**Tami Move-In Day**

by katie

**Tami Move-In Day (Part 1)**

The photo hit her like a wallop…sitting in the back seat, wedged up against the door to make way for all of her brother’s stuff, Tami Smithers was reminded of how different things were today. The photo, a Facebook memory, was from two years ago, when she moved into Campbell-Frank College. The smile was genuine, the face was innocent and, most strikingly, she wasn’t naked! This photo was taken just days before her stupid streaking incident had relegated here to a lifetime of complete and utter nudity.

She was a last minute addition to the trip, added after an invitation from Joe. Last week, he had texted her asking for help packing. She made the trip back to Rhode Island from her college and helped him get ready. As they packed, he asked her to go with them on the three hour trip to campus. She couldn’t say no.

Tami had been surprised that he wanted her along. After all, her appearance would draw so much attention. Looking down at her bare skin, she wondered why he wanted her there. In actuality, they hadn’t always been close…they had very different interests: he was into gaming and music, she was a gymnast/cheerleader who tinkered with cars a bit; he wore clothes, she didn’t (HA). But in the days since she was trapped into her nudity, he had been a good friend and ally and they had grown closer; not friends exactly but they cared for one another. That was good.

She wasn’t looking forward to this trip in the slightest…it was bad enough to expose herself at her own college campus and in her hometown. Now, a whole new group would be gawking at the naked girl, and she could spend all day having to explain why she was nude, etc. She sighed. At least she was among friends here in the car.

Normally, she had to be careful about covering up, which could be seen as a sign of modesty, a definite no-no in her world. That meant keeping her arms at her side (no crossing to cover her boobs), knees spread (no crossing like other girls or even keeping her legs together, God forbid everyone not be able to see her vagina peeking out between her legs for crying out loud!). But here, in the car, she was safe and could sit comfortably, legs crossed at the knee, right over left so her bare foot was braced against the car door to her left.

Though Joe had his eyes closed and appeared to be napping, she saw his leg bouncing up and down nervously. She reached over and clasped his hand that was on the armrest and smiled supportively when he opened his eyes and looked over at her. He smiled back and closed his eyes again but she was glad to see that his leg was no longer bouncing.

Tami sighed and surveyed her by now well-known body. The seat belt sliced between her breasts, the fabric going between her cleavage and down beneath her right boob. Her nipples were erect, as usual. The belt at her waist went just above her pubic region, totally devoid of hair. She had hated being rid of her pubic hair, another covering removed. Her legs were long and shapely, the envy of many girls on campus. Her toes were painted pink and looked pretty but the soles of her feet were harder than any girl would like. After so long walking barefoot, they had developed a protective layer.

She pulled her feet up so they were on the edge of the seat, her knees up against her chest. Though comfortable and it covered her boobs, it had the unfortunate consequence of framing her pussy so it was fully on display. At one point, just as she rubbed an itch away on her labia (Tami knew that scratching it would hurt), her mother turned and gasped before turning back around. Tami, so used to people’s condemnation at her nudity, noticed it but didn’t acknowledge, though her face turned bright red. Another action, probably unnoticed if she had been wearing clothes, was embarrassing when naked. She reset her position, crossing her legs again, to provide more covering.

Despite herself, she pulled her phone out and went to look at that facebook photo, knowing she was just torturing herself. Unlike now, she wasn’t naked. In fact, this photo should probably be put into a history book somewhere as perhaps the final photo ever taken of Tami in clothes. Still, though it seemed like a feather that was floating further and further away, she never gave up her dream to someday wear clothes again.

Using her fingers, Tami enlarged the photo to get a better look. On top she saw that she was wearing one of her favorite t-shirts, pink with green lettering from a fundraiser in high school featuring her school’s logo and cheerleading. That shirt had been so soft and comfy and was definitely in her go to file. Blowing up the photo bigger, she saw one of her bra straps briefly showing. This was her wide sports bra, she knew. Another favorite. Worn well, it felt so comfortable. It did the job of holding her boobs up while not digging into her shoulders and back. It was so comfortable and also did a really good job of showing her breasts off as well through her shirt.

