**Tami Clothes Experiment**, Part 1

katie

Tami ran, her bare feet pounding against the hard sidewalk, the three wheels of the jogging stroller she pushed in front of her spinning rapidly. Her breasts bounced rhythmically on her naked chest as she ran, terror filling her and causing her to flee.

She turned onto the leaf-lined street where she, Rod and baby Ella lived. She made it to the path up to her house and stopped suddenly. She swooped the baby up in her bare arms and took the steps two at a time. Using a key that was attached to a bracelet on her wrist, she opened the door, grateful to be home. She slid inside the warm house and closed the door, bolting it shut.

Tami’s whole body was shaking. What a close call, she thought, hugging little Ella to her bare chest. The stares were threatening she thought. She had no idea what they would have done to her and the baby had they caught up to them but she resolved to not leave the house until Ella could fend for herself a little better.

Holding Ella carefully, Tami slid down to the floor, her back against the wall and sobbed, tears flowing out of her eyes and down her cheeks before nodding off to sleep. The Unintentional Nudist was having a nervous breakdown.

Rod arrived home to a dead-bolted door. Using his key, he undid all three locks on the big front door. He had done this every day for the past few weeks, ever since Tami’s fears had increased. The bold, brave girl who had strode naked around campus and town so effortlessly outwardly had gone to the opposite degree since Ella was born. Her motherly instinct had her seeing danger around every turn and being naked only intensified the fears. She had called him crying many times and he had calmed her. Seeing the stroller on its side and the triple dead bolt on the door made him nervous. Tami hadn’t called and he was worried that something had happened.

Rod had a special treat with him. Unbeknownst to Tami, he had been going to the local animal shelter, looking for a dog who would help Tami not be so afraid. Today he had gotten the call. The shelter had a border collie, a breed known for its protective qualities. He had arrived to find an adorable hairy black and white collie, about two years old. The old owner had been an elderly woman who moved into a retirement home that did not allow dogs. This was perfect.

He held the dog’s leash as he entered the house and stopped short. He saw a sight that broke his heart. His naked wife was huddled on the floor, her arm protectively surrounding his baby daughter. Both were sound asleep but there was no doubt that Tami would have given her life to protect Ella.

As the man and dog approached, Tami sat up with a start, fear blazing in her eyes.

“What the hell?”

“Shh, Tami, it’s me babe,” Rod said reassuringly.

“Rod, what is that? Whose dog is that?”

“He’s our hon,” Rod said softly. “It’s a border collie, one of the most protective breeds around. He will protect you and Ella on your walks.”

The dog strained at the leash as he sniffed, first at the naked woman and then at the bundle in her arms. With her free hand, Tami rubbed the dog under his chin and then on his head.

“Oh Rod, he is adorable, thank you so much,” Tami said smiling, accepting Rod’s offer of a hand to get up. “He will protect us but we’re not taking our walks anymore.”

Rod looked up in surprise. “What do you mean?”

“As long as I’m naked, I don’t feel comfortable leaving the house and since I can’t wear clothes ever again, I guess I’m never leaving the house.”

Tami walked out of the foyer and went to put Ella in her cradle they had set up in the living room. Rod did not move from his spot as his wife went into the kitchen to start dinner.

Tami had never shied away from exposure, even though it caused her great embarrassment. She had never allowed her nudity to hinder her life and had loved to be outdoors and to exercise. This decision was the end of her rope, he knew. It was time to call in reinforcements.

Rod told Tami he had to run back to the office but instead he headed to Jen’s apartment. There he sat in the kitchen with Jen, Kyesha (Jen’s partner) and Rebecca, their friend who was a minister.

“How do you know that no one was chasing her,” Jen asked. She was Tami’s best friend and shared Rod’s concern about her friend. She had noticed the changes over the past year, culminating with the recent announcement that Tami was not going to ever leave the house.

“Jen, she claims it happens every time she leaves the house,” the man said, shaking his head. “Do you think there are roving bands of rapists just lying in wait for her to leave the house.”

“Rod, there could be,” Jen said. When she noticed the man’s expression of disbelief, she added, “well, not roving bands of rapists as you put it but maybe she has a stalker.”

“Jen, I want to believe her too,” Rod said. “So one day, I followed her at a distance. Every man who walked by, she veered away from, as if they were going to hurt her. Then she started running until she got home and locked the door.”

The four sat there in silence, not sure what to do. Finally, Rebecca spoke.

“I think she is finally dealing with the humiliation of being naked all the time,” the woman said softly. “She is realizing how vulnerable she has been all this time, especially that first year.”

Rod took in a deep breath. He knew in his heart that Rebecca was right but didn’t want to admit it. He felt so awful for standing by while Tami was put through so much torture. But of course he didn’t know, none of them knew. Then, they thought that Tami was a nudist who had no problem with the situations she had been put into.

Of course, the truth was awful. Tami had been subjected to humiliations that would have caused most women to crack. But she had survived and thrived in many ways. Her friends thought she was a superwoman and in many ways she was. However, inside, she was a mess and died a thousand deaths during her year of nudity.

Now the events of that year and since were crashing down upon her.

“With the burden of being a mom now on her shoulders, her protective instincts have flown into high gear,” Rebecca continued. “She doesn’t think she can adequately protect Ella so she is freaking out.”

The four again sat in silence. “So now what do we do,” Rod asked.

Tami was cleaning the kitchen, singing along to the Norah Jones CD that she had put into the stereo. She sang out loud, giggling with Ella who sat in her seat at the table, drinking it all in.

It would have been quite a sight if anyone had wandered in from the sliding door that led to the back yard. That person would have been greeted by a bare ass of a girl on all fours, her slit peeking through between spread legs. With the bright lights of the kitchen, it was easy to make out her most intimate areas as the girl scrubbed the floor.

A mop or a wet swiffer was not enough to Tami. In cleaning, she was old school, taking many of the tricks her mother had used for decades at her parents’ house. One of the old school cleaning methods was scrubbing the floor with a good bit of pine sol. Nothing cleaned floors like pine sol and a scrub brush, Tami believed.

It was a sight to see Tami move effortlessly through the kitchen, her bare feet barely making a sound on the tile floor. This was her comfort zone, a place where she, Rod and Ella had created a home. She had felt funny at first living in this big home given to her by the deceased scientist Herr Remmler from Chalfont. But in no time at all, she had felt at home here. The shaded yard was a perfect spot for her to hide from prying eyes and here only Rod saw her nudity. Now Ella of course too.

