**Tami Stern**

**Tami Stern I**

“Robin, you are not going to believe what we have going on today,” came the

famous voice over the speakers in the waiting area.

“What could it be,” said the female voice.

“It is going to rock your world, let me tell you. Artie, you are not going to

believe it man.”

The girl in the green room tried to block it all out of her mind. What the

hell was she doing here, she wondered. Naked in New York City and about to be

exposed in a studio so that millions of people could hear it. That plus some

crazy TV thing that Jen and Wethby had shown her at his apartment. She could

not stop her legs from bouncing up and down in fear.

Like most things that had happened to her this year, this had occurred without

a chance for her to escape. Wandabitch had stopped by her dorm room and told

her to be ready to head to NYC the next day.

“Why Wanda, what are you planning?”

“Oh nothing much. Just the opportunity for us to meet the great Howard Stern!”

Tami was naïve and a bit innocent, despite all that she had been through.

Though she sort of knew who Howard Stern was, she wasn’t fully comprehending.

“I don’t want to meet Howard Stern and I am not going to New York,” the nude

girl said, trying to sound convincing. Of course she kept forgetting how

little intimidation a nude girl could express.

“Silly girl, what does that matter,” Wanda said. “I do and that is all that

matters. As I said before, I got you bare titted and clitted.” The disgusting

girl laughed at her pun. Tami clenched her fists tightly, trying to resist the

urge to cover the aforementioned breasts and clitoris.

“I could just refuse you know,” Tami said, trying to get out of this. Although

she knew little about Stern, she knew that anything that made Wanda this happy

would mean bad news for her.

“But why would a religious nudist refuse to go and meet a famous radio star,”

Wanda asked, feigning innocence. “Could it be she actually have limits to her

willingness to be nude? Could she actually want to cover herself? I should let

the dean know.”

The girl—stylish in her black boots, tan pants and leather jacket—turned to

leave, ready to head off to the dean and seal Tami’s future. The girl, feeling

more naked and exposed then ever in her nemesis’ presence and remembering the

dean’s warning that she had just a sliver before getting expelled, stopped

her. “Please Wanda, don’t,” she said. “I’ll do it.”

The wheels were set in motion. Tami was glad to hear that the Stern show was

sending a limo to pick them up, somewhere away from campus. That way there

would be no embarrassing public transportation. Also, she was heartened to

hear that the name of her college would not be used to avoid large numbers of

gawkers heading onto campus. Tami figured the dean or that awful Henry Ross

was behind this caveat. As much as they liked to humiliate Tami, they did not

want their school to become the brunt of unwanted media attention.

The word spread quickly through the halls of Campbell-Frank College. Naked

Tami was going to be a guest on the Howard Stern show. For many it proved that

she was out to get her jollies. Of course Wanda had spread the rumor, keeping

her own involvement in the planning out of the conversation.

Tami had tossed and turned, hardly able to sleep. In the pitch darkness, she

felt a hand rubbing her spread pussy and she awoke with a start. “AHHH!”

“Good morning naked one,” Wanda said softly. “Time to wake up dear and get to

the Big Apple for your big day. I am so glad that you agreed to do this for

me. You are a sweetie!”

Wanda was really laying it on but Tami had no choice but to ignore her. “Let

me hop in the shower,” she said.

“Great, let me go with you…we can chat.”

**Tami Stern II**

So Wanda was not going to let Tami have any privacy today. Sighing, Tami

grabbed her shower caddy and two small washcloths and headed off to shower.

Wanda talked the entire time, saying how excited she was to meet Stern, who

was her idol. Tami washed her hair and body and shaved her legs and armpits.

No girl, even one perpetually nude, wants to be seen with leg or underarm

hair. Finally she was done and dried herself as best she could with the small

washcloths (all she was allowed). She then followed Wanda out of the bathroom

and down the steps to the lobby.

It was still dark, well before dawn. Tami knew that the temperature was well

below freezing. The wind was howling and the girl shivered just thinking about

it. Although she was getting used to the cold temps, she felt every part of it

along her entire body.

“Let’s go Tami baby, on to stardom.” Wanda was all bundled up in her leather

jacket, a scarf and a hat. Of course she had boots on as well. Tami was naked

as always with her feet bare. Still, the duo headed out into the frosty air.

Tami followed along behind Wanda. Last time they had walked together through a

blizzard, Wanda had deliberately slowed her walk, making it torturous for the

nude girl. But this time she was too preoccupied with meeting Howard Stern to

make life even more unbearable for her favorite target.

Tami clutched her arms over her bare breasts, trying to warm herself on this

frigid early morning. There was no one out at this time. Classes were

cancelled today due to some state holiday so many people had gone home for the

long weekend. Those who stayed on campus were probably just getting to bed

after a night of partying. None were around to see her further descent into

humiliation.

