**Tami Spring Break**

**Part 1**

 Tami walked back to her dorm a dirty mess after spending several hours on her

 “treadmill,” a contraption that consisted of two huge wheels that she needs to

 exert tremendous energy just to get moving and even more energy to keep

 moving. She had to admit that it worked up quite a sweat as she worked,

 helping keep her body in great shape.

 Her problem was the sweat that accumulated on her body. With no clothes on,

 Tami the Unintentional Nudist was susceptible to every piece of dirt or dust

 blowing around that shack where she labored.

 Tami, a freshman at Campbell-Frank College, was naked and had been since an

 early September streaking prank that went very, very wrong. She had been

 coerced into streaking with some other girls by her RA Wanda. Little did she

 know that Wanda, a sadist, had plans to steal her clothes. Tami had been

 caught nude on campus and had lied to get out of being expelled from the

 conservative college.

 So she told security and then the dean that she was a religious nudist. They

 accepted her lie but now she was forced to be naked all the time. Any covering

 had long been removed, even sheets, pillows and towels had been taken away.

 The dean did not totally believe her claim and had assigned several spies to

 keep an eye on her to ensure that she never covered up or show any modesty.

 And poor Tami had a bottomless pit of modesty. Even still, six months after

 her first exposure, every moment naked was shaming to her soul. She just could

 not get used to eyes on her nude body. Lately, it seemed as if the deans and

 the spies had upped her humiliations, putting her in terribly shameful

 situations and hoping she would crack. Thus far, she had not.

 But she had come close many times. There was the orgasm display on the day of

 the last snowfall…she had cum five times in a room full of women, including

 Wanda and some of her worst tormentors. Then there were the many orgasms she

 suffered at Chalfont Institute, cumming time and time again. She had lost

 count of the amount of times she had been ready to crack…to steal some of her

 roommate’s clothes and run over to the discount mall and fill her cart with

 clothes. But that would mean ruin for her, no career, no future. Just

 waitressing or working in her dad’s hardware store. So she tried to get

 through it and pray that clothes would be in her future.

 Today was the last day of classes before spring break. As Tami walked, she

 tried to hold down her longing. She looked at the girls heading off for break.

 She saw their denim skirts, their shorts and their jeans. She envied their

 blouses and t-shirts. And those cute flip flops and sandals and sneakers

 looked so wonderful. All she had were her bare breasts (with perpetually

 achingly hard nipples), her bare vagina (with its prominent clit) and her

 poor, battered bare feet. She felt even more naked on days like this, when the

 other girls seemed so happy and carefree, wearing clothes to reflect their

 personality or show just what they wanted to show. But she could only be naked

 and on display. Her happy and carefree days seemed way behind her, back to

 when she could wear clothes.

 Most of the other kids were heading to spring break destinations throughout

 the world, Cancun, Florida, Mexico, to spend time in the sun and work on their

 tan. Of course Tami had no need to work on a tan…she had an all-over tan that

 any girl would be envious of, but it came at quite a price. Tami would have

 loved to join Jen in the Bahamas or Marisol in Florida but they were no place

 for a naked girl. She was heading home to spend a quiet week with her family

 and try to stay away from prying eyes.

 Her parents, especially her father, had been very angry at her nudist lie and

 decided to force her to be nude at home too. At least there though she was

 allowed a full towel and a blanket on her bed. In a life of nudity, that

 passed for cover for her.

 She crossed her arms over her breasts and lowered her head, trying to get

 through the crowd unobserved. Of course everything Tami Smithers did was

 noticed but in this pose she could give herself the illusion that she was just

 another girl walking through the quad to her dorm. Thankfully the other

 students were too excited about their trips to worry about her. For once, she

 could walk mostly undetected through them.

 She had about an hour before the dorm closed for break and her mom was due

 right at 7. That gave her just enough time to shower and gather the books she

 needed to do work over break. Despite her many trials this year, she had kept

 up a perfect 4.0 GPA and worked hard. In some ways, throwing herself into

 schoolwork helped take her mind off of her nudity and the humiliations being

 heaped on her day in and day out.

 Tami pushed into her hall, having to step aside for a girl with three duffel

 bags full of clothes, and headed to her room. She found it empty and was a bit

 sad. Jen, one of her roommates, had become her lover, licking her to orgasm

 after orgasm. Despite the embarrassment of constant nudity, these orgasms and

 the ones given to her by her boyfriend Rod were heavenly. They got her through

 the days and weeks and months of embarrassment and shame.

 She could use the release that only Jen could provide. She had already said

 goodbye to Rod. He was heading on a trip to build houses for habitat for

 humanity and had left this morning. They had moved their normal Sunday ...ing

 day to Thursday night and she had ridden her man to five or six orgasms. Rod

 was so thoughtful, he waited until she came over and over before finally

 letting loose inside of her. Later, she nursed him to a second orgasm inside

 of her and a third in her mouth. Finally he collapsed, exhausted and the two

 lovers feel asleep entwined in each other’s arms.

 Even with all of those orgasms, she still felt a longing in her sex. Her nudity has raised her libido to record form…she now needed 25-30 orgasms a week to keep from being completely horny and distracted all the time. She would have welcomed Jen’s gentle but firm tongue working her to one crazy orgasm after another. Sighing with longing, the nude girl grabbed one of the wash cloths she was still allowed and her shower bucket and headed into the shower.

 The shower was her refuge. It was one of the few places where she could hide

 from prying eyes. Behind that curtain, she had spent many hours, sometimes

 curled into the fetal position, hiding her nudity even though there was no one

 there to see her. She could cover up in ways she never could outside. During

 the coldest days, she could bask in the warmth of the shower, thankful for the

 never ending supply of hot water that the dorm provided. Plus, in the shower,

 her nudity was normal. Everyone was naked in the shower…it was a great

 equalizer.

 Today though, a shower was simply to get clean. She rinsed off the worst of

 the dust and grabbed her shampoo to wash her hair she was rinsing the soap out

 of her hair when she heard the shower curtain slide open.

 Turning, the soap still blurring her vision, she saw Jen standing there, leering at her. Her heart leapt at the sight of her roommate standing there nude.

 “I couldn’t let you leave without saying goodbye,” the girl said, stepping

 into the shower and pulling the curtain closed.

 “Oh Jen,” Tami said, reaching out. As she grabbed her lover, instead of bare

 skin, she felt material. As the soap cleared from her eyes, Tami realized that

 Jen was wearing a one-piece bathing suit the color of mocha that completely

 blended with her skin. It was like a punch in the stomach for the nude

 girl…even now, she was the only one naked, the only one not allowed covering

 even here in the shower where everyone was supposed to be naked. Tears

 streamed out of her eyes and down her cheeks but they blended with the shower

 water so that Jen did not notice.

 “I love you too sweetheart,” Jen said, pulling her in and pushing her lips

 towards the nude girl’s. Despite herself, Tami kissed back, needing the

 companionship. In so many ways, her life was lonely. She was the only one

 naked. She was the only one who knew that she hated being naked. She was the

 only one who knew how bad it was to be her. Tonight, she felt all alone, the

 only girl resigned to going home because, honestly, where else could a naked

 girl go?

 The two embraced, the kiss going on for several minutes before Jen pushed Tami

 against the tile wall and dropped into a crouch. With one hand, Jen looped

 Tami’s right leg to rest on her shoulder, giving her free access to her

 favorite place, Tami’s sex. There was little foreplay now; using her fingers

 Jen spread Tami’s lips and slid her tongue in, flicking the clit as she went.

 “OHHHH!” Tami’s eye sprang open in pleasure as the jolts hit her nerve. “OH

 GOD JEN!” She rotated her hips so that her sex pushed against Jen’s wet mouth.

 “OHHH!”

 By now, Jen was so experienced in bringing Tami off and Tami was in such need

 right now that an orgasm was not far.

 “AH, AH, AH, AHHHHH.” Tami was grinding her pelvis on Jen’s chin, mouth and

 nose. “NNNNNNGGGGGG. GGGOOODDDD!”

 Tami realized that she was in a semi-public place and tried to keep her

 moaning at a low volume but it just felt so good. Jen, sensing that a classic

 Tami orgasm was not long off, began her final assault, pushing her tongue up

 as far as she could and flicking upwards, grazing the nude girl’s clit slightly.

 “AHHH!!!!!” Tami’s body tensed and flew away from the wall, nearly pushing Jen

 onto the floor. “AAAH! GGGGGGGG!!!!” The girl’s moans bounced off the tile

 walls and seemed to surround the two lovers. Tami’s orgasm seemed to reach its

 peak and Jen lovingly nursed her through it, timing her licks to happen just

 before each spasm. Finally, the naked girl’s cum subsided and her whole body

 slumped against the wall. Gently Jen eased out from under Tami’s leg and slid

 her body up against the nude one.

 “I love you Tami…enjoy some time off,” she whispered, kissing Tami on the lips

 deeply. Tami tasted herself on Jen’s lips and sucked it in, so spent and

 feeling a bit dirty but satisfied.

 “You too Jen…and thanks,” she said softly.

 Jen bent down and kissed each erect nipple and quickly exited the stall,

 leaving Tami in a post-orgasmic haze, the water from the shower spraying her

 bare body. Shaking, she got to her feet and soaped up her body, shaved her

 legs, pits and pubes and shut the water off. She knew that she had to hurry to

 meet her mom.

**Tami Spring Break Part 2**

 Tami dried herself as best she could with the small washcloth she was allowed

 and headed back to her room. She was stunned to see Wandabitch sitting on her

 bed.

 “What do you want?”

 “Hello Naked One, it’s great to see all of you again,” Tami’s nemesis said,

 making a big show out of leering at the girl from head to toe, stopping at

 Tami’s sex and breasts. “Oh I never thought my little prank would give me so

 much pleasure. Having you naked all year was better than anything I could have

 planned.”

 Tami felt terrible, knowing that her misery gave Wanda such delight. She

 turned her back on the woman and rearranged her shower bucket and hanged her

 towel to dry, hoping that she could ignore the woman and make her leave. But

 when she turned around again, Wanda still sat there on her bare bed, looking

 so clothed in her white blouse, unbuttoned to show what she wanted but

 covering what needed to be, and her designer jeans with a pair of cute flip

 flops on her feet, probably spending more on them then Tami had ever spent on

 shoes, back when she wore shoes.

 “Why are you here?”

 “Oh Naked One, I am your ride home.”

 Tami shook her head. “No, my mom’s coming to get me. She’ll be here any

 minute.”

 Wanda stood and walked toward Tami. Even though they were roughly the same

 size, the fact that one was clothed and the other was naked made Tami feel

 small and intimidated.

 “She would have been if I hadn’t called her and offered to drive you myself

 since I live so close by,” she said smiling.

 “But you live clear two hours south of here. I’m in the other direction.”

 “Yes, but it is so worth it to spend some time with you, admiring your

 religious beliefs,” she said, grazing Tami’s nipples. “These always look so

 painful to me, they’re always so hard. How do you manage?”

 Tami ignored the question. “I’m not going with you, no way.”

 “But of course you are dear,” Wanda said as if talking to a child. “The dorm

 is closing in 10 minutes and you will be out of a place to live. What will you

 do, walk back the several hundreds of miles home? In the nude? Good luck.”

 Wanda started for the door. “Wait, I’ll go with you.” The RA stopped and

 turned. “Of course you will dear. Let’s go.”

 Tami had just enough time to grab her bookbag and follow Wanda out the door.

 The two walked through a mostly deserted building and onto the parking lot

 where Wanda’s car was one of just three. Standing there next to the car was

 Lorinda, sporting a huge smile on her face.

 “Naked Tami is coming with us,” Lorinda squealed. “This is going to be

 awesome. I got shotgun!” The immature girl hopped into the front seat as Wanda

 unlocked the door with her remote. As Tami approached the door, Wanda grabbed

 her by the arm and whispered in her ear, “By the way, Lorinda is one of the

 dean’s spies. Better be the happy nudist around her.”

 She let go of Tami and opened the door. Tami slid in, intensely aware of

 Lorinda’s eyes on her. She sat in the middle of the back seat and demurely

 pulled her knees together but one raised eyebrow from Wanda and she did what

 any self-respecting nudist with no modesty would do: she spread her legs

 apart, revealing her pussy. She cringed internally when she saw the huge smile

 on Lorinda’s face as she caught Tami’s spread pussy in her view.

 “Tami you are too much,” Lorinda said, laughing. “I can’t believe that a girl

 doesn’t care who sees her puss.”

 Tami hated that girl. Earlier, she had learned that Lorinda was the artist who

 drew disgusting cartoons of her in the girl’s bathrooms throughout campus.

 Then, during the workshop when Jen had brought Tami to five orgasms, Jen had

 put Lorinda’s finger into Tami’s asshole to feel the contractions there during

 orgasms. The girl had been so surprised by the power of Tami’s ass

 contractions that she had counted them out loud, to the delight of everyone.

 Since then though, Lorinda and her friends counted out loud every time she

 passed, a daily reminder of the shame of that event, cumming in the faces of

 all of those girls.

 Tami could see Wanda’s eyes in the rear view mirror and saw the glee in them.

 Then she saw the glance down towards Tami’s crotch and Tami got the message.

 She wanted her to spread more. Keeping her annoyance below the surface, Tami

 put her feet on the edge of the seat and spread her knees as far out as

 possible. This had the effect of pushing her sex forward.

 “Oh man, now I can see your asshole too,” Lorinda said, laughing and gawking.

 “What a slut you are Tami.”

 “Oh, that reminds me,” the girl added. “I told my friends about how hard your

 ass tightened as you came and they didn’t believe me. Do you think we could

 set up another session so they can feel it for themselves?”

 That was the last thing that Tami wanted to do. The last session was awful but

 at least it was under the watchful eyes of Professor Congi, who, though

 oblivious to the humiliation that she was putting Tami through, was at least

 nice and looked out for the girl as best she could. To go through it for

 Lorinda and her immature friends was beyond embarrassing.

 She was going to give a non-commital answer but Wanda jumped in first. “Sure

 Lor, I think that would be great,” she said with a vicious smile. “Jen loves

 any chance to suck Tami’s pussy and Tami sure loves to cum. I am sure it would

 be no problem at all. Maybe we could schedule a few when we get back so we

 don’t miss anybody. Won’t that be great Naked One?”

 Tami suppressed a groan and just nodded. “Yeah, sure, whatever you want

 Lorinda,” she murmured.

 “Jeez, for a girl who loves showing off her body, you are so shy,” Lorinda

 said. “Oh I love this song,” she turned and blasted some pop song on the car

 radio. Tami breathed a sigh of relief…finally the attention was off of her.

 Tami sat there in the backseat, spread and ignored, except for the glances

 back from both Lorinda and Wanda. Though her pose was mortifying, she expected

 worse humiliaton from her tormentor. However, they were almost an hour in and

 she was none the worse for wear. After all, Lorinda had already seen her

 spread and in a worse spot than this. Tami wondered if Wanda was just toying

 with her.

 Of course, just then, Wanda pulled off the road onto a gravel parking lot. A

 diner sat there, surrounded by motorcycles and trucks. The place looked seedy,

 certainly not somewhere three girls should go alone and definitely not a place

 where a naked girl should wander.

 “Anyone else hungry,” Wanda asked.

 “Wanda, we can’t go in there, especially me,” Tami said softly from the backseat.

 “Why not Tami? Embarrassed about being naked in front of strangers? I thought

 it was your religion?”

 Tami sighed. “I’m not worried about my religion, I’m worried about getting

 raped or murdered.”

 “You worry too much Naked One, you’ll see that these people are nice,” Wanda

 replied. She got out of the car and opened the back door. “Come on, I’m starving.”

 The look on Wanda’s face gave Tami the indication that she had no choice.

 Begrudgingly, the nude girl slid out the door, the gravel hard even on her

 toughened feet. She followed the two other girls towards the door, quivering

 about what she would soon face.

**Tami Spring Break Part 3**

 It was like a movie as the three girls entered the diner/bar. It seemed like

 every eye in the place was on them and everything stopped, even the jukebox

 that played Merle Haggard seemed to skip. Their eyes drank in Lorinda and

 Wanda and then nearly popped out of their sockets when the naked Tami walked

 in. Tami was mortified and a bit scared about what could happen. Even Lorinda

 seemed nervous but Wanda walked in as if she ate there all the time.

 “Come on girls, let’s grab a seat,” she said, moving towards a table right in

 the middle of the room. Tami groaned inside but still followed, feeling as if

 she had no choice. All eyes followed the three girls, spending most of their

 time following the nude girl. The three sat down, Tami feeling the smooth

 plastic under her bare butt.

 “Um, ladies, what’s the deal here, some sorority prank or something,” the

 waitress said. “We don’t go for that stuff here ya know.”

 “No, no prank, my friend here is a religious nudist,” Lorinda said, very

 sincerely. Wanda smiled at Tami, knowing that Lorinda was her ticket to get

 Tami to do whatever Wanda wanted her to do.

 “A nudist huh,” the waitress said, looking directly at Tami’s bare breasts

 which was the only part of her visible above the table. “Well, I guess if I

 had boobs like that, I’d go naked all the time too. I’ll tell Ed, our manager,

 but I don’t think he’ll have a problem with a naked girl in here.”

 She walked away and the three girls picked up their menus. Tami was intensely

 aware of every eye in the place on her bare body but at least, she thought,

 they could only see here bare back, breasts and side. Her vagina and ass were

 hidden by the chair. In her life of total exposure, this passed for covered.

 Wanda and Lorinda made small talk about the menu while Tami just sat there,

 feeling very alone and scared in this very public place. Finally, the waitress

 appeared to take their order.

 “I’ll have a cheeseburger with some fries and a chocolate milkshake, how about

 you Lor?”

 “I’ll have the same and our friend Tami here would like a house salad with

 creamy dressing,” Lorinda said. That, most certainly was not what Tami wanted.

 She had not eaten since lunch and was starving but again, as so often in her

 life, she felt she had no choice but to go along and nod.

 “Excellent, how about a drink?”

 “Diet coke please,” she said softly.

 “I guess naked girls don’t want to eat too much and ruin their figure,” Wanda

 said to the waitress and they laughed. Tami just looked pained.

 The three girls sat at the table, Wanda and Lorinda again making small talk,

 leaving Tami out of it. She was glad for that in a way since she really did

 not have anything to say to either of them. In only a few moments, two guys

 appeared at their table. Both were older, in their 50s, Tami guessed, and had

 amble bellies.

 “Evening ladies, we are sure glad you are here tonight,” the one said. He

 looked like the old sheriff in the Smokey and the Bandit movies. “Usually it’s

 just little Lisa back there and we grew tired of looking at her and having her

 turn us down.” The two men and Wanda and Lorinda all laughed.

 “Well, me and Earl wondered if you girls might want to join us for a game of

 pool.”

 Wanda smirked sadistically. This was better than she had hoped.

 “Sure thing, you love pool right Tam,” she said, getting to her feet and

 pulling Tami to hers. The nude girl was forced to leave the relative safety of

 the chair. As she was pulled over towards the pool table, a man who appeared

 to be Ed, came up to her. “Sweetheart, I don’t know what you are pulling but

 we will keep you safe here,” he said. “There will be some fun but if anything

 gets out of hand, I’ll stop it okay.”

 Tami nodded and said, “thanks,” as she made her way over to the pool table.

 “OK, how about guys against girls,” Earl said, handing the pool cues to Tami

 and Wanda. “Sorry hon, there are only two sticks.”

 “No problem, I’ll just watch,” Lorinda said, taking a seat next to the pool area.

 “Okay, you there, the nekkid one, why don’t you break?”

 Tami had only played pool a few times and never naked (of course). There was

 really no way for her to keep her modesty and hit the ball so she bent over

 and hit the cue ball with her stick to break the group. A few balls scattered

 but nothing went in the hole. From behind her, she heard a few low whistles

 and knew that she had shown them everything she had.

 The two men made quick work of the girls. Each time Tami went, she was forced

 to bend forward, giving them a few of her asshole and her vagina from behind.

 She also felt her breasts sway beneath her and was very conscious of not

 letting them hit to green felt.

 “Well ladies, thanks for the game,” Earl said. “Maybe another game after dinner.”

 “Good game Earl, but I have something for you before dinner, something I think

 you are going to enjoy,” Wanda said. With that, she looked at Lorinda, who

 pulled out her bookbag and smiled.

**Tami Spring Break, Part 4**

 Tami waited, knowing that this would not be good for her. Lorinda pulled her

 bookbag open and pulled out a box. At once Tami knew what it was, her retainer

 bra and panties. Oh God, she thought, not here.

 “Back at school, Tami is part of a scientific experiment to measure a woman’s

 ability to orgasm,” Wanda explained. “It’s a wonderful experiment to help

 women who can’t experience orgasm and Tami is such a pioneer to help with this

 project. As part of the project, she has to have five orgasms with this on.”

 With that, Lorinda opened the box. The men were stunned to see the large

 dildos sticking out of the panties.

 “No way,” one of the men called. “Those things fit in you?”

 “Oh yes and Tami is so very lucky,” Lorinda said. “She can cum over and over

 again. I’ve seen it.”

 “Tami, get on all fours on the pool table and I will help you insert the panties,” Wanda said.

 Tami was mortified beyond words and was unsure if she would be able to follow

 directions. She knew that she had no choice. After all, she was a nudist who

 did not believe in modesty. No, she had to go through with this nightmare.

 She approached the pool table and climbed up, feeling the soft felt under her

 knees. She knew that this allowed everyone to see her exposed anus and her

 slit beneath it. She hated how her breasts now hung beneath her, swaying every

 time she moved. Her nipples pointed straight down at the table.

 “Oh man, that is some sight girl,” one of the men called.

 “Alright, I hope I’ve lubed this enough for you Tam,” Wanda called. “I don’t

 have as much experience with these things as you do.”

 Wanda was really laying it on but Tami just laid there, unable to do anything

 but accept her medicine.

 “Tam, could you spread your cheeks for me, to make it easier,” Wanda asked,

 sounding innocent but Tami could hear the glee in her voice. Reluctantly, the

 girl reached back and spread her ass cheeks, giving everyone a completely

 unencumbered view of her wrinkled asshole.

 “Holy crap,” she heard someone say. Just then, she felt the tip of the dildo

 at her hole. Knowing what to do now, she pushed down like she was expelling

 excrement. This allowed her muscle to relax and for Wanda to push the large

 dildo up into her sensitive area. For all of the talk about putting enough

 lube on it, Tami knew that she had put very little on and it hurt as it

 entered her. Her groan sounded more sexual than painful, to the delight of the

 audience.

 “Wow, you must get it up the ass a lot Tami,” Wanda said as she pushed the

 dildo in until its entire length was buried inside of her and the thong went

 up her butt crack,

 “Should be no problem getting the rest in,” Wanda announced as she pulled the

 vaginal dildo towards her spread hole and slid it in easily. Despite the

 embarrassment of the situation, Tami had gotten wet from the manipulation of

 her body.

 She felt so full from the dildos, hated this feeling. She wanted to be filled

 by Rod and his soft, warm penis, not these hard, cold dildos.

 “Lor, can you help me with her top,” Wanda asked.

 “Sure Wanda,” Lorinda said, climbing up on the table and laying next to the

 nude girl. From the smile on her face, she was loving this as much as Wanda

 was.

 For her part, Wanda had also climbed up on the pool table and was straddling

 the nude girl like she was an animal, either a horse ready to be ridden or a

 cow to be milked. She dangled the string bikini top and Lorinda pulled it

 under Tami, lining up the holes with the nipples that hung there. As Wanda

 grabbed the slack, Lorinda made sure that Tami’s nipples made it through the

 holes. To do this, she had to grab each nipple and roughly pull it through the

 scratchy material. Tami breathed hard at the painful way the girl did this.

 Finally, Wanda secured the bikini top behind the naked girl and the awful

 ordeal was done.

 “OK Tami, why don’t you have your first orgasm while you are up there,” Wanda

 suggested. Just then, Lorinda showed the remote and turned the dial sharply.

 That caused the dildos to vibrate quickly and the nipple brushes to move.

 “OHHH,” Tami said in surprise at the feeling inside of her. No matter how many

 times she used this damn thing, she could not get used to the feeling.

 “Can I use it,” Earl asked.

 “Sure,” Lorinda said, handing the precious remote to the man.

 “What does this button do,” he asked, pressing a red button on the remote.

 Just then Tami arched her back and screamed out. That button sparked pressure

 on the poor girl’s g-spot and she could not resist moaning at the touch.

 “Oh man, she likes that one,” he said laughing. He pressed it over and over

 again, causing Tami to moan continuously. It was not pleasure at all, more

 annoying to have such a sensitive spot being repeatedly massaged. Still, she

 could feel herself moving towards the inevitable water fall. Her body was too

 used to cumming for her to resist much.

 “OHHHH, OHHHH, OHHHHHH GOD!!!” Her hair bounced up and down as she moved her body in time with the buzzing. Just then, Earl raised the speed on the dildos and it was too much.

 “OHHHHHH YESSSS!!!! GODDDD!!!! AHHHHHH!!!” The nude girl arched her backand howled, looking like a dog in heat. In one of the lowest moments in a life

 full of them, Tami Smithers came on top of a pool table in a seedy diner/bar.

 “Can I do one,” one of the other men asked as Tami came down after her

 orgasms. She groaned but again it sounded like a moan. Tears flowed out of her

 but no one was looking at her face. Everyone, including Lisa and Ed, were

 huddled behind her, staring at her barely concealed ass, knowing that dildos

 were vibrating inside the beautiful naked teen.

 There was no finesse with this guy either. He figured out the g-spot button

 and he pressed it repeatedly. He also raised the speed high and Tami came

 quickly, moaning and crying out in anguish and orgasm at the same time. That

 continued for two more orgasms as she neared the end of this ordeal. The crowd

 cheered her on as if watching a sporting event, calling out each orgasm.

 “Let’s let Lisa do one,” one of the men yelled. “Nice to see how another girl

 does it.”

 She heard people cheering but refused to turn around. In a mirror hanging on

 the bar wall, she saw Wanda’s face glow in happiness. The sadist in her could

 not have been happier with how this was turning out.

 As soon as Lisa got the remote, she lowered the speed considerably, bringing a

 cry from Tami that was relief mixed with frustration. She hated the orgasms

 but her body was responding as it always did.

 Tami’s flush was nearly complete both from arousal and from embarrassment.

 Lisa came around the front and started whispering to her.

 “Hi sweetheart, I’m going to give you a nice one, not like those brute men,”

 the woman said. “Enjoy this honey.” The woman smiled at the nude girl and

 barely turned the dial but Tami felt it inside. She needed some warmth and

 locked eyes with the waitress who blew her a kiss and turned the knob just a

 tad more.

 “OHHHH,” Tami cried out, bucking her hips to take advantage of the motion.

 “Yes honey, just like that,” Lisa whispered, turning the dial higher.

 “AH, oh God, yes, OHHHHH!”

 A bit more and Tami was on the cusp of an incredible orgasm. Just then, the

 woman hit the g-spot button and Tami’s body bucked like crazy, her eyes

 opening as widely as possible and her mouth open wide but no noise escaped.

 Finally, when it did, the sound was nothing like Tami’s.

 “Oh MY GODDDD!!! AHHH!!!AH AH AH AH AAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!” The orgasm seemed to last forever as Lisa nursed each spasm of Tami’s body. Finally, Tami’s body went limp and Lisa turned the remote to zero and crawled up on the pool table.

 “Good girl,” she whispered and pushed her mouth against Tami’s in a full

 open-mouthed kiss. Tami was grateful for any love at the moment and this felt

 a bit like her love with Jen. She returned the kiss and cried in the woman’s arms.

 “Oh man, this was the best night we have ever had here,” one of the guys

 yelled out. That broke the women out of their moment and Lisa eased herself

 off of the pool table. Tami was happy to see that most of the crowd returned

 to their table, leaving her, Wanda, Lorinda and just a few guys standing there.

 “That was awesome,” Wanda said. “Now, take those out and get them clean in the

 bathroom. Lorinda and I are going to start eating.”

 Tami was weak but finally got the strength to climb off the pool table. She

 headed towards the bathroom but Wanda’s eyes told her that she had to remove

 the panties and bra there in front of the crowd. Tami reached behind her and

 undid the bra, a normal motion that every girl does every day but not

 something she was used to anymore. She struggled a bit with the clasp but

 finally got it undone. Gingerly, she pulled the bra off of her breasts, easing

 her nipples free from the brushes that had done a job on them. Her nipples

 were obscenely hard now and so sensitive after all of the stimulation. She saw

 several pairs of eyes on them.

 Next she undid the ties of the panties on her hips and started the humiliating

 process of removing the dildos. She slowly pulled the dildo out of her vagina,

 gasping as it passed her sensitive lips. She then knew what was next…she had

 to basically shit out the dildo that had been stuck in her rectum. She squatted and did just that, to the amusement of the crowd and the great joy of Wanda and Lorinda.

 She was glad to see that no shit stains packed onto the rectal dildo. She

 gathered the panties and bra and walked quickly towards the bathroom. She was

 glad to see that the ladies room was clean…a barefoot girl is even more aware

 of such things than a regular girl. Using soap from a dispenser, she cleaned

 both dildos and dried them with paper towels. She cupped water into her hands

 and washed her face clean, enjoying the feel of the coolness on her face. She

 saw how grotesque her nipples were and cringed. After all of the humiliation,

 this was one that would not go away quickly.

 Finally she grabbed the retainer bra and panties and went out to join her two

 tormentors. At the table, they were mostly finished with their food. Her salad

 sat there, untouched, but the girls were already on their feet.

 “Sorry Tami, but we have a tight schedule,” Wanda said, dropping $30 on the

 table. “I’ll cover the meal for us all.”

 Lorinda held the box in her hands and Tami dropped the bra and panties in.

 Even though she was now naked, she was glad to not have those awful dildos

 buried inside of her.

 The three girls walked towards the door, getting cheers and thanks. Lisa came

 and slipped a paper into Tami’s hand. “Call me,” she whispered, to the delight

 of Wanda.

 They reached the parking lot. Tami had to stand out on the gravel lot while

 Lorinda placed the box in the trunk and Wanda made a call on her cell phone.

 Tami was very aware of the openness of the parking lot and the fact that she

 was very visible to anyone driving by. Finally, Wanda opened the car door and

 she eased into the back seat, making sure to spread her legs as required.

 Wanda checked in the rear view mirror, looked down to ensure that Tami’s pussy

 was on display and smiled before driving off. Lorinda talked non-stop as they

 went, describing Tami’s humiliation in detail. Tami wished she was anywhere

 but here.

**Tami Spring Break Part 5**

 The rest of the trip passed uneventfully. Tami sat in the backseat, legs

 spread to reveal her vagina to the girls up front. Lorinda talked and talked,

 reliving the moments from the diner/bar. Wanda chimed in at times. It was like

 reinserting a knife into Tami over and over. Finally, she saw a sign for her

 hometown and she breathed a sigh of relief. Though she had hoped to never

 return here, she was glad to finally be near the end of her humiliating trip

 home and away from the clutches of her tormentors.

 As soon as they entered the town, Wanda pulled over. “OK Naked One, time to

 let you out,” she said.

 “Wanda, I live like 20 minutes from here,” Tami said. “You can’t leave me here.”

 “Oh yes I can, we have had our fun with you tonight,” Wanda said.

 “Please Wanda, you can’t leave me here,” she said, close to crying. After all

 she had been through at the diner, she was at the end of her rope and was

 begging her tormentor for help.

 “Well, maybe if you entertain us for the rest of the trip,” Wanda said.

 Oh no, this was not going to be good.

 “How?”

“Masturbating and making yourself cum,” Wanda said to a howl of joy from Lorinda.

 “But, I just came five times in front of you and everyone at that awful place,” she stammered. “And I never masturbate, I don’t know if I can and it hurts down there.”

