**Tami Smithers: Senior Year**

by katie

**Tami Smithers: Senior Year (Chapter 1)**

The girl stood, feet solidly on the turf shoulder width apart, bent a bit at the waist, her face turned, green eyes barely visible as she squinted into the sun. Her red hair was pulled back into a ponytail and she wore a backwards baseball cap. Standing in the lefthand batter’s box, a metal bat in her hands, she was focused on the pitch, desperate to knock in the runner with her team losing 5-4.  
“Come on Tami, knock the stuffing out of that ball,” her teammate on third yelled. “Make it as naked as you!”  
That’s right…today, Tami the campus nudist was the poster child for intramural softball except for one thing: she was bare naked!  
Since the beginning of her college career, almost day one of freshman year, Tami Smithers has not worn a stitch of clothing. Through four long years, she had suffered the humiliation of being naked against her will. Through four winters and four summers and four seasons in between, she had exposed her body to the elements. From frigid, snowy winters when her body felt like it was being assaulted by little pinpricks to sultry, steamy summers when her bare feet burned on the hot ground. Humiliating demonstrations all over campus, from moments of extreme sexual stimulation to serving as a model for art classes to just having her time of the month on display with that damn tampon string, Tami had dealt with embarrassment and shame that no other woman ever had.  
Somehow she had survived and, strangely enough, flourished. She had great friends, her grades were outstanding, she was in a committed relationship with a man she loved and she was about to graduate summa cum laude with many options open to her. Today, as she stood in that batter’s box, Tami was about as contented as she could have been. If she were wearing clothes, she thinks she would be completely satisfied.  
But she wasn’t wearing clothes but she hoped that someday soon she would. Maybe next spring, she could join a coed softball team and have cleats on instead of her bare feet, a jersey instead of her bare breasts, shorts instead of a bare ass. Maybe everyone won’t be too distracted by her boobs to actually play a game against her. Sigh, she thought, maybe but not likely. No, she was most likely locked into the nudist thing for a while. After all, no one knew that she hated it. They thought she was a determined, dyed in the wool nudist. They would be horrified to learn that she had lied and said she was a nudist that fateful day of her first week of college when had been caught streaking. Only that lie had kept her from losing her scholarship. Now she was almost there, just a few weeks from Graduation, and that lie was still coming back to bite her. At least she would still end up with a college degree, the first in her family.  
Now though, those thoughts were for another time. She was locked in and ready to hit. The ball came to her and she made up her mind to swing. It was a bit low and outside but she made contact and it squirted down the 3rd base line. She took off in a burst, her bare feet pounding on the turf as her team cheered. One run scored from 3rd. Her friend Ally, who had made the cheer about making the ball naked, was sprinting around third and hustling to give her team the lead. Tami had just made it to second when the throw home was determined to be late and she saw that her team was ahead 6-5.  
“YEAH!,” she screamed, her left toes rooted to second base while her right foot leaped off the ground and she pointed home. A few minutes later, Tami was hustling home as well when Dave, their team captain, rocked a hit up the middle. The team never looked back and won 8-5.  
After the game, Tami was sitting on the ground, barely even noticing the feel of her back against the hard bark of the tree trunk. At first, she had sat demurely, her legs stretched in front of her and crossed at her ankles. When she held the beer bottle in her lap, she was mostly covered, except for parts of her breasts which were on display. For her though, this was lesser exposure than normal. When one saw her sitting like this, they would be struck by the soles of her feet which looked black from afar but were really more dark green after pounding on the turf and grass. Normally Tami hated people seeing her dirty feet, one of the many humiliating by-products of her forced nudity, and she often scrubbed her soles to keep them from being disgusting dirty. Here, though, she was among friends and wasn’t as worried about it.  
Once the beer and conversation started to flow, Tami was much less buttoned up. Her bare heels were on the ground and her knees spread and in the air, revealing her bare pussy. If you looked closely (and most of the gathered group did look closely), you could see her lips were a bit spread and her clitoris was enlarged. That seemed to be Tami’s baseline state --- a little bit aroused at all times.  
Of course there were very few people on campus not familiar with the anatomy of Tami Smithers. In fact, many of the girls joked that they knew her vagina better than their own. Tami had been naked for nearly four years now and forbidden from covering herself in any way. Despite going nude for so long, she still yearned for cover and modesty.  
After working on the campus grounds crew her first two years, Tami had been assigned to the math office as a junior and a senior to work off her scholarship. It was there that she met this group of other math majors as well as the students who staffed the tech lab across the hall and the help desk next door. She wondered if they would be turned off by her constant nudity but they became good friends. Sometimes, after work, she would hang out in the lab and chat, taking care to sit behind the desk where only her top was visible. That led to invites to a few parties and then the offer to play softball. They didn’t seem to mind being friends with the naked student and accepted her.  
