**Tami Smithers: The Meeting**

by katie

**Tami Smithers: The Meeting, Chapter 1**

The girl furrowed her brow and increased her effort. The hill was steep and she had to lift herself up to get her bike up the hill. The incline was a killer but she knew that going in and decided to test herself. Her earbuds were cranking out dance music at a frantic pace, willing her further and further. Finally she reached the top of the hill and her path was now all downhill. She could sit back down on the bike and rest and she pulled out her earbuds for a moment.   
  
“That was a nice view Tami,” came a yell from behind her. She turned and saw three guys standing behind her and another to her right in front. They had been gawking at her as she rode the stationary bike here in the college gym. And the view they had was spectacular…of her naked butt and her vagina in clear view between her legs from behind and of her bouncing breasts and pubic mound from the front.  
  
Tami Smithers is the Campus Nudist. Since her first week of school in September, when a streaking dare went terribly awry, she had been completely nude 24/7. Well, that wasn’t entirely true. At first she had been allowed a raincoat and shoes and even a smock but each of those precious items were taken away over time so that now she had nothing to cover herself ever. Every inch of her, from her pretty toes and feet to her long red hair (and everything in between), was always visible to anyone who wished to look. And, you can be assured that many at Campbell-Frank looked.  
  
You would think that after so many weeks of extreme exposure, she would have gotten used to it or at least developed some sort of immunity to the stares but she seemed to have an unshakable sense of modesty. Down to her bones, she was humiliated to be seen naked all around campus. However, she could not tell anyone of that shame or risk expulsion. She had lied when caught streaking, telling campus police that she was a religious nudist. If she were to be found out, she would be expelled and her dream of a college education would be gone. No, she had to stick it out, no matter how much she hated it.  
  
Being naked all the time meant that things that most normal people would never consider doing without clothes, she had no other choice. That is what led her to the campus fitness room. She tried to find off times when it would not be crowded and her exposure would be at a minimum. For the most part, at this time most days the room was empty and she had found an exercise bike far away from the main room but still people found her. Of course, the mirrors everywhere and her bare skin make her clearly visible to anyone looking. Just another inconvenience for a truly modest girl forced to go naked 24/7.  
  
Sometimes, Tami would swim laps in the campus pool located next to the fitness center. In there she could hide and other people were showing skin. Of course, no one showed as much as she did but she could pretend. She had tried running on the tread mill but that had hurt her feet too much. Even though they had taken a beating over the months of walking over rough terrain, her bare feet were still no match against the belt of the tread mill so she stopped. There was also a stair master that she used and an elliptical machine but both left her feeling very exposed so she stuck to the bike.  
  
Finally, her cool down time finished, she stopped pedaling and got off the bike, her workout over. Of course, always conscientious, she went and got the spray cleaner and rag to wipe off the seat. A naked girl must be very careful to keep these things clean. Tami made sure to clean the seat before (after all her naked body, including a very sensitive body part, was touching it) and after.  
  
She grabbed a few of the other towels that were stacked on a table and wiped her sweat off. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed that even that drew the attention of the men who couldn’t seem to take their eyes off of her.  
  
“Tami. Tami.” Tami turned to see who was calling her name. Coming towards her was a woman about her age, wearing a blue golf shirt and khaki capris, the uniform of all of the students who worked in the sports complex.  
  
“Yes,” she said, wondering who this person was. At first, she wondered how this person knew her but then remembered that was silly. Everyone knew that Tami Smithers was the naked girl.  
  
“I just wanted to say hi. I’m Megan, I’m a sophomore,” the girl said, holding out her hand to shake Tami’s. “I see you in here all of the time and I think you are truly an inspiration. Sorry those guys were so rude. Wish I could do something about them but I guess it doesn’t bother you.”  
  
You have no idea, Tami wanted to say but instead just smiled and nodded.   
  
“My friends and I talk about you all of the time,” Megan continued. “We think you are awesome and brave and all of that. What a role model for women.”  
  
Tami cringed. First, she hated being the topic of conversation, though she knew that she was a frequent topic among the students and faculty at the school. She figured that if she were them and there was a crazy girl walking around naked, she would have talked about her too!  
  
Second, she hated being called brave and a role model. She was far from either, in her mind. Really, she was just a girl who was being forced to live a lifestyle that she didn’t want. Perhaps it was brave to see it through, but that didn’t seem to be what people thought was courageous. They thought she was living some noble cause.   
  
“Um, thanks.”  
  
“This is so weird and all but,” Megan said, looking around, “do you think we can take a selfie together? Does that weird you out?”  
  
Yes, very much, Tami thought. She hated having her picture taken because when she finally got the chance to wear clothes again it would serve as a reminder of this awful naked year. Also, she worried about what people did with the photos. Still, how could a nudist without modesty object?  
  
“Sure.”  
  
Megan pulled out her phone and got close. Tami felt the girl’s clothes brush up against her bare skin and moaned softly. She so yearned for clothing that even the slightest touch would bring a longing to her.  
  
The girl raised her hand in the air and aimed the phone’s camera at them. In the screen, Tami could see that her breasts and their achingly hard nipples were well in view. The camera then revealed her flat stomach and her tuft of pubic hair. Though not the worst exposure she had ever experienced, it wasn’t great and her stomach turned a little. Of course she knew that people took pictures of her nudity all of the time; however, the fact that she was posing for this one made it seem more revealing.  
  
“That is great,” Megan said as she flipped through the multitude of photos she had taken. “Can I friend you on Facebook or Instagram? Then I can post this and tag you.”  
  
Again, Tami’s stomach rolled. She hated knowing that naked photos of her were out there on the Internet. “Um, yeah, happy to be your friend on Facebook but you can’t post that photo; no nudity.” She had found out the hard way that nudity isn’t allowed on Facebook when she had been briefly banned for posting nude photos but, how else would Tami Smithers be photographed on Facebook?  
  
The girl’s face drooped. It was clear to Tami that she wanted the notoriety of being friends with the naked coed. “But, we can take a selfie of our faces,” Tami offered. “That way people know that we are friends.”  
  
Megan smiled broadly. “That’s awesome,” she said. “Let’s do it.”  
  
This time, Tami’s smile was easier as she knew that her breasts and vagina weren’t in the shot. Though her bare shoulders were in the shot, as were the tops of her breasts, she could have simply been wearing a tube top or a bikini. It was definitely usable for Instagram and Facebook.  
  
“That’s great,” the girl said looking through them. “What’s your number, I will text them to you.”  
  
As Tami gave the girl her cell number, she cringed when she saw that Megan had listed her as “Naked Tami.”   
  
“You don’t know how much this means to me, to be friends with you,” Megan said with delight. With that, the girl leaned over and hugged her and went back to her work station, texting as she went. Tami was sure that she was telling everyone that she became friends with the naked freak of the school and was probably texting the photo everywhere.   
  
The naked girl sighed and, after bending over to pick up her water bottle and ankle pouch (hearing a low whistle behind her) she headed home. Sometimes she would shower at the gym but today she needed to be away from this place and her new “friend.”

**Tami Smithers: The Meeting, Chapter 2**

Tami was bent over, drying her legs, when she heard the door open and her roommate said, “whoa.” She knew that Mandy had gotten an eyeful of her rear and, probably a peek at her vagina from behind. Of course, being naked for Mandy was even more shameful because the girl seemed to know that she was faking the nudist thing.  
  
Drying off after a shower was always tough for Tami. It had been determined that a regular towel could potentially cover too much so she was only allowed a few smaller towels, hand towels. Obviously there were not enough to cover her but also there weren’t enough to fully dry her. Most days, there was a trail of water drops from her body and her wet footprints in the hall leading back to her room. Once she was dry, often she would go out and sop up the floor so that no one slipped.  
  
She had just finished showering and was trying to get dry when Mandy walked in. She could make no motion to cover up, even as she felt a trickle of water stream down her breast and drip off of her left nipple.  
  
“Hi Mandy,” she said, trying to pretend that this wasn’t mortifying.  
  
The other girl just smiled and walked past Tami, holding an interoffice envelope and a letter. “So, I just got this letter from the Dean,” Mandy said, her face beaming sadistically. Mandy had been acting surly towards Tami since that night when the naked girl had rebuked her advances. Now, she looked positively giddy. “Apparently, I am invited to a meeting with him and Ross to discuss my naked roommate. Won’t that be a fun afternoon?”  
  
Tami froze. Oh God, she thought, this could be the end! After all of the trouble she had put herself through over these many months, this meeting could be the end of her.   
  
“Um, what are you going to say?”  
  
“Not sure yet,” Mandy said, keeping Tami hanging in suspense. “You know, I just don’t know exactly what to make of you. Are you a true nudist without modesty or are you a very modest girl who is pretending. I guess I have until Friday to decide.”  
  
The girl went to the mini fridge that the girls shared and grabbed a bottle of water. As she drank, she looked at her roommate, standing there in all of her naked glory, her face a riotous mixture of fear and worry.  
  
“Tami, don’t get so worked up,” Mandy said. “Either way, you make out here. If you are allowed to stay, then you keep your scholarship. Get expelled and you get to wear clothes. It’s a win-win proposition for you.”  
  
The words made the naked girl stand even straighter. “I don’t want to wear clothes,” she said, not convincingly. “I never want to be covered. I want to be nude.”  
  
Mandy snorted. “Hm-mm, yes, I know. Well, you certainly are nude…and have been for months now. I’m glad that you are getting what you want.”  
  
Tami was seething now. This girl was twisting the knife but there was nothing she could do. Tami was at a perpetual disadvantage when it came to those determined to humiliate her.  
  
Not knowing what else to do, Tami sat down at her desk and tried to do some work. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Mandy looking over at her and smiling. While she hated it, Tami made every effort to not cover up and even spread her knees apart in case Mandy thought she was trying to block view of her vagina.  
  