Finally they reached Wanda’s car. “Just wait there naked one while I warm the

car,” Wanda said. “Do you realize how cold it is out here? Don’t want my poor

car to suffer like you are in this cold.”

The girl laughed sadistically as she slid into the car and started the engine.

Tami obediently stood there with the bitter wind spraying her like machine gun

fire, paying special attention to her poor defenseless pussy and her ass and

breasts, areas that should always be covered, especially in weather like this.

She crouched down, trying to protect herself from the cold but Wanda tsked her

finger towards her.

“Now now Miss Smithers, are you trying to hide your beautiful pussy from my

sight? Are you perhaps not really a nudist?”

Tami glared at her nemesis but stood up straight anyway, somehow convincing

her arms to stop covering her poor bare breasts and move to her sides. She

waited there, miserable and shivering while Wanda took a really long time

warming up the car. Finally she popped the lock of the passenger seat and with

shaking hands Tami grabbed the handle and slid in. She hissed as she felt the

cold leather seats beneath her bare ass and Wanda laughed.

“Yes, I must have neglected to turn on the passenger seat warmer, sorry about

that Tam,” she cackled. Tami did not answer but noticed that her vents had

been closed and the ones closest to Wanda blew directly at her. Obviously

Wanda was not going to waste her time being nice to Tami.

The two drove wordlessly, the only sound coming from the radio. “Oh Tami,

thought you might like this CD,” Wanda said, pushing play on the radio.

"Ohhhhh . . . ohhhh god . . . ohhhhh . . . "

Tami’s eyes shot open in shock. She recognized the moans.

"You see Jen now manipulating Tami's clitoris and Tami showing signs of

arousal."

It was the voice of Professor Brignon from last week’s orgasm presentation. Oh

God, Wanda had taped some audio from the day when Jen brought Tami to orgasm

five times before a roomful of 40 women.

"Tami, if you could move your arms so we can see the changes in your face and

skin during arousal."

"Note that during arousal a woman's face looks like she's in agony. This is

true of Tami, especially. Jen has told me that when aroused and after orgasm

she sometimes even cries from pleasure, with tears coming down her face. My

guess is it will look like crying from pain. Let's see . . ."

"Ohhhh . . . ohhhh . . . "

"She really looks like something's wrong,” a member of the audience piped up.

“This is not easy to look at."

"I know," Brignon’s voice again. "This is how women are, one of the

unfathomable mysteries of life."

"Zhhhh! Zhhhh!"

"See how sweat is beginning to form over her brow. . . No doubt you can tell

the smell of Tami's sexual secretions, which are quite strong. Her pupils will

also start to dilate."

In a louder voice, Brignon said, “Tami, if you could keep your eyes open if

possible." Tami blushed, knowing that on tape an orgasm was imminent.

"Wow!" The voice of Lorinda, the bio geek who loved torturing Tami with little

cartoons.

"This is amazing!"

"This is beautiful!"

"Tami's about to reach orgasm," the professor said. "See how her whole body is

starting to stiffen. Then we'll see the actual contractions. To the typical

woman it feels like you're about to go over a waterfall."

"OHHHH!! OHHHH!!"

"OH . . . MY . . . GOD!!" Tami heard her own voice screaming out in orgasm and

did not recognize it. She was humiliated to the core hearing herself cum.

"As you can see, Tami did have a bit of a sex flush, not so clear because of

her tan. With some pale, white women it's very noticeable. See how she's

catching her breath, and the wave of sweat all over her body. It's even on her

feet.”

"And now she starts to cry."

Wanda reached over and shut off the radio. “Awesome right. I have you cumming

five times on tape. Boy Jen must lick you really well for you to cum like

that. Was that the lowest point of your life so far?”

Tears streamed down Tami’s face but she wiped them clean with the back of her

hand. She hated crying in this girl’s presence but she was right…that had been

the lowest moment of her ordeal thus far.

“Heather, Lorinda and I listen to this and laugh. I get so excited during

this, sometimes I will finger myself, trying to cum at the same time you are,”

Wanda said. “Of course, I do it in the privacy of my own room and bed, not on

a table in front of 50 people. Oh well, different strokes for different

folks.”

She pushed play again.

“That was incredible.”

"I counted twelve contractions. Is that a lot?"

"That's more than normal, yes." The voice of Brignon again. "But obviously

Tami is unusually responsive."

"We -- " The professor stopped herself. "I -- I was going to talk about the

refractory period, but it looks like Jen has caught Tami on the other side of

the plateau phase and is going to bring her to another orgasm. Let's watch."

"Uhhhhh . . . uhhhhh . . ."

"I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised, Jen told me that Tami is usually

multi-orgasmic. Most women have the capacity. In fact some say that once

turned on, women are sexually insatiable, stopping only because they're

exhausted…This time shouldn't take as long, because Tami never dropped from

the plateau phase."