 “HA HA,” Lorinda laughed. “Tami Smithers can cum with a twig inside of her. I

 don’t think you have a problem. Are you nervous to be making yourself cum in

 front of us maybe? I thought you didn’t believe in modesty.”

 There it was. Tami knew that she had no choice. Slowly, she brought her right

 hand down between her legs and gently began to rub her sore vagina. “Come on

 Tam, get into it,” Wanda said. Knowing what that meant, Tami began to rub a

 little harder. She used her left hand to rub her breasts, teasing her battered

 nipples which, despite their hardships, responded immediately, getting harder

 if that was even possible.

 “Good girl,” Wanda said and she turned and moved the car forward, though she

 did keep her eyes on the rear view mirror. Lorinda though was fully turned in

 her seat, staring at the naked girl’s humiliations.

 Tami tried to get into the spirit of things. She knew that Wanda would keep

 driving if she did not cum before they reached her house. She rubbed her clit,

 hoping that would get her into it and, as always, her body responded in ways

 her spirit and soul did not. Still she moaned at the touch as her pussy watered. She slid a finger in as the palm of her hand still rubbed against her clit.

 “Oh good form Tami, that’s good,” Lorinda squealed in pleasure. Any mood that

 Tami was heading for got ruined by the clinical analysis of her masturbation

 techniques. Still, she soldiered on, trying to get this over with.

 She rubbed harder as her pussy got wetter. She rubbed and rubbed, thinking of

 Jen in the shower, thinking of Rod ...ing her last night. Yes, that did the

 trick…her orgasm approached. Yes, yes, yes, this is good.

 “Do I turn left here Tami,” Wanda asked.

 Tami’s eyes flew open as she was brought back from the cliff of orgasm into

 the real world. How humiliating it was to be doing something so intimate while

 the real world went on around her. She was forced to do these horrible things

 while other girls went on about their lives. She felt miniscule, like a

 half-person.

 “Yes,” she said with a moan. She hated showing herself this way to Wanda and

 her other nemesis Lorinda. But she was stuck, as always, stuck showing herself

 to all who ask.

 “Continue,” Wanda said. Tami began her ministration again, knowing that the

 truck had gone in heavy reverse from the brink of orgasm. Slowly she came back

 towards the brink, rubbing her sex hard, willing herself to enjoy it.

 “AAAHH,” she moaned.

 “Right here naked one?”

 “AHH, YYYYESSSS!” Tami screamed out in answer to the question but her hand

 never stopped. She had to get this over with. “AAHHHH….aAAANNDD, aAANOTTTHERRRRRIGGGHHTTT AT THE STTTOOPPP SIGGNNN!!!”

 Tami continued to rub her vagina, knowing that orgasm was close. Finally she

 came, just as Wanda pulled the car onto her street.

 “Excellent naked one, excellent,” Wanda said. They pulled in front of her

 house and Wanda got out, leaving the car running.

 “I popped the trunk, make sure to grab your backpack and your bra and

 panties,” Wanda said. “And always remember dearie…I got you right where I want

 you and where I want you is naked and humiliated, just like tonight. And you

 never disappoint naked one, you always pull through.”

 With that, she squeezed Tami’s ass and got back into the car. Tami reached

 into the trunk and grabbed her backpack and the box with the bra and panties

 retainer set in it. As soon as she closed the trunk, the car took off, Lorinda

 screaming out the window “1-2-3-4…”

 She turned and saw her mom at the door, waiting with a huge smile on her face.

 She was glad that her father no longer required her to wear just an apron in

 the house and her mom was in a nightgown, the one that Tami had bought her for

 Christmas five years ago. It felt like home just seeing her mom there.

 “Welcome home honey, welcome home.”

**Tami Spring Break Part 6**

 Joe Smithers was sitting in the recliner, playing a video game. His sister,

 Tami, was laying just a few feet away, napping on the couch as both relaxed on

 a Saturday afternoon. It was a typical scene except for one thing. Though Joe

 wore the typical teenage boy attire of baggy jeans and a t-shirt depicting

 some metal band, the girl was naked as the day she was born.

 For she was Tami Smithers, the unintentional nudist. Because she had been

 tricked into stripping nude and streaking across the campus during her first

 days at college, she had lied to avoid being expelled. Now she was forced to

 live her life naked, as a religious nudist who does not believe in modesty.

 Her father had flipped when he found out about her escapade and had decided to

 force her to be naked at home too. The girl simply no longer owned clothes and

 had gone naked for several months, though trials and tribulations that no girl

 should ever have to suffer.

 And now she slept, after an ordeal traveling home. Though she was naked here

 too, there was no longer the constant threat of expulsion. At least at home,

 she could be more of herself and there was no Wanda to mess with her. After

 waking late and eating a huge breakfast, Tami had conked out, trying to regain

 some energy.

 For the most part, Joe ignored his sister’s nudity. But now, sitting just a

 few feet from her naked body, he could not help but feel a bit interested.

 After all, how many high school boys get a chance to see a naked girl up

 close, even if it was his sister.

 Tami had begun her nap curled in the fetal position but now was on her back, a

 pillow over her face and her legs spread. Her pussy was on full display and

 Joe was mesmerized by the sight of her bare sex, lips full and slightly

 gaping. Her sex was red, like it had been rubbed raw. Joe was far from an

 expert on the female anatomy but it looked like his sister had been engaging

 in sexual activity and not long ago.

 Just then, Tami turned over towards the couch, thrusting her bare butt towards

 him. He could make out the brown wrinkle that was her butthole. He had never

 seen a girl’s anus up close and was fascinated by it. Tami’s was immaculate

 and cute. He became worried about the rising bulge in his pants and the tingle

 in his groin. He never thought of his sister sexually before but it was hard

 to deny that he was flushed now looking at her nudity.

 “Joe,” his mother called from the kitchen. “Can you run out to the garage and

 bring in some more soda? We are out of diet cola, Tami’s favorite.”

 “Sure Mom,” he said, glad to get out of the room and away from his naked

 sister. He would have to watch how much he looked at her while they were both

 home.

 When Joe left the room, Martha Smithers entered. She had noticed something odd

 about her daughter last night when they had embraced. Tami, always so strong

 and smart, seemed oddly hollow. Like any mother, Martha wanted to give her

 daughter the physical once over to see how she was, though it was much easier

 in this case since the young girl was nude.

 Martha had to admit that Tami was gorgeous, always had been, but the few

 months nude had done amazing things to her body. Her skin was tan, looked

 healthy. Her breasts were firm and full, despite months without a bra. And her

 legs were long and strong, meeting at the space that was now hairless and

 quite striking. Martha examined her daughter for wear. She noticed what Joe

 had earlier…that the area around her daughter’s vagina was red and looked

 irritated. It could have been sexual intercourse or maybe something else but

 certainly something to consider. Despite it all, the girl seemed healthier

 physically then ever before. Martha could not find one flaw on her daughter’s

 body.

 Just then, the phone rang and Tami stirred. Martha ran from the room, glad to

 have not gotten caught. “Hello. Yes Tami is here. Who may I ask is calling? Oh

 Dirk, let me see if she is up yet. She was napping.”

 But now Tami was up and alert, though oblivious to the examinations she had

 just received. She was so tired after months of abuse and humiliations, she

 had needed a day off. Now a call from Dirk sent her back in time, back to the

 night when she made a fool out of herself at Charlene’s. Most of the

 embarrassments had been done to her but that night she had made herself a

 laughingstock and Dirk had seen it all. What could he possibly want?

**Tami Spring Break, Part 7**

 Tami sat up and pulled a big pillow in front of her nudity, covering herself

 from the view of anyone who may enter. This was a rare luxury in her life of

 complete and utter exposure. She took a deep breath as her mother entered the

 room holding the cordless phone, her hand over the mouthpiece.

 “Tami, it’s a boy named Dirk,” she whispered. “Do you want to take the call?”

 No, Tami thought but knew she could not hide from the world. “Sure,” she said,

 holding out her hand. “Thanks Mom.”

 Mrs. Smithers noticed that her “nudist” daughter was covered up but said

 nothing, not wanting to upset Tami so soon upon her arrival home. She knew

 that her husband would probably call her on it…best to keep this indiscretion

 to herself.

 “Hello.”

 “Tami, hi it’s Dirk, remember me?”

 How could she forget? Dirk was the guy that girls went nuts over in high

 school and then, that awful night at Charlene’s, when he had paid attention to

 her and she had gotten so very drunk and made a fool out of herself. Yes, she

 definitely remembered Dirk.

 “Sure Dirk, how are you?”

 “Good, good. I heard you were in town and figured I would give you a call?”

 “How did you know I was in town?”

 “Well, a friend of yours, Wanda, she called and said that you had mentioned me

 and she wanted to let me know you would be home and would love to go out some

 time.”

 Wanda…damn her. But that was it, her fate was sealed. Instead of sitting home,

 safe in her house for the week, she was now obligated to go out with Dirk and

 face the humiliation of being naked in her hometown.

 “Yeah, sure, that would be great,” Tami said, trying to sound excited.

 “Can I come over this afternoon and talk,” Dirk asked. “Maybe we can figure

 something out then?”

 “OK, that’s fine. How about 3?” Well before her father would be home and have

 questions about why he was there. She could handle her mother.

 “Perfect. See you then.”

 “Bye,” she said and hung up the phone. She noticed that she was shaking a bit,

 put off by Wanda getting her claws on her even here at home.

 “What was that dear,” Mrs. Smithers said as Tami placed the phone down on the

 coffee table in front of her.

 “That was Dirk, from high school. He wants to hang out while I’m home.”

 “That’s nice dear, but I thought you were still with Rod,” Mrs. Smithers said.

 “I am but Dirk just wants to hang out, nothing wrong with that,” Tami said,

 pushing the pillow aside and getting to her feet. She did not want to have

 this discussion right now. “I’m going to hop in the shower. Dirk’s going to be

 here at 3.”

 “OK dear, then you can help me prepare lunch and maybe we can get some snacks

 ready for when Dirk is here,” Mrs. Smithers said.

 Tami knew that her mom was overdoing this happy housewife stuff lately but

 didn’t mention it and just climbed the steps to her room. She heard a noise

 from her brother’s room, which could have been moans but she didn’t check.

 Instead she headed into her room to grab a towel. At least here at home she

 was allowed to dry off with a full towel and wrap herself in its warmth. At

 school she was allowed what basically amounted to a hand towel, nothing more.

 Here she could wrap herself in a towel and feel as covered as any other girl.

 It was a shame though that she had to leave the towel in the bathroom when she

 was done. If only she could wear it around the house, maybe she could feel

 normal, at least for a little while.

 But no, she was Tami the Nudist, not allowed to be covered, ever. No, she was

 not only not allowed to be covered but she was supposed to love being

 uncovered. She was supposed to believe that it was a sin for her to cover her

 body or even be modest. What had she gotten herself into, she thought.

 She held the folded towel against her bare body and headed into the bathroom

 for a shower. Here was her refuge, a place where she could be away from prying

 eyes. She turned the water on hot and jumped in. The steam added to the water

 to give her a place to hide and she luxuriated in it. She crouched in the

 fetal position, covering herself as best she could, pressing her breasts into

 her knees and pushing her bare butt against the wall. Now, no one would be

 able to see her private parts.

 The water soon grew cooler and she began to wash, her hair (shampoo and

 conditioner), her body (taking special care to ensure that her anus was clean)

 and then shaving, getting her legs, pits and now her pubic mound. The water

 was cold by the time she was done and reluctantly she turned the water off.

 Stepping out though, she was rewarded with the warmth of the towel and

 covering, real live covering, the first she had enjoyed in months. She dropped

 to her knees, feeling the cold tile beneath her, and thanked God for this

 small covering. In her life of total and complete nudity and exposure, this

 was a blessing.

 Finally she got to her feet and began the long process known to all women.

 First she brushed her teeth and dried her hair, combing it rather then letting

 it fall wherever it wanted. Her long red hair was a positive feature for her

 and she wanted it to look nice. Then she did her makeup, keeping it completed

 understated, as was her fashion. Just a little gloss to her lips, some shadow

 around her eyes and she did her lashes. She thought about applying some blush

 to her cheeks but her tan made it really unnecessary so she decided against it

 and checked herself out in the mirror. Despite all of her hardships and the

 humiliation she had suffered, Tami realized that she had never looked better.

 Her body was tighter then ever before and she glowed. Without the cover of

 clothes for all this time, her body had blossomed in ways that most women do

 not allow their bodies. She was hotter then she had ever been and, sadly, she

 knew that it was mostly because of her constant nudity. Her curse was a

 blessing in some ways.

 Sighing, she dropped the towel into the hamper and went back to her room,

 wanting to delay as long as possible before helping her mom in the kitchen. A

 normal girl would now have to take some time to decide what to wear for the

 day but that was not something that she needed to worry about. No fashion

 decision for her, except to wear her hair in a braid, ponytail or down. The

 rest was not really a factor.

 “Tami dear, can you help me prepare for lunch,” her mother called from

 downstairs.

 “Coming Mom,” she answered, heading out the door and down to meet her mom.

 When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she was stunned to see her mother’s

 bare back and ass sticking out from an apron, the only clothing she wore

 except for the heels on her feet. It was a harkening back to Thanksgiving

 break, when her parents had decided that Tami should not be the only one naked

 in the house. Tami had never seen her parents sex life so up and close and

 personal as she had that week and she knew that her mother’s nudity had a lot

 to do with it. It was the same in her life…being naked led to a lot more

 thoughts about sex and certainly led to a lot more opportunities to do it.

 “Mom, what are you doing?”

 Mrs. Smithers turned and smiled. From this view, all of her private parts were

 covered, except for the tops of her round breasts.

 “Well dear, you seemed a bit down and I thought maybe it would help if you

 were not the only one naked for a while,” the woman said, her face trying

 desperately to show her daughter how important this was to her.

 Tami didn’t want to share that her sadness had nothing to do with being the

 only one naked in the house. In fact, her mother’s nudity only seemed to

 reinforce her own but instead she smiled and moved to hug her mother. “Thanks

 Mom, you are too much,” she said, pulling her tightly into a hug. It felt good

 to be hugged by her mom, as any little girl can attest, even one who is naked

 and obviously all grown up.

 “Well, let’s get lunch ready,” Mrs. Smithers said, breaking away from the hug.

 In their New England home, too much shows of affection was not normal and the

 woman wanted to resume normality, at least as much normality as there could be

 when there was one naked woman and another mostly nude in the house.

 The two worked and chatted, pulling together a large salad for the three of

 them and making three sandwiches. They also prepared the batter for a tray of

 brownies for when Dirk came to visit. Finally Mrs. Smithers removed her apron

 and pulled on a sundress (leaving Tami a little disappointed since she never

 had the option of pulling anything over her own nudity) called Joe into the

 room and the three of them had a nice lunch. Joe could not help but notice

 Tami’s perky breasts swaying she animatedly talked about Rod and the trip that

 they had taken to the mountain home of Rebecca’s brother. And she talked about

 the night at Chalfont when she was honored as their person of the year leaving

 out, of course, the real reason they honored her.

 In no time at all, the three of them were laughing and talking, just like they

 had a year ago when Tami was still a senior in high school, clothed like the

 rest of the world. She would have sat here now, in a hooded sweatshirt or a

 long sleeve tee and a pair of jeans or maybe even a jean skirt and definitely

 worn socks or flip flops or something on her feet. And a bra of course,

 probably a pretty one though no one ever saw it. She wanted to feel good about

 herself and a pretty bra helped. And definitely panties, nice ones with lace

 but definitely covering everything she needed to cover. And she would have sat

 there, unaware of how smooth these chairs were against her bare butt or how

 the one nail in the back could dig into a bare back.

 The three had just wrapped up when the door bell rang. “Oh that must be Dirk,”

 Mrs. Smithers said, rushing to the door. Tami’s smile faded. Her feeling of

 being safe and home had crashed down as her new reality awaits.

 “Come in Dirk,” she heard her mother say and then footsteps into the living

 room. Tami took a deep breath and got to her feet. Time to be the proud nudist

 that everyone thought she was.

 **Tami Spring Break, Part 8**

 “Hi Dirk,” she said lightly as she walked into the living room.

 Dirk looked up and exploded into a big grin as he drank in the nude girl in

 front of him. Despite herself, Tami was pleased to see how excited he got.

 “Well, if you two will excuse me,” Mrs. Smithers said, leaving the room.

 “Still naked I see,” Dirk said, his eyes never leaving her body.

 “Yep, still bald I see,” Tami replied, referring to the fact that Dirk had

 shaved the curly blonde locks that had made every girl swoon over him in high

 school. “You had such beautiful hair, why would you cut it off?”

 “Well, at least one of us made a good decision,” he said watching her walk

 towards him. Feeling brazen, she reached out and gave him a hug, pressing her

 bare breasts, with their pokey nipples, into her chest.

 “It’s good to see you Dirk,” she said. “Are you here to spike my drink again

 and make me do stupid things?”

 Dirk pulled back and looked Tami in the eye. “You know, I am really sorry

 about that, have been since Christmas,” he said. “I should have called you

 right away but I was nervous and stupid. I had no idea what those kids had in

 mind and that awful Liz Apple. Well, she and I had it out but it was way too

 late to help you. I’m sorry Tami.”

 Tami saw the regret in his eyes and smiled. “It’s okay Dirk, I really didn’t

 think you were as awful as those other kids there. Plus you give one hell of a

 foot rub.”

 “Want one now?”

 Tami looked towards the kitchen and heard her mom on the phone with her

 sister. “Sure,” she answered, leading the boy to the couch. The two both sat

 down and Tami slid her feet onto Dirk’s lap, noticing a bit of a bulge in his

 crotch. Despite herself, Tami could feel the butterflies start in her stomach.

 Dirk grabbed her feet and began to rub. Tami moaned in pleasure…her feet took

 a beating every day and hardly ever got such nice treatment. For his part,

 Dirk noticed how much rougher her feet were this time as compared to just

 Christmas, a sign that they have been weathered pretty badly over the past few

 months.

 Tami closed her eyes and enjoyed feeling good. She had no idea that Dirk was

 looking up her legs and to her now spread vagina which was open and on

 display. Dirk had to shift a bit as his now erect penis pressed against his

 jeans.

 “Brownies anyone,” Mrs. Smithers called as she entered the room. The warning

 gave them just enough time for Tami to move her feet away from Dirk and onto

 the floor, assuming a position that her mother would think was more

 appropriate for a young lady.

 “Thanks Mrs. Smithers, these look great,” Dirk said, leaning over to grab one.

 Tami laughed to herself. Even with a naked girl in the room, all men could

 think about was eating.

 “My pleasure Dirk. Tami, Joe and I are going to go pick up your father. We

 should be home in about an hour or so,” she said. It was obvious that Tami’s

 mother was giving her a hint. The house would be empty for an hour but it

 would be a good idea to get Dirk out by then.

 “Thanks Mom, we’ll manage until you get back.”

 The two teens waited until they heard the back door close and the car drive

 off.

 “Now, how about we continue that foot rub,” Dirk said, taking Tami by the

 ankles and swinging her feet onto her lap. He was now more aggressively

 rubbing her feet, especially the poor, hardened soles. Tami was in her glory,

 laying her head back against the pillow and closing her eyes.

 Dirk slowly moved up her feet to her ankles and then back to her feet. He

 massaged her toes, her heels, her ankles and then back. For several minutes he

 worked, patiently moving his magic hands up and around her feet with the

 precision of a professional. It made Tami wet to have her feet taken care of

 so nicely and Dirk could smell the secretions in the air.

 “Tami, are you really liking this?”

 “Um, hm,” she answered, luxuriating in the good feeling.

 “May I go further,” he asked.

 No, no, she thought, I have a boyfriend. “Yes,” she answered, not wanting him

 to stop. She felt him move his massage up her legs, working her calves both

 front and back. She moaned at the kind touch…after the humiliations of last

 night, she welcomed the kindness the boy was showing and, quite frankly, she

 was horny as hell.

 Dirk’s hands reached her knees and he worked them too, moving her kneecaps

 around inside. Then he moved further, towards her thighs, especially the

 insides. Tami could not resist the feeling and she spread her legs and arched

 her sex towards his magic hands. Taking the hint, Dirk moved his hands to her

 vagina and spread her lips. Slowly, he teasingly rubbed his finger just inside

 the outer lips and then pushed it inside, easily filling her sopping wet sex.

 She called out in pleasure at the touch and arched her back further as he

 slowly moved his finger in and out before adding a second finger.

 “AHHH,” Tami cried out. She felt like such a wanton slut. She was cheating on

 Rod with a boy she barely knew and there was not a second when she tried to

 stop it. She desperately needed to cum in a natural way, no dildos, no

 humiliation, just a boy and a girl doing what nature intended.

 Tami ground her hips to meet Dirk’s thrusts with her own movements. In no time

 at all, she was at the waterfall and the point of no return. Dirk seemed to

 read her mind and he pulled his fingers up and massaged her g-spot causing her

 to scream out in orgasm, her eyes bugging out, her nipples poking achingly out

 atop her swelling breasts. Dirk felt the amazing contractions that went

 through her vagina, squeezing his fingers tightly. After bucking her hips

 nearly a dozen times, her orgasm subsided and she laid her body back against

 the couch, relishing the feeling of pleasure.

 “Wow,” Dirk said, his fingers still moving in and out but much more slowly.

 “That was incredible. I wonder if there is another one of those in you.”

 The boy leaned forward and removed his fingers to the groan of disappointment

 from the nude girl beneath him. Instead, he replaced his fingers with hismouth, which he attached to her bare vagina and begin to lick and suck like apro.

 “OHHH, DIRK…SO GOOOODDDDD….OHH GODD!” She raised her hips so that her sex methis mouth and she quickly returned to the brink of orgasm. Dirk was not asgood as Jen but he was better than any boy Tami had known as he nursed her

 closer and closer to the point of no return. “YES YES YESSSS! AHHHH!!!” With

 that, Tami came again. Dirk gently nursed this one to fruition as well and the

 girl finally collapsed, tears streaming down her face as it always did after a

 good orgasm.

 “You are an amazing girl Tami, just amazing,” Dirk said, looking up at the

 girl from between her legs. “I never imagined you would be like this when we

 knew each other in high school.”

 Tami rubbed his bald head as he laid it against her now sated sex. She felt

 some pangs of guilt at cheating on Rod but the lingering effects of her orgasm

 put that far on the back burner. Still, she knew she had to return the favor,

 especially since she felt Dirk’s erection poking into her foot.

 Slowly she eased from beneath him and slid onto the floor. By this time Dirk

 had sat up and Tami was between his legs. She reached out and undid the button

 of his jeans and began to unzip. “Tami, you don’t have to,” Dirk said, trying

 to push her hands away. She swatted back at him and continued her work. “But I

 want to Dirk, please let me.” There was not a man alive who would say no to

 that and Dirk allowed her to undo his pants and he lifted his body off the

 couch so she could pull the jeans and boxers down to his ankles. Tami was

 surprised at the length of Dirk’s member as it sprang to life. It was obvious

 that he was beyond aroused from what they had just done.

 Tami grabbed his member by the base and began to rub it. Slowly she went up

 and down his shaft before leaning in and taking the tip into her mouth. This

 caused a moan from the boy and Tami looked up to see his eyes closed and head

 back against the back of the couch. The girl moved her head up and down,

 taking more and more into her mouth before she finally reached the base and

 his pubic hair teased her nose. She almost completely took her mouth off of

 him and then dove all the way back down and continued like that, making his

 penis wet and smooth as she went. The moans from above her told the story of

 how she was doing as did the hands that went to the back of her head,

 entwining themselves in her long red hair. She let him gently guide her head

 up and down before she took her left hand and teasingly rubbed against his

 testicles. This caused him to lift up and off the sofa but Tami hung on. Next,

 using her right hand, she snaked a finger into his anus. This was the clincher

 and shortly the boy screamed out in orgasm and shot his load down the girl’s

 throat. Tami swallowed greedily, enjoying the taste of her dominance over the

 boy. It really was a wonderful thing for a girl to enjoy the knowledge that

 she had caused this man to come unglued in her mouth.

 She let his cum die down and finally he was spent. She pulled her mouth off of

 his now limp member and pulled her finger out of his anus. She grabbed a

 napkin that her mother had brought out with the brownies and wiped her finger

 clean. She was happy to notice that it was clean but she would still wash her

 hand as soon as possible.

 “Tami, you are incredible,” Dirk said, pulling her towards him with a deep

 kiss. Their tongues touched, causing an electric shock up and down her spine.

 But Tami knew she had to stop this.

 “Dirk, wait, I have to tell you something,” she said, pushing the boy away. “I

 have a boyfriend at college and we are in love. I don’t want to ruin anything

 with him.”

 Dirk sat back on the couch, surprised but not angry. “Well, I sort of have a

 girlfriend at school too though I wouldn’t say I love her yet. I have an

 idea…let’s have fun together while we’re both in town and then go back to

 college with no strings attached. Deal?”

 Tami thought about it and decided that it sounded like a good idea, especially

 in light of what they had just done. “Deal,” she answered, holding out her

 hand to shake his. For some reason, Dirk thought that was the funniest thing

 in the world and laughed at her. At first she was wounded and then she laughed

 too…after what they had just engaged in, a hand shake seemed a bit formal.

 Instead the boy leaned over and kissed her fully on the lips.

 After 10 minutes of making out, during which Tami noticed that Dirk’s limp

 penis was not so limp anymore, Tami looked up at the VCR clock. “Shit, my

 family will be home any minute. You have to go.” She jumped to her feet and

 grabbed a napkin and wiped her sex clean. Dirk was pulling up his pants as

 they heard the car pull into the driveway.

 “Quick Dirk, go out the front door,” she said. “My parents always come in the

 back.”

 She pulled the boy towards the door as he redid the belt. “Go out with me

 tonight,” he said, kissing her on the lips. “I’ll pick you up at 7.”

 She had no time to process it and desperately wanted the boy to leave. “Sure,

 fine, seven it is.”

 “Excellent,” he said, going out the door. Then he pushed his body back through

 the closing door. “And Tami, I meant it…you are amazing!” With that, he left

 and Tami closed the door, just as she heard the back door open.

 “Tami, we’re home,” her mother called.

 Tami breathed a sigh of relief. That certainly did not go as she had planned

 but it was definitely a lot better.

 “Coming Mom.”

**Tami Spring Break, Part 9**

When she entered the kitchen, she noticed her father break into a wide smile.

Although he was a jerk by enforcing her nudity at home, Tami always loved

seeing her dad and he loved seeing her. His eyes never went below her face and

the two embraced tightly. For once it didnt feel weird to her to be pressing

her naked body up against another person. With her dad, a hug just felt like

home. Although when she gave him a kiss on the cheek, she remembered where her mouth had been just a few minutes before and felt a bit embarrassed.

Dinner came quickly. Her mom had made spaghetti and meatballs, Tamis favorite

meal, but she had trouble eating it. She was nervous about having agreed to go

out with Dirk. The sex had been awesome but she felt a bit bad about Rod and

she did not want to expose herself around town.

She helped her mom clean off the table and then went to her room to get ready.

Again, she did not know how to prepare. A normal girl would be picking out a

nice outfit, something to accentuate her body, to show off her best parts.

Well her best parts were always on display and she could do nothing to cover

them.

At the very least, she thought, she could do her hair and maybe some makeup.

She hopped into the shower again, wanting to be fresh after her session on the

couch with Dirk. She wondered if her parents or brother suspected what had

gone on in the living room where they now sat watching the evening news.

Tami took her time drying and shaping her long red hair. She curled the ends

into ringlets, leaving her hair down. It served to cover only the top of her

breasts but it looked good. Seeing there was nothing else she could do, Tami

headed downstairs to wait in the living room.

As Katie Couric read a story about oil prices skyrocketing, Tami read a

magazine that her mother had lying around. This was Good Housekeeping and

there was little to interest her but at least it was something. Still, she

dreaded the knock on the door that was coming, even if a small part of her was

excited to be going out. She guessed it was left over from her high school

days when she loved going out to clubs or to friends houses. Now, in her nude

life, that was a part of her that had been suppressed.

Right at 7, just as the old grandfather clock in the hall chimed, the doorbell

rang.

Ill get it, she yelled as she bolted for the door. There Dirk stood,

holding a bouquet of flowers. Hi, how sweet, come in, she said with a

legitimate smile, her hesitation from before seemingly forgotten.

You look beautiful, he said, drinking in her face and then her body.

Oh thanks, come and meet my dad and brother, she said, pulling him by the

hand. Dad, Joe, this is Dirk, a friend of mine from high school. He is taking

me out tonight.

Mr. Smithers stared at the boy as if he were trying to figure something out.

It was obvious he was trying to deduce what this boys intentions were.

Nice to meet you Dirk, he said finally. Where are you guys headed?

Just then, Tami noticed that Dirk was not dressed up. Instead he was dressed

in shorts, a t-shirt and sneaks. Well, a bunch of us are going to play some

pickup soccer and Im going to play, he said. Some of the girls from the

class are coming to watch.

Mr. Smithers seemed to appreciate the fact that there would be a big group

there and not just a boy and his naked daughter. Well, have fun.

For her part, Tami was stunned. She did not expect to be going to see several

of her former friends and expose herself to so many people. But there seemed

to be no way out. Wanda had called Dirk so he knew that she had no modesty.

Plus, Wanda would probably call to check if she had gone out or hid in the

house. That would get back to the dean and she would be expelled. The die was

cast and she was going to have to play the part of religious nudist once again.

OK, bye Mr. Smithers and Mrs. Smithers, Joe, Dirk said. We wont be too late.

Good night dear, Mrs. Smithers said to her daughter and then she bade

farewell to Dirk, who took Tamis hand and led her out of the house.

Soccer huh, Tami said as she negotiated the stone steps down to the street

where Dirk had parked his car. Should be fun.

Yeah, I figured you would like seeing the gang again and for us college

students its a free night out, Dirk said. Like a gentleman, he opened the

car door for her and let her slip in. Of course it had the added bonus of

giving him a view of her nudity as she sat down, exposing a bit of her sex. Of

course he had seen all of her a few hours prior but what boy would pass up a

chance to see a naked vagina?

He headed around and they drove through the streets of her hometown. For Tami,

being naked was becoming more the norm at college but here, in the place where

she had grown up, it felt really strange to be driving nude. There was the

playground where she ran and jumped as a little girl. They passed the pizza

place where she had her first date with Scottie Brisman, her seventh grade

crush. Soon they saw the movie theatre where she had her first kiss, a make

out session during a really bad teen comedy. Most of the movie goers were

there making out and she had joined in, locking lips with Ted Brinckman. She

had drawn the line at letting him touch her breasts but she could not deny the

feeling in her as he kissed her.

They pulled into the high school parking lot and headed back towards the

soccer stadium. She was surprised to see the lights on and several dozen

people there.

Whos coming tonight?

Just some people from our class and maybe some of their friends, Dirk

answered as he pulled into a parking spot. Come on, it will be fun.

Tami did not think it was going to be fun but, nevertheless, she was prepared

to play along. After all, what choice did she have?

She felt Dirk brush against as he reached for something in the back seat.

Suddenly a soft, warm sweatshirt brushed against her nipples and pooled onto

her lap. It was a blue sweatshirt with Rhode Island, Dirks college, written

in big block letters.

Whats this?

Um, well, I just thought you might get cold out there, Dirk said sheepishly.

Or, you know, maybe you might not want to be naked for a little while, you

know in front of all of those people.

Tami didnt know how to react. It could just be a sweet gesture from a boy who

liked her. What would be the harm if she pulled this beautiful garment over

her poor naked body and gave herself some warmth, not to mention some cover

from all prying eyes? She grabbed the shirt in her hands and clutched it.

No, she couldnt. Not now, she could not get lulled into a false sense of

security. She knew that Dirk had talked to Wandamaybe she put him up to this.

No, she was a nudist, even here away from Campbell-Frank College.

