out and Tami could hear the wolf whistles and calls that accompanied her long legs exiting. She wondered if Myeka had avoided the dreaded “upskirt” while exiting. As celebrities like Paris Hilton, Britney Spears and Lindsay Lohan have learned, it is nearly impossible to get out of a car in a short skirt and not show “too much.” Well, at least those girls had skirts or dresses to pull down once they exited the car. Tami would have paid anything to give just a peek at her sex. No, she would reveal her sex as she got out and then for the remainder of the night. If the crowd reacted like that to Myeka, what would they do when she got out?  
  
She gave a smile to Rod, secretly begging him to save her from his indignity but he did not save her. Of course he had no idea the shame she was about to feel. Slowly, she opened the door and slid her left leg out of the car. She felt her bare foot flat against the sidewalk and slid her body around. Before she could pull her legs together, she heard, “holy crap.” Her “upskirt” had been discovered.  
  
Of course several people turned to see her exit the car. The wolf whistles were double what Myeka had heard. Tami turned her back to the line and crossed her arms over her breasts, pretending to be cold. She stood with her feet together, trying as best she could to keep her sex from being viewed.  
  
“Come on honey,” one of the men shouted. “We can see your ass…why not show us your titties?”  
  
“I see her vagine,” someone shouted. “Nude girl, show us more.”  
  
“Why you nude, nude girl,” another voice shouted.   
  
Myeka put her arm around Tami’s shoulder for support, which was nice. Tami would have appreciated if Myeka had shared her shawl which she had thrown on for warmth. Though Tami was not cold (after months walking through freezing cold and snow, this chilly night was a walk in the park for the naked girl), she really wanted to feel covered by something.  
  
“You two should kiss,” someone yelled.  
  
It went on like that for a while before Rod showed up. For some reason, his presence there quieted the crowd, as if now that she belonged to someone, she was off-limits.  
  
The three walked to the bouncer. “Back of the line,” the man said gruffly. Tami noticed that Myeka was right…only men were standing in the long line. Women were either in or out, no in between.  
  
“Tyrone, you are going to make me stand in line,” Rod said, pretending to be annoyed. “Me, Rod Sykes, who got you through high school biology, chemistry and physics, who kept you eligible to play football?”  
  
“Rod freaking Sykes, I had no idea that was you brother,” the man said, a smile beaming across his face. “You grew in college.” The two hugged. Suddenly, Tyrone noticed the girls.  
  
“What the hell is this? Did you bring them here Rod?”  
  
“Yeah man, this is my sister Myeka, you remember her right?”  
  
“Myeka? The little pain in the ass who never left us alone? This is Myeka? This gorgeous babe is little Myeka? Come here baby.” The man pulled Myeka into a bear hug, nearly knocking the breath out of her. Myeka grunted a hello, barely managing to summon the air for that.  
  
“What’s with the nude chick?”  
  
“That’s my lady friend, Tami,” Rod said. “She’s a religious nudist. We’ve been dating back at school. Brought her home to meet the family.”  
  
Tyrone put his hand out to shake Tami’s, afraid to offer a hug though not afraid to gawk at her. Tami saw his eyes go from her forehead to her toes up and down three times, stopping at her vagina and breasts of course each time. She cringed inwardly but made no outward signs of discomfort.  
  
“Nice to meet any girl brave enough to go out with Rodney here,” he said with a smile. “I don’t suppose either of these two have ID huh?”  
  
Myeka shook her head and Tami did not answer. She had not brought her ankle pouch and wondered where she would have possibly kept her ID.   
  
“Of course not,” Tyrone said, smiling. “I guess I’ll have to let you girls in. Don’t do anything stupid in there or it’s my head okay?”  
  
“Thanks Ty,” Myeka said, standing on tiptoes to kiss him on the cheek. Tami just smiled as she slid by, trying not to graze him with her boobs.  
  
The club was dark and the music made Tami’s heart feel like it was going to pound out of her chest. She felt gross as her bare feet touched the sticky, gooey floor. She wondered how black her feet would be after a few hours in this place.  
  
She also noticed that there were very few white people in this room and most of the white people were girls like her. They were scantily clad, wearing shoulder baring tops that showed huge amounts of cleavage and the tops of their boobs. There was also no shortage of legs as miniskirts and boy shorts were the rule rather than the exception. Of course no one showed more flesh than Tami who stood there in all of her naked glory.  
  
The band on stage was hard rocking, sounding like Hendrix. The bass was pumping and the lead singer was screaming something unintelligible. That did not seem to matter to the girls who stood at the foot of the stage, arms in the air, screaming something also unintelligible.  
  
“There’s some seats over there,” Rod screamed to the girls who barely heard him but followed anyway. Tami saw that the seats, though not on the dance floor, was in a raised area and the stools were bar stools. That put her lap at eye level with anyone walking by. She would have to make sure to keep her knees tightly together or have everyone see an uninterrupted view of her sex.  
  
“I’ll go to the bar,” Rod said, once the girls were situated. Myeka seemed to be having the same trouble as Tami in keeping from giving an upskirt. At least she had a skirt, Tami thought. “Anything, something fruity, I guess,” Myeka said.   
  
“I’ll take a beer,” Tami said. Rod went off to get the drinks. No sooner was he gone than two men came by the table.  
  
“Well now baby, you sure ain’t subtle,” the one man said. He was big, looking like a football player.  
  
“You want to dance,” the other man said to Myeka. He was cute and Tami could tell that the girl was tempted but declined. “I’m waiting for my brother to bring me my drink. How about in a few minutes?”  
  
“How about you naked girl? You want to dance?”  
  
“Um, no, thank you. My boyfriend is bringing my drink back too. Thanks anyway.”  
  
The two men went back to their table but did not stop leering at the two girls. Tami shivered at the creepiness of the bar scene…she had never been to a bar before and this was not what she expected. She was grateful when Rod returned, their drinks in hand.  
  