"Huh . . . uh . . . uh . . . uh . . ."

"The range of vocalizations that women go through on the way to orgasm is

really remarkable," one of the older women said.

"There's no words, but it's so easy to understand that they're expressions of

joy."

"Very primal. Primitive,"

Tami now stiffened in the car, her butthole clenched. She knew what was coming

next. Jen was about to put Lorinda’s finger in Tami’s butthole.

"Oh, I was told Jen would do this," the professor said quickly. "Orgasmic

contractions occur in several places, but most notably in the anal sphincter.

Jen wants someone else to feel them. Don't worry, Lorinda, you can clean your

finger off later. This really is a privilege."

"Wow!" Lorinda said. "She's squeezing my finger to death!" "Another one!"

"Three! . . .

"Six! Seven!"

"Ten!" "Eleven!"

"Here she goes again!" "Go Tami!"

Tami’s butthole clenched again at the memory of Lorinda’s finger being removed

and Heather’s replacing it.

"Ohhhh . . . God . . . please . . . oh . . . God . . ."

"One! . . . Two! . . . Three! . . .

"Eight! . . . Nine! . . ."

The CD went on like that for two more orgasms and then Wanda went to the

beginning and started over again three times. Just as Tami was finished on

that table, Wanda pulled into a Wal-Mart parking lot. There sat a white limo

that would shuttle them the rest of the way.

Tami’s eyes were closed as she tried to block out the audio. But just hearing

the words brought her back to that shameful day when Wanda unleashed her most

sinister plan yet…until today perhaps.

“Naked one, our ride awaits,” Wanda said, turning off the car. “I wonder if

Howard would like to hear this? It might be some proof that you are telling

the truth about this nudist thing and the lack of modesty. After all, who

would believe a girl would do what you do of their own free will.”

**Tami Stern III**

Tami’s mind spun fast. She had no idea what today would hold but it was not

starting out well. The nude girl felt a cold blast of air onto her naked body

as Wanda opened the door. The girl walked over to the limo and rapped on the

window and then pointed towards the car holding Tami. Tami noticed that Wanda

was well dressed as always, in a tight pair of jeans, white top, black ankle

boots, about three inches. Over that she had a long black jacket and a black

beret on her head, tilted just so. She was dressed as Tami would have if she

were ever allowed clothes again. She realized that she felt even more naked

then ever when she yearned for someone else’s clothes but she just could not

help it.

“Tami,” she heard Wanda’s voice insistently, “let’s go. The man is waiting.”

Just then Tami saw a man get out of the car and squint in the darkness towards

the car. When he saw Tami’s naked breasts he smiled and waved. Awkwardly, Tami

waved back and got out of the car.

The morning air was still cold but she persevered, not wanting to give Wanda

any reason to report back that she was less then accommodating. She knew that

any sense of hesitation here would be reported on the show and she would be

toast. She would have to be proud nudist Tami for the next few hours. God how

she hated being that Tami, it was so against the real girl inside of her.

“Well, well, you must be the nudist I am picking up,” the driver said, his

eyes drinking Tami in from head to toe and back, stopping at her breasts and

vagina of course, as any man would.

“Yes, and she doesn’t believe in modesty so look all you want,” said Wanda,

putting her warm clothed arm around Tami’s bare shoulders.

“OK, whatever you want is fine with me,” the driver said. “Hop in ladies.”

The driver opened the door for the girls to enter. Wanda put her hand on

Tami’s arm and pushed past to go in first. Tami obediently waited as her

nemesis slid in, brushing her jean covered butt up against Tami’s bare hip as

she went. As demurely as possible to do while naked, Tami slid in as well but

the driver got an eyeful of her gaping vagina as she spread her legs to get

into the car. She closed her eyes in shame as this stranger was getting quite

an eyeful. Damn her modesty seemed like it came from a never ending well.

The door closed and Tami felt Wanda’s bare hands on her knees, pulling them

apart roughly. She cringed…no other girl on Earth had to deal with this kind

of indignity. She could not imagine that there was a girl anywhere who had

another girl do this kind of thing to her in a public place and she was

powerless to do anything about it.

“Listen to me Naked one…if I see your knees close by one millimeter and hide

that pretty little pussy from our driver I will be on the phone to the dean

immediately. Do you understand me?”

Tami nodded, hating this girl with all of her heart. It was difficult for

someone as kind as Tami to hate but Wanda had worked hard to work Tami to this

state. But, always the obedient girl and knowing how close she was to getting

expelled, she complied and left her legs spread, her knees shoulder width

apart.

How she wished that she could get used to spreading her legs and showing her

most private possession to the world but she was a girl and girls are taught

from a very young age to not let people see these parts. But Tami was not like

most girls anymore…she was forced to let everyone see all part of her and then

some. She was forced to be on display all the time or her life would be over,

her future gone.