Thanks Dirk but I dont wear clothes, she said, forcing the words out. It

is against my religion. Reluctantly, she handed the warm, soft shirt back to

the man, who was smiling at her.

Tami Smithers, have I told you how awesome you are?

Despite the pain of giving up the shirt, Tami smiled at the boy, who she was

starting to really like. He was no Rod but he would do for a brief fling.

Yes you have but you can keep saying it.

The boy leaned over and kissed her softly on the lips. Tami moaned at the

brief touch. Lets go watch soccer, Dirk said, pushing open the car door and

hopping out. Before she could even move he was around to her door and opened

it for her.

Why thank you kind sir, she said laughing.

Anything for milady, he said, bowing like a butler. They both laughed and

she looped her arms through his as they walked to the field.

At the gate, she saw about 15 guys on the field, stretching and gathering. Up

in the bleachers, five or so girls were sitting and watching. She did not want

to separate from Dirk, feeling safe with him but he turned and gave her a

kiss. Putting a goofy yellow headband on, he smiled and said wish me luck.

Luck, she answered, kissing him softly on the lips and he was off. She saw

the group of boys staring at her and, against character, she waved like she

was flirting. She knew that would not be popular with the girls in the

bleachers. Reluctantly, she made her way up to where the girls stood. She felt

the cold, hard metal of the bleachers beneath her feet as she moved towards

where the girls stood. Tami felt their eyes on them and noticed that this was

different then the gawking of the boys on the field. The boys lusted after her

body; the girls look was harsh and appraising, demanding.

Hi girls, she said, forcing herself to be cheerful.

So, still a nudist huh Tami, a snotty girl named Megan said with sneer.

Yeah Megan, I am, its my religion and I dont plan on changing.

What happened to you Tami, Laura, a nicer girl who had been friendly with

Tami in school, asked. Back in high school, you were such a prude. I dont

think I even saw you wear a skirt.

Tami reflected on the girls words. She was exactly right. Back in high

school, Tami had mostly worn jeans and baggy tees or sweats. She rarely ever

wore a skirt or a dress, usually reserving that for holidays. Her friends had

been shocked at her senior prom when she wore a strapless dress and Tami

remembered how nervous she had been about it, worried that it might drop and

she would show her boob. She thought now that it was funny how much she

worried about a slip then when now her breasts had been on full display for

months.

I guess I found religion, Tami said.

There was some awkward silence as the girls stood there warily checking each

other out. Finally Tami spoke. So, how are you girls?

She knew that Megan would take it and run. The girl began talking about her

job as a waitress at the local chain restaurant. As she talked, Tami took note

of what the girls were wearing. For a naked girl, she was obsessed with

clothes and was acutely aware of what other girls were wearing.

Megan, always a fashion plate, was showing off her long, shapely legs in a

cute denim skirt with fringed trip, with white tights and a gorgeous cardigan

sweater with a mock turtleneck. Completing the outfit were a pair of slides

that Tami knew were the newest fashion. Laura was cute in her tight jeans and

green top that hugged her perky breasts. The outline of her bra was slightly

visible under her top. She also had a sweatshirt tied around her waist in case

it got cold and wore a crisp, new pair of Nikes on her feet.

Becky, who was still a senior but was Megans cousin, wore a pair of tan

capris, a red plaid top that showed some cleavage and a pair of plain white

sneaks. From what Tami could see, the girl wore no bra but her breasts were

still small. From her vantage point, Tami could make out a hint of a nipple

poking through the material at each breast.

Maria, a very quiet but beautiful girl, wore a simple dress that was long sleeve and extended to just above her knee. She was bare legged and had a cute

pair of flip flops on her feet. Janie wore the standard issue jeans and a hoodie that read Providence College, where she went to school.

The conversation now moved on to the boys on the field. Megan had slept with

several of them, but not Dirk. I would love to get my hands on him, she said.

Wouldnt we all, Janie answered, a look of lust in her eyes as she found Dirk on the soccer field.

Tami felt devilish. Should she? She smiled and nodded to herself. Yes, she should!

Well, Ive had my hands on him, she said, teasingly.

The other girls looked at the nude girl in shock. You and Dirk? When?

This afternoon, Tami said shyly as the girls stared. Just oral but it was very nice.

The girls were all shocked and then they laughed. Man Tami, you sure are

different than you used to be, Maria said with a laugh and the girls all

began chatting noisily, falling into the easy rhythm that all girls do.

After almost an hour, Tami started to notice the temperature dropping, not to

the point where she would be harmed but certainly enough to feel

uncomfortable. She noticed that Laura pulled on her sweatshirt and that

Beckys nipples were now clearly poking through her top.

Girls, why are we sitting here freezing instead of out there on the field

running, Tami said, getting to her feet. The bleachers were feeling cold

under her bare butt and thighs and she wanted to get up. Come on, why are we

sitting here while the boys get to run around and have fun?

Megan stood up and held her foot close to Tami. Um, hello, Im wearing slides.

Tami held her own bare foot up to Megan. Im not exactly wearing spikes here

either Megan. Come on, you played soccer in middle school. Lets go.

Without waiting for the other girls to answer, Tami rushed down the steps of

the bleachers and onto the field. She relished the feeling of the grass under

her poor feet instead of the cold, hard metal.

The boys stopped short as the nude girl came towards them. For a girl who was

rarely the center of attention in high school, a part of her relished being

noticed.

Hi boys, mind if I join in?

Not at all, Dirk said, running over and hugging her. Tamis on skins, obviously.

Were in too, Laura and Maria came running over, followed by Janie. That

left just Megan and Becky stewing on the sidelines, feeling annoyed at being

left behind.

Okay, Laura and Maria on your team, Janies on ours, but you dont have to

take your shirt off unless you want to, Dirk said with a smile.

Nice try Dirk but I think you guys will be able to remember what team Im

on, Janie said laughing.

Tami noticed that Maria had kicked off her flip flops and was now as barefoot

as she was. Laura and Janie both wore sneakers.

Guys, remember that me and Maria are barefoot so be careful where you step

okay, Tami said. Alright, lets go.

At first the guys seemed awkward around the girls, especially Tami. But the

first time the naked girl got the ball, she dribbled up the left sideline and

blasted a shot past a stunned goalie and into the net for a goal.

Alright, I guess the girls are showing up the boys here, unless the boys want

to actually play, she yelled, pointing a finger at Wayne, a boy she knew a

little from her days in the school band.

Youre on Tami!

That got the game going and the teens played hard. Tami even got knocked to

the ground a few times but got up laughing. She forgot her nudity as she ran,

her breasts bouncing up and down as she went. She loved the feel of the

cooling air on her bare body and the grass that was soft beneath her bare feet.

Finally, Laura deked past Dirk and put a ball into the goal and the game was

over. The group all gathered in the middle of the field. Megan and Becky had

left the stands in a huff but Tami didnt notice. She was too busy feeling a

part of a group.

Man Tami, you were awesome, thanks for getting us to play, Janie said,

pulling the nude girl in for a hug. Tami felt a strange jolt of electricity

through her body at the close touch. It was definitely one of the nice

benefits of always being nude. For her part, Janie was fascinated to feel

Tamis hard nipples press into her. She could not imagine walking around with

eternally erect nippleshow uncomfortable.

Hey everyone, Megan was inviting us all back to her house for a party, her

parents are out of town, Dirk announced. The group all decided to head home

to shower and then meet at Megans. Tami figured that her night was over.

After all, her last attempt to party in this town had not finished well.

Tami, I hope well see you there, Laura said with a smile. She leaned over

and kissed the girl on the cheek. Tami felt warm inside, like she was loved.

Sure, Ill come by.

Tami and Dirk followed the crowd off the field. Though the air had cooled,

Tamis metabolism allowed her to feel warm. That and the fact that the cute

boy next to her took her tenderly by the hand made everything right with the

world.

**Tami Spring Break, Part 10**

After a quick stop at the Smithers house to shower and change (for Dirk at

least), the two headed out for Megan. Tami felt very nude again as she sat

next to Dirk who was dressed in a dress shirt and pants. His hair looked

perfect and it shouldhe had stayed in the bathroom drying it longer than she

had been. All she could do was put some make up on and do her hair in curls,

fixing what had been ruined during soccer. Otherwise, it was as if they were

from two different planets, one where he wore clothes and she was not allowed

them. There was little she could do to impress except show her body offafter

all, what choice did she have?

Out of the corner of her eye, Tami saw Dirks hand wander from the gear shift

to rest on her bare thigh. She gave him a look of mock anger and then broke

into a big smile. Her smile changed to a gasp of surprise as the boys hand

quickly moved towards her bare mound between her legs.

Hey now big fella, take it easy, she said, closing her legs and pushing the

hand away. Just because its there doesnt mean its always open for business.

The boy looked mollified. Tami, Im sorry, its just right there, on

display, he said, stammering a bit. I just cant help myself.

Tami softened. Dirk, its okay, I guess I dont blame you, she said. It

must be hard to be tempted all the time and it certainly is very accessible.

Go ahead if you want.

The boy smiled at her before turning his attention back to the road. His hand

past her hip and over her thigh to between her now spread legs and he began to

gently rub her sex. She could not deny the feeling that awakened inside of her

and she instantly got wet. After a few rubs, he slid a finger inside and she

gasped. Oh God, Dirk, please dont, it feels good but dont, she said.

Despite her objections, he kept plunging his finger in and then out. The

girls words said no but she shifted her body to give the boy better access to

her exposed sex. Faster and faster he fingered her and she was getting

seriously aroused.

Just then, Dirk turned the corner and they were suddenly at Megans. A crowd

of teens, all familiar to Tami, had just arrived and waved at them. Dirk took

his fingers out of Tami and waved back and the two laughed at the glistening

fingers. If they only knew where those fingers just were, Dirk laughed.

You owe me big time buster, Tami said, acting annoyed. You got me to the

ledge and left me there. There better be more later.

Ha, well, I guess Ill have to . . . you then later tonight, if you insist,

Dirk said with a smile. He reached behind him and grabbed a towel to wipe his

hands. He then passed it to her and, feeling a bit ashamed, Tami wiped between

her legs. For a nude girl, arousal would have been obvious and she wanted to

avoid that. Thanks Dirk, you are a real gentleman, she said smiling.

Dirk found a parking space and again was out like a flash to open the door for

his naked date. Again he held out his arm and she looped her arm inside to

follow him across the street. She was acutely aware of her surroundings. Megan

lived on a very ritzy street with few houses. The street was smooth beneath

her bare feet and she felt very insolent being naked in this fine place.

As she walked up towards the house, she saw several heads turn.

Oh God, its Tami and shes naked.

I had heard she was a nudist now but I didnt believe it. Unreal!

Jesus, she never showed any skin in high school and nows she freaking nude.

Thats incredible!

Man, look at those tits. If I had known she had tits like that I would have

paid more attention to her in school.

I cant believe she would come here and flaunt herself like this, especially

after her act at Charlenes

Tami tried to ignore the taunts but she could not. She felt Dirks arm tighten

around hers and she looked up at him and smiled. Im glad youre here and Im

proud to be here with you, he said. Tamis heart melted at that moment. This

boy was a keeper.

They approached the door and entered. As soon as they went inside, Megan

approached. Oh, look, the nudist soccer star is here with her boyfriend,

isnt that great, the girl said in a sarcastic manner. Come in, come in.

Tami sensed danger but Dirk was smiling. Thanks for inviting us Megan, you

have a beautiful house, he said, leaning over and giving the girl a kiss on

the cheek. Tami noticed that the girls icy attitude changed.

Oh Dirk, you are welcome, she said, pulling the boy closer. She gave Tami a

glare and then backed away. OK, the keg is in the kitchen and the grain

alcohol is in the powder room. There are some snacks in the kitchen and around

the living room. With that, she was gone, moving over to where her friends

stood. Tami saw them glare at her and she responded with a friendly wave. She

noticed that it threw them off a bit and they automatically waved back. Dirk,

seeing the exchange, smile. Tami, you are too much.

They moved towards the keg. Dirk poured them both a beer and they gathered

into a group of people. Tami was very conscious of her nudity and all eyes on

her. She was grateful for the plush carpeting that Megans family had laid in

their living room. Being constantly barefoot made her notice these little

luxuries.

Tami hi, a girl said, smiling up at her from the couch. Tami was happy to

see a familiar face and responded warmly. Hi Angela, how are you? The girl

stood and hugged Tami. She and Tami had been on the school newspaper together

and were friendly but not great friends. I had heard about your nudist thing

but I wasnt sure it was true. You look great though.

Tami thanked the girl and sank into the open seat next to her on the couch. It

was obvious that this was expensive furniture and Tami felt bad sitting on it

naked. But it felt so good against her bare fleshif it would not have looked

obscene, she would have rubbed her body all over it.

She crossed her legs at the knee and sat chatting with Angela, catching up.

She put her left hand on her knee and held the beer in her right hand and felt

mostly covered. Obviously she was sitting there naked but anyone who walked in

would have not have been able to see much of anything. Angela, in her

miniskirt and halter top, was showing nearly as much skin as she was.

Shortly Dirk brought her another beer and then another. It tasted so good and

Tami was glad to have something deaden her senses. She was always on edge,

always aware of her nudity and the looks and sneers of others. It was good to

feel like one of the group and not been worried about everyone else.

After the third beer, Dirk sat down behind her, straddling her body. He began

rubbing her bare back, massaging her. OH Dirk, that is good, you have magic

hands, she said. She knew that comment brought attention back to her and she

realized that in her relaxation she had uncrossed her legs and now her bare

sex was visible to anyone looking close (and many of the gathered were looking

close) but to recross her legs would look like she was hiding something.

Instead she just focused on Dirks massage.

Shortly, he was kissing her neck and he whispered into her ear. Well, is it

time for me to pay up from what I left off in the car?

Emm, yes, I think it is, my house or yours?

How about here, lets find a room.

Tami wasnt sure about that but she demurely took Dirks hand and allowed him

to lead her down a hallway. Poking around, he found an empty bedroom that was

sparsely decorated. Although there was not a lot of traffic in this hallway,

it was only a few feet from where people were gathering. Tami was about to

protest but decided to go along with Dirk and she entered the bedroom. She was

oblivious to the whispers of Megan who had followed the couple with her eyes

and knew immediately what was going on. She huddled with her friends to get

back at Tami for leaving her behind at the soccer game.

Dirk and Tami were unaware of all of that and were totally focused on each

other. Dirk pushed the nude girl onto the bed and dropped to his knees to

orally please her. Tami didnt take long to get going and was quickly wet.

Dirk, please get naked and . . . me, she whispered. That was all the boy

needed. He pulled down his pants and boxers, allowing his long penis to spring

to life. Tami looked at it hungrily and spread her legs as far as she could,

silently begging him to put it in her. Just as he pushed inside of her, the

door opened and the lights flashed on.

Oh God, Tami, Dirk, Im so sorry, Megan said, feigning embarrassment. Tami

and Dirk were frozen in horror. Its just that the living room got too

crowded and we needed a place to hang. Do you mind if we hang here? We wont

bother you.

Um, Megan, were kind of in the middle of something, Dirk said, stunned at

being on view while in the midst of having sex.

Oh its alright, Tami doesnt believe in modesty and I know you have never

minded performing in front of people, Megan said. Just keep going, we dont

mind. Unless of course Tami isnt really a religious nudist and maybe shes

modest after all.

Dirk looked surprised but then he smiled and shrugged. Why not, right Tami,

he said. If you dont care, I dont either. Lets put on a show for them.

Tami was mortified but knew she was trapped. She saw the sadistic glee on

Megans face, mirroring the look she had seen from Wanda and Lorinda and she

knew that the choice was clear. She nodded, choking back tears, and let Dirk

begin to thrust in and out of her. She noticed that the crowd in the room was

growing from the initial group of five girls to maybe a dozen girls and boys.

She heard the word spreading that Dirk was doing Tami in the bedroom and knew

that many others would be heading their way. Despite it all, her body began to

respond as Dirks penis filled her. She felt him put his hands on her ankles

and pull them up towards her shoulders, pinning her to the bed. This had the

effect of tightening her vagina around him as he pumped and she moaned loudly

in pleasure. That brought a cheer from the assembled crowd and a wave of shame

swept over her. This was maybe the lowest point in her life.

In and out, Dirk pushed and she could not help herself. She moaned and moaned

and then it happened, orgasm swept over her and she cried out in pleasure. The

crowd cheered her on as if she were an athlete and in some ways she was. She

was constantly being asked to perform acts of physical exertion, all for the

benefit of an adoring audience.

AH AH AHHHHH!, she screamed, raising her hips off the bed and thrusting back

at him. The shame only added to her orgasm, as she had found to be the case.

The more humiliated she was, the harder and longer the orgasm was. This one

was huge and she could not help but scream out. OHHHHHH GOODDDDD OHHHHHH. Finally, the orgasm subsided and she laid back, exhausted physically and emotionally empty.

She felt Dirk pull out of her and he leaned over. Get on all fours, he said.

Lets do it doggy. Tami looked and saw the boy grinning from ear to ear. He

was loving putting on a show for the crowd and being the big hero. But she

hated doggy style, felt inhuman doing it. There was no warmth in doggy style,

just raw sex. Still, knowing that she had no choice, she got on all fours and

presented her ass and sex to the boy and the assembled crowd.

YEAH Dirk, do her hard from behind, a voice yelled. Bitches love it.

She tried to bury her face in her arms but Dirk grabbed her hair and pulled

her up straight. She felt him trace his penis up and down her gaping lips and

without any warning he filled her. She blurted out a gasp in surprise and that

brought a laugh from the crowd. Guess you filled her pretty good there Dirk.

They started slowly, Dirk pushing in and then pulling out. Shortly though he

was plowing into her, forcing her body forward, making her breasts bounce up

and down. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw some people pulling out cell

phone and filming the action and taking photos. UGGGGGGH, she cried out

which was mistaken for a cry of pleasure.

She noticed that while most people were eagerly drinking in the action, some

were engaged in conversation, as if she was not there a few feet away, engaged

in the most private and special act that humans can engage. She wasnt sure

which behavior from the crowd bothered her more.

Tami hated this position, hated this situation but her body again betrayed

her. Because she had never really come down from the last orgasm she began

crying out quickly. Dirk was grunting in exertion as he did her hard. There

was no sensitivity, like before at her house, just raw, brutal sex. Tami hated

this but orgasm came anyway. Her cry was a mix of humiliation, disgust and

sexual ecstasy as she screamed out another orgasm. This time though, she felt

Dirk slam in one last time and fill her, screaming out his own orgasm. After

three more thrusts, he was spent and he fell down upon her, crushing her

against the bed.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! The crowd started cheering the couple as Dirk laid on top of

her, running his fingers through her hair. You are so wonderful Tami, he

said. We showed them how beautiful it can be without hang-ups. You are a true

model for us all.

Tami was mortified as the crown hung around, talking. Again she was being

labeled a hero for doing something so abnormal, for allowing him to have sex

with her in front of a room full of people. What girl does something like

this? Not nice girls and she wondered if maybe she was no longer the nice girl

who thought she was.

Finally Dirks penis plopped out of her and she felt some of his cum leaking

out of her. A giggle from a group of girls behind her, just a few feet away,

alerted her to the fact that they could see it too. She was mortified but got

to her feet. She desperately wished she could put a pair of panties on to sop

up the juice but that was not a luxury that Tami Smithers was allowed. Instead

she was forced to beg. Does anyone have a tissue? One of the girls took pity

on her and produced a travel pack of tissues. She thanked the girl and removed

two tissues. Tami knew that she was the center of attention again as she took

the tissues and wiped the leaking cum from her lips and between her legs.

Ewww, gross, one of the gathered girls sneered to the laughter of several.

That was the last straw for Tami, who handed the tissues back to the girl and

left the room.

Can we leave Dirk, Im getting tired, she whispered to him as he buttoned

his pants.

One more beer and we can go, he said, leaning in for a kiss. She was stuck

as he was her ride and she could not exactly walk home or take a bus in her

condition. So she followed him back to the keg. This time, when handed a cup

of beer, she chugged it down, hoping to drink away the memory that was just

singed onto her brain.

**Tami Spring Break, Part 11**

The buzzing of the clippers pierced the air into Tamis bedroom, causing the

girl to stir from a deep sleep. At first, the girl put a pillow over her head

to block out the sound but it was no use, she was now up for the day.

Looking over at the digital alarm clock on her endtable, Tami saw that it

wasnt early at all. In fact, the clock showed it was 12:01 PM. Tami had slept

through the morning.

Sitting up was a challenge and something she wished she had not done. Tamis

head was pounding, the end result of way too much beer the night before. As

she sat up, the bedspread slipped off her chest, revealing her bare breasts.

Tami had slept nude but there really was no other choice. Tami, the

Unintentional Nudist, simply did not own clothes. She was destined to spend

every waking moment nude and there was nothing she could do about it.

Tami looked down and saw that her nipples were not erect, an odd occasion that

really only happened first thing in the morning. As she looked at them (as so

many others had done for the past few months), she noticed that they were the

one part of her body that had suffered the most during these past five months

nude. Before that her nipples were like little pencil erasers, pink and less

than a dime wide. Now they were the size of a nickel wide and stuck out an

inch from her body. Instead of pink, her nipples were now brown from the sun

and the constant wear and tear on them.

Actually, her feet had also taken a hit. Instead of being soft and narrow the

soles were hard and her toes were spread out. She tried to make them look

feminine by painting them every few days but they were not as pretty as other

girls. She could walk over the harshest groundgravel, rocks, snow, mud,

nothing could faze her nowand even shards of glass (as she once found out).

Her feet were her shoes and they protected themselves.

The rest of her body had benefited tremendously from the months of nudity. Her

skin was tan and healthy looking. Her breasts looked full after not having

been encased in a bra for so long. Her belly was flat and concave, her legs

were toned and looked so free. Her red hair was curly and never looked more

alive.

She got out of bed and gingerly made her way to the window. Her dad was using

the trimmer on the shrubs that lined their backyard. Always so considerate,

her dad had waited until after noon on a Sunday before using the clipper or

the mower so as not to wake her or any neighbors.

She padded down the steps and went into the kitchen. There a note read: Tami,

Joe and I have gone food shoppingshould be out until 2. Dads out back doing

yard work. Coffee is still hot in the maker. Could you please fold the laundry

from the dryer and bring the clothes upstairs? Thanks! Mom

Tami smiled. A note, just like before when she still lived at her home. Her

mom always left notes, giving everyone the update on where everyone was and

leaving little jobs. It made Tami feel warm inside, like things were normal,

although one look down at her bare breasts would tell her that things were far

from normal.

She grabbed a cup of coffee and pulled a water out of the frig and walked out

back. Her dad looked up from his hedging and smiled. Good morning sleepy

head, or should I say good afternoon, he said, leaning over and giving her a

kiss. Tami still felt very strange here in her backyard, naked and chatting

with her dad. She had sometimes dreamt about being naked out here and

sunbathing but had never had the courage. Now she had no choice.

Looks good out here Dad, Tami said, appreciating the yardwork. You out here

much?

Not as much as Id like, he said, taking a long gulp from the water bottle.

Usually only on Sundays now. I work most Saturdays and by the time I get home

its dark.

Things at the hardware store had gotten so busy. Dad always complained that it

was harder for him to find good help but Tami and her mom suspected that as he

got older he got more and more controlling. That store was everything he had.

In fact, he had created it from nothing and built it into the familys money

earner. They knew that it was hard for him to find someone he trusted to be in

charge so that left him there every moment the store was open.

It would have made a very strange sight indeed, a man next to his grown

daughter sitting in the backyard. The man wore the standard suburban dad

uniform of khacki pants, long sleeve tee shirt and a Boston Red Sox hat. The

daughter wore nothing, not a stitch of clothes.

Well, Id better get back to work, the man said with a sigh. Tam, its

great having you home.

The girl smiled, a real smile too, not a forced one like she had to paste on

as the proud nudist. Im glad to be home with you too Dad. With that, the

man walked off and started the hedger. Tami sat there for a few moments,

watched her dad work and then slipped back into the house.

For a while she sat at the table, reading the paper and finishing her coffee.

There were doughnuts there but a naked girl could not afford to pack on any

weight. After the cup was dry, she went and dropped it into the dish washer

and then cleaned out the coffee pot. Then it was onto the dryer where the

clothes awaited.

For a reluctant nudist, denied clothes for so long, this was a form of

torture. Pulling the warm clothing out of the dryer and feeling it brush

against her bare body, with the knowledge inside that she was not able to feel

covering was hard for the girl. Still, she was ever the obedient daughter and

did the chore as her mother had asked.

Tami, her father called in from the kitchen. I ran out of string for my edger and Im going to run over to the store. Ill be back in a half hour or so.

OK Dad.

Tami finished folding, putting things in piles for her mom, dad and Joe.

Sadly, there was no pile for her as she simply no longer owned clothes. She

was destined to be naked and there was nothing she could do about it.

As she pulled the clothes to her, she moaned as the soft cotton fabrics

brushed against her poor exposed breasts. Somewhere in the back recesses of

her brain, she remembered this feeling, having her breasts covered. She walked

up the stairs, almost in a daze. Tami pushed open the door to Joes room and

dropped his pile on his bed. She then entered her parents room and put her

dads clothes on his bureau. As she laid her mothers down on the other

bureau, she stopped. There, on top, was a pair of warm, grey sweatpants. Did

she dare? With her eyes darting to the door, she grabbed the pants and lifted

her right foot off the ground. Though for most girls, this was a simple act,

Tami struggled to remember the action of pulling pants onto her legs before

deciding to just put both of her feet in and then pull them up.

It was glorious to the normally nude girl to be not nude. Her legs, which had

braved so many ordeals, were now covered. It was wonderful.

Then she noticed a warm Campbell Frank Mom sweatshirt that her mom had

bought on her first day of school. Again she looked out to the empty hallway

before pulling the shirt over her head and on, giving her poor boobs some much

needed coverage. Rooting through her moms drawers, she found a pair of warm

socks and pulled them on her battered feet.

OHH GOD, she moaned, laying on the bed and reveling in the feeling of

clothes on her body for the first time in months. She looked down and was not

seeing her nipples, no longer seeing her round breasts, no longer seeing her

bare pubic mound or her bare legs or bare feet and toes. No, for the first

time in months, she was covered like a normal girl.

She felt so dirty, like a normal girl would if she stripped naked in an empty

house. But so much of her life lately was backwards, for Tami, wearing clothes

was something that she had to sneak.

She laid there, luxuriating in the feeling of wearing clothing. In fact, she

lost track of time as she rolled around, letting the clothes rub against her

bare nipples, letting them feel protected after so many months exposed. She

was enjoying herself so much that she did not hear the door open.

Tami, were home, she heard her mom yell. Tami leaped out of bed, using her

feet to kick off her socks. As quickly as she could, she pulled the shirt up

over her head, folded it on top of her moms pile and then pulled off the

pants, feeling empty again as she folded them and placed them on the pile.

Coming Mom, she called, as she walked out of the room, feeling more naked

than before. The moment in clothes had been such a tease. Now, she was naked

again and there did not seem to be a way out.

**Tami Spring Break 12**

The rest of Sunday passed lazily. For the naked girl, it would probably never

feel normal to be in her childhood house, sitting there naked with her family.

Still, it was nice to be home and away from the sadists and prying eyes at

school. Though she knew she had to go back to college, she still relished

being home.

The only rough spot was the mid-afternoon phone call from Dirk. She could tell

from his voice that he was hung over.

“Hey Tami, how are you?”

“Ok Dirk, are you ok?”

“Oh God, I am so hung over. Um, did we, um, do it last night?”

Oh God, Tami thought, he didn’t remember! Could that be possible?

“Yeah, we did,” she said softly.

“I thought so. Was it good?”

For you, yes. Not so much for me, she thought.

“Well, I came a few times,” she said quietly, not wanting her parents to

overhear.

“Awesome,” he said proudly. “Sorry I got so plastered. I don’t know what

happened. The soccer was great and being there with you. I guess I just got

carried away.”

I’ll say, she said to herself. “It was fun Dirk, thanks for taking me.”

“So, busy tonight?”

“Dirk, look, I’ve enjoyed being with you this week but I am feeling guilty

about my boyfriend, especially after what we did yesterday and last night,”

Tami said. “And if I’m around you, I don’t think I can control myself.” She

was laying it on thick but she knew that the male ego would come in handy

here.

“Oh, well, I understand I guess, maybe we can hang out some other time,” he

said. “Thanks for a great weekend Tami.”

“You too Dirk, bye.”

It had been the right thing to do. She was becoming a little attached to Dirk.

Not only that, but having sex in the bedroom in front of everyone had been one

of the lowest points in her life. She did not want to repeat it. She knew that

Rod would never subject her to that, no matter how drunk he was.

The rest of the day proved uneventful. She had fallen into a bit of a funk,

noticed only by her mother. A woman can always read other women and Martha

Smithers could sense something was up with her daughter.

Tami went to bed early that night. She noticed that she was horny and fingered

herself to a mild orgasm before drifting into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Tami woke to a quiet house. Joe would be at school and her

dad at work. She stretched and yawned before reluctantly pushing off the

blanket and heading to the bathroom to brush her teeth and pee. She then

padded downstairs for some coffee.

There she was met by her mother who was busy preparing something for dinner.

Tami had always been amazed at her mother, who was always getting something

ready, whether it was a meal or doing the laundry or cleaning the house. She

really was a great mother and wife. Tami hoped that she would be able to

please her husband and raise her children as well.

“Good morning sweetheart, let me pour you a cup of coffee,” her mom said as

she grabbed a mug and filled it with the hot liquid. Tami accepted the cup

gratefully, needing the jolt of caffeine before starting her day. She slid

onto a chair at the table and grabbed the newspaper. She knew that she

probably should have offered to help her mom but she needed to wake up still

and she was not really in the mood to be nice.

After giving her daughter a few moments to get moving, Mrs. Smithers sat down

at the table.

“Tami, um, can I ask you something?”

The nude girl looked up at her mom and smiled. “Sure Mom, anything.”

“Well, I wondered how it felt to wear my clothes yesterday.”

Tami’s face registered shock. “How did you know?”

“Well, my socks were rolled up in a ball and then the shirt and pants were

messily folded, very unlike the rest of the pile. You are the only person here

who could wear my clothes so I assumed it was you.”

The nude girl’s eyes were wide in horror. “Oh God Mom, I’m so sorry,” she

said, tears streaming down her face. “It’s just so horrible being naked all

the time and I just wanted some covering, just for a little while.”

The woman leaned over and pulled her naked daughter towards her, hugging her,

stroking her hair. “Shhh, it’s okay darling, I’m not angry. In fact, I

completely understand. I don’t know how you do it walking around naked all the

time.”

After a few minutes, as she let Tami cry it out, Mrs. Smithers pulled away.

“But, your father has set the rules for you in this house and I will enforce

them. No more clothes for you unless you want to quit that college and come

back to work in the hardware store. You made this bed and your father is going

to let you lie in it. I will not go against you father. Is that understood?”

“Yes maam.”

“Good, now go and get your ankle pouch, we’re going out.”

The woman got to her feet but Tami remained seated. “Well, are you coming or

not?”

“But, where can I go?”

“You’ll see, trust me, you’ll enjoy it.”

Tami did not feel very trusting but allowed herself to be led out of the

kitchen to the stairs. She grabbed her ankle pouch and ran a brush through her

hair before deciding to pull it back in a ponytail (a last resort because it

didn’t cover her as much as when it was down). Finally she followed her mom

out to the car and slid in.

“Where are we going,” she asked.

“You’ll see,” was the only answer her mother would give. Finally, after

several minutes of driving, they pulled into a strip mall parking lot. Mrs.

Smithers pulled around the back and parked. “Welcome to Spa Relax. I figured

we needed a girls day and this was my best thought. Plus you have seemed so

tense and down lately and what better way to pick yourself up then a day at

the spa. My treat!”