As she sat there, Tami became distraught. How could she change Mandy’s opinion? She needed this girl’s good words at this meeting. Then it came to her but it would not be easy.   
  
Summoning every ounce of strength, Tami got to her feet and sat on her bed with her back against the wall. She pulled her knees up and spread them, giving Mandy a clear and obscene view of her sex. Without looking, Tami knew that she had Mandy’s undivided attention as she reached down and began to rub her now spread lips slowly. Despite herself (and maybe because of the situation), Tami moaned at the touch and her sex watered immediately. Damn this responsiveness. Still, despite it all, Tami knew that bringing herself off, especially in front of an audience, would be difficult. She rarely made herself cum and, these days, never had to. Between her other roommate Jen and he boyfriend Rod, her orgasm quota was well filled.  
  
Still, this was nice, in some ways. Controlling her own sexual pleasure was a rare thing indeed for her and if Mandy weren’t here and watching, Tami thought that it could have been pleasurable. Instead it was all she could do to continue.  
  
She continued to rub but really was unable to get beyond the surface pleasure. After a few minutes and not getting anywhere but frustrated, she looked up in pain and discomfort. “Mandy, please?”  
  
In no time at all, the roommate had jumped from her bed and flew onto Tami’s bed. In seconds, she had her face between the girl’s legs and was darting her tongue into between the slick lips. Her two hands reached up and cupped Tami’s breasts, playing with the erect nipples.  
  
“OHHHH,” Tami moaned at the pleasure and shame. While she could not deny her body’s reaction, she also wondered how she could just ask her roommate to lick her in order to gain an ally for the meeting with the Dean. As usual, every orgasm seemed to come with a price, this one making her feel dirty.  
  
Mandy’s method was very different from Jen’s, but no less effective. While Jen’s licks were longer and slower compared to the frantic short burst by Mandy, nevertheless the result was a massive orgasm building from deep within the humiliated naked girl. She lifted her hips in the air and humped the girl’s face as she cried out again and again in pleasure and shame. Finally, after 10, 11 and then 12 thrusts, she exhaled and began to sob.  
  
“Shhh,” Mandy said, holding her finger on Tami’s lips and sliding up the naked girl’s sweaty body and placing her face inches away. “Don’t cry sweet Tami.” She then locked her lips onto Tami’s and began a deep kiss.   
  
“You are so wonderful,” Mandy said, running her fingers through the girl’s long red hair. She moved her hand down between Tami’s legs, finding the girl’s clitoris still erect and vagina still wet. “I think you may have another one in you.” Tami shook her head no but her words were cut off as Mandy kissed her again and then slid down and began another oral assault on the naked girl’s sex. “OH GODDDDD,” Tami moaned despite herself and clamped her hands in Mandy’s hair.   
  
This time, Mandy switched it up a bit, sliding one then two then three fingers inside of Tami while also sucking on the girl’s button. This orgasm came faster but no less furious. Again, 12 or 13 contractions as Mandy hung on for dear life. Finally, Tami screamed out in pleasure and Mandy nursed this orgasm, which seemed to go on for minutes. Finally, Tami collapsed on the bed.  
  
“Let’s see if we can get a third out of you,” Mandy whispered and began sliding her fingers in and out as Tami weakly tried to push her away. It was no use, Tami’s body was so primed for sex that she began to ride the wave and was too weak to stop it.  
  
“OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD.”  
  
Mandy could not believe it. The room was silent, except for the low buzz coming from the nude form sleeping beneath her. After all of the months of being denied this opportunity, Mandy had finally been given the chance to have sex with her nudist roommate. This was something she had looked forward to since being assigned this room back in January.   
  
She had been so mad when Tami had rebuffed her that first night. Jen had told her that Tami would be open to a sexual relationship and had even brought Tami to orgasm in front of Mandy. Still, when she had tried to make her move, Tami had told her to stop. The campus nudist who did not believe in modesty had stopped her.  
  
Since then, the two had co-existed. Tami aware that Mandy was annoyed but nothing new occured. Until tonight. Though Mandy wondered if her announcement about the meeting with the Dean had anything to do with it, it didn’t matter. Here she was resting her head on the inner thigh of her naked roommate, her fingers running through the red pubic hair, occasionally rubbing the lips that were enflamed after Mandy had licked and fingered the girl to six massive orgasms.  
  
Six orgasms. Mandy shook her head in wonder at the super woman lying beneath her. Not many women could even contemplate that much sexual pleasure at one time but these encounters seemed to be a regular part of the naked girl’s life now. Mandy wondered how Tami got anything accomplished with her mind so addled by all of the sex!  
  
How different would Tami’s life had been, Mandy thought, if she had never become a nudist. She had heard rumors that all of this was a ruse, that Tami had lied to avoid getting expelled after being caught streaking. If it were true, what a price the girl had paid.  
  
Still, Tami was super popular among many of the students at Campbell-Frank. In fact, everyone knew and most liked her, even those who thought she was really weird.  
  
Mandy thought that she probably should have been more empathetic towards her named roommate. After all, it can’t be easy living as naked life here at school. Everyone knew her body intimately. The weather up here got freezing in the winter and Tami slogged through it all barefoot and bare, well, everything. But Mandy just couldn’t stop how seeing Tami walking naked made her feel. She got off on the humiliation of others and seeing the modest Tami forced to reveal herself day after day was just wonderful.   
  
Depp in her heart though, she did love Tami. Even though they were not exactly friends, Mandy had grown to really respect the unintentional nudist. Even without this encounter, she never would have said anything negative to the dean. Though he had asked her to “report” anything back to him when she had been assigned the room, truthfully, she had too much respect for all that Tami had gone through to turn her in now. No, she was a definite ally of Tami.  
  
But this was her dream come true. After all of these months lusting after the naked body living just a few feet of her, she had finally gotten the chance to touch her, to bring her to orgasm. In fact, she had never once thought of her Tami doing it to her. No, she only wanted to bring Tami pleasure and that’s had certainly been accomplished today. Tami had cum at least five times…maybe six. Mandy was so intent on her work that she lost track. But it had been glorious.  
  
Mandy needed to share this momentous occasion. Her phone was sitting on the desk just out of her reach. She wondered if moving would awaken Tami but she deduced that the naked girl was out for a while, so overcome by the intensity of the orgasms. Mandy took the chance and reached up to get her phone and was back before Tami had stirred even a little.   
  
She desperately wanted a selfie to commemorate her first time with Tami. She held the phone out a little above her. In the screen, she saw that her face and Tami’s vagina were in the shot perfectly. She angled it up just a little bit to get Tami’s sleeping face in the background, not that anyone would ever doubt who it was. After all, Tami’s pussy was almost as recognizable as her face.  
  
Opening up the Snapchat app on her phone, she typed in the caption “FINALLY!” and sent it off to Jen. She worried that Jen would get angry. She had been licking Tami daily (sometimes multiple times a day) since December. Would she be upset that another girl was licking Tami?  
  
BUZZZ. “OMG…Mand so happy for u.”  
  
BUZZZ. “Be home in 20 mins. Fill me in then.”  
  
BUZZZ. “Jealous!”  
  
Mandy smiled. Jen approved. Maybe they could both do Tami. The naked girl deserved all of the pleasure she could get after suffering through so much.  
  
  
Tami heard voices in the room as she groggily came to being careful not to move and alert her roommates that she was awake. Tami was still feeling the aftereffects of so many orgasms and the shame of allowing Mandy to lick her in an effort to win her approval for the meeting. For Tami, it was one of the lower points in a year filled with them.  
  
“So she just asked you to lick her?” That voice was Jen.  
  
“No, not really,” the other voice, Mandy, said. “She was horny and trying to do it herself but couldn’t.”  
  
“She never can,” Jen said. “Just can’t get the right angle.”  
  
“Well, I got the right angle,” Mandy said boastfully. Then she laughed and so did Jen.   
  
“So did you get invited to this thing with the dean on Friday,” Mandy asked.  
  
“Yeah, I did. So did Rebecca and Marisol. Not sure who else. I would think Terri and Rod. Anyone who can support Tami and her right to be a nudist.”  
  
Tami relaxed just a bit. Having friends in the room would be helpful.  
  
“So, how many times did she cum?”  
  
“Five or six, I think,” Mandy said. “I was kind of busy.”  
  
UGH. Five or six orgasms, Tami thought. What a slut I am. And to have her sexual exploits talked about so casually was so humiliating to this private girl.  
  
“She’s a superwoman. Let me see if I can get a few more out of her.”  
  
Tami felt the bed shift and Jen’s body next to hers. Time to “wake up,” she thought.  
  
“Oh, hey Jen,” she said groggily. “I’m so hungry. What time is it?”   
  
“Um, it’s 5:30…I guess we can go to dinner in a second but first…” With that, she turned Tami’s body towards her and dove between her legs.   
  
“Jen, no, oh, Jen, oh, please, um, I’m sore, oh, ahhhh,” Tami tried to stop this assault on her sex but it was useless. Jen was too good at giving her pleasure and Tami liked it too much. That plus the fact that she was naked put her at a disadvantage. Even though she had just cum five or six times, Jen had her cresting in no time at all.  
  
“AHHHH!!!”

**Tami Smithers: The Meeting, Chapter 3**

Tami walked across the campus, her arms crossed in a pathetic attempt to stay warm. Despite a rare thaw yesterday, winter had returned today in a blustery, frozen way. Many students who had shed their outer garments yesterday had returned to full coats, hats and gloves.  
  
But not Tami. She wore the same thing she had worn the day before and the day before that and the days and weeks and eternal months before that—NOTHING! No, Tami had not worn clothes since that awful day when she been caught streaking, a stunt orchestrated by her sadistic RA Wanda. To avoid getting expelled, she had lied and was paying an awful price.  
  
She had held out hope that maybe this brutal winter was coming to an end but today was as bad as it had been in a while. She had nothing to protect herself from the wind, which felt like it was leaving tiny pinpricks on her exposed flesh. From experience, she knew that there would be no real damage to her body but that didn’t take away the pain that the extreme cold weather caused her.  
  