“Oh, and in a few minutes start rubbing your pussy and don’t stop until I tell

you,” Wanda hissed as the driver entered the car.

“Excuse me, can you keep the divider down so we can talk,” Wanda asked. “I

want to hear all about Howard and the crew.”

“Sure,” the driver said. All of a sudden his eyes got wide as he saw Tami’s

spread knees and her pussy exposed to his view completely. “Um, uh, miss, are

you sure you don’t want to cover up?”

“Oh she’s sure, right Tami, she doesn’t believe in modesty,” Wanda said. “She

is a staunch religious nudist, wouldn’t want to hide herself.”

Tami saw the man’s eyes on her and she reluctantly nodded, even though her

whole being was screaming out to confide in this nice man and tell him the

truth. Maybe he would drive her to a store where she could buy clothes. She

shook that thought out of her head…she knew from experience that it did no

good to dream about wearing clothes…it made waking up naked even worse then

normal.

The trip set out from the parking lot and Wanda started asking the driver a

bunch of questions about the Howard Stern Show. Gosh, Tami thought, Wanda is a

really big fan of this guy.

Just then, she saw Wanda point at her pussy and mouth the word “Rub.” It took

every ounce of her resolve to move her right hand from her side and take her

two fingers and begin to rub her spread vagina. Despite herself, she moaned at

the touch. After all, she was well trained to respond in humiliating

circumstances.

“Whoa, that’s interesting,” the driver said. The girls felt the limo lurch to

the side before veering back into their lane. Wanda smiled at Tami, knowing

that the girl must be feeling so humiliated at being forced to perform in

front of this stranger.

And Wanda was right…Tami was humiliated, rubbing her pussy in this car, with

this man watching her so intently. But she could not deny the feelings pulsing

through her body, starting at her vagina and shooting up and down her. Her

breathing became shallow as she rubbed, pushing her fingers just inside her

now soaked opening, the rubbing getting more vigorous.

Wanda smiled…as she thought would happen, Tami was going to get off right here

in the back of the limo with her and the driver watching. This was just too

good, she thought. Wait until Lorinda and the other girls hear about this.

But, time for her to act like the bitch that she is. Just as Tami’s pelvis

arched and orgasm was imminent, she spoke.

“Tami, I know this doesn’t bother you but I think we should take our driver

into consideration,” she said, feigning discomfort. “Please stop doing that.”

Looking towards the driver, she added, “I’m sorry about her. She just can’t

control herself sometimes.”

Tami was caught just seconds from orgasm and was startled into the present.

Embarrassed at losing control, she pulled her fingers away from her pussy,

feeling the moistness and knowing that she was soaked and gaping down there.

She lowered her face so that she could not see the leering eyes of the driver.

“It’s no problem at all, please don’t stop on my account,” he said.

Wanda turned and smirked at the nude girl. She knew that Tami had come down

hard after nearly being at orgasm. Coming back from that would be hard but she

knew Tami was up for it. “Well Tami, I guess its okay for you to keep going,”

Wanda said, turning the screws. “You should thank Steve for being so nice.”

The last thing Tami wanted to do was interact with the man who had watched her

masturbate but she obediently said, “thank you Steve,” and began to rub her

pussy again. Her mood was completely ruined and she had to start from scratch.

As she rubbed, Wanda began to ask more questions of Steve. This was even more

humiliating to the nude girl, having these two carry on a normal conversation

as she engaged in an intimate act. It was as if she did not exist and that she

was not furiously rubbing herself to orgasm in the backseat. She felt like

nothing.

Obviously, the other two in the car were paying attention to her

ministrations. Wanda was reveling in the naked girl’s humiliation and Steve

was enjoying the sight of a gorgeous young woman totally spread and making

herself cum in the back of his limo. After two years of driving for the Howard

Stern Show, he had seen a lot but nothing quite like this.

Tami tried to block out the inane conversation about some guy who stutters and

something called the Sybian. She was humiliated to the core by having to

masturbate in the back of a limo, on display as always. Finally, she felt her

body respond to her rubbing and her orgasm starting to brew. “OHH,” she

moaned, unable to the hide her pleasure. She saw Wanda look at her with a

smirk, as if to say, “not so fast naked one.”

Her rubbing got more intense and she felt the orgasm building. She was about

to ride over the wave when she heard, “oh Tami, look, it’s Manhattan. Stop

diddling yourself and take a look.” “Noo,” Tami whimpered like a little girl

but there was nothing little girl about what she had just been doing. No, her

actions were definitely more appropriate for a woman, trying to experience an

orgasm, under harsh conditions to be sure, and she was so close but denied

again. She rubbed a few more times but her orgasmic state was ruined by Wanda

yet again and she finally, reluctantly, pulled her fingers away from her

spread pussy. Tears streamed down Tami’s cheek as she realized, yet again,

that even her most basic physical reactions were not controlled by her.

