**Tami in Florida**

by Katie

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 1**

Tami looked out the window in awe. The snow that had begun falling on Sunday night was still falling three days later. She had heard about snows like this up here but was living through her first one. Despite the feet of snow that had fallen, the facilities team had done a great job of keeping the paths passable and classes had somehow continued without delay.

Young Tami had loved snow. Before she came to college, she had loved being out in it, relishing the cool air rushing at her. She and her friends and her brother Joe had loved to sled and build snowmen and have snowball fights. One of the reasons she had looked to go to school here at Campbell-Frank was the opportunity to be around snow, copious amount of it.

But that was before it happened. Now, Tami dreaded the snow. It was something to get through to survive. Yes, for a naked girl, snow was a definite cause for concern.

Tami Smithers was the unintentional nudist. Some of it (much of it) was her own fault. On her first night of college, she had agreed to a streaking dare with some other girls. Little did she know that her RA, Wanda, was a sadist who got off on humiliating other girls. Wanda stole Tami’s clothes, leaving the girl naked and frantic to get back to her room. Tami had some major trials and tribulations that night and had almost made it back safely to her room and clothing, blessed clothing, but was soon caught by campus police. To avoid being expelled from the conservative school, she had professed to being a religious nudist. They believed her lie but it had cost her big time.

Tami had been naked now for more than five months, five long months of total nudity and exposure. Over time, they had taken more and more from her. While at first she was allowed shoes, a short t-shirt and a jacket (clear but something), she was now denied even those comforts. They had removed the blankets and sheets from her bed and the towels from her closet. She was left to sleep uncovered and to use little washcloths which would ensure that she could not cover herself in any way. At home, her father had insisted that she continue her nudity there as a punishment for putting herself and her scholarship in harm’s way. All of her clothes were gone. Wanda and her minions had removed all of the clothing from her dorm room while she was away on Thanksgiving break and her parents had boxed all of her clothes from home and put them in storage. So Tami Smithers didn’t just choose not to wear clothes, she had no clothes.

The naked girl sat back with a sigh and shivered as her bare back hit the cool cinder block wall next to her bare bed. She knew that she should stop worrying about the snow and relax, maybe do some homework. But she couldn’t help it; she was anxious about walking naked through the snow. Of course she had done it many times already but each time was awful. She would lower her head and walk hurriedly through it as the snow pelted her poor defenseless body. Her feet would freeze as they trod through the icy paths. Her nipples would get even harder and hurt. Her skin developed goose bumps all over as the snow gathered in her hair, both on her head and pubes.

She grabbed the textbook that she had put aside. For a few minutes she tried to concentrate on the words but nothing was registering. With a sigh, she got to her feet and put the book on her desk. Spying a People magazine on Jen’s bed, she grabbed it, glad for some carefree fun. The cover story was from an awards show and Tami drooled over the dresses. What she wouldn’t give to wear a pretty dress again? Hopefully, she would one day know the feeling over clothing on her body. She would even wear heels no matter how high!

As she appraised the photos, the naked girl got critical. She spent so much time fantasizing about clothes that she knew she had a good eye for it.

“Too low cut,” thought the girl who used to dress so conservatively. “You can see half of her boobs.”

“Whoa, look at the slit in that dress,” she thought looking at another actress. “Hope she’s wearing panties or she’ll be showing off her vage.”

“That’s a pretty dress. I would have chosen a different necklace though.”

“Oh man, look at those shoes. They look painful as hell but so cute.”

“What I wouldn’t give to wear any of these outfits!”

The girl continued in this fashion, obsessively going over each outfit and making comments. Then she heard stomping of feet and knew that Jen had arrived. The girl pushed her way into the room and slammed the door before dropping her books on the desk. She kicked off her boots and threw her parka, hat, gloves and scarf on the floor in the corner.

“Jen, you okay,” Tami asked, guiltily closing the magazine, afraid that Jen would read her mind.

“No, not at all, I’m just having a shitty day, thank you very much,” the pretty girl said. “I took a test today that I know I failed, I have a 10-page paper due tomorrow that I’ve barely started and, to top things off, I’m horny as hell with Keisha away. I’m sorry, must be ovulating or something. I’m being a bitch.”

Tami sat stunned. Jen never seemed upset, only that one time when they had argued. Otherwise, the girl was happy-go-lucky, seemingly satisfied with licking her naked roommate to orgasm after orgasm with no request made for Tami to do the same. Of course, Tami now realized that she had been selfish. Jen was certainly giving her great pleasure. She should do the same.

She slid her naked body over the bare bed and walked to the door. With a loud click, she turned the lock in case Mandy came back early. She then walked over to where Jen sat at the desk, looking at the naked girl in wonder.

“Tami, what are you doing?”

“Well,” Tami said, straddling her fully clothed roommate, “I can’t do anything about the test or the paper but I may be able to help you with the last thing.”

Tami eased herself down so her bare thighs rubbed up against Jen’s jeans. Tami relished the feel of clothes on her body, even just next to her. She then leaned in and soulfully kissed Jen on the lips, wrapping her arms around the petite girl.

“Tami, you don’t have to---,” Jen started.

“Jen, shut up and kiss me please,” Tami said, pulling Jen towards her. The naked girl heard Jen moan. After a few minutes of making out, Tami got up and led Jen over towards her bed. She laid the girl down on the bare bed and climbed on top. After more making out, Tami reached down and undid the button and zipper of Jen’s jeans. She then slid her hand inside the panties and rubbed the now wet slit.

“OHH,” Jen moaned as Tami slid a finger along the opening. After a few teasing strokes, Tami pulled her hand out and broke off the kiss. She then moved down to undo Jen’s boots and remove the socks. She then slid the girl’s jeans and panties off, revealing a cute, shaved vagina. Jen humped the air, her need so great. Tami smiled mischievously and shook her head. “Not yet,” she whispered. Instead she reached and pulled Jen’s hooded sweatshirt off. Tami could see that her roommate was braless as the nipples stuck almost through the cami she wore under the hoodie. In a few seconds that garment was off too and, in a rare moment, Tami was not the only naked girl.

They kissed again, Tami relishing the feel of bare, girl skin against her own. Her fingers toyed with Jen’s soaking wet sex; Tami noticed that her own sex was responding as well. Tami then slid one, then two fingers up inside her lover, causing Jen to cry out in pleasure and buck her hips into the air. After several thrusts in and out, Jen came, shuddering and quivering as Tami worked it. Finally her orgasm subsided and her body stopped.

“Thank you Tam,” she said.

“Don’t thank me yet,” Tami said. “I think we have more fun left.”

With that, the girl who was always naked spun and straddled her knees on both sides of Jen, facing the girl’s bare feet. She then leaned over and descended upon the still wet sex.

“Oh God,” Jen moaned as Tami’s mouth found her sex. Though not as skilled as Jen, Tami soon had her lover moaning. In just a few minutes, Jen was cumming again. Of course, Tami knew that women are capable of multiple orgasms so she continued licking. In no time at all, Jen was going towards the waterfall again and shortly she was going over.

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 2**

The petite African American girl was passed out on the bare bed, wrung out by the multiple orgasms that Tami had just bestowed upon her. Tami smiled as she got to her feet and padded over to her roommates bed. She grabbed a blanket and wrapped it around the girl’s naked body, trying to preserve the modesty that she had been denied for so long. She sniffed the air and realized that it smelled of sex. She smiled, knowing that, for once, it was not hers.

Tami was tempted by the covers on her bed, which had sat empty for so many months. Should she give into the temptation and lay next to her roommate. Deciding she was safe (she was just preserving her friend’s modesty after all), Tami slid under the covers and cuddled with her naked, slumbering roommate. It felt so good being covered, a blessing after so many weeks of shame and nudity, that Tami fell asleep.

RING! The sound of the room phone jarred the girl awake. She noticed that it was still light out so she hadn’t been out long. Jen didn’t budge next to her, oblivious to the loud ringing. Despite an overwhelming desire to stay in her cocoon, Tami slid out from beneath the covers and grabbed the phone which was precariously perched on a low table next to Mandy’s bed.

“Hello,” she said in a whisper, trying not to wake Jen.

“Babe, it’s me,” came the familiar voice of Rod. They had been an item for a few months now. Any apprehension Tami had about dating in her condition was long gone. She loved Rod with her whole heart and soul and he loved her. But he rarely called during the day so she thought something was wrong.

“Rod, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing, can we talk, in person?”

Tami got a feeling of dread. “Is this bad?” Her feelings were allayed a bit by the sound of his laughter.

“Not at all babe, in fact it’s most excellent,” he said, a smile in his voice. “Can I come over?”

Tami looked at Jen asleep on the bed. “No, Jen’s passed out,” she said, not giving the reason why.

“Let’s meet in the Student Union then,” Rod said. Tami groaned inwardly. That would mean braving this blizzard again and putting on a show for everyone. But what choice did she have? She was a religious nudist. Why would a little snow bother her.

“Sure, give me 10 minutes,” she said.

Tami hung up the phone and paused. Despite the many days she had to leave her room in the snow, each time she started a little perplexed. How do I prepare for this? Most girls would grab an extra layer, put on a second pair of socks or add tights beneath their pants. At the very least, they would put on a hat or gloves with a parka. But Tami was not allowed those luxuries. She had to plow through this blizzard with nothing on, barefoot and bare skinned, letting the ice pelt her as she went. Saying a quiet prayer, she quietly opened the door and exited the room.

There was little hustle and bustle in the stairs as most of the students hunkered down in their dorm room. As she got to the lobby, two other girls came in and stomped the snow off their boots.

“Tami, you should probably not go out there in this,” one of them said. “It’s tough walking and seeing. It could be dangerous.”

She smiled and thanked the girl but continued walking. “I have to meet someone in the Student Union,” she said as an explanation.

“Suit yourself but I sure wouldn’t be headed there with nothing on,” the girl said. Of course she wanted to add, I wouldn’t be headed anywhere with nothing on, but she remained silent. Though many students felt these things about Tami, they rarely said them. They all held a grudging respect for the campus nudist, even if they thought she was a little strange. Sure some blatantly made fun of her but most just observed her and let her be.

Tami was oblivious to the girl’s thoughts as she was intent on steeling herself for the bitter cold and assault on her poor body. She took a deep breath for strength and pushed out the door. As soon as she stepped outside, she felt thousands of tiny knives poking at her from all angles. She felt like she was walking into the wall of cold air as she pushed through from the heat to the cold outside. The snow was accumulating faster than the ground crew could shovel so she was now plowing through snow that was ankle deep, which caused her feet to feel pain as they numbed. She stumbled towards where she knew the student union should be, trying to will herself forward. She turned twice, hoping she hadn’t misstepped off of a path. Finally the lights shined through the window of the student union and she rushed towards the door, incredibly grateful to be safe.

The poor girl shivered from the cold. The snow and sleet had gathered in the red hair on her head and on her pubic mound. She brushed the snow from both areas and went to find Rod. Now she wished she had grabbed her cell phone but she had been so preoccupied with not waking Jen that she had rushed out, not even bringing her ankle pouch which held all of her important cards. Heather and Wanda had declared that a purse covered too much and would be against her religion so they devised the ankle pouch. Not only did it take away another item with which she could cover herself but it also made her bend over every time she wanted to take something out of it.

Tami made her way to the ground floor of the union. There, outside of the mostly deserted snack bar, sat the gorgeous Rodney Sikes. Her heart melted when she saw him and she felt weak. Something about him made the girl feel warm all over. With her feet bare, she was quiet walking towards him before throwing her hands over his eyes and pressing her bare breasts into his shoulders.

“Guess who?”

“Um, is it Tynesha?”

SLAP! “OW…sorry…is it Rachael?”

SLAP! SLAP! “GUESS AGAIN!”

“Oh, it’s Monika.”

“Boy, you are really bad at this game,” she said, removing her hand from his eyes and contorting herself so that her lips locked with his.

“Oh, it’s you,” he said with a smile, once their kiss was through. “So many women sneak up and press their boobs against me, I didn’t realize it was you.”

“I want their names and addresses so I can find them and hurt them,” she said in mock anger. “No woman better be pressing their boobs into my man but me.”

She sat down on his lap, her legs dangling over the arms of the chair, and kissed him again.

“AHEM,” came a sound from a few feet away. The two lovers looked up and saw a security guard looking at them. “Enough of that you two. That kind of behavior is against the moral code of the school. Don’t make me write you up.”

Tami could not help herself as she laughed. Here she was, forced to be naked, often coerced into humiliating poses and situations, and two consenting adults innocently kissing was “against the moral code of the school.” But her laughter did not please the guard.

“Excuse me miss, but who do you think you are…”

“Sir, I’m sorry, we’ll stop,” Rod said, helping Tami to her feet. “We mean no offense.”

The man was mollified and walked away, leaving Tami standing there, trying to stifle her laughter.

“You crazy girl,” Rod said mockingly. “Trying to get us arrested for going against the moral code? They would throw the book at me.”

“Have a seat,” he said, pointing towards the hard, cold metal chair. “I bought you a coffee, black with two sugars just like you like it.”

Tami was touched that he knew how she liked her coffee. Still, she did not want to sit on that chair.