Sometimes, Tami wondered how they would explain her nudity to their daughter. After all, at some point Ella would realize that not all mommies go around nude 24/7. She wondered if Ella would be embarrassed by her. That thought tore Tami apart. She hated being naked and worried that Ella would hate her for it too.

It had been her fault after all. She had agreed to that streaking dare back in September of freshman year. But she never anticipated what would happen to her in the days, weeks, months and years to come. When she stripped in the bushes that night, she never imagined those clothes would be the last she would ever wear. She thought she would run naked (a lark that had actually fulfilled a long standing dream of hers) through campus and return to her clothes. But of course, Wanda had arranged it that her clothes would be gone. Well, Wanda might not have planned for it to be Tami, she just stole someone’s clothes. Nor could Wanda have imagined what happened to Tami in the aftermath of it, not in her wildest fantasies. To escape being expelled from college, Tami had lied and told the dean that she was a religious nudist. That led to one of the most humiliating and demeaning years that any girl had experienced. Of course, Wanda choreographed the whole thing and made Tami’s life hell for a full year. In typical Tami fashion though, Wanda was now one of her best friends.

The bright kitchen matched her mood right now. Everything was right in her world. Ella was alert, looking at the world around her. Tami was home with her, reveling in being a mom. Rod would soon be home for the dinner that Tami had cooking in the oven and their new dog Harold slept on a dog bed in the corner of the room. Harold never left Tami’s side; he had fallen instantly in love with her. Rod joked that he should have known that would happen. “Every male who meets you falls in love,” he said to her, teasingly.

But the happy world that Tami had created only existed within these walls. Outside, there were people who wanted to hurt her and her daughter. They existed behind every tree or bush, in cars, lurking. She could never see anyone but she knew they were there and they terrified her. She was so vulnerable; naked and powerless, could she protect little Ella? She had resolved to staying in the house unless it was completely unavoidable to leave. She had Harold now but even so, she would only go out with Rod or someone else who could protect them.

She heard Ella start to stir and her breasts felt full, knowing instinctively that the baby needed to be nursed. Tami pulled Ella from her seat and brought her to the living room. There she put her bare feet up and began the wonderful task of breastfeeding her baby girl.

**Tami Clothes Experiment, Part 2**

A few hours later, Tami was back in the kitchen, this time chopping vegetables to create a salad. Ella was sitting in her seat which was propped on the table. The little girl was drinking it all in, a big smile on her face. Tami and Rod both remarked how amazing it was that their daughter had such an easy going personality. She was always happy and taking in the world with wide eyes. They had no doubt that she was already thinking big things in that brain of hers.

Harold sat under the table, standing guard. Any noise brought his attention, with ears raised.

The phone rang just as Tami finished the chopping and had emptied her cutting board into the bowl.

“Hello.”

“Hey babe, it’s me.”

“Hi Roddy,” she purred. “I’m making your favorite dinner.”

“Roast beef and potatoes? Oh Tam, you spoil me.”

“Anything for my man.”

“Um, do you think we’ll have enough for another person,” he asked nervously.

“Sure, you know me,” the woman answered. She grimaced as her left nipple dipped into the mashed potatoes that she had just finished. She swiped the food off and slid it into her mouth, putting her finger over her lips to Ella, asking her not to tell.

“Great, we’ll be there shortly.” He hung up before she could ask who was joining them. She started to get nervous as she added a third place setting to the table. She wondered if it was someone from Rod’s work. They had no idea that Rod was married to a naked wife and having dinner with a gawking co-worker was the last thing she wanted tonight. The feeling in the pit of her stomach, the one she got when she left the house, was returning, though not as strong.

“Well Ella-bear, should be a fun night,” she said, nuzzling her face into Ella’s stomach. That never failed to elicit a shriek of laughter from the baby girl.

Harold heard the noise first as Rod’s car crushed the gravel of the driveway. The dog ran to the door, barking a warning to Tami. The stomach rumbling was getting rougher but the naked woman swooped Ella up into her arms and made her way to the door. I guess the best thing to do is face this head on, she thought, opening the door to greet her husband and guest.

“Dr. Harridance,” she said happily as the man came up the steps behind Rod. “What a wonderful surprise. If I had known I would have made my curried chicken with rice.”

“Please do not apologize Tami,” he said as the two embraced. Tami felt the roughness of the man’s jacket as it grazed her bare skin and was reminded of the familiar yearning she still had for clothes. “I heard your roast beef and mashed potatoes are to die for anyway.”

The four people went into the house. Harridance fussed over Ella, who he hadn’t seen since her christening several months ago.

The men sat in the living room, Rod holding Ella, while Tami finished dinner. It wasn’t too long before she called them in to serve the meal. Baby Ella was placed in her seat while Harridance sat across from Tami, leaving Rod to sit at the head of the table.

“Lord, thank you for this meal,” Rod began as the three adults joined hands (and Harridance and Tami took Ella’s foot, causing her to giggle). “We are grateful for your bounty and for the presence of a good friend. Keep us safe, especially Joe and the rest of our troops who serve in harm’s way. Amen.”

The other two adults joined in the “Amen” and began passing the plates of food. Tami was very aware of her bare breasts prominently displayed just above her plate and she felt Harridance and Rod gazing at them occasionally. She didn’t blame them. After all, what man would not look at bare breasts if they had the chance? Still, she felt her nudity in normal situations like this, situations where she should have been wearing a nice top or blouse or sweater. Instead, she had only her boobs and nipples.

Tami realized that she was only barely hearing the conversation. Apparently, the Boston Red Sox were playing a big weekend series with the Yankees. Tami, though she liked sports, had not had time to pay attention. Between taking care of a house and a new baby, she could barely sit down and read the paper or check email let alone watch baseball. Still, it was good to hear the men talk, making her feel like she used to when she was a little girl at home. Then everything was perfect. Her parents took care of her every need and she was never naked in public. She wore what all little girls wore: frilly dresses, pants and tops, sweaters and skirts, stockings and socks, sneakers and Mary Janes, panties and undershirts and then bras.

That had been so long ago. She tried to remember what wearing clothes felt like. It had been so long, four long years. Some of it had been wonderful, like meeting terrific friends like Jen and Rebecca and, of course, falling in love with Rod. She had also found a hidden reserve of strength beyond anything she had thought possible. To deal with the constant humiliation of being naked, Tami had to resort to places within herself she never thought she had.