Whether it was the mind-blowing orgasms at Chalfont or the licking by Jen in

the workshop or the caf or today in the limo when Wanda denied her release,

she was almost always at the mercy of others.

She took some solace in the fact that she was seeing New York City for the

first time in person, even if it was just through tinted limo windows. It

looked like it did on TV and they rode into the heart of the greatest city on

Earth.

“Wow, there are so many people,” Tami said, noticing that even early in the

morning, New York’s streets were filled with people, most heading to work. As

usual, the naked girl was fixated on what people wore. She watched the women

mostly, craving their covering for her own. She saw the women dressed in smart

business suits under their long coats. Others wore jeans and winter coats.

Many wore boots and Tami’s felt her poor bare feet twitch. They had been

through so much abuse over the past few months of nudity. Cold floors, hard

wood, broken concrete, snow, ice, rain, mud, you name it and her feet had

slogged through it during her year in naked exile. God, how she wanted those

boots. Even flip flops or sandals would feel like luxury to her after all she

had been through.

“I’m going to pull around back,” Steve said. “You girls will go in through the

service entrance and up the back elevator. Someone will meet you up on the

main floor.”

Tami brightened at the news. In her life, this passed for luck; the fewer eyes

that she was exposed to the better. But Wanda was not happy. “You don’t have

to do that, Tami doesn’t want special treatment,” she said, a bit too annoyed.

“She does not believe in modesty and would have no problem walking down the

street and into the main entrance. Right Tami dear?”

Before the girl could answer, Steve shook his head. “Sorry Wanda, but while

Tami doesn’t mind, there are some people who might be annoyed if a naked girl

wandered into the corporate offices of Sirius Satellite Radio,” he said. “As

crazy as Howard is, he respects the corporate rules and no girl has ever come

naked to the studio like this. This is the best way, trust me.”

Wanda sniffed in defeat but Tami breathed a bit of a sigh of relief. She had

been nervous about walking naked down the street in New York City. As bad as

the next few hours would be, this was one indignity that she would not have to

endure. Deep down though, it did hurt that they were taking the back door

because some people would rather not have anything to do with her. It showed

her the place to which she had been relegated; she was no longer welcome to

walk into the front door of an establishment. Her nudity made her a

second-class citizen.

The limo pulled into a garage and up a loading dock. Tami saw an elevator but

cringed when she saw several workmen sitting there on a coffee break of some

sort. Of course Wanda smiled and licked her lips, knowing the exquisite shame

that Tami would feel walking among this group of men.

“Showtime naked one,” she whispered as Steve pulled the car to a stop and

climbed out. “Oh this is going to be a great day!”

**Tami Stern IV**

“Me first Tami dear,” Wanda said. “I want to make sure I get a good view of

the show you are going to put on for those workers.”

Wanda slid past Tami, her long coat brushing against the nude girl’s bare

body. Tami closed her eyes, trying to enjoy the feel of clothing against her

always exposed skin but the feeling was fleeting and gone. She watched as

Wanda elegantly exited the limo and she heard a whistle as the girl popped

out. Well, if they thought Wanda was sexy, just wait until she showed herself.

Like so many Hollywood celebrities had learned, it was nearly impossible for a

woman to exit the back of a limo without showing more than you intend to,

especially if you are in a short skirt or, in this case, naked. Tami’s bare

left foot hit the cold ground first, leaving her spread to the view of anyone

watching from the front. Luckily for her, it was just Steve and he had seen it

all anyway. The nude girl slid her other leg over and got out of the car.

“Holy shit, boys, look at that,” one of the guys said. “Must be some stunt for

the Stern show. Come over here girl and we’ll take care of you honey.”

Other obnoxious taunts came her way as Tami followed Wanda to the elevator. In

typical Wanda fashion, the girl walked slowly, extending Tami’s humiliation.

Finally they reached the elevator and got in. “Good bye naked lady, enjoy

Howard.”

“You have done so well thus far Naked One,” Wanda said, once they were in the

confines of the elevator. “I love the control I have over you. This is better

then even I expected. You were ...ing masturbating in a limo because I told

you to. Awesome. Wait until the girls hear about today. Oh and the rest of the

country.”

Tami could not stand standing there silent. “You are such a bitch.”

“Thank you dear but I am a bitch with clothes on while you are a nice girl who

is naked as the day she was born in a high rise in New York City,” Wanda said

smiling. “Guess being a bitch is better in this case.”

The elevator stopped and the doors opened. Waiting there was a camera crew and

a producer. “Hi my name is Will, we spoke yesterday for the pre-interview,”

the man said. Tami cringed, remembering the embarrassing questions Will had

asked her yesterday and the answers she had given. She had no choice but to be

honest because Wanda was listening in. “Follow me,” he said. Although he acted

professionally, Will checked the girl out. She was smoking hot, as good in

person as she had been in pictures. He had heard her story but could not

believe it was true but obviously here she was, arriving naked. She must be a

nudist after all.