In an un-Tami fashion, she had her sleeves rolled up so her entire arms were on view. She remembered how hot it was in her dorm room that day and she had rolled the sleeves up to her shoulders for some relief.

Going down, she saw that she was wearing jean shorts that were short, but not as short as many other girls wore. They came to mid-thigh, with fraying at the hem. She couldn’t make it out but she was probably wearing boy short cotton panties, her favorites. Going down her long legs (my she was showing a lot of leg that day!), she had ankle socks and sneakers on her feet. She looked ruefully down at her bare feet, missing the comfort and covering that socks and sneakers provided. When she finally wore clothes again, she would never wear flip flops or sandals…only sturdy shoes that covered her poor toes!

After spending way too long obsessing over herself in clothes, Tami looked at the background of the photo. The sight of a closet filled with her clothes was like a knife through her stomach. She could remember the pretty blouses, skirts, dresses, sweaters, pants and shoes that had filled her closet. She had brought two sets of clothes—pretty shorts and skirts and dresses with sandals and flip flops for the warmer days and then pants, sweaters, hoodies, warm fuzzy socks and boots for the cold days. As she found out very quickly, there were many, many, many cold days at Campbell-Frank.

She gasped when she saw her bed…the pretty purple comforter looked so clean on the neatly made mattress. The pillow cases and sheets had been a lighter shade of purple and were so soft and comfortable. That comforter had been warm at night, at least for the short time she had used it. Once Wanda and her minions got a hold of her room, she was denied even those creature comforts. They had determined that she could conceivably use her pillows and blankets and towels to cover herself, in complete violation of her stated religious nudity and had confiscated it all.

Tami sighed, remembering those awful days too well. Looking at this photo was taking a toll on her so she shut off her phone and closed her eyes.

“Mom, where did you put all of my shoes,” Tami asked, holding a pair of tan sandals in her hands.

“They are hanging in your closet Tami like we discussed,” Martha Smithers said patiently.

Today was Move-In Day for Campbell-Frank College freshmen. Tami and her parents had accepted the help of the men’s hockey team (some seriously good looking guys on that team, Tami noticed) to move it all in and now they stood there in the room emptying boxes and suitcases. Tami had lucked out and gotten a single room, though there was room for another girl. The roommate she had been assigned decided at the last minute to enroll someplace else so it was just Tami for at least a little while.

Right now, it looked like a huge department store was restocking its shelves. Tami had packed three different groups of clothing: one for the warmer weather now (shorts, tanks, skirts, light dressed, sandals, flip flops, etc.), one for when it got colder (jeans, sweaters, hoodies, fuzzy socks, boots, parka, etc.) and finally one for dressier occasions (heels, dress, jacket and blouses). There were so many clothes that John Smithers had hurumphed and walked out of the room to let the ladies do their work. He took a walk to the quad to get some fresh air after spending several minutes moving her bed and desk to her desired locations.

The two Smithers women worked quietly, each anxious. Martha was sad to be leaving her daughter so far from home. The fact that she had never known anyone to go to Campbell-Frank College made it even worse. She had worried when Tami said she wanted to apply but had been so excited when the girl received a full-tuition scholarship. Now, though, worry creeped back in for the woman, who was seeing her first child leave home.

She stopped for a moment and looked at her daughter. That she was beautiful was clearly evident, Martha thought. She was built like her grandmom, tall and thin. Martha noticed that her normally conservative dressed daughter was showing more skin than usual. She looked at the girl’s long, toned legs. Normally Tami wore capris or pants that showed little to no leg skin. Today she was wearing shorts that came to mid-thigh. Though hardly indecent, it was a bit out of Tami’s comfort zone.

Up top, Martha smiled when she saw Tami’s favorite t-shirt from her high school cheerleading team. No sooner would she wash that shirt than it would appear in the dirty pile. Tami had to wear it once or twice a week. It was definitely her favorite. On a day like today, it was probably of good comfort to the girl. Martha wondered how often she would wear that shirt on campus.

Usually Tami had long sleeves on…she hated people seeing her skin. She was so skittish about showing off her body in any way that it was a huge deal for her to have bare legs and bare arms. Part of it was the fact that it was hot and they were working in a tight, cramped space but maybe, Martha thought, her little girl was trying to break out of her shell.

