**Tami Serves Dinner  
by Mr. Flip**

*Author's note: This story is based on Donnylaja's "Unintentional Nudist" stories. It logically fits after Jack Straw's "The Ross Weekend" episode.*

**Thursday afternoon - In the dorm**

As always, Tami was naked, but now she was alone in her dorm room finishing up some advanced calculus homework. It was Thursday afternoon, and she was looking forward to a more normal weekend as compared to last weekend which she spent at Henry Ross's house. It had been a nightmare that she didn't want to repeat. Little did she know what was in store for her.

The telephone rang, and Tami picked it up, "Hello?"

"Miss Smithers? This is Gwendolyn King, Dean Jorgon's secretary", the voice on the phone said.

Tami's heart sank. "Oh no, not again!", she thought to herself, but she only said, "Yes, this is Tami Smithers, what can I do for you, Ms. King?"

King was the secretary to both Henry Ross, the college's legal counsel, and Dean Percy Jorgon. Nothing good was going to come from this phone call!

The secretary said, "Dean Jorgon would like to see you tomorrow morning in his office. From your class schedule, he sees that you don't have a class at 10 AM. Is that a good time for you to come in?"

Tami thought for a moment, and she realized she would have no excuse for declining, and she said, "Fine. Tell Dean Jorgon that I'll be there."

She almost slammed down the phone receiver. But at least it wasn't Ross that wanted her this time. Jorgon was bad enough, but she hated Henry Ross.

**Friday morning - Waiting for Jorgon**

After her calculus class, Tami made her way to the administration building. She was feeling upbeat because she'd received a good grade on the derivatives test she'd taken earlier in the week. But as she got on the elevator, her butt cheeks tightened when she thought about this meeting with Jorgon. What could he possibly want this time!

She hesitantly opened the door into the waiting room where Ms. King, the secretary was working at her desk. The secretary glared at the nude girl as she approached the desk. "Good morning, Miss Smithers. The dean is on the phone, and he will be with you shortly. Please wait."

Tami looked around the office and noticed that the room had been remodeled since she was here last. She said, "I like the new decor; very chic." Ms. King merely nodded her head and said "Uh-huh" in response.

Tami went over and sat down on the leather bench, and Ms. King quickly said "Don't sit there!" Tami sprang to her feet, and then looked back at the bench. Was the bench really some sort of table instead of a sitting place? Tami was puzzled. She looked around the room, and there were a few new leather chairs as well, and she asked, "Why can't I sit there? Where do you want me to sit?"

King said, "We don't want to mess up the new furniture."

Tami raised her eyebrows, and said "I don't understand. I thought the bench was for your waiting visitors. How can I be messing it up?"

"Well, we don't want to get stains on it from your, um, . . . well, you know . . .", and the secretary waved her hand and pointed at Tami's bare pussy.

Tami blushed, and said "Well, where do you want me to sit?"

"All of the furniture is new. So, you need to stand over there." She pointed to a place near the wall opposite the bench.

Tami started across the room, but the secretary said, "Wait. Here's a paper towel. Please go back and clean up the spots that you made on the bench."

Tami glared at her. There were no spots on the bench; only some slight indentations that her bare butt cheeks had left on the leather. Tami took the towel, swiped it over the spot where she had briefly sat, and gave it right back to Ms. King saying, "I didn't make any spots on the furniture. The towel is clean; you can re-use it." But King grabbed it by the edge and dropped it into the trash can.

Tami stomped across the room to her assigned spot and leaned against the wall. But she immediately decided that might not be allowed either. So, she just stood next to it. And she certainly realized that she couldn't cover herself in any way, because Ms. King would report her modesty to Dean Jorgon.

With her hands at her sides, she stood there for several minutes just looking around the room and glancing at the secretary who was typing away on her computer. Then she heard a door opened, and Tami thought, "Finally, Jorgon is coming out to get me." But it was the outside door from the hallway that had opened, and in walked a middle aged woman and a young boy who seemed to be about 12 years old.

The woman stopped in her tracks when she saw the nude girl standing there. And the boy's eyes widened and his jaw dropped at the sight of this pretty naked young lady.

The woman recovered her composure, grabbed the boy by the hand, and walked up to the desk. The boy's head swiveled as he never took his eyes off of Tami's shaven pussy!

She said to the secretary, "I'm Rachel Wescott, and this is my son Michael. We are here to meet with Dean Jorgon about the special summer classes for gifted students like my son." She yanked on the boy's arm and made him face the desk rather than looking at Tami.

Ms. King said, "Please have a seat over there on the bench, and the dean will be with you shortly, after he deals with some discipline issues with this person."

Tami caught the note of sarcasm in the secretary's voice, but said nothing. She just stood there with her arms at her side. The boy had a straight on view of her naked front - boobs and pussy were front and center!

After a few more minutes, the door opened and Jorgon came out. He said, "Ah, Miss Smithers, good of you to come. Please step into . . ." He stopped in mid sentence when he spotted the woman and her son seated on the bench. "Oh, Mrs. Wescott, I presume?" And he turned away from Tami, and went across the room and shook hands with the mother and her son.

Then, he pondered a moment, and said to mother and son, "Let's go into my office, and discuss Michael's participation in the summer class." He turned back to Tami saying, "I'll deal with your situation after meeting with these nice folks. It will just be a few minutes."

Tami was taken aback. There was that phrase "deal with" again. Also, she had arrived on time for the 10 AM appointment, and now someone with a later appointment was being taken ahead of her. But she just nodded, and said, "Fine."

After Jorgon, the mother, and the boy went into his office, the door closed, and Tami was again alone with Ms. King who started typing on the computer again.

At 10:30, Tami was still standing there on display and she was perturbed by the wait. And the outer hallway door opened again. In came two young men, both were very tall - one was about 6'8", the other 6'4". They gaped when they saw the pretty naked girl standing there.

They continued to look at her as they approached the secretary's desk. Then the taller one said to Ms. King, "I'm Paul Jacobs and this is Derek Robinson, and we're here to see Mr. Jorgon about becoming candidates for basketball scholarships."

King said, "The dean is in a meeting right now, and then he will deal with this young lady who has been waiting patiently. It will be 15 minutes or so before he can see you. Please have a seat over there on the bench. There are magazines on the end table if you want."

Tami thought, "And there was the 'deal with' phrase yet again." But she said nothing.

The two basketball players sat down. They tried not to stare, but it was hard not to look at a beautiful nude girl with perfect breasts and a shaved pussy.

The shorter player looked at Tami and said, "Hi there, I'm Derek. Would you like to come over here and talk with us?" Tami smiled, and said, "Hi, I'm . . ." But Ms. King interrupted and said icily, "Miss Smithers should stay over there, because she's next to see Dean Jorgon. Since I'm trying to concentrate on this document, I'd appreciate it if you young people would keep quiet while you're waiting."

Tami closed her mouth, and smiled again at Derek. He was an attractive young man, probably about her age. Maybe a senior in high school?

She tried not to stare at Derek, and he tried not to stare at her. But their eyes met several times over the next few minutes. She was attracted to him, and she felt her nipples harden. And then she felt a stirring between her legs. "Oh no", she thought, "they'll notice that I'm getting turned on." And sure enough, they had spotted her erect nipples.

After a few more minutes, Jorgon's office door opened and Mrs. Wescott, Michael, and the dean came out. Michael's eyes immediately focused on Tami again, looking her up and down. Tami thought that the boy was a quick learner in the art of looking over a pretty woman with quick up and down flicks of his eyes. Jorgon told them goodbye, and turned to the basketball players.

Tami thought, "Dammit. He's going to take them ahead of me. I'll be put off even longer."

But Jorgon said to the boys "I hope you boys are having a good visit to our campus. Are you enjoying the natural beauty around here?" He said this with a brief glance towards the naturally beautiful nude girl standing nearby. "I will be with you in a few minutes after I deal with this young lady."

As Jorgon escorted Tami into his office, Tami could feel Derek's eyes on her tight ass.

**Friday morning - Meeting with Dean Jorgon**

"Good morning, Miss Smithers. I'm sorry about the wait. We've had to squeeze some appointments together in this hour. This shouldn't take too long. Please have a seat." He motioned to a nearby leather chair that was obviously brand new.

Tami hesitated, and said, "I think I'll just stand."

"Why would you not want to sit down?"

Tami replied, "Well, Ms. King was concerned about my getting spots on the new furniture, and she asked me to stand."

Jorgon nodded, and said "That's probably wise. Your headlamps are on high beam this morning - so to speak, and there is just a slight hint of female odor. So, I can tell that you might be turned on right now, and that there might well be some 'leakage' onto the new furniture."

Tami looked down at her erect nipples, and they were definitely on "high beam". And she felt a bit of dampness in her pussy. She blushed deeply and continued to stand in front of his desk making no effort to cover herself in any way.

"Okay, let me get started on our discussion. There are two topics I'd like to cover today."

Uh-oh, the nude girl thought; here it comes.

"First, as you know, we have formed a committee to deal with your situation."

No, Tami was not aware of a committee, and there was that phrase "deal with" again. It must be the phrase of the day in this office.

"There is myself, Henry Ross, George Comstock, and Anthony Noyes."

She knew all of these men in one way or another, but she didn't know about the committee.

"And as you are certainly aware, we don't believe your story about being a religious nudist. We think you are just making it up to avoid being expelled for that streaking incident earlier in the school year."

And indeed, she was lying, but she could not admit it to them. She noticed that her nipples were beginning to soften and return to their normal state. Actually, there was no "normal state" for Tami's nipples; it seemed that they were just as often rock hard erect as not.

"We've tried to get you to admit your lie by requiring you to remain completely naked at all times. But that hasn't worked so far, and we've decided to raise the bar in a further attempt to force you to confess. However, before I outline the steps we're going to take, let me ask you one more time. Are you really a committed religious nudist who does not believe in modesty?"

Tami gulped and paused a moment before answering with the usual lie, "Yes, my religion requires complete nudity. I don't want my body covered with any clothing." Tami clenched her fists at her side as she waited for the inevitable punishment that was coming.

"Very well. Here are the things that we are doing immediately. When you get back to your dorm, you will notice some changes in the bathroom on your wing. First, one of the toilet stalls - the end one just as you enter the bathroom, I believe - has had the door and partitions removed so that the toilet is easily seen by everyone. You are required to use that toilet and no other toilet. If it is in use, you will wait for it to free up; you will not use another one."

Tami gulped again. So, her most intimate bodily functions will be on display to the girls in the dorm.

"Also, the shower stalls have doors on them, and we think that the door provides you with too much privacy while showering. So, we are removing the door from one of the shower stalls, and you are required to use only that stall; if it's in use, you will wait; you will not use any of the other showers. I've been told that without the door on the shower that there will be some water splashed on the floor outside the shower; you will clean up that water after taking your shower."

"This means that anytime you are in Pilgrim Hall and you want to shower or use the toilet you are required to use only those without the doors in your bathroom. You cannot use any other bathroom in the building. Is that clear?"

Tami nodded and quietly said, "Yes."

"Also, over the next few days, we are going to make a survey of the other women's bathrooms around the campus. We will make similar changes to one of the toilets in each building where it wouldn't cause a problem to have one less toilet available for general women's use. We haven't made any of those changes in other buildings yet, but we will send you an email with the name of each building and the location of the one toilet that you can use after the door and partitions have been removed. You are free to use those toilets when they become available, but in the meantime, you will use only the toilet in your local bathroom. That may be a bit inconvenient for you, but that's the way it is for now; it will only take Mr. Winant a few days to make those changes. Okay?"

"Okay", she said barely above a whisper.

"Also, we understand you use a small washcloth in the shower and a similar cloth for drying. We feel that the washcloth covers your body too much while you're washing and drying. The committee was split on this issue. Some of us, including me, felt that you could just use your hands to wash your body and then to dry off you could use an electric air dryer that we would have installed. But the others thought that you would not get yourself as hygienically clean without the washcloth, and that the air dryer would be expensive to install, since it would require extensive re-wiring. So, as a compromise, we decided to keep the washcloths, but they will be cut in half. They should be sufficient for showering, cleaning up that splashed water, and drying yourself off. Understand?"

Tami nodded. She said nothing but thought to herself, "It's a minor thing, but it will be a constant reminder of this additional humiliation."

"And there's one more change that we've made immediately. We notice that you and your friends usually eat in the back section of the dining area at the cafeteria where you are somewhat hidden. Starting today, there will be a glass table near the front that will be reserved for use by you and your friends. The location of the new table will allow you to be more visible to others entering the cafeteria, and the glass top will allow more viewing of your lower body while you eat. As a committed nudist, you should welcome the additional exposure. We will put a sign on that table saying that it is reserved for you. You are required to use only that table when you eat at the dorm cafeteria. If someone else is using that table, you will ask them to leave and you'll wait for the table to be free. Okay?"

Again Tami nodded and said nothing.

"Now, we realize that there are only a few weeks left in the school year, but we are making these changes now because we expect that you will return here for your sophomore year in the fall. Actually, now that I think about it, what about the summer session? Are you going to be here during the summer? What are your plans?"

Tami knew for damn sure that she wouldn't be here this summer; she would be off at her summer job fully clothed and she doubted that she would be back on this campus in the fall, but she lied, "I haven't figured out yet what I'll be doing this summer."

"Well, okay. But at any rate, these bathroom and cafeteria changes will be ready whenever you are on campus in the future."

Tami thought, "Go ahead and make your expensive changes, you old creep." But she just nodded.

Jorgon continued, "Your friends and other folks are probably going to ask you about these changes. Of course, you can tell them the truth that our committee is raising the bar to get you to admit your lie. But I suspect that you won't want to say that; you can tell them whatever suits you. Maybe you can just tell your friends that you requested these changes to show off your body even more. It's up to you. Any questions?"

She shook her head.

"Now, let me give you an idea of additional steps that we are considering. We haven't done anything about them yet, but if you won't admit the truth, we'll start implementing them in the fall semester.

"One possibility concerns your ground crew work with Mr. Winant. He often needs supplies, and his current approach is to go out to a local nursery, home center, or hardware store to buy them. We might propose that you go along on those trips. Since he is partially disabled, he could use the help. Or maybe even go by yourself to do the shopping."

Tami blanched at the idea of being naked in such a public, non-campus setting. She had been to the museum, a bank, and the grocery store plus a few other off-campus trips to public places, and those had been extremely embarrassing experiences.

"Since those stores are not on our campus, we have little to say about how their security people, as well as the police and sheriff, handle people like yourself who parade around nude in public. If you get caught and are detained while shopping, you would be on your own in dealing with the law enforcement officers; the college would not provide any assistance in handling the situation."

"Of course not", thought Tami silently to herself.

"Another possibility relates to jewelry. We notice that you always wear a crucifix necklace, and we think that is fine and appropriate. And that indicates to us that while your religion does not permit clothing, it allows jewelry to be worn. Is that correct?"

Tami smiled, and said "Yes, jewelry is permitted." The crucifix necklace provided her with a tiny bit of comfort in handling the daily travails of her constant nudity.

"Also, we've seen the photos of you at the Christmas party wearing red ornaments attached to your nipples, and that gave us the idea that we might want you to wear additional jewelry to bring even more awareness to your nudity. Specifically, we might require you to wear adornments tied or clamped to your nipples, perhaps a hanging chain attached at each end to a nipple or dangling charms like those Christmas ornaments clipped on your nipples."

Tami's nipples hardened a bit at the thought of this.

"Similarly, we might tell you to clip a dangling charm or two to your nether lips." He said this pointing at her bare pussy. "Kind of like earrings, but attached to your boobs and/or cunt. Oops, sorry for the gross language, I meant your breasts and vaginal lips or maybe even your clitoris."

Tami slightly squeezed her legs closer together as he mentioned this. She hoped he didn't see her do this.

"Another possibility relates to your retainer panties. Even though the panty device slightly hides your pubic region, it is covered by your agreement with the Chalfont Institute, since it is part of the scientific research that Dr. Harridance does. He and his researchers have really appreciated having a willing subject, and I might add a very pretty one who is always naked, to provide data for their work. And they have mentioned a few times that they'd like to collect a lot more data while you are here. So, we are thinking about having you wear your retainer panties more often. And we would ask Harridance to give out many more of the remote control devices that are used to activate stimulators. That way, Harridance's researchers could collect more useful information from the person who pushes the remote control button and observes your reaction. This could happen at any time around campus, and of course, there would probably be other unrelated people observing your reaction."

Tami hoped this never happened, because the retainer panties are so embarrassing. She preferred to be completely nude.

"Another possibility is a demerit system. Currently, our committee is just using an ad hoc approach to determine if you are lying. In his capacity as general counsel to the college, Henry Ross has told us that he doesn't feel that we have enough reason to legally expel you from this school; we are hoping that the time will come when Mr. Ross just feels like we have enough legal evidence. However, in order to build a stronger legal case, we are considering giving you demerits for each 'modesty moment' that is reported to us. A 'modesty moment' might be one of many things. For example, trying to cover your breasts or pubic area with your hands. Or hiding in the second row when a group photo is being taken. Or turning around when someone approaches you. Or shedding a tear when you're in a situation that would be embarrassing to a normal person, but not to a committed nudist. There are many such ways that you might show your hesitance about being naked.

"In such a system, our committee would decide ahead of time how many demerits would be needed to justify expulsion. We would collect information about your 'modesty moments' from what we call reliable sources around campus, but you might call them spies. If our committee agrees with the report from the source, we would give you one or more demerits depending on the severity of the 'infractions' and when you reach the pre-defined limit, you would be expelled.

"We think you might feel more comfortable with a precise number to keep in your head. You're a math major, and you probably like to work with numbers. We would tell you the pre-defined limit and we would tell you each time a demerit is given. So, you would always know when you're getting close to be kicked out of this fine school.

"But as I say, we are not going to do those things yet. They are for the future; probably for the fall term if you are still here. For the present, it's only the toilets, shower, smaller washcloths, and reserved eating spot that you have to worry about. Since you are a committed nudist who has no problem exposing your pretty naked body, you should have no problems agreeing to these additional steps. And so I'm having an agreement drawn up about these so that you have a written version of what I just told you verbally. As we speak, Ms. King is typing up the document. Two copies will be given to you as you leave in a few minutes. Keep one for your files and then please sign other and return it to me later today. If I don't get the signed copy by 5 PM today, we'll proceed with the expulsion process and you will be gone from this school by tomorrow. Understand? Do you have any questions?"

Tami meekly replied, "Yes, I understand. No questions."

Jorgon then continued, "Now, I'll repeat the question that I asked earlier - one last time. Are you really committed to this idea of being a religious nudist who does not believe in modesty?"

Tami straightened up, thrust out her bare breasts, and lied more forcefully, "Yes, sir, I am committed to a naked life style."

Tami thought the meeting was over, turned, and took a couple of steps toward the door to leave. But Jorgon said, "Excuse me, Miss Smithers, but we're not finished here yet. I said there were two main topics, and I've only discussed one of them so far - that is, the raising-the-bar issues. Please come back and stand in front of the desk again. If you want to sit, I can cover the leather chair seat with a paper towel."