He led the girls, camera crew in tow, to a room marked “Green Room.” “Have a

seat ladies, I’ll be right back with some papers to sign and fill you in.”

Wanda went in and walked around the room, looking at the memorabilia on the

walls. Tami entered and wanted to hide, especially from the camera crew that

was shadowing her every move. She wanted to curl up and hide or at least send

them away but how could a nudist who did not believe in modesty question being

video taped?

She sat on the couch and crossed her legs at the knee as girls do but a quick

look from Wanda changed her posture and the nude girl put both feet on the

floor. Wanda made a motion with her hands for Tami to spread her knees and she

reluctantly complied. “Oh shit,” came a mutter from behind the camera and Tami

knew the view they were getting.

She sat there quietly while Wanda gushed about the pictures and posters on the

wall. Tami hardly understood anything she said but was glad that she was

focused on something other then tormenting her. Finally a man entered the

room, did a double take at Tami’s spread and exposed pussy but composed

himself.

“Hi, my name is Gary Dell’Abate and I am the producer for the Stern Show,” he

said, reaching his hand out to the naked girl. Tami took it and shook his

hand, noticing, as always, that he did not look her in the eye.

“Hello, this is Tami Smithers and I am her friend Wanda Sykes,” Wanda said,

pushing between the two. “It is such a pleasure to meet you, the great

producer of the Stern Show. What an honor.”

“Um, thanks, I have some papers for you to sign Tami, about rights to use your

picture, etc.,” he said.

“My face won’t be used on TV will it and you won’t use my name or the

college’s name right,” Tami asked.

“Why, I thought you were a nudist who didn’t believe in modesty,” Wanda said.

“I am a nudist and I don’t believe in modesty but I don’t want the college to

get in trouble or anything,” Tami said, praying that her answer sounded

sincere.

Gary looked at the two women, perplexed. Finally he answered, “no, we will not

use the school’s name or your name but we had no plans to block out your face.

Is that a problem?”

Yes it’s a problem, I don’t want my face on top of my naked body plastered all

over the internet and TV, Tami’s mind screamed but of course she could not say

that. “No, that’s fine,” she said softly to Wanda’s satisfaction.

“Good, here are some papers for you to sign,” Gary said, sliding a clipboard

and a pen towards the nude girl. Tami read it as quickly as possible but Wanda

was pressuring her so she signed it where Gary marked.

“Excellent,” he said. “I will go and let Howard know that you are here. You

should be on in 15 or 20 minutes. Make yourself comfortable and we’ll call you

when we’re ready.”

Gary left and so mercifully did the camera crew.

“Christ Gary, she’s here,” came the voice of Howard Stern over the speaker.

“Yeah.”

“And….?”

“And what?”

“You are such a loser. You know what I want to know Gary,” Stern said. “Is she

really naked or what?”

“Howard, what is going on,” asked Robin, the lone female in the studio.

“Robin, you are not going to believe what we have going on today,” Stern said.

“What could it be?”

“It is going to rock your world, let me tell you. Artie, you are not going to

believe it man.”

“Should I wait to make my run to the vending machine?”

“Yes, I definitely think you should. Gary, bring her in. I want to get going

on this. You guys are not going to believe this.”

Tami’s knees were shaking with nervousness. Wanda was shaking too but with

excitement. The door opened and another man walked in.

“Here is your headset with a microphone,” he said, fitting the earpiece in her

ear and putting his hand in hers. “Get up and follow me.”

Tami was too nervous to notice the man’s eyes roaming up and down her body.

She desperately wanted to run out of the room and try to find some clothes.

Someone, somewhere in that office would have a sweatshirt or something for her

to wear. But she knew that was not an option. She was about to walk naked into

the Howard Stern studio. She was not the first for sure but she was the first

girl who was nude all the time.

On trembling legs, she followed the men out of the green room and into the

cold, drafty hallway. The camera crew was now on her again, following her

every naked move. Wanda followed but was stopped at the door. Tami smiled for

a moment; Wanda would not get to meet her idol after all. She heard the girl

complaining to the staff but to no avail.

Tami walked down the hall and entered the room. The studio was huge, way

bigger then it looks on TV. She took a deep breath as she felt the cameras and

lights on her. She stood on the mark where she was directed, the lights

exposing every nook and cranny of her body.

“WHOA, holy shit,” said Artie.

“I told you, crazy right?”

“What’s going on Howard,” Robin said.

“Well, this is Cami and she is a freshman in college,” Howard said.

“She looks like she is younger then that…are you sure she is 18,” Robin said.

“Shut up Robin, man what a buzzkill,” Howard said. “Cami, you are 18 right?”