“Rod, would you be offended if we go someplace else,” she said. “That chair looks awfully cold and I know where there are some comfy couches.”

“Lead the way,” he said, handing her the cup of coffee. She held out her other hand and led him away from the snack bar towards the common area. Many times, at this time of day, this room would have been mobbed, especially with commuter students who needed a place to hang between classes but with the blizzard, many of them had stayed home. The resident students, for the most part, had gone to their rooms, leaving the couches empty and quiet.

Rod was enjoying the view from behind his girlfriend, again not believing how lucky he was to have her in his life. Of course having a naked girlfriend was beyond belief but it was more than that. Tami made Rod feel like a man, like he was complete. There was no doubt in his mind that he would stay with her forever, if she’d have him.

Finally she got to a secluded couch near the corner of the room. It was her favorite place as only someone sitting in one of the offices that overlooked the room would have a view of her. For someone constantly naked, she sought cover in any flimsy way she could.

Rod sat first and she sat next to him, on her side, her head on his lap, his right arm hanging down, blocking view of her breasts. With her knees together and pulled up and her butt against the cushions, for a rare time she was covering all of her private parts. Still, she didn’t think anyone could object that she was intentionally trying to cover up. The pose was natural, she thought. I have seen other girls laying like this with their boyfriends.

With his left hand, Rod ran his fingers through his girlfriend’s long red hair. This, he thought, is heaven. He could only imagine doing it all the time.

“So, Tami, remember when I told you about our band trip to Florida,” he said. Tami murmured in response. She wasn’t looking forward to being without him for five days, five long days. She hoped that Jen would be around…Tami was getting so used to orgasms that she didn’t know how she would handle five whole days without them.

“So, they had a contest to encourage us to make every practice,” he continued. Tami’s ears pricked up, thinking that maybe Rod won some money or something. Maybe they could order out instead of eating in the cafeteria all the time.

“Well, as you know, I always go to practice so I was entered in the contest and I won,” he said. Tami sat up, her face next to his.

“WOW…that’s great hon,” she said. “What did you win?”

“I get to take my hot girlfriend with me to Florida!”

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 3**

Tami’s face must have registered shock but she tried to recover. Florida? On a band trip? She was naked! How was she going to travel to Florida and display herself to all of those people? Even just the band members would gawk at her, but at least they were well used to seeing her naked. Plus, Rod was too well respected for her to be too abused.

“You’re kidding,” she said, trying to match her face reaction to that of Rod’s. He was beaming, smiling from ear to ear.

“No babe, isn’t that great? We’ll get away from these blizzards and spend some quality time together in the warmth of Florida. How awesome?”

She had to admit that the warmth part of it appealed to her. She was so cold all of the time, she wondered if she could ever get warm again. She wondered if perhaps she could store some of the Florida warmth for reserve.

“It is totally awesome, just overwhelming,” she said, trying to come up with a way out. As wonderful as parts of the trip would be, most of it would just be terrible and shaming. She would love to spend time with Rod but only on a private island where only he could see her naked.

“I know, I can’t believe it,” he said, pulling her in for a hug.

Thankfully, the wind had died down a bit so the walk back wasn’t nearly as unpleasant. It was still bitterly cold but not death defying like before. And, miraculously, the facilities team had again cleared the path. Though her bare feet could still feel the icy pavement, Tami didn’t have to worry about walking through snow up to her bare calves.

Tami hadn’t brought her ankle pouch so she had no key. Thankfully a girl was entering just as she hurried up to the door and yelled to ask her to hold it for her. As she passed, Tami thanked the other girl who responded with a surprised nod. She could not believe that anyone could walk naked through this winterland.

The naked girl rushed into the warmth of the dorm and stopped, letting her body get used to the warmth. Her feet and fingers were tingling after being exposed to the snow and cold. She managed to make her way up the stairs and into her dorm room unnoticed as nearly everyone was hunkered down for the blizzard.

She opened the door and was sad to see her bed completely bare as always. Jen had awakened, put the comforter back on her bed and dressed. She gave her naked friend a grateful smile from where she sat at the desk.

“Hello my friend, my bestest, most awesomest friend,” she said.

“Jen, stop,” Tami said, glancing up at Mandy who was sitting sullenly on her bed. Since that night when Tami had rejected Mandy’s advances, the girl was quiet all the time and acted like an outsider. For her part, Tami didn’t trust her.

“Mandy, Tami did me a huge favor today, huge favor,” Jen said. “She is a friend indeed.” Jen looked at Tami and gave a nod, pretending they had an inside secret. When Tami looked at Mandy, she saw her looking at her, drinking in her nudity. She too gave Tami a nod, this one more “I know what you did to her slut.”

Tami went to grab her book from the desk and go and study. Jen was getting up.

“That’s okay Jen, don’t get up,” Tami said. “I can read on my bed.”

“No, I’m meeting some other kids from my class to work on the paper together,” Jen said. As she stood, her face was inches from Tami’s and she leaned in and kissed her on the lips. “See you later tonight. Bye Mandy.”

That left Tami with the girl who made her feel very uncomfortable. Ever since that day when the girl correctly identified her as the “Unintentional Nudist,” Tami had been very wary. She hated feeling this way in her own room.

“So, I came in and saw you and Jen cuddling under the comforter,” Mandy said with a smirk. “Does that mean you sinned Tami Smithers? Must you now go to a nudist confession? ‘Forgive me Father for I have sinned…there was a brief time when my tits and pussy were not on display.’”

Tami seethed at this girl making fun of her. “I was not sinning,” she said angrily. “I was just protecting Jen’s modesty.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, I’m sure the Dean and Wanda and Ross and the whole gang won’t think a thing of it.”

The naked girl panicked. “Please Mandy, don’t say anything to them, I’m sorry,” she said. “I just thought that Jen would be uncomfortable--”

“Relax Tami, relax, I won’t tell them anything,” she said. “Your secret is safe with me.”

Tami visibly relaxed. “Thank you Mandy,” she said. “I’m sorry things are tense with us. I know I haven’t been that friendly.”

For once, Mandy gave a real smile. “Not your fault, I know the pressure you are under,” she said. “I hear they really want you to crack. Keep up your guard.”

Tami sat down on her bed and tried to concentrate on her art history text book but the sight of the naked women in all of the paintings depressed her. All she could think about was what Mandy said. “They really want you to crack. Keep up your guard.” She wondered if she could withstand more humiliation.

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 4**

The morning sun shined in through the window, rousing the sleeping girl. Tami Smithers sat up, shielding her eyes from the sun, a rarity in these parts during the winter, especially lately when snow had fallen for days.

Tami pulled the curtain over the window and laid back down. Sadly, she doubted she would be able to fall back asleep. Once awake, Tami usually stayed awake. Not only that, but the thoughts of a naked trip to Florida were playing in her head. How would she let Rod down gently? She knew that it would upset him…he was so excited to be bringing her. Of course, he had no idea of the shame she felt being naked. He thought that she had no modesty and loved being naked. Why would he doubt that she would love a trip to Florida?

She decided to tell him that she had a test on Friday that she could not miss. And that something came up with her work study program and she had to work. He would not want to jeopardize her grades or her scholarship and she doubted he would check up on her. No, he trusted her implicitly. How wrong he was!

She turned on her side and looked over at her roommates still sleeping. She could barely see Jen on the top bunk, the comforter over her head, only her face poking out. Mandy had kicked her leg out and Tami noticed that she was wearing her fuzzy socks and warm flannel pajama pants. A part of her ached at seeing the warm clothes on her roommate. She desperately yearned to feel clothes on her poor body again. She wondered if she would ever feel it again.

Tami gave up trying to fall back to sleep, not with all of these thoughts running around in her brain. She padded on her bare feet over to the desk where Jen’s laptop sat. She let Tami share it and Tami checked her email. Most were from other students or professors about class stuff. A few came from the friends at home and one from her mom. Then she saw the name Wanda pop up and the naked girl stiffened.

Wanda had been mostly out of her life lately. She had been her RA and put her up to the streaking stunt. Of course, she was also the one who had stolen her clothes and then had set up and enforced the strict nudity rules she now followed. However, since returning from Winter break, they had a new RA and Wanda was nowhere to be found.

“Hey Naked One—miss seeing ALL of YOU. LOL☺ Anywho, heard about your trip to sunny FLA! One of Heather’s friends is in the band. Apparently, the other geeks are PO’d about having your naked ASS with them. Oh well, at least you’ll be warm…probably don’t even need sunscreen anymore after having that savage ALL-OVER TAN! You haven’t worn clothes in how long, five months? SIX? Six months of showing your boobs and butt and puss to the world. How does that feel? Anyway, I know you are going to have a great time…I will make sure that the Dean and Mr. Ross know about your wonderful opportunity. They will want to be sure your schedule is clear. And I am sure that Heather’s friends will report back how the trip was. CHOW BABE!

Wanda

P.S.—your green turtleneck sweater has kept me so warm. That and your fur lined gloves have saved my life during this blizzard. Hope you got through it ok. Thank you for giving up your clothes!”

Tami’s heart sunk and the stomach rolled. Once again, she was trapped and Wandabitch was the person doing the trapping. She was going to have to go to Florida or face expulsion. Damn, she thought, why do they always have the upper hand? And twisting the knife continually along the way was rotten. Now what?

She knew that she would be going on the trip and would have to be especially careful with more “spies” on the trip. Tami closed her eyes, knowing that she was in for more shame than she had already dealt with.

The rest of the events fell like dominos. That morning, at her first class, her professor mentioned to her as she entered that Dean Jorgon had sent her an email about the trip and that it was no problem, she could make up her school work. That went on two more times that day. The die was cast.

So now, Tami sat naked in the window seat next to Rod as they made the 90-minute trip to the airport. Her stomach was queasy as she imagined the horrors still to come.

Rod had been so happy when she told him that she had worked it out and would be joining him on the trip. He made a copy of the itinerary, etc. She noted that one day would be in a parade at an amusement park. How to get out of that? Could anything be more awful than naked at a park where thousands of people and families would be?

That morning had shown how different she was than most other girls. Everything she needed was packed in a very small bag that she had stuffed into Rod’s. Included a toothbrush, lipstick, eye shadow and some other toiletries (including tampons, just in case…her period was due right while they were there). She had stood there while girls brought bag after bag to be thrown under the bus. These girls looked so cute in their outfits, walking the line between braving the cold but also being ready for the warm Florida weather. Most wore pants and a long sleeve shirt but Tami noticed that many also had something more suitable for warm weather, like a tank top, underneath. Some wore capris, figuring they were a good combo, longer than shorts but okay when they arrived in Florida. Of course they were feeling cold now and wrapping their arms around themselves, wondering if they should have worn more layers. Some of the guys in the band were helpfully hugging them for warmth, though Tami assumed they were probably hugging them for other reasons too.

Tami watched all of this amusedly. They were feeling the cold because they wore capris. She wore nothing and no one thought anything of it. Bizarre. Not only was she an outsider with the band, she was a naked creature completely different than them. No luggage, no clothing, no modesty. Nothing. From the looks on the faces of the other students, especially the girls, they were no happier about her being on the trip than she was. They could only imagine the attention she would receive.

The naked girl sat with her feet flat on the floor, her knees tight together. She knew that someone might take exception to this pose, as perhaps she were hiding (which she was) but she also felt she could get away with it in the tight quarters of the bus. She was braced by Rod’s presence next to her and she appreciated his hand on her knee as he turned to talk to his bandmates.

She definitely felt like a “third wheel” here. This was a place where Rod was just Rod, not the naked girl’s boyfriend. She didn’t feel like she was in this world at all. Of course she knew a few of the people here, had hung with them on campus once or twice, but no one she would consider a friend. One girl had attempted small talk with her but Tami was so nervous she could barely keep a conversation going. The girl quickly lost interest, a fact that made Tami feel bad but also relieved.

Finally they arrived at the airport. This would be the first of Tami’s very public humiliations and she was dreading it. The band coach, Mr. Padrelli, said he would take care of everything but she was still worried. She and Rod waited on the bus, as directed, while the other kids streamed out to grab their bags and head into the airport. Tami’s knees were knocking with nerves and Rod seemed to finally realize the situation that her nudity created.

“Is there any rule against nudity at the airport,” he asked. Then he laughed, “Howard Stern used to joke about everyone flying naked for safety reasons. Can’t bring a bomb aboard can you?”

Tami smiled but didn’t feel happy. She didn’t think about that part of it. Would it be a federal offense to be naked at an airport? Would she be arrested? It was one thing to be naked on campus and around their little town or her hometown but the airport felt so very important with the police and dogs and TSA guards. What the hell was she thinking?

Finally, after all of the other students had gotten their luggage, Mr. Padrelli came back.

“OK, Rod, you are cleared to go,” he said. “Tami, they are going to have to handle you a little bit more delicately. You can follow me and we’ll meet up with the rest of the group at the gate.”

Tami’s face froze. She did not want to be separated from Rod but also didn’t want to go through the very public terminal. Torn, she decided to trust Mr. Parelli. Rod seemed to be of the same mind.