Tami turned around. She was embarrassed at the idea of sitting on a paper towel to prevent stains from her "leakage", and so she returned to stand in front of the desk, hands at her sides, breasts and genitals on full display to the creepy man. Her pussy was just above the edge of his desk; it was especially prominent as he looked at her.

Jorgon continued, "The other thing I want to discuss is related to your service with to the campus ground crew work. Mr. Ross told me yesterday how satisfied he was with your work at his college-owned home last weekend. I have a similar, but less extensive, situation on Saturday."

Tami gasped a little. "Oh-no, not again", she said to herself.

"I'm having a formal dinner party on Saturday evening at my house, which is also college property, and I'd like the front landscaping spruced up so that it looks nice when the guests arrive. I'd like you to do that work on Saturday afternoon. Of course, I'd pay you the normal $30 per hour rate that you receive for your work with Mr. Winant. How does that sound?"

Tami closed her eyes, and quickly thought it through. She didn't really have anything special planned for Saturday afternoon, she could use some extra money, it's only for a few hours, and in spite of the naked exposure, she actually liked gardening. But mostly, she felt trapped because she didn't know how she could turn down a senior college administrator after having worked for Ross who was Jorgon's subordinate. And since she didn't want to have a slow answer to be interpreted as a "modesty moment", she quickly said, "Sure."

"Great! I'll pick you up at noon. And since you'll be at the house, why don't you stay and do the serving at dinner? There will be plenty of time for you to clean up after gardening and before dinner. Of course, I'll pay you for that work, also. Okay?"

Tami hesitated, and said "I thought I was only obligated to do gardening and maintenance work on campus property?"

Jorgon said, "No, that's not exactly right. While the agreement that you signed was mostly about ground crew work, there is a clause in there that says something to the effect 'and any other college facility work as needed'. I can get the document and we can check the exact wording, if you want to review it."

Tami sighed. She now remembered the clause, and she felt trapped. How could she refuse after having agreed to the gardening work in the afternoon? And she didn't want to appear modest by refusing to serve dinner in the nude to some nicely dressed strangers. She said, "Okay, I'll do that, too."

In reality, Tami should have looked at the document, because in the context of the document, a legal interpretation of that phrase probably referred only to gardening and ground crew work; it probably did not cover working as a dinner server. But she was a young 18-year old girl who was naïve about the legal ways of the world, and Jorgon and Ross were taking advantage of her for that naïveté.

Jorgon said, "Excellent. This isn't a really big deal; it's only Saturday; it's only dozen or so people. You'll be home Saturday evening or Sunday noon at the latest. If the party runs late, you can use our guest room on Saturday night. It will be nice to have you help out."

Tami thought, "And to have a pretty nude girl parading around in the dining room." She didn't like the idea of staying overnight, but maybe she could get out of there after dinner and return to the dorm on Saturday night.

Jorgon went on, "So, we're all set then. I will see you at noon on Saturday at your dorm. Now, let's go out and get the printed version of today's agreement, and you can be on your way. Please be sure to return the signed copy by 5 o'clock; just leave it with Ms. King."

As he got up from his chair, he said, "You know, Miss Smithers, if that demerit system were in place now, you would have received several demerits during this meeting."

"How's that?", Tami asked in a startled voice.

"Well, I caught your hesitation when responding to my questions and proposals. The tiny gasps, the clenched fists, the squeezing together of your legs, the distressed look in your eyes, the very slight gulps, etc. I would have called those demerits. Your body language gave you away today; it's a very pretty body language, but I understood it. You need to do better in the future, if you want to remain at Campbell-Frank."

Tami knew that he was right, but she was very surprised that her tiny reactions were noticed by him. She had thought of him only as a creepy old man interested only in looking at her naked body and putting her in uncomfortable situations, but now she knew that he was keenly observant, and she would need to be more careful. In response to Jorgon's comment, she merely nodded her head, and said, "Okay."

Jorgon guided her gently by the elbow toward the door; she shivered slightly at his touch. She immediately realized that the slight shiver could have been another demerit, but neither she nor Jorgon said anything. They went back into the waiting room, where there were now 3 other people besides the secretary and the two basketball players. Of course, all of the others were nicely dressed in this elegant setting with its nice new furnishings and plush carpeting. Tami felt so out of place to be naked here.

All of the other folks in the room stared as she came out of Jorgon's office. One of the other people was Henry Ross, who said loudly "Well, hello there, Miss Smithers. It's been nice to see so much of you lately." He burst out laughing at his own little joke.

Ms. King had laid out the envelope with the two copies on her desk. Tami had to reach over the desk to retrieve it, and she could especially feel the eyes of Derek, the cute basketball player, ogling her as she leaned over to get the envelope; he probably got a nice full rear view of her ass and pussy lips as she bent over. The group of assembled people moved apart and watched as the naked girl shuffled her feet in the deep carpet and left the office.

She hurried down the hall to the elevator and was relieved to find it empty. She got into the elevator and started crying. She pushed the button for the basement, because she didn't want others on the main floor to see her sobbing; those tears would have been a demerit if anyone had seen her and was counting the demerits. In the basement, she composed herself and went out the side door and back to her dorm.

**Friday afternoon - New rules in place**

Returning to the dorm, she went into the bathroom on her wing, and sure enough, the shower door had been removed and the toilet was in full view. She decided to use the toilet since she was there. While sitting there, Stacy from down the hall came in. Stacy looked shocked, but neither girl said anything. Tami finished, cleaned herself up, and went back to her room. Tami shed a few more tears when she found herself alone in the room. A couple of new half-size washcloths were on her desk.

Shortly, Jen returned and both of them went to lunch in the cafeteria. Tami saw the new glass table, and she and Jen sat down and ate lunch with many sets of eyes looking at them. Tami didn't try to explain why she now had a reserved table, and thankfully, Jen didn't press the issue.

The rest of the afternoon went normally. Two classes and some homework. About 4 PM, Tami got out the two copies of the document. She read it over, and it matched what the dean had said in the morning. Her eyes filled with tears as she signed one of the documents; the other went into her desk files.

She then hurried back across campus to the administration building; only a few whistles and catcalls along the way. Her breasts were bouncing as she ran up the steps and scurried into the lobby. She caught the elevator and was at the dean's office just before 5 PM; she had cut this too close, but she had made it on time. There were several people in the room including Henry Ross and Gwendolyn King, who was just getting ready to leave. Ross and the secretary each gave Tami a devilish grin as she walked in. Tami silently handed King the envelope and then left without saying a word.

**Saturday morning - Still here**

Tami awoke about 6:30 AM as usual, and she realized that she was still a student at prestigious Campbell-Frank College, but only because she had signed that odious document that placed additional restrictions on her. Not only must she remain naked at all times, but she had to defecate and urinate in semi-public areas. And she had to eat her meals in full view of anyone entering the cafeteria. And she had to shower in a non-private space with a very small washcloth. But she knew that signing the document was the right thing to do; otherwise, she'd be on the bus home right now - albeit the bus ride would be clothed rather than naked like she was now and would be for the indefinite future.

She and Jen ate breakfast with Marisol at the newly assigned spot with the glass table. Then, she did some homework, since she was pretty sure she wouldn't have time at Jorgon's place later in the day. The time passed quickly while she was working on calculus exercises. She really enjoyed the mental challenge of mathematics, especially advanced courses that have little to do with the real world; she was able to escape her confining naked world for a brief time. But then she looked at the clock and it was after 11:00 - back to reality; Jorgon would be here at noon.

So, she and Jen ate a quick early lunch at the cafeteria, again at the glass table. Then Tami took her first shower under the new rules and used the semi-public toilet not knowing if she would be able to at Jorgon's place or not.

Just before noon, she went down to the front parking lot and waited for Dean Jorgon's car. Last fall she had walked over to Jorgon's house for an awkward meeting with his wife, but Tami had been harassed by a group of teenage boys along the way. She was thankful that today's trip would be quicker riding in a car and she wouldn't be as visible as she had been on that walk. She didn't know what kind or model of car to look for; so, she just stood there in her complete nakedness waiting for him to pull up and let her in. After a few minutes, she heard someone call out, "Hello there, Miss Smithers". She turned and saw that the voice was coming from under a helmet; it was Jorgon in a motorcycle outfit - black leather jacket, boots, and a helmet. He came up to her and explained that his car had broken down, and the only vehicle available was his Harley motorcycle, and that's how he would have to transport her to his house, which was 10 or 15 minutes away.

Tami looked at the bike. It was a nice one, but she said, "I can't ride naked on that thing; it's probably against the law!"

Jorgon said, "I don't think the naked part is against the law, but riding without a helmet is. Does your religion allow such required protective covering?"

Tami admitted that a helmet is permitted, and he handed her an extra one that had been strapped to the back seat. He said, "Come on, let's go." And she thought, "I sure hope he's a good driver and doesn't get stopped for some violation, such as transporting a naked girl on the back seat!"

Tami had ridden motorcycles before; in fact, her father let her drive his bike several times. But never completely naked like she was now!

He climbed onto the Harley. She pulled on the helmet and climbed on behind him. The vinyl seat felt strangely erotic between her widely spread pussy lips. He gunned the engine and they took off. Her shoulder length red hair flipped up from under the edge of the helmet. It was quite a sight as the bike roared down the street.

To get to his house, Jorgon had to go through a seedy part of town. Fortunately, there were only two stop lights there, and no one harassed the nude girl. But there were several wolfcalls and whistles plus another bike that followed them for a few blocks.

**Saturday afternoon - Gardening**

They arrived at Jorgon's house just after 12:30. They took off their helmets, and Tami was completely nude again except for the crucifix necklace. She asked him, "Could you hold onto this necklace for me while I'm working? It's special to me, and I don't want it damaged." She took off the necklace and now she really was completely nude.

Jorgon smiled, and said, "Yes, of course, I will." He took the necklace from her, and slipped it into his pocket. And then he took the helmets into the garage, and she took that opportunity to look at the garden, and it was in pretty poor shape. The beds along the front path and in front of the house still had dead plants from last fall and lots of weeds. And the tree near the front porch was drooping way over the pathway. This job was going to be a lot of work, and she wasn't sure she could finish it in time.

Jorgon came back from the garage, but he was not alone. She was very surprised to see 3 other men with him; they were obviously real gardeners. She had thought we would be doing the gardening alone. On the one hand, she would have preferred to be alone to avoid uncomfortable comments about her nudity, but on the other hand, she was sure she would need their help.

One man was older probably sixty or so; the other two younger probably in their twenties. Tami resisted the urge to cover up as the group approached her; she stood with hands on hips and legs slightly spread - shaved pussy in full view.

Jorgon introduced Ben Weingarten; Tami giggled slightly when she realized it was appropriate for a gardener to have such a name. Ben was a friendly sort, and said, "Hi, Tami. I've heard a lot about you, and it's nice to see you, umm, I mean it's nice to meet you." He briefly glanced over her body, but then looked only at her face as he continued talking. "I understand you've been doing gardening work for Winant at the college; he's an old friend of mine, but ol' Homer has got some quirks in his personality. Here, let me introduce you to my workers. This is Hector, and this is Marquez. I'm not sure if those are last names or first names, but that's what they want me to call them", he said with a chuckle. "They are from Puerto Rico, and their English is not so good, but I can usually communicate with them okay."

Tami was thrilled that Ben seemed to be such a nice man, and she hoped the other two guys would be reasonable, too. She reached out her hand to Hector saying, "Hi, nice to meet you." Hector slowly looked her up and down, stopping to look longingly at her nice breasts; he weakly shook her hand. Similarly, she turned to Marquez, took his hand rather than waiting for him to extend it, and said, "I'm Tami. I hope we have fun working together today." Ben attempted to translate what she said into Spanish; Marquez seemed to understand. And he also gave her a thorough look-over; his focus was on her shaved pussy.

But now, she could tell that these two young guys might be a problem for the next few hours. She glanced at Jorgon who understood her concern. Jorgon looked at Ben and said, "We need to make some ground rules here. Miss Smithers is naked by her own choice, but that doesn't mean that just anybody can touch her. Please tell your men that they can look all they want, but they will not touch her unless she permits it."

Ben turned to Marquez and Hector, but just as he was getting ready to speak, Jorgon told Ben, "And, of course, that goes for yourself, too, although I don't think that will be a problem in your case." Ben smiled, nodded his head in agreement, and then he used his primitive Spanish to pass on the look-but-do-not-touch rule. Tami wasn't really comfortable even with the "look" part of this rule, but she didn't have much choice in the matter.

Now it was Jorgon's turn to speak again. "Here's what I want done. These beds along the path need to be cleaned out and planted with new annuals. I've purchase many 4" marigolds of various shades that I'd like to have in these beds. Similarly, clean out the beds along the front of the house and plant these impatiens; there should be enough 4" impatiens to nicely cover the area. Also, please trim back the drooping tree branches over the path so that my visitors aren't obstructed on their way to the front door. And I see that Ben has a power washer on his truck; so, please use that to clean off the driveway, sidewalk, and front porch. Please be careful when you use the power washer near the front door; there are tarps in the garage that you can use to keep water from spraying on the door and front of the house. My guests will start to arrive about 7 PM, and so I want the whole job done by then. But Tami, oh, I mean, Miss Smithers, needs to be finished by 4 o'clock so she can get cleaned up." Turning to Ben, he said, "Any questions?"

Ben shook his head and turned to his now 3 person crew and said, "Let's get started. Tami, you and the two guys get started on pulling the weeds and dead plants. I'll go get the wheel barrow and I'll figure out a spot to dispose of the material. If there's not a good spot, I'll have to make room on the truck for the debris, and that might take a while." He then stumbled through a Spanish version of the instructions, and Jorgon went into the house.

Tami almost literally dove into the work. She went out to the end of the front path where it hit the street, bent way over, and started pulling out the weeds and dead plants. After a few minutes, she had worked her way a couple of feet up the path with the dead material scattered on the path behind her. And then she realized that both Hector and Marquez had come up behind her ostensibly to pick up the debris and pull weeds from the other side of the path, but they were working slowly, if at all; mostly they were staring at her bare ass and pussy lips which were very visible from their low vantage point near the ground. She tried turning around so that she faced them, but now her bare dangling breasts put on a show for the guys. Sigh, it's hard not to put on a show of some sort when a pretty girl is naked all the time. She eventually just got on her knees in the dirt, and that minimized the view of her private parts, but it got her knees and legs dirty. She didn't have to worry about these guys being spies for Jorgon; they were just horny young men.

And only a few minutes later, a neighbor walked by and stopped to watch the spectacle. Tami saw that he pulled out his cell phone, and a couple of minutes later more people joined him to watch. Tami sighed, but she just continued working covering herself as best she could. But she had to be careful, because any one of these onlookers could be Jorgon spies.

For the next hour, the three of them worked on the beds, pulling weeds and dead plants. Ben picked up the debris, put it in a wheel barrow, and took it to the back of the lot. Eventually, Ben and Tami switched jobs; he did the pulling, and Tami hauled the wheel barrow around back to the compost pile that Ben had started. Jorgon had come out and joined the neighbors who were watching; Tami imagined that she was putting on quite a show for them, since she was covered in dirt and her boobs bounced as she rolled the wheel barrow.

Finally, the beds were cleared out, and Ben said, "Let's do the tree trimming next rather than planting the new flowers; we don't want to be dropping tree branches on new plants. Tami, have you done any tree work on campus for Winant?"

Tami replied, "Yes, I've done quite a few, and I admit that I think I'm pretty good at it. As a gymnast, I've learned to move around and balance myself on things like the balance beam very well, and I think that helps me in maneuvering in the tree branches."

So, Ben sent her up the tree and they discussed which limbs were best to remove. The two workers just watched; again, they had a wonderful view of her private parts from below as she climbed the tree and straddled two branches. Tami saw that they were gawking, but there was nothing she could do to minimize the dramatic show she was putting on for them and the neighbors. Ben handed her a hand saw, which she used on a few branches, which fell to the ground and were collected by the two young men who reluctantly dragged them out to the street; they would rather have stayed under the tree watching the show. Tami continued to move quickly from limb to limb sawing off many small branches along the way. The two guys grabbed the debris and hauled it to the street, and then hurried back to watch some more.

Finally, there was one last big branch to remove, and Ben yelled up to her, "I think the best way to do this one is tie a rope around it, loop the rope over that big limb which is a few feet above it, and toss the rope down to us. We'll hold the rope to keep the limb from falling while you cut it. Does that sound okay?"

Tami said, "Yes, I understand."

Ben tossed the rope up to her, and she said, "Give me a minute to find a way to climb up higher so I can loop the rope over that bigger limb." And she hopped up a little higher in the tree and tossed the rope over the bigger limb, and then she had to reach way out to grab the rope end and drag it down to the target limb and tie it off. All the while putting on a good performance for the assembled audience.

Now, Ben handed Tami a chain saw. She had only used a chain saw once, but she was able to get this one started and balancing herself safely on two other big limbs, she easily cut off the big branch, and Ben and the two guys slowly lowered the big branch to the ground.

She then stayed up there and used the hand saw again to remove the rest of the small shoots. Ben and the two guys hauled the tree debris out to the curb, and they fired up the chipper that Ben had brought along. It only took a few minutes for them to grind up all the branches, and during that time, Tami gingerly climbed down from the tree.

She was now covered with tree leaves, sawdust, and wood chips as well as dirt. A single tree leaf was caught in her pussy, and more leaves were stuck in her hair. Jorgon came in from the street as she was getting down; supposedly he wanted to look over the trimmed tree, but really he just wanted to look at the dirty nude girl on his front porch. He had discreetly taken some photos of her while she was up in the tree, and now indiscreetly he snapped a few more of her covered in dirt standing on the porch. He knew that he would never see such a sight again in his life, but he now had the photos. Tami was certain that the pictures would show up on the internet, but she had no say in the matter.

Ben then said with a big smile, "And on with the show. Let's pressure wash the pathway and the driveway. But I think the first thing we need to wash is this pretty girl. Tami, please go stand over there on the driveway, and I'll use the lowest setting to give you a quick shower."

Tami shuddered but followed the instructions and went to a spot on the driveway near the garage door and waited for her shower. But Ben said, "That's too close to the house; water might get under the garage door or in the window" as he pointed to a window nearby. "Move out closer to the street."

And of course, that meant Tami had to move closer to the assembled neighbors, which she didn't want to do, but she had no choice. She trudged out to the end of the driveway only a few feet from several of the gawking neighbors. She said to them, "You'll have to move back a bit if you don't want to get sprayed, too." They moved a bit, but not very far.

Ben hooked up the pressure washer and turned it on its lowest setting so that the spray wouldn't hurt her. "Close your eyes, sweetie. Here it comes." And he proceeded to hose her down front and back and especially between her legs. Even though it was a sunny day, springtime in Vermont is still cool, and the cold water made Tami shiver and her nipples hardened up to the enjoyment of the assembled crowd. Ben said, "Mr. Jorgon, get her a towel."

But Jorgon replied, "I'm sorry, Miss Smithers doesn't use a towel because it covers her too much. Here's a washcloth." And he tossed Tami a tiny washcloth, but it was essentially useless because it was so small.