Tami was nervous for other reasons. Though independent, she was scared of being on her own and leaving her family. Still, some of the nervousness was tinged with excitement. She had always been so shy and quiet…maybe this was the time to really make an impression.

“Tami, let me take your picture,” her mom said, getting her cell phone out. Tami tolerantly smiled as her mother fumbled with the phone before taking the photo. “I’ll send it to you so you can post on Facebook for me. You know I can never figure out how to do that.”

Tami grabbed her phone and appraised the photo that her mom sent her. All in all, she was okay with it. She was a bit sweaty, her hair was up in a messy ponytail and her clothes weren’t great but she looked pretty good. Doing as her mother requested, Tami posted it on Facebook before adding it to her Instagram account with the words “MOVE IN DAY!!!”

Finally the clothes were away, her bed was made and closet organized. They met her dad and the three of them attended the final Orientation events. At the last joint parent-student event, the dean said, “ok parents, time to say your farewells to your student so we can get their college education underway. First-year students, please be back here in 45 minutes.” The three Smithers started getting emotional but in their typical New England way none of them were vocal about it. After a quick meal in the Dining Hall, Tami walked her parents back to their car and said goodbye, hugging them tight. “Be good,” her father said softly. “We love you.”

Tami blinked back tears as she watched them drive away but got distracted when a fellow freshman walked by and the two of them made their way to the auditorium for the remaining events. In no time, she was laughing with the other students and her sadness at saying goodbye to her parents was replaced by excitement about her future with these kids and at this school. Her future was looking so bright.

After two sessions, she was walking back to her dorm room with a group of students, male and female. One of the boys, who was also in her dorm, asked if she was going to the Orientation Dance mixer that night. She blushed at the attention from the cute boy and said, “yes.” “Cool, let’s meet in the lobby and go together.”

She nearly floated up the steps to her room, excited about this new boy. She had a bit of time for a shower. Looking around, nervous about her new surroundings, Tami took her top and bra off and quickly threw on her bathrobe, in case anyone was looking in her window from across the quad. She then kicked off her shoes and socks and slid her shorts and panties off and secured the robe around her tightly to retain her modesty. She would be horrified if someone out there had seen her naked! She slid her feet into shower shoes, grabbed her toiletries carrier and headed into the bathroom to take her first dorm shower.

The stall was actually roomy and the water was nice and hot (how she liked it!). She had stepped into the shower and closed the curtain before removing the robe and hanging it on the hook near her towel. She shaved her legs and underarms, just in case (though she had been careful to shave that morning) before washing her hair. Finally she was done and dried off and threw the robe back on, feeling very vulnerable naked, even in the privacy of the shower stall.

Back in her room, Tami finished drying off. She knew exactly what she wanted to wear. Though she and her mom had shopped for clothes (and bedding, towels, etc.) weeks ago, she had gone herself to a more risqué store than she normally shopped. Tami reached into her drawer and grabbed the two items: a rainbow tube top that was maybe three inches wide and a white flared miniskirt that was so short she had first assumed it had to be a skort, but it was not. She loved how it looked on her when she tried it on at the store and couldn’t help buy it.

Pulling the robe aside, she pulled a pair of white boyshort panties on (no way was she flirty enough to go without!). Quickly she shrugged the robe off and slid the tube top over her head and on (no bra of course), barely covering her boobs. She then stepped into the skirt and pulled it up her legs before sliding her feet into a pair of white sandals.

Looking at the mirror, she gasped. She was barely dressed, she thought. From the tips of her fingers to the tops of her breasts and from just below her crotch to her toes, her bare skin was fully on display. She was shaking as she worked on her hair and put some makeup on, not believing she was doing something so out of character. Looking at her phone, she saw that it was nearly time to meet the boy. Giving herself one last look in the mirror, she took a deep breath and opened the door.