“Mr. Parelli, I don’t like the idea of not being with Tami but if you say it’s okay, then I guess it’s okay.” He turned and kissed his girlfriend on the lips and grabbed her upper arms. “See you at the gate Tam. Love you.”

With that, he got up and left the bus, grabbing his luggage, leaving Tami naked (except for her ankle pouch) and alone (except for the band leader whom she barely knew). Tami felt so small as she looked down and saw her naked body in this bus.

“Well Tami, I have to say, your presence on this trip is making it very difficult logistically,” the man said, sitting in the seat across from her. She was surprised that the man was making pretty good eye contact, slipping occasionally to her breasts and legs but mostly staying on her face. For some reason, that made her feel very comfortable with him, despite what he was saying. “But Rod won fair and square and the dean was quite insistent. You have a big fan in him I think.”

You have no idea, Tami thought. “Well, I am glad to be here and sorry to put you through so much.”

“We will take care of you, you can trust that,” he said. “Obviously your rights to be a nudist are protected at the college and, because this is a college trip, you have the right to remain this way, even here at the airport. There may be places on the trip where it is better if you don’t join us. I hope you don’t mind.”

Tami shook her head. “No, I understand.”

“OK, let’s go then,” he said. “Have any luggage to grab?”

“No, Rod has my toiletries and everything else is in my pouch.”

“I guess not wearing clothes makes it easy to pack,” he said smiling. She smiled back and nodded, though she wished she had the burden of packing. She would have packed a thousand bags and carried them all if it meant she could wear clothes.

The bus driver gave a lingering, appreciative stare as she walked towards him and off the bus behind the band leader. This was her first appearance outside of the bus and several people who were being dropped off at the curb stopped and stared. A few gasped and she heard a whistle or two but she continued walking right behind the leader. She had thought they would head for a side entrance but instead he walked through the automatic doors that Rod had just walked, leading to the very busy area where people waited in line for tickets and to check their baggage.

There was a loud din of noise in the room that seemed to stop as the naked girl walked into the room. It went in waves as the first set of people saw her and then more saw her. Tami wanted to turn and run or, at the very least, cover herself with her hands. No, she was a committed, proud nudist who had to walk tall without any cover.

Instead of going to a separate entrance, the man led Tami past the long line right to the counter. She saw several of the band kids in line, stewing. They were not alone…who was this naked girl and why did she get to skip the line? She saw some parents turning their children away so they would not see the naked girl. How embarrassing!

“Sir, what is going on,” a man named Hector behind the counter asked.

“Yes, I spoke with Jorge earlier, he told me to come to this counter and ask for Hector,” Mr. Parelli said. “This woman is Tami Smithers, a religious nudist, who is part of a group from the college where I work. We are headed for Florida and I was to ask for you to avoid any issues.”

The man looked Tami up and down and then again. The naked girl desperately wanted to cover up and was feeling tremendous shame.

“Well, does Miss Smithers have some ID,” Hector asked finally.

“Tami, can you give this man your ID please,” Mr. Parelli said, the first time either of them had spoken to her. She nodded and bent over to get her ID. As she did, she heard a gasp from the people right behind her as she gave them an eyeful. Finally she stood upright with her driver’s license in hand and gave it to the man who was staring at her breasts. She thought it may have been smarter to take off the whole pouch instead of having to bend over again to put it back in and then take it off going through security but she didn’t do that. One way or the other, she would have to bend over again. Maybe she could do it in a more private location.

The man looked at the license and then back at Tami. “You’re wearing clothes in this photo, I can see your blouse,” Hector said. “I think I need another form of ID. Do you have anything?”

Of course he would need another form of ID. That was the way it worked for her. Whatever she wanted, the opposite happened. She should be used to it. So, Tami again bent over, this time undoing the pouch and bringing it up. “I have a school ID,” she said in a voice that was smaller than she wanted.

“I guess that’s fine,” Hector said. She handed him the ID card with her name, birthdate and student ID. Of course she was wearing clothes in this photo too but only her face was visible. This was BN—before nudity.

The man looked at both IDs and then at the naked girl before finally deciding that it was indeed her. Tami knew that it was just another excuse to gawk at her legally. He handed her back her IDs before punching keys on the keyboard.

“Are you checking any luggage? I guess not, what would you put in it,” he said. Both men laughed. She smiled politely, desperate to get out of this location where she was on full display.

“Wonderful, here is your boarding pass Miss, you may go to security line A,” Hector said. She took her pass with a quiet thank you and began to walk away.

“Wait Tami, I need to check in as well,” Mr Parelli said. “Oh man, I left my bag at the bus. Let me run and get it. Hector, can you give me a minute?”

The man was staring right at Tami’s bare breasts above the counter and said, “no problem, take your time.”

“Tami, wait here, I’ll be right back.”

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 5**

Tami wanted to get out of this situation but, like the good girl she was, waited as instructed. She knew that all of the people in line could easily see her bare butt and many could see her from the side. Hector and the woman to his left behind the counter could see her breasts too. All in all, not terrible, she thought, but certainly shaming.

“So, how long you been a nudist,” Hector said, his eyes boring holes into her nipples.

“Since September,” she said softly, “my second day of classes.”

“WOW, so you are naked all the time?”

“Yes, I don’t ever wear clothes,” she said, feeling like this was a rehearsed line but accurate.

“Well, you have a beautiful body, that’s for sure,” Hector said.

They stood there for a few more minutes, excruciating for Tami, tremendous for Hector, before Mr. Parelli returned, wheeling one piece of luggage and carrying another.

“Sorry about that Tami, I was so worried about getting you settled that I forgot about myself,” he said. “Thank God George hadn’t left yet. That would have been awkward, getting to Florida with no luggage.”

Of course it would, she thought, you might be like me and not have anything to wear. At least you would have the clothes you were wearing, she thought. She shook that thought out of her head, knowing it would do her no good.

She followed the man away from the counter, following signs for security. Tami felt the eyes upon her by the hundreds as now new people were getting closer views. There was a long line for security but again Mr. Parelli led her around the line to where a man sat.

“This must be our nudist,” the guard said. The man’s ID badge said he was Philip. “Can I see your ID and boarding pass?”

Tami was grateful that she didn’t have to bend over again. Instead she handed her driver’s license and boarding pass to the man. The man looked her up and down and then back at the ID. He then ran a light over the back to show the hologram that each license had.

“OK, you can go on and get in that line,” he said, pointing to a line where two women in wheelchairs waited. This line must be for special cases, she thought, the handicapped and those who choose not to wear clothes.

“Tami, I will meet you at the other end of the line,” Mr. Parelli said. “I have to go through the regular line.” The man left her, leaving Tami feeling more naked than she already was. At least with Mr. Parelli, she had someone she knew and who knew her. Now she was braving this world alone.

She padded over to where the two women sat. They looked at her with bewilderment.

“Honey, what is your story,” one of the women asked.

“I’m a religious nudist,” she said. “I feel called to not wear clothes.”

The other woman chuckled. “Well, if I had a body like yours maybe I wouldn’t wear clothes either.”

Tami smiled as the women started a conversation about where she was from and where she was going. It felt weird to engage these older women in a normal conversation while naked but they seemed fine with it. She sat down next to them to minimize her exposure, crossing her legs at the knee to hide her vagina a bit. Still, she knew that her breasts were on display. In a life of constant nudity, one takes what she can get. Though she knew that others could see her, especially those waiting in the regular security line, she felt enveloped in a safe cocoon with these women.

That feeling did not last long as a large, burly guard came out. “Tami Smithers,” he said in a deep, booming voice. She said, “me.”

Surprisingly, the man good naturedly guffawed. “Yes, I figured that as you are the only one here without clothes on,” he said. “Follow me.”

Tami said her goodbyes and followed the man through a door that led to the screening area. All around, she could see other passengers putting their belongings in crates, removing their shoes and belts. She saw others standing in a machine, legs and arms in an X while the machine whirled around them. She also noticed that some of the passengers were getting patted down or wanded. One girl, about her age, looked like she was going to cry as she was patted down. Sister, I’m with you, Tami wanted to say.

“OK, Miss Smithers, you may go into the machine,” he said, pointing to the one where you stand in an X. She wondered if this was really necessary. After all, the idea of the machine was to look through clothes to see if you had anything underneath. Obviously that was not an issue for her but rules were rules. She stepped into the machine, putting her bare feet on the spot where the feet pictures were. This had the effect of spreading her out like an X. Of course she had been exposed way more than this over the past few months but this felt especially shaming.

“Step out of the machine Miss,” another man said. Unlike the first guy, this one was obviously leering and enjoying the nudity in front of him. He instructed Tami to stand like she did in the machine, feet spread shoulder width apart and arms out from her side. She saw everyone in the security area checking her out and she desperately wanted to cover up but knew that she could not…spies were everywhere, she was learning.

As the man waved the wand past her boobs, it beeped. Then again at her vagina and her butt. What could it be, she wondered.

“Maam, we’re going to have to search you,” the man said very plainly, though it was obvious he was excited. For her part, Tami was confused. How could they possibly search a naked girl? Then it hit her and she froze. No, not here! Were they really going to give her a cavity search here in the airport?

“I don’t understand, what are you going to do,” she asked.

“Maam, for some reason we have the wand beeping, indicating that something is amiss,” he said. “We have no choice. We will take you to the room where we do these searches.”

He was about to lead her out when another man stopped him.

“Jim, no need to go to that room, we can do it right here,” he said, causing Tami’s stomach to drop. “We have a letter that says she’s a religious nudist who does not believe in modesty. No reason to waste time and go to that room and leave this area unattended.”

Tami wanted to run away. They were actually suggesting that she be cavity searched here in front of all of these people.

The man, who was named Jimmy according to his name tag, put on rubber gloves and began running his hands through Tami’s hair. She closed her eyes, feeling like the center of attention. Then he put his fingers into each ear and up her nose, causing the girl to wince. “Open wide please,” he said. The girl seemed unsure of what he meant but then he opened his mouth and she did the same. She felt his rubber covered fingers rubbing along her teeth and gums and then her tongue. In all of her shameful exhibitions, this particular area was rarely abused and it felt so personal.

“Miss, please stand with your hands on your head,” he said. Tami was still frozen but, summoning strength from somewhere deep within herself, managed to put her hands on her head. The man began kneading her breasts, squeezing the sensitive tissue one at a time. She saw that her nipples were responding, despite the humiliation and degradation. The man then grabbed each nipple and lifted each breast, rubbing his fingers along the now exposed skin underneath.

“OK, please put your hands against the wall and bend forward,” he said. Tami did as instructed, thinking that at least she would not be facing the people who were gathering to watch. Then she noticed that the wall was actually glass and she could see her reflection and that of those watching. She also saw people gathering on the other side of the wall. This was terrible.

She felt the man’s breath on her nether regions and prepared for the assault. “Excuse me, but what are you doing?” She turned her head to see a woman come forward. “Why isn’t there a woman performing this search and why are you doing this in public? This woman deserves some privacy.”

The crowd, which had been standing and staring in silence, murmured, many in agreement. The guard looked nervous.

“Well, um, it’s not a problem, per se…” he stammered.

The other guard, who had been so nice, stared at Tami as if expecting her to say something. After all, he figured, she was the nudist.

Summoning resolve that she had not known she had prior to her naked sentence, Tami stood up, turned and said softly, “thank you maam, but it’s okay. I’m a religious nudist and I don’t believe in modesty.”

With that, she turned back to the wall and lowered her head to cover the shame she really did feel and hide the tears that were forming in her eyes. She heard the new murmurs and wondered what her defender thought of her now. She probably regretted speaking up. Tami wanted to run to that woman and thank her for caring and tell her the truth but she knew that was useless. She was destined to go through life as the proud nudist.

Again, she felt the warm breath on her nether regions and prepared for the assault. Just then, the kind guard stopped the other guard. “You know, that woman was right, this should be done by a female officer,” he said. “Miss, you may stand up until we can bring another officer, this time a female over.”

Tami stood up, wishing this could all end. Now she had to stand there on display and wait until a female officer was brought over. Tami shivered. This woman looked annoyed to be called on for this duty.

“I don’t understand it George, she doesn’t care if it’s a guy or a girl doing, why should we,” she said as she approached.

“Gertie, you know what the rules say,” he whispered, though loudly enough so that Tami heard him. “All of these people watching will talk. I don’t want word getting out that we let a guy stick his fingers inside of girl during a cavity search. I don’t care what she is okay with.”

They approached Tami. “Sorry about that Miss, I hope that your wait hasn’t been terrible,” the man said to Tami. “Gertie here is one of our finest officers. She will complete the search. I am sorry about before and hope that this will not be too much of an inconvenience.”

Oh sure, Tami thought, I just love coming to the airport and having fingers stuffed inside of me and being humiliated in front of a crowd. Of course she couldn’t say any of this and said only, “it’s fine.”

“Alright,” Gertie said, “if you can assume the position you were in before we can get this search moving along.”

Once again, Tami got into the most humiliating position a girl can get into, bent over, her boobs dangling down, her ass sticking out. Again she felt a stranger’s breath on her anus and vagina but this time there was no stoppage. She felt Gertie stick one finger and then another inside of her sex. Tami squirmed a bit at the intrusion but figured that she was better equipped that most women to handle this humiliation. After all, she was poked and prodded more than any woman she knew. She probably was poked more than many porn stars.