Jorgon suggested, "Why don't you shake off as much water as you can and then run around the front yard for a few minutes to air dry? Maybe do some somersaults from your gymnastic drills? The audience might enjoy that."

Tami looked at him trying to hide her disgust, but she knew he had trapped her again; she could not refuse. So, she flapped her arms, shook her legs, danced around on the lawn, ran several laps around the area, and finally did a series of somersaults from one end of the lawn to the other - breasts bouncing nicely the entire time. The assembled crowd had never seen anything like that and gave her a round of applause. She was blushing when she finished, but she gave a mock bow to the audience. But it had mostly worked, because she was almost dry now.

The crowd was hoping that Tami would do the power washing, but Ben said, "Hector and Marquez, you two do the power washing. Start on the front porch, then the pathway, and then the driveway. Be sure to cover the doors and windows with tarps when working close to the house." He repeated the instructions in broken Spanish, and they understood.

"Tami, you and I can start planting the new flowers. Mr. Jorgon said that there are some bags of Supersoil around in back. Take the wheel barrow around in back and load up a few bags at a time and bring them out here. I'll start prepping the soil. Hop to it, girl", he said with friendly smile.

She and Ben spent the next hour planting the impatiens next to house. She had to bend over a lot doing all of this, and the street-side audience appreciated the continuation of the show. Of course, Tami knew what they were seeing, but she couldn't do anything about it. Breasts, pussy, butt - nothing was hidden from their view.

The work proceeded even more quickly when Hector and Marquez finished the power washing. They planted the marigolds along the front walkway.

About 4:00, Jorgon came out and told Ben, "You and your helpers should go ahead a finish up the job, but I need Miss Smithers inside. Miss Smithers, please come with me."

Tami got up and brushed herself off. She was a bit dirty again, but not like earlier. And she followed him into the garage. The assembled group of neighbors groaned as Jorgon closed the garage door. Their afternoon entertainment was now over, but it would be the talk of the neighbor for months to come.

**Saturday afternoon - Discussions in the garage**

When they were alone in the garage, Jorgon said, "I want to thank you for the gardening work this afternoon. The front yard looks great. And I really appreciate having that tree trimmed back.

Tami smiled and nodded.

"Now here's the program for the next few hours. First, you and I have to have a follow-up discussion to yesterday's meeting. Then, you need to do something for me. And finally, you need to get cleaned up and help with dinner preparations. Okay?"

Again the naked girl just nodded.

Jorgon looked around the garage for a moment and then went over and picked up two chaise lounge cushions that had been stored here for the winter. Tami had seen the lounge chair frames in the back yard during the afternoon, and assumed that the cushions were stored elsewhere.

Jorgon threw the cushions on the floor and said, "Here, let's sit down. I'd invite you into the house, but both of us are pretty dirty now - especially you after your hard work this afternoon. So, let's just sit out here."

Jorgon sat on one cushion, Tami cross-legged on the other giving Jorgon a full view of her spread vaginal lips.

Jorgon started, "After our meeting yesterday, I talked with Mr. Winant about the changes to the toilet and shower areas to be made on your behalf."

Tami thought, "On my behalf? Give me a break." But she said nothing.

He continued, "Winant said he had already done them in your dorm while we were meeting, and I suspect that you've seen the new setup."

Tami just nodded.

"Winant said that you sometimes use a shower in the physical plant after doing chores or treadmill work for him. Is that right?"

Tami said, "Yes, that's right." And she thought to herself, "Where is this going?"

"Well, Mr. Winant pointed out that according to the new rules, you would be required to come all the way back to Pilgrim Hall to take a clean-up shower, and he didn't think that sounded right."

Tami merely nodded. On several occasions, she had used that shower in the women's dressing room in the maintenance building and then gone off to class or to the library. And it would be very inconvenient if she couldn't do that.

"So, he has made a proposal which he thinks you'll agree with. Since you're often at Dixon Mill using the treadmill - isn't that treadmill turning those flywheels a marvelous invention", he interjected, and continued, "he is suggesting adding a shower over there, and you could use it after the treadmill or after working at the physical plant building which isn't too far away."

Tami agreed. Under the circumstances, having a shower there would help.

"So, he suggested a location for the new shower. Since there is no separate women's restroom in Dixon Mill, he'll put the shower in the corner near the treadmill and the flywheels. Doesn't that sound like a good idea?"

Tami sighed, and weakly said, "Yes, it does." It meant that she would be showering in front of the area where the workers congregated at break time, and since the break times were staggered, there were usually at least a few people there, and often many people - mostly men, of course.

Jorgon went on, "And further, since modifying the single toilet stall in the physical plant's women's restroom would cause a problem for the other women on his staff, he will install a toilet next to the new shower in Dixon Mill. The toilet and the shower would be mostly for your use, but others could use them as needed. Good idea?"

Tami thought, "Dammit, that means I'll be showering and shitting in front of all those guys." But she only said, "Fine."

"Good. I thought you would agree, and I've drawn up an amendment to yesterday's agreement, and I'll go in and get it for you to sign now."

He went into the house for a minute or so. Tami just looked down at her bare pussy and shook her head. After yesterday's agreement, this was just a small thing, but she realized that he is raising the bar inch by inch, and eventually she would be forced to confess her lie. But not now. She would sign this amendment.

He came back with a clipboard and two copies of the amendment document. She looked it over, and it matched what he had said. She let out a little breath and signed the paper.

"Please make sure that you take your copy with you when you leave later tonight."

That little phrase lifted her spirits a tiny bit. "Later tonight" meant she probably wouldn't be spending the night here afterall. But in reality, Jorgon had figured out a way to keep her here anyway, but she didn't know that now.

"Okay, next item on the agenda. Mr. Ross was very satisfied with the special fertilizer that you left for him, and I would like the same stuff for my garden. Now, I don't expect you to deposit it, so to speak, directly on the plants like you did at his house, but I would like to collect your urine and feces while you're here, and I'll have Ben and his crew use it as needed. Okay?"

Tami closed her eyes and groaned, and she immediately regretted doing that because she now realized Jorgon was intensely observant of her reactions. So, as quickly as she could, she said, "Yes, that's okay. How and where do I collect it?"

"Ah, good. Let's see; over here on the shelf, I have an old bedpan that you can use. And here is a couple of old gallon glass jugs from years ago that you can use for your urine. I think they had apple cider in them; I would think that 2 gallons is enough. If not, let me know. I'll rinse out these jugs and find a funnel for you. And over there are a bunch of styrofoam containers that Mrs. Jorgon and I have collected after bringing home restaurant leftovers in them. They should work well for your feces. I'll clean off a small shovel that you can use to fill the containers.

"And as to the 'where' part of your question, I can't very well take you all the way back to campus everytime you need to use one of the 'approved' toilets in the next several hours. So, I'll ask you to use the toilet in the half bath just off the entry way here in my house, and of course, you will leave the door completely open while doing your business. But please close the door after you are finished. That room will be exclusively for your use while you're here; I'll ask our dinner guests to use the main bathroom down the hall. That should work okay, right?"

Tami merely nodded.

"Good. I'll clean the bedpan, jugs, styrofoam cartons, and shovel and put them in that half bath. As you fill up the jugs and cartons, you can bring them out here to the garage to avoid unwanted odors in the house. Any questions about that?"

Tami just bent her head. She watched her breasts jiggle slightly as she shook her head in reply.

"Okay, then. It will just take me a couple of minutes to take these in the house, clean them out, and put them in the half bath."

Jorgon left, and Tami sat there on the cushion contemplating what would happen the rest of the afternoon and evening. She couldn't imagine that she would like anything that Jorgon had planned for her, but she didn't really know what was to come.

Jorgon returned, sat down on his cushion, and said, "Okay, next topic. I also talked with Mr. McMasters at Chalfont yesterday afternoon. He wanted me to remind you that you are on a 2-orgasm-per-day regimen for him; that is, at least 2 per day. And he wants them verified."

Tami said, "Yes, I know."

Jorgon asked, "Have you done any today? That sounds a bit crude. Let me re-phrase, have you had any orgasms today?"

As she often did early in the morning, Tami had played with her clit while lying on her bed in the dorm, and her nipples had become erect several times during the day, especially during the gardening marathon with all the neighbors watching. But those certainly didn't count as verified orgasms. So, she blushed and said, "No, I have not."

Jorgon said, "All right. I guess we'll have to deal with McMasters's request for verified orgasms. He told me that there are two ways to verify an orgasm of yours. The first way is to have a reliable human observe it and then report it to him either verbally or by email. The second way is to have a device detect it and report it. Currently, there are two such devices - your retainer panties and the globe monitor in your rectum; Ross said you used that monitor successfully last weekend."

Tami nodded. She remembered the golf-ball sized device that she had inserted in her ass the previous weekend. It detected when she reached orgasm, emitted a very loud beeping sound, and recorded the event in its internal computer memory. And Tami had not brought the retainer panties today, because she hadn't been told to.

Jorgon pressed on, "McMasters says that human verification is preferred, and he has left it up to me to determine which person or persons I deem to be a reliable witness."

With that he pulled a familiar little case from his pocket, and said, "McMasters lent me this globe monitor device. He has reset its program and memory, and it is ready for you to use this weekend, if there isn't a reliable person around."

Of course Tami was bothered by this in several different ways. First, Jorgon used the phrase "this weekend" which implied that she would be here longer than just today. Second, it would be embarrassing to have someone watch her masturbate; she remembered having Ross sit by the bed watching her last weekend. Third, that globe monitor was difficult to use - it was hard for her to insert into her ass and then it was even harder to get it out so that she could defecate.

He said, "I'll give you this now, but maybe you won't have to use it."

He handed the case to her. She opened it and looked at the familiar device, closed the case, and put it on the floor next to the cushion.

He continued, "So, let's figure out when you're going to have time to do today's two orgasms. I suggest that we do one now, and then one after dinner. How does that sound?"

She thought, "What's this 'we' bullshit? It's my orgasm, not his." But aloud she only said, "That will work."

"Good", he said, and she started to stand up and head for the house. He glared at her, and said, "Wait, where are you going?"

She said, "If I need to have an orgasm now, I need to go in and lie on a bed and 'do' it." She emphasized the word "do".

He objected, "But you're still pretty dirty, and I don't want any dirt and filthy footprints in my house. The house cleaner was just here yesterday to get the place clean for tonight's dinner. I don't want you in the house yet; let's just have you do it out here on the cushion while I watch as a reliable witness."

She was shocked by the idea of masturbating to orgasm in a grungy garage, but she understood his concern. She nodded her head and sat back down on the cushion.

He said, "Okay now, you just go ahead and do whatever you usually do to come to orgasm. Every person has his or her own techniques; you just do what works for you here on the cushion. I will merely watch to make sure that it's real and that you're not faking it. Go ahead now."

Jorgon stood up and moved several feet away, but his eyes remained on the nude girl. Tami lay back on the cushion and started playing with her nipples. Then, she spread her legs and started pumping her fingers in and out of her vagina. After a minute or so, she lifted her hood and tugged gently on her clit. She kept her pussy lips open with her right hand, and slowly massaged her hardening clit. A couple of minutes later she felt a slight tingling sensation. But she also felt the presence of Jorgon's eyes on her as she performed this most private task. She tried to block him out by thinking of pleasant things like Rod's long dick and Jen's artful tongue. And her pussy became wetter and wetter with the pleasant thoughts. Finally, she moaned, "Ohh!! Ahh!! Oooooh!", and she convulsed into an orgasm - it was a real one, but not extremely intense.

Tami lay there for a couple of minutes more with her hands still in her pussy, and then leaned up and looked at Jorgon. He nodded, "I'm satisfied. That's number one for the day."

In a very business like way, he continued, "Okay. Let me describe what I have planned next for you."

Tami was still a bit discombobulated after coming in front of him, but she tried to concentrate on what he was saying. Then, she thought she saw a slight movement outside the garage window. She wasn't sure, but she wondered, "Was someone else watching her masturbate just now? Ugh, I sure hope not." But there was nothing to do about that now, and she turned her attention back to Jorgon.

Jorgon said, "We need to get you cleaned up and ready for this evening."

Tami thought, "There's that 'we' word again. It's my body that's filthy; I'll clean it up."

Jorgon said, "I'll let you use the bath in the guest room. It's got a big shower, and of course, you'll leave the door open. After the shower, your hair will be fixed up. And then we'll put your jewelry on."

Tami thought, "Another use of the word 'we'. What's going on here?" Then, she said aloud, "That reminds me, could I please have my necklace back?"

He said, "Sure", and pulled the necklace from his pocket and handed it to her. She thanked him and put it on.

He continued, "But that's not the only jewelry I'd like you to wear tonight. Remember at yesterday's meeting, you said that jewelry was permitted by your religion?"

Tami tensed, and said, "Yes, that's right."

Jorgon went on, "Well, I want you to wear some extra things tonight as well as your nice crucifix." And he pulled another little case from his pocket, opened it, and showed her 6 things that sort of looked like dangling earrings.

He pulled out 2 of them, and held them up to her ears. They really were earrings, each with a short chain and a tiny charm at the end of the chain. He shook them and they made a slight ringing sound; they were some kind of a bell. "You'll wear these tonight."

She pulled his hands back so she could look at them. They actually were pretty nice. The bells might sound a bit weird, but they weren't loud at all. Not bad.

Next Jorgon pulled out two more which were very similar with the chain and bell. He held them up near her breasts. "You'll wear these on your nipples tonight. They have a different kind of attachment mechanism, but I think we can figure out how to hook them to your nipples."

She gasped a little, but then merely nodded. And she noted another use of the word "we"; she thought, "I can hook them to my own tits; I don't need your help."

Finally, he pulled the last two out which looked the same. He knelt down and held them near her pussy. "You'll wear these tonight here on your vaginal lips. These have an even different type of clamping mechanism, but I'm sure we can figure it out."

He said, "These certainly qualify under your religion, because they don't cover you much at all."

Tami was taken aback, but she held her composure. She realized that even though they were pretty small, they drew even more attention to her most private parts. They would be stared at by the guests all night, and the constant tinkling of the tiny bells would draw more attention of their own.

She gulped, but she realized that she could not complain, because she had admitted that her supposed religion allowed it and because a complaint would be a sign of modesty and because Jorgon was paying this evening and so, in a sense, he was her boss for the evening. She was trapped again and said, "Okay."

She also realized that they had discussed similar jewelry at yesterday's meeting, and she continued, "But I want to understand if these ornaments are related to what you said yesterday. I thought that you said the committee was only considering having me wear such jewelry as one of your raising-the-bar issues." She said the "raising-the-bar" phrase with a bit of disgusted emphasis. "Have you already decided to start that as an ongoing thing, or am I just wearing these for tonight only? If this is more than just for this evening, shouldn't it be in that agreement that I signed?"

He said, "No, Miss Smithers, these are only for tonight. But I admit that our discussion yesterday gave me the idea for this evening. I guess you might want to think of it as a trial run." He said the last part with kind of a weird smirk on his face.

She said, "Okay. Anything else for this evening?"

He said, "No more jewelry. But I just heard the doorbell, and I think I have a special treat for you. I've hired a makeup artist to help you get ready for tonight. This specialist knows what makeup and hair arrangement will be just right for you tonight."

Tami thought, "Ah, yes. Having such a lady fix her up would be very nice indeed. And I won't feel quite so vulnerable with another woman around at least for a couple of hours. I spent all afternoon be gawked at by men; the woman might still gawk, but it won't feel so quite uncomfortable."

Jorgon said, "Let's go in and meet him."

"Him? Whoever heard of a male makeup artist? Oh-oh!", Tami thought to herself.

Jorgon paused, took off his shoes, and said, "Please brush yourself off a little bit and clean the bottom of your feet before coming in the house. I'd give you socks to wear, but I know your religion does not allow that. Oh, don't forget the amendment and the globe monitor." He pointed to the paper and case still lying on the floor next to the cushion.

Tami used her hands to brush off the loose dirt on her butt, legs, belly, boobs, and arms, but the slight grime persisted; it needed to be washed off. She went back got the paper and the little case bending over, which gave Jorgon another great view of her ass and slit. Then, she wiped her feet as well as she could on the floor mat just in front of the door into the house. The beautiful nude girl stepped into the house for the next part of this strange experience.

**Saturday afternoon - Pete**

In the hallway was a clean cut, nicely dressed young man carrying a case.

Jorgon said, "Ah, Mr. Sullivan. Nice of you to come this afternoon on such short notice."

Jorgon and Sullivan shook hands, and Jorgon said to Tami, "This is Peter Sullivan, the makeup specialist that I just told you about."

And turning back to Sullivan, Jorgon said, "And this is Tami Smithers, but I suspect you already knew that even if you haven't met before. Have you two ever met before?"

Sullivan said, "No", and then turned to shake hands with Tami. "It's nice to meet you. Please call me Pete."

"And of course, please call me Tami. Nice to meet you, too." She made a point of holding the paper document and the little case at her side. She didn't want to be accused to using them to cover her in anyway; she knew she must present all of her naked endowments in situations like this.

Jorgon said, "Okay, we got the introductions out of the way. We are probably a bit tight for time. It's 4:30 now, and I'd like Miss Smithers to be ready for duty by 6:30. Does that sound like enough time?"

Almost simultaneously Tami and Pete both said, "Yes". They laughed and smiled at each other.

Jorgon said, "Now, here's what I want done in the next two hours. Miss Smithers, you are going to be pampered by Mr. Sullivan; you are to let him clean you up in the shower, put on whatever makeup he thinks is right, arrange your hair, put on your jewelry, and anything else to make you look nice for this evening. Just let him take the lead; you can sit back and relax while he works on your body."

Tami just nodded. Even though it would be embarrassing to have a strange man touch her naked body, it would be nice to be pampered by this very good looking guy.

Jorgon opened the jewelry case and showed it to Pete. "Mr. Sullivan, here are the pieces of jewelry I want her to wear. It should be pretty obvious which pieces go where, but if it's not, Miss Smithers can show you which ones go on her ears, breasts, and nether lips. I showed her a few minutes ago."

Pete took the jewelry case, looked down at her breasts and pussy, and said, "Yes, I've seen things similar to these before, and I can figure out how to attach them." He smiled at Tami, closed the case, and put it in his pocket.

Jorgon continued with the instructions, "Upstairs in the guest room you'll find some flowers in a vase; please use whatever flowers seem appropriate in her hair, but don't over do it. You'll use the guest room and its bath as your work space; it's the second room on the left at the top of the stairs. You will get in the shower with Miss Smithers and thoroughly wash her dirty body, but you will not be naked, and you will at no time be naked this afternoon, and certainly there will be no sex between you two. I have asked you to bring a swimsuit to wear while washing her. Did you bring the swimsuit?"

Pete answered, "Yes."

"Good. You can change into it in the room across the hall from the guest room upstairs."

Pete said, "That probably won't be necessary, because I have it on now under my jeans."

Jorgon went on, "That's okay. But let me repeat today's basic 3-part rule: Miss Smithers MUST be nude, Mr. Sullivan must NOT be nude, and no sexual intercourse. The first part of that rule is Miss Smithers's choice; the last two parts are my requirements to maintain decorum in this house. Is that clear?"