Tami’s eyes brightened. She realized this was exactly what she needed. “Oh

Mom, you are awesome, thank you.”

She was about the get of the car when she stopped. “Wait, will they mind me

being naked?”

“No Tami, most women will be naked at some point in a spa but in any event I

told them about you being a nudist and all so it won’t be a problem. Come on,

let’s enjoy the day.”

The two women walked towards the client entrance for Spa Relax. As they

entered, Tami heard a gasp from some of the women in the room. Though most of

the clients were in robes, none were naked.

“Martha, hello dear, welcome back and this must be Tami,” a tall, thin blonde

woman said as she approached them, giving Mrs. Smithers a huge hug. “Well

dear, your mother cannot stop raving about you. And I see that you are still a

nudist. What a brave choice dear. Well, go on into the locker room and put

away your belongings and get a robe. Of course you may stay nude here Tami

dear. I would never dare to threaten your religious rights.”

Another person who was mistakenly praising her “religion.” Tami just smiled

and followed her mother, trying to ignore the stares of the other clients. In

the locker room, it took no time at all for Tami to unhook her ankle pouch and

store it away in a locker. Her mother demurely turned around so her back faced

the room before she removed her clothes and then her bra, pulling the robe on

before taking off her panties. Tami laughed to herself. Here she was stark

naked and her mother was hiding in the corner to remove her clothes. It

reminded her of school where Jen was always so eager to stare at Tami and to

dive between her legs and lick her but still dressed in the corner behind her

dresser.

Finally her mother was ready, stuffing her clothes into Tami’s locker (after

all, why not share, Tami had little need for a locker) before heading out

towards the spa. Though other women were not in street clothes, all of them

were covered by robes. She was still the only one naked in the room, something

that she could just not get used to.

Tami’s mom was blabbering on about the schedule for the day. “First we are

getting massages, then our nails and hair. It should be great.”

They got to the area for massages and Tami saw everyone gathered there look

up. Even in this area where undress is more the rule rather then the

exception, she was still the only one nude and the one who received the most

notice.

“Good morning ladies, I am Jack, one of the massage therapists,” a handsome

man said. Although he was nice enough, Tami felt that he was a bit too

leering. “April and I are your therapists today. Who would like to come with

me and who would like to go with April?”

Tami and her mother exchanged a look. Tami was tired of men touching her,

using her. She knew that Jack was a professional but she was not interested in

having a man do things to her right now.

“I’ll go with April, if that’s okay with you Mom,” she said. The woman smiled

and nodded and followed Jack into the massage room. Seconds later, a cute,

young, petite brunette popped out of the other room.

“Hi, you must be Tami,” she said with a smile, extending her hand in greeting.

She looked around and saw that Jack had disappeared. “I guess you’re with me.

I’m April. Come on in.”

Tami felt instantly at ease with the woman, glad that she had chosen not to go

with Jack.

“Well, normally I would suggest that you disrobe and climb under the sheet for

modesty but I am understand that is not an issue for you so why don’t you just

lay down on your stomach and we can get started,” April said.

Tami did as directed, feeling the soft sheet beneath her bare skin, rubbing

against her hard nipples. She was very aware of being naked but it felt good

to only be on display to one set of eyes. Still, it felt very sensual to be so

bare and about to be touched by another person.

The nude girl heard the masseuse rubbing lotion on her hands and then those

hands were on her back. She moaned in pleasure as the experienced hands worked

on her bare back, pushing stress points here and there. April was a young

mother of a son and happily married. But, in college, she had been bisexual

and the sight of this naked girl was a real turn on. It had been years since

she had felt this way about a woman but she wanted to please her in the worst

way.

The therapist then went to her shoulders, rubbing them vigorously. Tami moaned

again at the touch…the massage was causing her to feel the familiar tingling

in her sex. The poor nude girl could not help it…after months of training, her

pussy watered when she was touched sensually.

April could certainly smell the moisture in the air in the small room as she

moved down and rubbed the girl’s legs. Tami moaned over and over, in pleasure

and relief. Her bare legs and feet had gotten their share of abuse and she was

enjoying having them rubbed so luxuriously. As April took each bare foot into

her hands, Tami’s legs involuntarily spread and the massage therapist could

make out a hint of pink between her thighs. That brought a shiver of pleasure

through April’s body.

“Tami, do you mind if I do a few extra things to you, since you don’t believe

in modesty?”

Internally Tami groaned. Even this moment of relaxation was now being intruded

upon. Still she knew she had no choice…her response was already made for her.

“OK, whatever you want.”

Right then April’s hands moved to Tami’s bare buttocks, massaging the full

cheeks. Her fingers were dangerously close to the girl’s asterisk and the

bottom of her slit. Despite herself, Tami was even more aroused at this and

her sex watered.

“Turn over please,” April said. This was the moment that any naked girl would

dread but Tami did as she was told and turned over. Her sex was now on display

along with her breasts, though in this position her breasts were flattened to

her body. Her nipples though poked straight into the air and April

instinctively licked her lips.

The massage continued, first the girl’s head and then her shoulders before

moving onto her legs. Then it happened, April leaned over and began to suck on

Tami’s hard nipples. “OH GOD,” Tami exclaimed in both surprise and pleasure.

April’s hands were teasing Tami’s sex and the girl spread her legs further.

Despite the humiliation of being a sex object here in the massage therapist’s

room, she could nto deny how turned on she was.

“Get on all fours,” April whispered. It was a sexy voice but there was no

doubt that it was a command. Tami turned over and got into the position, one

that she despised as degrading but one that she seemingly was in frequently

lately.

She heard the sound of April putting lotion on her hands. Then she felt the

woman’s hands on her ass. In seconds, one of April’s fingers snaked easily

into the exposed asshole. Tami bucked as she was filled but she loved the

feeling of having something up her butt, especially something that was human

and not those awful dildos.

April plunged her finger in Tami’s ass and then slid a finger into the soaking

wet pussy. “AHHH!” Another finger slid in and then another. Tami was sliding

back and forth in motion with April’s fingers. At this angle, April’s fingers

were touching Tami’s g-spot and her palm was rubbing the clit. Though April

could not see them, Tami’s eyes were bugging out at the intense pleasure

rocking through her body.

“OH, OH, OHHH!!!! GOODDDD!” Tami’s body was reaching the point of no return

and orgasm was imminent. Then April leaned over and pulled her finger out of

Tami’s ass and replaced it with her tongue.

“AAAAAAHHHHH!!!!” That sent the girl into a frenzied orgasm. It was all that

April could do to hang on and keep her fingers inside the girl and her tongue

on the asshole. Tami’s body was moving in spasms, bucking up and down,

screaming out in pleasure. Finally, after nearly a minute of her intense

movements, the girl fell forward, her now damp forehead resting on the plastic

seat, though her knees remained up and her ass was still in the air.

“Do you have another one in you sweetheart?”

Oh God, Tami wondered, her mind in a jumble from the intensity of the orgasm,

if she could muster the energy for another orgasm. Finally she nodded and

allowed herself to be moved so she was lying on her back. April spread the

girl’s bare legs apart and moved in between them.

“What a beautiful pussy you have Tami.” She leaned in and planted a kiss on

the moist lips. Then, in a move reminiscent of Jen, she locked her lips on the

girl’s sex, her tongue darting between the open lips.

“AAAHHHHH,” Tami said. She had never really come down from her last orgasm and she felt herself moving towards the brink again quickly. She wanted to push

her pelvis up towards April’s mouth but could not get a good enough angle so

she put her hands on the woman’s head, entangling her fingers in the woman’s

long blonde hair. Tami pressed April’s mouth into her sex, screaming out as

the pressure increased. Tami’s hair was plastered to her forehead as she

strained her body to cum again…it was so close she could almost taste it.

Then, suddenly, April’s tongue flicked her clit and she was gone.

“YES YESSSS! OH ... YESSSSSSSSS!” Tami’s head flew back and forth as the

orgasm carried her body over the waterfall. She was cumming and cumming and

April was nursing her along for the ride. It had been years since she had

licked a girl but it felt good to be so powerful. Finally the bucking subsided

and Tami began to cry. April knew that was the sign of a good cum. She gave a

few weak licks to help bring Tami down and finally the nude girl rested her

head on the table.

After a few seconds catching her breath, April slid up the naked body and gave

Tami a soft kiss on the lips. Tami tasted herself but was too needy of the

closeness of another person to resist.

“You are wonderful naked girl,” April whispered. “Please come back again.”

With that, April got off the table. She wiped her mouth off on a towel and

exited the room, leaving Tami wiped out and naked on the table. Tami laid

there for a few minutes, feeling a mixture of pleasure at cumming and disgust

at being such a sex object that the massage therapist could not imagine not

making her cum. She wondered if any girl in the world was having these

situations in her life.

Tami finally mustered the strength to sit up and get off the table. She could

feel the wetness on her sex and wondered what to do. She saw the discarded

towel that April had used for her mouth and she grabbed that and wiped it over

her red and pulsing sex. Dropping it to the floor, Tami left the comfort of the room, searching for her mom and the rest of her relaxation day. It certainly hadn’t started out that way so far but it had been wonderful anyway.

**Tami Spring Break 13**

When Tami left the room, she saw her mom sitting cross legged in a robe,

reading a magazine. Tami could make out her bare legs peeking out from the

fold of the robe and the flip flops on her feet.

“Sounds like you enjoyed yourself,” her mother said with a grin. Tami’s face

grew scarlet as she wondered what her mother knew. Did everyone in the spa

know?

“April told me that you were zoned out at the end and you enjoyed it,” Mrs.

Smithers said. “I knew you would.”

Tami breathed a sigh of relief. Apparently she hadn’t heard the screams of

pleasure. “Time for a steam,” the mom asked her daughter and the two went

towards the sauna. Prior to getting in, Mrs. Smithers grabbed a towel and

wrapped around her, removing the robe and hanging it outside the door.

Inside it was hot and Tami felt the floor beneath her bare feet. There were

two other women in there, one like Mrs. Smithers with a towel covering her

from the tops of her breasts to mid-thigh while the other had her breasts bare

and was just wearing a towel at the waist. Tami, of course, was the only one

naked and all wore flip flops on their feet. Tami and her mom sat down on the

warm wooden slats. The nude girl, happy to be around mostly unclothed people

for once and not the only one with breasts on display, closed her eyes,

crossing her arms over her breasts and crossing her legs at the knee. Now,

nothing could be seen by the women across from her, though she didn’t think

that anyone would think that she was hiding from view.

The women were talking but Tami leaned back and pretended to be napping. She

heard the two women across from them whispering about her and then ask her

mother whether this was the nudist they had heard about. She heard her mother

say wonderful things about her and her nudity and cringed. She hated being

praised for her “bravery” and “conviction” while being naked. She knew what a

sham it was, that she was the furthest thing from being brave, how she hated

being nude with every inch of her being. But she knew it was useless…she was

condemned to live her life naked and never let anyone know how truly awful it

was. So instead of commenting, she pretended to be asleep.

She heard the women moving and realized that she was alone. Opening her eyes,

she took a deep breath. A few moments ago, she had been laid bare, she had

been a wild woman craving orgasm, pressing the massage therapists face deeper

into her pussy. That Tami of eight months ago would have never been so bold

but of course that Tami had never known orgasms like this Tami did. But that

orgasms came with a very high price. The old Tami was gone forever, for better

or worse.

The door swung open and two younger girls entered. Tami’s eyes flew open in

shock at the sight of the first girl.

“Holy shit, Naked Tami?”

It was Heather, one of her early tormentors. Tami had not seen much of her

since the Christmas break but she had helped Wanda set the tone of her nudity.

In fact, Heather had provided her first ankle pouch, preferring that a purse

that could “cover” her body. In many ways, she was more devious than Wanda,

though not as overt in her life.

“Hi Heather,” she said, uncrossing her legs and putting her arms down at her

sides. “What are you doing here?”

“My cousin Lauren lives here and we decided to have a girls pampering day,”

Heather said. “Laur, this is the naked girl from school that I told you about.

How crazy that you are here today!”

Tami was mortified. Here she was, trying to get away from all of the

humiliations and exposures and in front of her was one of her tormentors. She

knew that she now had to be on alert.

“So, you are the crazy nudist who cums and cums and cums all day long at

Campbell Frank…must be fun,” Lauren says, her eyes roaming up and down Tami’s

body. “Want to cum now?”

Tami’s face blushed a deep purple. “Um, well…”

“Come on Tami, just a little cum for my cousin,” Heather said. “I heard how

much you love to cum.”

Oh God, Tami thought, not here. But, almost instinctively, she moved her right

hand to her bare vagina and began to rub. The sinister look of glee on

Heather’s face and the shocked elation and revulsion on Lauren’s face was

almost too much to bear. Tami found her vagina wet and it was not too long

before she was moving towards the road to orgasm. Heather and Lauren took a

seat. Tami noticed that they demurely sat with their knees together, not

allowing a glimpse up their towels. They looked so dainty and cute in their

white towels on their bare bodies. On the other hand, she was all tits and

pussy, her bare legs spread, her fingers digging inside her sex. They were

normal college girls out for a day of beauty and she was an object, forced to

do whatever they wished.

Just then her mother entered the steam room. “Tami, it’s time for your

pedicure,” she said. Tami pulled her fingers away from her sex and slid her

feet onto the warm floor. “Oh, um, well…um, hi girls,” she said, feeling like

she had interrupted something very intense.

“Um, Mom, this is Heather, from school…and her cousin Lauren,” Tami said,

trying to regain her bearing. She had been moving towards orgasm, her mind not

here in this steam room but her mother’s appearance had halted that

immediately.

“Hello Mrs. Smithers, we all really admire Tami at Campbell Frank, she is our

hero,” Heather said, laying it on. “I can’t wait to see you back in school Tam.”

Tami got to her feet. “Yeah, you too Heather, bye,” she said.

She heard the two girls giggling as she followed her mom out of the steam room

and into the nail area.

**Tami Spring Break 14**

Tami was still dazed as she and her mom drove home from their “relaxing” day at the spa. That encounter with Heather was a further mingling of her school life and her home life. Tami was finding that no place was safe from the sadists at Campbell-Frank and the humiliation they heaped upon her. Without realizing it, she pulled her feet up onto the edge of the car seat, pressing her knees up into her bare breasts. This was as covered as a naked girl could be and she wanted desperately to be covered.

After the encounter with Heather, Tami met her pedicurist and noticed that the girl was eye level with her bare pussy which was spread as her feet were resting on bases that were shoulder width apart. Tami noticed that Heather and Lauren had left the steam room and were now resting in chairs right across from her. Of course they were demurely covered in fluffy bathrobes, showing off just glimpses of skin while she was splayed naked and uncovered. They pretended to be reading magazines but she knew they were drinking in the sight of her spread sex. She had to ignore them and act as if it was no big deal but Heather knew better and grinned sadistically. The pedicurist seemed to spend a lot of time looking up towards Tami, pretending to be talking to her but really just sneaking glances at her bare sex.

The woman remarked on how tough Tami’s soles were and she spent a lot of time trying to scrape the dead skin from that area. Tami winced as the woman scraped and scraped but finally gave up. Tami worried that her feet would hurt again, like the first days of nudity all those many years ago. They had developed a thick covering to protect themselves from the abuse they received on a daily basis.

Now, just thinking about it, Tami rubbed her poor feet. More than any other part of her, her feet had bourne the brunt of the damage from her total nudity. Sure her breasts and pussy and ass got the most attention but, for her, being barefoot all the time was the clearest reminder that she was naked. Hardly anyone knew what the floor felt like everywhere they went but Tami did. In fact, her feet sometimes had senses of their own. Somehow, she could sense if something was not right up from her soles.

In the driver’s seat, Martha Smithers could tell that something was still not right with her daughter. She had hoped that the spa day would give her daughter a needed boost but it had served to do the opposite. Her brow furrowed as she drove along in silence.

They were both surprised to see John Smithers’ car in the driveway. He was sitting at the table when they entered through the kitchen door.

“Hey,” he said. As he brought his head up from the paper he was reading he came right into visual contact with his daughter’s bare breasts at eye level, her nipples pointing right at him. He quickly looked away as she leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

“What are you doing home,” Martha asked.

“Well, I haven’t been home much since Tami came home so I figured I would leave the store in Travis’ capable hands and hang out with my girls a bit,” he said with a smile. Tami blanched when she heard that; that was the last thing she wanted. While she would have loved to spend some time with her dad, Tami desperately needed to be alone for a few moments. The public nudist needed some time away from prying eyes.

“Um, John, I think Tami needs some quiet time but maybe you can help me start dinner?”

“Ok, sure, that would be fine,” he stammered and got up to help his wife. Tami took the moment to dash out of the kitchen and up the stairs into her bedroom, grazing past Joe who stepped aside to let her go, seeing that she was obviously upset.

“What’s wrong,” he asked.

“Besides being constantly naked and stared at and humiliated and treated like an object, nothing,” she spat at him as she stomped into her room. Joe exhaled, not used to hearing his sister speak to him or anyone in that way. He thought about following her into her room but decided to give her some space. He could only imagine what she was going through.

Tami took her comforter off the bed and wrapped it around her, luxuriating in the cover that it provided. She then fell into her armchair that occupied the corner of her room and curled up in it. She could not stop the sobs that flowed out of her body and the tears that streamed down her cheeks. She hated being naked with every fiber of her body and there was no rest from her awful exposure.

Downstairs, her mother and father talked worriedly. Neither liked seeing their daughter this way, even though it had been they who had decided that her nudity should extend to home as well. John Smithers had decided that she had to live with her lie and stupid prank. But this was not what he wanted…he had hoped to teach her a lesson not break her irrevocably.

“Maybe if she could have a normal night, like she used to,” Martha said.

“Martha, I don’t think we should tease her and let her wear clothes for a night or two,” he replied. “Would make it all the harder for her to take them off when she leaves for school.”

“You’re probably right,” she said quietly.

“You could call Annie,” Joe said, interrupting the conversation. Neither parent had seen him enter the room and did not realize he had been listening. “She’s been her best friend since they were six. Annie might be the best person to help her.”

The two parents looked at each other. Maybe it would work.

Tami fell asleep in the chair, the sobs finally subsided. Her dreams were not sweet however. Instead visions came to her, memories of her humiliation, from the doggy-style sex with Dirk in front of all those people to the orgasm on the pool table, from nearly fingering herself in the steam room under Heather’s commands to the awful orgasms in Wanda’s backseat. Prior to her year of enforced nudity, she didn’t think that an orgasm could ever be a bad thing but in her world they were.

She came groggily to when she faintly heard the door bell from downstairs. In a few seconds, she heard her mom yell up, “Tami, can you come down here please?”

Oh God, she thought, what now? She sighed; it was time to play the brave nudist once again. “Sure Mom,” she called, dutiful as always. She got to her feet, throwing the comforter on the bed. She noticed that she had slept for over an hour and it was almost nighttime. Taking a peek in the mirror, she noticed that her hair was a mess and she ran a brush through it, not knowing who might be downstairs. It was silly to worry about how she looked since all anyone ever saw when they looked at her were breasts and legs and vagina. Her hair was way down the list of things people stared at but still it mattered to her so she brushed it like any other 18 year old girl would.

Taking a deep breath, she made her way downstairs. From the living room, Tami’s bare feet came into view first, then her shins, knees, thighs, vagina, hips, belly, breasts, neck and then her face. Her face was always the last thing anyone looked at on her anyway.

When Tami reached the bottom of the stairs, she turned. There, standing with her mom and dad was a girl she knew very well. “Annie,” she screamed as she ran to the girl, throwing her arms around her neck and pulling her into a tight embrace. The other girl, a bit stunned by the nude hug, finally hugged Tami back. Tami didn’t even notice her bare breasts pressing into clothing.

“Hey Tami, wow, you are certainly different then high school,” Annie said, pulling out of the hug to look Tami up and down. Unlike the leers at college or at the party the other night, this was a loving appraisal. “Girl, you have changed all for the better.”

“Why are you here?”

“Well, we thought it might be nice for you and Annie to hang out for the night,” Mrs. Smithers said.

“So she drove all the way from Brown to come and visit?”

“Well, you mom and I were worried about you.”

The group stood in the living room for a moment and then Annie and Tami exchanged a smile. “I don’t care why you’re here, I’m just glad you’re here,” Tami said happily.

Annie and Tami sat down on the couch and talked animatedly. It was the first time since Tami came home that her parents saw a glimpse of the old Tami. It was almost as if she had forgotten about her nudity and was herself again. Even Joe’s presence a few minutes later did nothing to ruin the mood.

The five of them ate dinner and then settled into the family room to watch a DVD that Annie had brought. Tami was oblivious to her nudity as she laid prone on the floor, her bare breasts pressed into the carpet, her bare feet resting on the couch behind her. Her shapely ass was on display to anyone in the room but Tami had never felt more comfortable.

After the movie and microwave popcorn, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers got up and headed to bed. “Annie, feel free to stay the night if you’d like,” Mrs. Smithers said.

“OK, but I don’t have any pajamas,” she said.

“Maybe you can borrow a pair of mine,” Tami said before realizing that she did not own any pajamas any more. For the first time that night, Tami remembered that she was the unintentional nudist. Her face, which had been bright all night, flew and that familiar frown came upon her.

“Um, she can borrow one of my t-shirts,” Joe said. Tami smiled a thank you to her brother and Annie smiled. They all trudged upstairs to the bedrooms. Joe detoured into his room and grabbed a green Red Sox shirt and handed it to Annie. “Thanks,” she said with a sexy smile. Joe got red. Tami tried to hide her laughter.

“What the hell was that,” she asked her best friend once they had closed the door to her room.

“I never noticed that Joe was so cute,” Annie said. Both girls giggled as Tami got a pillow and blanket out of her closet.

Annie turned her back and pulled her hoodie over her head. Then her tank top went over her head before she unhooked her bra and let the straps hang loose before slipping down her arms. She pulled Joe’s shirt over her head and onto her body before reaching under and undoing her jeans and pulling them off. Even though Tami had been naked in front of her all night, Annie’s modesty forced her to hide.

After folding her clothes in a neat pile on top of Tami’s empty bureau, Annie climbed into the bed, under Tami’s comforter. “Can we share the bed,” she asked, “you know, like we used to do?” Tami nodded and slid in next to Annie and they turned towards each other, their faces inches apart, just like old times.

But it was not quite like old times. Never before had one of them been naked. They would have always worn pajamas or sweats. For Tami, the feeling of her bare nipples rubbing up against the clothed breasts of her best friend was weird.

“Tam, is being naked all the time just for religion or is it also kind of fun, a turn on?”

Tami thought for a moment. She hated to admit it but she could not lie to her best friend.

“Yeah, sometimes it is. I do get turned on a lot more than I ever did when I wore clothes,” she said. “I guess being naked kind of puts sex front and center all the time.”

“What do you do when you get turned on? Do you do yourself?”

Tami blushed. Such a personal question but something that she may have discussed with Annie before her enforced nudity; now it felt so invasive and personal. Still, she had to answer her best friend’s question.

“No, I have a boyfriend.”

That started a conversation about Rod and how wonderful he was. Annie was impressed that he was able to deal with her constant nudity. “We are in love,” Tami said, blushing. “I think he may be the one.”

“That’s so great Tami, you are so lucky,” Annie said.

“How about you,” Tami asked. “Any man in your life?”

“Not now but I have a confession to make,” the girl said. Now it was her turn to blush. “At college I’ve kind of gotten into girls a little bit. I mean, my roommate and I kind of do each other.”

Tami’s eyes sprang open. Annie had always been so conservative. She could not believe that she was now bi-sexual! “I guess we all change a lot in college,” she said, an obvious allusion to her nudity. Both girls laughed.

“To be honest, my roommate and I do it too,” Tami said. “She gets me off a few times a day.”

Now it was Annie’s turn to look surprised. She would never have pegged Tami as a lesbian but of course she never would have pegged her for a religious nudist either.

Annie leaned in, her face inches from Tami’s. “Well, I have wanted to do this all night,” she said, her lips locking onto the surprised lips of her naked friend. Though Tami knew they were crossing a threshold that she never imagined, she could not deny the stirrings in her groin. A soft moan escaped her lips as Annie’s fingers found Tami’s bare slit. The naked girl angled her legs to allow for better access.

“Let’s do each other,” Annie said in a whisper and her face disappeared beneath the covers. Tami felt the girl’s face between her legs and then felt Annie’s body spin. Just then, Tami’s face was inches from Annie’s bare vagina. Tami was surprised but turned on at the sight of the mostly hairless sex above her. All of a sudden, she felt Annie’s mouth descend upon her spread slit. A moan of pleasure erupted from her and then she wrapped her arms around the torso above her and pulled Annie’s slit towards her, placing her mouth directly upon it and letting her own tongue go to work. A muffled moan from beneath the blankets was an indication that she was doing it right.

The next 40 minutes were filled with moans and sweat so that Tami’s room smelled of female secretions as the two best friends brought each other to one rollicking orgasm after another. Annie was quite adept at it, following many of Jen’s techniques. Tami was not quite as proficient but judging from Annie’s reactions, she did the job pretty well.

Finally, Annie was exhausted, though Tami, whose endurance had certainly been extended thanks to the hours of orgasms lovingly bestowed on her by Jen and Rod and unlovingly forced upon her at Chalfont, could have continued. Instead the two girls laid there on their sides, gently caressing each other, Tami’s fingers playing with the now reddened vagina that was splayed beside her. She was totally satisfied, in ways she had not been since the last time she and Rod had one of their all-day sexathons. This was right, in some way, like she and Annie were meant to do this. The orgasms she just experienced were from love, not just the raw sex from the orgasm machines at Chalfont or the forced ones from the massage or with that awful belt. Yes they were physically the same but emotionally this blew them away.

Annie managed to muster the energy to turn around until her face was next to Tami’s. “That was awesome,” she purred, her face beautiful in the way that a satiated woman is beautiful. In just a few seconds, she was asleep, a smile pasted to her face. Tami closed her eyes and also slept, falling into a deep sleep and the dreams that follow.

**Tami Spring Break 15**

Blessed Naked Tami Smithers sat upon her altar, a line of worshippers several dozen deep extending down the aisle. Tami was in her normal spot, legs splayed upon plush pillows, the rest of her body supported by a padded harness. After it was discovered how much pleasure Tami’s nude body could bring to the people of the Earth, a new religion was founded to worship her. She was never alone as people lined up to experience the gladness and joy that pleasuring her brought them. She was well kept but never allowed to be unattended. Her vagina was constantly being stimulated and her orgasms seemed to come unceasingly. The only breaks were to bathe her and to allow her to go to the bathroom. Even those moments were rituals, the daily bathing drawing hundreds of worshippers and even more online. Her public bathroom outputs were collected and used as holy artifacts. The urine was used to heal the sick and her poops were boxed in sealed containers and kept as religious mementos.

It had been years since the blessed Tami had spoken. It was believed that her mind was most likely gone after so many years of constant sexual pleasure. Once a week, a holy man, ordained in the church, would mount her, filling her holy orifice with his now consecrated cum. That was then collected as well and used for healing the sick.

That did not mean that Blessed Tami was mute. She cried out in orgasm nearly every time, sometimes extremely loudly. The blessed nuns from her order were especially adept at bringing her to loud, boisterous orgasms and the crowd stood in awe as they listened to the cries of joy from their beloved Tami.

But Tami’s mind was strong; she felt every bit of those tremendous orgasms but her mind was too jumbled to form words. Her titanium modesty was still in full effect and she was humiliated to be used in such ways. But there seemed to be no way out…her body was not her own anymore. She was only good for the people she served day after day.

The church bells rang to signal the beginning of the weekly sex service. BONG! BONG!

RIINNNGGGGG. Tami’s alarm clock was screaming from her night stand. Groggily, Tami reached over and shut it off. The clock read 6:15 but Tami did not remember setting it. What a dream she had just had. It was familiar, a theme that she had come back to many times since her days of enforced nudity had begun. Tami was forced to be naked for the good of others. She wondered where these fantasies came from. Maybe she was just hoping that something good was coming out of her humiliation.

She turned and found that Annie was still asleep, sleeping that wonderful sleep of the oversexed. Tami had been in that la-la land just a few moments ago but now found that she could not fall back as the morning light filtered into through the window.

As she laid there, Tami ruminated on her time nude. It was true that she had experienced some awful things. The demonstrations that Congi ran, blissfully unaware of how mortifying they were for her. The mechanical orgasms forced upon her at Chalfont, plus that awful orgasm bikini. YUCK. Being so thoroughly exposed every moment of every day at school, from walking the quad to sitting in class, every inch of her physical body was on display. The taunting by Lorinda and the bio geeks and the torture from Wanda and Heather were constant. Having that damn tampon string sticking out from her once a month, an announcement to the world that she was having her period. All in all, it was enough to drive most girls out of her mind.

But she was still relatively sane, despite the intense humiliations. And she had also had some wonderful moments. Her nudity brought her to Rod’s attention and, most likely, gave her a relationship that would last forever. And her nudity certainly led to a physical relationship with Jen and they now shared something very intimate. And though she had always been painfully shy and did not possess many friends in high school, at Campbell-Frank she had dozens of people who liked her and thought highly of her. In fact, many looked up to her as a model of how to live their lives. All of this occurred because she was naked.

It was almost hard for her to wrap her mind around but her nudity was now such a part of her it was difficult to imagine what her life would have been like without it. Of course most of her would not have any problem trading the last six months in for a chance to have worn clothes and to have never been Naked Tami but a part of her wonders if she would be having such wonderful friendships and moments if she was not Naked Tami. Again, the whole thing was twisted in many ways.

After a while laying there, she slid out from next to Annie and went into the bathroom. She was sure that the remnants of her marathon night with Annie was obvious on her sex so she wanted to cleanse herself. Thankfully she had the bathroom to herself and was able to shower in peace. She took great pains to clean her sex and noticed that stubble was beginning to grow back. Reluctantly, she grabbed her razor and shaving cream and completely denuded her pubic mound. She then did the same with her legs and underarms so that she was completely hairless from the neck down. It showed how crazy life had become that she yearned for the days of pubic hair so she was “covered” down there.

After drying off and checking on Annie (still fast asleep), Tami headed downstairs. There her dad was sitting with a cup of coffee reading the paper. He smiled at his daughter and pointed to the seat next to him.

“Let me grab you a cup of coffee,” he said, getting up and pouring his naked daughter a cup, pouring in milk and sugar like he knew Tami liked it. The girl smiled appreciatively and grabbed a section of the paper and began reading about a new housing community near their development. Both settled in at the table, a fully clothed man and his fully naked daughter, an odd sight to anyone who may have peeked in through the window.

After a while, Tami’s mom and brother came downstairs and Tami began to help her mom cook breakfast. Pancakes were on the menu and the conversation was normal family banter. Both adults were pleased to notice their daughter seemed back to her normal self and was engaging them all in conversation. Joe smiled too…he had heard Tami and Annie going at it and a part of him was turned on. While he had no desire and had not thought of his sister in that way, he could not deny that Annie was sexy. Hearing her moans through the wall of his room led him to a quick orgasm of his own.

Just then, a very sleep Annie walked into the kitchen.

“Oh my God, I zonked out, hope I didn’t miss breakfast it smells so good,” she said, shuffling in, still wearing just the Red Sox tee that Joe had given her the night before.

The teen boy nearly choked when he turned and saw the girl, her long bare legs poking out beneath his t-shirt, her braless breasts pressing against the thin fabric. He had to readjust to hide the erection he was getting.

“Good morning Joe,” she said, brushing her hand along his shoulder and sitting right next to him, her hand grazing his thigh.

“Hi Annie,” he said, struggling to form words. For her part, Tami laughed. She wondered if Annie had remembered to put panties on or if she was going commando under the shirt. She also wondered if she had washed off the remains of last night’s orgasms.

“Pancakes Annie?”

“Yes please Mrs. Smithers, thank you, they smell so good,” she said. “I’ll take the blueberry ones if possible.”