“Tami, I brought you a glass in case you wanted one,” he said, handing her a bottle of beer in a glass. Though she knew it was more “lady like” to drink out of the glass, she was far beyond being a lady. After all, she was sitting bare-assed naked in a gross bar. She thanked him, took the bottle and swigged a long drink of beer. It tasted so good and refreshing as it went down her throat. A little liquid courage is what I need here, she thought.  
  
The three sat and listened to the music. So many eyes came to them, staring at her naked breasts and at Myeka. Rod seemed oblivious to the looks they were getting as he enjoyed the funky music from the stage. Myeka noticed though; part of her enjoyed it but part of it worried her as well. There was so much testosterone in the air and she wondered what might happen.  
  
Finally the band ended their set and the DJ began playing dance music loudly. Myeka and the man who had first approached her set off for the dance floor. Rod was leaning over. Tami feared that he was about to ask her to dance but as he was about to speak, a man came to the table.  
  
“Rod freaking Sykes, as I live and breathe, how are you, brother,” he asked. Tami recognized the man as the bass player in the band they had just watched.  
  
“Rasheed Johnson, good to see you.” Rod got up and the two exchanged a friendly handshake and hug, in the way that men do. They were smiling and talking to each other as if there was not a naked girl five feet away. Strange, she thought. Finally, Rasheed turned and seemed to see the naked girl for the first time.  
  
“Whoa, baby, who is this? Do not tell me that you are this dog’s girlfriend? You are wasting your time girl!”  
  
“Rasheed, this is my lady Tami. Tami, this is Rasheed, one of the best bass players in the county and my best friend back in the day,” Rod said.   
  
Tami extended her hand in greeting but Rasheed pulled her in and hugged her tight. She moaned softly at the feeling of his long flannel shirt, buttons undone, soft against her bare skin.  
  
“Any friend of Rod’s is a friend of mine,” he said. “Rodney, want to come on up next set, for old times sake?”  
  
“I would love to but I don’t want to leave Tami here alone,” he said.   
  
“Don’t worry about me Rod, I can handle myself,” she said. “Plus I’ve never heard you play. It would be nice.”  
  
“Ok, I’m in. Hope I remember how to play these songs.”  
  
The two men went off to talk about guitars while Tami sat down and nursed her beer, the third of the night. She would have to be careful from now on. She did not want to get wasted, especially here in public.  
  
Myeka came back, sipping at her drink through a straw. Tami thought she looked weird. “No, I’m just having a good time,” she said. Just then the band played again, this time with Rod on guitar. They started rocking “Buffalo Soldier,” one of Tami’s favorite Bob Marley songs. Myeka pulled Tami out of the chair and onto the dance floor.  
  
At first the naked girl was self conscious as she knew every eye in the place was on her. Soon though, she got into the music and began to dance as the band moved into other areas of funk and rock. Soon she was a sweaty mess as the dance floor filled.  
  
After several songs, Myeka grabbed Tami by the hand and said, “Come with me to the bathroom.”  
  
Tami did not really want to go to the bathroom but three beers were starting to have an effect on her. Being barefoot, she tried to shy away from public ladies rooms. It was bad enough using the one in the dorm but one here at the bar was sure to be completely gross and disgusting. Myeka grabbed Tami’s hand and led her to the long hallway where the bathrooms were.  
  
Just as Tami had predicted, the bathroom was completely dirty. The naked girl walked on her tiptoes into the room and straddled the toilet, careful not to let any part of her touch the rim. She was glad to be naked then, not having to worry about peeing on any clothing as she squatted over the bowl. Myeka was obviously having problems, giggling as she worked to slide her skirt up and move her panties aside while squatting.  
  
Tami finished and, using her toes, flushed the toilet. She was half successful as most of the urine went down, though much of the paper stayed in the bowl. It was all she could do to refrain from gagging. She left her stall and washed her hands, grateful that no one else was in the bathroom.  
  
After Myeka made it out of her stall, with much giggling and unsteadiness, she came out and gave a quick wave under the trickle of water before putting her arm in Tami’s and heading out of the bathroom. As soon as they exited, they came upon the two men from earlier in the evening.   
  
“Hey Marcus,” Myeka said slurring her words, the alcohol have an obvious effect on her. She slipped her arm from Tami’s and went hand in hand with the man down into a room that Tami did not know existed before. That left her alone with the scary large man.  
  
“Hey baby, how about you and I get a little more familiar,” he said, putting his hand on the wall to stop her from moving forward. This had the effect of pinning her to the wall.  
  
“I told you, I have a boyfriend,” Tami said, her face registering annoyance while butterflies rumbled in her stomach.  
  
“Yeah, I saw that guy, the tall, skinny, nerdy guy right,” the man said. “No need to worry about him.” With that, the man moved his right hand and cupped her left breast. Tami cringed, trying to get away from the man but feeling crammed in.  
  
“Come on baby, I can make you forget about that string bean out there,” the man said. “Come with big old Tyson and I can give you a ride of your life.”  
  
Tami grimaced as he leaned in, the alcohol on his breath feeling like it was burning her nostrils. “You’ve been showing off your titties and your poon all night,” the man said. “I think you probably want it real bad.” Just then, he slid his left hand down between her legs and began to painfully rub her bare slit which was uncharacteristically dry.   
  
“Shit, you’re dry as a camel,” he said. “I should have slipped some roofies into your drink too instead of using them all on your friend.”  
  
The nude girl was desolate, not sure what to do. Suddenly she realized that she was about to be raped and that Myeka had been drugged and would also be raped. In fact, she may have been too late. Using strength developed from hours on that awful “treadmill,” Tami lifted her knee and slammed it into the groin of her attacked. She heard an awful “splurch” as she made contact with his testicles.   
  
“OWWW,” the man screamed, taking his hands off of her and cupping his penis. “You bitch, you ...ing bitch.” Tami went at him again and slammed her knee up and into his stomach as he was doubled over in pain. He fell to the floor in agony.  
  