But much of it had been awful, including many of her early interactions with Dr. Harridance. It is a good indication of her character that nearly all of the people who had been involved in her torment (knowingly or unknowingly) were now part of her circle of friends. Tami was that kind of special girl. But, Dr. Harridance had unintentionally put Tami through a series of shaming experiments, bringing her to orgasm after orgasm, all brightly lit in front of many observers. Of course it was for science, as Dr. Harridance was testing the bounds of female sexual response. Tami and her supposed lack of modesty had been a perfect combination for Dr. Harridance and the research had broken all kinds of new ground in the area of female sexual study. But the experiments had been terrible to the poor girl who indeed had tremendous modesty. Each orgasm had struck her to the core and she never got used to them. Even today, four years later, her sexual libido was high, all because of those experiments.

But she held no grudge against Dr. Harridance. Unlike his colleague Nevada McMichael (his name made her shiver), Harridance never once treated Tami badly. If he had been given any indication of her unwillingness to participate, Tami was sure that he would have stopped. But he was fooled, like so many other good meaning people.

“Tami this is amazing,” Dr. Harridance said in his easy Indian accent. “Hats off to the cook.”

“Thank you,” she said, blushing. “I love to cook. This is heaven for me.”

The conversation changed to work. Rod talked about his engineering job and his latest project involving a bridge a few towns over. Tami loved seeing Rod’s face when he discussed work. His eyes lit up and his enthusiasm bubbled over. She felt a stirring in her sex, a reminder that they had not had sex yet today.

Rod was probably the luckiest husband on the planet. He had a wife who begged for sex, sometimes three or four times a day. Usually they did it every morning when he woke up, a way to jump start the day. Sometimes she would ask for seconds after he showered or at breakfast. Then, they sometimes did it when he arrived home (if Ella was sleeping) and always did it before bed. Tami was used to several orgasms a day. In fact, she needed it. Her nudity and the experiments from freshman year had turned into an insatiable wanton woman.

Harridance was talking about life at Campbell-Frank and Chalfont. Tami thought about her memories of college. Again much of it was wonderful but there were awful things that she wished she could forget. Since graduation, she had not set foot on campus and did not think she ever would. Going back there would wake up too many awful memories.

Tami noticed that the men were finished. “Ready for dessert yet or should we wait,” she asked, ever the meek hostess.

“Let’s wait,” Rod said. “Dr. Harridance and I will clean off the table and get the dishes while you feed Ella and put her to bed. Then we can sit and chat for a while.”

The naked girl eyed her husband, wondering what he was up to. Rod rarely helped with dishes. Not that she blamed him. She never asked. In fact, she rarely gave up any ground in the house, considering it her little fiefdom.

“Great, thanks Rod,” she said, standing up, aware that her bare vagina was now visible to the man sitting opposite of her. It was silly, she thought, especially after all that he had seen of her. During his experiments, she had been cuffed to a chair, spread eagle, while her vagina and anus were stuffed with dildos and her nipples were suctioned. She had so many orgasms in that chair, terrible anguished orgasms. Still, she hated him seeing that area, that blessed area that most girls kept private and only allowed the most privileged to see.

She picked up Ella, luxuriating in the feel of her soft dress against Tami’s bare breasts and belly and arms. How she envied Ella and her clothed life. She would make sure that her little girl never had to suffer like she did.

Tami moved up the stairs and into Ella’s room. There she changed the little girl into her one-piece pajamas and sang softly to her. The two Sykes girls exchanged smiles and then Tami held the girl in her arms and nursed her until the baby fell fast asleep.

“She has no idea why I’m here,” Harridance said, as he dried a dish that Rod handed him.

“None at all,” Rod replied. “We haven’t discussed it. To be honest, I’m terrified to bring it up.”

The men stood in silence, washing and drying the dishes. Both knew that Tami was a proud, Irish girl who would be mortified to think that people were talking about her and worrying about her mental capacity. She was a strong independent woman who would take care of her husband and family in wonderful ways.

“Well, hopefully, we can work this out,” Harridance said softly. “I feel terrible for what happened to her and what part I played. If I can help cure this, then my penance would be complete.”

Harridance could still see Tami’s nude body convulsing of his laboratory under those awful bright lights. Every crevice of her was on display during those experiments as the stimulators filled her lower holes. The wild look in her eyes was screaming for help and he had ignored it, getting distracted by the amazing results she was providing. He still struggled to forgive himself though Tami had, many times over.

The dishes were done and Rod said, “have a seat in the living room. I’ll go kiss Ella good night and bring Tami down.”

The men both exited the now quiet kitchen. Rod went left to head upstairs while Harridance went right, into the living room. Here was where Tami’s youthful touch showed the most. A deep lavender wrap around couch filled one corner, with an ottoman to match. The fabric was soft. Considering the fact that the person who bought it was always naked, that had been a requirement.

The walls were painted several colors. Two were gold, where the morning sun entered the room at sunrise. The other two were sky blue with wisps of white along the top, an homage to Tami’s time in the wild between freshman and sophomore years. She had never forgotten how much she felt like one with the universe then. Now, even inside, she wanted to feel nature.

There was also an old armchair that did not match the rest of the room. It was leather and maroon, a bit stiff. Harridance still smiled a bit and choked up when he remembered his old mentor, Herr Remmler, who had died in that chair. Tami, in her kindness and sentimentality, had kept it in tribute to the man who once lived here and had given his house to her out of his respect for her.

He heard soft singing from upstairs and was glad to witness Tami and Rod in such domestic tranquility. He wondered if the plan he had devised to help Tami was not the right line of attack. It might upset all of this and not do anything to change her naked plight but he could think of nothing else.

Harridance took a seat in the armchair as he heard the footsteps of Rod coming down the steps. Right behind him was his naked wife, her bare feet barely making a sound on the wooden stairs as she glided down. In just a few seconds, the three adults were sitting in the living room. Harridance and Rod took deep breaths. Now came the hard part.

**Tami Clothes Experiment, Part 3**

“So, what’s going on here that you need to talk to me about,” Tami said bluntly but in a sweet way. Typical Tami, Harridance thought, she knows we are up to something.