Jorgon paused and watched as both of them nodded their agreement.

"Also, you will notice some slight stubble on Miss Smithers's legs and pubic area. You will shave her so that the area is smooth to the touch, not that there will be any touching by any of my distinguished guests at dinner. You, Mr. Sullivan, should be the only person touching her today, and . . ."

Tami interrupted, "But I just shaved yesterday at the dorm, and I don't think it's needed so soon."

Jorgon got down on his knees, looked closely at her pussy. Tami blushed at the intimate inspection. Jorgon said, "Well, I can see it, and I want you looking perfectly smooth for my guests. So, Mr. Sullivan, you'll find shaving cream and a razor in that bath that you can use. As for makeup, I bought some that might work, but I understand that you brought some, too, and that you'll mix and match to get her looking just right. Any questions?"

"What about soap, shampoo, washcloth, towels, etc.?", Pete asked.

"That's all up there in the bathroom. It's okay for you, Mr. Sullivan, to use a towel to dry her off, but she has told me that as part of her religion she doesn't want a towel covering her; so, be careful about that. Any other questions?"

They shook their heads.

Jorgon then looked at Tami and said, "Do you have to use the toilet before starting?"

Tami flushed at being asked such a question in front of a stranger; it felt as if she were 5 years old again and being talked to by her parents. At least, Jorgon didn't ask if she needed to do "number one" or "number two". But she had drunk a lot of water on the short breaks during gardening, and she did need to pee, and she said, "Yes, I do."

Jorgon said, "The half bathroom that you are to use is just around the corner. Please go do your business. Mr. Sullivan and I will wait here for you."

As Tami walked toward the corner, she felt Pete's eyes on her tight little ass. When she got to the bathroom, she left the door open as instructed, put the bedpan on the toilet seat, hopped up onto the contraption, and peed. She heard Pete and Jorgon talking sports nearby in the hallway, and she was certain that they could hear her urine hitting the metal bedpan. "How embarrassing", she thought. When she was finished, she wiped up with toilet paper, and when she tossed it in the trash, she noticed how dirty it was; there really was a lot of grime still on her from gardening even down on her pussy - she really did need a shower and a thorough cleaning. She used the funnel to pour the urine from the bedpan into the jug, and she knew they could hear that pouring sound, too. She rinsed out the funnel and bedpan, capped the jug, closed the door, and returned to where Jorgon and Pete were still talking about the basketball tournament currently going on.

They finished the basketball talk, and Jorgon say, "Okay, you two, off you go. Upstairs, second door on the left. Mr. Sullivan, if you need to change clothes afterall, please use the room across the hall which is the first door on your right up there. I've got to get cleaned up myself, and I have some other things to do before the guests arrive, but I will look in a couple of times to see how you're doing."

Tami led the way even though she didn't exactly where they were going; Pete followed her up the stairs.

Pete thought to himself, "What a pretty tush!" And then he said, "Tami, you know, it's really nice to meet you. I've seen you several times this year around campus, and I've wondered what kind of person you are. I didn't see you last year, are you a freshman? What's your major?"

Tami thought cynically, "Well, I've probably seen you, too, but since you're not constantly naked, I never really noticed." But instead she said, "Glad to meet you, too. I am a freshman, and my major is math. I guess you're a student, too? What are you studying?"

As they turned into the room, he said, "Yes, I'm a junior in fashion design."

"Fashion design? Wow, what a surprise. I didn't think there were any men in that program, but that kind of explains how you know about makeup."

"Yeah, that's right. I had assumed that the dean had explained how he selected me. I don't know exactly why he explicitly asked for a male in fashion design." But Tami knew exactly why Jorgon had requested a male - just a further bit of humiliation by having a man look so intimately at her and touch her naked body.

Pete continued, "But since there are only two of us such males, he didn't have a lot to choose from. So, you're stuck with me", he said with a laugh.

She smiled, and said, "I guess so. But you know, I'm interested in fashion myself. Especially women's clothes."

He raised his eyebrows, and she continued, "That surprises a lot of people, because I don't wear clothes any more. But I like to help my roommate, Jen, buy clothes and pick out what to wear each day. But to me, it's just a fun pastime, mostly a hobby; I expect to you that it's a serious matter, a career choice."

"Yep, that's right. But let's get going; there is lots to do here." And he started unbuttoning his shirt. Rather than turning away and going into the bathroom, Tami watched him undress. First, the shirt and undershirt revealing a nicely well-toned body and good looking arms. Then, the sneakers, socks, and pants revealing his legs and a tiny speedo swimsuit covering a nice "package". Tami gasped; he was a remarkably good looking guy!

"This might actually be enjoyable", she thought to herself.

She crossed over to the bedside table and put the document plus the globe monitor case on the table. And she took off her crucifix necklace and also put it on the bedside table. She didn't want it in the way during the shower and makeup sessions.

Pete went first into the bathroom. Just as Jorgon had described, it had a very large shower with a clear glass floor-to-ceiling panel to keep the water from splashing out, but to let the outside view in. No curtain or frosted glass. Just a bit more exposure for the pretty naked coed.

Pete found the washcloth, soap, and shampoo, and turned on the shower. It was an elaborate shower with some spray heads in the ceiling. He adjusted the spray strength using the various faucets and waited for the water to warm up to just the right temperature, and waved her in.

As she stepped in, Tami said, "You know, I can do this myself. I do it everyday all by myself."

"Nope, Mr. Jorgon insisted, and so here we are. Wow, this is sure a fancy shower he's got here."

He stood aside as he guided the beautiful nude, but still dirty, girl under the shower heads. He took the hand spray unit and flicked it on to produce a soft spray. He aimed it at her starting at her chest and working his way down; turned her around and repeated the top to bottom spray. And then turned her back to face him again.

"Please spread your legs." She did as instructed, and he sprayed her pussy and ass up from underneath. She giggled as the soft water hit her private parts. He turned off the hand spray and put it back on its hook on the wall.

"Okay, let's start on the back." He lathered up the soap and started washing her upper back, shoulders, and arms. As he gently scrubbed away, he asked her about her classes, and they were soon in an easy normal college student conversation about homework, dorm life, instructors, etc. Tami really felt at ease with him. But it was still weird because even though it was a normal everyday conversation with a stranger, the setting was unusual and there was only a single piece of clothing between them, and it was a tiny swimsuit which barely covered his private parts.

But she liked the feel of the washcloth being moved over her body. He had soft hands.

Finally, she turned her head as he was washing her ass and said, "Can I ask if you're gay?" She wondered this because she assumed that most male fashion designers were gay. But she almost immediately regretted it. "Oh, I'm sorry, that's a pretty personal question, you don't have to answer."

"Oh no, that's okay. And no, I am not gay. There's nothing wrong with being gay, but it's not my cup of tea. I like women", he said as he turned her around looking her up and down. She blushed.

He went on, "I have a girlfriend. Her name is Holly; a pretty brunette. She's a sophomore, also in fashion design."

He continued washing the back of her legs this time from the front by reaching around. His face was right in front of her pussy. Then, he did the front of her legs and thighs with the wash cloth occasionally brushing her pussy lips.

Standing up, he asked her to raise her arms, and he washed the armpit area. He said, "I see some stubble here, too. We'll have to take care of that when we get to shaving." And then he continued washing down her sides and over the hips.

Facing her again, he told her to close her eyes, and he washed her face. There were small pebbles of dirt in her ears; he used his pinkie finger to get them out. She giggled as his finger flicked them out. And he worked the corner of the washcloth into her nostrils to clean the accumulated dirt out of there, too.

Then he used the shampoo and cleaned her hair. But he wasn't satisfied and using more shampoo, he cleaned her hair again. This time it felt right.

Next, he started on her body again and washed her neck and upper chest. Then the boobs. He washed the sides and top of each and then gently raised each one with the wash cloth and cleaned underneath. Then he softly scrubbed the areola and nipple on each breast. Tami shivered slightly at his gentle stimulating touch. "Nice soft hands", she thought to herself.

Then he scrubbed her belly. There was quite a bit of dirt collected in her belly button; he carefully picked it out with his finger as she giggled again. And he washed down to the top of her pussy lips.

"Please spread your legs again, and I'll wash down here", he said as he knelt in front of her again.

She spread them fairly wide, and gasped as he washed her pussy fairly vigorously. He went around behind her, and she gasped again as he spread her butt cheeks and thoroughly washed her there. He worked the washcloth well into her asshole.

When finished in back, he came around front again, and she gasped out loud when he spread her pussy lips and washed up inside her vagina. She got a tingle as the washcloth flicked across her clitoris. She was getting turned on. As he finished there and stood up again, she could see a big bulge in his swimtrunks. The tiny speedo suit barely contained his 8-inch erection, which was bent way to the side to keep it covered by the swimtrunks. He was turned on, too. Their eyes briefly met, but they each quickly looked away. Both were breathing heavily. There was sexual tension in the air.

Without saying a word, he grabbed the hand spray unit again and quickly rinsed her off. Without being told, she spread her legs and he rinsed down there, too.

Both were quiet as he turned off the shower and led her out of the shower. As he grabbed the towel and started to dry her off, she looked at his hard-on again and whispered, "You know we can't take this any farther even though we both seem to want to."

He just nodded and started drying her hair and face. He worked his was down to her breasts and carefully patted them dry, gently raising them again to dry underneath. Then belly and butt and legs. He got the other towel from the rack, and he just had to tap her on the inner thigh to get her to spread her legs again. He gently dried her pussy and asshole.

He quickly dried himself off and put the towel back on the rack and faced her. With his hard-on still raging, he hoped to tone down the sexual tension by authoritatively saying, "Let's start the shaving now."

And just then Jorgon walked in. He had overheard Pete's command and said, "Good, I didn't want the shaving to be overlooked. And I just wanted to check in and see how things are going."

Pete says, "Fine, sir. And I noticed some stubble under her arms and I thought I'd shave there, too."

"Excellent! Please do that", Jorgon replied. But he could feel the sexual desire in the room, and he smirked as he looked down and saw the massive hard-on barely hidden by Pete's speedos. Pete noticed the smirk, and blushed deeply, but he said nothing.

Jorgon looked over Tami and said, "I'm glad to see that you carefully cleaned out her navel; it looks much better now. And that makes me think we might want to add a piece of jewelry there as well. Maybe a ring of some sort? Do either of you have such a thing here?"

Tami was annoyed at his continued efforts to humiliate her just a little bit more. Ratcheting up the pressure a tiny bit at the time. She said, "No, I don't." And Pete shook his head as well.

Jorgon persisted, "Maybe we could modify your crucifix a little bit and hang it from your belly button this evening?"

Tami countered, "Please, no. That's been a special piece to me for most of my life, and I don't want to change it."

Jorgon shrugged, "Very well; we'll just go with the tiny bells and the necklace."

He then added sternly, "And let me remind you about today's rule: Smithers nude, Sullivan not, and no sex. Got it?"

Both of them nodded and said "Yes, sir" simultaneously again, and again they chuckled at their ability to say the exactly the same thing at exactly the same time.

"Okay, young man, please carry on. You're doing a fine job, and I look forward to seeing her all dolled up - so to speak." And he turned and left.

Just after Jorgon left, Pete said barely above a whisper, "Well, that was an awkward moment, wasn't it?"

Tami merely nodded, but she thought to herself, "Yes, it was an awkward moment. But this whole day is awkward. My whole naked life is awkward!"

Pete grabbed the shaving cream and lathered up a bunch of it in his hands. "Okay, raise your arms." She did and he spread the lather under each arm. She held the position as he carefully shaved first her left armpit and then her right. He used the washcloth to wipe off the remainder, and then stroked the skin with his finger. It tickled her and she giggled. "Smooth as a baby's bottom", he said as he turned her so she could see the armpit in the mirror.

"Now let's do the left leg first." He touched the inside of her thigh, and she was learning that this little tap was the unspoken command to spread her legs, and she did. And he lathered up the entire leg from ankle to thigh to the crotch. She shivered again as his hand spread the lather near her pussy. "Okay, stand very still." And he expertly moved the sharp blade up and down her leg removing the tiny bit of stubble that Jorgon had complained about. Pete cleaned it off with the cloth, and ran his finger down her leg from crotch to ankle several times around the leg; she shivered with each stroke. He found a spot on her back thigh that he wasn't satisfied with, lathered it up again, and shaved it a second time. Now the entire leg was smooth.

He repeated the entire process on the right leg. This time there were two spots to fix up including one just below the pussy lips. She quivered some more as he ran the finger stroking test.

"Okay, let's do your pubes now." Tami flushed at his use of the term, but she spread her legs again after his very slight touch on her inner thigh. She put her hands behind her head so that she looked like a naked angel to him. She wondered if she would be able to control herself.

He spread a little bit of lather on the front in the area just above and around the top of her lips. And he very gently ran the razor over it. After cleaning with the cloth, he once again used his finger to test for smoothness. This tickled a bit, and Tami giggled, but she also felt a tingle in her vagina as his finger crossed back and forth, up and down across her pubic area. She was getting aroused again. Pete said, "Feels fine to me. You want to check for yourself?"

She put her hands down and used her right forefinger to stroke across the shaved area. She nodded and said, "Feels fine to me, too."

As he stood up, Tami noticed that the head of his penis was poking out above the top of the tiny swimsuit. She motioned to him, and said "Ummm, . . ." He looked down, blushed, and without saying anything he pushed it back inside.

He recovered his composure and said, "We need to get in underneath to do the area between your legs. Let's do that on the bed rather than here in the bathroom." He grabbed a towel and spread it on the bed. And then he guided her to the bed, laid her down with her butt on the towel, and spread her legs far apart."

Then he said, "This vinyl covered mattress sure doesn't look like an appealing place to sleep. I wonder why Mr. Jorgon doesn't have it nicely made up with sheets and a nice quilt or something?"

Tami drew her legs together, sat up, and said, "Well, I guess he did it for me. There seems to be chance that I will have to spend the night here, and I don't like to be covered even at night when I'm asleep." This last part was a lie, but he didn't know that.

He protested, "But why not at least put a linen sheet on the mattress rather than this ugly vinyl?"

Tami continued her lie, "Well, even sleeping on a cloth sheet doesn't feel right to me, and so I just sleep on the bed like this. It's the way I do it at the dorm."

He was still confused, "But how does Mr. Jorgon know about a detail as minor as your sleeping arrangement?"

Tami blushed, "Oh, they know a lot about me. You see, my religious nudity causes them a problem, because it's not normal to have a naked student walking around campus. They - and by 'they' I mean the administration including the dean - are trying to understand it by keeping track of my lifestyle." Tami knew she was getting in to a potentially uncomfortable conversation here. She didn't want to lie any more than she had to to this nice guy, and so, she didn't say anything more.

He still seemed puzzled, but he let the subject drop. He gently pushed her back down onto the bed and used two hands to spread her legs wide apart again.

He looked closely at the area that still needed to be shaved, and he said, "Tami, there's a spot here that you don't seem to be shaving very well; it's got more stubble in it than the other places. I think this is called the perineum; it's between your vagina and anus, and that's where the little spot of stubble is. Let me get a mirror and show you." He went to his case, got out a hand mirror, and handed it to her. While he pointed to the stubble spot, she maneuvered the mirror until she saw what he was pointing at.

Tami said, "Okay, I see what you mean. Please hold the mirror right there so I can use my hands to feel the spot." Pete used his left hand to hold the mirror at just the correct angle with the other edge on the bed, and he continued to point to the spot with his right forefinger. Tami used both her hands to rub the spot.

She said, "You go ahead and shave it today, and I'll figure out how to do it myself at the dorm in the future."

He replied, "If it's going to be a problem for you to do it by yourself, maybe your roommate can help."

Tami smiled and said, "Yeah, Jen would probably get a kick out of doing that. Well, I'll figure it out. It's not a really big deal, because that spot is hidden most of the time anyway." She blushed at her own words. Not many people get such an intimate look between her legs, but since she is constantly naked, it could happen at some strange time, such as today.

Pete continued, "Just out of curiosity, why do you shave off your pubic hair anyway? I don't think it was shaved like this when I saw you earlier in the year. It does look nice this way, but my girlfriend doesn't shave hers, and I think she looks great with it."

Tami knew this could turn into another delicate (and unwanted) conversation about her helping with the research at the Chalfont Institute. So, she lied by just saying, "Oh, a few months ago, I just wanted to try something different. Since I don't wear clothes, there aren't many things except the hair on my body that I can work with. I guess as a fashion design major, you might call it my fashion statement."

These last few minutes of serious talking about her pubic hair had taken some of the sexual tension out the air, and Tami noticed that his erection wasn't as prominent as it was earlier. But that was okay with her for now.

Pete sprayed some more shaving cream lather in his hand, and then spread it along her pussy lips and over the perineum. And very carefully, he shaved the entire area and wiped it clean. And he ran his finger over her lips and the shaved area. "Very nice", he said. And she felt the sexual tingle beginning to return.

She looked at him and then sat up. He looked at his watch and said, "You know, we've got plenty of time for something extra."

Tami assumed that by "extra" he was referring to sexual intercourse, and she started to say something. But he immediately understood, and said, "Oh, I didn't mean what you thought. I was going to suggest giving you a massage. Dean Jorgon didn't ask me to do that, but we have time. How does that sound?"

Tami smiled, and said, "That sounds like it would be marvelous. What do you know about giving massages?"

"Well, quite a bit actually. My girlfriend, Holly, and I have a massage business that we run to earn some spending money for college. Her name is Holly Gilbert, and we call the business 'Gilbert & Sullivan Massage'. With full apologies to the great composers of yester year."

Tami smiled, "That's a cute name."

Pete continued, "Our preferred job is to do a couple - either married or single. Holly does the man, and I do the woman. Oops, the word 'do' isn't the right word. I meant to say that Holly usually massages the man, and I massage the woman. We don't 'do' them as in . . ., well know." Tami giggled at his slip of the tongue. "But sometimes we do individual massages such as this."

"I have the massage mat in my case." He opened the case and got out the mat. "I guess the bed is the best place. Usually, we like to have a higher table, but the bed will have to do today." He laid the mat on the bed. "Fortunately, this is a small twin bed, and I'll be able to work on you from both sides as well as the foot of the bed. Let's start on your front. Here, lay on your back with your head at the foot of the bed."

From his case, he got some oil which he poured into his hands. And then he started rubbing her shoulders and arms. Next came the breasts, which he kneaded gently. Her nipples tightened and the tingling in her pussy increased. And he worked is way down her belly and legs. She thought, "There are those soft hands again." Finally, he came back to her sex and gently parted her lips and rubbed the scented oil in her vagina. She moaned, "Ohhh, aaah".

"Please turn over, and I'll do your back." Again he started at her shoulders. She opened her eyes and realized that, as he was leaning over her, his rock hard cock was only inches from her face. And the head of his penis had popped out of his trunks again; she saw that he was circumcised and there were a few drops of semen at the tip. She didn't say anything, but a minute or so later, he casually stuck it back in the swimsuit.