The woman was incredibly thorough, turning her fingers all around inside of Tami’s vagina. Finally, she was done and removed her fingers. “She’s clean in there.” Tami braced herself for the worst but realized that Gertie was incredibly gentle and professional as she slid her finger inside of the girl’s most private place. “OK sweetheart, just let me check in here for a moment and then we’ll be done,” she said softly and quietly. Tami was incredibly consoled by the kindness as the woman twirled her finger inside a few times and pulled out. “She’s good.”

The woman removed her gloves and handed Tami a paper towel. “I am sure you would like to wipe yourself just to be sure,” she said. “Sorry for the intrusion but better safe than sorry.” Tami took the towel but was unsure how to best accomplish the task of wiping herself. Finally she decided to just do it and quickly placed the towel between her legs and wiped some of the moisture from her mound and then her backside. She heard someone go “eewww” and felt tiny. She disposed of the towel and took her ankle pouch and boarding pass back from George.

“Sorry about that Miss,” he said, red faced. It was obvious that he was not in favor of what just happened to her. “Have a good flight.”

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 6**

She turned and wanted to run and hide. However, she knew there could be spies everywhere and figured the dean would love to run her out of school for displaying even the least amount of modesty. “Thank you maam, but it’s okay. I’m a religious nudist and I don’t believe in modesty.” What a load of hogwash, she thought. I do believe in modesty. I want clothes back. Alas, however, she stood naked here in the airport, not allowed any covering.

Wanting desperately to do something normal and not stand around and be gawked at, Tami walked out of the security area. She was fascinated to see so many shops and stands here at the airport. She had only flown once as a young girl and did not remember much about it. Of course she had been wearing shoes so she did not remember if the floors were this cold or if there were so many drafts hitting her then. Now she felt a shiver up her body as the mixture of cold floors and cool drafts hit her. She went towards the first store she saw, a news stand. She saw a display of magazine far from the door and headed for it, trying to get away from prying eyes.

She walked past the awful men’s magazines that had pictures of scantily clad women smiling at her from their covers. Tami grimaced, feeling they were cheap. She would never pose for such photos. Then she laughed…she would be lucky to be able to wear something as flimsy as these girls were. Sometimes she could forget what she had become and think like the teenage girl she really was.

Tami padded her way over to the more “girly” magazine—Seventeen, Cosmo, Glamour, People. She began thumbing through People before settling on Cosmo. Despite herself, she wanted to know how to give mind blowing orgasms that make your man come back again and again. Upon reflection, she realized she might have a thing or two to teach Cosmo. She carried the magazine up to the counter and placed it there and grabbed a pack of gum. Her mom said that it helped keep your ears from popping.

“What’s your deal honey,” the black girl asked. “This a movie or something?”

“No, I’m a religious nudist,” she said in a practiced tone, handing the woman a $10 bill and getting change back. She thanked the woman and walked out, smiling. This felt normal, even though she was doing it naked.

Tami thought she should get back to the security line and wait for the others. Then the smell hit her nose. Cinnamon buns! Tami was a sucker for these snacks as a kid and had spent many dollars at the cinnamon bun place in the mall near her house. She and her mom would sneak off and grab one, savoring the sweet, sticky goodness without her dad or Joe knowing. Though she had stayed away from fattening foods during her naked days, she now wanted the comfort that food would give her. She moved towards the store and began salivating at the thought.

There was surprisingly no line. The man behind the counter made no effort to look anywhere but at her boobs but he could not see below that because of the counter. In a life of total nudity, Tami took comfort in any cover she could find.

“Um, can I, uh, help you?”

“Yes, a large bun please,” she said, sounding almost like the 10 year old she felt like right now. “Oh and a chocolate milk please…and two forks and a knife please.” These buns were definitely messy and would require a fork…the other one was for Rod. She wanted him to share this goodness with her.

Tami pulled out another $10 bill and handed it to the man, waiting for change. All of that modeling and time at Chalfont was good for something…it gave her plenty of cash to spend, not that she spent it on anything! Where would a naked girl go and spend money?

She took the change and started to leave but then stopped. She was being selfish…there were 20 others here with her, travelling from Campbell-Frank College. How could she just show up with one cinnamon bun?

Tami turned back and noticed that the man had been watching her from behind as she walked away. Blushing, she put her ankle pouch on the counter and ordered a box of mini-buns to share with everyone. She wasn’t willing to give up her shared bun but she would make sure everyone got something. Tami put down her bags and placed her foot up on a bench to reattach her ankle pouch. She heard a whistle and knew that someone behind her was getting a good view. Redfaced, she picked up her bags and went back to the security area to wait for Rod and the band.

She was happy to see that the group from CFC were now near the front of the security line. She jealously watched Rod laugh and joke with two girls but quickly dismissed that. No, there was no denying her boyfriend’s love for her. She smiled when he turned, saw her and waved. She held up the bag and saw his face light up.

Waiting there as people streamed by was a bit embarrassing but nothing compared to what she had dealt with in the past few weeks and even earlier today. She even chuckled when one of the men walking by remarked, “well that’s the best advertisement for cinnamon buns I’ve ever seen.”

Finally Rod made it through security and leaned in for a kiss. “I was worried about you, been waiting long,” he asked.

“Not too long,” she said. “Security wasn’t a problem.”

Just then one of the girls in the group, Tami thought her name was Megan, came up being supported by one of the guys.

“They had to pat her down because she was wearing a long skirt,” the man said. “She’s shaken up a bit.”

Everyone consoled the girl who sniffled but was grateful. Tami wanted to laugh…you think that was bad, she thought, you should have seen what I went through a little while ago. But she said nothing, knowing that no one thought anything of it when she was subjected to humiliating things. She was a nudist who didn’t believe in modesty, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

“Babe, what’s in the bag,” Rod asked after everyone was done consoling Megan.

“Cinnamon bun for us to share,” she said. She saw the others looking at her with disdain. “Oh, I got mini buns for everyone!”

“YAY Tami,” one of the girls said. They moved towards the terminal and found a place where all of them could sit. Tami hissed a bit when her bare butt came into contact with the cold metal chair but she settled in, well used to this feeling. She handed the bag of mini buns to a guy named George, who opened the box and began sharing the food. Meanwhile, Tami and Rod took their forks and knives and dug into the bigger bun and shared the food and chocolate milk. The group chatted and laughed and Tami almost forgot that she was naked in a very public airport.

Mr. Parelli had been worried about being late so they had arrived at the airport three hours early. They had plenty of time to sit and laugh. One of the girls, Janey, grabbed Tami’s Cosmo and started asking quiz questions. The group laughed at the naughty questions, made more naughty by the free form answers. At one point, Tami snorted while drinking chocolate milk and it flew out of her nose and down her chest. The boys helpfully offered to help her clean it up but Rod declined the offer as she wiped her breasts dry.

The group was still laughing when Mr. Parelli came up with two men in suits on either side of him.

“Um, Tami, can we have a word with you please, in private?”

The group got very quiet and Tami’s stomach started rumbling. Something about the man’s demeanor did not bode well.

“Sure,” she said, hiding the nervousness she was feeling. She pushed back her chair and got to her feet when Rod grabbed her hand.

“I’m coming with you,” he said, also getting to his feet.

“Sir, we’d like to speak with Ms. Smithers on her own,” the man said firmly.

“But I am her boyfriend and I am not comfortable with her being alone with you,” Rod said, steeling himself for a confrontation. Tami was getting more scared…she desperately wanted Rod along with her but did not want him getting into trouble for her sake.

“It’s okay Rod,” she said.

“It’s not okay Tami,” he said sharply. “I don’t have a good feeling about this.”

She didn’t either and looked up at Mr. Parelli. When their eyes met, his looked down at the floor.

“Sir, I promise you, nothing will be done to hurt your girlfriend,” the man said. “You have my word.”

Rod softened a bit. “Tami, will you be okay?”

No, I won’t, she wanted to say. Instead she just nodded and made her way to where the men stood. She followed them away from the comfort of the group that she had just felt were becoming her friends. Worse yet, she followed them away from Rod.

They walked a few feet and came to a door that was completely nondescript. In fact, Tami would not have noticed it if one of the men hadn’t pushed it open. Unlike the airport terminal, the floors in here were concrete. This was obviously a loading area and Tami felt a chill in the air.

The three men and one naked girl walked to an office marked Security Conference Room. They went in and Tami was offered a seat. Unlike the cool seats in the terminal, this was padded and warmer, though it was obvious that it was older and she felt a bit icky sitting on it. At first, she crossed her legs and folded her arms over her chest. Noticing a raised eyebrow from Mr. Parelli she said, “it’s chilly in here.”

“Miss Smithers, I am Joe Thompson, head of security for the airline here and this is Adam Wainwright, head of PR,” the taller man said. “We are sorry to make this seem so official but this was important and we wanted to make sure we treated it as such.”

Tami got even more nervous. “What’s important?”

“You,” the other man, Adam, said with a smile. “We value you and your religion. However, you must see that your ability to practice your religion might impose upon others and their sensibility and morality.”

Tami was confused and her face must have recognized it.

“Put another way Miss Smithers, may I call you Tami,” asked Joe. Tami nodded and he continued. “We may have some people who practice a religion that believes strongly in modesty, especially female modesty. They might see you practicing your religion and get angry. We like to avoid that if possible.”

Was this a trap, Tami wondered. Were they going to offer for her to wear clothes and then catch her “sinning”?

“What are you saying, that I can’t fly on your airline or that I can’t be naked? Am I not able to practice my religion?”

“Tami, be reasonable please,” Joe said. “This is serious business. The people we are talking about are not to be played with. They are probably already upset that you have been walking around naked all day.”

Tami was getting angry. She did not want to be naked in any way and was a bit excited to think that maybe she would be forced to wear clothes. However, she didn’t like being told that people could dictate what she did and didn’t do. The old blue collar tough girl was coming back a bit, especially away from Campbell Frank College.

“Well I’m sorry that ‘they’ are upset that I am following my religion,” she said, uncrossing her legs and arms and thrusting her breasts out. “However, I do believe that I have that right here in America, don’t I?”

Adam jumped in, worried about the bad PR that his airline might be facing if they squashed the girl’s religious freedom. “Wait a second Tami, no one is trying to force you to do anything you don’t want to do,” he said, obviously nervous. “We’re just asking you to help us keep the peace and all.”

Tami calmed down. At least if these guys were spies or if Mr. Parelli went back to the Dean or Ross, she had plausible deniability, like she didn’t want to be covered but was forced to.

“What do you have in mind,” she asked tentatively.

“Well, we would bring you to the gate by a secret passage and get you on the plane before everyone else,” John said. “Then you could be seated and covered with a blanket for the duration of the flight. When everyone has deplaned, we will have security meet you at the plane and do the same thing back out of the terminal. That way, no one has to be offended and you mostly get to live your life according to your religion.”

“But I would be covered,” she said. “My religion calls for me to never be covered. I don’t even own any clothes or towels or blankets for that reason. This won’t work for me.” The girl was laying it on thick but she wanted to be convincing as a nudist being forced against her will.

“Tami is right,” Mr. Parelli said, backing his student up. It took every ounce of strength for her not to stop him. “She never wears clothes, not even in blizzards back at school. And what if she wants to get up and got to the bathroom? Will she have to wrap the blanket around her? Seems odd.”

The men shook their heads and Joe exhaled loudly. Though they knew it would be a difficult conversation, they expected her to go along. Now what?

“Let us talk to our higher ups and come back to talk to you in a bit,” Joe said. “Are you comfortable? Can I get you something?”

“Can I go back to my friends,” Tami asked adversarily.

“No, I’m sorry, not until we resolve this situation,” Adam said.

The two men left Tami and Mr. Parelli there. “Sorry you’re in this mess because of me,” she said to the man who sighed.

“Tami, I expected this would happen frequently when I heard you were coming,” he said, sitting down across from her. “You have to admit that your, um, situation lends itself to problems.”

The two sat quietly while Tami thought about it. He was right, of course. Being naked led to issues that were too numerous to mention. He thought that she was choosing it of her own free will, making her the crazy one.

“But, Rod won the trip fair and square and he’s crazy about you so we’ll make this work,” he said, looking at her kindly. “Any chance we can help these guys make this situation easier? I hate to make you go against your religion but if we can help these guys out, they may make our lives easier.”

Tami thought about it. Mr. Parelli was being helpful and these guys were just doing their job.

“OK, see what they want me to do,” she said.

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 7**

Tami tentatively slid open the sliding glass door and, peeking out to make sure no one could see her, padded out naked and laid down on one of the lounge chairs on the deck. She greedily soaked up the warmth that hung in the air. While others in the group complained about the high temps and the humidity, Tami wanted to drink it all inside and save it for those inevitable blizzards that would soon be her fate on campus.

Finally, Tami was alone and away from prying eyes. Some of her trip was wonderful, like having a private room to herself with Rod and getting to know some really nice kids. Of course, in her life, some of it was awful. She had gone with the group to meals in public places and both times was called out by managers. It took all of Mr. Parelli’s negotiations to keep the police from being contacted.