Shortly a short stack of blueberry pancakes were in front of her and she poured syrup on and began digging in. Tami was envious watching her friend eat with such abandon. In her current naked state, Tami couldn’t afford to gain even a pound. She was sure it would become obvious to everyone if she did so she barely ate and exercised. Of course, her work on the grounds crew and all of the orgasms also helped speed up her metabolism. Still, she was religious about eating right and watching her calories. She would never eat the way Annie was eating.

What no one but Annie and Joe knew was that while the girl was eating with her right hand, she was caressing the boy’s leg with her left. Speechless, Joe’s eyes bugged out when Annie’s hand slowly made its way to his crotch and began rubbing his now achingly hard penis. He knew he had to stop her before it got too far but he didn’t want her to stop. Finally, he had to pull away before he had an accident in his pants before school. As it was, he wondered if he had time to go and take care of his erection before leaving.

Annie looked at him with a flirty smile and then went back to eating. Only Tami seemed to catch the interaction. When she saw Joe awkwardly leave the table and excuse himself, she recognized the look of horror that men got when they had erections in her presence. She looked at Annie with a puzzled look and her friend just smiled back.

After breakfast and helping Mrs. Smithers clean up, the two girls retired back to Tami’s room. On the way up, they passed Joe, who was exiting the bathroom. A guilty look on his face as he walked by confirmed to both that he was in there taking care of business.

“You were totally flirting with him,” Tami said, once in the sanctum of her room. “You’re macking on my brother?”

“I know, crazy right, but he is really cute and you had me all riled up from last night,” Annie said. “I was just feeling sexual, going down there in just a t-shirt. Felt so naughty I just had to do something. Is that how you feel all the time? I was so horny.”

Tami nodded. “I know what you mean. You know I was never really sexual before but since I’ve been naked, it’s all I think about.”

“Would you like to do it again?”

Tami really didn’t. She had already cleaned up and didn’t want to always be having sex. But something in her friend’s pleading eyes made her give in and she instinctively spread her legs.

Annie dove in, sliding around so that her sex was over Tami’s and soon the two friends were again making love.

**Tami Spring Break 16**

The kitchen smelled great as the aroma of Martha Smithers’ famous chicken pot pie filled the air. The woman tended to a pot of vegetables as her son and daughter set the table. Tami, noticing that Joe had only pulled out three plates, asked, “why three?”

“Jeez, you go away for a few months and forget about our routines here,” her mother said smiling.

“Dad works late at the store on Wednesdays,” Joe said simply. “Mom usually brings his dinner to him there.”

Tami had forgotten that her dad always worked late on Wednesdays and Fridays, choosing to give his employee Harry the night off. In her dad’s mind, Harry was the only one capable of running the store alone and, besides, nights were pretty slow during the week.

“I’ll take it down to him,” Tami said, almost without thinking. Was she really volunteering to drive off naked through town? “I haven’t been to the store since the summer. Would be good to stop in.”

Mrs. Smithers took a moment before answering. “Well, the store is usually empty when I go down there. I don’t think it will be a problem.”

The woman turned back to her stove and began dishing spoonfuls of the pot pie and other veggies into a Tupperware bowl. She placed it into a carrier, adding an apple and bottle of water and handed it to Tami.

“You can use my car,” she said. “Thanks for saving me a trip.”

Tami grabbed the keys and headed out. As she slid into the driver’s door, she was struck by how odd it was to be getting into her mother’s car naked. After all, she had driven this car hundreds of times in high school. Actually, this car had become Tami’s de facto car in high school. Still, since she had been naked, Tami had only driven once or twice (once during Christmas break heading to that awful Midnight Mass and once back to school after she had almost literally sucked the life out of Rod). It felt weird to be driving through the streets of her hometown, bare as the day she had been born. Her bare foot on the gas pedal was a reminder of how different things were.

As she drove, Tami reflected on her night and day with Annie. Things had gone so well…it had been great to see her best friend. Of course they had taken their friendship to a new level.

After their second course of 69ing was through, they had been roused by a yell from downstairs. “Girls, it’s almost noon. Time to wake up.”

Tami groggily came to and yelled, “ok Mom, thanks!” She wondered if her mom had looked in and saw them in their post-coital positions. She would probably never know.

Both girls came to their sense and embraced. “Thank you Annie,” Tami said softly, her face inches from her friend. “You went out of your way to come here last night and spent the night. You are awesome.”

“Tami, I think this nudist thing is amazing and I am so glad you have found peace,” Annie said. Again Tami had fooled someone into praising her for her fake nudism. “I think we reached a new level of intimacy in our friendship.” Tami laughed and Annie added, “not that, though that was awesome. I just think you being naked let me share something with you that I may not have otherwise. It’s brought us closer together.”

The two laid there talking for over an hour before Mrs. Smithers knocked on the door. “Ann, don’t you have a class at 4?”

“Oh my God, thank you Mrs. Smithers, I’ve got to run,” she said, sliding out from under the blanket. As she did, Annie’s shirt had ridden up and her legs spread, giving the older woman an unimpeded view of the girl’s vagina. “OH my,” she said softly, turning to hide her embarrassment. After the woman left the room, both Annie and Tami erupted in giggles. “I can’t believe your mom saw my vag,” Annie said, faking humiliation.

Tami laughed but again it pointed out how different she was. Here Tami’s mother was shocked at the sight of Annie’s bare vagina but hers was on display all the time.

This time, Annie did not hide as she undressed. This was Tami’s first view of her friend’s breasts and she was impressed. Though they had spent many summer days laying out in the sun in bikinis, it was probably the first time that Tami had seen Annie’s bare boobs. They were round and firm with perky pink nipples, just like Tami had once had. Looking down, Tami saw that hers were now brown and thick, not perky.

Annie took Joe’s shirt and rubbed her slit with it. “What are you doing,” Tami asked incredulous.

“I don’t know, but I figured Joe would get a kick out of it,” she said. “I figure he might smell it and I wanted to give him a treat.”

The girl dressed, leaving Tami doubly sad that her friend was leaving and again she was the only one naked. Annie folded Joe’s shirt and asked Tami for a pen and paper. Looking over her shoulder, Tami read the words that Annie wrote: Thanks for the shirt Joe…left you a special treat. Call me sometime! Annie.”

“You are such a slut,” Tami said giggling. Though it felt funny for her friend to have a thing for Joe, the whole thing made sense. How happy she would be if Annie became a part of the family someday!

They hugged at the door and Tami stood with her mom as Annie walked to her car and drove back to Providence. It had been a great day. Looking at her mom, Tami could not tell if she had an inkling of what they had been doing in her room. She would probably never know.

Now, Tami pulled around the corner and saw her dad’s hardware store. She had always loved that store. From her youngest days, she had been her daddy’s little helper, stocking shelves, ringing up customers (with her dad’s help of course), helping people find things. Joe had never shown any interest in being there but to Tami it was time spent with her dad and she relished it. That was why she came tonight, to try and recapture some of innocence.

The only car in the lot was her dad’s, a sight that made her breath easier. She hoped the store would be empty and she could walk around unseen. She desperately did not want to be naked in a full store.

Grabbing the Tupperware, Tami exited the car, feeling so brazen walking naked in such a public place. She was glad that this spot was pretty secluded at night and she walked unseen into the store.

As she entered, the bell rang to signal that a customer was coming in. As she did, her dad and another man turned. She heard the man gasp and her father stutter, “um Tami, I wasn’t expecting you. Uh, Mike, this is my daughter Tami. She’s, um, uh, a religious nudist home from college.”

“A nudist huh, well, it’s, uh, nice to meet you,” Mike said, offering his hand. Tami had to switch hands with the Tupperware to shake. As she did, she saw the man’s eyes never reaching hers, instead stopping at her bare breasts.

“Uh, Dad, Mom sent dinner,” Tami said.

“Oh good, good, bring it around here. I’ll eat it when Mike and I are finished.”

Tami loved the smell of the old store. It was a truly old fashioned hardware store, nothing like the Home Depots or Lowe’s that many people thought of for hardware. This was a place to come when you wanted someone to help you find something. John Smithers stocked everything his customers needed.

But Tami felt so odd being here naked. She had dreamt often of being naked in public. Of course that was before her days as a “nudist” when she had no choice but to be nude in public. Now she dreamt of being clothed in public.

The smooth old wood floor felt so nice under her feet as she made her way.

“Don’t leave Tami,” her father said. “Once Mike and I are done, I’d like a chance to sit and chat. Can you wait? We are almost done and Mike won’t mind.”

No, I don’t think Mike will mind at all, Tami thought. She didn’t express that thought and just said, “sure,” passing the two men and going behind the counter. Just then the bell rang and Tami was mortified to see a middle-aged couple walk in. They both gasped when they saw a bare chested girl behind the counter.

“Tom, Millie, this is my daughter Tami,” John Smithers said. “She’s a nudist. She can help you with anything you need. She’s been working in this store since she was a little girl. Do you mind Tami?”

Yes, I mind very much, she wanted to scream but instead smiled and said “sure. What can I help you find?”

The man was staring at boobs while the woman looked a bit disgusted. “I don’t know about this, maybe we should come back another time.”

“Please maam, I’m not trying to show off or anything,” Tami said, trying to help her dad not lose a sale. “I just a nudist who believes in not wearing clothes. I am happy to help you find anything.”

The two looked at one another and the woman finally said, “fine, I guess. We need some parts for our toilet. It won’t stop running.” Tami found out what exactly they needed and went over to get the items. Of course, they were on a bottom shelf and she had to bend over to get them, giving both quite an eyeful. She was red faced when she rang them up and sent them on their way, getting an appreciative nod from the man.

No sooner had they left then a man entered pushing a baby in a stroller. Tami loved little kids and wasted no time running around from behind the counter and crouching down to play with the baby. Unintentionally, this gave the child’s father an unobstructed view of the girl’s sex as her knees spread when she got closer to the baby. Tami was oblivious to the stares of the man who was boring into her swaying breasts and bare sex.

“May I pick him up,” she asked, her face turning up at the man who tried to pretend he hadn’t been staring at the naked girl.

“Sure, go right ahead,” he said, now trying to hide the bulge in his pants as Tami leaned over and undid the strap holding his son in the stroller and picked the baby up, holding him against her bare side.

John Smithers could not help but smile when he looked up and saw his daughter carrying that baby. She had always loved babies. For a minute, he realized he was seeing his daughter of old, not the one that had been around lately. It was like she had forgotten she was naked and was just being Tami.

With the baby in her arms, Tami walked unashamed around the store, showing the man to the area of crown moldings and all of the attendant needs around the molding. She was totally outgoing and bubbly, giggling with the little boy who, every so often, the little boy would grab at Tami’s extended nipples, but she would deftly remove his hand and distract him with something else.

Finally the man’s shopping was done. Rather than strap the little boy into the stroller again, Tami carried him out to the father’s truck and arranged the boy into a car seat while the man loaded his supplies into the back. The man licked his lips as he saw Tami’s breasts dangling as she leaned over to play with his son.

“Thank you for your help,” he was finally able to say.

“Oh God, you’re so welcome, thank you for letting me hold little James here. Isn’t he so cute, so cute, so cute,” she said, pressing the baby’s tummy and getting a heartfelt laugh from him.

Tami backed away and closed the truck door, standing there while the man drove away. It was then she realized that she was standing buck naked outside her dad’s store. Luckily, she didn’t think anyone had seen her and she rushed back inside.

Her dad finished helping Mike, who was planning a major remodeling of his home and was using Smithers Hardware for all of his needs. This was a major coup and Tami could tell that her dad was very happy. Mike left, giving a lecherous smile to the naked girl on his way out and Tami could finally relax.

Though being naked in front of her father was still strange, she was getting used to it and was way better than being naked in front of strangers. After all, her father had seen her like this many times by now and it seemed almost normal.

“My dinner’s cold now,” the man said, taking the platter towards the back where Tami knew a microwave was housed. “Give me a second to warm it up.”

“Maybe I should head home,” she said.

“Nonsense,” her father replied. “Sit with me for a while and we can catch up.”

Always the good girl, Tami did as he directed, sliding her bare butt onto a high wooden stool. She knew that it would be hard to hide anything while sitting in this chair. She couldn’t cross her legs so she settled for clamping her knees tightly together. Not exactly a comfortable pose but she felt this position provided the most covering.

She heard the microwave beep and knew her father would soon be returning. In less than a minute, he came in, a steaming plate of pot pie in his hands.

“WOW, that’s hot,” he said as he slid the plate onto the table.

“Just the way you like it,” Tami said with a smile, knowing her father’s fondness for eating things hot.”

“Guilty,” he said, putting his hands up as if under arrest. “I think I have scalded many layers of taste buds over the years.”

They made some small talk as the man dug into his dinner. Tami animatedly talked about Rod and how wonderful he was and her subjects and how well she was doing in class and her friends and how much she loved them all. Of course, she avoided the horrors of her life at Chalfont, with the art classes and with the shameful demonstrations.

“Mom tells me that you are having a hard time with the nudity,” he said softly when the conversation had stalled.

Tami’s smile disappeared and she sat quietly. Her father continued, “We’ve both noticed that your personality is different. I realized it when Annie was over last night and when you were with that baby tonight. That old Tami came through. While I love the new Tami with all my heart, I miss that old Tami a little bit.”

“I miss that Tami too,” she said in a very quiet voice. “I hate being naked so much.”

“Then why continue with the nudity charade,” the man asked. “Give up on this story and come home. You can work here in the store for a while, just until you are settled and then you can apply to another school. You don’t have to keep doing this.”

A tear trickled out of the girl’s left eye and it was soon joined by others. “Daddy, I can’t. I can’t do that.”

The man exhaled. “You have always been stubborn. That’s what makes you so great in so many ways but it can also be a curse. Now, you are stuck in a very difficult situation and you won’t change your mind.”

The girl looked at her dad with a pained expression. “You think I’m doing this because I’m stubborn? I’m doing this because I want a better life than living in my old hometown and working in a hardware store.”

John Smithers looked stricken and his voice raised. “What’s the matter with working in a hardware store?”

“Nothing Dad, but this was your dream and you built this store from nothing,” she said, trying to stay composed. “This isn’t my dream. I never wanted this life for myself. I wanted to go out in the world and make my mark, beyond this town and this store. I thought you wanted that for me too.”

“So you have made your mark in the world but you are doing it bare naked,” he said, his voice sounding a bit mean. “Is that what you wanted?”

She shook her head, tears freely flowing. For a girl who rarely cried, this was a meltdown. Months of unsaid tension spilled out. “No, I hate being naked. I hate that everyone sees my boobs, my vagina. I hate being barefoot all the time. I hate that people can see my tampons and know that I’m on my period. I hate being on display all the time and being stared at and teased.”

“So give it up--”

“NO!” The sound of her own voice, so loud and authoritative, surprised them both. Tami had never raised her voice to her parents and rarely spoke up for herself, especially in the last year. “I will not give it up. I am staying in college and I WILL get my degree. Then I can put clothes on and live a normal life.”

They sat in silence as the man ate the final bites of dinner. Finally, after several minutes, her father said, “Tami, I’m sorry I yelled at you and I’m sorry you are going through this. I didn’t mean for this conversation to happen like this.”

“I am too,” she said.

“I know that I am part of the problem, that I made you continue to live your naked lifestyle at home. I don’t know if that was the right decision now but I don’t see any way out of it.”

Tami nodded her head in agreement. She knew that spies were everywhere. If she dared to wear clothes, she would get found out.

“Just know that you have options, okay,” he said, putting his hand on hers on the table. “You can always come home. You don’t have to work at the store and you don’t have to give up your dreams. Maybe you could go to community college for a while until you earn enough to go to another school”

“Thanks Dad,” Tami said, knowing that he was wrong in so many ways. She could never come home. That would be the end of her dreams. She had no choice but to stick it out at Campbell Frank and keep her scholarship. It was her only hope.

She helped her dad clean up his dinner and then lock up the store for the night. Together they walked to their cars and she followed him. When they arrived at home, he met her at her car door and gave her a hug.

“Tami, I’m glad we had a chance to catch up,” he whispered in her ear. She relished the feel of him against her, making her feel safe.

“Me too Dad,” she said. “It felt just like old times.”

**Tami Spring Break 17**

The car chugged along in AM rush hour traffic. At the wheel was a high school senior, barely awake as he headed into school on a Thursday. In the passenger seat was his naked sister. For her part, she was wide awake, dreading the day ahead of her.

When she arrived home, Joe had approached her tentatively.

“Um, Tam, can I ask you something?”

“Sure Joe, what’s up?”

The boy looked uncertain of whether to continue. Finally he soldiered on.

“Remember Mr. Jenkins, your old math teacher,” he asked. When she nodded, he continued. “Well, he wondered if you would be willing to come into school tomorrow and talk about college math to a few of his classes.”

Tami exhaled. She most certainly did not want to go and speak in front of a group of high school kids. “Does he know I’m naked?” Mr. Jenkins was her favorite teacher and had inspired her to go into math.

“I don’t know,” he said. After a quiet minute, he spoke up. “Look Tami, you don’t have to do this. I can make up an excuse or something. I know how hard it must be to show off all the time.”

Tami looked at her brother and realized that he was trying to avoid her embarrassment and save some from himself too. It would probably be a bit of a problem for everyone in the school to see his nudist sister.

“Thanks Joe. I appreciate it.”

An hour later, Joe was back at the door to her room.

“I got an email back from Mr. Jenkins. He said that it would mean a lot to him if you could come in. There aren’t many of his former students who took up math and it would be great to have you come back and speak. He asked me to tell you that he ‘would consider it a personal favor to your old teacher.’”

So the die was cast. Once again, Tami was heading back to her old school, showing her naked body off to hundreds of high school students. Should be completely and totally awful.

She remembered that she had been back over Thanksgiving break, working with the gymnastics team. At least then it had been just a few girls. Now, she was heading into the entire student body, armed with just the ankle pouch secured just above her left foot.

“Joe, as soon as I’m done, you have to get me the keys so I can get out OK,” she said. Her brother grunted a response but she knew he would remember. “Can we please pull into a Dunkin Donuts or something? I am desperate for coffee.”

The boy pulled into the drive in lane of the Dunkin Donuts as Tami put her bare foot on the dashboard to try and get a few dollars out. As she looked up, she saw a young couple, holding hands with one hand, holding coffees in the other, staring in the car window. She wondered how much they saw of her but realized they got a pretty good view of her exposed sex as she was spread to get the pouch out. In a split second, Tami was absorbed in the woman’s outfit. It was obvious she was heading to work. She wore a grey sweater dress that went from her neck to just below her crotch. The woman wore black leggings and belt and high-heel leather boots that went to just above the knee. It was wonderful ensemble and Tami felt a longing in the pit of her stomach. She smiled and waved and they scurried off.

“Maybe you should hide in the back when we go and pay,” Joe said nervously. He had seen the couple staring at them and he was worried that others would see her. He was not happy that she was showing up at school and blamed himself for even asking her. He should have just said she wasn’t available to Mr. Jenkins and left it at that. Instead he had gone and asked, never believing it would happen. Now he was stuck.

Having a naked sister wasn’t easy on the boy. Obviously Tami had it worse and his problems were minor but they still existed. It was hard for him to hear people talk about her body. He heard stories that some boy had sex with her at a party had bothered him. He loved Tami and knew that this was against her will. Still, he was pissed at her that her little prank gone wrong was affecting his life. Now she was coming to school with him and everyone would see her.

“OK Joe, it you want me to,” she said meekly, climbing over the seat and huddling in the back behind his seat. He looked back and felt bad immediately. He never wanted his sister to feel like this.

“Forget it Tami, come back up here,” he said. “I’m being an ass.”

The girl obediently climbed back into the passenger seat as Joe pulled up to the window. The man working the window looked shocked. “What the hell,” he said in an accent that Tami thought sounded Indian.

“Eyes to yourself pal,” Joe said, handing him the four dollars that Tami had handed him. He took the two cups of coffee, handing one to Tami, and then the change and pulled away.

“Eyes to yourself pal,” Tami repeated, laughing. “You are too funny!”

The two siblings began talking comfortably. It had hurt Tami’s feelings when she thought Joe was embarrassed by her and she was glad he had stuck up for her.

“I guess I never thought about how me being naked would affect you,” she said. “I’m sorry Joe. I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

Joe looked over at his sister and then back at the road. “Tami, after all of the crap you’ve been through this year, you don’t have to apologize to me. I’m sorry that you are having such a tough time.”

Tami swallowed hard. “How did you know?”

“I can tell that you have changed. Plus, I read some things on the internet about a naked college girl in New England. I assume it had to be you.”

The naked girl closed her eyes. She had no idea that word was spreading about her. Joe didn’t even want to tell her that he had seen a picture of her in Maxim magazine last month. Of course her breasts and vagina were blurred out but the picture of Tami shoveling snow was pretty clear. If you knew Tami, you knew it was her. He was surprised that no one had showed her.

They drove in silence, the only noise coming from the hum of the engine. Tami was lost in her own thoughts, worrying about the events to come, nervous about what was out there about her. She wondered if she would ever be able to live it down once she got back into clothes some day.

Shortly they were near Corliss High School. The complex was huge and easily seen from where they were. Tami knew that joe would park in the seniors lot, reserved for the oldest students in the school. It was further away than the teachers lot but closer than the one reserved for juniors and sophomores. Still, Tami knew it would be a decent walk into school. For a naked girl, it would also be a very shameful one.

“You sure you don’t mind if I go home after? I can pick you up after school or Mom can or something.”

“Tami, it’s fine. Call me when you’re done and I will get you the keys.”

Taking a final swig of coffee (boy she wished it was laced with something to dull her senses), Tami opened the door and walked with her brother towards the school building.

She had thought a lot about the timing…get there early and she would be standing around. Get there late and everyone would be there. They had chosen this time, to get there when some others were arriving but before most. The presence of a naked girl on the school parking lot caused a lot of shouts. The eyes of everyone was on her but, using strength perfected during her long months of nudity, Tami soldiered on, her brother at her side. What a pair: a normal high school boy, walking with a backpack over his winter coat, next to a naked girl, unadorned except for a pouch around her ankle.

“What the hell Smithers,” a guy said to joe as they walked up.

“This is my sister Tami,” Joe said calmly. “She’s a religious nudist.”

Tami detected an air of pride in Joe’s voice. There was not a hint of the shame he had spoken of earlier.

“Crap, you have a hot naked sister? If I knew that I would have come over to hang out more.”

Joe and Tami continued inside. Though spring was coming, the mornings here in Rhode Island were still chilly and Tami felt it all over her naked body. Of course, this was nothing compared to the winters she had survived in Vermont but still she felt it.

Once inside, the crowd in halls seemed to part as they walked by. Tami tried to remain calm and portray none of the nervousness and fear she was feeling in her stomach which was churning. Joe said hello every so often when he spotted a friend but for the most part they were quiet.

The odd couple turned a corner and there stood Emily Anderson, the head cheerleader. Emily had taken the position from Tami who was head cheerleader last year in addition to being captain of the gymnastics team. It wasn’t unusual for girls to do both though Emily was not a gymnast.

“Tami? What the hell are you doing?”

“Hi Emily, it’s good to see you,” Tami said, trying to hide her mortification. “I’m here to speak to some math classes about college math and everything. Mr. Jenkins asked me.”

There was stunned silence as Emily and her gaggle of cheerleaders stood in shock.

“Oh, this is my brother Joe. You remember him right?” Tami was trying so hard to treat this like a normal situation, like any girl returning to her high school. Of course it was far different. Not many girls returned to their high school in the nude. In fact, probably none did.

“Tami, why the hell are you naked,” Emily asked, incredulous.

Tami looked at Emily and felt so jealous. This girl was beautiful, the equal of Tami in every department (hair, boobs, legs, skin tone, eyes, etc.). Of course, Emily was wearing a teeny cheerleader outfit. Her arms were completely bare as were her legs as the cheer skirt only reached her upper thigh. Still though, her boobs and sex were covered as were her feet. Emily wore ankle socks and white sneakers. Tami assumed that she was also wearing a sports bra to keep her breasts from bouncing too much and cause pain during the routines. Emily would most likely also be wearing panties underneath the cheer briefs though some girls didn’t, choosing to feel naughty. Of course, the briefs covered everything anyway but Tami would never go without panties. When you are up in the air doing a split, you never know what could happen. Tami did not want to accidentally show her vagina. Ha, she thought, to be back to worrying about such things!

In high school, Tami used to feel so exposed wearing this uniform, especially on spirit days when they wore the uniform to school. It was bad enough on the sidelines during football or basketball games but to sit in class all day, almost naked was humiliating. She remembered the feel of the cool desks under her bare legs and seeing all of the boys’ eyes on her. Now, obviously, she would do anything to be allowed this covering.

“I’m a religious nudist. I declared it during my first week of school,” Tami said, going through her now practiced speech. “I don’t believe in wearing clothes or modesty. That’s why I go naked all the time.”

The other girls gasped. Most never imagined walking around naked, though some would have admitted to the fantasy. They couldn’t believe that someone, someone they KNEW, would actually do it.

“What happened to your clothes,” one of the girls, Tara, asked.

“I don’t have clothes, gave them all away,” Tami said.

The group stood in silence until Joe said he had to run for first period.

“I have Mr. Jenkins first period,” another girl, Annie, said. “I’ll walk with you.”

Tami smiled and thanked Annie and waved goodbye to the stunned group. As they walked, Annie said, “I am so proud of you Tami. I never would have figured you for a nudist back in high school. You were so modest. I hope you are finding happiness in your new way of life.”

Tami remembered that Annie was a born again Christian and perhaps the sweetest girl she had ever met. She had been surprised when Annie had joined the cheer squad, worried that she would join and cause trouble about the uniform, etc. Annie had been anything but trouble and became one of the most popular cheerleaders. Though they weren’t friends in high school, Tami was glad that Annie was walking with her.

Finally they got to Mr. Jenkins’ classroom and Annie opened the door. For Tami, it was like old home week. She instantly recognized the smell of the halls and could picture herself here just a year ago. Back then she would have been dressed like most of the students. Tami closed her eyes for a second and momentarily could feel the clothes upon her.

She would have worn a sturdy cotton bra or a sports bra to conceal her breasts from the rest of the student body. On top of that would have been a t-shirt, most likely from a band she liked or from the gymnastics or cheerleading team, followed by a hoodie. Below the waist, Tami would almost always wear jeans, though sometimes a pair of “slacks” as her mother called them. Really, they were khackis. Underneath, she would wear panties (always wore panties and clean panties in case she had an accident). Her panties were cotton and usually bikini or boy shorts. She would never have worn a thong. On her feet would have been white socks and either sneaks or Uggs. She hated flip flops and sandals because people would have seen her bare feet.

“TAMI?” Mr. Jenkins’ voice woke her from her vision. “Oh my God. What are you doing?”

So he didn’t know she was naked. Tami had wondered if he was a spy, another setup by Wanda. She was glad to know that he was innocent in this one. He was simply an old teacher inviting a favorite student back to speak. Of course, he never figured it would go like this.

“Hi Mr. Jenkins, it’s good to see you,” she said. As she entered the room, she heard gasps from people who had not yet seen the naked girl roaming the halls.

“Tami, can we speak privately in the hallway please?” Mr. Jenkins had never spoken to her like this before. She was always a good girl who never got into trouble. She didn’t like being on the other end of this man’s attention but started walking out of the room with him close behind. Thankfully the hall was mostly clear by now as the first period bell had sounded.

“Tami, what the hell are you doing here like this? Is this a prank or something because it not funny at all?”

The naked girl’s eyes filled up with tears. She could not believe her favorite teacher was so angry at her.

“Well? Are you getting your kicks walking around here naked? Is that it? Playing a joke on an old teacher? Well, I don’t find it funny. I find it insulting.”

Tami could not control the tears flowing down her cheeks. Seeing her reaction stopped the man’s anger. “Tami, what is the meaning of this,” he said in a softer voice.

Through her tears, which were rare (Tami had hardly ever cried in her months of imposed nudity), she said, “in college, I declared myself to be a religious nudist, back in September.” She saw the man’s face change, going from anger to embarrassment. “I didn’t mean to insult you. I think you’re awesome and I would never do that to you. I should leave now.”

She turned to go but felt a hand on her arm. “Wait, stop Tami, I’m sorry,” he said. “I had no idea. If this is something you believe in then who am I to judge you? Please forgive me for being so narrow minded and petty.”

She turned to him and smiled. “Oh God, I am so glad to hear you say that,” she said, sniffling. “I have looked up to you for so long and I didn’t want you to think less of me.”

“Well, why don’t we start over and you give me a hug so I can welcome you back to Corliss,” he said. She came in for an embrace and they gently hugged. There was no sexual tension to it at all, just the warmth reserved for loved one. “I am proud of you and so glad you agreed to do this, especially in your current state of undress. That takes a lot of courage and I don’t think I could do it.”

He walked back towards the classroom and held the door open for her. The class, which had gotten out of their seats to hear the argument Mr. Jenkins was having with the naked chick, scurried for their desks.

“Class,” the teacher said as he walked into the room, “this is one of my favorite students of all time, Tami Smithers.”

“I bet she’s a favorite student,” one of the boys sneered in the back loud enough for everyone to hear him and to cause Tami to blush. She turned and looked directly at the teacher, trying to avoid the eyes feasting upon her from the students. From this angle, they could see her profile, how her breasts thrust out with pointy nipples, how her butt was perfectly round and how her pubic mound poked out just a little below her hips.

“Juan, enough out of you, I will not have you disrespecting our guest,” Mr. Jenkins said sharply, causing the boy to shrink in his seat.

“Sorry Mr. Jenkins.”

“Better Juan, I don’t expect comments like that in this class and especially not from an outstanding student like you. Now, I invited Tami here today to talk about math. But, as you can see, Tami has a lot more to talk about than math.”

Tami looked away from the teacher and at the students in front of her. She was glad that Annie was near the front. Maybe she could get through this by focusing on her.

“So, Tami, can you tell the class how you arrived here in this current state? Then maybe we can take some questions before discussing math.”

Tami was not prepared to discuss her nudity but she probably should have been. It was obviously the most interesting aspect of her, way more exciting to a bunch of 18 year olds then math.

“Well, um, I am a freshman at Campbell-Frank College in Vermont, and I am a math major,” she started. She was not surprised to see all eyes upon her so she kept going. “In September, um, uh, I, uh, moved in and everything was the same. However, um, about a few days into school, I, uh, felt moved to something different. I was called to be a religious nudist. So I took off my clothes and have been naked ever since.”

The students seemed transfixed and for a moment no one moved. Finally, Mr. Jenkins broke the silence. “Anyone have any questions for Tami about her religion before we move onto math?”

A hand went up from the back, a girl. “Yes, Tracie.”

“Tami, did you say you go to school in Vermont?” Tami nodded. “Well, what did you wear when it got cold?”

“Nothing.”

“You wore nothing?” Tami shook her head. “No coat, no boots, no hat or gloves, nothing?”

“No, it would have been against my religion.”

Another hand. “You mean, you walked naked in a Vermont winter? What did you do when it snowed?”

“I walked through it.”

“Your feet would have gotten frost bite,” he said dismissively. “I don’t buy it.”

“Michael, did you ever injure yourself, like a hand or an ankle or something,” Mr. Jenkins interjected. The boy nodded. “Well, did you ice it?” Another nod. “So, did you get frostbite?” The boy shook his head. “See. It is possible to submerge a body part in cold and not get frostbite. I suppose Tami that you had to plan your trips very carefully.”

Tami nodded. “Yes Mr. Jenkins, I made sure to hurry to my classes. The campus is pretty small so I can get anywhere in less than a 10 minute walk.”

“Wasn’t it terribly cold,” Tracie asked.

“Sometimes, but I managed.”

“I notice you’re barefoot, do you ever wear anything on your feet,” another girl asked.

“No, nothing.” She thought about her poor feet and the battering they have taken.