The man could not help but admire the nude form in front of him. Tami was the very picture of femininity. Her skin was smooth and her tan was effortless. Her face was beautiful, with green eyes, a pert little nose, full lips and her whole face surrounded by her red hair. Her freckles, dimmed after years in the sun, were still visible on her cheeks, shoulders and chest. Her breasts were magnificent, with no hint of sag despite her not wearing a bra for more than four years. They were round and perky with long, thin nipples that had thickened after breastfeeding. Her belly was concave and she narrowed at her sides before flaring a bit at the hips. He could see her bare pubic region with two mounds just below, each gaping a bit to reveal the pinkness inside. As always, Tamis clit was clear and present just poking through the hood that covered it.

Tami’s long legs were thin and shapely, from the gap between her legs to her toned thighs, cute kneecaps and then shapely calves. Even her feet were pretty with her toes painted a pastel pink. Her feet had spread after having not worn shoes for so long and there were gaps between her toes that looked natural but were unusual. Most women’s feet are stuffed into heels and other shoes that do not allow the toes to move but Tami hadn’t worn heels or boots or slides or sneaks or even flip flops for more than four years. Her feet had been battered by the cold, hard surfaces that she tread, exposed to the harsh Vermont winters and the hot ground in summer. For all of the humiliations that her nudity had forced her to endure, just being barefoot may have been the part that she hated the most.

Rod spoke first. “Babe, I’m worried about you,” he said quietly. “Your recent behavior is not like you.”

“Rod, I told you, there are people after me,” she said, her strong face melting in embarrassment. “Why don’t you believe me?”

Rod looked down, unable to face his wife. “I followed you Tami and so did others,” he said. “There was no one there when you ran away. You were imaging things.”

Tami’s face changed from shame to anger. “You followed me? You and who else? Maybe that’s what I noticed and that’s why I ran? Ever think of that?”

“It has only been the last few weeks,” Rod said. “It was after you had several instances of running away in fear. I wanted to be sure that no one was stalking you.”

The naked girl’s face was scrunched in fury. “Screw you Rodney. I don’t need this nonsense. I’m going to bed.” She rose quickly, beginning to stomp off before Harridance spoke.

“Tami, I have a plan to get you back in clothes,” he said. Tami stopped in an instant. It had been so long since she had even contemplated it.

“What?”

“I have a plan,” the doctor said again. “I don’t know if it will work but I think it might. It’s the only thought I had.”

Tami turned back and sat down, not noticing that her knees were spread and the men in front of her had an unobstructed view of her sex. “Clothes? I can’t believe it. How?”

“Well, it won’t be easy.”

Tami sat on the couch, her butt reveling in the soft material that was rubbing against it. She had bought this couch believing that she would always be naked. Now Harridance was suggesting that there was a possibility that she could wear clothes again.

The first plan had been three years ago. Then, Terri and Rebecca had arrived at that police station and confronted her with her journal, in which she detailed her inner thoughts about how she hated being naked, etc. They had supplied her with pants, a shirt, bra and panties, even socks and shoes. She had put them on and for a few shining moments she had been clothed. She had talked to them without her boobs and sex being front and center, on constant display. But then came the awful feeling of choking, the heat and the lack of ability to breathe. Terri and Rebecca had to rip the clothes off of her to help her regain her consciousness. It had been awful.

Though she had tried to slowly put clothes on, a flip-flop here, a thong there, it never worked. She had to withdraw whatever garment she put near her body as if it were a hot coal against her skin.

Last year, some of her friends had attempted another experiment, putting her in extreme weather conditions and, thinking that her survival instincts would kick in, but they hadn’t. In some ways, her “allergy” had gotten worse.

Thankfully, since then she was able to have eyebrows and hair like other girls. Her allergy had gotten to the point where she had to shave off all hair but in the past year she had been able to grow it back thanks to medications that prevented her body from recognizing the hair as foreign objects on her. All except her pubic hair. That area had to remain bare or she would feel the ever present choking. She was meticulous about shaving it every day to ensure that no stubble grew. She hated having to do it, wishing that she could grow her pubic hair back and give her poor vagina at least that covering but it was not to be. She remembered back in freshman year when her pubic hair had meant so much to her before that awful Nevada McMichaels had shaved it off and forced her to keep it bare. That day, walking on campus, was one of her worst as she had to hear whispers of surprise at her bare mound. In some ways, it was like walking naked for the first time on campus.

After the extreme weather experiments, she had lost all hope of ever wearing clothes. She assumed that she would always be naked. In some ways, it was okay, knowing it meant she could maybe deal with it. For a while, it had been fine but then she got pregnant with Ella.

She had never been so happy to miss a period. She and Rod had discussed it and she had come off the pill but she had heard that it could take months even years before her cycle was back to normal. Somehow, in her first month off the pill, she had gotten pregnant.

But, that had awakened something deep inside her psyche. As her stomach grew, so did her isolation. She feared going out, at first because she didn’t want everyone to see her bulging belly. Of course, in typical Tami fashion, she hadn’t gained much weight at all, nearly all the weight she gained was baby, but to a girl always on display, even this little bit of weight gain was unsightly.

Then, she became afraid of going out. A naked pregnant girl would draw attention and be mocked. Could she defend herself and her poor defenseless baby? She made fewer and fewer appearances out of the house, only going out for visits to the ob and when she had to (grocery shopping, family events, etc.).

The doctor was very accommodating, understanding the delicate issues of an always naked patient. She had written a birthing plan so everyone involved (her partners, the nurses and others) would clearly know about Tami’s situation and treat her appropriately. Of course very woman has to deal with the indignity of having her legs spread and her vagina on display for everyone in the room. Tami had long experience with it, all of it bad, and memories flocked to her. She had sobbed as she delivered Ella, out of happiness for having a daughter and at the awful memories that scene evoked.

Then the wonderfulness of being a mom and having a beautiful little girl had overwhelmed her. She knew that she would do anything to protect Ella and be the best mom that any girl could have. She had no idea how she would handle the eventual questions about her nudity. At some point, Ella would wonder why she wore clothes and Daddy wore clothes and all of the men and women and boys and girls on TV and in books wore clothes but not Mommy. But that was for later, not when Ella was just a baby and belonged to her and not the world.

She assumed that she would be the nude mom in the carpool line, at Back to School nights, at Parent-Teacher conferences, on the sidelines at soccer games and cheerleading. A part of her cringed thinking about it but she knew that she would be there for Ella no matter what, even if she had to endure the stares and snickers of the other parents. She wondered if Ella would be ashamed of her and ask her not to come to those things, to have Rod there alone. That would break Tami’s heart.