Tami didn’t answer at first but then found her voice. “Yes, I am 18.”

“See and where would she carry her ID,” Artie said.

“Cami here is a religious nudist,” Howard said. “She is always naked.”

“What?”

“Get out of here,” Robin said. “That can’t be true.”

“Cami, are you always naked?”

“Yes, I am,” Tami said, her face a bright red in shame.

“Tell us your story, how did this start.”

“Well, after I started college, it was something I felt called to do.”

“Wait a minute,” Robin said. “You feel called to run around naked?”

“Yes.”

“Hold on, hold on,” Howard jumped in. “You don’t ever wear clothes?”

“No, I don’t have any clothes.”

“Did you arrive at college with no clothes? When did you first get naked?”

“Um, well, of course I had clothes when I got there,” Tami said stammering.

“But, um, I just decided one night to be a nudist so I got naked and gave my

clothes away to other girls and stuff.”

“And they just let you do this,” Artie asked.

“Yes, it is my religious right,” Tami said, hoping that she sounded

believable.

“But Art, she isn’t just into being naked and stuff, but she has something

against modesty,” Howard said. “Right Cami?”

“Um, yes, I don’t believe in being modest.”

“So, if I asked you to show me your vagina right now, you would?”

“Yes.”

“How about your asshole? Would you show us that?”

Oh God, she thought. “Yes.”

“Ok, show us that,” Artie said.

“Artie, you are so bad,” Robin shouted.

“What, she’s the one who doesn’t believe in modesty Robin.”

“Please Artie, that’s disgusting,” Howard added. “But what about it, would you

do that for us?”

Tears formed at the corner of Tami’s eyes but she knew what she had to do.

Shaking, she turned around and grabbed her ankles, leaving her butt open to

their view.

“Oh man, look at this Artie,” Howard said in shock. “Fred, are you watching

this. Ok, that’s good, that’s good.”

With relief, Tami stood up straight.

“Maybe we should have her ride the sybian while we talk to her,” Howard said.

“Excellent,” came the answer in unison.

Tami’s legs shook…she didn’t know what it was but anything that she could ride

did not sound like something she wanted to be a part of.

“Hey Howard, her friend is dying to get in here,” Gary said interrupting. “She

says she could be helpful during this segment and has some information that

could help.”

“Alright bring her in and then Cami gets on the Sybian.”

She heard the door open and turned to see Wanda enter, a sadistic smile on her

face.

“You know Tam-, I mean Cami can orgasm over and over,” Wanda said smiling.

“She loves it. On the Sybian, she will cum over and over. You should leave her

on it the whole show.”

“Well, that’s not a bad idea, what do you think Artie?”

“Absolutely, this girl is smoking.”

“Are you up for that Cami?”

No, I am not up for that, Tami thought, but instead she nodded.

“Shit, she’s going to do it?”

“Cami came five times in front of a room full of 50 women for a demonstration

and she goes to a scientific institute and gets ...ed by a machine for hours

and cums dozens of times,” Wanda said, staring at her idol.

“Is that true?”

“Yes,” Tami answered, humiliated that her sex life was being laid low.

“Well, get on the Sybian and then we can talk some more,” Howard said.

Gary came out with several apparatuses and Tami figured out what the Sybian

was…it was an orgasm machine, not all that different then the one she suffered

with at Chalfont. Oh God, she was going to cum on a national radio show.

“We have these different things to help stimulate the girl,” Gary said.

“I know that Tami, I mean Cami would like the one that goes inside better,”

Wanda said, digging the knife in deeper.

“OK Gar, set that up and then we will let Cami ride the Sybian,” Howard said.

“After an orgasm, we’ll break for commercial and maybe go on with the show.

Cami’s friend over there had a good idea.”

Tami followed Gary over to where the machine was wheeled out and watched as

the man loaded the dildo onto the Sybian. She cringed, knowing that she would

soon be riding it with millions of people listening.

“Ok, get on there Cami, let’s see if you are really as sexual as they say you

are,” Howard said.

Nervously, Tami mounted herself onto the Sybian, placing her pussy right at

the tip of the dildo. Luckily her sex was wet from her earlier masturbating so

she was able to slide easily down the plastic penis until her pelvis was

pressed against the leather machine. She was unable to hold back the moan that

came as she slid down.

“See Robin, she really does love it,” Howard said. Tami made the mistake of

opening her eyes and saw the looks of lust on the faces of the men in the room

and then the cameras just inches from her sex and face. She also saw Wanda’s

face, beaming with pride at her newest humiliating scene for Tami.

“OK Gary, turn it on at 20 percent,” Howard said and Tami felt a slow buzz

inside her vagina. “Ohh,” she said. She was still horny from her masturbating

and these days it did not take long to get her off anyway.

“So, what other wild things have you done while naked Cami,” Howard asked.