“Tami, maybe tomorrow when we go to the rehearsal, you can stay back at the hotel,” the man had said. Tami could not agree more.

The flight had been mostly uneventful once she was seated. The two airline employees had thanked her profusely for helping them out, even offering her a free flight, and had led her and Mr. Parelli out to the plane. Tami had first gotten nervous as they led her down hallway after hallway.

“It’s difficult to get out to the boarding area to avoid having someone sneak in,” Joe said. Tami thought this was a good idea…if they left her here she would have no way to find her way out. This thought made her nervous…to be naked made her feel so vulnerable and she desperately did not want to be left here.

She had no reason to fear. The men were very nice and did not seem to be overtly checking her out. Of course they looked, what man wouldn’t, but they weren’t gross about it. For Tami, this behavior was tame compared to what she put up with back on campus.

The cool floor turned colder beneath her bare feet and she knew without knowing that they were getting close. Finally a door with a small window appeared, which led to the tarmac. Using a security swipe card and a code that he keyed into a wall unit, Joe opened the door and motioned for Adam to lead the way. The cold air hit them hard, Tami especially. The naked girl took a deep breath and plunged out into the air, which hit her like a frozen wall.

Even now, in the warm Florida sun, Tami shivered remembering the moment. Thank you God, she prayed, for sunlight and warmth.

The men had led Tami and Mr. Parelli past a row of surprised and very interested luggage carriers and up a set of stairs that had little icicles hanging from them. Tami winced as her bare feet hit each metal rung. Finally they entered the relative warmth of the walkway bridge where they were greeted by a flight attendant.

“Mary, this is Tami Smithers, who I told you about,” Adam said with a smile.

Mary was too professional to do anything but smile at Tami and say, “welcome aboard. We will try to make you as comfortable as possible. We are about to board the other passengers but thought it might be best if we had you situated.”

Tami thought that she was again being treated like an invalid or someone with an illness. She supposed that some people might treat her as having something to be taken care of.

“Thank you for that,” she said softly.

“Well, thank you Tami for helping us out,” Joe said, holding his hand out. She shook it and said, “no problem,” before doing the same with Adam. Mr. Parelli said, “I’ll walk out with you guys and meet the rest of my group. You okay Tami?”

The naked girl nodded and was left with Mary. “Miss, I want to tell you that while I don’t agree with what you are doing, I will take good care of you and respect your religion,” the woman said softly. “You shouldn’t worry about that.”

“Thank you,” Tami said again.

Mary motioned to follow her into the plane. Tami had never been in an empty jet before. Only two other attendants, an older man and a young woman, not much older than Tami, were preparing the plane to receive customers.

“Tami, this is George and Gina,” Mary said. They looked up and were open mouthed at what they saw. Obviously no one had prepared them for their naked passenger. “She is a religious nudist and will be flying with us today. She has agreed to wear a blanket for the entire flight to prevent any problems.”

Tami noticed that George was trying to be discreet about looking at the naked girl but Gina was full on gawking at her. She was always embarrassed by such scrutiny but, as the nudist without modesty, she had to ignore her inner feelings and soldier on. She followed Mary to a row of seats near the back.

“Here is your seat, as assigned,” Mary said, pointing to the window seat in the next to last row. “Luckily you were assigned to the window and we didn’t have to move anyone. This will serve as a bit more hidden.”

She opened the overhead compartment and pulled out a flimsy little blue blanket. Tami doubted it could cover a small child let alone an adult woman.

“This should do the job of covering you but not too much,” Mary said. “I made a slight adjustment.”

The woman showed Tami that she had attached a short bungee to each corner so that the blanket could be secured behind her back. In her heart of hearts, Tami had hoped for more covering than this…it would be obvious that she was naked underneath it. In some ways, she wondered if it was worse than being plain naked but then she knew that was not true. Nothing was worse than being naked…nothing.

“It might be a good idea for you to go to the bathroom now so you won’t have to get up once the flight is in the air,” Mary said. Tami realized that she did have to go to the bathroom and made her way to the small unit. Grateful for the door that slid shut, Tami squatted over the toilet and began a stream. She was midway through when the door opened. Her eyes flew open when Gina poked her head in.

“I’m sorry honey but one of my preflight checks is the bathroom,” she said, staring right at the naked girl’s sex which was streaming urine. “I didn’t think you would mind.”

Tami minded very much but didn’t think she could do much about it. Gina gave a glance around the small room, pinning Tami to the toilet. There was nowhere the naked girl could go as the attendant checked the toilet paper and paper towels. She reached past Tami’s bare foot to grab an extra roll of toilet paper before declaring everything was satisfactory. Gina gave the girl a wink and closed the door. Tami, now humiliated, completed her bathroom duties and washed her hands before meeting up with Mary at her seat.

She took the blanket and put it against her front while Mary secured it at the back. Looking down, she saw that it only covered from her chest to her crotch and only the front. From the side and back, she was naked but, in her weeks and months of constant nudity, this was almost like wearing a burka. Tami had to admit, though, that it felt weird to be “wearing” anything.

Tami slid into her seat and buckled up. She was glad to see that when she sat there was no way to see her “private” parts. She closed her eyes and thanked God for a few hours of cover. She knew that there would be no doubt that she was naked beneath but not having her breasts and vagina on display was a huge plus.

As she prayed, the attendants began letting the first class passengers on. They were so far away that no one took notice of her. Tami got nervous, wondering what Rod and the others would think of her “attire.” Would someone protest that she was really not a nudist? Really, what choice did she have?

The coach section started to fill up. First were some elderly passengers and then a few parents with little kids. Tami’s stomach began churning when one of the moms came closer and closer, eventually sitting right in front of her. The harried woman didn’t even look at her but the child did. She came around and sat down next to Tami.

“Hi, I’m Agnes,” she said.

“Um, hi Agnes, my name is Tami.”

“We’re going to visit my Grandmom and Poppy. And Mickey Mouse. I hope to meet the princesses.”

“That’s very nice,” Tami said, uncomfortable talking to this child while covered only by a thin blanket.

“Why are you not wearing any clothes?”

Tami swallowed. “I’m wearing clothes, I’m wearing this blanket,” she said.

“Aggie, come over here and stop bothering that woman,” the mother said. She looked at Tami suspiciously but didn’t say a word. Tami watched the girl go around the seat and tried to listen in to the conversation but Agnes had moved onto another topic. The mostly naked woman behind her was no longer of interest. Tami breathed a sigh of relief and was glad that she was covered. She would have been mortified to be naked with that little kid next to her.

Although many people were starting to board, no one from the band had yet gotten on the plane. She began to worry that she was on the wrong plane…that Rod and the band and her belongings went to one place and she would be stuck somewhere alone and naked. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Rod and some others in the aisle walking onto the plane. Rod had a big smile on his face when he saw her but when he got closer and saw the blanket, his smile disappeared.

He slid into the seat next to her and said, “babe, what’s the deal?”

“The airline people asked me to cover up,” she said, worried that Rod would blow it all. “They had concerns that some people would think I was flaunting myself.”

Rod’s face grew hard as steel. “How dare those bastards,” he said. “I won’t let it happen.”

He started to get up but Tami grabbed his arm. “No Rod, please don’t make a scene, not on an airplane,” she said. “You’ll get in all kinds of trouble and make trouble for everyone.”

The man sat back but was still steamed. “Please Rod, this is best for everyone.”

“For everyone but you,” he said. “Your religion deserves to be honored.”

Tami looked around and saw that many were watching them. “Rod, I love that you would fight for me but I agreed to this to make things easier for everyone,” she said. “I am still a nudist and I still do not believe in modesty but understand that sometimes it can be a problem. This was a good solution.”

Rod softened. His girlfriend had a way of making him feel better. “I don’t think it was such a good solution,” he said, looking at her covered breasts. “No, I don’t like this solution at all.”

She leaned over and slid her arm inside of his and leaned her head on his shoulder. “There will be plenty of time for that Rodney,” she whispered and they kissed quickly.

“Enough of that you two,” Janey said as she slid in next to Rod. “I don’t want to have to sit between you guys but I will.”

“OK Miss Janey, we’ll be good,” Rod said laughing.

Demurely, Tami crossed her legs at the knee. She had seen that some other girls on the flight were wearing little dresses and some others who halter tops and skirts; they had obviously changed at the airport because it was too cold for them to have worn that outside. She was happy that she was as covered as they were. For the first time in many weeks, Tami Smithers was just one of the gang.

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 8**

Laying out, soaking up the warmth of the sun into her body which had been so battered by the biting cold, Tami reflected upon the remainder of her flight. It had been uneventful, though Rod had tried to sneak his hand under the blanket once but Tami had to push him away. It felt good to the usually complaint girl to be able to be like most girls and refuse an advance.

“Rodney, stop,” she said in mock sternness. “There are families on this plane.”

“And your good friend Janey is right here,” the girl chimed in. “No monkey business for you two.”

“Fine, fine, I’ll be good,” Rod said in defeat, but he did place his hand on Tami’s bare knee which was fine. Tami was given back her copy of Cosmo and read while Rod drifted off next to her. Mary was very attentive to her, asking her several times if she was okay, even bringing her an extra bag of pretzels (which Rod had stolen) and a Diet Coke. Tami too succumbed to sleep, her head on Rod’s shoulder. She was awakened by a cough.

Startled, she looked up and saw Mary admonishing her. “Miss, can you please cover up,” she whispered. Tami looked down and saw that her right breast had popped out from the blanket and was now fully visible.

“Sorry,” Tami said, blushing. How weird to be embarrassed by showing one breast when normally she was completely naked. Janey said, “maam, you think that’s a lot of skin showing, you should see her around campus.” Tami smiled…Janey was nice and fun. She was outspoken but did not possess a mean bone in her body. She was glad to have met a new friend.

“Did anyone else see my, um, my boob,” Tami asked Janey softly.

“No, I didn’t notice anything and no one’s been walking by,” Janey lied. A few people had walked by on the way to the bathroom and had stopped in shock. She was sure that one of them had said something to Mary but maybe not.

“Good,” Tami said. Then realizing she wasn’t supposed to care about people seeing her, she added, “I’d hate to offend someone.”

“Don’t worry about it, you’re fine,” Janey said. Tami could not fall back to sleep so she sat up.

“So, how long have you played an instrument?”

“I started playing the piano when I was 5,” the girl said, “and hated it! Then I switched to trombone and fell in love. Was in the marching band in high school and then joined in college. Was so psyched when I got picked for this trip.”

Tami realized that she didn’t realize the members were selected to come on the trip. “I thought the whole band was on the trip,” she said.

“No, only the best of the best,” Janey said proudly. “Mr. Parelli is very particular and wanted to only have his best players out there. Like Rod…he’s the best trumpet player I’ve ever heard. Puts my high school band to shame.”

Now it was Tami’s turn to be proud. She hadn’t known much about this part of Rod and felt bad that she was so caught up in her miserable world that she wasn’t very attentive to his.

“That’s great, I’ve never heard him play.”

Janey looked over in shock. “Get out,” she said. “He’s never played for you? He’s excellent. You are in for a treat when we get to Florida.”

They sat in silence, the only noise coming from the hum of the engines. Tami lost in thought. Why hadn’t he ever played for her? Why hadn’t she ever asked him to play? She had thought she knew everything there was to know about Rod but he didn’t share this part of himself with her.

“Tami, I know we don’t know each other but can I ask you something?”

Here we go, Tami thought, the inevitable question about nudism. She was prepared.

“How do you do it, going naked all the time?”

Not quite the question that Tami was expecting but she was ready for it. “I deal with it because I know that I am called to do it,” she said, giving her rehearsed answer. “Sometimes it’s hard when the weather is cold and snowing and all but it’s a small sacrifice for my religion.”

Janey was quiet. “Do you get teased a lot?” Janey had heard girls (and guys) talking behind the naked girl’s back, though she had never joined in. Actually, she admired her strong beliefs but she wondered if Tami knew that she was the subject of a lot of abuse.

“Some,” Tami said honestly. She knew it would be silly to deny it. “It doesn’t bother me. I know that people probably think I’m really strange. I guess I don’t blame them. If I wasn’t a religious nudist and some girl was running around naked for her religion, I guess I would think it was silly too.”

Janey leaned forward to look Tami in the eye. “I don’t think it’s silly,” she said. “I think it’s admirable. Most of those holier than thou jerks have never suffered for their religion. I can’t imagine being you and dealing with what you deal with. I admire you.”

Tami was taken aback. She knew that Jen and Rebecca and others “admired” her for her nudity but they were her friends. She hadn’t known Janey at all until this trip but was surprised to find out that the girl admired her.

Just then, the seat belt light blinked and a ding sounded.

“This is your captain speaking…we are beginning our descent into Florida, where the temperature is a very nice 75 degrees and sunny. The forecast is for a heat wave there with temps reaching 80 over the weekend. Hope you brought your swimsuits. Thank you for flying with us today and settle in for our landing shortly.”

Rod awoke and smiled. “Bet your happy to hear that,” he said. “No more scampering around in the freezing cold.”