Now Harridance was sitting in her living room, giving her hope. Was it false hope like all the others? Please God, let this work, she prayed.

**Tami Clothes Experiment, Part 4**

The Campbell-Frank campus was just starting to come to life. The morning cool was still in the air; despite it being just early October, there had been frost last night and the grass was still covered with a thin sheen of ice. In a few minutes, the frost would disappear but the air was still nippy.

Anyone waking early to go for a run would have been surprised to see a naked girl obviously laboring as she walked down the main path. That naked girl walked in a herky jerky motion. Her feet were spread grotesquely apart with a bar in between. From that bar, another bar angled up towards the area between her legs. Up close it was clear that the bar had a dildo attached to it and that was nestled inside her sex, causing her to quiver. The dildo was controlled by a remote that a Chalfont student controlled. His job was to operate it at different intervals throughout the experiment.

Her breasts were bright red balls, with ropes tied around the base to make the breasts stand out. Because she was full of milk, her breasts ached terribly. On her chest hung two rods, looking to be made of bamboo, which crushed the nipples until they were flat. Her wrists were tied to a belt that hung around her waist so she could do nothing to relieve the strain on her boobs or undo the bar at her ankles. She had a gag in her mouth with saliva dripping out of it and onto her tender breasts.

Standing next to her, bundled up in a winter coat, was a student from Chalfont who carried a sign. “I am Tami Smithers, CFC Class of 2008, and I am the campus nudist. I am walking today as part of a scientific experiment. Please feel free to touch my breasts or look more closely at the dildo inside me.”

Tami had been walking this path for about 15 minutes with another 15 minutes to go for this session. She had not thought she could go through with it when Harridance explained the plan to her.

“Tami, I want you to undergo many of the same shameful experiments that you did freshman year but without the benefit of a loving, caring support team with you,” he said. “I propose that you go back to Campbell-Frank, pretend you are the nudist who has no modesty, and get your mind back to those awful days.”

“Why,” she said, her face covered in anguish. She did not know if she could suffer the same humiliations from freshman year all over again but the need for clothing nearly outweighing it. “And what if it doesn’t work? Then I’m just humiliating myself for nothing.”

“Babe, I can’t imagine having to go through these things that Dr. Harridance is suggesting and I would never be strong enough to deal with it,” Rod said. “But I know you and I know you are strong enough to withstand anything. If it doesn’t work, then you just come home and we live life the same way we’ve been living it for the past few years.”

Tami thought it over. She was torn between the safety and sanctity of the life she had created in her house and the terror that rose in her throat every time she had to leave the house. She did not want to raise Ella in that terror or limit herself in any way.

“Fine, I’ll do it,” she said. “What’s the plan?”

The first “experiment” was scheduled today. The dildo was connected to an anal probe that would record the orgasms that she achieved in that time. Harridance wanted to test the female endurance. It was important to Tami that the experiments be real. She had to believe that she was doing something that was helping science or she would not go through with it.

No one on campus, short of the new dean and Congi, would know that she was anything but a nudist who did not believe in modesty. They would treat her like any other scientific subject.

Some students would know her but it had been two years since her graduation so many would not. The humiliation of being exposed to this new group of students was almost more than she could bear. And this experiment was terrible shaming.

She would undergo this one all day, in several increments. First, she would walk the path for 30 minutes and have the amount of her orgasms recorded. Then she would stand in place for 30 minutes and the same process would be recorded. Then she would lay down on the hard concrete wall for 30 minutes and her orgasms recorded. Between each session, she would be undone and allowed 15 minutes break. After the third session, one complete round, she would be given an hour for lunch. The only concession to the fact that she was a nursing mother was she would be given 15 minutes to express her milk, which would be kept in a cooler and brought to Ella at the end of the day.

That had been the toughest part of agreeing to this plan. Dr. Harridance had asked her for 10 days on campus, completely away from Rod, Ella and her home. She had balked but Harridance’s reasons had been sound. She had to feel completely alone and isolated, just as she was during the terrible first year. If she had a house and loving people to run to, this would not work.

Tonight, Tami would move into a lounge in Pilgrim Hall, not far from her old room. Of course, she would be on constant display as the lounge would still be in use. She would have no blankets, sheets or pillows. She was allowed to move in several wash cloth towels, a hair brush, a razor, shaving cream, shampoo, conditioner and soap. Not even makeup was allowed because it would “cover” her.

Tami kept walking. She knew that hardly anyone was up now but that her “experiment” would soon draw many observers. She wondered if she could go along with it.

As she turned, Tami noticed that three girls, all in jogging outfits, stopped and stared, their mouths open in shock. They read the sign and giggled.

“Oh my God, Tami Smithers? I had heard about you but you had graduated. How awesome!” She walked over to Tami and pressed her index finger into the girl’s taut boob, causing a groan of pain. “WOW. That must kill. You are too much.”

The other girls touched her boobs too, amazing at the stretched skin. Tami hated them because they looked so cute in their tight running pants (one wore cute shorts) and jackets that zipped over t-shirts that hugged their curves. And they wore sneakers on their feet, blessed cover on this cold day.

They hung around until Tami’s body tensed and she quaked as her third orgasm of the day hit. All three stood stunned and then laughed at her. Tami felt three inches tall.

The girls dispersed but Tami was sure they would be back, with friends. The time was up and Jenkins, the Chalfont student, began the task of undoing her bindings. Harridance had figured that she could not stand a full day bound as she had been so he called for 30 minute increments.

Tami stood there as the man first undid the leather straps that had been looped around her boobs and then the bamboos on her nipples. She cried out in pain as blood flowed back into those areas, a pain worse then what had been inflicted the first time they had been put on. Then Jenkins slowly withdrew the anal probe, wiping it clean with sterilized sheets, and then unscrewed the vaginal dildo. To do this, he had to spin it, causing Tami to cry out in her fourth orgasm of the day. Jenkins smiled shyly. “sorry.”

Finally, he undid the ankle spreader and the wrist belt and the girl was free of her bindings.  Lastly, he released the ball gag and Tami gulped a bottle of water greedily. She sat on the bench Indian style and tried to pretend she was anywhere but here. After a short rest, just 15 minutes, Jenkins began the process of outfitting her again, causing her to moan at his touch. It took 20 minutes to refit everything on her and the next stage began. Tami stood there as Jenkins masterfully played her body to three more orgasms. After the 30 minutes were up, she was again undone. This time, the unscrewing did not lead to an orgasm, though the woman gasped as he undid it.