The conversation had turned to what everyone was going to do after graduation. Many were heading onto grad programs, with two looking at PhD programs. Tami was quiet since she was so unsure of her future. She was worried that her options were limited as a nudist. Perhaps there was a nudist resort where she could do the books or maybe work. She had heard about some bizarre “mailgirls” concept where naked girls delivered the mail at some corporate offices but that sounds way more demeaning than anything she was interested in.  
“Tami, I hear you are going to do a postgrad with Professor Lowry,” Dave said.  
“Leering Larry Lowry,” Ally said, her face registering shock. “Why in the world would you do that?”  
Professor Lowry was a well-respected mathematician who had been targeted by many prestigious schools but had stayed at Campbell-Frank. He had been rewarded for his loyalty and was happy to be at the small school. However, he was well known among the female population in the Campbell Frank Math Department as a bit of a wandering eye. Any girl in his class could feel his eyes upon their chests and legs. If she made the mistake of wearing a skirt to his class or short shorts, she could be sure that his eyes would be on her the entire class. A low cut top or a tight shirt would yield the same results. No one felt physically threatened by him (he was a scrawny, older man), just a bit grossed out.  
“Well, if any woman could work for a guy like that, it would be Tami,” another man, Tyler, said. “She has no modesty. It’s all the same to her.”  
Tami gulped. In many way, Tyler was right. As a “nudist” who didn’t “believe” in modesty, what did she care if some old man stared at her? Truthfully, however, despite years of constant, extreme nudity, she still very much hated the attention that her nakedness attracted. She was dreading working so closely with the leering man but felt that she had no other options. Actually, her nudity probably was one of the main reasons he offered her the prestigious spot. Her close proximity would give him plenty of chances to ogle the young woman.  
“Tyler’s right, I don’t mind,” she said.  
“That’s not the point Tami,” Ally said. “This man is a menace to all women. Whether you mind or not doesn’t make him less dangerous. I think he’s a perv and a potential sex offender.”  
That got the group going, discussing whether you can be a perv but not a sex offender. The girls in the group seemed to say no but the boys said that the two things were different.  
Having seen the depths of many men’s (and some women’s) sexual depravity, Tami sided with the girls but kept quiet. She never knew how to negotiate the fact that she was a nudist who didn’t believe in modesty and allowed herself to be sexually used repeatedly in public with her inner feelings of physical boundaries. So she stayed quiet, afraid that her true feelings would never mesh with those a “nudist” would display.  
Out of the corner of her eye, Tami saw an adorable sight…her fiancé walking towards the group. Rod looked amazing, coming right from work. Instinctively, she spread her knees apart, never wanting to be covering up in his presence.  
“Now here’s a man who I never mind leering at me,” she said. The group all turned and saw Rod blush. You would think that after so many years of being with Tami, he would be used to the attention but she still amazed him.  
“And leer I shall,” he said, greeting everyone and then leaning down to kiss his naked fiancé. “Hello babe.” The couple engaged in a soulful kiss, Tami wrapping her arms around his neck. When he broke the kiss and tried to stand up, she held on. Once she was halfway up, she wrapped her legs around his waist, not caring that her bare butt with her pussy partly visible was in everyone’s faces now.  
“Bye all,” she said, “time to go home with my future hubby.” As they starting walking away, she stopped. “Oh, can someone throw me my glove?” Erin did and Tami caught it on her foot. “Thanks Er. Bye everyone…good game. See you in the math lab tomorrow.”  
In less than 15 minutes, Tami was up against the wall in their living room and Rod was pounding into her forcefully, giving her the orgasm she desperately needed. It was the first of many for her before they settled in for a night of dinner, homework, and quiet.

**Tami Smithers: Senior Year (Chapter 2)**

Tami took the final two stairs all at once, her feet sliding effortlessly onto the top landing before pulling the door and moving towards the dean’s office. The senior was probably in the best shape of any woman on campus, exerting herself in many different ways to a point where she could easily go up those stairs from the main entrance to the fifth floor for a meeting with the dean.  