Through the haze of good feelings which mixed with shame and humiliation, Tami

barely heard the question. Finally she made sense of it and was about to

answer when the buzzing got more intense. “Wel—aaaaaaahhhhh,” she said,

raising her naked body onto her bare toes.

“Sorry, my hand slipped,” laughed Gary. “I zoomed it up to 100 by accident.”

“Let it go, she’s digging it,” Artie said.

“OH, OH, OHHHHHHH!” Tami moaned, writhing on top of the machine.

“I think she’s close,” Robin said.

**Tami Stern V**

Robin was right. Tami was on the edge of orgasm and she tried her best to

ignore the dozens of eyes watching her cum, especially those of Wandabitch who

watched the scene with great excitement and happiness.

“OHHHH, OHHH, AHHHHHHH!!!!!” Tami’s naked body shot up and nearly flinging her off the dildo invading her poor pussy. She came over and over, could even

imagine Lorinda and the bio geeks putting their fingers in air and counting

her rectal squeezes.

“Holy shit Robin, that was a real orgasm,” Howard said, clapping his hands in

appreciation. Soon all of the men were clapping and appreciating the scene

before them. But Tami was giving no time to appreciate it…the orgasm machine

was never lowered and her cum was approaching again.

“UHHHHHH,” she grunted as another orgasm came her way. Please God, she

thought, no more. But there was no let up and her body did its inevitable and

the orgasm crested yet again. “AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH,” she screamed in pleasure and humiliation mixed.

“Another one, that’s unreal,” Howard shouted. The others cheered her multiple

orgasm but they hadn’t seen anything yet.

“PLEASE NO MOREEEE,” she moaned but the next orgasm approached, barely giving her time to come down from the second one.

“What, should we bring her down,” Howard asked.

“No,” Wanda said quickly. “She always does that but she doesn’t want it to

stop. She loves cumming.”

“OHHHHHH,” Tami cried, tears streaming down her cheeks as another orgasm

approached.

“So tell me about other things she has done,” Howard asked Wanda.

“Well, she poses nude for art classes and there is a statue of her in the

quad,” Wanda said to the accompaniment of Tami’s labored breathing and moans.

“She has participated in several health exhibitions, showing off parts of the

reproductive system.”

“OH, OH, OHHH ...ING GOD!”

Wanda smirked, knowing that an orgasm was fast approaching.

“Tell me about the time she came five times in a room full of women.”

“AAHHHHHH!!! NOT AGAAAAINNN!!! OHHHHH! GGGGGGG”

Tami came again as Wanda told the story of her public, shameful orgasm

display.

“There is a professor at our school who works with women who struggle to

orgasm and Tami volunteers to show them orgasms. She spread her legs and

showed us the different parts of the body and then her roommate licked her to

five orgasms.”

“OH OH OH OHHHH, please, please, please sstoppppPPPPP, AHHHH!!”

“The best part was, she let some of our friends put their finger in her ass as

she came, to count the contractions there,” Wanda said, casually watching the

nude girl torment to another orgasm. “We counted them as they came. It was 10

during some cums.”

“No more, no more, no more, no more, please no more. I can’t take it,” she

whimpered. Finally, mercifully, Gary dialed down the Sybian and Tami started

sobbing.

“What is going on, “ Robin asked, a hint of worry in her voice.

“Don’t worry, she always cries after she cums,” Wanda said.

“Well, what an amazing girl, by my count she came six times,” Howard said.

“Amazing. Let’s take some calls. John in New York, you’re on the air with

Naked Cami.”

“This girl is a freak. Ask her to do something crazy.”

“She just came six times in 10 minutes John, that’s pretty crazy,” Howard

said.

“And arrived her naked don’t forget,” Robin said.

For her part, Tami was out of it, her mind jumbled by six powerful orgasms.

She still felt the buzzing inside her pussy, even though the machine was off.

She accepted the help of Gary and some of the other guys to get off the

machine and walked to the couch to rest. She didn’t even bother to cross her

legs; after all, they had seen more than that.

“Hey, any chance we can get that other girl naked,” the caller said.

Tami’s eyes twinkled in hope of seeing her nemesis stripped in the studio.

“Nah, I don’t think she would compare to what we’ve seen here,” Howard said.

Wanda was crushed but her hurt turned to anger and she stared holes through

Tami who smiled. Well, I might be naked and shamed but I have a much better

body then you, she thought with a grin.

“Well, thanks girls, especially you Cami. Do we have any prizes to give her

after that?”

“Well, we have $500 courtesy of the ASN Story Board,” Gary said. “How’s that?”

“She’ll take it,” Wanda said. “But money doesn’t mean much to her so we will

donate it to a clothing drive for the poor. After all, she doesn’t need any

clothes right?”

Tami glared at Wanda who grinned. Again, Wanda got the last laugh.