At least the cold weather kept her mind off of the few hours ahead. Yesterday, she had gotten an email from Dr. Harridance, as usual, detailing the work they would be performing on her in the lab the next day. This one, however, made her very nervous.  
  
“Tami,  
  
We look forward to our time together tomorrow. Please arrive no later than 1 p.m., as usual. However, we ask you to please leave your backpack and ankle pouch behind as there will be no safe place to keep them as we will have guests. Also, we will need to keep you for the full two hours so please do not plan to leave early or to be anywhere. With what we have planned, I would keep an hour after blocked out as well.  
  
Thank you as always for your willingness to serve our project.  
  
Dr. H.”  
  
None of those boded well for poor Tami. Guests? In the lab? Watching her being brought to orgasm? She shivered, this time not from the cold. How humiliating! But how could she object? She didn’t believe in modesty after all. What a crock!  
  
And leaving her backpack and ankle pouch behind made her feel even more naked. She had arranged with Mandy to meet at the door when she was done, around 3:30 or so. That way she could get in and not have to hope that someone else was walking in. But to be out on campus and have nothing made her feel even more vulnerable than usual.  
  
“Keep an hour blocked after?” What were they going to do to her? The experiments with Dr. Harridance were humiliating but he was mostly kind to her. His message yesterday seemed ominous.  
  
Even though it was cold and crossing one’s arms over their chest could simply be a method to keep warm, she was intensely conscious of the fact that it could be construed as hiding her breasts from view. Of course, there was no one on campus who had not seen her breasts thousands of times, but still she was aware that people were looking to bust her for showing modesty. So, every time she passed someone on the path, she lowered her arms to her side and looked up to show that she wasn’t covering up. She felt so silly doing it but had become so paranoid she couldn’t help it.  
  
She arrived at the stately old grey building that housed the Chalfont Institute. As usual, dozens of geeky students (all male), were gathered in the lobby as she entered. They, of course, had memorized her schedule and made it a point to be here for her arrival. Though no one ever said anything to her or touched her in any way, she still felt incredibly creeped out and hurried past them.  
  
Pushing her way into the lab, she stopped short. In addition to Dr. Harridance and the student assistants, there was another researcher who she didn’t know. The two men in lab coats were conversing, not noticing that she was there. Brendo, of course, saw her immediately.  
  
“Hey Tami,” he said, trying to be nonchalant as he stared at her nude body, though he was more intimate with it than any other person on campus but Rod and Jen (and now Mandy). Brendo had the fortunate task of inserting the devices into her, causing him great satisfaction but bringing her more shame than he realized. Of course he had no idea, assuming that she was alright with everything done to her. She didn’t blame him. Still, she resented him for putting her through these humiliations.  
  
“Hey,” she replied, averting her eyes to avoid eye contact. She knew that he was very aware of every inch of her private area, or at least those areas that were private on every other girl. Today she felt even more naked without her ankle pouch and backpack.  
  
“Oh Tami,” Dr. Harridance said, turning towards her. The other doctor took a step back so he was out of the light. Tami had a weird feeling about him. “Why don’t you mount the apparatus? Brendo can get you ready.” With that he turned and continued his animated conversation with the other researcher. Tami couldn’t hear what they were discussing but it seemed like they were disagreeing a bit.  
  
But she couldn’t take much time worrying about that as she had to ready herself for the experiments. The normal routine was for them to bring her to the edge of orgasm and leave her there for a long while. In the midst of it, Tami felt like she was in that state for hours but she knew it was probably no more than 20 minutes or so. Then, they would finally allow her the chance to cum, which lasted a few minutes before observing her on the plateau phase. Usually these sessions last about an hour but today she had been warned to allow more time. She wondered what they had in mind.  
  
Tami walked over to the chair and realized that she felt deep hatred for this inanimate object. This chair was where she was humiliated week after week, where her deep well of shame seemed to never reach bottom. Here she was splayed out, legs spread, arms cuffed, nothing to cover herself or hide her nakedness. Here they played her body like a virtuoso would play her violin, making her cum when they wanted and for how long they wanted. She hated that chair but couldn’t stop the way her body reacted.  
  
In no time, Tami was secured to the chair. As always, her wrists were cuffed to the arms of the chair and her ankles were cuffed to the legs. There was a hole in the seat of the chair, offering access to her pussy and anus.   
  
Using his gloved finger, Brendo worked to get her ready, sliding his finger up and down her spread slit. It didn’t take long for her natural lubricant to moisten her entrance so that the vibrator could slide in. He then slid underneath the chair and pushed the sensor, which was slick with lube, into her anus, causing her to gasp at the invasion. She closed her eyes and prayed that this would end or that she would eventually get used to it.  
  
She sat like that for a while, the harsh light shining on her so that she couldn’t really make out anyone out there. She wondered how long they would make her wait when she heard the comforting voice of Dr. Harridance.  
  
“Tami, thank you as always for your participation in this project,” he said. This was how he always started their sessions. Tami assumed that this was for the record as she knew they recorded each session. “As I mentioned, we are doing something a bit different. The last few sessions have been about monitoring you during the arousal phase and then during orgasm. Today, we are going to monitor you during repeated orgasm so we will be bringing you to several orgasms.”  
  
Tami’s eyes grew big…several orgasms? The one they extracted from her each way was enormously gut wrenching. What would several do to her? She didn’t have long to think about it though as the vibrator began to work its magic inside of her. Despite the humiliation of the moment (or perhaps because of it), her body responded. In just minutes, she was cresting into her first of five orgasms. In 15 minutes, she had achieved her five orgasms and was immensely grateful when Brendo stopped the vibrating in her pussy.  
  
“Excellent Tami, excellent,” Dr. Harridance said in his kind manner. “You are doing so well.”  
  
Tami wondered if she were done but worried that she was not going to be so lucky. She was right. “Now, for the next series of orgasms, we are going to gag you,” he said.   
  
“What,” she said, her mind still in an orgasmic haze.  
  
“We want to test of vocalization is an integral part of the orgasm experience,” the man said. “You are very vocal when you experience your release and we want to test of the reaction without the vocalization.”  
  
Brendo came forward and strapped a gag into her mouth, a big red ball between her teeth with black straps that went around her face.  
  
“Tami, please try to say something,” Dr. Harridance said.   
  
“Mmphf,” was all that came out.  
  
“Excellent. Now, I ask that you try to suppress your vocalizations for the next series of orgasms but I understand that may not be possible,” he said. “That’s why we have the gag in place. Brendo, please re-start the apparatus.”  
  
The machine came to life, pistoning the phallus in and out of Tami’s sex. For the naked girl, the humiliation of being spread and gagged was intense. Still, there was little doubt as to where this was all headed…multiple orgasms. Since she had never really come down from her last series of orgasms, the first one of this series didn’t take long. In no time, she was bucking against her bindings and was cumming, the first of many more.  
  
Tami was lost in a state of delirium, not sure how many times she had cum or when they were starting or finishing. She was barely aware that the intense feeling inside of her had subsided a bit and the machine had stopped. Finally she raised her head, her hair matted to her forehead, her cheeks flushed from the exertion. Once her eyes got used to the light pointing at her, she gasped.  
  
There standing next to Harridance and Brendo were Henry Ross and, worst of all, Wanda, her evil RA who had gotten her into this mess in the first place. They both had smug looks on their faces, sadists who enjoyed knowing the true shame that Tami was feeling. The naked girl’s eyes registered her surprise but she knew that she couldn’t say anything, especially with a spy like Ross in the room.  
  
“Tami,” Dr. Harridance said, “you are doing wonderfully. Just a bit more and we will be finished for the afternoon. We are joined by two guests today, Henry Ross, the college’s lawyer, and I know that you know Wanda. Mr. Ross was invited to check on the progress of our experiments.”  
  
“Yes, Tami, thank you for being so, um, open to science,” he said, his eyes directing between her spread legs. “You have certainly given your all to the work being done here. Wanda has been very helpful in the college’s work with you and we wanted her to see the operation here to ensure that you are being cared for.”  
  
He turned to Wanda who smiled and contorted her face into a concerned look.  
  
“Thank you Mr. Ross and Ms. Percival for your interest in our project,” Dr. Harridance said. “Now, Tami we are going to remove that gag and go another round with the machine.” Tami groaned. How much more was she going to have to endure, she wondered. How many orgasms could she possible be expected to have?  
  
Brendo removed her gag and she opened and closed her mouth.  
  
“Water please,” she gasped.  
  
“By all means,” Dr. Harridance said. Brendo grabbed a water bottle and held it to her mouth since her hands were bound. She drank as much as she could but some dribbled down her chin and onto her bare breasts. She heard a snicker and knew that it was Wanda.  
  
“These next few will allow us to get a final baseline,” Dr. Harridance said. “Tami, as always, thank you for your dedication to this project. We are tremendously grateful.”  
  
He nodded to Brendo who started the machine up again. As always, they knew the exact right ways to get her body to respond. Despite her humiliation and exhaustion, Tami knew it was pointless to fight it. In minutes, her body was responding. She closed her eyes, hoping to forget that Wanda and Ross were just a few feet away while she was being aroused so intimately. She heard talking and looked up to see Ross and Wanda having a conversation, laughing. For some reason, this made her feel even more disgusted; she was being brought to earth-shattering orgasm after orgasm while these two held a normal conversation.  
  
“OHHHHH,” she cried out, as the pulsing inside her sex hit just the right part. That stopped all conversation as she steadily rose up the ladder until an orgasm was seconds away. “JESUSSSS,” she cried out as this one was intense. Her eyes bugged open and she saw Wanda holding up her phone to take a photo or a video or something. Even in her addled state, she was able to recognize that image would be used against her soon.  
  