Tami hadn’t gotten one step outside when she felt a draft over her body and shivered. “No,” she thought, “I can’t go out like this. I might as well be naked.” She closed the door and quickly changed out of that outfit and into her normal clothes: a long sleeve tee, capris, socks and sneaks. She also added a bra to be safe. Looking at herself, she sighed and thought, “maybe another time I will be brave enough to try wearing that outfit.” Grabbing her wallet, phone and keys, she headed out to meet the gang, comfortable but a bit disappointed in herself.

**Tami Move-In Day (Part 2)**

The line up the campus drive was long and the Smithers Family was waiting for the cars in front of them to unload their cars and head on their way to move Joe into his dorm. They were like the half dozen cars in front of them in all ways but one – they were the only ones with a naked woman sitting in the back seat!

The naked woman was their daughter/sister Tami. A streaking dare in her first week of college had relegated her to a lifetime of nakedness. She had declared herself a religious nudist to avoid expulsion and was still living with her lie, two years later.

Today she is joining her family as they move her brother Joe into school. She desperately did not want to go and show her naked body to a new group of people but felt that she could not turn her brother down. So here she was, naked in the backseat of her mom’s minivan, about to expose herself to a new group of people. Sigh, another humiliation in two years full of them.

Soon they were the next car in line. Tami took a deep breath as she saw two guys approach the car. The inevitable happened: their eyes got big, they blinked in disbelief and then hit each other to make sure they weren’t crazy and that there really was a topless girl in the car. She had seen it 100s of times on campus and at home and, really, anywhere she went. If they were happy just seeing her boobs, imagine their joy when they shortly get the chance to feast their eyes on her entire naked body.

“You ok with this,” Joe asked, breaking her out of her focused thoughts. He could tell that she was nervous and he saw the interactions of the men watching.

“Sure Joe, I’m glad to be here you help you move in,” she said. “You sure you’re ok with me being here?”

“I invited you didn’t I,” he said, causing her to relax. If Joe was okay with all of his schoolmates seeing his naked sister than why should she worry? She would never see these people again and it’s not like they were the first to see her naked anyway. After all, she had been naked and barefoot for two years, two very long and humiliating years. But, even though thousands of people had seen her bare body over that time, she still hated being naked.

Finally it was their turn. The parents opened their doors as a large group of helped swarmed the car. Tami’s slid open the minivan door and braced herself for the inevitable shock.

“Holy crap,” one of the girls said when they saw her bare body come into view. Tami ignored the gawking and stares and the comments as she got out of the car. Unthinking, she leaned over to grab a box, giving everyone behind an eyeful.

“That’s ok, we’ll get it,” one of the guys in the bright yellow shirts (OLs it said, short for Orientation Leader she knew) said as she took the box from her. Inevitably, his hand brushed her breasts and he got a bright red. “Sorry about that,” he said, genuinely seeming to mean it. She smiled and said, “no worries.”

She followed her family through the crowd, feeling their eyes boring into her. Tami thought that she should be well used to it as Tami-watching was a varsity sport back on campus but her modesty was indestructible. She pasted a pained smile on her face and kept moving as the crowd said hello to her brother and then stared at her.

It was an eternity standing there at the table as Joe registered and got his room key. The ground beneath her bare feet was hot from the sun but after the winters she had experienced she never complained about the heat. Several other students were “helping” the Smithers family; it seemed to her as if every student volunteer was now gathering in the area around their table, making the most of their time with the naked girl.

“Miss, can I ask what is going on here,” said a woman who had approached her from behind. She was wearing a white blouse, black pants, black heels with a set of pearls around her neck. Tami guessed that she was in her 40s and seemed important, toting a clipboard and an ID around her neck. “What kind of game are you playing? This is not acceptable.”

“Um, I-,” she stammered, wanting desperately to cover up.

“This is my sister, Tami,” Joe said, spinning around and getting between the woman and his naked sibling. “She’s a religious nudist, from Campbell-Frank College. She’s my guest.”

Tami felt proud that he defended her but also a bit ashamed that he needed to. Where was that power and confidence she used to sometimes portray.

“You’re Tami Smithers,” the woman asked incredulously. “I have heard so much about you. I have good friends at Campbell Frank. Wow…Tami Smithers, in the flesh, pun intended.” She put her hand out to shake Tami’s hand. The naked girl, shaken at the knowledge that someone so far away knew of her and had announced her name and school to the entire community, weakly said “nice to meet you.”