The group sat silent, taking in the nude girl’s body and her words. Then a hand went up from a girl in the back. “Um, this is a weird question but, um, well, I’ll just ask it. What do you do during your time of the month?”

A bunch of kids pursed their faces as if the very question was gross.

“Well, I put a tampon in and that stops it.”

The girls gasped. “You mean you walk around with that string dangling from inside you in public? I don’t think I could do that.”

“Didn’t you ever bleed out,” another girl asked.

Tami cringed. It had happened once. She had forgotten to change her tampon between classes and when she got up she had noticed blood on the desk and between her legs. She had to get a wet towel and clean the desk and herself, all trying not to be seen. Sadly, she had gotten caught and word had spread to stay away from the desk.

“It happened once but I’m very careful,” she said. “Plus I use the super absorbent ones now.” The girls all nodded but the boys looked as if she was speaking another language.

“So you don’t mind showing your boobs and your girl parts to everyone,” a girl said. When the class laughed at her, she said, “what, I didn’t know how to say it.”

“No, I don’t mind,” Tami said, spreading her feet apart a bit more as the by now rehearsed lies came pouring out of her mouth. “I am a nudist and I believe that modesty is against my religion.”

“Would you show us your girl parts now,” one of the boys asked from the back. The class murmured and Mr. Jenkins interrupted.

“Now, now, this is going a bit far,” he said. “Tami should not have to be subjected to this kind of thing.”

“Mr. Jenkins, she’s a nudist and doesn’t believe in modesty,” the boy said. “We’re just asking her to prove it.”

Tami desperately did not want to show these kids any more than she already had but knew that resistance is futile. She had to show that she was a proud nudist. “Mr. Jenkins, it’s fine, I don’t mind,” she said.

“Well, I suppose it couldn’t hurt and might be a valuable lesson in the female anatomy for those studying AP biology,” the teacher said. He began to look around for a space for the girl to present herself. “How about you perch yourself on the edge of my desk and then you can put your feet up on the desks in the front row. That should give a good vantage point for everyone.” He moved two piles of tests to be graded so that she would have room to sit.

Tami was now resigned to showing her vagina to the class. She walked over and slid her bare butt up onto the edge. She shivered as the cool surface made contact with her bare skin. She hesitated, just a bit, before putting her bare feet on the desks in front of her, spreading her legs to reveal her “girl parts” to everyone.

The group was silent. She knew that many of the boys were seeing a vagina for the first time and most of the girls had never seen one like this from this angle. She sat there spread eagle for what felt like forever but was probably only a minute or so.

“Thank you Tami,” Mr. Jenkins said.

“How about her anus Mr. Jenkins,” another boy asked.

“Excuse me?”

The boy cleared his throat and seemed at first to have lost his nerve. Then he said again, “her anus sir, can we see that too?”

“That is a disgraceful thing to ask--”

“Mr. Jenkins, it’s okay,” Tami said softly. She didn’t want word to spread that she had not responded to a request to display herself. She didn’t want it to get back to the dean that she had displayed modesty. Even now she worried about spies. “It’s not a big deal for a nudist like me.”

She used the teacher’s desk again, this time getting on all fours. She spread her knees out as wide as possible, knowing this would allow a full, unimpeded view of her butthole. She also knew that, from the right angle, the class would be able to see her slit.

“Holy crap,” someone said softly. Again, after what felt like an eternity but was likely only a minute, Mr. Jenkins ended the display and Tami tried to regain her composure.

Another hand went up, this one belonging to Annie.

“I think you are unbelievably brave for following your heart and committing to something that forces you to make such a sacrifice,” she said. “You are a hero Tami.”

“Thank you Annie,” Tami said, her face red from the shame of the exposure. She hoped that people attributed it to her humility. She was ashamed that another person was praising her for something she did not really believe in.

“Now, how about we talk about math,” Mr. Jenkins said.

**Tami Spring Break 18**

Tami spent the rest of the class talking about her college math classes and what it was like to be a math major. She had worried that the class would not take her seriously after her display but these were serious students and they made the adjustment quickly. In fact, Tami thought that after the nude display was over, the class could settle in and hear her math discussion.

“What is it like being a female math major,” one of the girls asked.

“You have no idea,” she answered with a laugh, as the class and Mr. Jenkins joined in.

In truth, her fellow math majors hadn’t been all that bad towards her. Certainly there had been humiliations such as the weekly quadrants on the board that, when entered into a graphing calculator revealed the exact replication of her bare breasts and vagina and asshole. But those moments were rather rare. In fact, the math guys were pretty serious and had apprised Tami as pretty serious too. Once they got over the fact that she was naked all the time, they realized that she was smart as hell and could definitely hold her own in mathematics. In fact, she may have been the best math student that Campbell Frank had.

“It’s cool, there are a few other girls but we’re in a minority, ladies,” she said. “The guys are really smart but they respect me and treat me like an equal.”

The bell rang and the students spontaneously erupted in applause for their speaker. Tami smiled and gave a mock curtsey. She even shook several hands as they passed her. Each student was respectful and thanked her for her presentation. Most tried to look her in the eye (though many failed that test but she didn’t blame them too much).

The routine went for the next two periods. First there was a Q and A about her nudist lifestyle, then a presentation of her sex and anus followed by a discussion about college math. It was not exactly what she expected when she arrived that morning but all in all not too bad. Each class brought its own shame of course. In the second period, there were two cheerleaders, both snotty bratty types who were not friends of Tami. In fact, last year she had advocated that they spend the year on the JV squad (which was relegated to cheering at soccer and girls basketball rather than the higher profile football and boys basketball games). She noticed that they took particular joy in examining her bare sex.

In the third period, there was Todd, a boy who she had briefly dated last year. He belonged to her church and they had met at a Catholic Youth Group event. His look of shock and disapproval in her lifestyle choice bothered her but she soldiered on.

Finally, fourth period was free and Mr. Jenkins brought Tami around to see her other favorite teachers. Each reacted like he had; shock at first followed by acceptance and love. She wished it was this easy with everyone. One, Mr. Howell, her former English teacher, said he had heard the rumors but assumed them to be false.

“I had always thought you were so modest and unassuming,” he said. “I never would have believed it if I didn’t see you in the flesh, so to speak.”

Mr. Jenkins had Tami wait in his classroom while he went and fetched them lunch, which was a blessing for her. She relished the time sitting in the quiet, empty classroom, glad to not be on display for a brief time. She had to admit that she felt a stirring in her sex. Having to show herself time after time took a toll on the girl. Plus she hadn’t orgasmed since last night when she had fingered herself under the covers to relieve the horniness that naturally builds up in her. For someone of her capability, one little measly orgasm was not enough to keep her satisfied and she wondered if she had time to rub one out right now before Mr. Jenkins came back. She had just lowered her fingers down to that area when she heard the door open. She pulled her hands up real fast, looking like a person caught doing something wrong.

They ate their meals and caught up. Mr. Jenkins filled Tami in on his family, including his oldest daughter who just had triplets. Tami gave him info on her family and told him about Rod. If not for the fact that she was naked, Tami would have sworn it was like the old days when she would spend many hours in here talking to Mr. Jenkins about life. He was a real mentor.

She gave two more talks before finally being done. Though there was still one period remaining, Mr. Jenkins was finished for the day.

“Tami, I am so grateful that you came in here and did this for me,” he said. “I feel foolish, but I bought you a gift. Don’t think it will do you much good.”

He handed her a gift bag. She opened it to find a ladies sweatshirt that read “I Like Angles…To a Degree” and laughed. “That’s funny, thank you Mr. Jenkins,” she said with a smile, though inside she yearned to put this on to cover her nudity.

“Tami, don’t be silly, let me take it back and get you a mug or something,” he said, grabbing the garment from her hand. She was not permitted to have clothing, even when it was so close. “I will mail it to your school address. Email me with the best address ok? I hope my choice of gift didn’t offend your religion. It was terribly rude of me but I didn’t know you were a nudist.”

“No offense at all Mr. Jenkins, it was very sweet,” she said. “After all, how could you have known?”

They embraced again in farewell. “Will you be alright finding Joe or do you want me to go with you?”

“I’ll be fine,” she said, pointing to her ankle pouch. “I have my cell phone. I’ll call him.”

“Bye Tami and thanks again. Please know how proud we are of you.”

The man, briefcase in hand, made his way to the theater where he was the director of the school play. Tami now felt alone and desperately wanted to go home. She bent over to grab her phone when she heard a cat call. “Nice Tami.” She was mortified but managed to pull the phone from the pouch. However, there was no answer and Tami realized he was in class. She was mad at herself. She should have taken the car key. At least she would have some place to go. Now she was stuck in the school hall.

She wondered if she should try to hide out somewhere (the girl’s bathroom or in a area of the library) when she heard her name called. She turned and saw Ms. Williams, the cool, young hip teacher who also served as the cheer coach.

“WOW, what a shocker! Emily said you were here naked but I didn’t believe her,” the woman said.

Tami received the hug but felt even more naked in the teacher’s presence. Ms. Williams was someone she looked up to and wanted to be like. She always dressed so cool. Today she wore a cute white peasant crop top, showing just a touch of cleavage, and tight black dress pants that were obviously from Abercrombie and hugged her hips, showing her off just right. She looked like a model and the outfit was capped by a pair of designer heels that made the woman’s already long legs look 10 feet tall. She towered over Tami, though she was probably the same height.

“Well, how did this happen?”

Tami launched into her spiel about being called to be a nudist, blah, blah, blah. Ms. Williams listened intently and seemed extremely interested.

“I have to say, I have always wondered what it would be like to walk around naked all the time,” she said in such a low voice that only Tami could hear. “You have a lot of guts to try it Tam.”

“Thank you.”

“I’m glad I ran into you,” she said. “We are running our spirit competition tonight and I need help. Would you be willing to volunteer?”

No, I would not, Tami thought. She could not bear the thought of hanging around this place for five more hours while a group of cheerleaders came in. To have all of them see her naked would be too much. But how could a nudist object?

“Do you think it would be okay? I mean, people might be upset by a naked girl hanging around, you know?”

The woman stopped. “Good point. Well, maybe you can work behind the scenes then? Or, maybe you can help take care of our team. Whatever, I know I can find a spot for you. Are you in?”

There was no way around it. Tami was stuck. “Sure,” she said with a fake smile. “I’m in.”

“Great,” Ms. Williams said, leaning in to hug her former student. “Let’s gather here after school. The competition starts at 7. We should have just enough time to get ready.”

“OK,” Tami said. With her phone, Tami sent Joe a text, asking him to pick her up tonight after the competition. She needed a place to wait that was out of the way and remembered that there was a hallway where the college counseling office used to be. They moved to new spaces and that hallway was left vacant until they decided what to do with it. She hurried there, wanting to get there before the last bell rang. For a reason unknown to her, she texted her plan to Joe as she moved through the hall.

Once she got there, she stopped abruptly. Sitting there were six tough looking guys. They stood at once when she came into view.

“Well, well, boys, this is the nudist I was telling you about from my sixth period math class,” the biggest one, the one who looked like the leader of the group, said. “How about that? I was just telling them about your display. Now they can see for themselves.”

Tami smelled cigarette smoke and felt danger. These boys obviously had no regard for authority to be doing something so brazen in the school building.

“Guys, I don’t want any trouble,” she said as they surrounded her, effectively cutting off her exit. “Please, just let me go.”

“What’s the matter nudist, are you embarrassed?”

She shook her head. “No, it’s just, I don’t want to be forced to do anything, that’s all.”

She felt them closing in and was too frightened to move or fight back. A hand cupped her bare butt. Then one snaked around and groped her left breast, then her right. She then felt a hand sliding between her legs as another hand went to her mouth. She believed right then and there that she was about to be raped.

“What are you guys doing?”

The hands stopped and an opening came. She saw Joe standing there at the entrance of the hallway and she ran to him and put herself between him and the group of thugs.

“Getting to know the nudist, what’s it any business of yours Joe,” one of the boys asked.

“Well, this nudist is my sister,” Joe said. “So, Mike, that’s makes it my business.”

“Joe, she’s a nudist who doesn’t believe in modesty,” another boy spoke up. “What’s the big deal?”

“The big deal, Henry, is just because she doesn’t believe in modesty doesn’t mean that she doesn’t get to decide who touches her,” Joe said. Tami thought, if only he knew. “What you guys are planning is rape.”

Tami had never seen Joe so forceful. Of course she knew that he would do anything to protect her but she was used to seeing him as a slacker little brother more concerned with video games and sleeping late than anything else. But to see him as a confident man who stuck up for himself and her impressed her.

“It’s not rape man,” Mike said. “Your sister walks around flaunting herself, what does she expect.”

Joe took a step forward and Tami saw Mike cower. “She expects to be respected as a lady. Keep your mitts off of her or you will not like what I do to you. Let’s go Tami.”

He turned and walked away, grabbing Tami by the arm. Tami expected the thugs to follow them but was relieved to see they hadn’t.

“Crap Joe, that was awesome,” she said. “I’ve never seen you like that before.”

“Tami, I understand that you got suckered into his nudist thing and I am sure you have suffered for it but no one is going to touch you and get away with it. Not when I’m around.”

She stopped him and gave him a hug, hoping that no one would think it inappropriate. “I can’t tell you how much that means to me Joe. You have no idea.”

They walked until they were in front of Ms. Williams’ office. “Can I suggest that you wait in there until the time comes? That way, she can look out for you a little.”

She nodded. “Joe, thanks…for saving me and for what you said. I needed both.”

“You would have been fine once you got to your senses,” he said. “You’re as tough as anyone I know.”

He walked away. For the first time, Tami saw in him the Marine he wanted to be someday. She turned and knocked on the office door.

“Come in.”

She opened it and Ms. Williams smile. She had a forkful of salad in midair heading towards her mouth. “Tami, hey, what’s up,” she asked, putting the food in her mouth.

“Um, well, I had no place to be so I wondered if I could hang in here,” Tami said shyly. She hated being naked in front of this woman who was so put together and pretty. Ms. Williams dressed for success while Tami was stuck with just her tits and ass.

“Sure, I’m so rude, I should have asked you to wait here,” the woman said. “Have a seat.” Ms. Williams motioned to the couch that looked so comfy. As soon as she sat down, Tami relaxed, loving the feel of the soft cushions below her bare butt.

“Hope you don’t mind if I wolf down a few more bites of salad. I’ve been running around all day and with the competition I don’t know when I’ll get another chance.”

Tami felt so comfortable here with this woman. The harsh overhead lights were out. The only light in the room came from a lamp that sat on the end table next to the couch and two desk lamps. Tami heard soft music blaring from the computer speakers, realizing that the teacher had chosen a light hits station.

“So, Tami, what’s it like being naked all the time?”

As much as she wanted to, Tami knew she could not be honest. Though she trusted Ms. Williams, she didn’t want to jeopardize her scholarship at the college. So, again, she lied.

“It’s wonderful, most of the time,” she said. “Sometimes it can be difficult, when it’s cold or rainy or snowy. But, for the most part, I love it. I am so happy and feel so close to God.” She prayed an apology inwardly, though that last part was correct.

“Do you mind people looking at you and seeing your, um, everything?”

More than you can ever know. “No, not really. It took some getting used to but now it feels so natural. I barely notice it.” More lies. God forgive me.

“I am blown away by this, totally blown away,” Ms. Williams said. “I have always imagined being naked in public. I’ve thought about trying it but I always chicken out. Even once I went to a topless beach but couldn’t go through with it. I felt so silly with my bikini top on but I couldn’t do it. You must think I’m a terrible person.”

Tami knew exactly how the woman felt. Before her nude sentence, she would have been right there with Ms. Williams. In fact, she rarely wore a two-piece bathing suit. A bikini felt too revealing. Instead of the truth, though, she answered the teacher with wisdom far beyond her 18 years. “No Ms. Williams, everyone should live their own lives and do what makes them happy. Nudity happens to make me happy.”

The women made some more small talk when Ms. Williams looked at her watch. “Oh man, I am running late. I need to get changed.” She grabbed her duffel bag and began to walk out. Then she stopped. “Wait a minute. Tami, would you mind if I got changed here, in front of you? After all, why would you mind and maybe it would help me get over my fear of, you know, public nudity. I know it’s nothing compared to how you live your life but maybe it’s a small step?”

Tami shrugged. “Sure Ms. Williams, it’s your office. And I don’t believe in modesty so it won’t offend me.”

“Oh God, I can’t believe I’m doing this,” the woman said, locking her office door. “Can’t be too careful.” She sat back down and leaned over to unhook her heels. She slid each one off of her foot and placed her bare feet back on the floor. When she stood, Tami noticed how much smaller she looked. The nude girl thought that, if she had been standing, the two would be eye to eye. What a difference high heels can make, she thought to herself, another advantage to wearing shoes.

Tami noticed the teacher’s hands shaking as she reached to the hook and zipper on her right hip. Once undone, the woman pulled the pants down her legs. Tami caught a glimpse of black and realized that the teacher was wearing black panties. The woman’s blouse mostly covered the panties, though a hint, right at the crotch was visible.

“Jesus, I don’t know if I can do this,” the woman said. Finally she gripped the bottom of the blouse and quickly pulled it up and over her head. This gave Tami a full view of the teacher’s gorgeous breasts encased in a black lace bra. Either the woman was turned on by this or was feeling the cool air because her nipples threatened to poke a hole in the bra.

Moving her eyes down, Tami saw that Ms. Williams panties were matching lace. Tami could make out the woman’s bare lips, uncovered by hair and realized that, like her, Ms. Williams was bald down there. Ms. Williams then reached behind her and undid her bra, letting the straps fall down her arms and revealing full breasts that were round like Tami’s and perky. There was no hint of sag and it was obvious the woman worked out.

Ms. Williams stood there, her eyes locking the nude girl’s. The two were naked, save for the teacher’s panties. For a few seconds, the women looked at one another. Tami felt a stirring in her loins, a familiar feeling. Though she was not a lesbian, this moment turned her on tremendously. Knowing that another woman was so close to being naked like her meant so much.

“Oh God, I can’t do it any more,” she said. Ms. Williams dropped to her knees and fished out a sports bra and pulled it over her head followed by a t-shirt that was somewhat form fitting and read “Corliss Cheer Squad” just over her breasts. She then grabbed a pair of tight-fitting yoga pants that hugged her curves perfectly. She sat in the chair and pulled white ankle socks onto her feet and then sneaks. Tami was once again the only naked girl in the room. She would never have the option of not being naked.

“Tami that was so great, thank you for doing that for me,” the woman said. “I can’t believe it stood there almost naked. What a breakthrough.” The teacher leaned over and hugged Tami. Though she hugged back, Tami felt empty inside. Again, she was the only person never allowed the luxury of covering up. Ms. Williams had been unable to last more than a few seconds almost naked and she was just standing in front of one person. Tami had been fully naked for months now in front of hundreds if not thousands.

“I’m so happy for you,” Tami said, trying to hide the hint of tears forming in her eyes.

“Come on, the last bell is going to ring. Let’s go and see the girls.”

**Tami Spring Break 19**

The two women left the office and made their way towards the gym. The halls were mostly deserted until, about ¼ of their way there, the bell rang. In no time at all, the halls were full of students, chatting as they headed out, their day done. As had happened this morning, the crowds cleared a path for the naked girl. Tami was acutely aware of the stares of all of the students. Some waved and said hi, obviously members of Mr. Jenkins’ math class, and she returned the greeting, glad for some normalcy. Maybe she could pretend she was naked and was just a normal girl walking down the halls of her old high school. Sadly, her bare feet on the cold tile floor and the stares of all as she passed made it impossible to forget her current state.

They finally made it to the room next to the gym where the cheerleaders had gathered. This room contained floor-to-ceiling mirrors on three of the four walls and the cheerleaders and dance teams practiced here. This made it easier for them to see their routines as they went along. For Tami, it meant she was unable to avoid her nudity no matter where she looked.

Some of the girls were already there and stretching. Most of them had already seen Tami and all had heard about her. The new eyes feasted on her nudity while the old, though taking the time to observe the competition, moved on quickly. Soon, others joined them in the room, including Shelby and Lisa, the two mean girls from Mr. Jenkins’ class.

“Girls, this is Tami, last year’s captain,” Ms. Williams said. “She will hang with you and be here while you get ready. That will allow me the chance to get the competition going.”

With that the teacher left. The girls all looked at Tami. Shelby spoke first.

“So, Tami, why don’t you show us a few stretches,” she said. Tami gulped, knowing that Shelby and Lisa were exactly the kind of mean girls that would love a chance to abuse her. From her experience, this was not going to be good for her.

“Sure,” Tami began to stretch her upper body.

“No Tami, can you show us the stretch where your feet are spread REEEEALLL wide and then you bend forward to touch the ground between your legs? I can never figure that out.”

Tami knew that stretch would be very revealing given her naked state but what right did she have to resist. Slowly she spread her legs as wide as possible. Then keeping her arms together in front of her, she bent at the waist and touched the group between her legs. She heard a gasp from the girls behind her and knew that they were getting a good view of her exposed anus and vagina. She then got up and stood straight.

“Do you think you have it now Shelby,” she asked, trying to act cool.

“Almost TAM,” the girl said mockingly. “Think you can do it again for us…and maybe hold the stretch at the end so I can get a good look at it.”

Tami’s shoulders sagged. Again she felt like she was defeated. Again she spread her legs and bent at the waist, letting the whole group of girls get an up close and person view of her “privates” before counting to 60 and standing up again.

“Great TAM, thanks.”

Lisa raised her hand. “Tami. You know that stretch where you sit on the floor and spread your legs out vertically? Then you reach forward and touch the ground as far as you can? I can never do that right. Can you show us?”

These girls were grinding the knife in. “Sure Lisa.” Tami sat on the floor, feeling the soft cushioned mat beneath her bare butt. It took no physical effort but great mental anguish to spread her legs. She almost got to reach 180 degrees from her body. In this pose, Tami felt a breeze enter her nether region and knew that her pussy lips were spreading. She then bent forward until her upper body was prone to the floor. She felt her nipples graze the mat and then her breasts. When she got up, her face was red from the exertion and the humiliation.

“Once more please TAM,” Lisa said. The girl rolled her eyes but did as requested. This was so humiliating, showing herself to a group of high school girls, many of whom were her cheer teammates last year.

She felt a breeze and realized that Ms. Jenkins and Emily were entering. “What the hell are you girls doing sitting around,” Emily yelled. “Get stretching.”

Tami stood, happy to be out of that position. “Tami, can you go and fill the water bottles for the competition,” Ms. Jenkins said. “The big jug is in the trainers room.”

“Na-uh, the big JUGS are on Tami,” one of the girls said. It was obviously Lisa or Shelby but Tami didn’t recognize the voice.

“ENOUGH GIRLS, get serious now,” Emily said. “Go on Tami.”

Tami was relieved that she was no longer on display but felt odd at being subservient to Emily, her former friend. Still, she meekly followed orders and made her way out of the room and back into the hallway.

She tried to remember the path to the training room. She remembered that there were doors that led from the girls’ locker room. She made her way there and hurried through. The smell in a girls’ locker room was the same everywhere. Fruity scents filled the air from thousands of sprays of body spray and soap. She wondered what smell the boys locker rooms had.

She got to the training room and saw Laurie, the same trainer from her time there. Laurie was taping the ankles of a basketball player.

“WHOA,” the girl on the table said. “What is the story there?”

Laurie turned around and looked open mouthed at the nude girl. “TAMI? TAMI SMITHERS? What are you doing here? Why are you dressed like that? Or, um, undressed like that?”

“Hi Laurie, um, at college, I was called to be a religious nudist so, uh, I don’t wear clothes anymore,” she said, trying to ignore the looks of lust from the girl on the table and the look of shock from her former trainer.

“Well girl, I am glad that a fine looking woman like you has decided to be naked,” the girl said. “You are a fine looking woman.”

“Enough Sadie, you have a game to play today, take it easy,” Laurie said. “Tami, this is Sadie, our star basketball player and, obviously, a very proud lesbian.”

“An honor to meet you Tami,” the girl said. “A great big honor.”

“So, what are you doing here at school?”

Tami told the story about speaking to Mr. Jenkins’ class and then agreeing to help at the cheer competition. “You’re a cheerleader too,” Sadie said, pretending to faint. “Please come cheer at our game today? Just you, none of those other girls.”

“Not even Lisa,” Laurie asked with a smile. “I thought you liked her and that she was, um, on your team so to speak.”

“Oh she is and I think she is fine too but nothing compared to this creature here,” Sadie said, causing even Tami to laugh. “Plus, she wears that uniform. That covers up too much.”

The taping continued as Tami went to the water jugs and began filling smaller plastic bottles with water. These reusable “Gatorade” bottles were then placed in a carry case. Tami had to bend over slightly to fit the bottles over the spout. She could feel Sadie’s eyes on her and wondered what the girl could see.

Finally she was done, having filled 16 bottles.

“I’ll make sure to fill the big JUG again so you guys can refill,” Laurie said. “Great to see you Tam. Let’s catch up later tonight. I’m here in case anyone gets hurt at the cheer competition.”

“Oh man, they get a trainer tonight,” Sadie said. “What a joke! Guess you have to be ready if one of those girls breaks a nail or something.”

Tami seethed inside. She was going to let it pass but couldn’t.

“Excuse me, but those girls work their asses off on their routines,” she said. “Cheerleading is way more dangerous than basketball. Girls go flying around and can break limbs, tear ligaments, anything. Maybe you should shut up if you don’t know what you are talking about.”

The room got quiet but Tami could see Sadie getting angry.

“Excuse me, you naked slut, but don’t go telling me that the cheer tramps are athletes in their pretty little skirts and tight tops,” the girl said. “They are all exhibitionists, like you, who get off on showing their legs and boobs to the crowd. It doesn’t shock me that you would defend the cheer team. You would know something about being an exhibitionist. Go ahead, show me your puss. You probably wished that you could show the crowd your pussy back on the sideline but were too afraid.”

Tami started to make a move towards Sadie but Laurie stood up and stopped her. The woman was careful where to put her hands, not wanting to unintentionally grope the naked girl, but also trying to stop a fight.

“Alright girls, alright, that’s enough,” the woman said. “Let’s agree that both basketball and cheerleading are sports and that both require a tremendous amount of athleticism.”

“She called me a slut,” Tami said. “I want her to take it back.”

“I don’t think so, slut,” Sadie said, getting to her feet. She towered over Tami, standing about six or seven inches taller. “Walk around with your pussy and ass and tits on display, you are a slut.”

Tami didn’t know what came over her but she got away from the trainer and dove at the bigger girl. Sadie was surprised and both crashed to the floor in a heap. Tami felt Sadie rip at her bare skin with her nails before Laurie broke it up but she got some good punches in that she knew hurt the taller girl.

“ENOUGH,” she screamed. “Sadie, go and get dressed for the bus ride to the game.”

The basketball player got out from under the naked girl and stepped over her. “Girl, you’re lucky that Laurie broke us up or you’re pretty little body wouldn’t be so pretty.”

“Yeah right, who was on the bottom,” Tami spat back at her.

Sadie left the room and Tami got into a sitting position.

“Tami, I’m sorry about that, Sadie can be difficult,” Laurie said, offering the nude girl a hand to get up. “You ok?”

“Yeah, just a few scratches,” Tami said.

“Well, the water is filled,” Laurie said. “Go and send a freshman in to get it. Let’s talk later okay? I want to hear more about your lifestyle.”

Tami thanked her and entered the girls locker room. There, she was surprised to see Sadie sitting there putting on her sneakers. “Well, well, well, it’s the naked slut,” Sadie said. She stood up and walked towards Tami. Despite herself, the naked girl backed up a step and was soon against the row of lockers.

“Let me check to see if the slut is wet,” Sadie said, putting her left arm across Tami’s neck, locking her in place. In a flash, the girl slid her fingers between Tami’s legs and, before the girl could defend herself, was inside the girl’s lips. “Yep, soaking wet. The slut liked it didn’t she?”

Tami was frozen, unable to move. Why she didn’t defend herself was a mystery. She allowed this awful girl to rub her fingers back and forth and then in and out of her. Tami’s knees buckled in pleasure. It had been almost 20 hours since her last orgasm and that had been brief. There was no denying that she was yearning for another one.

“UH-UH-UH,” Tami moaned in rhythm with the girl’s fingers. Finally the girl pressed the front wall of Tami’s vagina, right where her g-spot was and Tami went over the edge. “UHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

The naked girl’s whole body went limp. The only reason she was standing was Sadie’s fingers inside of her and the arm across her neck which held her against the lockers. Finally, Sadie pulled her fingers out and wiped them on Tami’s bare breast.

“See, you wanted it, you are a slut,” Sadie said, pulling her arm away. But the tone this time wasn’t mean. It was just a matter of fact. “Nice meeting you Tamislut.”

The girl sat back down and laced up her sneakers and left. Tami was crumpled on the floor, devastated to have allowed that girl to do that to her. When she was finally alone, Tami got to her feet and left the locker room but not before stopping for a few paper towels to dry off her sex and her cheeks from crying.

**Tami Spring Break 20**

Tami returned to the stretching area where the team was going about their pre-game warmup, a bit shaken. Thankfully, the competition was close to starting so the girls were concentrating more on getting ready than on embarrassing the nude girl. She watched the girls spreading their bare legs to get ready. Some girls were demure and kept their skirts draped to cover their crotch but others paid no mind. Anyone looking in would have a perfect view of their barely shrouded sex.

Ms. Jenkins came in to gather the girls. “Thanks Tami,” she said. “Can you hang here a little bit in case I need you?”

Tami desperately wanted to say no but of course did not want to disappoint. “Sure.”

Julie, a sweet junior who Tami remembered as an amazing flyer on the team, offered her laptop to pass the time. Tami gratefully took the computer and wished the girls well.

Seeing the three walls of mirrors and the other full-sized window, Tami couldn’t figure out a place to sit that was out of view. There was no closet or office to hide in. She decided to sit on the floor against the wall, her legs crossed at the ankle. When she pulled the laptop onto her thighs and lifted the lid, she was surprised to realize that she was mostly covered. She knew that the mirrors would give views of her bare breasts from the side but in her life of total, absolute nudity, this was blessed covering.

She spent the next 10 or 15 minutes (hard to tell because there was no clock here and she didn’t wear a watch which would cover her and GASP! we wouldn’t want that!) surfing the Web. She was sad to see an email from Rod. He had slipped into an Internet café and sent her a message missing her. She missed him too and felt a stirring in her sex. Part of her felt guilty over her tryst with Derek earlier in the week but she knew that she loved Rod with all of her heart. No more dalliances for her!

She was reading a message board about celebrity gossip (Miley snorting cocaine, Demi in rehab, an upskirt photo of Hermoine) when she heard the door open. Her heart jumped in nervousness but she was glad to see that it was Ms. Jenkins.

“Tam, so, so sorry to bother and even more sorry to ask this but would you mind being a judge?”

Tami was stunned. She most certainly did not want to be a judge and flash all of those girls and families.

“Um, well, don’t you think, uh, the, uh girls and the parents and, um, everyone would be, uh, mad or something? Um, you know, about a naked girl being there and all.”

“Nonsense,” Ms. Jenkins said, putting her hand out to help the nude girl up. “I’ll just make an announcement and tell them you’re a nudist. They should understand.”

Tami slid the laptop into Julie’s bag and followed the woman out of the room. She started to shake as she heard the noise coming from the gym nearby. The energy in the room was palpable and made her very nervous. She knew that she was soon going to be naked in front of hundreds of eyes.

“Let me go in and introduce you and then you can come in,” Ms. Jenkins said. “The judges table is halfway up the bleachers on the far wall. Just come over and join us there. I’ll have all of the forms and everything.”

The woman opened the door, raising the volume level in the hall 1000 times higher. The closing of the door stifled it a bit but not by much.