With her bare feet, Tami makes almost no noise as she walks down the hall. Her feet were not the only things bare on Tami—this senior was the school’s resident nudist, having been naked for four long, humiliating years since a streaking dare during the first week of freshman year had gone very awry. After getting caught by campus police, she had made up the excuse of being a religious nudist and had now lived with that lie since then. Except for a brief week that first winter when an acting dean had forced her into clothes, Tami had been naked and barefoot every day since then, through frigid winter, sweaty summer and everything in between. It was incredible to believe that this poor girl hadn’t been allowed a scrap of clothing in all that time, despite the incredible desire to be covered. Even blankets, towels, pillows, and purses had been taken from her. For nearly four years, she simply lived her life uncovered.  
She entered the second door on the right, a big heavy wooden door with a small window running along the side. Written ornately in gold paint were the words: Office of the Dean. Tami was a regular visitor here and no longer paid much attention to the grandeur of the setting. Some of her most humiliating moments came here in this office, especially in her first year or so. The Dean believed, correctly, that she wasn’t a true nudist and had tried to break her. Over the years, they had developed a begrudging respect for one another but the memories of what occurred there still haunted her.  
There was another relationship that had improved over time, slightly, and that was between her and Mrs. King, Dean Jorgon’s executive assistant. At first, the woman’s disdain for the naked student was very evident in each interaction. She especially hated that Tami’s naked body touched the fancy chairs that sat in the waiting area. The fabric was so soft that Tami often sighed contently when her bare butt hit the seat, such a change from most of the hard chairs and desks that this school offered. Mrs. King would tut each time, worried about the damage from Tami’s skin (and possible leakage!).  
Lately though the woman had softened to Tami, who was nothing but her kindhearted self to her, despite the utter disregard she had been shown by the woman. When Mrs. King requested that Tami use a towel to sit on, the nude coed complied. As she walked into the office, she gave a little wave to Mrs. King, who nodded in a friendly manner while staying on the phone. Tami opened a small drawer in the table that held the lamp and pulled out a brown towel that Mrs. King had thoughtfully provided. After laying it out on the chair, she sat down, a bit disappointed to not feel the soft surface of the cushion against her bare skin but happy to please the woman. She didn’t know if Mrs. King washed these after use or just refolded them but that was on her. Tami would sit on the towel but wasn’t going to bring her own.  
Normally, she would cross her legs at the knees as most women do but in this room, she had to remain completely uncovered so she kept her feet on the floor and knees spread at shoulder width to ensure that anyone would have full access to view her exposed pussy. It still struck her as ridiculous that anyone would question her after all of this time naked but there were still people who would prefer she was gone, to punish her for her lie. To go this far and get expelled a few weeks before graduation would be horrible so she did what she always did and fought against the modesty that still welled up inside of her, despite years of exposure.  
Three years completely naked. She still prayed every day for clothing. During her first days naked, she had assumed that after graduation she would just put clothes on, stick her tongue out at those who tormented her at the college and be done with it all. But it was much more complicated than that. She was much loved by her friends and part of their admiration was because of her religious beliefs. And then there was Rod; would he feel betrayed? No, just going and putting on clothes after graduation was not the correct answer. She was working on how to ease back into it without losing the respect of her friends.  
“Tami.” The Dean’s voice broke into her thoughts and she looked startled. “OH, sorry, I was daydreaming,” she said smiling, nodding to Mrs. King as she passed the woman. She noticed the dean’s eyes roving up and down her body, a frequent event in her life but never failed to give her the chills, especially here.  
For his part, Dean Jorgon was indeed drinking in the nude form moving towards him. This girl had caused him great aggravation but if there had to be a nudist on campus, he was glad it was her. She was a beauty, a perfect specimen of the female form. Her long red hair was braided and hung down the side of her face, reaching the top of her breasts. Her face was pretty, with freckles that were less visible now after so much exposure to the sun. Her green eyes glistened above a button nose that was adorable and then red lips that were naturally pouty and cute without any makeup. Her boobs did not seem to have an ounce of sag despite years without a bra to support them. They were round, like softballs, with dime-shaped areolas that led to perpetually erect nipples. If memory serves him well, they were once pinkish but had browned in the constant exposure to light.  
From there, she had a flat stomach, almost concave. A strict diet and intense workout regimen had seen that her body stayed in top form. With so many eyes on her, Tami had been sure to keep fit. Her hips flared just a tad. He remembered that there had been a furry patch of red hair between her legs when they had first met when campus police brought her in. Since then, her pubic region had been shaved completely and now nothing hid the incredibly sexy vulva, with two full pronounced lips gaping slightly to reveal a normally erect clitoris. Her legs were long and shapely, and certainly would have garnered more attention if the other parts weren’t so prominent. Dean Jorgon thought they were among the best on the whole campus. Her bare feet, battered by years of pounding on pavements and slugging through mud and snow, were still pretty. He noticed that her toes were painted a pastel purple.  