That orgasm subsided and then another one built. Then another and another. Over a half hour, she was in a perpetual state of pre-orgasm, orgasm and post-orgasm. Finally, mercifully, Dr. Harridance gave the signal to stop and Tami slumped in relief.  
  
Dr. Harridance began an animated conversation with the other doctor and Ross, with Brendo bringing over some initial data. “Tami, these findings are incredible,” he said. “The contractions at the end were some of the most intense that you have experienced during the entire experiment. Truly remarkable.” The four men pored over the data, leaving Tami bound and nearly lifeless. This was one of the lowest points in her life, Tami thought, to have been brought to orgasm after orgasm in front of Ross…and Wanda.   
  
Just then, she felt a shadow in front of her. Looking up, she saw her nemesis looking down at her in glee.  
  
“Well well naked one,” she said very softly, so only Tami could hear. “Who would have imagined that little prank I engineered back in September would lead to this? This is a work of art, beyond my wildest dreams.”  
  
“Go away,” Tami hissed, equally softly so as not to arouse the men further away.  
  
“Not yet sweetie, not when there is so much left to do,” Wanda said. She crouched down, like a catcher, so that her face was inches from Tami’s spread and stuffed pussy. “My God, your lips are still quivering. I wonder how long they will do that.”  
  
CLICK CLICK. Tami groaned as Wanda took photos of her sex.  
  
“And back here, how do you stand that probe in your butthole, doesn’t it hurt?” CLICK CLICK “People will love these.”  
  
“You can’t prove it’s me,” Tami said spitefully. “My face wasn’t in it.”  
  
“Oh naked one, do you think there is anyone left on this campus who doesn’t recognize your pussy or your anus? Some guys probably know those places better than your face.”  
  
Tami closed her eyes in shame, knowing that Wanda was right.  
  
“But you’re right, let me get a better photo.” With that she reached between Tami’s legs from behind and got a photo up, capturing the nude girl’s vagina, belly, breasts and, worst of all, her face. “There, that better?”  
  
“I hate you,” she said, her lip quivering, trying not to cry.  
  
“But I love you sweetums,” Wanda said. “I love seeing you scampering naked all over campus. I love seeing you cum and cum and cum, all for science of course. Yes yes yes, this was a masterpiece, I say, a true masterpiece. And all it took was convincing a stupid little freshman to streak. Easy as pie.”  
  
Tami was getting so angry but also noticed that she was close to another orgasm. The probe inside of her was touching her most intense spot and she had never really come done from the last series of orgasms. Her belly, always concave, was going in and out as she tried desperately not to cum again, not with Wanda this close.  
  
“Oh dear, you got one last one in you,” Wanda said, her eyes gleaming with sadism. “Well, let me help you.” She took her finger and pushed the probe in just a tad, enough to send Tami deep over the waterfall.   
  
“OHHHH,” she cried out, drawing attention from the men. “OH GODDD, JESSSUSSS, AHHHHH!” The orgasm extended for a minute then two as the girl tested the bounds of her bindings before finally dying out. 

“Tami, I am so sorry,” Dr. Harridance said. “I didn’t realize we had left you in such a state. Brendo, get those probes out of her.”  
  
“Sir,” Wanda said, sounding innocent. “May I help?”  
  
“Sure, but let Brendo lead the way,” Harridance said, turning his attention back to the men. Ross lingered in his gaze at Tami, sneering at her in a way that says, I know what happened.   
  
“What can I do,” Wanda asked the assistant who was heading towards Tami.  
  
“Why don’t you remove the anal probe,” the man said, mistaking Tami’s groan of shame for one of relief. “I bet you can’t wait to have these out of you,” he said, patting her arm gently.   
  
Brendo was expertly removing the probe from her pussy while Wanda twisted the one in her anus. Whether it was just a lack of knowledge or whether she was intentionally trying to humiliate her further, Tami would never know but she felt the probe finally coming out and a fart escape her. “OH GOD,” she cried out as Wanda snickered.  
  
“That happens sometimes,” Brendo said. “It’s usually just some air. Doesn’t smell or anything.”  
  
“I’ll be back to undo the bindings,” he said, walking towards the console where the probes readings came out.  
  
“I can do that for you Sir,” Wanda said, obviously flirting with the boy. “You have way more important things to do over there with all of the science stuff.”  
  
“Thank you,” he stammered. “I, uh, I will um appreciate that.”  
  
Wanda again crouched down between Tami’s legs and took some photos. “Oh my God,” she said softly again. “That geek inserts stuff inside of you week after week. You must hate that. You’re the only girl he’s ever seen naked.”  
  
“Please Wanda, please untie me so I can go.”  
  
“I will, but this is such a great angle to see all of you,” Wanda said. “You must feel so much shame. I can see every crevice of your body. I’ve never seen a pussy so stretched. Look, your lower lips are gaping. You can probably feel a breeze up inside of you. That must feel weird.”  
  
“Wanda, please—”  
  
“No, seriously, I cannot even imagine that, though I would never be in your shoes, or your bare feet I suppose since you don’t wear shoes anymore.” She stood up and lifted her foot.  
  
“Do you remember these?” Tami saw a pair of silver ballet flats, her favorite pair. “Yep, I can see that you do. I love them. These and your old converse are so nice. And I was wearing your UGGS yesterday. They are so warm. I love them so much. You had such a great collection of shoes.”  
  
Tami closed her eyes. “Wanda…”  
  
“And these jeans are yours too,” she said. “They are the perfect color of blue…sometimes jeans can be too dark or too light but not these. And they hug me like a glove. I love them so much.”  
  
“Please--”  
  
“And you can’t see it but I am wearing your bra, remember the black cotton one? It is so wonderful the way it supports my boobs but the straps don’t dig in like others you buy. It is really the best bra I’ve ever owned, I wear it all the time. Remember wearing a bra? What’s it been, five months, six months since you wore one? I have to say that you don’t need one. Your boobs aren’t sagging at all. In fact, they look even better now, I’d say.”  
  
“Wanda, please let me go,” Tami said, close to tears. “I just want to close my legs. They ache.”  
  
“I bet they do. You were straining pretty good.” She crouched down and began to undo the left ankle cuff. But she stopped.  
  
“I can’t stop looking at your pussy,” Wanda said. “I mean, you have a beautiful pussy, Tami, a beautiful pussy. I never realized how pretty a pussy could be but you definitely have a pretty one.”  
  
“Stop being gross,” Tami said.  
  
“I am paying you a compliment,” Wanda said, going back to the ankle cuff. Finally she undid it. She then moved to the right cuff, her fingers trailing down the spread legs, over the aching pubic mound (causing Tami to shiver) and then down the other leg. She undid that cuff and then moved to the wrists.   
  
“I meant what I said about your boobs,” Wanda said as she undid the cuffs. “Magnificent. Even better than they were back in September, the first time I saw them. And your nipples…glorious. Are they always so hard? Man, does that hurt?  
  
Tami was trying to ignore the girl and move but after so long bound she couldn’t move. “Wanda, help me.”  
  
“Of course,” she said sadistically. “What are RAs and old friends for.” She took her left ankle and lifted it up so it was closer to where it should be. She then moved the right leg and Tami was no longer spread eagle.  
  
Wanda leaned in and helped Tami to a standing position but the girl could not carry her own weight after so long being bound. Tami noticed that Wanda’s right arm went around her shoulders and then under her arm and around the front. Her right hand was cupping her right breast as she assisted the girl to a chair.  
  
“Tami, I know that this experience was rough on you,” Dr. Harridance said. “Thank goodness your friend was here to assist you.”  
  
“Happy to help Dr.,”Wanda said, batting her eyes innocently.   
  
“Wanda,” Ross said, “would you mind escorting Ms. Smithers out of the building while I continue my discussions with Dr. Harridance?”  
  
Wanda looked at Tami and smirked. “Absolutely Mr. Ross, it would be my pleasure.”  
  
“Thanks again Tami,” Harridance said. “I will email you instructions for next week.”  
  
Tami nodded and waited while Wanda grabbed her purse and coat before pulling the nude girl up onto her feet and escorting her out, her hand again cupping the bare breast. “Wanda, please move your hand,” Tami said under her breath.  
  
“What? I’m just trying to assist you. This gives me balance, something to grab on to.” The two girls slowly made their way out of the lab and into the halls of Chalfont Institution. Unlike her arrivals, there were few there to observe the strange site of the naked girl being nearly carried by another girl. Tami was very aware of her nipples getting hard from Wanda’s attention and she also felt the fabric of the girl’s sweater. Wanda noticed. “Don’t you love this sweater,” she said, rubbing it in. “It’s so warm and soft. My aunt sent it back from Scotland for me, knowing how cold the winters got up here.”  
  
Finally they got to the door and stopped. “Wait, I have to put my coat on,” Wanda said. “I don’t want to freeze out there.” Tami held in a comment as they both knew that Tami did not have the luxury of putting anything on, even in the coldest weather. Tami saw the wool pea coat was hers, bought after many long hours waitressing. She had bought it to help keep her warm in the cold Vermont winters but now it was no longer hers, just like she no longer was allowed the privilege of wearing clothes. No, the closest she would get to this coat now was to feel it rub against her as Wanda supported her walking out.  
  
The girls both braced themselves against the cold Arctic wind coming at them. Wanda wrapped a scarf around her face while all Tami could do was lower her head.  
  
“Good luck naked one,” Wanda said when they got to the path. “My car’s over there. I’d give you a ride but I’m not going in your direction. I hope it’s not too cold. Your legs seem ok now.”  
  
Tami glared at her but didn’t make a dent. A naked girl wasn’t too menacing. She saw Wanda rush away, feeling despondent as her shoes, her jeans, her bra and her coat moved out of sight. Then, shivering in the frigid cold, she took off towards her dorm, hoping that Mandy was there and she could get in, take a warm shower and try to shake that awful encounter with Wanda.