“Everyone, sorry about the delay…we have been waiting for a judge to arrive but she has not shown up. I have found a replacement judge, Tami Smithers, who was our two-year captain. She is now a freshman at Campbell-Frank College and she agreed to help us. Now, Tami is a religious nudist so please don’t be alarmed by her nudity. Let’s welcome Tami!”

Tami pulled open the door and entered the gym. She immediately felt the hundreds of pair of eyes on her. These were almost entirely girls (though some dads were there) and they were gasping in shock as the naked girl came into view. None would have ever dared to walk naked into a room this public. The looks were appraising and all begrudgingly had to admit the naked girl had a beautiful body.

Tami walked across the mat, hearing the whispers and seeing people pointing at her. She then had to try to be demure while climbing the bleachers naked. As she went, she had to climb over people, giving them unobstructed views between her legs and brushing her bare breasts against them. She heard the giggling from the younger girls who could not believe that a girl would walk around nude like that.

Finally she made it to the judge’s table. She was mortified to recognize a local TV news anchor who had been a college cheerleader was one of the judges.

“Lyndsay McIntosh, Channel 8 News…what a pleasure,” she said, holding out her hand while not taking her eyes off of Tami’s bare breasts. “As anyone done a story on you yet?”

Oh God, no! “No, I’m not really interested in publicity,” she said. “Just doing what I feel called to do.”

“Shame, would get great ratings,” she said turning away.

The other judge was also someone Tami knew. Melinda Carlisle was the cheer captain when Tami was a sophomore.

“Hi Tami, nice to see you again, though I never thought I would see so much of you,” Melinda said smiling. They had always gotten along, though Tami had admired Melinda so much. She was always well put together and tonight was no exception. Her long blonde hair was pulled into a neat ponytail. She wore a white blouse, unbuttoned to show some skin but not too much. Tami saw she wore very expensive jeans, more expensive than anything in Tami’s while wardrobe back when she had a wardrobe. Looking down, Tami saw a pair of fashionable boots, which she knew cost nearly $200.

“Hey Melinda, you look great. I love your outfit,” Tami said, wishing that someone would be able to say that to her. All she had were tits and pussy and ass and feet.

“Thanks.”

Tami could see that many in the crowd were watching her and she felt cameras and video cameras pointed at her. She cringed, knowing that her nudity was now being recorded for all of posterity.

“Alright, let’s get started. The first squad is from Roslyn High School. Let’s hear it for the Cheer Bears!”

The Roslyn girls ran onto the mat. Tami looked at their uniforms with longing. Though she would have thought them very revealing back in high school, she would give 10 years off of her life for the chance to be this covered. The girls wore red sleeveless tops with gold trim with the word “Bears” written in script across the chest. Their skirts were also red with gold trim and the hem cut straight across just a few inches below their crotch. Once their routine began, she saw that they also wore red bloomers under their skirts.

The team was good but flubbed a few stunts. Tami gave them so-so grades. Still, she was glad to be absorbed in something instead of worrying who was watching her.

The next group was the local Catholic school, St. Anne’s. These girls wore more conservative uniforms. They had blue tops with white long sleeve shirts underneath. Their skirts were a bit longer than Roslyn’s, with blue with thick white trim. Their routine was tame, with no difficult stunts. Though executed perfectly, Tami gave them lower grades than Roslyn because they took no chances.

The third team was Notre Dame High. This team was huge, with several set teams. They wore yellow tops that left much of their midriff exposed and tiny cheer skirts that revealed a ton of leg. If Tami were not here, these girls would be the most naked in the room. The word “Irish” was written in block letters across their breasts.

This team was great, executing each move perfectly. Tami was wide-eyed as their stunts got higher and higher, building to an awesome finish. It took all of her restraint not to break into a standing ovation as they finished. She gave them the best marks so far and seeing nods from her fellow judges, she knew they were in agreement.

Next up was Sam Adams High School from near Boston, one of probably dozens located throughout New England. This team was good too in their red white and blue ensemble. The music was frenzied and the girls’ moves were in time to it. The only flaw was a mistake by a girl doing cartwheels who slipped on a landing and did a face plant. The group gasped but she got up and finished the routine. Another high mark but not as high as Notre Dame.

Four more teams, none spectacular, and finally up came the home team. “LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE CORLISS HIGH SCHOOL RAIDERS!” The girls came streaming onto the mat, looking professional in their pristine white uniforms with the black and silver trim. Tami knew that each girl had matching silver bloomers underneath.

The routine was perfect, seamless. The girls bounded all over the mat, owning the routine. Each stunt was flawless and the crowd was pumped, many rising to their feet. The final stunt was a pyramid with a split at the top. It was executed perfectly but the flyer slipped through the arms of her spotters and fell to the ground. The crowd gasped as the girl sprawled on the mat, her skirt splayed up to reveal her silver bloomers. She remained motionless for a moment but quickly got to her feet and continued the routine.

They finished and got huge applause but, sadly, not first place. Good old Notre Dame won first.

Ms. Jenkins read off the results but first acknowledged the judges. “We are all grateful to our judges: Lyndsay McIntosh from Channel 8 News, Melinda Carlise and our nudist Tami Smithers. Judges, please stand and take a bow.” Tami most certainly did not want to stand and bow but did as instructed, revealing herself more fully to the crowd. She had just settled into a feeling of being one of the crowd but was now on display again.

“Third place goes to…Sam Adams High School’s Lady Patriots! Come up girls and get your trophy.” The girls in red, white and blue jumped and screamed, excited about their third place finish. Their captains got the trophy and the whole team posed for a photo. Like girls everywhere, they seemed to know exactly how to pose. Girls in front bent over, hands on their knees so the girls in the back row were able to be seen.

“Now, second place goes to…the Corliss High Raiders! Way to go girls.”

The excitement level dropped. Corliss was used to winning every competition they entered and were disappointed to not win this one. Still they got on the mat and accepted the trophy from their coach and posed for the photo.

“Finally, the winner of the Corliss High School cheer competition…NOTRE DAME HIGH SCHOOL LADY IRISH! Congratulations girls!”

The team went wild. To win a competition was one thing but to win it over your biggest rival at their competition was too much to handle. Tears flowed and hugs abounded. Parents rushed the staging area to take photos as the official photographer tried to harness the girls into a photo.

Finally, the competition was over. Tami wanted to get to her ankle pouch to call Joe. She had left it in the warmup room with the stuff from the other girls.

She made her way down the bleachers, trying to ignore the looks and stares, knowing that she was the object of many attentions. She had just reached the floor when Melinda stopped her and leaned in for a hug. “Great seeing you Tam, keep in touch,” she whispered. “I’m proud of you. Can’t be easy doing what you are doing. Keep doing what makes you happy.” When the hug broke, Tami realized that she could feel the familiar stirrings in her sex. She hoped that it would not be obvious to everyone.

The girls were still partying on the mat. That’s the way it goes at these competitions…the music plays and the girls dance, win or lose. Tami tried to make her way through the crowd and was shocked to feel people grabbing at her, touching her brazingly. Finally she made it to the other side where Ms. Jenkins stopped her.

“Tam, can you sell these raffle tickets at the door as people leave? I tried to get some girls to do it but they’re so upset about losing first place.”

Tami’s heart dropped…more exposure. “Sure, no problem but my brother’s coming for me soon.”

“No problem, I’m sure Joe won’t mind spending a bit of time with several hundred cheerleaders do you?”

“No, I guess not.”

Tami took the stack of raffle tickets and made her way towards the front doors of the school. She felt so exposed and naked standing there as people filed by. They all drank in her nudity as she tried to sell the tickets. “$5 a piece, 3 for $10.” Some stopped and bought. To be this close to such a big crowd felt very uneasy. In actuality, she only wanted to get to her phone. Finally, the crowd started thinning out and finally just a few remained. Tami knew that hundreds of people had seen her naked tonight, many up close and personal. It was the latest in a long line in indignities thrust upon her in her naked sentence.

Ms. Jenkins finally relieved her. “Thank you so much Tami, you are such a trooper and thanks for before too. It meant a lot to me.” Tami accepted the hug and headed to the warm up room to get her phone and call Joe. When she got there, she was met with the angry scowls of the Corliss cheerleaders.

“Here’s one of the traitors now,” one of the girls called out and all heads turned towards her. “How could you turn on your old team?”

Tami was stunned. “What are you talking about?”

“Coach Jenkins said it was unanimous, all three judges gave Notre Dame first place,” Julie said softly. “We don’t like to lose.”

“No, we don’t,” Shelby said sharply. “Especially when a former Corliss cheerleader is sitting up there, showing tits and ass to everyone and then choosing Notre Dame over us. Bitch!”

Tami felt the group closing in on her. Her escape route to the door was also blocked.

“Girls, you were awesome, but there was that one slip,” she said, her voice quivering. “Notre Dame was flawless.”

“Their uniforms turn you on,” Lisa asked. “I heard that you are kind of sex fiend now. All of that girl flesh do something for you?”

Tami was getting nervous. She heard Julie trying to speak up for her.

“Leave her alone guys, it’s not her fault we lost…”

“Shut Up Julie,” Shelby said. The group closed in her closer and closer.

“STOP!” It was Emily. “Shelby, what the hell are you doing? Leave her alone.”

“Em, stop bossing us around,” Lisa said harshly. “She cost us the competition.”

“Bullshit. Did she drop Ally on the way down? No, she just accurately judged the competition. Stop being an asshole.”

Emily rushed into the circle and took Tami by the hand. “Let’s go Tami,” she said, pulling girl.

“Wait, I need my pouch,” she said. Tami rushed over and bent down to get the pouch. As she did, she felt a finger plunge into her upturned pussy.

“AAHHHHH!!!”

“See, soaking wet,” Lisa said, holding her finger up in the air. “Told you she was a perv. Those ND girls turned her on.”

“Let’s go Tami,” Emily said, leading Tami out of the room. The naked girl was shaking. It was her fourth negative encounter in one day here. She vowed never to come back.

“You ok,” Emily asked her softly as they stopped outside the main office.

Tami nodded. “Thanks for your help back there,” she said. “I don’t know what came over them.”

“We’re not used to losing and they’re looking for someone to blame,” the girl said. “You walked in and were an easy target.”

“Are you mad at me too?”

“No, Notre Dame deserved to win, it just stings is all,” Emily said. “Well, I’d better run back and get changed. Can I give you a ride or something?”

“Sure, that would be great.”

“Alright, give me 10 minutes to grab my clothes,” she said. “Sorry, does that offend you?”

“No, that’s fine,” she said laughing. “Not everyone wants to be naked.”

“HA, you can say that again,” Emily said laughing. “I think I would die if I were in your place. OK, 10 minutes.”

The girl ran off, leaving Tami alone. The naked girl, after all she had been through today, felt very vulnerable and drifted into a darkened corner of the hallway. She saw Shelby and Lisa storm off. It didn’t surprise her that they remained in their uniform, long bare legs showing off under their skirts. The only addition was the windbreakers that each girl wore… Corliss High Cheerleaders over one breast and the girl’s name in a megaphone over the other.

Most of the team followed. They too were still in their uniforms though some had thrown sweatpants on under their skirts to protect their legs from the cold and also wore windbreakers. Tami felt so jealous of them and desperately wished she could put something on to protect herself but all she had was the skin and body God gave her.

She was still in the shadows watching when Julie left. She was fully dressed in a hoodie and sweatpants and Uggs, her cheer uniform in a bag. It was like her not to flaunt her cheerleader status out of school. She thought about revealing herself and say goodbye, to thank her for her kindness, but felt too vulnerable and resolved to send her an email.

Tami grabbed her phone and texted Joe that she had a ride but asked him to leave the front door open. Her brother texted back in minutes to let her know he and their mom were still awake and would wait up with the door unlocked.

Finally, Emily was back, looking around for Tami. Tami popped from the shadows and called to her.

“Oh jeez, I wondered where you went,” Emily said. “Ready?”

Tami’s throat felt dry. Emily was so beautiful and put together. She wore a thin green v-neck sweater with a white t-shirt (lace trim) underneath. Her jeans weren’t super expensive but perfectly fitting on her and the girl wore cute ballet flats. Emily’s hair was swept up and clipped, showing her face off wonderfully well. Over her shoulder, she carried an equipment bag and a backpack plus a light jacket in her arms.

The naked girl could only look on with envy. Emily looked so cute and all she had to show the world were her bare breasts and pussy and toes and nipples. She would give anything to wear a cute sweater or comfy jeans or ballet flats (ah ballet flats!). Anything that would cover her own cursed nudity.

Instead of blurting all of this out to the girl, she just nodded and said, “yep” and followed the girl towards the door. Emily dropped her bag and put her light jacket on. “It’s my first chance to wear this jacket,” Emily said with a smile. “It was so cold. Now it’s just a little chilly. But I guess I don’t have to tell you after all you’ve been through.”

No, cold was something Tami knew very well and this was merely uncomfortable. Still, she ached to wear a light jacket, anything for cover. And Emily looked so cute. Instead, she just said, “yeah, after a winter in Vermont, this is like Hawaii.”

She crossed her arms over her chest as they walked. Emily apologized for having parked so far away this morning. “I like getting exercise,” she said. “Hope you’re not too uncomfortable.”

“No, I’m fine,” Tami said. Physically, of course, she had been through much worse, but mentally she just wanted to go home. Still, she was feeling the chill. That plus the hard gravel under her poor feet made the walk a long one for the naked girl.

Finally they got to the car, a little Toyota parked in the furthest reaches of the lot. Tami shivered and hugged herself, bending over at the waist, while she waited for Emily to unlock the door. “Sorry Tam, nothing automatic,” she said, “could only afford the basic model.”

The girl entered the driver’s side and leaned over to unlock Tami’s door. The naked girl gratefully slid into the seat and gasped at the feel of the cold fabric against her bare skin, thrusting her butt in the air to escape the cold seat.

“Sorry, wished I had warmed it up for you,” Emily said sheepishly.

“No problem, don’t worry about it,” Tami said, her butt just now settling into the cold seat.

Once the car started, Emily blew the heat towards Tami who was shivering. The temperature had dropped considerably since this morning. Though it wasn’t in danger zone, it was seriously cold and she shivered. Finally, after a few minutes, the heat was pumping and she felt better.

They drove for a bit, chatting about school, etc. Then Emily asked, “what’s it like being naked all the time?”

You have no idea, Tami thought.

“There some wonderful times when I am happier than I’ve ever been and there are times that are tough,” she said honestly. “I suppose everyone sacrifices for their religious beliefs sometimes.”

“I can’t imagine being naked in front of everyone,” Emily said. “How did you do that the first time?”

Tami tried to remember the humiliation of that first day of school. Beyond the streaking episode, which was crazy in and of itself, the act of walking naked to class the first time was incredibly embarrassing. At least she was allowed to wear sneakers on her feet. Being barefoot was a whole new level of nude for her. For a while, she was allowed flip flops and a vinyl raincoat and a flimsy t-shirt that she was supposed to wear to labs and the dining hall. Over time, that was all taken away. Soon, she had nothing to cover herself. Her bed was stripped, her pillow and blankets removed. The bath towels she had excitedly bought prior to arriving at college had been removed and replaced with tiny hand towels that would keep her from covering up.

“Well, I prayed, a lot,” she said. “I knew that I was called to do it and if I prayed, I would get through it.”

They drove in silence. Tami thought that Emily was really listening. Suddenly, the girl pulled into a Wal-Mart parking lot and stopped the car.

“Tam, can I ask you a crazy question,” the girl said, turning her body to look Tami in the eye.

“Sure.”

Emily looked unsure of herself but then pressed forward. “Can I see you, um, your vagina?”

Tami tried to hide the shock that she felt. She hadn’t seen this humiliation coming.

“Jeez, I’m so sorry, forget it, I’ve embarrassed you,” Emily said, turning her body to face front. The girl was putting the car into gear. “It’s just that, you’re a nudist and I heard that you had no modesty and I’ve never seen one up close, I mean, one that’s not my own and I was just curious.”

It was obvious that Emily was nervous and embarrassed from asking the question. Tami started to panic. Would it get out that she had refused to show her vagina to this girl? After all, would a nudist have any reason to balk?

“Wait, Em, it’s fine, I’m not embarrassed,” Tami said, desperately trying to get through the words. “I just wasn’t expecting it, that’s all.”

Emily put the car back in park and turned her body, a huge smile on her face. She reached up and clicked on the dome light, bathing the car brightly.

Tami undid her seat belt and turned her body, trying to figure out how to position her body. Thankfully she was a former gymnast and cheerleader and was used to contorting her body in many flexible ways. She put one foot on the middle console and the other on the dashboard, just above the radio. This was as spread out as she could be in this cramped car seat.

For her part, Emily was spellbound. She never believed that Tami would do it but was so happy. She was so interested and leaned in to get a better view.

“Tami, your vagina is, well, beautiful,” Emily said, peering up at the naked girl’s face and then back at the spread vagina. “Seriously, I never thought of a vagina as pretty but yours really is.”

Tami didn’t know how to answer that…after all, how many girls receive that kind of compliment? All she could utter was a weak “thank you.”

The girl moved her head in even closer and Tami could feel her breath ticking her sensitive area. Though she should have been used to this by now, every exposure struck her to the core, especially in such an intimate situation.

Finally Emily looked up. “Can I touch it?”

OH GOD, Tami thought. This is getting worse. But how could she, a nudist with no modesty, object? “Ok,” she said softly. In seconds, she felt Emily’s fingers tentatively touch her lips. Then she felt her spreading those lips and grazing the sensitive smaller lips inside. “Wow, you are so wet and hot down there,” Emily said in a childlike voice. “Cool.” She continued playing with Tami’s pussy, sliding her fingers in and out, pulling on her clit and then the lips. Tami wasn’t getting close to an orgasm but she felt her arousal building. Finally, Emily pulled her hand away.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you,” the girl said, turning back forwards. “I have always wondered what one would look like up close but never had the chance. I tried to see my own in the mirror but it never works out.”

Tami maneuvered her body back into her seat, no longer spreading herself. She felt the squelch of wetness between her lips as they rub together. She had to stifle a moan as she did. She was mortified when she noticed that the car was filled with the smell of female secretions, her secretions.

“You’re welcome,” she said. “I tried to see my own too but couldn’t.”

They drove in silence. Then Emily said, “you ever been with a girl?”

Tami knew understood. Emily thought she might a lesbian but had not tried it.

“Yes, a lot,” Tami said, feeling very worldly compared to her high school friend.

Emily’s eyes got big. “Really? A lot? But you like boys don’t you?”

“Yes, I love boys and have a boyfriend but I also like girls,” Tami said, not believing the words coming out of her mouth. A year ago, if someone had predicted that Tami Smithers, a blue-collar, Catholic girl from Massachusetts, would sit here and discuss being with a woman, she would have laughed hysterically. Of course if someone had predicted that Tami would not wear clothes for almost eight months she never would have believed that either.

“Girls are different. I love having a man ... me but with girls, it’s just different,” Tami said, still disbelieving the words streaming from her. “My girlfriend licks me so lovingly. It’s awesome.”

Tami noticed Emily squirm a bit in the driver’s seat and knew the words were having an effect on her. Suddenly, the girl again pulled into a parking lot.

“Tami, I’m sorry, but can I see your butthole?”

Tami’s mouth opened wide. She had not been expecting this, not at all. In fact, all of the power she had felt a few seconds ago had disappeared in a flash.

“Um, yeah, I guess, sure.” Again she undid her seatbelt and tried to figure a why to display her butthole to the driver. By putting one leg in the backseat and one on the floor, with her head resting on the door, she was able to maneuver it so her butt was in Emily’s face.

She felt the girl’s breath on her wrinkled anus and felt tremendous shame. No girl had ever been asked to do this as often as she had…in fact, most girls had probably never been asked to do this, except maybe with a lover. Tami had shown her butthole to dozens of people.

There was something very intimate to this as well. Then she felt Emily’s lips on her smooth asscheek and the girl’s fingers rub her slit.

“AHH,” the naked girl moaned at the soft touch.

“Tami, may I lick you?”

Tami did not want this emotionally but physically very much wanted the girl to lick her. She finally emitted a muffled “yes” and felt Emily’s face close the few inch gap. In seconds, the girl’s tongue was darting onto Tami’s slit which was hanging just below her anus.

“OHHH,” Tami exhaled. What Emily lacked in experience she made up for in exhuberence. In no time at all, Tami was knocking at orgasm’s door. Just as the wave was about to hit, she felt Emily tentatively stick a finger into her anal opening. That was enough to send her over the edge and Tami screamed out a wild orgasm. Emily nursed it for several seconds before removing her finger from Tami’s ass and then her tongue from the naked girl’s slit. Tami slumped even further on the seat, betrayed by her body into an orgasm in the most unusual of ways.

“Thank you Tami,” Emily said. “You are my first.” She heard the girl click her own seatbelt and then put the car into gear. Tami could barely move from the exertion of the orgasm but rallied, not wanting to be seen in the position she had been in. When she was upright, Emily leaned over and kissed her softly on the lips.

The rest of the ride home was in silence. Finally, outside of her house, Tami thanked her friend. “No Tami, thank you. Maybe now I will take more chances with other girls. I was so afraid but you made it easy for me.”

Another kiss on the lips. Tami was too tired to resist, even though she just wanted to be back in her house and safe from these awful moments that sprang upon her.

“Bye Tami and thanks again.”

“See ya Emily and thanks for the ride,” she said, realizing the double entendre too late.

She bounded up the steps, thinking about what a long day it had been. She wondered if she smelled like pussy after the encounter with Emily. She saw a dish towel sitting on a chair on the porch and used it to wipe her sex, gasping when the cold fabric hit her poor vagina. Finally she felt like she had gotten most of it and went inside where her mom and brother sat, watching TV. After some small talk, the naked girl went to bed, exhausted physically and emotionally. It was to be her last night before heading back to college. She wondered what laid ahead for her there.

**Tami Spring Break 21**

The cheerleading competition was in full swing. The music blared out of the speakers as the Corliss High cheer team went through their routine. Katy Perry belted out the words as the group’s set their stunts. The girl at the top of the pyramid stood out in contrast from her teammates. Instead of their skirts and tops and sneaks, she stood completely nude. Sticking out of her vagina and anus were pom poms that she had learned to shake without moving her hips.

She stood on her bare feet, one on the back of the left side pyramid and the other on the right. That spread of her legs looked painful but the gymnast managed. To dismount, she did a flip, landing perfectly on two dildos mounted and greased. She rode these dildos to orgasm after orgasm while the cheerleaders danced around her, cheering her on.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the winners, yet again, Corliss High School.”

The team gathered around their naked teammate, who was still riding those dildos to orgasms. Just as the photographer took the official picture, the girl launched into her 15th orgasm of the competition.

The lacrosse team filed into the locker room after a tough loss, their first of the season. The girls sat on the benches in front of their lockers. Some cried while others seethed.

Coach knew that she had to give them something to buck up their spirits. So she called on Naked Tami. Tami had been a student at the school years ago but her malady kept her from graduating. She could not stop orgasming. No matter what anyone did to her, her body reacted as if she was being romanced by a lover. Her parents couldn’t handle her anymore and she lived in a small closet in the basement of the school.

Coach went and got Tami, wheeling her into the locker room. Pulling her up to her bare feet, Coach tied the girls hands to a bar running along the top of the lockers and her ankles spread out so she looked like an inverted y.

She then went to get the girls.

“Ladies, I know this was a tough game for you but we are in luck,” she said. “You can take your frustration out on naked Tami.”

The girls gasped. They had all heard about naked Tami but no one had seen her in years. They ran to the area where coach had bound the naked girl.

“There are no limits to what you do to her except maiming her or killing her,” Coach said. “She will react to everything like you were loving licking her vagina. Let her have it girls.”

No one moved until Brooke, the team captain stepped forward. “I hate those girls from Central High,” she yelled and slammed her fist into Naked Tami’s defenseless stomach. The nude girl got the wind knocked out of her but when she got the strength back she moaned out in pleasure not pain. Soon other girls began hitting her, getting their frustration out. Each blow was like another wave of orgasm for the nude girl who bucked and screamed in ecstasy. It took more than an hour but the girls finally tired. Tami was left hanging there, black and blue with lacrosse sticks in both of her lower holes trying to contain herself after more orgasms than anyone could count.

“I miss this free throw, you get whipped. I make it, you get licked. Easy right?”

Tami was tied in an X, her wrists tied to the rim, her feet extended and tied to the bleachers on either side. Sadie had the basketball and was about to shoot.

Tami had already been like this for more than an hour as Sadie practiced in an empty gym. The nude girl was Sadie’s muse, her toy, and Sadie liked having her there while she practiced. She owned this girl and would do whatever she wanted.

Sometimes, during games, she would tie Tami in a hogtie and leave her under the bleachers for hours. Just knowing that her toy was there was enough to help Sadie play better. She was a good luck charm.

Now Tami would be incentive. After 90 minutes of strenuous workout, Sadie was taking free throws. Make the show, she would end the workout and give Tami the orgasm she had been yearning for. Miss it, she would whip Tami to shreds and then go another 30 minutes before trying again.

DRIBBLE, DRIBBLE, DRIBBLE. SWISH.

Tami exhaled a sigh of relief. Now she would be allowed to cum. Sadie had left a vibrator inside of her for the full workout and it was not enough to let her cum but enough to keep her on edge for the entire practice.

“Not yet. Best of 9.”

Tami groaned as Sadie began her free throw technique.

“TAMI! TAMI! TAMI!”

It was a voice from outside of her door. Tami bolted up in her bed. “YEAH?!?”

“Someone’s on the phone for you,” her mom said. “It’s Rod.”

Tami jumped out of bed, letting the disconcerting dreams that seemed to be regular occurrences vanish. She padded over on her bare feet to the door and opened it. Her mom stood there with the phone in hand.

“Thought you’d want to take this call,” she said, a knowing smile on her face.

“Hello.”

“Hey babe, sorry to wake you. Were you dreaming about me?”

“You know it lover, and it was beautiful, but you weren’t wearing clothes,” she said sexily into the phone hoping her mom couldn’t hear her.

“Nice, how did you know I was naked right now?”

“Oh Rod, are you really?”

Laughter. “Nah, I’m in a car with five other guys, might be weird.”

Tami’s heart sank a little. Of course he wouldn’t be naked. She was the only naked person in this world. Only she was allowed in a car naked, walking in public naked, going to class naked, judging a freaking cheer competition naked. It was so frustrating but she tried to tamp that down, not wanting to ruin the mood that Rod’s call had created in the first place.

“Maybe not…you should all get naked and follow my lead,” she said flirting. “Maybe we could all have some fun.”

Rod laughed. “Nah, I’m not sharing you with anyone else,” he said. Of course with his buddies listening he wouldn’t add “than I already do.” Rod knew that Tami and Jen “did” it often and now he knew about Chalfont. Still, she tried to make him feel special, like he was the only person in her world.

“You know I’m yours stud,” she said.

“Oh Tami, I can’t wait to see you.”

“Me too lover. I’ve missed you so much. How was Appalachia?”

The conversation was short since Rod had to share the phone with the other five guys in the van. They promised to catch up on Sunday when they got back to school.

Tami laid back in bed and wondered if she could drift back off. She was so tired but she wondered if sleep was a good idea, especially in light of her dreams. The one with the lacrosse team was especially strange. She had never gotten off on pain or sadism like Wanda and, to a lesser extent, Mandy. But she had to admit, the dream felt very real.

Instead of sleeping, Tami put her hands down under the blanket and began diddling herself. It had never been something she did often but lately it was becoming a habit. She was feeling horny, a regular feeling during her naked sentence, and had to take the edge off. She was going fast and furious and was close to an orgasm when she heard a knock on the door.

“Tam?” Christ, it was her dad!

“yeah,” she said, moving her hands away from her sex as quickly as possible. She felt as if her vagina was drying up at the thought of her dad just a few feet away while she was masturbating.

“Can I come in?”

NO, NO NOOOO!!

“Um, sure, she said, rising to a seated position, her bare back against her head board. As she did this, her breasts popped into view, her achingly erect nipples pointing at the door as dad opened it. She would never, ever get used to being naked in her dad’s presence.

“Hey, um, I know this is sudden but I wondered if you wanted to join me for a trip to see uncle Robert? It’s his 80th birthday and Aunt Jane is throwing a party for him. Preston and Amaryl will be there with Aunt Charlotte and Uncle Herbert.”

Tami groaned internally. The last thing she wanted to do was attend a family party naked. Christmas and Thanksgiving had been bad enough. But she could tell that it would mean a lot to her dad.

“yeah, sure, tonight?”

“Well, it’s actually an afternoon party since Uncle Robert’s getting up in age and goes to bed early. I was hoping to leave in an hour or so. Aunt Jane’s house is a good 90 minutes from here.”

UGGH! So much for a relaxing day out of the spotlight. She was heading back tomorrow and desperately wanted to rest and stay home.

“OK, I’ll shower and get ready. Are Mom and Joe coming too?”

“No, Joe has an event at school tonight. Mom’s going to stay home to take him. I was going to go by myself but figured I would ask you to join me and keep me company.”

Her dad could be sweet at times even if he didn’t realize the shame he was heaping on her by asking her to go to this party. At least she had been with most of these people before so her nudity wouldn’t be new to them but still shaming. She would be on display, yet again. You would think after all of these months that she would be used to it but she had an endless well of shame.

Her dad left the room with a smile as Tami reluctantly slid out from under the covers and began her naked day. She was pleased to see the bathroom was available. On her way in, she grabbed a large bath towel from the hall linen closet, a luxury that she would miss when she returned to school tomorrow.

Tami turned on the water to get it hot and squatted on the toilet to pee. She felt the slickness of her lips from her near orgasm and remembered the shame she had felt last night being brought to orgasm by Emily in her car. And then this morning, almost cumming in front of her dad. How mortifying!

She wiped herself clean and hopped into the now warm shower. She loved taking showers, pulling the curtain shut and being naked only to herself. The shower was a place where nudity was normal and she felt like old Tami in the shower. Plus she was away from prying eyes, another luxury for an always naked girl.

Tami lathered up her hair, enjoying her mother’s lavender scented shampoo and conditioner. She felt the smooth soap lather run down her body as she rinsed her long, red hair. Taking her mother’s bath soap, she took her time and cleansed her arms, shoulders, breasts, belly, waist, vagina, thighs and then down her long legs. Putting her bare feet up on the edge, she took a long time to clean each one, using a brush to scrape the worst dirt off. Finally she grabbed her razor and, borrowing her mom’s shaving cream, she denuded her underarms, her pubic area and her legs.

The water was now cooling off as Tami turned the stream off. Opening the curtain, she glimpsed herself, all red and clean and almost completely hairless. She had to admit that her body was gorgeous, more perfect that she could ever remember it. Before her nudity days, Tami had rarely looked at her body in the mirror. Sure she would see how she looked in an outfit or a bathing suit but almost never naked. Now of course there was no other way she could see herself.

Her breasts seemed to be getting fuller and her nipples were always pointy and hard. Her belly was concave and then flared out a bit to her hips, giving her perfect curves. Between her legs, where her pussy lips hung, there was a gap between her thighs. Then, there were her toned, long legs that went down to feet that were spread out, unhindered by shoes. She was the perfect female specimen and being naked played a large part in making her that way, not that she wouldn’t trade it all for clothing.

Tami grabbed the towel and wrapped it around herself. At school this wasn’t possible. She would have been accused of modesty and expelled. She only used hand towels that did not allow for cover. Each shower forced her to use four of five of them to dry.

The feel of the soft fabric against her nipples was so nice. She felt warm and protected, something that hardly ever happened for Tami. She looked at her reflection and was surprised to not see boobs and vagina and bare skin. From her chest to her thighs, she was covered in white terrycloth. The naked girl closed her eyes and prayed to God in thanksgiving for covering.