She jumped over his prone body and found Myeka. There Marcus was in the process of pulling the unconscious girl’s panties down her legs and off. He looked up, surprised at the intrusion. Tami went flying at him and punched him in the jaw, sending him flying off of the girl. The nude girl picked up her friend and carried her, fireman’s style, out of the little room and ran into the bar.  
  
The music was pumping. Rod was having a blast and didn’t even notice her as she rushed the stage.  
  
“ROD,” she screamed before finally getting his attention. “RODD, we have to go!”  
  
“What?”  
  
All of a sudden, Tyson was back. He was in a rage and came running at Tami, who placed Myeka down on the floor. Rod stepped down off the stage and got cold cocked. He never knew what hit him and was unconscious before he hit the floor. Tami screamed as several people came flying in. She exploded in a fit of anger and started punching Tyson, scratching at him, kicking him anywhere she could find. Finally she jumped on his back and, using her full force, she slammed him face first into the wall, causing his nose to erupt in blood and him to scream in pain.  
  
“What the hell,” Tyrone said, entering the fray. Sizing up the situation, he shouted to Tami. “Let’s get out of here. You get Myeka, I’ll get Rod.”  
  
They both put their person in a fireman’s carry and took off, Tami’s bare feet slapping against the sticky floor. She stopped to grab Myeka’s purse and followed Tyrone, who easily carried Rod, and the four made it outside.   
  
“Let’s keep moving before Tyson wakes up or someone calls the police,” he said. “Where’s Rod’s car?”  
  
Tami had no idea. They took off in the direction from which Rod had come. It was one block and then two before Tami spotted the old jalopy midway up the street.  
  
Tyrone laid Rod down gently on the hood and Tami fished the keys out

Rod was then transported into the passenger seat as Tami slipped Myeka into the back seat. The girl’s panties were still bunched at her ankles. Tami bent over and pulled them up, trying to give the girl some modesty.  
  
“That was funny,” Tyrone said. “Here you are, bare-assed naked, and you’re worried about your friend.”  
  
“Well, I’m a nudist, she’s not,” Tami replied. “It’s different.”  
  
The man smiled. “I guess,” he said. “Well, good luck. I’ll go back and clean up the mess.”  
  
Tyrone took off and Tami slid into the driver’s seat. It had been a while since she had driven but, after slipping on the seat belt (she was always conscientious), Tami slipped the car into first gear and drove off.  
  
She intentionally drove the opposite way of the bar. If she hadn’t, she would have seen the chaos that ensued. Tyson, his face bloody, stormed out in a rage but was unable to find them. After a few minutes of looking, he tried to get back in but was rejected by the doorman. He was faced with the indignity of walking home, his face bleeding after getting beat up by a girl.

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 21

Tami drove off, not sure where she was going. She was not from around here and had no idea how to get to Rod’s house. She was also petrified of getting pulled over by a cop. She had no license, no money and she had drunk a few beers. Also, she had been scratched a few times in the fight with Tyson and looked like she had been abused. That plus the fact that she had two unconscious people in her car made it imperative that she not get pulled over.  
  
Luckily the windows in Rod’s car were high on the door so all that could be seen of her were her bare shoulders. To anyone driving by, it looked like she was wearing a tube top or a strapless dress. Of course, anyone higher than her (a truck or a van for example) would see much, much more.  
  
Tami drove mindlessly, still shaken by recent events. She had certainly been forced to orgasms beyond her control. Maybe they had technically been rapes but in actuality she had signed away her rights to privacy. In her mind, there is a difference between what she was experiencing at Campbell-Frank and what had just happened. Even the moment in the garage with Raheem, though awful, was just another guy assuming it was okay with her since she was a nudist without modesty. But this was a real rape and it shook her.   
  
Almost as painful was what had nearly happened to Myeka. She had gotten there just in time, moments before Marcus had committed the act. Poor Myeka could have gotten pregnant or caught an STD. How would she explain that to Russell? How awful that would have been, even if the consequences weren’t as dire.   
  
She had known girls who had been raped before. They never seemed the same. Sure they tried to get past it but it never seemed to go away. She was glad that she had stopped this one for Myeka. She wondered if the girl even realized what nearly happened.  
  
Tami’s stomach growled. She realized she was starving, having not eaten anything since lunch. She saw a McDonald’s up ahead and craved French fries. Unfortunately, she had no money as she had left her ankle pouch at home. Still, she had Myeka’s purse…perhaps the girl wouldn’t mind if she borrowed some money.  
  
Opening the purse, she found some bills folded over. There was a five and a few ones. She grabbed the money and pulled into the parking lot.  
  
All of sudden, moments before she was to pull into the drive thru lane, Tami was hit with the realization that she was naked. Could she really do this? Her stomach was growling. Plus, she thought she could do with some coffee to sober her up a bit more.  
  
Swallowing what was left of her pride, Tami pulled up to the big menu board.  
  
“Can I take your order?” Obviously there were no cameras that could see inside the car.  
  
“Um, yes, can I have a cheeseburger, small fries and a cup of coffee with cream, no sugar, please?”  
  
“Sure. That’s $3.24. Please pull around.”  
  
Tami took a deep breath and drove along to the pick up window. She saw that her worst fears were to be realized. A pimply faced teenager was working then window. She would probably be the first live naked girl he had ever seen. Behind him was another teen, this one more geeky than the first. She guessed it figured. When she was in high school, the cool kids rarely worked at fast food restaurants.  
  
As she got to the window, the kid barely registered a glance until he saw a pretty face looking back at him. Just then she looked closer and saw that she was bare chested.  
  
“Holy crap, are you naked?”  
  
She nodded. “yeah, it’s a silly prank. They made me go out and drive naked. One of the stunts is to go to a fast food restaurant.”  
  
“Hey Joel, look at this, a naked chick is at the window.”  
  