He was right. Tami was so excited to be away from the cold of Campbell-Frank that she was almost okay with being naked. Of course, here most of the girls would be showing skin…not as much as her but way better than when she walked around naked and everyone else was bundled up.

“I am, not that I mind being naked in the snow but this will be nice too,” she said.

Again, everyone else deplaned before her. Finally she was alone with the flight attendants and pilots, both of whom came back to say hello and thank her for being so agreeable. One was young and cute and she didn’t mind his gawking at her when she removed the blanket and was, again, totally naked.

“It was fine,” she said. “I understand your position.”

Maybe she could figure out a way to give in a little at school, for the good of the college and all. Maybe she could find a way out of this nudity mess.

She was about to follow the group out of the plane but realized she had to pee again. “Can you excuse me for a moment,” she said.

“I’ll wait with her, go on ahead,” Gina said. Tami got nervous. It was obvious this girl was into her.

“OK, thanks Geen,” Mary said. “See you in the lounge before we go to the hotel.”

The others left while Tami and Gina made their way to the bathroom.

“If you don’t mind, please leave the door open,” Gina said. “I can’t leave you in there unobserved because you could leave something behind. We already did the post-flight check.”

Tami minded very much but couldn’t say anything. She knew from how Gina looked at her before that she just wanted an excuse to watch the naked girl. Instead she sat down, keeping her bare foot to keep the door from closing. Closing her eyes, she let loose her stream which sounded loud as it hit the metal. She looked saw Gina across from her, watching intently, licking her lips. EWW, Tami thought but continued to let it go. When her bladder was empty, she wiped herself and felt the woman shudder.

“OK, let me lead you out of here,” the woman said.

“Thank you,” she said numbly.

“I already told you, it was my pleasure,” Gina said, grazing the girl’s bare buttocks as she walked past. “Now we’d better catch up to the others or Mary will think I’ve kidnapped you. She’s very protective of you.”

Now sitting on the deck, Tami placed her hands over her vagina and crossed her legs at the ankles remembering how icky the whole thing felt. In her days of constant nudity, Tami had learned about many people’s perversions.

**Tami in Florida (repost) Chapter 9**

Today, Tami was enjoying her alone time. She felt like this was her private hiding place. Each floor of the hotel was designed to ensure that each deck had sunlight. Of course she could be seen from the deck above if anyone peeked over but she didn’t anticipate that unless someone was tipped off about her presence. She didn’t think that would happen.

This trip had been the best and worst. The best was time spent with Rod. After arriving at the hotel (with many looks from the surprised front desk clerk and other hotel guests), she and Rod had dropped their bags in the room. There were two double beds and she giggled when Rod pointed it out. “Guess they expected us to sleep separately,” he said.

“What are you implying Mr. Sykes, that I would allow you into my sacred vessel,” she said, mocking her junior year religion teacher who always referred to sex in that way. “I am an innocent young girl who will not be bullied into your bed.”

“What if I ask really nicely,” Rod said, putting one arm around her waist and pushing her hair back behind her ear with the other. She was a sucker for that move and he knew it.

“Oh, well that’s a different story,” she said. Standing on her tiptoes, she leaned in and pressed her lips to his. That led to an hour of sweet, passionate lovemaking which ended with them entangled on the soft sheets, sweaty but satiated.

They both had fallen asleep when Rod’s cell phone began playing. Groaning the man rolled over and grabbed it. “What? Damn, ok, I’ll be there,” he said. He jumped out of bed, his now soft member bobbing between his legs. “Tam, wake up, we’re late.”

Tami was confused. Late for what? Then she remembered, the band was going out for a group dinner. She desperately did not want to attend but didn’t feel able to get out of it.

“Ok God, I have to hop in the shower,” she said. “I have, um, stuff leaking out.”

Rod looked at her and saw that she was right. Looking up he saw that her hair was disheveled after their lovemaking and nap. “Sorry babe, but I don’t think there is time.”

Tami was desperate. “Please Rod, I have to shower, I can’t go out like this,” she said, trying not to let the desperation in her voice come out.

“Tami, you don’t care about those things, so let it go,” Rod said. “I know you don’t want to offend anyone but we can’t be late. They’re all waiting for us.”

“Two minutes, faster shower ever,” she shouted, jumping out of bed and rushing into the bathroom. She turned the water on as Rod groaned. She could have never showed her face to those other kids with Rod’s sperm leaking out of her and her hair in such a state. She would have been mortified. She knew that other people had seen her post-sex and even seen Rod leaking from her nether region but not intentionally. And she was just starting to like these other kids, especially the girls, and she didn’t want to blow it.

She finally felt the water was right and hopped in. She heard Rod banging on the door and yelled out, “just a minute,” as she lathered up, using the shampoo and conditioner provided by the hotel. While that was rinsing, Tami grabbed the little bar of soap provided and began to wipe the sweat and sex off of her body. She knew that time was short so she could only give a cursory cleaning but did take the time to clean her vulva well, knowing that had been sticky and was the focus of much attention these days.

Finally, knowing that Rod was going to be pissed at her, she turned the water off. She looked longingly at the large towels folded on a shelf and also noticed a robe. How she would love to be able to cover herself with the robe but knew that Rod would be upset. Instead she used the towel to dry herself as well as she could and then rubbed lotion on her skin and deodorant under her arms. She did the best she could with her now wet (but clean) hair and finally decided to pull it up into a ponytail. In less than five minutes, she was ready to go…not having to dress had its perks.

Before leaving, Tami reached into Rod’s bag and grabbed a small purse that she had borrowed from Jen. Of course, Jen had lent it to her but questioned her first. “I thought you didn’t use purses and stuff,” she had innocently asked in front of Mandy. Tami had frozen in nervousness…did she just give away her lack of modesty? “Normally I don’t but I won’t have my backpack in Florida so this will let me carry stuff.” Jen was fine with the answer, “ok, that makes sense,” but Tami noticed Mandy’s eyebrows raise. As she put the strap over her head onto her left shoulder, crossing between her breasts to where the purse sat at her right side, Tami hoped that Mandy wouldn’t say anything to the Dean. She didn’t want to have to explain her “modesty.”

Now, laying in the sun, Tami wondered how anyone could question her modesty. She had walked naked through all kinds of horrible weather and embarrassed herself in so many situations. What person in their right mind would do that? How could they not believe that she was a committed nudist? Of course, maybe they suspected the truth…that she was just pretending to avoid getting expelled. But hadn’t she paid enough for that sin? Couldn’t they leave her be?

That dinner had been rough. They walked into the restaurant, a chain that was famous for its burgers and onion rings, and were being led to their tables when a manager stopped them.

“What is the meaning of this,” she said, her eyes firing lasers at Tami’s naked body.

“This is Tami Smithers, a religious nudist,” Mr. Parelli said, exasperated. “What is the problem?”

“This is a family establishment, we can’t have a naked woman running around here,” the manager said. “It would make a scene.”

Tami was mortified as everyone in the restaurant was now staring at her. Those who hadn’t noticed the naked girl when she walked in were definitely seeing her now. She heard the whispers and saw the pointing and wanted to curl up into a hole. She grabbed Rod’s hand hard for support.

“The only person making a scene here is you maam,” Mr. Parelli said. “She is a member of our group and has a right to be naked. All we want to do is sit and eat.”

“This is wrong and I am going to call the police,” the woman said. Tami’s stomach lurched. She did not want the cops involved. It was bad enough being in police custody over Christmas break when she had been thrown out of Midnight Mass. She did not want to relive that moment so far from home.

“Please, let’s talk about this,” Mr. Parelli said, following the angry woman. “Everyone go to the table and let me iron this out.”

Tami felt all of the eyes on her as she followed the group to a corner table. She sat in the back so that the only thing visible to the restaurant was her bare back. She thought this was pretty covered until she saw a mirror hanging over the booth behind them. Everyone in the room could see her bare breasts hanging there over the table. Tami closed her eyes and prayed to God for strength to get through this meal.

Now, out on the deck, Tami noticed that she was crying. The encounter with the manager and the exposure had been intense, even a day later. Tami always got so upset when people questioned her so harshly.

After a few anxious minutes, Mr. Parelli came back and declared everything okay but they were changing tables. They were led back through the restaurant, past a family of very surprised people, to a private room. Finally, away from all of the eyes, Tami was able to relax.

That meal had eventually been fun and they had enjoyed the laughter. Of course Tami was exposed to anyone who came into the room, waiters, waitresses, bus boys, other staff, but she was well used to it. Tami watching was almost a varsity sport at Campbell-Frank.

That dinner had turned out fun. The other kids were taking her nudity in stride and after the initial gawking, the wait staff settled in and things were fun. She smiled now, remembering the warm feeling of belonging. It was rare for her after feeling so different than others all the time. She felt this way with Rod, of course, with Jen and the other girls and that about it. Her classes were still shaming as she was usually the only girl in the room and most of her classmates were nerdy boys who had never seen a naked girl in their lives. She remembered the shaming stares and then seeing formulas that, when entered into a graphing calculator or computer, would simulate the slope of her boobs or her nipples or her vagina. One even scarily accurately portrayed her anus.

She wasn’t even going to go into the shame she felt at Chalfont or with those darn art sessions. It seemed like half of her waking hours were spent spreading herself and displaying herself all over campus.

But this was nice, right here, alone in the warm sun. Here she could be naked, with only Rod to see her. If only they could stay forever but sadly they only had another few nights. She planned to savor it, especially the warmth. Maybe she could store it up inside and use it as she froze on campus!

**Tami in Florida (NEW) Chapter 10**

Her phone ringing startled her a bit and she grabbed it off of the table next to her. Her heart filled when she saw that it was Rod.

“Hey lover, when you coming back?”

“Actually, I’ll be back at the hotel in a few minutes,” Rod said. “Mr. Parelli and I have an idea to run past you. Can you meet us in the lobby?”

Tami sighed. Her private moment on the sundeck was gone. Back to major exposure.

“Um, yeah, sure,” she said. “Maybe we can meet someplace private so no one gets offended by my nudity?”

“Babe, you need to stop worrying about everyone else all of the time and let them respect your beliefs once in a while,” Rod said. If he only knew, she thought. “But we can meet in the lounge. It’ll probably be pretty empty at this time of day. We’ll be there in 10 minutes or so.”

She laid there another minute, wanting to soak in the privacy and warmth for a few more seconds before plunging back into the world of the proud nudist. At least she would be meeting up with Rod, a fact that always made her feel better.

Finally she mustered the resolve to get out of the lounge chair and head back into the room. She had put a “Do Not Disturb” sign on the door, not wanting to be exposed in front of the maid. She had already made the bed and straightened up. Doing domestic things made her feel grown up. She had enjoyed unpacking their bag and folding Rod’s clothes before putting them into the drawers and hanging some in the closet. She had even ironed his good uniform pants and shirt and hung them on hangers. Of course there was plenty of room for Rod’s clothes since she had nothing but her toiletries.

She checked her appearance in the bathroom mirror and fixed her hair. Knowing it was silly, she put lipstick on and some eye shadow. Hardly anyone looked at her face not when her boobs and vagina were on such display. Still she was a girl who wanted to look pretty so she took the time. Plus it wasted time. She didn’t want to beat the two men down there and have to stand alone in the lobby waiting. The lounge might be worse. A naked girl in a bar might not be a good recipe. She would feel safer with Rod and Mr. Parelli there.

Bracing herself for an assault on her modesty, Tami grabbed her purse, slid her room key in, and opened the door. Taking a glance down the hall, she happily noticed that no one was there. She moved towards the elevator, passing a maid’s cart (thankfully unmanned) and rushed to the elevator undetected. Her knees were shaking, not believing that she was walking alone and naked along an empty hotel corridor. Although she had been naked for months and had trouble remembering what clothes felt like, it still felt weird to be doing this in such a public place off campus.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened. Tami was mortified to see four men, well dressed in business suits in conversation stop and stare at the naked girl standing before them. She blushed as they appraised her and seemed shocked that she was joining them in the elevator.

“Good afternoon,” she said, trying to break the silence. The men seemed stunned but finally one said, “are we on candid camera?”

“No, I’m a nudist here on a trip,” she said softly. “Just meeting my boyfriend in the lobby.”

“He’s one lucky man,” one of the men said and they all laughed, even Tami, though she could feel their eyes drinking in her nude body. She felt their jackets brushing up against her bare hip and yearned for the cover of a suit coat. Anything would feel like head to toe covering after so long without clothes.

Finally, they reached their floor and she got out. As she did, she was met with a cacophony of noise with dozens of people in business suits. They were having a cocktail reception prior to lunch in one of the hotel’s ballrooms. She noticed that the majority of the crowd were male but some female. She had no choice but to continue walking as the men behind her needed to get out of the car. She saw heads whip around as she came into view and soon nearly everyone was looking at her. She heard some laughter and some gasps. One woman, who looked younger than the rest came over. She was wearing a grey business suit, with the skirt stopping just above her knee and heels that were about three or four inches high. She leaned over, her blonde curly hair brushing against Tami’s bare shoulder, and said, “honey, a few years ago, I did the same thing for a Spring Break dare. You go girl.”