He continued down her back and legs even rubbing the soles of her feet. Then he came back to her butt and spent a couple of minutes massaging the cheeks. Finally, he pulled her cheeks apart and rubbed oil deep into her ass. She gasped, "Oh my heavens! Oh, oooh!" She was almost on the verge of her second orgasm of the day, but this one would not count. In the end, she didn't come afterall, but it felt oh so wonderful.

She raised her head a bit to look at him through squinted eyes. The head of his cock was visible again. He quickly stuffed it back inside. She wondered to herself, "Is he doing that on purpose? No, I don't think so. His dick is just too big for that tiny speedo. I guess he could have worn a larger swimsuit. But I'm very glad that he didn't!" She smiled at the thought, and continued thinking, "Ah, we women can be devilish voyeurs, too." And then she lay there for a few more minutes while he cleaned up the supplies.

Finally, she got up on wobbly feet, and said, "I guess we should start with the makeup."

As he was folding up the massage mat and putting it back in the case, he said, "Actually, I think we should do your hair next." She nodded in agreement.

She sat down at the makeup table facing the mirror with Pete behind her. They were looking at each other in the mirror, and his view shifted down slightly to her rock hard nipples. She was still very turned on. But he continued with his assigned task using a towel and a hair dryer to dry her gorgeous red hair and then used conditioner on it. She wondered if he noticed the slight spots of gray hair that had popped up in the last few weeks, but neither of them mentioned it. He combed out her hair down to shoulder length. He really knew what he was doing.

He went over to the vase, and selected an orange flower, and trimmed the stem to the right length. He came back and slid it in near the front on her left side. "How does that look?", he asked.

She said, "Wonderful." It complemented her red hair nicely.

He found some hair pins and securely attached the flower. At that moment, Jorgon came in again and walked over to the makeup table. He was now dressed in his formal attire. "Oh my, you are looking good", he said as he looked over her nicely done hairdo. "Remember that I need you downstairs by 6:30."

She said, "Yes, we know. I'll be there." And he left.

Pete said, "Okay, time for the makeup." He first did the mascara and eye liner. Both of them approved of the way her eyes looked. Then he experimented with what he had brought mixing it and matching it with what Jorgon provided until he came up with just the right color. He applied it to her cheeks. Then he tried a few different lipstick colors finally settling on one that went with her makeup. He stood back and looked at his handiwork. "Not bad for a male makeup specialist, if I do say so myself", he said. She smiled at him in the mirror, and said, "I haven't looked this good in weeks. Thank you."

Next he did her fingernails and toes. He trimmed them and applied the right color of polish, kind of a reddish orange color that went well with her hair and the flower. While he was doing her nails, Tami asked, "Does your girlfriend know your doing this today? What did you tell her?"

He said, "Well, I told her the truth - well, part of the truth anyway. I told her I would be doing a massage on Tami Smithers, and of course, like everybody else, she knows who you are. She kidded me, and said 'You're going to get turned on when you're massaging that pretty naked girl.' I shook my head, and told her, 'No, I won't, she's just another female body, and I've massaged lots of female bodies without getting turned on. Little did I know what would be in store for me this afternoon!" They both chuckled.

Tami said, "But Jorgon didn't hire you to give me a massage."

"Well, I admit that I didn't tell Holly the entire story. Mr. Jorgon probably doesn't even know about our Gilbert & Sullivan business; he just wanted a male makeup person, and he found me by asking the faculty in the fashion design department. I brought along my massage equipment today on the off chance that we'd have time for a massage, and so I could tell Holly at least part of the truth. When I get home, I'll tell her about the massage and what you and I talked about, but I think we should keep the rest of it as Pete and Tami's little secret. You and I will probably never see each other again after today. Maybe a passing wave on campus, but that's all. I love Holly, and I don't want to mess that up. Do you have a boyfriend?"

Tami said, "Yes, his name is Rod. He knows that I'm doing some work here at Dean Jorgon's house today, but you're right, we can keep the rest of it a secret. I don't want to mess up what Rod and I have either. I guess this is going to be just our own little 2-hour fling." And she smiled at him.

After a bit of silence as he worked, he said, "Okay, I'm done with your 'digits'. Please stand up, let's check them out, and I'll do the other parts." Tami waved her fingers and toes around, and said, "I approve." And she sat down again.

He took a bit of the makeup and rubbed it on her areolas and her nipples, tightening the nipples even more. Then he said, "I'll put some more of this on your butt cheeks just before I leave, and you should probably avoid sitting down for the rest of the evening, since it could smear or get on the furniture. If you need to sit, you should probably just wipe it off your butt. I'll let you worry about that."

He was about to start "working" on her pussy lips, when he paused and said, "Actually, before we continue, do you need to use the toilet again? You probably shouldn't go again after I do the makeup and rings down there", pointing to her pussy.

Tami blushed and nodded. She said, "Okay, I need to go back downstairs."

Pete asked, "Why? There's a toilet right in there", pointing to the bathroom.

Tami smiled weakly and said, "Don't ask. It's a long story."

Again he was puzzled, but he just shrugged.

She said, "While I'm downstairs, I guess you can clean up more stuff here." And she left and padded down the stairs.

Jorgon was in the hallway talking with a man who looked like a chef. They both looked at her and smiled. Jorgon said, "Ah, Miss Smithers. I don't think you've met tonight's chef yet. This is Pierre." And turning to the chef, "This is Tami Smithers, who will be our server at dinner tonight." Tami shook his hand, and she was aware of the creepy look that he gave her.

Jorgon said, "You really do look wonderful."

Tami said, "Thanks. But we're not finished yet, and I need to use the toilet."

She opened the door to "her" bathroom. She put the bedpan on the toilet again and sat on it as before. She had to do both this time. So, she repeated the urine collection and then sat on the bedpan again and took a shit. With the door being wide open, she was sure that Jorgon and Pierre could hear the plops of her feces into the metal pan. She blushed, but there was nothing she could do. Jorgon actually walked by and looked in as she was sitting there. How embarrassing, but she would have to get used to it, because public pissing and shitting would be a part of her life for the foreseeable future. She shoveled the stuff out of the pan and into a styrofoam container. Then, she cleaned up herself, the equipment, and the bathroom. She carried the styrofoam container and the partially full jug out to the garage and put them on the shelf. More embarrassment, but at least she wouldn't have to collect urine and feces again after today. She closed the half bath door on the way back from the garage.

She was anxious to get back upstairs to a friendlier environment. She hopped up a couple of stairs at a time as the chef watched her from behind. She knew she was putting on a little show for him, but she didn't care - she just wanted to get to the guest room.

When she got there, she smiled and said, "Okay, I'm back. What's next?"

Pete said, "Actually, we probably need to clean down there again" as he was pointing to her pussy.

She sighed, said "Okay", and they went back in the bathroom.

He asked shyly, "Did you do both? You know both front and . . ."

She blushed, and said, "Yes, you'll have to clean both again."

He soaped up the washcloth, she spread her legs, and he cleaned the whole lower region - inside as well as outside. He used more scented oil inside her pussy and ass. She moaned loudly, again. He said, "Okay, that's good."

Now, he took the lipstick again, and tapped her inner thigh. She was now well-trained to spread her legs on such a gesture. He carefully lined her nether lips with the same lipstick color. She felt the tingling begin to rise yet again, and her nipples tightened a bit.

He stood back and admired his handiwork. Tami noticed that his dick had become very hard again, but it hadn't popped out of his suit this time.

"Okay, let's get the jewelry on you." He went back into the guest room and got the little case from the pocket of his jeans that were draped over the chair. When he came back, he motioned to the bedside table and said, "What's in that little case you brought with you? Is that more jewelry for this evening?"

She sighed and said, "No, it's not. Again, don't ask. It's another even longer story."

He just nodded, opened the little jewelry case, and noticed 4 rings as well as the 6 dangling chain things. "Well, I didn't see these before, and Mr. Jorgon didn't mention them. I assume that they are for your fingers and toes?"

Tami looked at them and nodded, and said, "I guess so; he didn't tell me about them either. Let's put those on first", and she reached for them. But Pete pulled them back and said, "He was very specific that I was to do all the work. Let's see where should these go? One on each foot and hand?"

She said, "Yeah, I guess so. I don't want it on my usual ring finger, because that would look like a wedding ring. Let's see if they fit on my index fingers." He slipped on one of them; it was a bit loose, but adding a tiny bit of tape from his case to the ring made a good fit. Similarly on the other hand.

Tami suggested the "index" toe of each foot, and Pete got them securely attached.

He said, "Let's do the earrings next. They seem like they should be easy." He took them out and quickly figured out the little clamps. Left ear first, then the right. She looked in the mirror and shook her head to make the bells tinkle. "So far, so good", she said.

"Okay, here are the ones for your nipples. I need to figure out how these clamps work. Sorry, but you are going to have to be the guinea pig here." He took one of the ornaments, reached out with his other hand, and took hold of her left boob. He lightly squeezed the breast to "pump up" the nipple again, and of course, she responded immediately. He tried to hook it one place near the end of the nipple, but neither of them felt that it was secure enough. So, he opened the clamp as far as it would go, moved it back farther on the nipple, and then tightened the clamp. Tami gasped at the brief moment of pain.

He said, "Go ahead and shake, and let's see if it seems secure." Tami shook back and forth and up and down; the breast bounced around as did the dangling bell tinkling all the while, and it stayed in place. She said, "Yeah, that seems okay to me. It hurts a little bit, but I'll get used to it. Let's do the other one."

Pete said, "Actually, I messed up the make up on your tit, oops, I mean nipple. I need to take off the ornament, touch up the makeup, and put it back on." And that's what he did. Both of them got more turned on as he squeezed and handled her breast and nipple again. And he repeated the same process on the other breast. Tami jumped around, and jogged from one end of the room to the other, and the ornaments stayed in place.

Pete asked, "Have you ever considered having your nipples pierced? If you're going to be wearing more things like this on your breasts, it would be easier to attach them if your nipples were pierced."

Tami shook her head vigorously from side to side and said, "No, absolutely not. I don't like piercing except maybe on my ears. Nor do I like tattoos. And hopefully body jewelry such as this will be only on rare occasions, because in general, I don't really care for it either." All of that was true, but then she continued with her religious-nudity lie, "My religion allows jewelry, but I like to keep my body as uncovered as possible."

"Okay, I understand. And I'm satisfied with these clamps now. It looks like they are going to hold", Pete said, "Let's do the ones for your pussy lips. Pardon my language." She just smiled and nodded.

He took one of the last two ornaments out of the case, and he spent a minute or so studying the clamping mechanism. He said, "Hmm, when I spoke to the dean earlier, I was pretty sure I knew how these clamps work, but now I'm not sure. I'm really sorry again, but I'm going to have to experiment on you, since yours are the only vaginal lips in the house." They both smirked at his lame attempt at humor.

She stiffened and said, "Okay, go ahead."

He didn't seem to have any trouble opening the clamp. And so he bent down, tapped her inner thigh, waited for her to spread her legs, gently squeezed her left pussy lip at its highest point in front. He could feel her dampness; she was getting turned on again. He put the clamp over the lip and tightened the clamp. But for some reason, it didn't clamp tightly. He let go of it and asked her to walk around a little bit. She took only a couple of steps before it fell to the floor. He said, "Well, that didn't work." He picked it up and studied some more; there was kind of a tiny lever as well as the clamp, and he was sure they worked together somehow. "Come back in front of me, and let's try again."

He put it on again, and flipped the little lever. The device seemed to be attached better than before. This time she walked up and down the room a few times, and she was just about to say that it was working, and then it fell off again.

She came back and faced him again and spread her legs. She was even wetter now. And he could see that his fiddling was affecting the lipstick that he had put on the pussy lip only a few minutes ago; they would probably have to redo the lipstick after he finally figured out this device.

He scratched his head and looked at the other ornament in the case on the off chance that it was different, but it wasn't; it had the same mechanism. Then he noticed that the lever could be flipped the other way, too. So, he tried again. Gently squeeze the pussy lip, put on the device and tighten the clamp, flip the lever left. Tami cried out, "Oh, that hurts", and a tear rolled down her cheek. But she tried the walking experiment; that worked, but when she tried bending, the device fell off. "Dammit", they both said simultaneously, and they laughed even though it had failed.

"Maybe we have to switch the sequence of clamping and flipping." So, she reluctantly presented her sore pussy to him for another attempt. This time after the gentle squeeze, he put on the ornament and flipped the lever left, followed by tightening the clamp. Tami shrieked, "Oh god, that hurts" and tears streamed down both cheeks.

He said, "Maybe we should give up, and tell Mr. Jorgon that it just won't work, and that you'll have to do without the lower baubles."

But Tami was sure that Jorgon would see that as a "modesty moment" and give her a mental demerit and a further reason to raise the bar a bit higher somehow. She didn't say that out loud, but instead, she said, "No, let me try walking and bending now, because it feels really tight."

So, she walked around the room several times and bent over several times to simulate serving. Pete noticed how nicely her breasts hung with the ornaments attached; quite a sight, but he said nothing. Finally, Tami came back to him, and said, "I think this is going to work. Let's attach the other one."

She spread her legs, and Pete used the same technique on the right lip, that is, squeeze, put on, flip left, tighten. But Tami didn't think it was attached as tightly as the other one. And sure enough, when she went through her movements, it fell off. Again, in perfect cadence, they both said, "Dammit". They burst out laughing again; they seemed to have perfect synergy for knowing what the other was going to say and when.

But Pete had one last idea. Slight modification on the right lip; squeeze, put it on, flip right (rather than left), tighten. This time, Tami cried out in pain again and tears streamed down both cheeks. But both devices now held on through all of her simulated movements. She smiled at him through her tears even though the ornaments were pretty painful.

She said, "I think this is going to work. The pain should subside to a dull ache, and I can get through the next few hours. Let me go stand in front of the mirror and see how it looks."

They went over to the full length mirror on the inside of the closet door. They both looked at the lower ornaments, and they didn't look quite right; the two ornaments were touching each other and not hanging straight; they were too close together. Tami said, "You know, I think they should be lower; maybe down just a bit where my lips start to bend underneath. Let's take them off and you hold them just a bit lower, and I'll see if it looks better. Okay?"

Pete nodded. He now had to figure out how to take them off. She spread her legs again, and he did the left one first, and reversed the steps. Untighten, flip lever to the right, and remove the device from her lip. And it worked the first time! Amazing, he had figured how to work these damn things. So, he did the right one - untighten, flip left, and remove the device. That worked, too.

So, as Tami stood in front of the mirror looking at her naked body, Pete tried holding the devices with the clamping mechanism close to the bottom of her pussy lips. She jumped a bit when his hand slightly grazed her pussy, but she moved back in place. Since his hand was in the way, she couldn't tell very well; so, she re-adjusted the door holding the mirror and turned on another nearby light. She still couldn't tell because of his hand in the way. She said, "I can't tell if that's the right position or not, because your hand is blocking my view. Maybe we should just put them back where they were."

But Pete had an idea and said, "How about if we cut up a coat hanger to get 9" or 10" piece of straight wire; we'll hang the bloody things on the wire near the end; and I'll hold the wire so that things are just at the bottom. That way, there won't be my fat hand in the way of your viewing your pussy and the bells; there will only be a thin wire. Worth a try?"

Tami nodded. Pete found a hanger, cut out a 10" straight piece of wire from it using pliers from his case, hung the ornaments at the end of the wire. She said, "Yeah, let's go see if that works."

She stood her pretty naked body in front of the mirror again, and he held the wire so that the bell devices were close to her lower pussy lips. She nodded, "That looks good, but just to be sure move it up just a hair, but not as far as they were attached before." He nudged just a bit higher; she shook her head, and said, "They look better at the bottom just where the lips go underneath. Down there, they are ever so more slightly apart and they don't touch each other and they're hanging straight. Let's hook them there."

Pete said, "Okay, but first, I'm concerned about these things hurting you. We've already kinda mauled your lips with our experiments. Also, we've messed up the lipstick I put there earlier."

Tami replied, "No, don't worry about the ache; I'll get used to it. And you can re-apply the lipstick before we put them on for real. Let's do it."

Pete got out the lipstick and tapped her on the inner thigh and she spread her legs. He re-applied the lipstick to her lips, leaned back, and nodded his head.

He said, "Now, the moment of truth." He took one of the ornaments, and using his precise sequence of steps he attached it to the left lip as low as possible. She cried out, but said, "Don't worry, it's okay. Please go on." He then did the right lip; the ornament attached securely. Tami had tears running down her cheeks, but she waved him away saying, "It's okay, it's okay." She then did her simulated movements; no problems. She stood in front of the mirror looking at her pretty naked body; the two bells were right next to each other near her pussy lips, but they looked just right. They hurt, but the pain was already subsiding. She nodded her head and said, "Perfect. I can do this!" She couldn't believe she sounded so enthusiastic about these ornaments which she really despised, but she was glad they had figured it out.

Pete said, "Great! But we need to fix up the makeup on your cheeks where the tears caused some streaks."

He got out the makeup again, and touched up her cheeks. Then, he said, "Turn around. I'm going to put makeup on your other cheeks as well."

He quickly applied the makeup to her butt cheeks and led her over to the mirror. She looked at her butt in the mirror by looking over her shoulder.

And then she looked herself over from head to toe in the mirror. She smiled, but then said, "Oh, one more thing."

She scampered across the room, bells tinkling and swaying all the while. She grabbed the crucifix necklace from the bedside table and put it around her neck. Scurried back to the mirror and looked over the whole package. Even though she was naked and wearing these embarrassing ornaments on her tits and pussy, she thought that from the neck up that she looked really, really nice.

She faced Pete, and she could tell that he was as turned on as she was. In fact, she looked at his trunks again, and they were dry except for a large wet spot at the end of his hard dick. She wanted sex, he wanted sex, they wanted sex together. But they knew it couldn't happen now and it wouldn't ever happen. Her eyes dampened again, and she hugged him tightly for almost a minute. His mostly naked body against her completely nude body; she felt his hard cock and its wetness through the swimsuit, but that intimate hug would have to do instead of the roll in the hay that they both wanted.

They pulled apart and looked at each other, up and down, head to toe on each body. She stroked his cheek, but she slowly shook her head and said, "Oh my, I sure wish we could . . ., well, you know what I mean. But we just can't." He smiled at her, briefly ran his hand through her perfectly coiffed hair, and scanned her pretty naked body again. And then he turned towards his clothes on the chair.

She watched him dress. Covering up that wonderful body seemed like such a shame to her.

He picked up his case, and they went downstairs together right at 6:30. Jorgon met them, and said to Pete, "Here's the $75 we agreed on, and here's something extra for the fine job", and he handed Pete an extra $20 bill. Jorgon said, "I'll give you a call the next time something like this comes up." Tami rolled her eyes and thought to herself, "I sure as hell hope that I'm not involved in 'next time' at this house."

Jorgon shook hands with Pete. And Pete turned to Tami, and they hugged briefly. And Pete left.

Tami wondered if there was any way that the rest of the evening could go as well as the last 2 hours. She sighed, because she knew the answer was "no". She felt alone now, because she didn't have any friends left in this house.