Tami saw a guy who must have been Joel come running up. “Awesome. Are you totally nude?”  
  
Again, Tami nodded. “Yeah. It’s a little embarrassing so if you don’t mind grabbing my food for me I’d appreciate it.”  
  
They boys did not move, gawking at her perfect breasts. They craned their necks to get a look down there but thankfully it was dark and her position made it impossible to see her sex.  
  
“Guys, my food,” she said more insistently.  
  
“yeah, just a minute. Tyler, there’s a naked girl out here.”  
  
Tami closed her eyes in shame. She was quickly losing patience. Still, she was a nudist and had to play the part. Tyler came out, wearing a grease splattered apron and a paper hat. “Man oh man, you weren’t kidding,” he said to the first boy. “You’re hot.”  
  
Tami blushed at the compliment from the teen. “Thank you. If you guys don’t mind, can I get my food.”  
  
Suddenly, a woman, older than Tami but younger than her mom, came to the window, ordering the boys away. “What are you doing young lady?”  
  
“Um, it was a prank, an initiation,” she said, her voice shaky. There were too many altercations for her taste today.   
  
“You girls think it’s so funny to come and turn on the boys, showing your boobies to the poor geeky fast food workers,” the woman said, her face filled with anger. “You should be ashamed of yourself.”  
  
“Maam, it’s not like that, really,” she said. “I was driving around and was hungry.”  
  
“Well, you did your job tonight,” the woman continued. “These boys got their hard ons. I am sure they’ll jerk off to the memory of your tits tonight. Congratulations.”  
  
The woman made her sound like such a slut. Tami’s stomach was turning. She felt so much shame.  
  
“Maam, I am sorry. Can I please have my food and then I’ll go?”  
  
“You know, it’s illegal to streak in this state,” she said. “Though I’m sure those laws weren’t written for pretty girls like you. Most likely they were intended for the perv men. But I think girls like you are worse. You give us all a bad name.”  
  
The woman thrust a bag out the window and a cup of coffee. “Here you go, cream no sugar. And never come back.” Once Tami reached out to grab the food and drink, the woman slammed the window shut and walked away. Tami was shaking, ashamed of herself. Never had her nudity been so blatantly dismissed. She wondered how many others felt that way about her. This night was turning out to be one of the worst she had ever experienced.  
  
Still, the coffee was warm as she carefully placed it between her legs as she drove. Rod’s car, unlike the modern cars, had no cup holders. She reached into the bag and chomped down on a delicious fry, savoring the taste. McDonald’s was definitely a comfort food when she was feeling bad and she wasn’t sure she had ever felt lower.  
  
She drove quietly, alternating between bites of a cheese burger and nipples of fries. She also sipped the coffee, feeling more sober after a few gulps. She was going aimlessly, not sure what to do or where to go. She had no idea how to get to the Sykes’s house. For a moment, she thought about using Myeka’s cell phone to call Mrs. Sykes to get directions. But, she did not want to have to explain about the night when she pulled up with two unconscious people.  
  
Instead, Tami decided to wait for one or both of her companions to arise. She wondered how long it would take.  
  
All of a sudden, the car started to knock. Tami looked at the gas gauge and saw it near empty. “Dammit,” she cried. It was a stupid mistake, one that her father would never forgive. She had been trained as a young driver to check the gas gauge every time. It showed how much out of practice she was.  
  
Gratefully, she spotted a gas station just up the road and prayed that they would make it. Just as she pulled into the lot and up to the take, the car stalled. She had made it just in the nick of time.  
  
“Thank you God,” she prayed softly.

CHAPTER 22  
  
Now another dilemma. She had to get out and pump her own gas. There was no full service in this station.  
  
She grabbed a credit card form Myeka’s purse and braced herself. Drawing all of her strength, accumulated from months of exposure and moments like this, Tami opened the door and got out.  
  
Trying to do it quickly, though out of practice after nearly a year without a car, Tami swiped Myeka’s credit card into the machine. She was intensely aware of her bare feet against the cold concrete as she waited for the machine to give her the go ahead to pump the gas. The air was getting cooler…though it was spring, the nights could still get cold in New England and Tami felt the cool. It was not enough to do her any damage (she had been through so much worse) but she felt the cold all the same.  
  
Why is this machine taking so long, she wondered.  
  
“Miss, what are you doing,” came a disembowed voice from inside the machine.  
  
“I’m trying to pump gas,” she said, her voice quivering in the cold.  
  
“Nekkid?”  
  
“It’s a prank ok, please let this machine go so I can get done?”  
  
“OK, OK. Are you Myeka Sykes?”  
  
Christ! “No, that’s my friend. She’s asleep in the back seat but she let me use her card.”  
  
“I’m sorry but I need to see her ID.”  
  
Come on, really, she wanted to scream. Of course, being the ever dutiful girl, she said nothing and opened the back door to find Myeka’s driver’s license. This forced her to bend over and stick her butt out to the station and she knew that the man in the plexiglass office was getting a great view of her anus and, most likely, her sex. She finally found the girl’s ID and brought it over to the man, who spent more time examining her boobs than the card in her hand.  
  
“Looks good to me,” he said with a leer. Tami heard the gas pump click and rushed over to begin fueling the car. She tried to huddle down, keeping from view of passing cars. There was nothing she could do about the man in the little room seeing her (he had already seen most of her anyway) but at least this way she could minimize the damage.  
  
Finally the pump clicked as the tank filled. She quickly removed the pump from the gas tank and replaced it. It felt like forever before the receipt printed out and she slid into the car, a grateful goodbye from the attendant. She sped off, glad to be away from the prying eyes and happy that no further damage was done.  
  
Tami felt low, driving around. She worried that she was getting tired and the car might not make it all night. She pulled into a parking lot that seemed desolate and turned the car off. She crossed her arms in front of her breasts to warm herself and looked at Rod. She was worried that he still hadn’t come to after begin cold cocked. How long might he stay out of it? He looked fine, was obviously breathing but still knocked out.  
  