Tami smiled nervously and thanked her but kept walking. Finally, she got to the lounge and pulled on the door but it wouldn’t budge. She felt the eyes of all of the people on her bare butt as she pulled again. She was panicking, wanting to be away from all of these people staring at her but not being able to.

“I think’s it’s closed naked girl,” one guy called out from the crowd. Tami saw the sign on the door that read, “Opens at 4 p.m.” It was only 1:30.

She turned around regretfully, knowing that the group was getting another good look at her boobs and vagina but not knowing what else to do. Finally, she spotted Rod and Mr. Parelli across the lobby waving to her. With her head bowed, she walked across the room again and took Rod’s hand as he leaned in to kiss her.

“Babe, the lounge is closed so we need to find someplace else,” he said. Yeah, I know, she wanted to say but didn’t.

“Ok, I’ll follow you guys.”

“How about out by the pool?”

Tami groaned inwardly. The pool was probably full of people, families on vacation and others enjoying a getaway to a warm weather locale. She desperately did not want to interact with that crowd but felt unable to object. She was surprised that the pool area was mostly empty with just a few women in skimpy bikinis laying out and getting sun.

“It will get crowded out here later after the parks close and the conference is over for the day,” Mr. Parelli said. “We should be okay here.”

Though their appearance drew a bit of commotion, once she sat at the table under the umbrella, she wasn’t showing much more than the girls on the chairs. The one girl, in a cute pink bathing suit, was lying on her back with the top undone to avoid a tan link so her body was just covered by the smallest bit of material that covered her butt crack and some of each cheek. The other girl, lying on her back, wore a pretty yellow bikini that did little to keep her boobs hidden and revealed most of her pubic mound though of course covered her vagina. It was rare, but Tami was not the only girl showing a tremendous amount of skin, though of course she showed the most. Tami sat with her legs crossed and her arms on the table, knowing from experience that this pose covered the most skin.

“So, what’s up,” she asked when Rod came back with an iced tea for each of them.

“Well, tomorrow, we are going to the big park for the parade,” Mr. Parelli said. “I know we had discussed you not going because of concerns about your, um, situation.” She nodded, remembering how thankful she had been. “Well, the rest of the gang was upset by that, as Rod was of course.”

“Yeah babe, we wanted you to be there,” Rod said.

No, no, no, no, no, she thought. She could not imagine walking naked through that huge park with so many children and families. She had been there as a kid and remembered how happy she had been. She could never ruin some other child’s experience.

“But, I’m, uh, I don’t think, um, well,” she stammered.

“Right, the nudity thing is tough for this one but I talked to someone at the park and they understood our dilemma,” Dr. Parelli finished for her.

They discussed the plan and Tami actually felt good about it. She would be exposed but not terribly and not to the extent that it would ruin anyone’s experience.

“Great, let’s meet back in the lobby at 4 and get you over to the park,” Mr. Parelli said. “Rod, we should get back to rehearsal.”

Rod looked at Tami hungrily. “Um, Mr. Parelli, can I take a lunch break for a bit with Tami and then come over to rehearsal,” he said. Both young people knew that food would not be on the agenda for their lunch break and hoped that Mr. Parelli was fooled. He wasn’t.

“Fine, but be there by 2:30 so we have an hour to rehearse.” With that, the man left them.

“Come on, let’s get busy up in our room,” Rod said, holding out his hand to his naked girlfriend.

“Why wait,” she said. “Sit.”

With her eyes darting around she slid under the table away from view. Reaching up to Rod’s lap, she released the button and zipper of his shorts and reached out to extract his beautiful, long penis.

“This is all the lunch I need,” she whispered taking him in her mouth slowly, an inch at a time, letting her tongue roll underneath over the sensitive parts of her shaft. Hearing his moans was all of the incentive she needed as she took more in and used her hands to massage his balls.

“Oh God Tami,” he hissed, trying not to draw attention to them. With her other hand on the base of the shaft pumping him, half of his penis was inside of her mouth and she was taking more each thrust, her left hand softly caressing his testicles.

“AAAAHHHH,” he cried out softly as she felt his penis twitch and then tasted the sperm that he sent pouring into her mouth and down her throat. To the naked girl, it was like nectar of the gods.

She nursed the final convulsions of his penis before licking it clean and gently tucking it back inside. “Is the coast clear,” she asked.

“Yeah, I think we got away with one,” he said, sounding spent.

She crawled out and stood up, taking a drink of iced tea. “That was good,” she said. She held her hand out and pulled him to his feet, leading him back to the room. Knowing where they were headed and having Rod with her, she didn’t even mind having the conference attendees seeing her but most had already gone into lunch. They headed onto the elevator and to their room. Once inside the room, in no time Tami was no longer the only person naked.

**Tami in Florida (NEW) Chapter 11**

Tami sat on the plush chair, her heart pumping. She could not believe that she had gone through with this but what choice did she have? Would a real nudist object to this? After all, she was more covered now than she normally was.

For the past three hours, Tami had subjected herself to the artists of the park in an effort to see the band’s performance. Because this was a family park, Tami would not be allowed in otherwise.

You see, Tami Smithers was a nudist, though an unintentional one. After a streaking dare had gone wrong on one of her first nights of college, she had gotten caught by security. To avoid getting thrown out of school, she had declared that nudism was her religion. So she was now stuck with her lie and had spent five months completely naked.

Some moments were awful: walking through the snow, the humiliation of exposing herself, those times of the month when it was obvious that she was menstruating, etc. Some moments were great: time with her friends, who supported her decision to be nude and loved her anyway, her times with Rod. She wondered now which category this moment would soon be cataloged.

She was sitting on the front of the float, her bare butt on the hard chair that was affixed. Her long hair was curled and pulled in front of her breasts, covering her nipples. Underneath that, she had a bikini top painted on to make her look like a mermaid. Down below, where a bikini bottom would be, was painted green and made to look like the top of a mermaid tail. Then her legs were pinned inside a latex tail that hid her vagina and legs from view.

To anyone looking on, she was just a costumed character. Of course, no one knew that she was really naked, except for the women who painted the costume on. Technically, she was mostly still naked, allowing her to adhere to the letter of her religion, but she was okay to be seen in a public amusement park. She wore no clothes but was covered by the body paint.

Mr. Parelli kept apologizing to her, making sure she knew that he wasn’t trying to infringe upon her religion. She said she understood. Actually, though she knew that her bare body was going to be displayed to hundreds if not thousands of people at the parade (families even), they wouldn’t realize that she was really naked.

The painting had been humiliating as most of the band had come by at one point or another to watch. She had laid on the table for several hours while two women painted her, one working on her top and the other on her bottom. She had been spread open for the painting and had been mortified as each of her new friends came in and got an eyeful of her. Only when Rod or Janey had come in had she relaxed. Rod because he had seen all of her and she felt so safe in his presence and Janey because she was really getting to like this new girl.

At one point, there was talk of shaving her pubes for smoothness. Tami desperately wanted to keep that hair down there, begging for the minimal cover it provided. Thankfully, the ladies decided that they could work around it and really didn’t have the time to shave her. When she sat on the float and they slid the tail on, it came right to the edge of her pubes, which had been painted green anyway so no one was the wiser.

This was the moment of truth, the moment when she would be revealed to the crowd who had gathered to watch the parade. Rod and the musicians were in front of her, lined in precision as Mr. Parelli had dictated. She was at the helm of the ship, the mermaid at the front to lead the way. She had been secured tightly in so there was no wiggle room. She had to keep her hands down at her sides to hold onto the handles located at the base of her seat. She had been told to paste a smile on her face and wave often. She wondered how she could wave and hold on but as always was game to try.

And then the float began to move, following the band as the parade began. She heard the cheers and saw the smiling faces, many of them families here for the vacation of a lifetime. And they were hearing her boyfriend play his trumpet, doing something he loved and had practiced for years. She was so glad to be here, to experience this day with him.

Something amazing happened…the kids looked up and saw her as the famous mermaid. They were not looking at a naked girl but the character they loved so much. They yelled to her to say hello. They took her picture. She smiled at their enthusiasm, for once not minding if they took her photo. She smiled and she waved but then it hit her. These cameras would have a zoom lens. Would they be able to tell that her “bikini” was painted on? How would those vacation shots go over at home? These thoughts dampened her enthusiasm but she soldiered on, waving and smiling as much as she could while also enjoying the fine playing of the band.

The band stopped and then began moving again. It was then that Tami felt it…the bar that was running between her legs, pressing up against her sex, was vibrating as the float moved…she hadn’t noticed it before, she had been so nervous. Now though it was too distracting to not notice and her body was too practiced, too responsive, to avoid what was about to happen.

No, she thought, not here. Not in front of all of these people, these families. With her new friends just a few feet in front of her. But she there was no denying it…she was on her way to an orgasm, one that she would not be able to stop. Again, her body was too responsive.

The feeling began between her legs but then spread like a tremor, down her legs and up her torso, at her gut and then her belly. Her breasts started to heave as her breathing became more labored. Anyone looking would be sure to see her erect nipples. She tried to pretend that it wasn’t happening; she plastered the smile on her face and waved but couldn’t help letting a gasp and then a moan escape. Soon her whole body was shaking from the strain of keeping the orgasm at bay but she knew from too frequent experience that it was all for naught. Her body would respond the way it always did, with a mind-blowing orgasm. She wondered if the other girls who had played the mermaid had ever experienced this.

She was so close, ready to explode, when the float stopped. Again it was time for the band to play and for her to smile and wave. But this time was different…she was right on the verge and was too distracted to really focus on the band or the people. She wondered if anyone could see her arousal.

Finally, after agonizing minutes on edge, the float started up again. Because her arousal had subsided just a bit, the orgasm didn’t hit immediately but after just a few minutes of movement, she was cumming. She tried to keep her shaking to a minimum but it was useless. The orgasm was going to run its course, as it always did. Finally, as the float stopped, so did the orgasm.

This was repeated three more times along the parade route. By the end, she was exhausted, wrung out from the toll of these orgasms. She wondered if she would ever get used to the orgasms that were extracted from her body time and time again. So far, each one seemed to touch her soul.

At the end of the parade route, the band members were ecstatic. Mr Parelli beamed, “what a show you put on today ladies and gentlemen. You represented yourself and our school very well.” The band hugged each other as they began to remove the uniforms that were oppressive in the heat.

For her part, Tami was oblivious to it all. She found herself unable to get out of her perch and needed help from one of the men working on the float to get out. He sniffed as her musk filled the air and he smiled at her, aware of what that entailed. It was just another humiliation for the nudist, who gratefully followed the rest of the gang to the bus.

**Tami in Florida (NEW) Chapter 12, Conclusion**

The cell phone buzzed on the night stand but the slumbering couple paid it no mind. Though the sun was up and the clock said 11, there were in a sound sleep after a night of very little sleep. No, the two engaged in many rounds of love making, relishing having their own space, far from roommates and wandering eyes. Finally, they had collapsed after the seventh or eight session and were now passed out.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

An insistent banging on the door finally got Tami’s attention. She wondered what was going on. At first, she was going to wrap a sheet around her naked body but then remembered who she was: Tami Smithers, the Religious Nudist who would never cover her body.

With the security latch still on, Tami opened the door an inch to find Laney.

“Crap Tami, what is going on? We’ve been calling for an hour.”

“Sorry Laney, but we slept in,” Tami said.

“Yeah, I bet I know why, probably up all night, um talking.”

The two girls laughed knowingly. Tami didn’t mind the innuendo when it came from this girl.

“Well, we have a surprise for you, so you two need to get moving. Be ready in 20 minutes in the lobby.”

Tami had a million questions but Laney just walked off, so she closed the door. A part of her, the part that was still a social young girl, was excited about the prospect of hanging out with the rest of the gang but another part of her, the girl who hated being naked, was dreading more exposure. She wondered what Laney and the others had in mind.

She padded back to the bed where her boyfriend still laid sound asleep, unaware of anything going on.

“Rod,” she said softly in his ear. No movement. “Rodney, wake up.” Still nothing. She reached beneath the covers and cupped her flaccid member. “Come on Rod, time to wake up.” That stirred the man, though all he did was groan and say, “come on babe, I don’t think I can do it again.”

With that, Tami ripped the blanket off of the naked man and, in mock anger, shouted, “well then, you’d better get out of bed!” Rod sat up straight as the cool air of the room hit his naked body. He grabbed for the blanket that was in the firm hands of his equally naked girlfriend. “Oh no buddy, if you’re not interested in you know what, then you’d better just wake up.” She ran around to the other side of the bed and threw the blanket on the floor. “Plus, we need to meet Laney and the gang in 20 minutes.”

“Crap, forgot all about that,” he said, scurrying out of bed.

“Forgot all about what,” Tami said, even more intrigued.

“It’s a surprise babe, one that I think you will find excellent indeed,” he said. “I got first shower.”

She heard the water running while her mind went into overdrive. What could they possibly have in mind for the day? She wondered if she would be exposed yet again. Could she handle another shaming event? Obviously, the answer was yes. It seemed like she dealt with something shaming every day of her life. The question was, how bad would it be.