**Saturday evening - Dinner**

Jorgon stepped back and looked her over again; Tami flushed at his gaze which seemed to be focused on her adorned breasts and pussy. He said, "I really like how Mr. Sullivan fixed you up. He is a nice young man. Did you and he get along okay?"

Tami just said in an understated way, "Yes, I liked him."

"Good. Well, let's see how you can help now. I think I'll just put you in the chef's hands for the rest of the evening. Ooops, I don't mean literally in his hands", he said with a chuckle. "He'll just be your boss during the dinner. Let's go talk with him."

As they walked into the kitchen, Tami thought, "And here's the beginning of the next round of humiliation."

Jorgon says, "Hey, Pierre, here's your helper. Come over here, and let's figure how to make the best use of this pretty asset."

He was working at the stove; he turned down the heat on the pan and put a lid on it and walked over.

Pierre said, "Okay, why don't we sit at the kitchen table and talk?"

But Tami said, "I'll just stand, because I've got rouge on my butt, and I don't want to mess up either a chair or my butt. I'll probably just have to stand up for the rest of the evening."

Jorgon and Pierre sat at the table with Tami standing; her decorated pussy was right at the table edge, and she thought they looked at it a bit too long before the discussion started.

Jorgon said to Pierre, "I've hired Miss Smithers to do the serving this evening, and I hired you to do the cooking. And so I would like you to do just the food, and let her do other things. That of course, would be serving during dinner, but beforehand maybe flower arranging, setting up the table, greeting guests at the door, etc."

Tami blanched at the last thing he said. So, she would be the first thing the guests saw when they arrived. How awkward is that going to be?

Pierre nodded agreement and looked at Tami, "Miss Smithers, is it all right if I call you Tami?" She said, "Of course". And he continued, "Okay, Tami, why don't you go into the dining room and set out 12 places at the table. You'll have to put an extra leaf or two in the table before laying out the table settings. Mr. Jorgon, can you show her where the table leaves are and maybe you can help her put them in? Also, show her which table cloth to use. And after that's done, Tami, come back here and I'll show you where the silverware is and which plates I want to use."

Jorgon took Tami to a closet at the back of the kitchen and pointed to the table leaves. He suggested that they use 3 extra leaves to extend the table so that 12 people could sit around it. Tami reached in grabbed a leaf and handed it to him; she grabbed 2 more and they went out to the dining room. Her bells were tinkling all the while. Tami thought, "I'll just have to get used to that noise as well as the dull ache in my pussy and nipples for the next few hours."

Jorgon said, "You stand at that end, and I'll be at this end. Pulling on each end will open a space in the middle for the extra table leaves."

At her end, Tami bent over slightly and grabbed under the edge of the table. Jorgon at the other end, glanced at her dangling boobs and ornaments; he was going to enjoy such a sight many times during the evening. They pulled, and Tami's breasts and ornaments swayed as she pulled back her end. They put in the leaves, and pushed the table pieces back together so that there was now one large flat surface.

Jorgon got a pad from the same kitchen closet and they laid that on the table first. Then he got out the table cloth and 12 matching napkins from a chest, and together they laid the table cloth on the table. Tami bent way over the table to smooth out the fabric. "Another fine view", Jorgon thought to himself.

Jorgon said, "Okay, I think you can take it from here. I have some things to do in my den before the guests arrive."

Tami nodded and went back into the kitchen. Pierre pointed to the silverware chest, and she took it back to the dining room table. And she laid out the 12 place settings with napkins. 5 on each side, 1 at each end. This was all routine stuff that she had done before, but this time she was completely nude in a strange house, and that felt very weird.

She went back to the kitchen and Pierre showed her where the plates were. Also, he told her where the candlestick holders were located. Of course, the plates were way up high, and she would have to get up on a stool and reach up to get them. And the candle holders were way down at the back of a lower cabinet, and she'd have to get down on her knees to get back in there. She did both, and Pierre watched her with a gleam in his eyes. He thought, "This is really going to be an interesting evening."

She left the plates and bowls that she had brought down on the counter. The only plates Pierre wanted on the table now were bread plates. Of course, the others would be used for the various courses and brought out to table by the naked servant after the guests were seated. Pierre realized that would mean Tami would be making many, many trips between the kitchen and the table, and that is precisely what he and Jorgon had in mind!

Pierre said, "Tami, I understand that there are lots of leftover flowers upstairs in the guest room. I see that you only put one in your hair. Please go upstairs and get the rest of them and make a nice arrangement on the table." And as she was leaving, he off-handedly said, "You know, it's too bad you don't have any pubic hair, because that could have been nicely decorated with another flower or two." She blushed and left. "He really is a creepy man", she thought to herself. She wished he were a nicer guy like Ben and Pete were earlier in the day, but no such luck - he was just creepy.

She got the flowers, found a few appropriate vases in the kitchen cabinets, and set up several arrangements on the dining table and on the two chests in the dining room. There were a few flowers left over, and she put them in a small vase on the kitchen table.

Pierre had her wash 24 wine glasses and 12 water glasses, and he sneaked many peeks at her standing at the sink. He told her to put on rubber gloves, but she refused, as she knew she had to. She hoped that the water wouldn't affect the nice job that Pete did on her nails. Afterwards, her nails seemed the no worse for wear; they still looked fine.

Just before 7 o'clock, Jorgon re-appeared and he and Pierre complimented Tami on the table layout and the flower arrangements. And then, the doorbell rang and Tami froze.

Jorgon said, "Ah, good the guests are arriving. Miss Smithers, please come with me, and we will meet the guests together. Please take their coats and hang them in the hallway closet." Tami wondered where she should put the women's purses, but she said nothing.

They walked to the door, and Tami opened it and stepped aside. The two guests were taken aback at the sight of the pretty naked girl, but Jorgon said, "Bill, Brandon. Nice to see you. Please come in." They shook hands. "This is Miss Tami Smithers, who will be helping out this evening. I'm sure you have seen her around campus. Please give your coats to her, and then come into the living room."

Bill Newman was the head of the Psychology Department, and he looked over the naked girl and said, "Nice to finally meet you, Tami. I've heard a lot about you and of course, see you often." She took his coat and turned to Brandon Evans, the head of Landscape Architecture at the college. He just eyed her suspiciously, shook her hand, and gave her his coat.

This started Tami thinking. Were all of the guests going to be people from Campbell-Frank? If so, was the god-awful Henry Ross going to make an appearance tonight? "Oh god, I hope not", she thought.

Over the next few minutes, the guests arrived in twos and threes with Jorgon and Tami greeting them the same way. The reaction to Tami's naked body ranged from pleasant surprise to evil grins, only Brandon Evans had scorned her.

There were now 10 guests plus Jorgon, and they were waiting for the last one. Tami was standing by herself in the entryway when the doorbell rang. She waited for Jorgon to come before answering it, but he didn't appear. The doorbell rang again. What to do? Jorgon must not have heard it, since he was talking in the living room. So, she tentatively stepped into the living room, all the conversation stopped, and she went over to the dean, and said, "Your last guest has arrived."

Jorgon replied, "Oh, I'm in the middle of a discussion with Hank here. You just go answer the door and let him in."

"Oh, dear", she thought and returned to the door. The doorbell rang again; this time it rang twice in succession indicating a bit of annoyance by the guest. She sure hoped that it wouldn't be Henry Ross on the other side of the door. Tami hesitantly opened the door, and stayed behind it a bit longer than she should have.

The man looked at the nude girl, who was still partially behind the door, and with irritation in his voice, he said, "Am I in the right house? I'm here for Percy Jorgon's dinner party."

Tami stepped out completely from behind the door, and the man looked leeringly at her, toe to head, and his eyes returned to her breasts and pussy. She was relieved that it was not Ross and said to the newcomer, "Yes, this is Mr. Jorgon's house and you're in the right spot. Please come in. I'm, Tami Smithers, and I'm Mr. Jorgon's servant for the evening." She quickly hung up his coat. She said, "I'm sorry I don't know your name. Please tell me so I can announce you."

He replied acidly, "Well, you may not know about me, but I sure know about you. I'm Stan Brickford, head of the Engineering Department at Campbell-Frank."

Tami led him by the elbow to the living room. Again the conversation stopped. Tami raised her voice a bit and said, "Mr. Brickford has arrived."

Jorgon came over and shook hands with Brickford. Brickford then said, "Percy, you old pervert! It looks like you've provided us with some gorgeous entertainment for this evening."

Jorgon laughed and said, "Stan, great to see you. Glad you could come. I see that you've already met Miss Smithers. Actually, she's just providing a helping hand here at the dinner table. She's not going to provide entertainment, tonight. No touching, but you can look all you want." Both men laughed as they looked at Tami's naked body.

Tami slouched her way back to the kitchen to await further instructions. As she stood there, she thought, "Where are the women? Is this a men-only stag party tonight?"

Just then, Jorgon came into the kitchen, and looked around. Tami asked him, "Where's Mrs. Jorgon this evening? Won't she be at dinner?"

He said, "No, she's out of town for the weekend. All of the guests are department heads from the college, and we are going to talk about college issues over dinner. My wife would not be interested in such things."

In some ways, not having Mrs. Jorgon there was a relief. Tami had had one encounter with her last September at this house, and it had not been a pleasant experience; the lady was almost as creepy as her husband. But in another way, Tami wished there were at least one other woman, because right now, Tami was the only woman in a house full of much older men, and she was completely naked!

Tami now wondered if Mr. Jorgon had even told Mrs. Jorgon about Tami being present today; she doubted it, but there was nothing Tami could do about it now.

Jorgon said, "Please come out and help some of the gentlemen get seated. And then pour the white wine that Pierre selected."

Tami followed him, and the guests were just wandering into the dining room. Jorgon pointed out the seats, and Tami went and held the chair for Roger Simpson, the head of the History department. Simpson was an elderly man who walked with a cane; she had to bend over to help him get seated, and this gave the group their first good view of her dangling breasts with the attached ornaments.

As she was helping the older gentleman, she noticed a flash and the click of a camera. Byron Barton, the head of the Biological Sciences department, had just taken a photo of her and Simpson. He then snapped another one. She sighed and thought, "He's probably going to be taking pictures of me all evening. How long before they show up on the internet?"

Tami also helped Charles Manning to get seated. Manning, the head of Computer Science, was not elderly. In fact, she had met him at the Black Student Union dance in December, because he was the faculty advisor to the BSU. He was a tall African-American only about 40 years old; he was probably the youngest person here except for Tami, of course. He was a really nice guy, and Tami liked him. But tonight he was hobbled with a cast and was using crutches. Tami said, "Let me give you a hand, Professor Manning. What did you do to your leg?"

"Oh, I was playing a pickup game of basketball, and fell over another guy trying to get a rebound. It's broken, and I'll be in this cast for a few more weeks. Thanks, Tami, I would appreciate some help."

Tami had to scrunch into an awkward position, almost a squat, and Manning had to put his left arm over on her shoulders, and she kind of lowered him into the chair. Another interesting view of the nude girl. Another flash; Barton had just taken another photo. Then, she stood behind the chair, and she and Manning kind of scooted it ahead. His head was kind of framed by Tami's boobs only a couple of inches away, and her breasts bounced and swayed, and the bells tinkled as she struggled with the chair. Tami blushed at the thought of the sight she was presenting. And Barton had taken some more photos of Manning and her. Manning thanked her as she put the crutches in the corner. She wondered if Rod would find out about this evening from Manning at a BSU function; she was only planning to tell Rod about the afternoon gardening and omit details about what happens this evening. "Maybe, I should tell Rod about the whole day and just skim over the 2 hours with Pete, but I'll worry about that later", she thought.

The rest of the guests certainly could have seated themselves, but a few others waited to be "helped" by the pretty nude. Tami grudgingly obliged.

After they were all seated, Tami brought in the water. It took her 6 trips, since she could carry only two glasses at a time. She thought, "Why didn't Pierre have me put the filled water glasses on the table ahead of time?" But of course, she already knew the answer to that - more public exposure for the naked coed.

She placed the 12 glasses on the table. And this meant lots more leaning which in turn meant more dangling boobs which in turn meant more ogling. And the process was repeated as she went around the table pouring water into the glasses. The men were beginning to understand what they were going to see many times this evening.

And she immediately repeated the operation with the white wine - Clos Du Bois Chardonnay. Many more trips to the kitchen. Lots more bending. Plus another circling of the table pouring the wine. She finished with Jorgon's glass and started to head back toward the kitchen, but Jorgon tapped her elbow and whispered, "Miss Smithers, please wait here a moment." Tami stopped.

Jorgon stood up next to Tami and put his hand lightly on her shoulder. She shuddered slightly at his touch but stood there silently. Jorgon said, "Before we do a toast, let me take a minute to thank Miss Smithers for helping this evening. All of you probably know about her, but just in case, let me summarize by saying that Miss Smithers's religion does not permit her to be covered in any way, and she is not modest at all about displaying her body this evening. Isn't that right, Miss Smithers?"

She quietly lied, "Yes, that's correct." Barton took a photo of Jorgon and the naked girl; Jorgon's hand was still on her shoulder.

He went on, "It may seem unusual to have a naked girl serving your dinner, but she is doing this willingly, and the college is paying her for her service this evening. And let me repeat again, you men can look as much as you want, but please no touching." But he then realized that his hand was still resting on her shoulder, violating his just-spoken rule; he quickly dropped his hand to his side.

"Oh, sorry about that." And he continued, "And she has fixed herself up so beautifully this evening. Your hair and makeup look nice, and the pieces of jewelry you've selected are nice accents as well, Miss Smithers." She blushed as he looked down at her naked breasts with the attached ornaments. Of course, she hadn't selected the embarrassing trinkets, Jorgon had; but she silently nodded her head.

Continuing to look at her, he said, "For all of us, I'd like to thank you for coming this evening." She blushed again and the men gave her a brief round of applause.

"Now, on with the dinner. I believe the first course is soup." And Tami made 12 trips from kitchen to dining room with the bowls of soup.

After that course, she removed the bowls, and brought out the glasses for the red wine. And she circled the table pouring Iron Horse Cabernet Sauvignon. She knew nothing about wine, but she assumed that these were upscale selections by Pierre.

And then the other meal courses followed as expected. Main course, salad, and dessert. Tami was kept busy almost the entire time. She was constantly making rounds of the table filling water glasses. Once she dropped a napkin on the way to the kitchen and had to bend over to get it providing them with a nice rear view of her butt and pussy and the ornaments hanging between her legs. But most of the views were of her dangling breasts as she leaned over to serve food and to pick up the plates afterwards. The tinkling of her little bells added to evening's ambiance. In spite of the "no touching" rule, there were several "accidental" brushes against her breasts and ass; some of these brushes were clothing brushing against her, but some were also skin-on-skin, which she was certain were not accidental. One guy turned to his neighbor just as she was there to pick up a plate, and his hand hit the ornaments attached to her pussy; even though he apologized, Tami could tell by the look on his face that he had planned that "accident". Tami's pussy ached a bit as those ornaments swayed.

Throughout the meal, Barton had gotten up several times to take photos from various angles. Tami noticed that the camera was always aimed somewhat in her direction; she suspected that she appeared somewhere in all of the dinner photos. She really hoped that he would not post these pictures on the web, but she had no say in the matter.

She was complimented several times about how nice she looked, and a couple of times some men tried to start a conversation with her. But she quietly mouthed "Sorry" so that they would listen to Jorgon's dry talk about the college's administration issues instead.

While they were eating the main course about 8:30 or so, she realized she hadn't eaten since before noon at the cafeteria. So, she ducked into the kitchen and nibbled on some leftovers - she was very hungry, and nothing had been said about what and when she would eat. So, she just filled a plate with some of the leftovers, and Pierre didn't seem to mind. She ate it standing up so that she didn't mess up the makeup on her bare bottom. She drank a bit of wine, but it was the glass of water she worried about, because she didn't want to have to do a "fertilizer" collection in front of this group if she could avoid it. The little snack only took a few minutes, and she returned to stand in the dining room - off to the side, but still on full display. She made no attempt to cover herself in any way.

**Saturday evening - After dinner**

About 10 PM, Jorgon began to wind down his discussion, and the men got up and prepared to leave. Tami breathed a sigh of relief. The beginning of the end of this humiliating episode. She went to the hallway, turned on the bright light, got the men's coats, and handed them to the men as they left. She gave Charles Manning a hug, and wished him well. But for the others, she just shook their hands and waited as they got one last look at her very naked body.

Clifford Jacques was the last one in line to leave, and as he shook hands with Jorgon, he whispered something in Jorgon's ear. Jorgon nodded and came over to Tami and said, "Say, would you mind taking off those ornaments, and I guess the rings, too, and putting them in the box? Mr. Jacques would like to borrow them for a friend." He winked at her after the "for a friend" bit. She understood that the request was probably for his wife, mistress, or lady friend - that is, the woman in his life.

She shrugged and said, "Sure. No problem." Actually, she was thrilled at the request, because her boobs were a bit sore, and her pubes were now really aching. As she gave Jacques his coat, she said "Here's your coat. I'll go get the case, take them off, give them to you, and you can be on your way." Little did she know of the ordeal immediately ahead for her.

She hopped up the stairs with enthusiasm knowing that she would soon be rid of these embarrassing bells. She had to look around the guest room for the case. "Oh god, did Pete take it with him?", she thought. But she found it on the bathroom sink. As she was walking out of the room and down the stairs, she took off the rings from her fingers and the ornaments from her ears. And put them in the case. When she returned to Jacques and Jorgon, she bent down and removed the toe rings. But then the trouble started.

She reached down to her left boob and tried to unscrew the clamp that was tightly hooked to her nipple. But the screw mechanism would not budge. "Dammit, why won't this thing turn?", she said. She tried again, no luck. Reluctantly, she asked Jorgon, "Could you hold my breast up and steady while I use two hands on this thing?"

Of course, Jorgon cheerfully agreed, "Sure." He lifted the boob from underneath, and said, "Is that what you want?" Tami nodded, and using her two hands, she was able hold one end of the clamp and unscrew the clamp at the other end now that the boob wasn't bouncing around. It worked, but the ornament fell to the floor. She gulped, because she thought it might break. But Jacques reached down and picked up the ornament, which was still very much intact and put it in the case. Tami and Jorgon repeated the procedure on her right boob; this time Jacques caught the ornament against her thigh before it fell to the floor. She gasped in relief, and her nipples were now free for the first time in hours. She breathed a sigh of relief.

She now reached between her legs, but she was leery because of all the trouble she and Pete had attaching those damn things. On her left lip, she tried just flipping the lever and unscrewing the clamps, but that didn't work; it was still firmly attached. Then, she remembered that flipping the lever in the correct direction. But which is the correct direction? Pete had been facing her when he did it; so, was it Pete's left or Tami's left? She tried both, but neither worked, and her pussy lip was becoming sorer with each attempt.

Again with great reluctance, she asked Jorgon for help. She tried to describe the sequence and direction. Jorgon loved this; he knelt down and looked at her pussy like a kid in a candy store. He reached up and grabbed her left lip (i.e. the one on his right as he was facing her pussy). All she could do was stand there blushing while he squeezed her pussy lip and fiddled with the device. He tried all the sequences. Then he tried the other lip without success either.