Again Tami sat down on a bench. This time, two girls came up to her.

“You are Tami Smithers? The nudist right? My sister knew you. She says she put her finger in this girl’s ass while she came. Is that true?”

Tami looked up in shock. This was Lorinda’s sister. Her nemesis’ sister was a student at Cambell-Frank and was witnessing this horror. Would things ever change?

“Yes, that’s true,” Tami said shyly, her face beet red. “It was a demonstration for women who had trouble achieving orgasm.”

The two young girls looked at Tami in awe. “My name’s Kiely and I am very glad to meet you,” the girl said. “This is Donna. I can’t wait to tell Lorinda that I met you. She talked about you alot.”

I bet, thought Tami, who shook their extended hands as the girls walked away excitedly. Kiely seemed nicer than her sister, she thought, but of course she didn’t know many people meaner than her.

Time was up and she was refit. This time, she laid on the concrete bench, the anal probe stuffed further into her. Laying there, she experienced five orgasms, crying out as a crowd gathered to watch over their lunch hour. “Oh God,” she cried out, “please no more…”

Tami stood in line, tray in hand, as she waited to place her order in the CF cafeteria. It had been years since she had eaten here. The dining hall had been the scene of so many of her best and worst moments during her naked sentence. There had been the wonderful meals surrounded by her friends and there had been the awful public orgasms while making eye contact with Ross. She shivered just thinking about it.

The naked girl felt the cold tile under her bare feet as she waited in the salad line. Though the fries and chicken fingers and cheeseburgers were available and waiting for anyone interested, the healthy options had a long wait. A girl always on display had to watch what she ate so it was the salad line for Tami. She noticed that many of the students were standing back, taking her full nudity in. She wondered what was left to see after her display out front. Many students had stayed and watched her cum over and over.

She got her salad, added a diet soda, and walked towards a table at the back of the cafeteria. It was a favorite of hers, one relatively hidden from the regular traffic. Unfortunately, it is visible from the outside because of a large window but still, for an always naked girl, it was the best she could hope for.

No sooner had she sat down then a group of four students, three men and a woman, approached.

"You're Tami Smithers, right," said a man, obviously gay. He set his tray down on Tami's table and leaned in. "Campbell-Frank's nudist, right?"

Tami nodded.

"We are friends of Jeffrey Dillon, we're photo majors too," he said. "Mind if we join you?"

The nude girl didn't know what to say. Though she really didn't want company, she also thought that having a table full of people might be helpful. So, she shook her head and the four students sat. She noticed that the girl jostled the others so she could sit next to Tami. She looked at Tami with a face that Tami had seen before on her roommate Jen. This girl was obviously a lesbian.

"I'm Jordan and this is Timmy and Jake," he said pointing to the other men. "And that is Ally."

"I have three of your photos hanging in my apartment," Ally said, sliding her hand onto Tami's bare leg. The nude girl flinched but made no other movement except with her eyes which darted around the room before landing on Ally.

"Don't worry about me, I'm not embarrassed about this," she said, moving between Tami's legs and rubbing the girl's slit. Tami froze but let out a soft moan at the intimate touch. After all of the unwanted orgasms, she still yearned for the personal touch and her sex watered instantly.

"Ally are you diddling her," Jordan asked. He and the other two boys moved their head under the table and laughed. "Yep, you are too much."

Ally kept rubbing and then slid one finger then another inside. Tami moaned and closed her eyes. She did not believe that she was about to experience a public orgasm at the hand of a girl she had just met.

Tami's body shuddered, causing the table to move. That got the attention of nearby tables who murmured. Tami heard them whisper but tried to block it out, concentrating only on the wonderful fingers rubbing her. Finally, she came, moaning out despite not wanting to draw any attention. Shortly the whole dining hall was watching as she spasmed into a wonderful, but humiliating orgasm.

Applause filled the room as she finally settled back in her chair. Ally removed her fingers and licked them. Tami felt a bit repulsed but the others at the table laughed and joined in the cheers. Finally, everyone turned their attention back to their lunch.

**Tami Clothes Experiment, Part 5**

Ally leaned in and said softly, “thank you for that honor Tami. I have always wanted to do that.”

Tami didn’t know what to say to the awkward girl. Instead she just smiled and said “you’re welcome,” which seemed like a strange thing to say to a girl who just fingered you to orgasm.

The nude girl’s face was still red as she sat there, trying to get her bearings back. She finally got back to the point where she could eat her salad without her hands shaking.

“So Tami, why are you back at Campbell-Frank,” Tim asked. “Getting a Master’s degree or something?”

Tami swallowed her mouthful of lettuce, which gave her time to rehearse her carefully planned answer. “I used to help the Chalfont institute with experiments and they asked if I could come back and help them. For someone like me, without any modesty, it was no problem.”

“I can’t believe you walk around butt naked all the time,” Jake said, obviously the only heterosexual in the group. “I wish more girls would be like that.”

Ally licked her lips. “Me too,” she said, laughing.

“Well, I don’t pretend that it’s not difficult sometimes,” Tami said. “But it is my religion and I try to live it as best I can.”

The conversation changed to Jeffrey, Tami’s lovable friend who used her as his model for his major college photography thesis. He had graduated before Tami was now a famous fashion photographer in New York City. His work recently graced the cover of Abercrombie’s catalog.

“I miss Jeffrey,” Tami said sadly. “He was a good friend.”

“Me too,” Jordan said, looking lustfully out in space. Apparently Ally was not the only person with a crush.

The group sat in quiet for a minute, which gave Ally another chance to put her left hand on Tami’s inner thigh. Tami took a deep breath, preparing herself to have her sex assaulted again, but the girl was content to just slide her hands along Tami’s bare thighs. The naked girl had to admit that it felt really good and she found herself sliding her leg over towards Ally so the girl had better access.

“Where are you staying on campus,” Timmy asked.

“Pilgrim Hall,” Tami said, her voice sounding a bit dreamy as she enjoyed the thigh massage she was receiving, “in one of the lounges.”

“I’m in Pilgrim Hall, maybe I can stop by,” Ally said, leering at the naked girl.