**Tami Smithers: The Meeting, Chapter 4**

As usual, the cafeteria was quiet for breakfast on this weekday morning. Not many students sat and ate breakfast during the week, choosing to grab coffee at one of the stands in the classroom building or at a truck. Some other students were fine with their Keurig or just eating yogurt or cereal. That made the caf a perfect place for Tami Smithers.  
  
Tami was the campus nudist, forced into nudity after a streaking dare gone awry. For months now she had been exposed to everyone on campus, to weather extremes, to humiliations that would have destroyed most girls. Now resigned to daily nudity, Tami searched for locations where she could hide and a mostly empty cafeteria was just the ticket. Sadly, this is what passed for covering for the eternally naked girl.  
  
This morning had been rough already. She had been forced into several shameful poses by Professor Brignon. Time after time, just when Tami had thought the poses could not get more explicit, she would be forced to expose herself even more. By the end, it was all she could do to not scream at the professor in frustration.  
  
After going through the line for a bagel and apple (plus blessed coffee), Tami had found an out of the way spot. Of course she was watched and seen, her nudity screaming out like a beacon, she was still mostly hidden against a wall. She sat with her right foot on the edge of her seat, her leg bent in two and covering her right breast. She wrote on a notebook resting on her bare left thigh, her arm mostly covering her left breast as she went. For an always naked girl, this felt like she was covered. Of course her bare butt was cold against the hard chair but she still felt like she wasn’t so exposed.  
  
She was so lost in her work that she didn’t notice a boy approach her.  
  
“Tami?”  
  
“Yes? Oh hey Slice.”  
  
“Hey, I didn’t think you would remember me,” said the boy, smiling as he slid into a chair opposite the naked girl. He was mostly known around campus by his art name, Slice Reality.  
  
“Of course I remember you. Those comics you did for the newspaper were awesome. You are very talented.”   
  
“Oh God, thank you Tami, it was nice to get something published.”   
  
Slice’s illustrations were mostly computer generated. He had an amazing ability to incorporate photos together so they looked like they had really happened that way.  
  
“So, how’s things,” he asked.  
  
“Fine, just finishing breakfast and calculus,” she said. “You?”  
  
“I’m cool. Just finished had a project that I been working on. Actually, it’s a gift for you.”  
  
Tami looked surprised. She and Slice weren’t that close. In fact, she had only met him twice though she knew of him and had always liked him. He had always been nice to her, even when other kids would snicker or taunt her.  
  
“Well, you inspired me to do a few illustrations,” he said. “I wanted to share them with you.”  
  
He handed her a bound portfolio book. “Tami” was the title on the cover. Her heart in her mouth, worried about what might lie within the pages, Tami opened the first page.   
  
“Whoa,” she whispered as she saw herself illustrated into a regular campus scene. Slice had taken the time to incorporate her into so many areas of campus life and history. The work was truly breathtaking. The photos were graphic at some points (her legs spread, etc.) but that was to be expected. In some ways, she hated it because the book was another reminder of her nudity. In other ways, however, it was quite an honor for someone to take so much time to do this for her.  
  
“Slice, I don’t know what to say.”   
  
“You like it?”  
  
Her answer was honest. “Yes, very much, though I am humbled that you would dedicate a whole book to me.”  
  
They sat for a moment in silence before Tami knew what to do. She got up out of her chair and went around the table. Leaning in, very aware of her breasts dangling beneath her, Tami gave Slice a hug. Just as they were breaking off, she heard a cough from behind her.  
  
“Rod,” she said, her face breaking into a huge grin. There was no doubt that she was very much in love.  
  
“Dude, it’s not what it looks like,” said Slice, stammering.  
  
“What it looks like is you were getting a little close to my girlfriend,” said Rod, his face serious. In seconds though, Rod broke into a smile, unable to keep the joke going. “Nah man, not a big deal.”  
  
Rod sat down and the three of them entered into an easy conversation. After a few minutes, Jen appeared, tray in hand.  
  
“What are you doing here,” Tami asked her roommate. Jen was a notorious late sleeper, often coming very close to sleeping through class most days. Breakfast was never on her daily routine.  
  
“The freaking phone kept buzzing,” she said, clearly annoyed. “Finally I grabbed it and it was the Dean looking for you.”  
  
Tami stopped breathing for a moment. She hated the dean and Ross, the lawyer. They were mean and definitely out to get her.  
  
“What did he want,” she asked, her voice trembling a bit.  
  
“I don’t know,” Jen said absently. “I told him that you were probably here.”  
  
Shit, shit, shit, Tami thought. She knew that he would be on his way and that a confrontation was brewing…she dreaded seeing him and having to deal with him in any way. Without thinking, she put both feet on the floor, moved her knees apart and placed both hands on the table so as not to give any impression that she wanted to cover up.  
  
“What’s that,” Jen said, pointing to the book.  
  
“It is my gift to Tami,” Slice said proudly. Jen started to look and was equally impressed with it. They were so absorbed in looking at the book that they didn’t notice the dean approach.  
  
“Excuse me,” he said, drawing their attention. Tami froze, knowing that he was staring right at her. “Miss Smithers, sorry to interrupt but Miss McIntyre told me that you would be here. Thank you for that.” He nodded at Jen who just stared.  
  
The group sat in silence. The dean made no effort to ease the discomfort, looking down at Tami who knew that her breasts were clearly his focus.  
  
“Miss Smithers, I don’t believe I know these gentlemen.”  
  
“Um, that is, um, my boyfriend, Rod Sykes,” she said, gesturing towards the man.  
  
“Ah, yes, Mr. Sykes, from the BSA,” he said. “Thank you for all of your help with that recent matter. Troubling situation but you and the board seemed to have it handled.”  
  
Rod grimaced at the reminder that several of his members had gotten into trouble on a recent trip and that the BSA was in danger of a suspension.   
  
“Yes Sir, we are working on that,” Rod said defensively. “There are a lot of us who do the right thing and are working on keeping the group moving forward.”  
  
“I’m sure,” the dean said. Still, Tami’s blood was boiling when she felt Rod was being attacked. The dean could do anything he wanted to her but she was not going to let him insult Rod.  
  
“Rod has done amazing things for the BSA,” she said loudly. “He runs a mentoring program, a service project and they are advocating for rules to stop violence against women, among a ton of other stuff.”  
  
“Take it easy Miss Smithers, I know all of that,” the dean said. “I am very grateful to Mr. Sykes and the others on the Board of the BSA. Still, the shananigans on that trip put the college in jeopardy of bad publicity and a lawsuit. I am confident that Mr. Sykes will take care of it though.”  
  
“And who is this,” he asked, pointing to the other man.  
  
“This is, uh, um, uh, what is your real name,” Tami asked, embarrassed.  
  
“Scott Reynolds, sir,” the man said, putting his hand out to the dean.  
  
“Yes, you did those pictures for the newspaper, excellent work,” the dean said, shaking Slice’s hand. “Indeed, we want to use those pictures in some of our admissions materials. Well done.”  
  
“Thank you sir.”  
  
“He did a whole book in honor of Tami,” Jen said, holding it up. Tami cringed, especially when he saw the sadistic gleam in the dean’s eyes.  
  
“This is beautiful work Scott, really beautiful,” he said, thumbing through the book, shooting looks at Tami as he did. “We will need to find a way to use these, if that’s okay with you.”  
  
“Fine with me but it’s up to Tami, I made them for her,” Slice said. “Of course, she doesn’t believe in modesty so I don’t know why she would have any problem with them.”  
  
Tami’s stomach rolled…she desperately didn’t want these photos on the school’s Website but what choice did she have.  
  
“Of course that’s right, Mr. Reynolds,” the dean said, his face smirking while staring directly at Tami’s breasts. “I will work with some others in the administration to see how we can best use these. Mr. Reynolds, would you mind sharing these with me via the campus email?”  
  
“Not at all,” Slice said with a smile, so happy that his artwork had been appreciated by the dean.   
  
For a few seconds, the group sat there awkwardly, Tami very aware of all eyes on her bare chest. It took every ounce of self-control to keep her arms at her sides and both bare feet on the floor so as not to cover one inch. Finally the dean spoke.  
  
“Well, Miss Smithers, I came by to give you this letter personally,” he said, reaching into his coat pocket to hand her an envelope. “We are gathering some people on campus to discuss you and your, um, situation. We have people coming who are supporters of you and some who are not. It should be a very fascinating conversation and will shed some light on your impact on the school.”  
  
“Why do you need a meeting like that,” Tami asked, her voice sounding small.   
  
“Yeah, doesn’t she have a right to be naked,” Jen asked.  
  
“Of course, of course, but we still have a school to run here and we want to make sure that your religious nudity isn’t adversely affecting the school,” the dean said. “Then the Board can make a decision.”  
  
“A decision on what,” Rod asked.  
  
“On whether to allow Miss Smithers to continue going to school here,” the man said matter-of-factly. “Of course we would never dream of denying her right to be naked. However, if we feel that it is causing too much of a disruption to the other students, we may have to make a decision and live with the consequences.”  
  
With that he nodded towards Tami, taking one more chance to ogle her boobs, and then to the rest. “Good day all,” he said as he walked away.   
  
For a few moments, no one said anything. Finally, Rod spoke. “I just don’t like that guy.”  
  
“HA, me neither,” Jen said to agreement from Slice and Tami who finally relaxed as she remembered that she was among friends.

**Tami Smithers: The Meeting, Chapter 5**

Tami walked gingerly but happily down the hallway away from the Black Student Association Office. She and Rod had made good use of the empty office just a few minutes ago and she was truly a woman fulfilled.   
  
After the Dean had left their table, the friends chatted a little bit more. Tami was trying to shake the shame from that morning and the dean’s ominous words. While Slice and Jen debated something, Tami leaned over and whispered into Rod’s ear. “Think the BSA office is empty?”  
  
“Probably babe, why?” She slid her hand over his legs and onto his crotch.   
  