The car began to get colder with the engine off. She turned and saw Myeka nearly naked in her tank and skirt. Tami found a plastic bag full of clothes in the back, a spare set that Rod kept for emergencies. How she ached to put clothes on, even for just a little while. Then she realized she was being silly and selfish. Myeka was not used to the cold and could be harmed. Tami, well used to it, would just be uncomfortable. She draped the sweatshirt over the girl like blanket and pulled the sweatpants up under her skirt so her legs were covered. The girl was barefoot…her shoes must have gotten dislodged in the melee.  
  
Tami closed her eyes in prayer. She had been through so much and tonight seemed like the straw that broke the camel’s back. She had nearly been raped. This night showed the folly of trying to live a naked life away from campus. There it was just humiliating and shameful. Outside there, it was dangerous and a threat to her life. She also wondered if her nudity had made Myeka a target.  
  
She began to shiver as Rod stirred next to her. She breathed a sigh of relief. At least he was not in a coma or something. Myeka was still out, the roofies had done their job. She could have been raped repeatedly and not come to.  
  
She prayed to God for an answer for some sign. Just then, there was a tap on the window.  
  
Tami jumped, scared at what she might find. She was glad to see the friendly face of a woman, roughly 50 or 60 years old, her head covered by a knit winter hat and her coat zipped up to her chin. She was walking a large but friendly looking dog.  
  
“Sweetheart, is everything alright?”  
  
“Oh gosh, I’m sorry, you scared me. Yes, we’re fine, thank you.”  
  
“Dear, are you naked?”  
  
Oh God, she thought, here comes the anger.  
  
“Yes maam. I am a religious nudist.”  
  
The woman seemed surprised. “Up here, in new England? That must be some calling. Good for you then, you have a God.”  
  
“I pray all the time,” she said truthfully. “Actually, I grew up Catholic and still feel that I am Catholic but this is a part of my faith now.” Parts of that were true; she just wished that more of it were true.  
  
“I know what you mean, I am Sister Jean Marie Cunningham, I live here in the convent behind the church.”  
  
“Church,” Tami said surprised.  
  
“Yes, this is the parking lot for St. Augustine’s Church. Did you not realize it?”  
  
Tami stopped and was silent. She had prayed for God to help her and he had led her here. Of course.  
  
“No maam.”  
  
“Do you ever come to church?”  
  
No way in hell, she thought. Outwardly, she shrugged. “No, I don’t think I could go in my current condition.”  
  
The woman looked at her reassuringly. “My dear, you should try it,” she said. “God would welcome you with open arms. After all, he created you and gave you a wonderful body. He is obviously calling you to share it with the world. Don’t be ashamed of that.”  
  
“Thank you Sister. I’m not sure that most Catholics would agree.”  
  
The woman smiled. “Me neither, but if you want to give it a try, let me know and I’ll arrange a visit for you.”  
  
Then it dawned on Tami. “Sister, I wonder, can you help me?”  
  
“Sure my dear, anything.”  
  
“I am trying to get to the Sykes residence, that’s where I am staying. My friends here are out cold and I have no idea how to get there. They live on Turtle Drive.”  
  
“Just a moment dear. I will go inside and look up the address and google directions for you. Be right back.”  
  
Tami was surprised that a nun would use Google but thanked the woman and waited. She now realized that the woman had a clear view of her naked boobs as she had leaned into the car. She was mortified that a woman of God had seen her bare breasts and more.  
  
In a few moments, the woman came out. She was carrying an insulated cup of coffee and a paper.  
  
“Thought you could use a warm cup of coffee,” she said. “Here are the directions. I have written my number at the bottom, in case you ever want to call me. Think about coming by and stopping in church. Might be a good thing for you.”  
  
“Thank you Sister, I am so grateful.” Tami reached out her hand. “I’m Tami Smithers.”  
  
“Tami Smithers, the Religious Nudist. It is very nice to meet you. Hope to hear from you.”  
  
The nun took a few steps back and waved as Tami started up the car and took off. She followed the directions and was happy to see that she was not far away. As they got closer to the house, Rod woke up.  
  
“Tami? What the heck happened?”  
  
“It’s a long story.”

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 22

Tami was almost asleep, nothing but the hard, course fabric of the rug under her body. She had been offered a chance to sleep on the couch or to take Rod’s bed (not with Rod in it though) but had declined, choosing the floor of Myeka’s room. She felt comfortable here and away from prying eyes.  
  
Myeka was still out of it but now dressed in warm pajamas. Mr. and Mrs. Sykes had been shocked at the story she had told. Rod remembered only getting cold cocked but nothing else. Tami was left to tell about the near rapes and the roofies and the brawl.  
  
“Tami, I am so thankful that you are in our lives,” Mrs. Sykes said, pulling her in for a long, deep hug. “Thank you for saving Myeka tonight. Many girls would not have been so brave.”  
  
“Thank you Mrs. Sykes, but I can’t imagine any girl would let another girl get raped.”  
  
“You’d be surprised.”  
  
Rod was equally proud of her. “You took care of that Tyson huh? You’re one tough broad.”  
  
“You got that right pal,” she said, in a mock fierce tone. “Better not mess with me.”  
  
Though she would have accepted an offer to sleep with Rod in his bed, she didn’t want to disappoint Mrs. Sykes. So she chose to sleep in Myeka’s room, on the floor. It was safe there and only Myeka would see her nudity. For an always naked girl, this was the best she could muster.  
  
So she laid there, still awake despite being bone-achingly tired. The moon was bright and was settling on her face. She drank in its beams. Thankfully, the heat was pumping in the room.  
  
She prayed to God, thanking him for keeping her safe tonight. She thanked him for sending her Sister Jean Marie and she resolved to call her soon. It was about time that she made it back to church.  
  