“Um, sure, that would be great,” Tami said, wondering whether she had found another Jen. She slid her leg away from Ally and stood. “Thank you for sitting with me at lunch, making me look like less of a loser.”

She was very aware of the stares of her table mates on her bare breasts, now eye level, and her pubic mound just peeking over the table top.

“Trust me Tami, you could never look like a loser,” Ally said. “You are a hero to so many of us.”

Tami blushed. She most certainly did not feel like a hero to anyone but smiled and thanked the girl. It was now back to the experiments.

**Tami Clothes Experiment, Part 6**

Finally, at 5 p.m., Tami was released from the experiments. She had lost track of the amount of orgasms she had experienced (it was well over 50) and was completely exhausted and humiliated. Everyone had seen her body convulsing. The walking had been the worst, trying to move as her body was racked by orgasms was horrible. She was surprised she had made it through.

Having to spread her legs to have the outfit put on and taken off was also very shameful. So many had watched the intimate movements and they had asked questions of her “assistant.” She had been joined by three different assistants, Chalfont students who conducted the experiments. Each had their own way of inserting the apparatus and attaching the restraints. Tami hated this exposure and desperately wanting clothes. She looked with longing at every girl who walked by. She saw them in their warm hoodies and sweatpants and jeans and boots and sneaks and sweaters and, probably, socks and bras and panties. She wanted to be like them, not this naked experiment. “Oh God, why can’t I wear clothes,” she prayed silently as another orgasm had washed over her.

She probably should have walked over to the dining hall for dinner but she was bone tired and decided to head to her “room” in Pilgrim Hall. Calling it a room is a gross overstatement. It was just a mattress with a table that contained her toiletries and a few little washcloths. Tami wasn’t sure she would be able to get used to using the washcloths again. She took full advantage of owning her own home and had grown accustomed to drying herself with a full bath towel. But, she had to remain true to form and during her “nudist” days she used washcloths.

She held her ID card in her hand. Her ankle pouch was in her room, waiting for her. She had been through several versions of the pouch in her days since graduation. Lately, she kept everything in a backpack type purse that allowed her the use of more things (things that every woman needs) but wasn’t covering her in any way. Still, here at Campbell Frank, it was thought she should go back to keeping her entire life in a little ankle pouch, reducing her to barely human status. Nothing would cover her nudity.

She slid the card into the door and it buzzed. This door was an upgrade from her old days in Pilgrim when a key was needed. Now, every swipe let the college know who was entering the building.

Tami followed the old familiar path through the brightly lit lobby and down the glassed in corridors that led to the stairs. She trudged up to the fourth floor and then to the floor lounge where she found her bed set up. A group of girls were perched on a nearby couch watching TMZ on Fox, the show where celebrities are caught in embarrassing moments. Tami could barely watch the show, feeling so bad for the girls when their panties or worse were showing up their skirts. She knew what it was like to have “private” parts shown to all and to be humiliated. A part of Tami wondered how these girls could be so careless though. If she were clothed, she would make sure that she always wore panties and got into those cars with her knees together. Of course, she would never wear the short skirts that these girls did. Tami would be buying clothes at the same places the nuns did from her old church school.

All four girls stared at her as they walked in. One giggled.

“Look, it’s the nudist, girls,” the bigger girl in the middle said loudly. She was obviously the leader of this group. “The one who was cumming in all of our faces today.”

Tami’s face blushed but she ignored the comments and went to her bed. She sat and started putting her ID and other things in her ankle pouch.

“Nuddie girl, why are you here,” the girl continued. “Get your kicks showing your hootch off to everyone?”

“I’m sorry I’ve upset you,” Tami said softly, not believing the anger being directed at her. “I am a nudist and I’m helping the Chalfont Institute with some experiments.”

“Yeah, yeah, doing it all for science,” the girl said. “You’re no different than the whores on this show. Just trying to get publicity by showing off your pussy and boobs. Congratulations Nudist Girl, everyone noticed you today.”

With that, the girl flicked off the TV and stormed out of the room, followed by two of the other girls. The fourth one stood looking at Tami, her face silently apologizing for the words of her friend.

“I’m Marcie, sorry about that,” she said to Tami. “I think Tina might be jealous of you.”

“Marcie, my room now,” a voice that obviously belonged to Tina bellowed.

“Got to go,” she said, making her way out of the lounge. “Nice to meet you.”

Tami exhaled for the first time since the verbal assault began. She hadn’t even realized that she had stopped breathing during the encounter. A single tear ran down her cheek as her humiliation seeped through. She hadn’t felt like this since those awful days freshman year.

**Tami Clothes Experiment, Part 7**

Her breasts ached and she felt full. Normally she nursed Ella three or four times a day. She had to express her milk. Grabbing the breast pump, she attached the cups to her nipples and began the process of letting her milk flow into the bottles. She started to cry at the embarrassment of pumping her milk here in the dorm lounge with the chance that anyone could walk in and see her in this intimate moment. Plus she missed Rod and Ella.

Just then the door opened. It was Ally.

“Whoa Tami, what’s this, another experiment,” the girl asked, her eyes wide in fascination as she examined the nude girl’s nipples being suctioned with the milk flowing into the tubes.

“Um, no,” Tami said shyly. “I have a little girl and if I don’t do this my boobs hurt so much.”

Tami realized the position she was in and cringed but did not dare move. She was sitting on the edge of the mattress, her feet flat on the floor, shoulder width apart. She knew that Ally had an unobstructed view of her pussy and one look at the girl’s eyes verified that.

“Tami, I hope you don’t mind but…” The girl dropped to her knees in front of Tami and, before the nude girl could move, was positioned between her thighs. Tami gasped in surprise and then moaned in pleasure.

“Oh God, Oh God, Oh God,” she cried out in terror and pleasure. She did not want this, desperately wanted to be left alone but, as a nudist, she could not object. Both of her hands were occupied with the breast pump so she could not force Ally away but tried to close her thighs. This only caused Ally to hold on for dear life, her tongue moving frantically.

Tami felt Ally’s soft sweater rub against her bare thighs and then lower the girl’s rough jeans against her bare calves and feet. Just the sensation of being so close to female clothes (a rare occasion in her life) caused her to quiver.

Ally’s method was much different then Jen’s. While Jen used her tongue as a weapon, poking here and there and everywhere, Ally flattened hers up and down the length of the Tami’s slit, beginning at the bottom, near the anus and moving up to the clit and then back down. It was slow and oh so wonderful. Tami could not help but moan.