“I’ll meet you there in 5 mins,” she whispered as she stood. “Guys, I should go and do some work in the math lab.” She packed her bag and grabbed the book that Slice had created for her. Walking around the table, she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. “Thanks again. You are very sweet.”  
  
Five minutes later, she was bent over the desk in the BSA office and Rod was plowing into her from behind. Even though the desk was cold to the touch and her breasts were being mashed into the hard surface, she loved it, relishing the raw, animal rutting, the need to mate with her adorable boyfriend. For his part, Rod hadn’t even completely disrobed, just pulling his pants down to his ankles and going at it.  
  
“AH, AH, AH,” Tami cried out rhythmically to Rod’s thrusts. Truthfully, she needed this badly, even though she had been brought to dozens of orgasms just the day before. She needed orgasms out of love and need, not scientifically and humiliatingly done.  
  
“GGGGGGGGHHHH,” Rod cried out and thrust one last time into her. She felt his cock stiffen then twitch and then she felt his warm liquid fill her. That was enough to push her over the edge and she came too, not in the earth-shattering way that she had yesterday but good enough. Finally they were done and she collapsed onto the desk.  
  
“Oh my God babe, that was amazing,” Rod said, as his staff slid out of her. “I was not expecting that today.”  
  
The naked girl mischievously turned around and dropped to her knees. “Think you have any left in there for a girl to enjoy,” she said, grabbing the base of his now deflated member and stroking it. “I feel like I would like some more.” She leaned in and took the knob of his penis into her mouth, causing him to groan and harden a bit. “Hm, more please sir,” she said with her mouth full of him. That was enough to get another inch and then another until soon he was completely engorged inside of her mouth. She worked it like she had learned to do, her mouth suctioning around him, her hand stroking the shaft while the other hand caressed his testicles. “OH GOD,” he moaned and then she felt him shake repeatedly before unloading a torrent of sperm down her throat. “Holy Christ,” he said, gasping.  
  
“That was wonderful,” she whispered, pulling him down onto the floor and cuddling with him as he passed out. Worried that someone would walk in and “catch” them in the act (though of course only Rod was inappropriately dressed…she was wearing nothing as always), she pulled his pants up and slid him onto the couch, not wanting to disturb him. Seeing that her class was starting soon, she grabbed her bag and left the office.  
  
She was about to leave the building when a girl passed. “Uh Tami,” she said, pointing at the girl’s pubic mound. Tami looked down and saw her thighs with a river of white gunk running down them and other spunk in her pubic hair. How had she not noticed? Mortified she thanked the girl and hightailed it into the nearest bathroom. A naked girl had no place to hide a mid-day dalliance, she thought.  
  
Using toilet paper and wet paper towels, she got the area mostly clean but knew that she needed a shower as she smelled like sex. Still, it was better than before. Standing at the mirror, examining herself, she felt that she was okay to go to class. Feeling like she had something in her eyes, she leaned over the sink to get a better look.   
  
Just then, the door opened. “Whoa Tami, easy.” Of course it was Wanda. Tami shuttered at the view she had just given this awful girl. She imagined that her anus was open for view and probably also her pussy. Still, Wanda had seen much much more of her yesterday in that lab.  
  
“Get lost,” Tami said, trying to act tough. Here, at least, the disadvantage wasn’t as bad as it had been yesterday when Wanda had the obvious upper hand.  
  
“After all of my help yesterday,” Wanda said sarcastically. “Well, maybe I won’t be so stingy with those photos I took yesterday.”  
  
Tami stopped still. “Please Wanda, don’t send those to anyone,” Tami said.  
  
“Why,” Wanda said, feigning ignorance. “You’re a nudist. Why wouldn’t you want anyone to see those photos?”  
  
“Wanda, you know the truth,” Tami said. “Please don’t.”  
  
“Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me, for now at least.” Tami breathed a sigh of relief. “But I got something for you, another opportunity to share yourself with the other students and the faculty.”  
  
“No,” Tami said firmly.  
  
“You don’t even know what it is.”  
  
“NO!”  
  
“Well, I guess I’ll have to tell Congi and the Dean that you aren’t interested in their proposal,” Wanda said, making her way to the door. “I am sure they will wonder why. I guess they can ask you themselves at that meeting.”  
  
She opened the door.  
  
“Stop. What do I have to do?”

Tami could not stop her leg from bouncing up and down. She barely noticed the cold, hard surface of the folding chair on which she sat. The girl could not believe what she was being asked to do.  
  
She remembered the smug look on Wanda’s face as she had told her what she had in store for her. Tami wondered how horrified her face was as she listened to the idea.  
  
“You know those ‘Ted Talks,’ when people speak for 10-15 minutes on a topic,” Wanda had asked. When Tami had nodded, Wanda continued, “well, you are giving one tomorrow night.”  
  
Ted Talks had become the rage among many on the Internet. Experts would speak on a passion or expertise. Recently, Campbell-Frank had tried to copy the successful format, calling them “Frank Talks.”  
  
“No effin way Wanda, no way,” Tami said, shaking her head.  
  
“OK,” the girl said, pulling out her phone. “Let me text Congi to let her know you are no longer interested. What reason should I give her?”  
  
Tami was stuck. Now here she was, waiting backstage while the crowd gathered. In no time at all, word had spread: “Naked Tami Is Giving A Frank Talk.” Posters hung all over campus overnight. Most had a picture of her face but some had her bare breasts on them. In Pilgrim Hall, her dorm, she had seen several with photos from Chalfont. These she ripped down, praying that not many people saw the graphic photos.  
  
Getting ready for this event was tough. She was being asked to talk about nudism. How could she talk about her “passion” for nudism when she hated it with every ounce of her being? Then she remembered helping her friend Annie with an audition last year. Annie really wanted to be the lead in their school show. The two girls had rehearsed for hours in the days leading up to the auditions, so much so that Tami probably knew the roles better than those who wanted it. Of course she was too shy to ever be on stage…she hated the attention. Ha, she thought, now she was the center of attention but for all of the wrong reasons.  
  
Yes, Tami thought, pretend that I am playing a role on stage. I am Tami, the nudist. She had played this role so many times before, of course, walking regally around campus when all she wanted to do was curl up and hide. Asking Jen to keep licking her in front of the dean when all she wanted was to clamp her legs shut and say no more. Agreeing to have people touch her boobs and insert things inside of her at this health clinic when all she wanted to do was run for the comfort of her room. Pretending to be a nudist in front of the dean and other school administrators when all she really wanted to do was beg to be allowed clothes. No, she had played this role many times before and was getting pretty good at it.  
  
She had rehearsed it in her mind over and over. She knew that her performance had to be spot on. Spies would be everywhere in this auditorium; any misstep could spell doom.  
  
“Tami, you ready?”  
  
It was the sweet face of Professor Congi that peeked into the room. Tami exhaled. Though Professor Congi had been the reason for her humiliating exhibition last semester, the kind-hearted woman had no idea of the shame that the naked girl was feeling. Tami felt safe in her care.  
  
“Yes, ready as I’ll ever be.”  
  
“You’ll be great, piece of cake to talk about something you feel so passionate about,” the woman said, placing her arm around Tami’s naked shoulder. The knit sweater felt so good rubbing against her bare skin. For a moment, Tami could remember what it felt like to be clothed in a warm sweater. Sadly, the memory was fleeting and Tami was again feeling the chill of the hallway on her bare skin. Nope, no warm cable-knit sweater to cover her battered boobs and belly, no sweater dress to hide her from the stares of all those on campus.  
  
They got to the main area and Tami heard the din of the crowd. She didn’t know how many people to expect but sounded like hundreds (thousands?!?) of people. The room was big enough for a few thousand…would that many people really come to hear her speak? She expected many in the audience to be men. After all, how many guys would pass up the chance to see a naked girl for a half hour.  
  
A technician handed her a microphone that hooked behind her ear along with a box. “I guess you’ll have to hold this,” he said, eyeing up her naked body. “Usually people slide it into a pocket or clip it to a belt or something.” Tami sighed. Just another way her nudity separated her from the rest of the world. She thought of some places that he could have put it, knowing that the researchers at Chalfont had experimenting putting things inside of her. In fact, she felt a stirring in her loins, wondering what was becoming of her!  
  
With a nod from the tech, she walked out from the shadows of backstage and onto the well-lit stage, applause building as people saw her. There were some gasps from people who may have been from town and had not yet seen the naked co-ed they had heard so much about.   
  
Finally the applause died down and Tami took a deep breath, ready to play the part of the dedicated religious nudist. She saw Rod in the front row, smiling at her. Rebecca and Jen sat next to him with Marisol and Terri behind them. Looking around she saw Wanda and Lorinda smirking at her a few rows back and then Mandy standing in a tunnel that led to the lobby.  
  
“Hello. I am Tami Smithers. As you can see, I am naked and I have been for the most part since September, when I declared myself a religious nudist.” She stopped and spread her arms wide, giving the crowd a full view of her bare body. “Sorry for those who are only listening on a podcast. You will just have to take my word for it.” LAUGHTER  
  
“Now, usually I hear two questions about my nudity: 1) aren’t you cold? 2) are you nuts?” More laughter from the audience.  
  
“To answer the first question: yes, always! There are some really cold floors at this school and it’s really drafty.” LAUGHTER  
  
“Now, for the second question, I don’t think I am crazy, though I am sure there are people who think that I am. I guess if I saw a girl running around campus naked all of the time I would think she was crazy too.” LAUGHTER  
  
“Honestly, I wonder why I was called to this lifestyle. After all, there are so many other, less embarrassing, cooler things to be called to do. Maybe I could have been called to wear nothing but designer jeans. (LAUGHTER) Or only the color yellow. Scratch that, I never looked good in yellow (LAUGHTER). But seriously, being called to be a nudist? IN VERMONT?!? Yes, I think my God is having a little bit of fun with me!” LAUGHTER  
  
“Still, there is no denying that I feel called to live this lifestyle. Just like the men who created this college to further their religious mission felt called to do so. Just like our ancestors felt called to come to America for religious freedom. People thought they were crazy but here we are.”  
  