Tami had tears of frustration and pain streaming down her face. Jorgon stood up and looked the naked girl in the face and said, "I'm sorry, I don't see how it works. Let me see if Stan Brickford, my engineering guy, is still here. Maybe he can figure it out." Jorgon then dashed outside, since Brickford had already gone out the door.

Tami and Jacques just stood there. Jacques was head of the English department, and he had absolutely no clue about mechanical devices. She looked at Jacques, and just shook her head crying. He shrugged and said nothing.

Jorgon came back, and he had Brickford with him. Brickford had been in his car and ready to drive home when Jorgon tapped on his window and explained the situation.

Brickford got down on his knees and surveyed the situation. He said, "Tami, could you please spread your legs wider?" She blushed some more, but she did as he requested. Then, he said, "Hey, Jorgon, you got a flashlight?" More tears from the nude girl.

Jorgon dashed to the kitchen and came back with a small, but very bright, flashlight. Brickford put it between his teeth and used both hands to spread her pussy lips. Tami gasped and sobbed some more. Brickford asked her to repeat the sequence of moves that Pete used to unhook the thing in the afternoon. Tami was flustered and repeated it as best she could remember. Flip lever, then untighten. (Of course, that's wrong, but she couldn't think straight with three old men there focused on her pussy.) He tried that twice, flipping left one try, right the next. No luck. He then tried reaching one hand around her from behind and the other from the front. She had no idea what this was supposed to accomplish, other than to give Brickford more of an opportunity to feel her up.

Finally, he gave up on his attempts and the two ornaments were still dangling from her pussy lips. He said, "You said that there was a young man here helping you with these this afternoon. Right?" She sobbed but nodded her head. "Who was it? Can we call him on the phone and ask for his help?"

That sounded like a good idea to the naked, sobbing girl. She smiled and said, "His name is Pete Sullivan. I don't know his phone number, but Dean Jorgon probably does." Jorgon nodded and said, "Yes, I do. And I'll call him right now." He pulled out his iPhone and called Pete's number. They all had their fingers crossed that Pete would be home; afterall, it is Saturday night and Pete and his girlfriend might be out on a date. After a couple of rings, Pete answered. The conversation went something like this:

Pete: Hello?  
Jorgon: Hi. Mr. Sullivan? This is Dean Jorgon.  
(pause)  
Pete: Oh, hi, Mr. Jorgon, it was nice to work with Tami at your house this afternoon.  
Jorgon: Yes, that's what I'm calling about. It seems that we can't disconnect the ornament from her vaginal lips, and we'd like your help.  
Pete: What seems to be the problem? Can you give me specifics?  
Jorgon: Well, is there any chance that you can come over here and help us?  
Pete (very softly): I'm sorry, but I'm in the middle of something right now.

At this point, Jorgon sighed, and Tami said, "Please let me talk to him." And Jorgon handed her the phone.

Tami: Hi, Pete, it's me, Tami.  
Pete (very softly): Hi, Tami, I'm so sorry you're having trouble. Can you tell me what you tried?  
Tami: I can barely hear you, are you busy or something?  
Pete (very softly): Yes, Holly is in the other room and I'd rather she not hear any of this.  
Tami: I understand. But I think we tried all the combinations. Flipping left, untighten. Flipping right, untighten, etc. Nothing worked. Just go ahead and whisper; I'll be able to hear you.  
Pete: OK. I'm trying to remember what those things look like. I realize it was only a few hours ago, but I can't quite picture it in my mind. Ah, I have an idea. Is there a smart phone there with a camera?  
Tami: Yes, this is an iPhone that I'm talking on. Do you want a picture sent?  
Pete: Oh good, I have an iPhone, too. Yes, a couple of photos would sure help. One from the front and one from underneath. Sorry, I know that will be embarrassing for you, but they would help.  
Tami: No more embarrassing than what we've already tried. Hang on a moment while I talk with Mr. Jorgon.

Tami said, "Dean Jorgon? Do you know how to take photos with this phone and send them to Pete's iPhone?"

He replied, "Sure, I know how to do that. What does he want?"

Tami, "Just a moment, I'll disconnect the call and describe what Pete wants."

Tami: Hey, Pete. Mr. Jorgon knows how to do it. So, let me hang up now, we'll take the photos, and send them to you in the next few minutes. Okay?  
Pete: Okay, bye.

Tami told Jorgon and Brickford what photos he wanted. Jorgon said, "Okay, just to make sure; let's send three. One from the front, one from underneath, and one with you lying on the floor with your legs widely spread." Tami blushed, but nodded.

"Okay, stand there against the wall and spread your legs. Oh, wait just a second. We need to wipe that makeup off your bottom before you lean against the wall or sit on the floor." He hurried into the kitchen, grabbed a damp dish rag, came back, and turned her around. Then, he scrubbed her butt vigorously with the rag. She sighed and then stood against the wall, and Jorgon took a flash photo. He looked at it and said, "Good. It looks like a clear picture. Now, stand here in the hallway with your legs as wide apart as possible, and I'll lie down on the floor and take a photo from directly underneath."

She was beet red now, but she repositioned herself and spread her legs. Jorgon got down on the floor, put his head directly under her wide-spread crotch, and took a photo looking straight up. He checked it, and it looked good, too.

"Now, it's probably more comfortable for you to lie on the living room rug rather than this tile floor. So, let's go into the living room."

Tami was moving like a zombie now, and they led her to the other room. They told her to lie down on her back on the floor and spread her legs. They kind of guided her into position, one man grabbed each ankle, and they spread her legs way far apart. Then, Jorgon took the picture. He looked at the picture on his phone and said, "Looks good. I'll send these 3 pictures to his phone."

As the photos were transmitting, Jorgon handed Tami the phone and said, "After the photos are sent, why don't you talk to him and see if you two can figure it out?" She watched the progress bar on the phone's display as it showed the photo transmission in progress. She wondered again if those pictures and the ones taken during dinner would eventually show up on the internet somehow. She didn't think Pete would do that, but Jorgon might. When the photos were sent, she punched the re-dial button and Pete answered.

Pete (very softly): Hi.  
Tami: Hi, it's me. Go ahead and whisper; that's fine. Did you figure out anything from the photos? Mr. Jorgon decided to send the third photo - the one from underneath.  
Pete: Yeah. You sound kind of funny. Are you okay?"  
Tami: Actually, no. This is a strange experience, but I'll be okay. Just go ahead and talk, and I'll just listen.  
Pete: Okay. I've just had a moment to look at the pictures, but they reminded me of the importance of the lever direction. For the left lip, the removal sequence is untighten and flip right; for the right lip, it's untighten and flip left. The problem is getting left and right from the correct perspective. It's from your perspective, Tami, not from the person standing in front of you. Here's an idea to remove that confusion. Why don't you have one of them get behind you and do these steps from behind? That way both of you would be facing the same way and there wouldn't be any confusion about which is left and which is right. Also, you might want to bend over and spread your legs wide; that might help, too. You got all that?  
Tami: Yeah, that sounds good. Why don't you hang on the line with me while they try it?  
Pete: Good idea.  
Tami (in a whisper): Oh, Pete could you please delete those photos from you phone after we're done? You probably don't want Holly seeing them.  
Pete: You're right; I'll trash them as soon as you tell me the ornaments have been removed.  
Tami (in a normal voice): Okay, I'm going to put the phone down now for a moment while I tell them what to do, but you hang on.

Tami spoke to Jorgon and Brickford, "Okay, he figured it out. Here's what we'll do. I'll bend over and one of you should go behind me. Mr. Jorgon, why don't you try first? Do the left ornament first. The sequence is important. Untighten the screw on the clamp, and then flip the lever to the RIGHT. Then do the right ornament. Untighten the screw, and flip the lever LEFT. Mr. Brickford, could you hold the flashlight for him, please? Okay, let's do it."

She spread her legs wide and bent over with Jorgon behind her. Brickford shined the light on her widely-spread pussy. She put the phone to her ear and said:

Tami: Hi, I'm back and we're all set. Okay, Mr. Jorgon, go to it.  
Pete: Okay, I'm here.  
Tami: Good. This is weird. I'm talking upside down on a phone with a man behind me fingering my pussy lips. (And they all laughed.)

Jorgon followed her instructions exactly on the left lip, and voila, the ornament dropped to the floor. Tami shrieked in glee. Then, he did the right one, and it came off, too. Tami yelled, "Hallelujah! Free at last!"

Pete: Great, it sounds like you did it.  
Tami: Well, we couldn't have done it without you. Thank you so much, Pete. Go back to Holly and have a good time. Bye-Bye.  
Pete: Bye, Tami.

Jorgon turned to Brickford, "Thanks Stan, you can go home now."

Brickford looked at the now completely nude Tami up and down one last time and says, "Miss Smithers, It's been a pleasure to see you, umm, I mean to meet you. Good night."

Tami shook his hand and said, "Thanks for your help." Although she thought to herself, "You really weren't much help at all. All I got from you was a massive feel-up job." And Brickford left.

Jorgon put the ornaments into the little jewelry case, turned to Jacques, and handed him the case, "Cliff, here are the ornaments and rings. We can discuss later whether or not you want to keep them. Now, if you've got a few more minutes there's something I'd like you to do for me. Please go in the living room and wait a minute for me."

Tami was still in a daze. She had just been through one of the strangest episodes of her entire life with several men looking at and handling her very private parts. Her pussy had been mauled, and it was very sore. They had treated both her pussy and her ass as impersonal objects for the last 20 minutes or so. She thought, "But my pussy and ass are not impersonal; they are very personal to me; I'm a person, not just some slab of meat to be handled so indifferently." And she started to sob.

Jorgon looked at her and asked, "Miss Smithers, are you okay?"

Tami cried, "No, but I'll be okay in minute or so. That was quite an ordeal." And she sat down with her bare bottom on the cold hallway floor and her back against the wall, and she put her head in her hands. But even in her confused state, she was aware that she couldn't cover up too much; she sat there cross legged with her sore genitals in full view. It was a few minutes before she regained her composure and looked up at Jorgon.

Jorgon said to her, "Miss Smithers, I can only guess how you feel after going through that, but I need to remind you that we still owe McMasters one more orgasm."

Tami noticed the "we" word again regarding "her" orgasm, but only said, "Oh, Mr. Jorgon, do we have to? I'm really beat and I'd like to go home."

Jorgon said, "I'm sorry, but I promised Mr. McMasters. Also your duties here aren't completely done; Pierre needs some help for the next hour or so cleaning up the kitchen, and that was part of what I hired you for."

Tami closed her eyes and sighed, "Very well. Since you still have a guest to visit with, I'll just insert the globe monitor thing and use it to verify my orgasm, and then I'll come down and help Pierre. Okay?"

Jorgon countered, "Actually, McMasters really prefers a human to monitor the orgasm. Mr. Jacques is still here, and I trust him to give a good account of your orgasm. I have some other clean up things to do down here. Let's go get Mr. Jacques, and you two can go upstairs to the guest room. Okay?"

Tami was trapped again; there was really no reason other than modesty to decline his request. She just nodded her head and followed Jorgon to the living room.

With Tami blushing a deep red again, Jorgon explained what he wanted Jacques to do. Basically, all he had to do was watch this beautiful, young, naked girl masturbate to orgasm. What old man wouldn't want to do that?

Tami led Jacques up to the guest room. He started to close the door, but Tami shook her head and said to leave it open. She didn't attempt to explain why.

He looked at the bed covered with the vinyl sheet and shrugged. He seemed to know better than to ask why, but he said, "Where do you want me?" She pointed out the chair, and said "You can bring that over here to the side of the bed."

As he moved the chair, she lay down on her back on the bed, and started her usual routine. Pistoning in and out with her fingers, massaging her clit, thinking about Rod. None of that was working. She even tried to recreate in her mind some of the turn-ons that she had experienced with Pete this afternoon. Still no luck. The frustration with removing those pussy ornaments was just too much for her. She just wasn't in the mood. So, she decided to fake it and see if Jacques bought it. She pistoned some more and then started moaning and squirming around on the bed. And then she lay back with her hand still in her pussy faking satisfaction with the fake orgasm. After a minute or so, she sat up and looked at Jacques. She smiled at his wide-eyed grin and at the bulge in his pants. She asked, "Okay?", and he said, "You bet." She had faked out the human monitor, but she didn't care and nobody would ever know.

They went back down stairs. Jacques told Jorgon about the orgasm in more detail than was really necessary. Jorgon was suspicious, but he accepted the orgasm as a real one. Jacques then left.

Tami headed for the kitchen. She asked Pierre, "What do you want me to do?" He pointed at all the things she had gotten out the cabinets earlier; they were currently on the counter top, and he said, "Thanks, Tami. Those plates and things are clean and dry. Please put them back where you found them."

And of course, that meant she had to do all the same stretching on the stool, getting on her knees for the lower cabinet, bending this way and that, etc. He paused with his current duties, and watched this pretty nude thing. He thought, "My oh my, she has a pretty cunt and a cute ass."

Tami helped drying more dishes and putting them away. She removed the leaves from the table by herself, and was able to slide the dining table ends back together, although that was difficult for her, but pleasurable for Pierre and Jorgon to watch covertly.

Finally, about midnight, things were all back in their usual places, and Tami said, "Well, I guess that's it. Can I go home now?"

Jorgon replied, "Miss Smithers, I'm really, really sorry, but the car still won't start. I'd take you on the motorcycle, but it is very cold out there and I don't like driving my bike on a night like this. Please accept my invitation to stay in the guest room. You will be fine there, and I'll take you home in the morning."

Tami thought this sounded fishy and said, "How about Pierre giving me a lift?"

Pierre said, "Sorry, Tami, I don't have a car. I'm staying out back in the guest house, and a friend is picking me up tomorrow afternoon."

Tami looked at Jorgon again and continued, "Well, how about a taxi or asking a neighbor?"

Jorgon replied, "Sorry the taxi company in this small town shuts down at 10 PM, and it's after midnight now. And I don't want to bother my neighbors at this hour either with a strange request to drive a naked girl across town."

Tami continued, "Well, in September, I walked over here from the dorm. I'll start walking now and I'll be home in about an hour. I'm used to the cold."

Jorgon replied, "I don't think that's a good idea at all. Who knows what kind of people and hazards there are out and about at this hour?"

Tami actually agreed with this, because she had been hassled by a bunch of young boys when she walked here in the daylight in September. Doing it at night was a really bad idea.

She had one last idea, "I know a lot about cars. Why don't you let me look under the hood of your car and maybe I can figure out what's wrong? Where is the vehicle?"

Jorgon raised his eyebrows; he hadn't thought that a young girl like this would know anything about an automobile except how to turn the ignition key. He said, "That's worth a shot. It's the one in the garage that you were sitting next to this afternoon. Let's go."

He grabbed the keys and they went to the garage. It was even cold here in the garage, and Tami's nipples immediately tightened up. Jorgon got in the car, turned the key, and they both listened to just a clicking sound that faded out quickly. Tami knew immediately that it was a dead battery, and that the local shops and dealers weren't open at this hour.

Her shoulders slumped. She was stuck. "Okay, it's a dead battery. No way to fix or replace that tonight. I guess I'll have to stay the night."

**Saturday night - Bedtime**

Tami reluctantly followed Jorgon back into the house.

Just as she started up the stairs to the guest room, he said, "Oh, if you need to use the toilet, please remember to collect the 'fertilizer' for me."

She realized that she did need to pee, turns, and goes into "her" bathroom. Jorgon stood nearby as she uses the bedpan, collects the urine, etc. He looked in and smiled just as she finished up.

Then, with a mock bow, Jorgon waved her towards the stairs and said, "Ladies first." He followed the pretty naked girl up the stairs, and thought, "She really has a nice butt. How does she keep it so well-toned?"

In the guest room, he pointed to the vinyl covered bed and said, "I understand that this is your preferred bedding material. I could get a real sheet if you want?"

She shook her head, knowing that "no" was the right answer to that question, "No, this is the way I sleep at the dorm."

He continued, "Okay. I'll probably stay up and read for another hour or so, but I'll look in on you, before I go to bed." She understood this as double-speak for "Remember to keep the door open."

And he went on, "I'll probably get up about 9 o'clock and Pierre will serve breakfast at 10. If you get up first, please make yourself at home. So, if there's nothing else, I'll bid you good night, Miss Smithers."

She said, "I can't think of anything else. I'm going to go to bed now. Could you turn the light off for me? Good night."

Since there was nothing else for a naked girl to do before going to bed, she just laid down on the vinyl covered bed. He flipped off the light as he left.

Tami was really tired, but after her anguish removing those awful pussy ornaments, her mind was wandering. She was restless and couldn't get to sleep.

She started thinking about this strange day. Gardening, climbing that tree, doing somersaults to dry off, masturbating in the garage, being pampered by Pete, being a naked servant for all those well-dressed men, having photos taken of her pussy, etc. Those two hours with Pete had been the only pleasant part of the day, but she felt guilty about that, too. She thought about her lover, Rod; she hadn't really cheated on him with Pete, but it was pretty close to cheating; there really was a sexual attraction between her and Pete.

Her pussy was still pretty sore, and she thought again about the daze she was in after having her private parts handled so roughly by two strangers. And that got her thinking about her "lot in life". She asked God for help in getting through each day, but she admitted that it was her own damn fault for being in this big mess. A silly streaking prank followed by the ridiculous religious-nudist lie had led her right into this strange lifestyle.

Nobody on campus thought of her in the normal way: a brilliant honors student, a pretty coed, a naïve college freshman, a math whiz, Rod's girlfriend, a fashion design connoisseur - she was all of those things. But no one saw those - she was just this sex object walking around campus with all of her naked endowments on full display - shaved pussy, erect nipples, bouncing breasts, tight butt. Her private parts were not private at all! In her case, they might as well be called her public parts.

She thought about the good things in her life: Her lover, Rod. Her good friends at the dorm - Jen, Marisol, Rebecca. Her family - father, mother, brother. Her good health. Her good grades. Those things were all wonderful, but do they really make up for her nightmarish naked lifestyle? Right now, she didn't think so. It all looked pretty hopeless to her, and she started to sob quietly. She cried herself to sleep with her head resting as usual in the crook of her right arm - no pillows allowed for her.

An hour or so later, Tami kind of woke up and realized that the nightlight in the bathroom was on; it had been off earlier. She was also aware of Jorgon standing nearby looking at her; she didn't move and pretended to be sleeping. Her legs were splayed far apart and her left hand was resting just near the top of her pussy as if she was pointing at it. She heard a faint click, which she assumed was a camera taking a photo. More clicks. And more photos for the internet, she thought. "But maybe there wasn't enough light for these photos to come out", she thought. Jorgon walked out leaving the door open.

**Sunday morning - Filling the time**

Tami woke up at her usual time - 7 o'clock in the morning. Looking at the clock, she thought, "What the hell am I going to do for the next three hours before breakfast? Dammit, I wish I were back at the dorm with my normal life." She chuckled to herself, "There's nothing normal about my life!"