He tried to remember the freshman he first encountered at his house all of those years ago. She sat on his couch, wearing a robe that his wife had forced her to put on. It was the last time anyone associated with the college had “forced” her to wear clothes after the college lawyer assured him that nudism was a protected religion in her home state. She relinquished that robe and has not worn a scrap since. Besides the hair that was nestled between her legs, her skin had been pale and she had looked smaller, weaker. It was as if her nudity had awakened a confidence and strength in her that might not have emerged otherwise. Though her nudity hadn’t been well received by the college and he was still relatively sure she wasn’t a true nudist, it hadn’t necessarily been a bad thing for her in total.  
Tami absorbed his intense stares and walked into the office as he gestured for her to enter. “Please Tami, have a seat,” he said, pointing to a secondary area where some comfy looking chairs were arranged around a coffee table. This was unusual; normally she was not invited to sit (had only sat once or twice in all of the time she had spent in here) and typically stood as she normally did, arms at her side, feet shoulder length apart, her nude form on complete display from all sides. This felt weird, very unlike the dean. She sat down and had to suppress the natural inclination all women have to cross their legs. Instead, she kept her feet flat on the floor and her knees spread so as not to “cover” anything.  
“Tami, we have travelled a long road together haven’t we,” the man said, sitting in a chair to her left, his body just a few inches from the naked girl, his pants actually grazing her bare leg. “I suppose many of our interactions haven’t always been pleasant. I am sorry for that. Actually, I admire you. Sadly, sometimes we have been on separate sides of a discussion.”  
Tami wasn’t sure what to say. She had hated this man in his first few months at the school when they seemed intent on humiliating her further and further to break her. However, over the past two years, she had learned to respect him, or at least not hate him.  
“Thank you,” she said, “I understand. You had your job to do and you had to protect the college. I just never thought I was a threat.”  
Dean Jorgon laughed. “Maybe you were and maybe you weren’t,” he said. “That issue would depend upon who was in the conversation. Still, I hope that our relationship has thawed to the point that you will shake my hand at graduation.”  
Graduation! She was very much looking forward to the day, not so much being naked in front of hundreds of parents, grandparents, siblings, uncles, aunts, and friends of her fellow graduates.  
“Of course,” she said with a smile, meaning it.  
“Tami, I have good news and bad news for you.” Tami’s heart started pounding. Was this the moment she had dreaded? Was she about to be expelled, just weeks before finally getting out?  
“Well, my mother always said to say the good news first, that way perhaps it will lessen the sting of the bad news,” the man continued, crossing his legs, a luxury she was not afforded. The tip of his expensive loafers grazed her shin. “Tami, you are one of three finalists for valedictorian. Congratulations.”  
Pride welled inside of the girl. She had figured she was probably in the running for top student. She had a perfect 4.0 all through her courses and outstanding recommendations. She thought, however, that the powers that be would never allow a naked valedictorian.  
“Wow, that’s amazing, thank you,” she said, blushing. Was that a form of modesty?  
“Don’t thank me, you earned it,” the dean said. “Now, the bad news.”  
He paused, taking a swig from his coffee cup. “Tami, I know you are going to think the worst of me on this but I will just say it. Apparently, you must wear the graduation gown at the ceremony. It is required garb for all graduates.”  
The man took a deep breath and sat back in his chair. It seemed like he was nervous to be saying this to her. For her part, Tami was full of emotion. Pride in being valedictorian, fear of having to give a speech in front of all of those people bare assed naked, angry that the college would be disregarding her religious beliefs so callously (even though those beliefs were basically bogus), and, truthfully, relief that she may not be displaying herself after all.  
“Dean Jorgon, what are you saying?”  
“Well, helpfully, one of the trustees found an old statute in our charter that said all graduates must don a graduation gown and a cap for the ceremony or forfeit the diploma.”  
Seriously, Tami thought? After letting her walk naked on campus for four years, now they were pulling out statutes?!? She smelled something fishy.  
“I can’t believe it,” she said, shaking her head. Though she desperately wanted to put on clothes again and wanted to hope that this was her last chance, she had to pretend this was very upsetting. “I’m a nudist Dean Jorgon, you know that. How can the school do this to me after all of this time?”  
“Tami, I understand how this must feel but I am afraid that rules are rules,” the man said. “I will continue to see if there is a way out of this but as of now I do not see it. Let’s discuss again once I have some more information.”  
He stood up, signaling that the meeting was over. She followed suit and shook his extended hand. “Congratulations Tami, really,” he said, his eyes making direct contact with hers, a rare thing on this campus. “Despite all of the hardships, you have done amazing things here. I wish you nothing but the best.”  