“Like them, my lifestyle is sometimes not easy. I have walked naked when it was freezing cold and the sleet was pelting my body and freezing my feet. I have walked naked when it was so hot that my bare feet nearly blistered on the concrete. I have been naked for all to see and I have worked really hard to let go of modesty, even though I have been taught since I was a little girl that modesty was important and to not let people see my body. From the time we are little, girls are taught to sit a certain way so that people can’t see up our dresses or skirts. To wear tops that cover our breasts. That’s too revealing, you can see too much cleavage. That skirt is too short. Those pants are too tight, that bathing suit is too skimpy. Those messages have been drilled into us from the time we were little girls. Now, I am being called to live differently, to allow people to see every part of me and that has not always been easy.   
  
“It’s been hard sometimes to not be modest. Sometimes I have wanted to run away and put on clothes. That’s why I no longer have any clothes, giving them to my friends or to charity. I got rid of pillows and blankets on my bed to not be tempted. I don’t use big towels so I can’t wrap myself up in them. I have done all of this to try my best to live as I feel called to live.  
  
“Now, I’m not claiming to be like those people I mentioned before or even asking other people to follow me. Trust me, I’m not. I don’t think everyone is called to be naked. For example, my friend Rebecca is studying to be a minister, to help bring people closer to God. She’s not called to be a naked minister. My friend Marisol is called to counsel those in trouble and she does a great job but she’s going to be clothed while doing. My friend Jen is called to be a kind and loving human being and, though she tried being a nudist once, she wears clothes. My boyfriend Rod is an engineer and he has called to build bridges and roads for the community. This summer, he is going to help poor communities and he will be clothed when doing it. They are not called to be nudists. That calling was for me only.  
  
“So I’ve outlined the difficulties of living my lifestyle. What about the positives? What do I get out of it? After all, if I only had the things I just mentioned, why do it? Well, I have never been closer to my God. I talk to Her all the time. When I am tempted to cover up or I am in a difficult situation, I ask her for strength. When I manage to navigate a tough moment in my life, I thank Her for helping me through it. And though I sometimes wonder why She chose this path for me, I am grateful to have Her in my life. That has been amazing.   
  
“I’ve also developed incredible friendships and I can’t help but think that me being naked has something to do with it. I have friends who love me and trust me because I don’t have anything to hide from them. That has been a great gift. You probably don’t realize this because you only know the popular, awesome me that I am today (LAUGHTER) but I wasn’t always so popular. In fact, I was a pretty typical math nerd in high school. Being naked, somehow, has allowed me the opportunity to have friendships that I never imaged before.  
  
“I am also very in tune with nature. I suppose I’d be crazy not to be. I have to be very aware of certain weather conditions for safety. But there’s more to it than that. I feel connected to God through nature. I’ve not been sick all year, even though all of my friends and roommates did. Somehow, living this way has helped me develop resistance to germs or something, I don’t know.  
  
“What I do know,” she began in conclusion, tears welling in her eyes which locked with Rod in the front row. “In many ways, I am happier than I have ever been in my life and I can’t help but believe that nudity is a reason for it. Thank you!”

The crowd leapt to its feet, huge applause. Tami was spent, not believing she had gotten through it. Though some of it was total fiction, much of it was true and her story. She was moved by the approval from the crowd. She saw Rod and Jen cheering loudly. Even Wanda was standing, though her face showed the sadistic grin, as if to say, “I just managed to get you to give a speech to hundreds of people naked!”  
  
Tami didn’t notice that Professor Congi had joined her on stage and jumped a bit when she felt the woman’s arm around her shoulder. Professor Congi was holding a microphone and began to speak.  
  
“Well, I think we can all agree that Tami was indeed amazing. Thank you Tam for enlightening us tonight. I have known you for a while but have never heard you speak so eloquently about your lifestyle in this way. Thank you so much.” More applause.  
  
“We have a little time for questions, as long as that’s okay with you Tami.” Tami cringed, desperately not wanting to answer anything but smiled and nodded anyway. “As always during Frank Talks, we ask questions with respect, grateful to the person who spoke so passionately. There is a microphone in the audience for anyone who would like to ask.”  
  
“Yes Sir.”  
  
A middle aged man, most likely a professor, stood with the microphone. “Tami, thank you for your time here today and for laying yourself, um, bare on stage today. Sorry, I realize how it sounded after I said it. I wonder why you have decided to not wear shoes. I know that many nudists do wear them. Why not wear shoes, especially in the cold weather?”  
  
Tami smiled but thought, “I didn’t realize that nudists could wear shoes. Damn Wanda!” That would have helped at least a little. She hated being naked very much and being barefoot was a constant reminder of it. Still, she knew now that she could never wear them again.  
  
“Well, I know that some nudists wear shoes but I wanted nothing between me and the ground,” she said. “Being barefoot connects me to nature so I decided to go a bit further than other nudists. My bare feet against the ground or the floor, feeling the concrete or the tile or the wood or the grass, and even the mud and dirt and snow, is a part of the connection I want.”  
  
Another professor stood. “You are very brave Tami and not just tonight,” he said. “I wonder if you would consider yourself more of an exhibitionist than a nudist since nudists tend to congregate together and do not practice nudity outside of those areas.”  
  
“No, I don’t think of myself as an exhibitionist,” she said. “Actually, I think the two words are very different. A nudist is simply someone who chooses to no longer where clothes. An exhibitionist is someone who likes to show off. I definitely do not think I am an exhibitionist.” At least with this answer, it was all truth, she thought.  
  
Another hand, this time a girl. “Tami, I have to say that I am a huge fan of yours. I have watched you walk naked around campus all year and have been so impressed by your courage. I have a crazy question that I hope is not disrespectful. I’ve been looking at you and you have an amazing body, by the way. I wonder what your thoughts are on body hair. I see that you have pubic hair. Why? Isn’t that covering?”  
  
Oh God, Tami thought, please don’t take that away from me. She looked and saw Wanda’s eyebrows arch and knew that she would soon be losing her blessed pubic hair. “I don’t see it that way,” she said. “Just natural body hair.”  
  
“But you shave your legs and under your arms. Why not your pubes? Aren’t you covering up?”  
  
Tami shook her head. “I don’t see it that way. I guess I shave my legs and underarms out of habit. I’ve always done that. I don’t usually trim my pubic hair.”  
  
Another girl. “How about jewelry? Do you wear it?”  
  
Tami had a ring on her finger, a gift from Rod and earrings plus she sometimes wore a necklace that she had gotten at her graduation. “Yes, I do. They don’t cover anything.”  
  
“I just wondered if you didn’t allow manmade objects on your body.”  
  
Tami again shook her head. “No, it’s okay.”  
  
A woman raised her hand. “Tami, thank you for your courage tonight and for living your life as you do. I can’t help but worry about you though. You have given yourself to this faith with complete abandon and for that I salute you. But it is so extreme. I worry that you will not be able to sustain it. Any thoughts?”  
  
“I’m sorry but I don’t understand the question.”  
  
“Well, I guess I’m saying that being a nudist here on campus, where you are protected, or even at home is one thing. But what about a job? Or grad school? How will you move forward?”  
  
Tami frowned. “I don’t know. I guess I haven’t thought that far ahead. I have been just trying to get through day to day. Maybe God will have something else in store for me by then.”  
  
Wanda now stood and Tami braced herself. “Tami, thank you for your TIT-ilating account of your life. I feel much more a-BREAST about this LEG of your life.” There was some tittering from those in the crowd who got the innuendo. Tami realized that as much as some people liked her, many others still laughed at her. “I know you said that you are always so cold and you can usually tell from looking at your, um, chest.” Tami cringed, knowing that all eyes turned to look at her erect nipples. “Doesn’t your religion allow a scarf or a hat and gloves or Uggs for God’s sake?”  
  
You should know why I don’t wear a scarf or any of those other things, Tami thought. YOU TOOK THEM AWAY FROM ME! Of course, this rant had to be internal since that would make it clear to everyone that she was not a real nudist. “I think the things all of the things that you just mentioned would be against my religion. They provide cover and I have chosen to not have anything covering me.”  
  
Lorinda stood up and takes the microphone. “Do you even remember what it’s like to wear clothes anymore?”  
  
Tami stood there quietly for a few moments and the crowd was quiet too. It was obviously an emotional question for this nudist. Finally, Tami spoke: “sometimes I can remember wearing clothes, like when I brush up against someone or hug someone. But, usually, no, I can’t remember what it was like to wear clothes. It’s been too long.”  
  
The crowd was silent for a moment and then someone yelled, “we love you Tami!” That brought a smile to the girl’s face, which had been pained and applause from the audience.  
  
“Well, that is all of the time that we have for tonight,” Professor Congi said stepping forward. “Thank you to Tami for being here and sharing her story. Tami, you are a true inspiration.”  
  
With that, the crowd cheered again. Through the speakers came the music to “Fight Song,” as the crowd dispersed. Rod hopped on stage, a bouquet of flowers in his hand. “Babe, you were awesome. I love you even more,” he said, leaning in for a kiss before handing the bouquet to her. Shortly they were joined by Jen, Rebecca and Marisol. Mandy was nowhere to be found.  
  
“How about a picture,” Professor Congi said, taking out her cell phone. The friends gathered around the naked girl who, holding the flowers in front of her, hoping they covered enough, smiled anyway. After she took a few, she handed the camera to Jen and asked for a photo with Tami who was happy to oblige. After a few minutes, Tami left the room, happy to have such caring, loving friends and forgetting, for the moment, that she was going to have to walk naked again through the frigid night. For her, life was a series of ups and downs like this. For once, she decided that it was okay to be happy.