“Tami,” came the groggy voice from the bed above her. “Is that you?”  
  
“No, it’s some other naked girl that is sleeping in your room silly,” Tami said teasingly.  
  
“What the hell happened?”  
  
“You were drugged by Marcus and that thug Tyson,” Tami said softly. “Nothing happened. You’re safe.”  
  
“You saved me, didn’t you?”  
  
“Yes, but I didn’t do much.”  
  
“Would you like to sleep up here with me?”  
  
Tami’s throat tightened. To be sleeping under the covers, enveloped in the warmth of another person was almost more than she could imagine.  
  
“Yes.”  
  
Slowly she got off the floor and slid in under the covers next to Myeka. It was so warm and safe here, so unlike the cold of the floor where she was so vulnerable.  
  
“Tami, do you ever think about wearing clothes? Would that be like a sin in your religion?”  
  
Tami swallowed hard. How to answer this question?  
  
“Sometimes I think about it,” she said honestly. “After all, I wore clothes for the first 18 years of my life. Hard to just give that up. And, I am the only one naked. Sometimes I wonder if maybe I misunderstood what God was saying.”  
  
“I don’t think you misunderstood,” Myeka said softly. “You are such an inspiration, not only to me but to so many other girls. I wish I had half of your courage and bravery, to walk naked through the world and not hide behind anything. Most girls wear clothes and make up to hide their true selves. You don’t.”  
  
“Thank you Myeka. I don’t feel like much of a hero.”  
  
“But you saved me tonight right. You are such a hero that you don’t even realize it.”  
  
Myeka leaned in and touched her lips to Tami’s. Tami moaned in pleasure. It had been nearly half a day without an orgasm, an eternity in her world. Myeka’s hand moved to Tami’s sex which was moistening.  
  
“Tami, I love you.” The girl slid a finger in and then two, sliding in and out. Tami moaned and moved her lower body in unison with the fingers. In no time at all, Tami had cum and fallen into a deep sleep. Myeka slipped her now wet fingers out of Tami, draped her pajama-covered arm and leg over the sleeping nude and fell asleep as well.  
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“Alleluia. Alleuluia.” The choir sang prettily. The church was full of course. Sister Jean Marie Cunningham had told everyone that something special was going to happen this evening. The entire parish had turned out and brought friends. No one remembered this old church full on a night that was not Christmas Eve.  
  
The altar was beautiful, with the candles lit and flowers filling the sanctuary. At the front, a priest, roughly in his early 50s with black hair graying at the edges, stood in full robes. Next to him was a smaller woman, long brown hair and horn-rimmed glasses, wearing a black shirt and white collar of a minister on top of jeans and Birkenstocks. Rebecca had never looked happier.  
  
In the front pew sat Rod, feeling a bit out of place in this Catholic Church after spending his life as a Baptist. He sat with his sister Myeka, looking stunning in a white dress and pearls, the same set she had lent Tami for their night out, and his parents. Next to them were Tami’s roommates Jen and Mandy, who sat with Terri and Marisol.  
  
Behind them, in the second pew, sat Mr. and Mrs. Smithers and Joe. The three of them had made the trip from Rhode Island and looked happy to be there. Every so often Rod would turn and engage in small talk with his future in-laws. They slid in to make room for Fr. George from St. Mary’s, the nice priest who had visited her after her debacle at Midnight Mass. He had become a confidant for Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, who had invited him to this evening.  
  
Scattered throughout the church were several important people from Tami’s nude year. Professor Congi sat halfway back, sharing a smile and conversation with Dr. Harridance from Chalfont. Though the two rarely interacted, they shared a professional respect for one another. Holding hands in the back of the church were Jeffrey Dillon and his lover Trent. They were afraid to be too flamboyant here in a Catholic Church and chose seats in the back corner. Though both wanted to support Tami, they were obviously uncomfortable to be at a place that did not welcome gays. Of course, Sister Jean Marie had given them a smile and thanked them for coming.  
  
The choir completed their hymn and Fr. McLauren stepped forward. “Good evening everyone and thank you all for coming to St. Augustine Church. I am joined here in the sanctuary by Rev. Rebecca Jones, a Unitarian minister and good friend of tonight’s honored guest.”  
  
Rebecca stepped forward, smiled, and stepped back in place. She knew the drill; this was not her church. In fact, Fr. McLauren was being very generous by allowing her to be on the altar since she was not a Catholic priest (nor could she ever be of course). But he was pretty liberal for a Catholic and Sr. Jean Marie had encouraged him to allow her on the altar.  
  
“We gather tonight to give thanks to God for something and someone truly special. Tonight, we will be treated by one of God’s great gifts to mankind. And now, ladies and gentlemen fo the congregation, I introduce you to Tami Smithers, religious nudist.”  
  
Many in the audience gasped at his words. Though most had a hint of what was going to happen tonight, some did not. Those gasps were multiplied when Tami entered the church from the back. She was being carried on a platform by several men and women, most looked to be around her age. These men and women wore long white robes.  
  
Of course Tami did not wear a white flowing robe or any clothes at all. However, she had a ring of flowers in her long red hair, which was braided and hung behind her to not obscure her nakedness.   
  
She sat on the chair ring that she used at Chalfont. This had the bonus of allowing access to her lower orifices. This was good because the two dildos sliced in and out of her, as they did during her experiments at Chalfont. Her body was heaving in pleasure as the machine did its job.  
  
Tami had her eyes closed in prayer, thanking God for all He had given her during the year. Her nudity had truly been a trial of great difficulty and shame. But tonight she was able to look back in gratitude.  
  
“OHH,” she moaned. Her eyes flickered open and she saw Rod and her family just ahead. A part of her still felt shame at being so open in front of her mom, dad and brother but tonight was not about shame. It was about beauty.  
  
As she reached the altar, Tami’s whole body shook as she reached orgasm.  
  