She glanced at the bedside table and spotted the case holding the globe monitor. She thought, "Even though I hate that damn thing, maybe I can use it to record two 'private' orgasms. It would be better than having creepy old Jorgon watching me." She put that on her mental list as two things to kill the time. Taking a shower would be a third. And collecting "fertilizer" would be a fourth. Only one thing on that list sounded good to her - a nice warm shower. But she needed to do these in the correct order. Collect, shower, masturbate, masturbate. Back-to-back masturbations? That didn't feel right, but she'd work it out.

She quietly padded out of the guest room and down the stairs. Even Pierre was not up and about yet. This was a real rarity - she had some private time to herself without a lot of male eyes looking at her.

She went into the hallway bathroom and did her duty filling another styrofoam container and adding to the urine collection. Hopefully, that would be the last time she'd have to do that today.

She padded quietly back upstairs to the guest room bath making sure to leave the doors open. Standing in front of the mirror, she looked over her naked body and thought, "I really do have a nice looking body; I just wish I could be more selectively about who could look at it." A nice shower really appealed to her, but she didn't want to obliterate all of Pete's fine work from yesterday afternoon. She thought, "Let's see now. The nail polish will survive a shower, but the face and body makeup won't. If I'm really careful, I can preserve the hairdo. I suppose I could put on some of that makeup that Jorgon provided, but why give him any additional satisfaction. Nope, I won't do that. And there's no need to shave this morning. So, that's my plan!"

The shower operated strangely with several handles for the various shower heads - some above her head. She didn't want to use those, since they would drench her nicely done hair. Standing at the side, she fiddled with the various handles and got just the front angled shower head to spray and aimed it mostly down.

"Ah, such a heavenly feel", she thought as she stepped into the shower. She spent about 15 minutes slowly washing herself up and down. The hairdo survived nicely.

"Oh dear, but what to do about drying?", she thought. There was only one other washcloth, and it was still a bit damp from the day before, but there were several unused big bath towels hanging on the rack. She decided to risk it and dry off with one of them. And she lucked out when Jorgon did not appear. She thought, "Hopefully he won't notice an extra still-damp towel after I leave. But oh why do I have to worry about such trivial nonsense as a damp towel hanging in its proper spot in the bathroom?!!"

She brushed her hair, looked herself over, and thought, "Not bad for a nude college girl."

As she started to walk over to the bedside table, she had an awful thought. When was Mrs. Jorgon coming home? Maybe she came home in the middle of the night and was already here? Do I have to worry about two tormentors this morning? But there was nothing she could do about that possibility except to worry about it. And worry about it, she did, as she picked up the globe monitor case.

Tami opened the case and took out the little ball-like device. She looked it over with dread, because it had been so awful to get in and out of her ass last weekend. But she thought she knew how to do it again.

Using some lubricant jelly from the bathroom, she coated the ball. Then, she lay back on the vinyl covered bed and bent her legs back so her ankles were next to her ears. Reaching around she lubed up her anus working the jelly well inside. Then she took the ball and positioned it at her asshole. She pushed and twisted it this way and that for a minute or so, and then she felt it slip inside her. She was relieved that this first step was over.

She stood up and shifted around until the ball was nestled comfortably insider her. It wasn't actually comfortable, but it didn't hurt her either.

She thought, "Okay, what do I used for this masturbation episode? Let me try to find some variety." And she walked down to the kitchen to look for a banana. She was happy to see a bunch of several in a basket on the counter, and she grabbed one and headed back upstairs. Remembering that the monitor device made a loud beeping sound, she decided to take another chance and close the door so the noise wouldn't wake up Jorgon yet.

Lying on the bed again, she played with her nipples and fingered herself, massaging her vagina and clit. Then, she started pistoning the banana in and out while thinking about the pleasant massage that Pete had given her yesterday. She quickly climaxed to an intense orgasm, and the device emitted "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP" and then thankfully it quit. It was so much easier when no one is watching.

She was still breathing heavily as she quickly walked across the room to open the door. She was safe; Jorgon hadn't heard the beeping.

She wasn't sure what to do next. It was only 8 o'clock and breakfast wouldn't be served til 10. Should she try a second orgasm now or wait til later? She decided on later and left the monitor thing in her rectum.

Tami walked downstairs and looked around. Still no sign of Pierre. She thought about doing homework, but she hadn't brought any books, and she didn't want to risk using Jorgon's computer - he was really observant, and he'd probably notice if she had been using it even for an innocent purpose such as doing some online homework.

She really wanted some friendly human interaction and thought about calling Rod. But again she didn't want to use Jorgon's phone, because just like the computer, he would know if it had been touched. And she hadn't brought her cell phone. She owned a cell phone, but being naked all the time, she didn't have a good place to carry it, and it usually sat turned off in her dorm room desk.

She was getting bored. Walked into the kitchen, looked around. Out to the patio, but brrrr, it was still very cold outside. Finally, she found a National Geographic magazine, sat down on the vinyl seated chair at the kitchen table, and read an article about volcanoes for the next hour or so.

She sighed and thought to herself, "Time for the second orgasm." She grabbed a new banana from the basket and wandered back upstairs. Since it was almost 9 AM when Jorgon said he'd be waking up, she decided not to risk closing the door again - if the infernal beeping woke him up, that was just too bad!

She repeated the earlier procedure except she thought about Rod and the wonderful Sunday fuckfest that she hoped would happen with him this evening. And she came wildly, thrashing about on the bed with the monitor blasting "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP". Even after it stopped, she lay there savoring the wonderful feeling. Then, she heard some noise from Jorgon's bedroom, and she knew that the noise had awoken him. "Good, I'm glad he's up now. The faster he gets himself ready, the faster I can get out of here", she thought.

Now that the two required orgasms were done, Tami just wanted to get this damn monitor out of her ass. She got the tube of lubricant from the bathroom, and using her finger, greased up her butthole. She tried to get lubricant on the ball, too, but that didn't work - the damn thing was just out of her reach. She hoped that wouldn't matter, and she tried to expel it by simulating a shit. She tried several times, and each time she felt the ball get just to the opening, but it wouldn't go passed her sphincter. She gave up and thought, "Now, I'll have to ask creepy old Jorgon to help me get it out. Maybe McMasters also lent him the extraction tongs that Ross used once last weekend. I'll have to wait. Damn, damn, damn."

She walked back downstairs and picked up the National Geographic again. This time she read the article about African butterflies.

About 9:30, she heard the shower running upstairs. "Good. He'll be down soon." And shortly later, Pierre wandered into the kitchen and said, "Bon jour, mademoiselle. How did our naked princess sleep last night?" She just glared at him and said curtly, "G'morning. I slept fine."

He said, "I'm going to fix Mr. Jorgon's favorite breakfast - scrambled eggs, bacon, fresh orange juice, and bagels with cream cheese. Does that sound good to you?"

Tami smiled, "Yes, it sure does. Thank you."

He replied, "Well then, Tami, could you give me a hand by setting three places at the table where you're sitting? You should know where plates and other things are by now."

She wasn't happy about resuming her duties as a kitchen helper, because she wasn't getting paid for it. But she reluctantly said, "Okay" and got up and went to the cabinet to get plates and glasses. Pierre just stood there ogling the nude girl as she reached up into the cabinet - her breasts stuck out nicely as she stood there on tip toes reaching up. He thought, "I sure hope I can work here again when she is here!" He didn't understand this strange situation, but he sure liked looking at this beautiful naked young lady!

He sneaked many more peeks over the next several minutes as she set the table for breakfast. He had her juice the oranges, and he watched her breasts jiggle nicely as she bent over the juicing machine. Tami, of course, realized that he had been staring at her, but there wasn't anything she could do, because she was certain that Pierre was one of Jorgon's spies.

Just before 10 o'clock, Jorgon came downstairs. He said, "Good morning, everyone. It smells wonderful in here, Pierre. Did you sleep well, Miss Smithers?"

She smiled weakly and replied, "Yes, thank you, Mr. Jorgon."

Breakfast was eaten mostly in silence, as Jorgon read the newspaper that he brought in from the driveway. Tami thought to herself, "Silly me. I could have been reading the paper all this time."

After breakfast, Jorgon asked, "You know, Miss Smithers, we need the two orgasms for McMasters."

Tami looked startled. There was that word "we" again relating to "her" orgasms, but she just said, "Well, Dean Jorgon, I already did them using that little globe monitor that you borrowed from Mr. McMasters. Didn't you hear the loud beeping sound that it made?"

"Oh, is that what that sound was? I was just waking up about 9 when I heard that. But we owe McMasters two orgasms not just that one", he replied.

Tami said, "Well, I did another one earlier, and you must have slept through the beeping that time. I'm certain that the little device recorded both of them."

He looked at her suspiciously, "Mr. McMasters told me that he really, really preferred to have a human verify your orgasms while you're here. So, why don't we have you do another one for me and since I heard the beeping for one of your supposed earlier orgasms, we'll count that as the other one for the day. Okay?"

Tami sighed and was just about to complain, but then thought better of it and said, "Fine. But I am going to ask for your help in removing this damn thing from my ass before I do it again."

He countered, "Well, I'll certainly help you, but why don't we leave it in while you masturbate? I'd like to see and hear that device in action."

All the while, Pierre had listened to the strange discussion. He thought, "What the hell is going on in this house this weekend? A naked servant girl with ornaments on her tits and pussy? A globe monitor up her ass that gives out a loud noise? Jorgon watching while she masturbates? Collecting her urine and feces for fertilizer? Is the dean going to fuck this pretty young student? Weird, weird, weird. I just don't get it, but I'll keep my mouth shut, because he's paying me well." And he just sat there and smiled while they talked.

"Okay, Mr. Jorgon. That sounds okay to me. Let's go upstairs", Tami said and stood up.

Jorgon also got up from the table, Tami grabbed another banana, and the two of them went upstairs. In the upstairs hallway, she started to turn into the guest room, but he grabbed her elbow and guided her farther down the hall. Tami stopped walking and asked, "Umm, Mr. Jorgon what's going on here? I need to do it in there" pointing back to the guest room.

He said, "Why don't you do it on the bed in my bedroom? Just for a change of pace." He had a weird smile on his face, and Tami was very uneasy, but she just shrugged and went into the bedroom with him.

He spread a vinyl sheet on the bed and said, "Sorry, my wife wouldn't want you to leave spots on the bed spread." Tami blushed and climbed on the bed.

He said, "I'll just stand over here." She wondered if he was going to take pictures, but she said nothing.

Tami repeated her earlier routine with the banana and rubbing her nipples, but it wasn't working this time until she started thinking about Pete's washing her in the shower yesterday afternoon. His soft hands were a real turn on. And then she climaxed wildly, thrashing about, and moaning as the monitor let out its shrill "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP".

Jorgon just gaped at this scene and covered his ears to block out the loud beeping. He stood there watching as Tami remained on the bed for a few minutes recovering her senses.

"Wow, young lady, that looked really intense. Much more so than yesterday." Tami just nodded and got up. She could see a tent in his trousers.

Tami said, "Okay, I've done enough orgasms to fulfill today's requirement. Can you please help me remove this thing?"

He said, "Sure. What do you want me to do?"

She said, "Well, last weekend Mr. Ross had some sort of a fancy extraction device with tongs and a suction cup mechanism. Mr. McMasters had lent it to him. Did McMasters lend it to you, too?"

He looked puzzled and said, "No. The only thing he gave me was the case with that orb-like thing in it. Is there another way?"

Tami sighed, because the other way would be really, really embarrassing. And she said, "Last weekend we also removed it another way. Let's try that technique. First, we need to get the tube of lubricant from the guest room bath and lubricate my butthole really well, and if possible, get as much of the grease on the ball inside me as possible. Since you have longer fingers than me and since you can get behind me to get better 'aim' at my anus, you should lube up your finger and stick it as far up my ass as possible. Then, I'll push down as if I were defecating. Hopefully, the thing will come out. But if it doesn't, you should spread some more grease on the ball when you can see it at the opening. The more lubricant we can get on it, the better chance we have of it squeezing passed my sphincter. If that still doesn't work, there's one more thing we can try after that. But let's try just using a lot of grease first. I'll go get the tube." She turned and went to the other bathroom.

Now it was Jorgon's turn to blanch. "What have I gotten myself into here?", he thought. She returned and handed him the tube. He asked, "Do you mind if I put on a latex glove?"

She said, "No, that's a good idea." And he got one from the bathroom cabinet.

He put a big blob of the grease on his gloved index finger. She nodded, turned around, and spread her legs. He stuck his finger way up into her ass and twisted it around to coat the opening well.

She thought, "How weird is this? The Dean of the college has his finger up my ass." But she only said, "Can you feel the ball?"

"No, I can't. Can you try to push it a bit farther down while I have my finger in there?"

She did that, and he said, "Okay, I can feel it now. I'll spread as much grease on it as I can, and I'll try to turn it so I can coat the other side."

She was blushing bright red now from both humiliation and exertion, but she let him continue the greasing operation.

He said, "Okay, that's as good as I can do. You go ahead and try to expel the thing. I'll have some more lubricant ready on my finger and I'll dab it on the ball when I see the ball at the opening, if it doesn't come out."

She squeezed down hard, but the damn ball stuck right at the opening. Her sphincter was holding it in. He spread more grease on the part of the ball that was visible, but the ball didn't come out. She eased up, sighed, and said, "Dammit. Oh, so close. Let me try again." She shifted her position slightly and then pushed again, harder than before, and this time, she felt the ball start to squeeze through the opening, and it finally fell out into Jorgon's gloved hand.

She said, "Oh, thank heavens that worked. You can keep that damn thing, clean it up, and give it to McMasters to retrieve the information he wants from it."

Jorgon says, "Okay, I can take care of that. Do you need to use the toilet? If so, I could use one more sample of 'fertilizer'."

Tami said, "Yes, after all of that pushing and lubricant, I do need to pee. Downstairs bathroom?"

He just nodded, and they went downstairs. As he watched, she used the bedpan to collect urine and then funneled it into the jug. He continued watching as she cleaned herself up. "How utterly embarrassing", she thought, "This is supposed to be a very private matter, and here he is watching me. But what can I do?" She took the jug to the garage and put it with the other "fertilizer" containers.

She returned to the hallway, and Jorgon said, "Well, Miss Smithers, this was a strange weekend - probably for both of us. But you did a wonderful job on the gardening and on helping with dinner. Let's figure out how much I owe you? Okay, it was noon to 4 PM for gardening yesterday afternoon, that's 4 hours. And 6:30 til midnight for dinner last night, that's 5½ hours. And since Pierre told me you helped this morning at breakfast, I'll add another hour for that. By my math that's 10½ hours. At $30 per hour, that's $315. Does that sound right?"

Tami ran the numbers in her head, and she agreed that she had been working during those times. She said, "Yes, sounds right to me."

He pulled out his wallet, and pulled out a bunch of $20 bills. He handed her the stack, and she counted it. "Ummm, I'm sorry Mr. Jorgon, there's only $240 here rather than $315. Did you make a mistake?"

He replied, "No, Miss Smithers, no mistake. If you'll recall I paid Mr. Sullivan $75 to clean you up yesterday, and since you were the person to benefit from that, it's only right that you should pay for it. I see that you still have the nice hairdo that he did for you and colorful polish on your finger and toe nails."

Tami's immediate reaction was that he was being chintzy, because afterall she had not asked for any help in getting ready for dinner. But then she thought about the very pleasurable time that she had had with Pete, and that was well worth $75 to her. She just said, "Oh, that makes sense. Okay."

He said, "Good. And for the really fine work, here's another $40 to show my appreciation. So, I guess that's it. I can give you a ride back to the dorm if you wish. Or maybe you want to call a cab or maybe even walk since it's getting a little warmer out there now. Your choice."

Tami thought about it. She just wanted to get away from this place, but paying for a cab would eat into her earnings and there would be an embarrassing encounter with the cab driver. And after being harassed by teenage boys on her walk here from the dorm last fall, she rejected that option, too. She could call Rod or a friend from the dorm, but then she would have even more explaining to do than she expected, and she said, "No, I don't want the cab or the walk. How about we call AAA to get your car battery jumped or replaced?"

"Now, I hadn't thought of that." He picked up the nearby phone in his den and put it on speaker as he talked to the dispatcher. The dispatcher said, "Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. Jorgon, but it is Sunday, and we only have one truck running today. He's out on a call now, and let's see, there are one, two more ahead of you - oh wait, there's third one. So, I'm afraid it wouldn't be til about 7 o'clock before we could get there."

Jorgon said, "Okay, why don't you send him when you can, because I need that car fixed. Bye."

Tami was shocked; she didn't want to stay here for over 7 more hours! But Jorgon said to her, "Come on, I'll take you back on the motorcycle. I'm sorry, but it seems to be the lesser of the evils."

Tami said, "Okay, thanks. Let me run upstairs and grab that document, and we can go."

Jorgon watched lustfully one last time as that nice tight little ass hopped up the stairs.

They walked out to the motorbike parked on the front driveway, and just as they started to put on the helmets, a car drove up with four women in it. The driver's door opened and out popped Mrs. Jorgon. She was steaming mad and said, "What is that little naked slut doing here, Percy?"

Jorgon was shocked to see her, and said, "Darling, what are you doing home so soon? I thought you'd be back about 8 or 9 tonight!"

Mrs. Jorgon said, "That's what I expected, but our bridge group here decided to take a walk on this nice afternoon and I stopped by here to get some comfortable shoes. And what do I find but this hussy flaunting her nude body in my driveway!"

He said, "Now, now, Maureen, it's not what you think. She was doing gardening and helping with dinner last night as a paid employee of the college. Nothing else. But now that you're here, why don't you give her a ride back to her dorm. That's where we were headed just now."

But Mrs. Jorgon was having none of that. "What!!? She was in my house!!?? She was here overnight?!!! I don't believe she was just an employee. Were you screwing her while I was gone for the weekend!!? And there's no way in hell that I'm going to let that naked trollop ride in my car. She'd just leak on my car seat as well as embarrass the hell out of me and my guests. You take her back on your bike. And we'll talk about this tonight." She slammed the car door and went into the house to get her shoes.

Tami had tears in her eyes at the confrontation and at being called those names. She just said, "Please, Mr. Jorgon, let's go. I'm sorry to have put you in this uncomfortable situation; I hope you and your wife can work it out later."

As the three other ladies gaped at her from the car, Tami squatted down and shoved the money and the paper document into the side bag of the motorcycle. She and Jorgon put on the helmets, climbed onto the bike, and Jorgon drove it away.

The ride back to the dorm was routine, but it was still pretty cool and Tami felt the cold wind swirl on her bare nipples and pussy especially. And of course, there were several more catcalls as they drove through town. But she didn't care because she was almost home.

Jorgon stopped the bike at Pilgrim Hall, and she got her money and document out of the side bag. He then looked her up and down one more time, and said, "Well, here we are. I'm sure I'll be seeing a lot more of you around campus." He laughed at his own well-worn joke and roared away on the Harley. The naked girl went into the dorm and up to her room. She smiled when she saw her friends in the room and said, "Hi guys, it's sure good to see some friendly faces."

The End