As she heard Rod step into the shower, she got a naughty thought. Why wait for him to finish? They could shower together.

She quietly made her way into the bathroom and slid, unseen into the shower as Rod was lathering up her bald head. She reached around him and cupped his crotch.

“What the hell? Babe, I didn’t even know you were in here.”

“Don’t let me stop you,” she said, squatting down so that her face was inches from his growing erection. “I’m just going to suck on this.” With that, she leaned over and took him into her mouth a little at a time. She heard him moan. Slowly, Tami let it slide in and out of her mouth, her tongue on the underside, her hands cupping his balls. As she did, she felt the warm water streaming onto her back and hair and she thought, this is heaven. I am warm and doing something I love. In no time at all, she felt Rod twitch and knew he was about to spurt so she moved her hand to the base and began to pump him, letting the warm liquid spray the back of her throat. She swallowed it all, greedily enjoying the taste.

Finally he was finished and she got to her feet. “Mind if I wash my hair?” He shook his head, unable to speak after the orgasm and she grabbed the shampoo and lathered up. That gave Rod time to recover and soon he was soaping her up, paying special attention to those areas that were private on most girls. In no time, she was moaning as he slid one then two fingers inside. In short time, she was writhing on those fingers, crying out her pleasure.

“Well that was nice,” she said once she had finished her spasms. She then helped Rod soap up and then she redid her body before conditioning her hair and shaving her legs and underarms. A naked girl always had to be aware of her body hair growth.

They dried off and began the dance that most couples do in the bathroom. Of course Tami needed more time in front of the mirror than Rod did; all he had to do was brush his teeth and shave his face. Tami began the time-honored female morning rituals. Moisturizers, make up, hair, etc., were all needed to be done. She also put lotion on her body while Rod watched appreciatively.

“You are a fine-looking woman, Miss Smithers, a fine looking woman,” Rod said with a leer on his face.

“Thank you kind sir,” she said, curtseying, “and you are not so bad yourself.” She was disappointed, however, to see Rod pull boxers on, reminding her that she was the only one not allowed such privileges.

It didn’t take Rod long to dress and of course it took Tami no time at all so in just a few minutes, they were on their way. Tami again had butterflies in her stomach as she made her way down the very public hallway of this hotel. Though it wasn’t the fanciest of places, it was certainly nice. To walk naked through these halls felt wrong to her, but of course walking naked anywhere still felt so wrong.

Thankfully, they passed no one in the halls and the elevator was empty. When they got to the lobby, the only people there were the Campbell-Frank students. Laney was there with two other girls, plus one boy.

“The lovebirds are awake,” Laney said loudly when she saw the two arrive. Tami blushed at the words, knowing that everyone assumed Rod had been doing her every chance he had. Of course that was a correct assumption and it wasn’t just Rod who was initiating but being a girl, it was hard for her that people saw her as a slut.

“Are we ready to go,” Rod asked.

“Just waiting for Tim and Jane,” one of the girls, Tina was her name, Tami thought.

“So what are we doing today,” Tami asked. The group tried to hide their glee.

“It’s a surprise Tami, all for you,” Laney said. “You will love it.”

Just then the other two arrived. The girl looked unhappy to be there but the guy was smiling as he drank in Tami’s nude body.

“Tami, not sure if you have met Tim Ross,” Laney said. “He arrived yesterday. He and Jennifer are dating. He’s not in the band.”

“Tami, nice to meet you,” Tim said, reaching his hand out to shake hers. “I think you know my uncle, Henry Ross, the school’s lawyer.”

Those words caused a shiver up Tami’s spine and she stiffened. Henry Ross had been the reason for most of her most shaming events. She was sure that he was out to get her and was trying to ensure that she suffer.

“Yes, Um, I have, uh, met him,” she said, clearly uncomfortable. That caused the boy to laugh.

“Now, that’s the reaction I have come to expect when I mention my uncle to anyone who knows him,” he said, his smile getting even wider. “He’s, uh, not my favorite relative.”

“I’m sorry, that was rude,” she said quickly. “I just, uh, don’t like lawyers and stuff.”

“No problem, I can imagine your name is not high on his list either,” he said. “I would guess you have made his life hard this year. Good, keep him on his toes.”

“Let’s go,” said Laney, who was clearly the leader of this outing. “I called Uber and got us a van. Should fit 8.”

“Tami can sit on my lap,” Rod said laughing.

“Or mine,” said Tim.

“Or mine,” said the other boy, Jake.

“Or mine,” said Tina, in a low, male voice, causing the group to chuckle.

“No need for that everyone,” Laney said. “I am reasonably sure that Tami is capable of sitting all by herself.”

They went outside and Tami was so grateful to feel warmth on her body. She was so used to feeling cold and uncomfortable that the warmth made her happy. Maybe she could get used to being naked if the weather was nicer. Probably not, she decided, but it was nice to imagine.

The Uber driver’s eyes got really wide. “What’s going on,” he asked, pointing towards Tami.

“This is our friend, she’s a nudist,” Laney said. “Hope that won’t be a problem.”

“Um, no, I just wasn’t sure what was happening. It’s good.”

Tami desperately wants to climb into the back row but four had already piled in. She then slid in next to Rod and was followed by Laney. Tim climbed into the passenger seat and turned so that he could talk to the others. She saw that he had an unimpeded view of her and saw that he was looking right between her legs. It took every ounce of her being to not clamp her knees together. Instead she kept her feet should width apart and her knees straight. She knew without looking that her sex was clearly visible and wondered if her lips had parted at all and if the man in front of her could see it. He looked up momentarily from her crotch to her eyes and then back and it was clear he could see everything. It was surreal as the conversation raged on around them but only she was aware of him completely drinking in her nudity. Again, it took every ounce of energy to not cover up but she was very aware of what that would mean. This man would obviously take that info back to his uncle.

“Earth to Tim, you with us,” Laney said, breaking the moment. Tim blinked and looked up.

“Sorry Lane, I, um, got distracted,” he said.

“Yeah, I can see that,” Laney said, not hiding her disgust. “How far away is this place?”

“Um, I think it’s about five more minutes.”

So Tim planned this outing, Tami thought. That can’t be a good thing for her. He might be working with his uncle to ensure that she broke. Even here, a thousand miles from campus, the Dean and Ross (and Wanda, etc.) had her in their masochistic hands.

“Tami, I cannot wait until we get there,” Laney said. “We are doing this for you.”

The naked girl was dying to know where they were going but everyone seemed determined to not say anything and ruin the surprise. Now her butterflies got even busier.

“Here we are,” the driver said and Tim turned around.

“Yep, this is it, thanks!”

The man got out and opened the door for Tami and the others. She was mortified, trying to exit the van without showing too much to the man but judging by how wide his eyes got, she showed him plenty. Thankfully the rest of the group was too preoccupied to notice. Soon all were standing on the sidewalk, the hot sun beating down on them.

“So, what’s the surprise,” Tami asked.

“Not yet, we’re not quite there yet,” Laney said. “Tim, lead us.”

The group followed as Tim walked down a path away from the street. Though they could hear the ocean, it was still not in view. After going around a barrier of sand and dunes, they came to a clearing that was obviously a beach entrance and stopped.

Tami’s heart sunk. Was she really going to have to suffer through a nude day at the beach obviously coveting even the skimpiest bikini?

“Ta-dah,” Laney said. Seeing Tami’s facial expression, she added, “it’s a nude beach!”

Tami’s face changed as she first registered surprise and then happiness. “Really? Everyone is nude?”

“Yep,” Tim said. “We thought it would be nice for you to be with people like yourself who choose to be naked.”

Tami’s eyes started watering. “You guys are the best,” she said as she hugged Laney. “Let’s get going.”

“Well, not quite yet,” Rod said, pointing to the sign. “Clothing is discouraged beyond this point. We’ve got to get ourselves ready.”

With that he pulled the tank top he wore up and over his bald head. He then undid his shorts and pulled them down. Tami gasped when she noticed that he wasn’t wearing any underwear and was not as naked as she was.

“Oh Rod, thank you,” she said, putting her arm around him and rubbing his bald head.

“Who’s next,” he asked. Tami noticed the others delaying and felt a pang of guilt. It was obvious that some of the group was not here willingly.

“What the hell,” Laney said, pulling off her t-shirt and then her shorts. She was now in a pale blue string bikini that accentuated her body beautifully but she seemed reluctant to take it off. Tami felt bad for her friend, knowing that she herself would never do this for her friend.

“Laney, it’s fine, I appreciate the gesture,” she said. “I know not everyone wants to be nude like me. Don’t worry about it.”

The girl smiled at Tami and mouthed “thank you” but then then undid her top and stood bare breasted. “Tami, thanks for letting me off easy,” she said. “I think this is as far as I can go.”

They then noticed that Tina, quiet little Tina, was completely naked and standing next to Jake. “I’ve always wanted to do something like this,” she said, her one arm over her breasts and her hand over her pubic mound. “Oh God, I can’t believe I am doing this.”

“It’s easier if you just stop worrying about what everyone is seeing,” Tami said, too much of an expert in these matters. “Just pretend you’re proud to be naked and eventually, you won’t notice it.” Yeah right, she thought. She wished that were the case for her. Still, it seemed to help Tina who lowered her arms. Her breasts were small with pretty pink nipples which were erect. Her pubic mound was smooth, revealing a very pretty pussy.

“Tina, you are beautiful,” Tami said, meaning it. The girl blushed and thanked her.

The other two girls followed Laney’s lead and took off their tops. Jake seemed reluctant to remove his bathing suit but Tim, looking Tami in the eye, pulled his trunks off. Though not as large as Rod, he was definitely well endowed.

“Whoa Tim, you’ve been holding out on us,” Laney said. “No wonder Jennifer always seems happy.”

The group went onto the beach and it was one of the best afternoons that Tami had experience in a long time. She wasn’t concerned about her nudity as most every other woman was naked or mostly naked. Soon, they forgot about being naked and just had fun, frolicking in the pool, throwing a Frisbee, even just laying out.

She and Rod took a walk, hand in hand. She noticed Rod getting more and more “excited” as they walked. A woman coming the other way stopped them.

“Excuse me, but I’m not trying to be difficult here but it is standard practice on a nude beach or at a nudist resort for men to not be erect,” she said, looking directly at Rod’s member. “I know it’s difficult to suppress it but it’s a sign of respect.”

She then walked away, leaving Tami and Rod to stand there open mouthed. They didn’t realize that people spoke so openly of such things, or that such a rule existed.

“How about we go into the water and take care of that,” she said, leading her man into the ocean. They went out so that the water was up to her chest and his waist.

“Do me from behind lover,” she said, bending over to give him access. Rod was plenty hard now and had easy access to slide into her with a suppressed moan. He was afraid to plunge in and out and draw attention to them so Tami rocked herself back and forth and also used her vaginal muscles to milk him. That motion was enough for him to sputter and groan and release himself into her before subsiding. After a few moments, he slipped out of her and his member went flaccid.

“Thank you Tami,” he whispered, “that was nice.”

“Well, didn’t want you to get in trouble.”

They walked back to the group and saw Tim looking at them with his eyebrows cocked, seeming to know what they were doing. Tami smiled and back and winked, feeling brazen in this place.

Sadly for her, the time came for them to get back. At that point, each of her friends got dressed again, though she noticed Tina stayed naked until the last possible moment and then slid her cover up on without the bikini. Tami wondered if she might not be joined by another nudist soon.

The Uber arrived and the ride back to the hotel was quiet as the group was tired. Tami was filled with happiness, having friends who loved her and were willing to do this for her. As they walked in, Tim grabbed her.

“Look, I know what my uncle thinks of you and what you think of him,” Tim began. “I have to tell you, I admire you and think that you are genuine. You have a friend in me and a fan in your corner. I will make sure I tell that to my uncle.”

“Thanks Tim,” she said. “And thanks for doing this today. I didn’t know about you but you proved that you are a friend. I appreciate that.”

With that, she reached up and kissed his cheek. “Jennifer’s a lucky girl.”

The two then joined the group in the lobby and then went their separate ways.

The flight home was mostly the same as before, even including the humiliating cavity search (this one in the privacy of a room which for Tami was solace). Tami was allowed to board first and given a cover to block her nudity. Once home, she gave it back and walked naked through the terminal and waited while everyone else got their bags. Without clothes, she hadn’t had to pack one but like a good girl, she waited with the rest of the group, attracting quite a crowd. Finally, once everyone had gotten their bags, they boarded the bus for the ride home. Tami wincing at the cold wind hit her after so many days away in the warm Florida sun.

This time, Tami engaged in full conversation with many of the students who had shunned her on the first ride. Rod sat in awe of his girlfriend who attracted friends wherever she went. As the bus pulled into the school parking lot, she leaned in a kissed her boyfriend. “Thank you Rod,” she whispered. “For everything…for this trip but most of all for loving me, all of me, even with my beliefs. I don’t deserve you.”

Rod smiled and whispered back, “no Tami, that’s where you are wrong. Actually, I don’t deserve you.” They engaged in another long kiss as the rest of the student good natured rolled their eyes and disembarked. It really had been a great trip…for everyone!