“OH GOD, THANK YOU GOD.” The platform shook as the girl spasmed once, twice, three and then four times. Finally, she heaved one last time and slumped in her seat. The tears flowed then but the machine kept going.  
  
“OHHHH.”  
  
Tami’s platform was placed on a riser at the front of the sanctuary, on view for the entire church to see. Her body continued to move with the dildos which sawed in and out of her.  
  
“Last September, Tami Smithers was called by God to be a religious nudist, to shun modesty,” Fr. McLauren preached. “She is truly a vision of God’s beauty and an inspiration to us all. Now, Rev. Rebecca will offer a first-person account of Tami’s nakedness.”  
  
Rebecca walked from her spot next to Fr. McLauren, crossed in front of Tami (giving the obviously distracted girl a supporting smile and tap on the foot) and walked up the steps to the pulpit.  
  
She cleared her throat and turned on the microphone.  
  
“My friends, every day I am witness to a miracle. Yes, I hear you murmuring. I tell you, I am witness to a miracle. That miracle is my friend, Tami Smithers.”  
  
As if on cue, the naked girl emitted a low, guttural moan of pleasure.  
  
“Last September, Tami heard a call from God. Now, I believe that God calls many of us to action. Sometimes we hear him, sometimes we don’t. Sometimes we listen, sometimes we ignore him. But, I believe that God is always talking to us. Nine months ago, God called Tami Smithers.”  
  
“OH, OH, OHHHHHHHH.” Tami’s body lurched and spasmed to her second orgasm. The machine was unyielding and continued its assault on her and moved her towards number three.  
  
“This wasn’t an average request from God. He wasn’t asking Tami to go forth and be good to people. Or to honor her father and mother, or keep holy the Lord’s day. No, he was asking much, much more.”  
  
She turned and theatrically paused, watching Tami as she moved towards another orgasm. She was crudely on display for all to see. Her sex, her breasts, her anus were supposed to be private but not on her.   
  
“He was asking her to walk naked through a world that would not easily accept her. She did it anyway. She endured many trials and tribulations. She was mocked, openly and meanly. She was abused by men and women. She was an outcast by many, who would not deign to be friends with someone so extreme in her beliefs.”  
  
“OHHHH, DEAR LORD, OHHHHH THANK YOU!” Tami screamed out again as her third orgasm rattled her. The congregation was spellbound by the sight in front of them and the words coming from both women.  
  
“She walked naked through all of that. Adding to her trauma was the extreme cold and snow that encompassed her college campus. On days when the rest of us were bundled from head to toe in parkas, long underwear, wool socks, hats and gloves, Tami was forced to face the cold with just the flesh that God gave her when he created her. And you know something? She survived without a cold and illness. While the rest of us caught a bug or two along the way, Tami remained healthy. She was forced to be naked against the biting wind, barefoot with snow up her naked legs to her knees, and still she was healthy. God provided all she needed. Good took care of her.”  
  
“UH, UH, UH, UHHHHHHH,” Tami screamed, her mid section heaving against the bonds that thankfully kept her secured to her chair. Without those restraints, Tami could have injured herself with those dildos inside of her.  
  
“And this woman, this brave yet humble woman, endured. She endured things that would have humiliated most women, bringing them to their knees, both literally and figuratively. Of the women here in the congregation tonight, who would have devoted themselves to science in the way that Tami has, allowing so many to see them in such a personal and private way? But Tami has performed these tasks in order to allow science to learn about how women function. Because of Tami’s lack of modesty, a landmark paper is being published that will help move women’s reproductive health forward several years.”  
  
At this point, there were many moist eyes as many in the congregation filled with wonder at the woman they were seeing. Tami’s grunting was now nearly constant and it was hard to keep count of when orgasms began and ended. They seemed to be rolling into one another. Rebecca wasn’t done yet though.  
  
“Without any thought of herself and without hiding behind a wall of pride or modesty, as most of us would have, Tami performed experiment after experiment, pushing the walls of women’s capacity further and further. She endured several demonstrations to benefit those women who suffer without the ability to orgasm. She worked tireless as a model for artists to record the beauty of the female figure. She is truly remarkable and, as anyone who knows her, a miracle.”  
  
The crowd erupted spontaneously in applause, drowning out Rebecca’s last words. The girl at the pulpit had tears in her eyes as she joined in the ovation. Unfortunately, Tami was barely able to register the words Rebecca was speaking or the affection of the crown. Instead she moved from orgasm to orgasm, living in a suspended state of bliss. Thankfully, the ceremony was being recorded so that Tami could relive it at some point.  
  
Finally, the applause died down and Rebecca began again.  
  
“But, there is more to this remarkable woman than inspiration and triumph over society’s norms. First, she, like those called by Jesus, abandoned her belongings and followed him. She owns no clothes. Those she did own when she arrived at college were given away, to charities and friends. Her only belongings are her book bag, her school books, her ankle pouch (a gift from Rod, the love of her life) and a few small wash clothes she uses dry off after a shower. There are no sheets on her bed and no pillows or blankets. Even while sleeping, Tami does not cover her God-given beauty.”  
  
“OH JESUS, OH JESUS, OH JESUSSSSSS” Tami screamed out as a new wave of orgasms began anew. The onlookers thought that it was tough to watch while also being beautiful. It was a mix of emotions, an example of the human condition.  
  
“Finally, I am happy to say that despite the trials and tribulations that she has endured, Tami has remained a humble, sweet and loving girl. I am blessed to call her my friend and I am one of countless other men and women who do. She also has found love with Rod and I have full confidence that they will live together forever.”  
  
Rebecca stepped away from the pulpit and received more applause. She went and sat demurely next to Fr. McLauren.  
  
“Now, I ask Tami’s friends and loved ones to gather around her as we support her in her final display of God’s love for human.”  
  