**Tami Smithers: The Meeting, Chapter 6**

Backstage, Tami’s heart was beating fast. She knew that there were thousands of people out there waiting to hear her and she was nervous. After all, how often did a professor get the chance to present her work to all of her colleagues?  
  
As the winner of the most prestigious math teaching award, Tami was given the chance to address the group who gathered at the convention. Laughing, Tami thought about the talk she had given many years ago in college. Back then, she was just a young girl and now of course she was a professional woman, top of her profession who was married to her best friend and they had three beautiful daughters. But that wasn’t the only difference of course: today, she was fully clothed and then she had been forced into nudism.  
  
Tami shook her head, not believing the amazing journey she had taken over the years to get here. Looking down, instead of bare feet, she saw two-inch heels and stockings. Instead of bare legs and pubic hair, she saw creased, stylish dress pants. Instead of boobs and flat belly, she saw a white button up blouse and a tailored dark navy jacket. She wished she could have gone back and told her 18 year old self that it would get better.  
  
The technician came over and handed her to microphone with a pack. Unlike that long ago night in college, Tami had a place to clip it and to hold the pack. Confidently, she strode to the curtain as she heard the music play. “TAMI. TAMI. TAMI.”  
  
BEEP BEEP BEEP…”Shake it off, shake it off…” BEEP BEEP BEEP  
  
“Tami.” The girl opened her eyes and saw her roommate Mandy standing over her, shaking her. “Your alarm is going off.”  
Tami rolled over and saw Mandy. Looking down, she no longer saw the business suit that she had been wearing a few seconds ago in her dream. Gone was the blouse and jacket. Gone were the pants and the stockings and the shoes. Back were her boobs and pubes and bare feet and legs. UGGH…the dream was so real and she actually felt like she had been wearing clothes.  
  
“Thanks Mandy, sorry about that.”  
  
“You have that art thing today?”  
  
Tami shook her head. “No, not today. No class until 9. I forgot to change the alarm.”  
  
“I hate to be forward but do you want to climb up and snuggle with me?”  
  
Tami saw the warm polka dotted pajama pants that her friend wore and the fuzzy socks on the girl’s feet. She had slid back into bed and was now nestled under a warm comforter. Yes, Tami thought, she desperately wanted to get under the covers.  
  
“OK,” she said softly, rolling out of bed and to her feet. Knowing that Mandy was eye level with her bare vagina, she made an effort not to hide herself in any way as she took the two steps into the girl’s bed and slid under the covers.   
  
She moaned as she felt the soft sheet beneath her and then the warm, cozy blanket settle on top of her. It didn’t take long for Mandy’s arm to envelope her but Tami didn’t care. She was luxuriating in the warmth of the bed and the love of a friend and quickly drifted off into sleep again.  
  
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“Who’s that?” a freshman girl asked a junior walking next to her.  
  
“Oh, that’s Tami, the campus homeless woman,” the girl said casually.  
  
“What? We have a campus homeless person?”  
  
“Well, yes. Apparently, she used to go here and was a nudist or something. Well, one day, she went crazy and started stealing clothes from other girls and put them all on at the same time. Since then, she has just wandered the campus.”  
  
“And the school lets her?”  
  
“Yep. Someone said they felt a little responsible for her situation. Not sure why. Anyway, she’s harmless. Never talks to anyone and we all leave her alone. A lot of people feed her and leave her clothes. She can’t get enough clothes and blankets. Even when the weather is warm she wears long sleeves, long pants, hat, everything.”  
  
“That is so wild.”  
  
They walked closer. “Tami. Tami. Tami.”  
  
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Again, Tami was passed out and barely registering her roommate shaking her. This time, Mandy was lying next to her but trying to get the naked girl to snap out of her sleep.   
  
“Tam, you have class in 20 minutes,” Mandy said in her roommate’s ear. “I think you need to get up.”  
  
Tami groaned. She desperately did not want to leave this cocoon with Mandy. Still, she was a nudist who didn’t need covering of any kind. She rolled over and kissed Mandy on the lips. “Sorry Mand for making you wake me twice but it was nice laying here with you.”  
  
“I was sorry you fell asleep so fast,” Mandy said, rubbing her roommate’s bare ass. “I was hoping to have some play time.”  
  
Tami pulled away with a laugh. “Sorry about that but I think everything the past few days has just tired me out,” she said, regretfully getting out of bed and the blessed covering it provided. “Maybe later ok?”  
  
“Sure, I guess,” Mandy said, watching the bare backside move towards where the girls kept their toiletries. “You did a really good job last night.”  
  
Tami blushed but was glad that Mandy couldn’t see it, another sign of her modesty. “Thanks. It was hard to get up there and give a speech to all those people but I think it went ok.”  
  
Noticing that the upper bunk was empty, Tami asked, “where’s Jen?”  
  
“Didn’t come home last night,” Mandy said. “I think she stayed at that girl Leisha’s room.” Tami felt a twinge of jealousy but that quickly shook it away. Though it was clear that she and Jen were lovers, it was also clear that Tami’s loyalty was with Rod. It was nice for Jen to have someone special too, in addition to Tami.  
  
  
“That’s great,” Tami said. “They seem good together.” Tami grabbed her small wash cloths and made her way to the bathroom. There would be no time to shower but she wanted to at least brush her teeth, etc. Bracing herself, as she did every morning, she pushed out into the hallway, hoping no one would be out there. For once, luck was on her side and she made it to the bathroom and back with no one seeing her.  
  
“What class you have now,” Mandy asked still under the covers watching Tami as she pulled her hair back into a ponytail and put on lipstick.  
  
“Feminism,” Tami said. This class was a mixture for her. It totally lined up with her vision of the world but it was difficult because her teacher used her as an example of how women could live differently from what the patriarchy dictated. Tami hated being praised for something that was a charade. Plus, she was anything but a feminist heroine. After all, her life was being dictated by Dean Jorgon and Ross (and Wanda too, of course). Still, it was an interesting subject and it was mostly women in the class so there wasn’t much gawking or harassment.  
  
“Want to meet for lunch,” she said, turning to Mandy. She was feeling much friendlier to the girl and wanted to reciprocate the nice gesture of letting her in bed this morning.  
  
“Sure, see you in the caf?”  
  
“No, let’s go to the salad place in the student center,” Tami said. “I have some dollars left on my food card. It will be my treat!”  
  
“Sounds good Tami,” Mandy said smiling. “I’m glad we’re becoming friends.”  
  
“Me too,” Tami said, hoisting her book bag onto her back and bracing herself for the humiliating walk through campus. Every day she walked bare through the paths of the school, her body on display for all to see. Still, she felt great shame each time. Why couldn’t she get used to it? Why did she have such a bottomless well of modesty?  
  
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Feminism class went well as did her math class. As she got up to walk out and meet Mandy, her professor stopped her.   
  
“Tami, can you come with me to my office?”  
  
“Sure,” Tami said, confused. She had never really interacted with this professor, an older man with great academic credentials. He had stared at her boobs and legs a bunch of times but nothing that set off alarms for her. After all, nearly everyone on campus, males and females alike, stared at her boobs and legs.   
  
They entered the man’s office, which was filled with books. He sat in a rolling office chair and motioned for her to sit in a upright chair placed next to the desk. She did, flinching a bit as her bare bottom came into contact with the cold surface but settling in after a moment, well used to this sensation by now. She kept both feet on the floor and her knees together, trying to keep her pussy out of sight. Of course that was hard to do but she tried hard anyway.  
  
“Tami, have you ever heard of the Wishbein Award for Students of Mathematics?” Seeing Tami shake her head, he continued, “It’s given to a first-year student who shows great promise in the study of mathematics. This student gets the opportunity to do independent research in the area of mathematics plus it pairs him/her with a faculty mentor. It also offers a cash award for your time. This is addition to other scholarships offered by the school.”  
  
“Wow, that sounds like a great opportunity,” Tami said, not comprehending what he was saying.   
  
“Tami, I am nominating you for the award.”  
  
The naked girl looked up, speechless. Finally she smiled and took the professor’s hand and shook it. “Thank you so much Dr. Boyle, I am so grateful.”  
  
“Not at all,” the man said. Tami released his hand and he slid it onto her bare knee and the naked girl held her breath. NO, she thought, this was not happening.  
  
The man began explaining the details of the nomination, etc., all the time, his hand squeezing her bare knee. “This is probably just an innocent thing,” Tami thought. “Maybe if I was not naked, this would feel normal.” Then she realized that no, it would be weird if she was clothed too.  
  
“So, are you okay with me nominating you for this award,” he said, sliding his hand further up her leg onto her inner thigh. Now, he was inches away from her bare vagina.  
  
Summoning up strength, most likely from the feminism class she had just had that morning, Tami said, “I bet a lot of girls leave this office buttoning their pants and straightening their tops don’t they Professor.”  
  
The man smiled but his hand stopped. “But you don’t wear pants or tops do you Tami,” he said, looking smug. “I thought you didn’t believe in modesty.”  
  
Tami swallowed hard. “I don’t, but I have to go and see the Dean.”  
  
Looking as if she had slapped him, the man removed his hand. “Why are you going to the Dean?”  
  
Tami smiled. “He has taken an interest in my life and meets with me every so often. I am sure he will be excited to hear about my award.”  
  
The man slid back in his chair. “You don’t have to tell him about what just happened.”  
  
“Professor, what you just did, it’s not a big deal to me but it’s not right,” she said, getting to her feet and grabbing her book bag. “You’re a professor in a position of power. Many people would call what you just did sexual harassment.”  
  
“I know, I know, you are right,” he said, looking ashamed. “Well, congratulations on the award.”  
  
“Will you be my faculty mentor?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Then I think I will decline. But thank you for selecting me.”  
  
Her timing was perfect as she spun on her bare feet and walked out of the office, her heart beating a million beats per second. Inside she was shaking but outside she smiled. Give the naked girl a win for once!