The naked girl said a quiet thank you and headed out of the office. The dean relished watching her go, knowing that it would be one of the last times he would have such a sight in his office. Well, a part of him hoped that was the case. He wasn’t sure he or the college could handle another nude student.

**Tami Smithers: Senior Year (Chapter 3)**

“I just don’t know what their end game is,” the girl said, dipping her foot into the cool water.  
“Maybe they want to expel me,” said her friend who was sitting in a rubber float while holding onto the side of the pool. “You don’t know these people like I do. They can be awful.”  
The two friends sat quietly for a moment, knowing that she was right. After all, some of the powers that be at the school had been very upset at having a naked student on campus. Tami, the girl on the inner tube, was confiding in her one friend who knew the truth, that she wasn’t really a nudist.  
“I guess you are right, I don’t know them like you do,” Mandy said. “Still, what benefit is it to them now? You are leaving.”  
The two girls could not have been more of a contrast. Mandy had rolled up her thin sweatpants to the knee and was dipping her feet and lower legs into the cool water. She was also wearing a long sleeve t-shirt with a zip up jacket on top with bra and panties underneath. Her sneakers and rolled up socks, sat a few feet away. Only her face, neck, hands, lower legs, and feet were visible.  
On the float, Tami was naked, as usual. With her arms on the side of the float and legs spread, Mandy had an unobstructed view of her body, especially the prominent pussy lips that were slightly gaping. With no pubic hair to hide behind, the girl’s sex was incredibly visible but Tami was well used to being naked now, especially among her friends.  
She was about to answer when her boyfriend Rod appeared. In his hands were two bottles of beer and a plastic cup that looked to hold a fruity mixed drink. “Hey babe, I didn’t know which you would want, beer or a drink, so I got both,” he said.  
The girl smiled. “Rod, I will take both. With my senior thesis done, I feel like I’ve earned it.” The girl reached up and took the beer first, placing it into a cup holder on the float, and then the drink. “Thank you Rodney,” she said with a flirty smile, seductively sucking on the straw as the boy blushed (as usual). She loved having an incredible boyfriend and they were the envy of all of their friends. Three and a half years now they had been together and he had loved her through so many of her lowest points. He didn’t care that she was naked all the time (in fact he loved it, of course!) and because of that she hated it a bit less. She certainly didn’t mind being naked in front of her friends…well she didn’t mind it in front of Rod and didn’t hate it as much in front of friends like Mandy and Jen.  
This swim club was located about a 15-minute drive from campus. For Tami, it was like a little oasis. Jen and Leisha had first joined and loved it, finding it very accepting. After all, they had welcomed the black lesbian couple from the get go. One day, while talking to the manager, Tami’s name came up. The woman had heard about Tami (who in town hadn’t!) and had said that she would be welcome here anytime. In fact, the pool would relax its dress code to accommodate her. So, Tami and Rod had tried it and loved it too. This year, they bought a full membership as a couple (just $100 for the college undergrad and her very poor postgrad boyfriend) as did many of their friends.  
“So, what are you girls talking about,” Rod asked, taking a seat in a poolside lounge chair.  
“Tami might be valedictorian,” Mandy said. “Isn’t that fabulous?”  
Rod smiled. “I have no doubt that you deserve it and have earned it,” he said. “I’m just surprised that those jerks would let you do it. I would think they would hate having a naked girl as the main speaker. Bad enough for them that you will be sitting there naked and then walking across the stage barefoot, boobs out, just you being you.”  
Tami swallowed hard. He was so proud of her. If he knew the truth, would he stop loving her? That was what made graduation not an easy solution to stopping this nudist business. In a simple, uncomplicated world, after she got her diploma she would go and get dressed, her lie not able to hurt her now. But the truth was she had many complications to think about. Her friends adored her and wanted nothing more than for her to be naked, to live out her true meaning in life. They had no idea the shame and pain it caused her.  
“Rod, there is a chance that I, uh, might have to wear a graduation robe,” she said softly.  
Looking up, she saw her boyfriend’s posture go from relaxed to inflamed. “God dammit,” he said. “After all this time, they are still out to get you.” he swung his feet off the chair and got to his feet. “I’m going up there and give that dean a piece of my mind.”  
“No,” Tami said. As she moved, the float slid out from under her and her whole body submerged into the cool water. Tami sputtered to the surface, her hair smashed against her face, her drinks spilled and her body full of goosebumps. The water and air was like submerging in a pile of knives, each poking into her sensitive skin.  
“Help me,” she said, reaching for the wall.