Several people stood and made their way to where Tami was. She was obviously between orgasms as she was slumped in her bindings. Somehow, she felt people gathering around her and saw Rod, smiling at her and Jen, Marisol, Rebecca, Mandy, Myeka, her mom, dad, Joe, Professor Congi and Dr. Harridance and Sister Jean Marie. Even Fr. McLauren gathered close. Tami looked down and saw Jeffrey and Trent step into the sanctuary. She smiled, knowing how difficult it was for Jeff, a Catholic who was shunned by his family for being a homosexual, to be there.  
  
“OHHHHHH.”  
  
“Lord God, thank you for blessing us with your daughter Tami,” Fr. McLauren prayed. “We thank you for calling her to be a example of your love for us.”  
  
Rod put his hand on Tami’s bare back lovingly. “Come on Tami, it’s time.” Soon others joined in, putting their hands on her body. She felt the orgasm building as Fr. McLauren sprayed holy water onto her. She was about to cum when---

Tami Meets the Parents, Chapter 23 (End)

“TAMI, wake up sweetheart.”  
  
Rod’s face was inches from hers, his hand on her bare back. She was alone in the bed, Myeka nowhere to be found. Rod must have spritzed her with water to wake her.  
  
“Oh Rod, what are you doing?”  
  
A glimmer of sun was shining through the curtains but it was obviously still early morning.  
  
“Tam, you have your art class at 8 and I have a class at 9. We have to get on the road early to make sure we are there in time.”  
  
“OH,” Tami whined. Her dream had been so wonderful. It had almost felt real, especially her gratitude. She wished that she could live here with the Sykes family and in that dream world.  
  
“I know, I’m a bad guy. But hey, being an A student doesn’t come easily to most of us,” he said smiling. “I have to work at it and be at all of my classes unlike some people.”  
  
“I go to all my classes, don’t be mean,” she said, shaping her face into a pout before erupting in laughter. She didn’t do pouting very well.  
  
“Let’s go…no time to shower or anything. I let you sleep in a bit.”  
  
She slid her legs off of the bed and stood. “Where’s Myeka?”  
  
“She left an hour ago, had to get back to school,” he said. “She said she would text you.”  
  
Tami already felt lost without her new friend and would miss her terribly. Cuddling next to her last night had brought her such a warm feeling and had produced a wonderful dream.  
  
The naked girl pushed her boyfriend onto the bed. She climbed on him, her bare legs straddling his jean clad ones. “I had a beautiful dream last night,” she said, kissing him passionately on his lips.  
  
“Hmm, was I in it,” he asked.  
  
“Oh yes, you were there,” she said in a sexy whisper. “And I felt so good. Wish we could do that now.”  
  
She kissed him again and the man moaned before pulling away. “Stop temping me woman,” he said in mock anger. “I already told you. Some of us need to be at class. We can’t all get 4.0s you know.”  
  
“Rodney Terrence Sykes…how dare you accuse me of not going to class,” she said, pushing him down onto the bed. He had let her of course…there was no way that Tami could really push him if he stood his ground. “You know I haven’t missed a class all year. Take that back.”  
  
She started tickling him on his sides. She knew from experience that area was ticklish on Rod. He started to try and buck her off but her legs muscles were well developed and she was not easily tossed.  
  
“Ahem,” came a cough from the doorway. It was Rod’s mom. “Sorry to interrupt but I have some coffee to go.”   
  
Tami quickly slid off Rod and felt guilty. Even though they were engaged in (mostly) innocent horseplay, it seemed so much worse with her naked.  
  
“Good morning Mrs. Sykes,” she said. “Sorry about that.”  
  
“Tami, after you saved both of my children last night, you can get away with a lot of things,” the woman said with a smile. “Don’t abuse that though!”  
  
The three laughed. Rod got out of bed and helped Tami to her feet. The girl began to make the bed but Mrs. Sykes pushed her away. “No way, you have to go,” she said. “I can handle this. I’m going to wash those sheets anyway.”  
  
Tami felt a bit of shame. They were washing the sheets because a naked girl had slept in them. Still, she felt more welcome and comfortable here then any place on Earth, even her parents’ house.  
  
“Rod, can’t we stay here a few more days,” she whined.  
  
“Dear, you are welcome here anytime,” Mrs. Sykes said.  
  
“Tami, we have to get back. Mom, thanks for the coffee,” he said as they arrived at the kitchen. “See you in a few weeks.”  
  
“Thank you for everything Mrs. Sykes,” Tami said. She wished she could come and live her this summer but here she would still be naked. With Ned and Ethyl, she would be blissfully wearing clothes all summer. Still, this place was such a haven.  
  
“Tami, you are welcome here anytime,” the woman said, hugging Tami tight. Tami relished the feel of the woman’s robe against her bare skin and also loving the warmth that the hug possessed.  
  
The two lovers walked out in the early morning light. Despite the calendar saying it was spring, it still felt like winter here in the pre-dawn hours. Tami felt the cold, hard concrete beneath her feet. It was time, once again, to go back to school and be the committed religious nudist that she declared to be. Still, it was only for a few more weeks and then she would be on her way to her summer job and clothes, wonderful clothes.  
  
They got into the car. Rod had thoughtfully warmed it up. She slid into the car, the empty cake box in her lap and the two sped off towards campus. Tami turned and placed the box in the back seat and undid her seat belt.   
  
“Rod, it seems to me that I haven’t had any breakfast,” she said, moving her hands to Rod’s lap. She undid his belt and the button of his jeans and slid down the zipper.  
  
“Think there is anything I can suck on for a little while,” she said, pulling his now enlarging penis out. “Oh dear, look at this. Breakfast is served.”  
  
The beautiful naked girl bent over and took Rod into her mouth and began to suck. The car swerved just a tad as Rod lost his concentration for a second. It wasn’t long before Rod was unloading into her warm mouth.  
  
“Hmm, that was a good start…but I’m still hungry,” she said, taking him in her mouth again. Rod leaned his head on the rest behind his seat. This was going to be a long and wonderful ride.