Because she was going to a party, she blow dried and curled her long red hair, trying to make it look a bit nicer. As she was brushing her teeth, she noticed that her nails looked horrible. After putting on some make up, Tami grabbed polish from under the sink and gently dabbed periwinkle blue onto each finger nail. She then looked down at her bare feet and decided that they needed it too. Tami was unable to keep her towel on and paint her toes so she let the towel drop. As she was bent over to paint her toes, her brother pushed into the bathroom. Tami knew he got a clean view of her dangling breasts and her spread vagina as she stood with one foot on the toilet. He quickly excused himself and let her be in privacy. A year ago, Tami would have screamed at him for barging in on her. Now, it was hardly anything at all. In fact, she was grateful that he left her in some sort of privacy.

Finally her nails were done. She knew that it was silly to care about how she looked. After all, her nails and face were rarely the center of attention. No, sadly, most people only saw her breasts and vagina. Still, she was a girl and wanted to look nice for her uncle’s birthday party.

In her room, she put on deodorant and dabbed on some perfume. Grabbing tissues and a tampon (you can never be too sure and her period was due any day), she went to her closet to grab a purse, momentarily forgetting that Tami Smithers did not own things normal girls did. Her purses and other bags had been removed to whatever secret location her clothes were being held. She grabbed her pouch plus her other items and went into her mom’s room. There, hanging where they always do, were her mom’s handbags. Tami grabbed a small one, just large enough to hold her few things, and headed downstairs. She was well under the hour mark that her father had set for her. Not having to choose clothes and get dressed greatly cut down on her getting ready time.

Her father was sitting reading the paper. He looked up and noticed his daughter’s hair and make up. “Wow, Uncle Robert must really rate, you look great,” he said with a smile. Tami was happy to note that his eyes did not go below her shoulders.

“Thanks Dad,” she said, beaming. “Mom, can I borrow your bag? Mine are all gone.”

“Sure honey,” Mrs. Smithers said. “Sorry about that, I must have gotten overzealous when your dad and I cleaned out your closet.”

Tami sat down and was met with a plate of Belgian waffles with powdered sugar, her absolute favorite food of all time. As she dug in, mumbling a thank you to her mom through a full mouth, Tami realized she was lucky she didn’t live at home and get fed like this. She would not want to be naked and fat!

She finished her meal just as her dad had returned to the kitchen with his jacket on. Joe entered as well, grunting a “hey” to his mother’s cheery “Good Morning Joseph.”

“Ready Tami?”

“Ready for what,” Joe asked after downing a full glass of orange juice.

“We’re going to Uncle Robert’s birthday party.”

Joe laughed. “Really? Oh man, sorry I’m missing that. Tell Amaryl and Pres I said hi.”

Tami and Joe exchanged goofy looks that only siblings could. Joe was feeling superior to Tami for getting out of the family party and Tami had nothing to get him on so she stuck her tongue out at him.

“OK, let’s get going then,” Mr. Smithers said. He leaned over and kissed his wife. “see you later hon. Bye Joe.”

Tami did the same, getting a “be careful around Preston” warning from Joe who then laughed. Tami remembered that Preston was very, um, excited to see his naked cousin and was not shy about letting her know about his, um, excitement. Tami shivered at the memory.

They headed out the door and down the steps to the driveway where her father had started his Volvo sedan and warmed it up, even though spring was coming and the temperature was well above freezing. He was a fanatic about taking care of his car and he hadn’t wanted Tami to be uncomfortable either.

Tami’s heart sank a bit when she saw a folded towel on the passenger seat. Obviously her father did not want his naked daughter to sit her bare ass on his precious car seat. Who knows what a naked girl might leak onto his leather seats. She slid in and frowned, trying to forget about such a minor slight but she couldn’t. It was like her father thought of her as a pet and he needed to protect his precious car. She stewed silently.

Her father noticed but didn’t have the foggiest clue what had happened. He and Tami had always been close but there are times when a father and daughter struggle. He looked over and saw that Tami had pulled her seat belt on, the strap knifing between her bare breasts. She crossed her legs at the knee and placed her purse on her lap, effectively blocking the view to her sex. With her arms crossed in anger, like now, she wasn’t showing anything private. He figured that anyone driving by, except for trucks and high SUVs, would assume she was wearing a strapless shirt or a tube top. That was good because even though it was his decision to enforce her nudity at home, he still wasn’t too comfortable with people seeing her naked.

They drove in silence, the only sound coming from the radio which was playing country. Tami allowed a smile. Her father had been a big fan of guys like Johnny Cash and Hank Williams but now loved artists like Carrie Underwood and Miranda Lambert. She heard him singing along (barely audible) with Carrie’s “Cowboy Casanova” and felt some of her anger melt.

John Smithers noticed the melting and smiled. “Mind telling me what I did wrong to make you get mad at me,” he asked softly. His naked daughter laughed.

“Well, since you asked, I kind of mind being treated like your pet,” she said sharply.

“My pet? What are you talking about?”

“Yes, your pet. You are making me sit on a towel, like a dog or something who can’t control herself.”

The man got redfaced. “Come on Tami, you have to understand. That’s a leather seat and I didn’t want to ruin it.”

“Ruin it by doing what? You think I might forget I’m in a car and pee on it? Or worse, poop on it?”

“No, stop it, you’re being silly,” the man said, getting a little testy. “I just thought it might be better not to have bare skin on the leather, that’s all.”

“In case I leaked or something,” Tami asked. She never spoke to her dad like this but felt ashamed and was fighting back. “You know I can control myself.”

The man took a deep breath. “You’re right, I’m sorry Tami.” The girl turned and looked at her dad, mouth open in shock. “You are not my pet and I know that you can control yourself. I guess I just wasn’t thinking.”

The girl turned and looked out the front window, a smile filling her face. It was a very rare occurrence for John Smithers to apologize for anything, especially to his wife and children. He would realize he was wrong and make it up to them but he never apologized.

“You know, your mother is always saying that I care more about this car that my family,” he said. “And, as you know, I have never been accused of being sensitive to people’s feelings.”

“It’s okay Dad,” she said. “It wasn’t a totally ridiculous thought. I mean, I guess a naked butt on your leather seat might not be the best thing. And you never know what might leak out, by accident of course. Sorry I overreacted.”

Tami would not believe that she was talking to her dad about things that “leak out” of a girl. This was a conversation she would never forget.

They drove on for a while. “How long until we get to Jane’s?”

“About two and a half hours,” the man said.

Tami closed her eyes and shortly, with the buzz of the road, fell asleep, her side resting against the door, her head against the window. In her sleep, her legs had uncrossed and, uncomfortably, her father noticed that her vagina was visible. He turned his vision away so he couldn’t see his daughter’s sex and drove on.

After about 90 minutes or so, a truck horn blared as the driver caught sight of the naked girl in the car next to him. It woke Tami with a start.

“What happened,” she said sleepily.

“Nothing, a truck was trying get by a slow moving car,” her dad lied. He knew that the driver had seen his naked daughter and was tooting an appreciative thank you. A part of him cringed that his daughter was so exposed. If he had really known all that she was exposed to, he would have never stood for it. Still, what he knew was enough to make him worry.

“So who will be there,” Tami asked. Her dad smiled. This was a game they always played as kids and they were going to a family party. It passed the time but also served to let the kids know who would be there and help them know who to say hello to.

“Well, glad you asked,” her father began, as always. “Uncle Robert, of course, and Aunt Jane. Preston and Amaryl will be there with Aunt Charlotte and Uncle Herbert. Probably some of Uncle Robert’s friends.”

Tami cringed when she heard that new people would see her naked. She wondered why her dad had asked her to come. After all, he wasn’t a huge fan of her running around naked. Why would he expose her to all of these people again? Looking at his face, she could not detect his thoughts.

They drove for a while. Tami asked about members of the family she hadn’t seen in a while, then about work at the store.

“Well, I know you are not interested but I desperately need someone to help me run it,” her dad said. “It’s getting to be a bit much for me. With you away at college and Joe having no interest, I don’t know what I am going to do.”

They drove in silence. Tami had never figured that her dad would ever stop working at the store. She tried to imagine her family without her dad and the store. Finally, the car pulled off the highway at the exit. After a few turns, John Smithers pulled the car into a parking space outside of a large single home. Tami had never been to Aunt Jane’s house but it was at least twice the size of hers.

Tami’s stomach jumped as she saw the amount of cars parked. She had hoped this would be an intimate gathering but judging from the number of cars, it was a full-blown party. She was going to have to do the nudist bit with plenty of strangers and instantly regretted making the trip.

**Tami Spring Break 22**

The party was starting to end. Many of the guests had left. Of course Tami continued to be the center of attention. Aunt Charlotte had enlisted her and Amaryl to carry the cake so in all of the photos from the celebration, there were Tami’s boobs. And then the embarrassing moment when Amaryl wasn’t watching where she was going and the top of the cake smeared onto Tami’s nipples. Tami had to stand there and wipe the icing off of her hard nips, causing many of the men in the room (plus a few women) to stare lustily.

After serving cake and coffee, Tami managed to stay out of the sight for the remainder of the party. She stuck in the kitchen and helped do the dishes and pots. Again, Amaryl “helpfully” brought people in to meet her but still it was better than being out among the crowd.

Finally it was just the girls in the kitchen, sitting around a bottle of wine. Tami was originally going to drink coffee but the wine looked too good, especially after the day she was having. She sipped at first but the cold liquid felt so good.

After a few shots, she was getting very tipsy. Too tipsy. As the girls talked, Tami was getting more and more out there. When Amaryl made a risqué comment, Tami jumped in.

“Ammmmarrryllll, caaannn you ddo thisss?” The girl put both feet on the table and began opening and closing her pussy lips. “I ccan ddo it with mmmmmmy butthole too. Want to see?”

“No, that’s ok,” Amaryl started to say but Tami had already swerved in her seat and pointed her butt at her cousin.

“SSeee,” she slurred.

Just then Preston and Tate came into the kitchen, as did Uncle Herbert. “WHOA!” Tate exclaimed.

“Tami, enough of that,” Aunt Jane said. “Just because you’re naked doesn’t mean you have to be a slut.”

Tami looked stricken. “WWhat ddid you cccall me?”

“Nothing Tami, forget it,” Amaryl said. Tami’s dad came into the room now and sensed the tension.

“What’s going on?”

“Nothing Uncle John, it’s no big deal Dad,” Amaryl said. “Just some girl talk.”

Herbert opened his mouth to say something but a comment from his wife, “Herb, let it go” stopped him. Charlotte gave her husband a look that said they would discuss it later.

“Tami, maybe we should go,” John Smithers said.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what got into me, I mean, I normally don’t do that kind of thing, it just came over me,” Tami said, walking with her father who put his arm around her. The alcohol was beginning to wear off and Tami realized what she had done.

“Good night everyone, sorry it ended like this,” Tami’s father said with a sigh.

They all exchanged good nights. Tami was too embarrassed to look anyone in the eye. Amaryl hugged her close and said, “sorry about that Tam, don’t let anyone say anything bad to you. You’re doing your thing and that is totally awesome. Don’t let Aunt Jane or my dad mess with your mind.”

Aunt Charlotte was equally nice but Aunt Jane and Uncle Herbert were cold to her, turning their heads as she hugged them. Uncle Robert, oblivious to the situation, praised his “naked” niece and took a lingering (too lingering to the now very sober girl) hug.

The odd couple, a well-dressed man and his naked daughter, headed out the door and into the afternoon sun. Tami welcomed the warmth as she was feeling cold and bare after the display she had made of herself in the kitchen. It reminded her of that night over Christmas when she had embarrassed herself with the Christmas balls. UGGGH, she thought of that night. At least there was no photographic evidence. What was she thinking?

They walked silently and got into the car. Tami sat dutifully on the folded towel that remained there, her shame officially reaching bottom. They drove for a while and Tami, exhausted by the altercation and the booze, passed out, her head against the window.

The cage contained the prisoner. Naked Tami had been found guilty of lecherous acts. Her punishment: public nudity and constant shameful exhibitions. Another exhibition was in progress.

The naked prisoner, with the harsh overhead lights pouring onto her to highlight every inch of bare skin, was tied with her ankles and wrists on the same bar, several feet off the floor. That brought her sex at eye level of the gathered guests who sat in metal chairs. They wore the buttoned up dress of the age, high necks and long gowns for the women and coat and ties for the men. For the women, Tami’s family, not an inch of skin was showing below the waist. Even their hands were covered by gloves and their feet with stockings. The contrast between them and the naked prisoner was striking.

Tami, as she was trained, was forced to open her vaginal hole up wider and wider. The audience looked on in horror as their relative, their own flesh and blood, exposed herself so wantonly. The fact that she could execute such a move was proof of her crime. For their part, the women looked away, ashamed at the actions of another female. It was then that they disowned her for good. The men looked in fascination and horror, equally ashamed of her. Shortly they left her there, only cousin Preston and his friend Tate staying to watch the entire exhibition. Tami prayed for the horn to sound so she could stop this terribly shaming exercise.

HONK!

A car horn honking brought her back to reality and she came to with a start. It was another nightmare in a series of nightmares for the always naked girl.

“Well, you’ve had quite a day,” her father said.

“Yeah, guess so,” she said softly. “Sorry about that back there.”

“About that? What exactly happened?”

I have no idea, Tami thought. “I had a few too many glasses of wine,” she said. “I acted out of character.”

There drove in silence. Finally the man took a breath and seemed like he was resolved to speak his peace.

“Tami, from what I’ve observed the past week, I think you have changed, in ways that I probably have no idea.”

Tami looked at her father in wonder. What did he know?

“Your mom and I heard you and Annie together the other night,” he said to his daughter who was shocked. “Don’t worry about it. We’re not angry. Just surprised, I guess. You were always so shy.”

“Dad, do you realize what it’s like to be naked all the time,” she said, trying to hold back tears. “All everyone ever looks at are my breasts or my vagina or my butt. I guess, after a while, you start to believe that they are the only parts that matter.”

The car was quiet as they drove. “I won’t say anything about this to your mother. I’m sorry for any part I have played in making this happen to you. If I could go back and change it I would. Obviously, I can’t.”

They drove in mostly silence. Tami lost in her thoughts and John sad about what had happened. When they finally arrived home, both entered the empty house. Tami went up to her room and cocooned herself under her comforter while her father went and poured himself a stiff drink.

**Tami Spring Break 23**

“Tami,” the voice said. “Dinner.”

Tami heard her mother and reluctantly crawled out from under her cocoon. She had slept longer than she had planned and it was now completely dark out. Her clock radio read 6:45.

Tami slid her naked body out from under the blanket and was happy to feel the cool breeze on her bare skin. Though she loved the covering of the comforter, she felt a bit stifled after so many months of no covering. The sweat that accumulated on her body was being cooled by the air in the room.

She didn’t turn the light on right away. In a way, the darkness was like covering for her…no one could see her nudity. Even in an empty room, she was so modest. Finally, she got to the door and, reluctantly, pulled it open. She grimaced as the light hit her eyes, which were unaccustomed to the light, but continued on into the bathroom. Her hair was a mess and she took two minutes to brush it to make it presentable. She then brushed her teeth and washed her face, getting the sleep out of her eyes.

She had no idea why she cared…the only people who would see her tonight were her mom and dad. Still, Tami was still a girl who wanted to look nice. When clothes were not an option, the opportunity to look good were slim.

Tami made her way downstairs and stopped suddenly. Standing there in the living room was the adorable Rodney Sykes.

“Rod, what are you doing here,” she asked as she ran to him and wrapped her arms around him. His hard, strong body felt so good against her bare skin. She desperately wanted to feel him inside of her but resisted the urge to rub up against him.

“Wanted to surprise you babe,” he said, a smile as big as the sun, his eyes drinking her in. For some reason, when he did it, Tami didn’t mind at all. “Missed you so much.”

“Oh Rod, I’ve missed you too,” she said, rubbing his bald head.

The sound of a throat clearing came from the door leading to the kitchen. “Are you two joining us for dinner,” Mr. Smithers asked, his eyes looking at his daughter’s boyfriend warily.

“Sure Dad, here we come,” Tami said, taking Rod’s hand in hers. The naked girl was almost skipping in happiness as she led Rod through the empty dining room and into the kitchen, which was warm and filled with the wonderful smell of her mom’s cooking. It was a direct contrast to the awful mood that she had been in upon arrival home a few hours ago but that was true of her life. She was constantly having terrible, awful moments which were, thankfully and mercifully, balanced by wonderful events like this one. To be surprised by her lover and surrounded by family who loved her was truly a gift. Tami knew the terrible feeling of loneliness and fear and could feel the difference now.

She leaned over and kissed her dad on the cheek. She saw him soften and smile at her…all was forgiven, if not forgotten perhaps.

Rod sat next to Mrs. Smithers and Tami sat across from him. She took the moment to rub her bare feet up against her sneakers and jeans and she saw him smile. She gave him a flirty smile back but then hid that as her father began a conversation. Although above the table they were engaging in normal dinner behavior, Tami was moving her bare foot further and further up Rod’s legs and was soon gently nuzzling his lengthening penis. She heard him give a sudden moan but her parents did not seem to notice.

Rod successfully managed to push Tami’s foot away and the four launched into conversation. Both of Tami’s parents were very interested in Rod’s plans for the future. Rod was very excited when talking about his work with Habitat for Humanity this past week. It was that spark that helped Tami fall in love with him.

Over the meal, Rod and Mr. Smithers drank a bottle of beer while Mrs. Smithers worked on a glass of wine. Remembering her experience from earlier that day, Tami stuck to water with a slice of lemon.

Mr. Smithers finally said the words that he must have been hoping to say for a while. “Rod, tell me, how has it been having a naked girlfriend?”

Mrs. Smithers and Tami gasped. Rod looked like he was going to choke on his food.

“John,” Mrs. Smithers sputtered.

“Daddy!”

Finally Rod swallowed. As Mr. Smithers was about to defend himself, Rod put his hand up and answered. “Sir, I can understand your worries about this,” he said. “If I was a father, it would worry me too. But you should know that I love your daughter without question. If she was wearing five layers of clothes or like she is now. I love her, not the fact that she’s naked, though I have to say I don’t hate the fact that she’s always naked.”

The two parents smiled and Tami laughed. Rod was so sweet and had taken a difficult question and won them all over.

“Also, Sir and Maam, you should know that no one had been say a bad word or touch a inch of her in my presence,” Rod said, getting serious. “I will give my life for her to defend her or her honor. You must always trust that.”

Mrs. Smithers had tears in her eyes while her daughter was full on crying. Mr. Smithers swallowed hard and spoke. “Son, I hope you understand how much your words mean to me,” he said. “I know it must be a challenge to date a girl who is always naked. The temptations must be hard and, honestly, I am sure there are people who think poorly of her for her choice. I am glad that you have her best interests in mind.”

The dinner continued. Finally, Tami and Mrs. Smithers cleared the table and began doing the dishes. The men continued talking over beers.

“So, tonight, Mrs. Smithers and I are heading to a bowling benefit for a neighbor,” the man said. Tami smiled. That would give her and Rod a few hours of alone time to “catch” up after a week apart. “Would you two like to join us?”

Tami shook her head, “no.” She was about to say it when she heard her boyfriend say, “sure, we’d love to hang out. I’m an awesome bowler. Won’t that be fun Tam?”

The naked girl’s face was a mess of emotions. She was disappointed that her sex time with Rod had just been taken away. She was pleased that Rod was trying to get to know her parents and impress them. Most of all, however, she was mortified that she was going to be naked at a bowling alley. This did not promise to be a good night for her.

Still, the die was cast and she went upstairs to shower and get ready. Rod kept his stuff in Joe’s room for the time being. They were able to sneak a quick session in (just oral, Tami loving the taste of him in her mouth after a week apart) before having to leave.

The drive to the alley was tame. Mr. Smithers drove with his wife in the passenger seat. Rod had his long legs tucked into the backseat next to his naked girlfriend. Tami was relieved to see that her father hadn’t placed a towel on her seat this time.

Tami could not believe that she was doing this. Heading nude to a packed bowling alley? Every mile they drove increased the ache in the pit of her stomach. By the time they got to the alley, it felt like a bowling ball was in there pounding into her.

The four got out of the car…Tami tried to stand inside the small group, sticking next to Rod but she heard gasps and comments as she walked.

They entered the alley, which was a cacophony of sound. From the pins hitting each other to the hundreds of voices bouncing off the walls, the sound was deafening. As soon as the naked girl entered through the door, it seemed as if the place went silent. She felt all eyes turn to her and several pointed.

“John, Martha, what’s going on here,” a man said walking up to Tami’s parents. “Tami? Is that you?”

“Yes Mr. Murtha, good to see you.”

“Sweetheart, why are you naked?”

“Tami’s a religious nudist Ted, I’m sure I told you about that,” Mr. Smithers said.

“No, I don’t think you did,” the man said, looking Tami up and down. “I am sure I would have remembered that fact.”

“Um, and this is her boyfriend Rod,” Mrs. Smithers said. Rod stepped forward and offered his hand. The man shook it warily, never taking his eyes off of Tami.

“Well, John, I have you on Lane 32. Are you both bowling as well?”

“Yes they are, I will pay for them as well,” Mr. Smithers said. “Fine. Balls are over on the rack. You can get shoes at the counter.”

The four, three dressed casually and one completely naked, walked the length of the establishment, past dozens of staring people. Rod was well used to this phenomenon, since Tami gawking was basically a varsity sport at Campbell-Frank, but this was the Smithers’ first time experiencing this in a long while (not since parents weekend back in the fall). They walked quietly. For her part, obviously Tami was used to the stares too but she never got used to it.

The carpet here felt icky beneath her bare feet. It was obvious that many drinks had been spilled on this floor and clean up had been spotty at best. She wondered how black her feet would be after this.

They found lane 32 and Tami sat down, wincing as her bare butt and back came into contact with the cold, hard plastic seat. She crossed her legs at the knee and folded her arms over her breasts and was mostly covered.

They had the great fortune of bowling next to a group of 20-something men. While they gawked at Tami, they were cool with bowling with a naked girl (of course they were). Rod went to get bowling balls while Mrs. Smithers said she would get the shoes. She returned with three pairs of shoes, one for herself and a pair for Rod and her husband. Again, there was no consideration of Tami wearing shoes, even here where shoes were part of the game.

Of course, she was put into the computer to bowl first. Tami stood up, aware of all eyes on her, and grabbed a pink bowling bowl. In high school, Tami and her friends bowled often and Tami knew how to bowl. She held the ball in front of her, belly high. Taking a few steps, she moved towards the alley. Taking great care to not fall down, Tami awkwardly let it go at the line. Her normal left handed hook was in effect and though she missed the head pin, she registered a six. Not bad, she thought, for being naked and bare foot.

She waited for her ball to return and got ready. She began her trek to the line. As she was about to throw the ball, she heard, “STOP! STOP!” She turned around and was humiliated to see a redfaced man running towards her, his hand in the air.

**Tami Spring Break 24**

“Miss, what is the meaning of this?”

“I’m bowling.”

“Barefoot? I think not. This is a professional establishment and you may not bowl unless you are in proper footwear.”

Tami started to laugh, as did the others.

“Dude, she’s bowling like that and all you care about are her feet,” one of the guys said laughing.

“They are pretty feet though, don’t you think,” one of the other guys said. All nodded their agreement.

“Look, obviously it’s unusual for someone to bowl nude but that’s not my worry,” the man said. “But all bowlers must have appropriate footwear. It’s in the rules.”

The group laughed at the man. “Look Miss, just put on a pair of bowling shoes, please,” he said. “I won’t bother you anymore.”

Tami’s mouth got dry. Shoes? Was he really making her put on shoes? How could she go against his wishes? Looking at her mom and dad, who nodded, Tami said, “fine, I guess.”

“What size are you honey,” the man said, looking relieved.

For the life of her, Tami could barely remember. She was a 7 ½ or 8 back when she wore shoes but figured her feet were so different now, her toes well spread. “Um, how about a 9,” she said, her voice quivering.

The group was quiet. Mrs. Smithers took Tami’s turn and then Mr. Smithers went. The man returned with the shoes plus ankle socks and handed them to Tami. The socks looked so warm, even they were think and cheap. It had been so long since she had worn anything on her feet in public. The longing was almost too much to bear.

She placed the shoes on the floor and grabbed a sock. She was about to pull it on her foot when Rod said, “stop.” The naked girl looked up and wondered what her boyfriend could want.

“Tami, I told your dad that I would always stand up for you,” he said. “Well, this is one of those times. Sir, my girlfriend is a religious nudist who does not believe in modesty or covering her body. Because she is a sweet, loving person, she will put those socks and shoes on for you but that is not how she should live her life. She will bowl barefoot, as her religion dictates, or not at all.”

The man sputtered. He had thoughts his problems were behind him. Tami looked at Rod with a mixture of love and pain. She loved that Rod would stick up for her but hated that he was standing up for something she didn’t really believe.

One of the other guys spoke up. “Look buddy, let it go,” he said. “Hey, I’ll bowl barefoot if it helps.” He started to untie his shoes and the other guys joined in.

“No, please, we can’t have that,” the man was beginning to come unglued. “Fine, she can bowl barefoot but only her. You all have to wear shoes. Is that understood?”

The men laughed and retied their shoes. Rod leaned over and kissed Tami on the cheek before grabbing the shoes and socks and handing them back to the man who stormed off.

The rest of the night was actually more fun than Tami had expected. The guys were cool and offered her beer through the night. Tami drank, trying to forget the awful shame she felt each time it was her turn to bowl and seemingly everything in the bowling alley stopped to watch the naked girl. Still, all in all, it was a fun night and she happily gave each guy a hug at the end of it.

That night, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers went right up to bed while Tami claimed she and Rod weren’t tired and would be up after a movie. Her father raised his eyebrows while her mother took him by the arm and directed him upstairs. Tami barely waited until she heard her parents footsteps go all the way up the stairs before she straddled Rod and began kissing him deeply on the lips. She felt his manhood rising between her legs and desperately wanted it inside of her. She groped for the pants zipper to release his monster penis when he stopped her.

“Babe, shouldn’t we wait for a bit, until your parents are asleep?”

Tami did not want to hear that. “No, Rod, please, I need you now.”

What man could turn a request like that down? He let her hands go and she continued unzipping his jeans. She had to sit up a bit to pull his penis out but when she did, she could tell he was as ready as she was. For her, this was the only good part about not wearing clothes. She was ready to go and slowly eased him between her legs and inside of her. She cried out in pleasure and then remembered that her parents were upstairs. She buried her face in Rod’s neck as she rode him, letting her cries get absorbed into him. Tami rode him hard and furiously. It did not take long for her to cum. This was the way sex should be, she thought, not like that awful time with Dirk at the party and not with the mechanical dildos from Chalfont. This was lovemaking and so different than just sex.

With Tami, one orgasm was not enough. She came two more times before she heard Rod groan softly and felt him release inside of her. She slumped down on her and wrapped her arms around the now spent man. Reluctantly, she raised her hips and Rod’s now soft member plopped out of her. She dropped to her knees and lovingly used her mouth to bring him back to life.

“Babe, I don’t know if I can right now,” Rod said, though his penis was saying otherwise.

“Please Rod, please,” she whispered, her face in a puppy dog expression while her hand continued to massage his hardening dick. “I really want one more time.”

Rod smirked and nodded. What man could turn that down? “Sure babe,” he said.

Tami gave a huge grin and put her mouth back onto his cock. She sucked him for a few minutes and, hearing Rod moan, knew she was doing it right. She got up on her feet, took him by the hand, and moved to the end of the couch.

“Do me from behind Rod, please,” she begged, bending over. The nude girl felt her breasts dangling beneath her, her nipples grazing the pillow that was there. Rod was still mostly clothed though his jeans and boxers were bunched around his ankles.

Rod was so hard that he easily slid into his girlfriend’s soaking wet slit. Tami had to use the pillow to stifle a scream as the penis hit all of the right places going in. Rod pumped for a few minutes and Tami screamed out an orgasm into the pillow. After two orgasms, she came up for air. “Please put it in my ass.”

They had tried anal sex and it was part of their regular repertoire but usually they had KY jelly at the ready. However, Tami had made Rod’s penis so wet that he had no problems. He poised his erect, wet penis at his anus and slowly pushed it past the anal sphincter. Tami, a pro now at taking things in back where most girls only let things out, relaxed her muscles. It took some work but in a little while, Rod was completely in to the hilt, his balls resting against her soaking wet lips.

For Tami, this was the best feeling in the world. To be completely filled by Rod gave her comfort. She was his and every part of her belonged to him. This way, she was whole.

The two got into rhythm. While many women can’t orgasm from anal sex alone, Tami was such a pro that she would have no problem. Between the feeling of being completely stuffed to the feel of Rod’s testicles banging against her vagina, she crested into an orgasm and then another before Rod filled her bowels with his seed. The two lovers collapsed where they were, totally spent.

They stayed there for a few minutes when, suddenly, Tami heard a noise at the screen door. “Crap, it’s Joe,” she whispered franticly. Rod extracted his penis from her and pulled his pants up. Tami knew that she had leakage from both holes and prayed that her brother wouldn’t notice. She ran into the kitchen and grabbed a paper towel, wiping herself front and back before running back into the kitchen and pretending to sleep on the couch, Rod sitting there also feigning sleep.

Joe walked in and seemed surprised to see Rod there. They barely knew each other, had met only briefly. So this is the guy who my sister is in love with? Must be a brave man to date a nude chick, Joe thought.

Sniffing the air, Joe knew immediately what had been going on. He said nothing but smiled to himself as he headed upstairs. Tami had to stifle a laugh, wondering if they had fooled Joe. Probably not, she thought, but he was too cool to say anything.

Tami sprang to her feet and headed to the powder room to give herself a more proper cleaning. She then came back to the couch where Rod was now laying, shorts and t-shirt replacing his jeans. She snuggled in with him and the two lovers fell into a peaceful, dreamy sleep.

Tami stood there in the white room. Images from her life played in front of her and she was unable to turn away. She saw the days and weeks ahead, the total mortification and humiliation that lied ahead of her. At the end of it, there she was, clothed and happy working for Ned and Ethel. A voice came from high above: “My child, you have been through so much. Can you handle this, my daughter? Do you have the strength?”

She smiled. As she did, the screens on the walls filled with photos of Rod, Jen, Rebecca, Terri, Marisol, even Mandy. The smile got bigger as she answered, “oh yeah. I can handle it.”

The next day, Rod drove an animated Tami back to school. The girl who always seemed so reserved went on and on about the rest of the school year. Rod smiled, glad to see this Tami, so rarely seen at school.

The morning had been a bit unpleasant. Around 6 a.m., Mrs. Smithers had woken the couple up and “encouraged” Tami to go and sleep in her bed so her dad wouldn’t “catch” them sleeping together. If she only knew, Rod thought.

But it seemed like Mr. Smithers actually did know. He was short with Rod and Tami and gave Rod a dirty look every so often. Rod had to smile. He was sure he would be the same way with his daughters some day. No guy would ever be good enough.

The only break in that ice demeanor came when they left. Mr. Smithers gave Tami a deep hug and told her to be careful. He also told her he loved her which caused the girl to give him a second hug. Mrs. Smithers, tears flowing, gave them both a big hug and wished them well. Both stood on the front porch as Rod opened the door for Tami and then himself and they drove off with a wave.

About 40 miles into the trip, Tami leaned over, a leer in her eyes. “Remember our last trip back to school?” Rod laughed when he remembered that trip in January, when she had blown him to so many orgasms he had to pull over and let her drive the rest of the way. “No babe, not again! I don’t think I can survive another trip like that.”

“Well, we’ll just see about that,” she said, bending over to undo his zipper. With great gentleness, she pulled his penis out. “Let’s go for number one.” In seconds, her lips were wrapped around his growing cock and she was sucking on him. The exquisite feeling was unlike anything he could ever imagine and he drove like that. What a lucky man I am!

For her part, Tami luxuriated in the feeling of her lover inside of her. She was going to make him pull over again if it killed her. What a lucky girl I am, she thought.