But this was not fun for her. She hated the public orgasms. At least she had the excuse of science earlier outside the dining hall but this was so intimate and made her look like a lesbian whore. She knew that an orgasm was the end result of this encounter; she hoped that it would happen soon, before anyone came into the lounge.

Ally’s long, languid licks were having their desired effect on Tami and her body started to quiver. The combination of Ally between her legs and the suctioning on her nipples was just right and she began moving towards the cliff. Just then, the lounge door opened.

Tami’ head, which had lowered as the orgasm approached, flew up to see what had walked in. Her stomach lurched as she saw Tina standing in the doorway, her face registering the shock as she came upon this lesbian scene.

“Christ, you are really a slut aren’t you,” she said. “I have to go and tell everyone.”

“Noo,” Tami moaned but the girl was gone. There was no way to derail this train, she thought. A few years back, seeing Tami getting licked to orgasm was a common sight on campus but most of the students here now were unaccustomed to it.

“OHHH,” Tami screamed out in pleasure as her orgasm built a bit more. She attempted to raise her hips off the mattress but Ally had her locked down. Tami felt great anguish as she tried to get off as quickly as possible before Tina arrived with more people. It was shaming being brought to orgasm by this total stranger in the dorm lounge but to have it happen in front of a leering crowd was even worse to the girl who still felt shame despite years of assaults on it.

Tami pushed her pelvis into Ally’s face, trying to help the girl bring her off faster. Ally, sensing that an orgasm was imminent, began concentrating on the girl’s erect clit. Tami stiffened as this new pleasure registered in her.

“OH MY GODDDDD, AAAH,” she cried out. Orgasm was so close she could almost taste it. Just then, the door swung open and several students, led by Tina, stormed into the room.

**Tami Clothes Experiment, Part 8**

“Holy shit,” one of the guys cried out in surprise as he saw the scene in front of him. That got Ally’s attention and she stopped her ministrations on Tami’s sex and looked up. The group saw her face coated in Tami’s juices and smirked.

“Hi guys,” Ally said with a smile. “What’s up?”

“Ally, you are too much,” one of the girls said laughing. “Should have known it’d be you doing this.”

Ally’s eyes twinkled as she gave a smile and turned her back to Tami. It had been coitus interruptus for the naked girl who had been so close to cumming. Now she had backed off a bit and Ally had to begin her assault anew. Tami moaned out in shame and pleasure as several of the students gathered around.

The only sound in the room was the buzz of the breast pump and the moaning of the nude girl who writhed on the bed, a prisoner in this bizarre scene. Ally was good and quickly had Tami on the cusp again. Just then, more people streamed in.

“Hey, what are you guys do--, oh my God!” It was Marcie and some other girls and they were stunned. Again Ally stopped and looked up.

“I’m licking Tami off,” she said shyly. “It’s been a dream of mine since I heard about her.”

“Oh man, I heard this stuff used to go on all the time,” one of the girls with Marcie said. “I can’t believe I’m seeing it.”

Ally got back to work, again having to work to get Tami going again. The group was growing and talked amongst themselves. Some of the conversation was about Tami but the girl heard a few other conversations about classes and what was going on that night. Tami felt so dirty being used so intimately while girls just a few feet away were idly chatting. She did not have that luxury any more. How she wanted clothes!

“OH GOD,” she screamed out in a voice that was very un-Tami like. That stopped all conversations as all eyes focused on the two girls engaged in their Sapphic love. Tami eyes opened wide as the force of her full orgasm hit her. She hadn’t cum like this in years, since those awful days in college when her nudity was forced upon her. She had not felt this depth of shame and humiliation since then either.

“OH OH OH HOHHHHHHHHH,” she screamed, bucking her hips up and down off the mattress. Ally hung on for dear life as Tami’s orgasm rose and crested. Finally, after several contractions and strangled cries of shame and pleasure, Tami’s body went limp and she collapsed to the mattress, a wet, soggy, shamed mess. She began to sob in shock and humiliation. She thought she was done but Ally’s tongue kept going.

“NO, please NO,” she shouted, trying to push the girl away but Ally kept at it and shortly Tami was on the road to orgasm again. The crowd, which had quieted during the orgasm, began talking again, laughing nervously at the scene in front of them and gossiping about other things. Some drifted off to the hall (all girls of course; the guys weren’t going anywhere) and others chatted while keeping their eyes on Tami.

“OHHHHHH GOD,” she screamed as her second orgasms crested. The crowd began cheering as Ally kept going and going.

Tami collapsed, the suction cups still attached to her nipples. Ally had finally finished, after torturing Tami with six orgasms, more than Jen had managed at that awful orgasm demonstration during freshman year. Ally lovingly embraced Tami around the waist as the lounge emptied. Tina smiled sadistically, showing Tami her camera phone.

“This is great video,” she said with a smile. “This is going online now. Bye dear.”

Tami groaned in shame. She hated being naked and desperately wanted clothes. The feel of Ally hugging her, her sweater so soft and warm, was almost too much to bear.

“You are a miracle Tami, an absolute miracle,” Ally said with a reverent smile. “I was honored to do that for you.”

The naked girl smiled weakly and summoned the energy to undo the cups and put the milk into the cooler under her bed. “Thank you Ally,” she said. “You are a nice girl. I appreciate your love for me but I don’t think we should do this again. People might be uncomfortable by it.”

“Hell with them,” the pretty girl said, getting to her feet. Using one of the Tami’s few wash cloths, she wiped her face free of Tami’s juices. “What we did was beautiful. I’m not embarrassed by it and I know you’re not. What’s the harm?”

“Well, it’s a public lounge Ally,” Tami said, trying to talk sense to this lovely but naïve girl. “Some other kids might not--.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Ally said, walking towards the lounge door. “They’ll get used to it. See you soon.”

Tami watched her leave and felt empty. This was awful and brought her back to her days as a freshman when everyone seemed out to get the naked girl. She yearned for those days to end and yet she had willingly chose to come back. She prayed that Dr. Harridance’s theory worked.

Exahusted, Tami laid down and fell asleep, despite the lack of pillow, blanket or even a sheet. She curled up in the fetal position, her back and butt facing the wall. This was the most covered position she could think of; anyone walking in would know that a naked girl was asleep on the mattress but would not be able to see anything but her legs and side. For her, this was covered.

She drifted off into a fitful, nightmare racked sleep.