She was grateful that Joe seemed to get his key and she followed him and her parents into the dorm and up four flights of stairs. They were shocked to find that many of the boxes had already been delivered. Tami was happy that Joe’s roommate was not there, giving her a chance to work without displaying herself to new people.

After helping hang up some her brother’s nicer clothes, Mrs. Smithers asked Tami to help with the bedding. This felt especially cruel since she was not allowed any covering on her bed but she went along anyway. She shook out the sheet and was leaning over to tuck in a corner when the door open and she heard “whoa.” She turned and mortified to see a young man standing there, staring open mouthed at her. She could only imagine the view he got when he walked in.

“Hey, I’m Joe,” her brother said, again trying hard to make an awkward moment less awkward. “That’s my sister Tami. She’s a nudist.”

The two roommates started chatting as his parents entered the room. Having not heard Joe’s explanation, they were shocked to see a naked girl in their son’s room. Kevin, Joe’s roommate, explained but they still seemed upset by her presence. Mrs. Smithers came over and introduced herself and the atmosphere in the room seemed to calm a bit.

Tami stood there, not sure what to do now, decided to continue making the bed. She felt the eyes upon her, especially from Kevin who could not stop starting at her as she worked. She acutely felt his stares (and those of his parents) on her bare butt (and her pussy peeking through) as she bent over to ensure the edges were securely on the bed. She desperately tried to ignore them as she then put the top sheet on the bed, folding it gently. Tami then grabbed Joe’s pillows and shook them into the cases, causing her boobs to flop up and down, before setting them on the bed. She moaned a bit as she opened the comforter and held it briefly against her bare body before placing it on the bed and straightening it out.

Once finished, the silence was awkward. Clearly Kevin was staring at his roommate’s sister and his parents weren’t much more discrete. Even Martha noticed and she was sometimes oblivious to the uproar her daughter’s nudity caused.

“Um, Tami, can you help me organize my desk,” Joe said, finally breaking the ice. Tami was grateful to her brother for rescuing her again, and moved towards the area between the two beds. Even though it brought her closer to the gawkers (nearly touching), she felt less on display. She took a seat on the floor, sitting crosslegged, and began to unpack the box of desk supplies.

“Oh my, it’s nearly 11,” Kevin’s mother said. “It’s time for the Orientation schedule to begin. We don’t want to miss it.” She and her husband gathered their things. Kevin turned to Joe and invited him to join them.

“Yeah, that’s cool,” Joe said and his mom agreed. They both looked at Tami. Clearly they did not think she should join them and that was fine with her.

“Joe, is it ok if I stay here and keep working,” she said. She saw her brother give a soft sigh of relief and nod. “Sure Tam, that’s great. Thank you.” They said their farewells to her and left her blessedly alone in the room, with the door closed. Tami shivered at the memory of the clear gawking; she was nothing more than an object to be ogled by the boy, though she figured she might be the first nude girl he had ever seen. She was never in danger, she realized, but she felt violated nevertheless. No, this was just another of the indignities suffered by the unintentional nudist.

She worked for an hour or so, organizing the desk drawers neatly and then arranging the books on the shelf. She was grateful to be alone and fondly remembered her first days of college, before her streaking stunt, back when she wore clothes. Looking back, there were signs that Wanda had plans for her but the naïve girl she was had no idea.

Tami was tired all of a sudden. She texted Joe and learned they would be gone another hour and a half or so. Did she dare take a nap? Looking at the soft bed, she decided that yes she did dare! Still, the bed looked so nice and clean, she hated to ruin it. Instead she grabbed a towel from the pile in Joe’s closet and spread it out over the bed before climbing on.

The naked girl curled up, grateful for a pillow under her head (a luxury she was not allowed in her dorm room), and pulled her knees up towards here, desperate for some covering. In no time at all, she was asleep.

A knock at the door startled Tami who was preparing her bookbag for the next day, her first as a college student.

Today had been a tiring day for the introverted girl. She had met dozens of new people and had to engage. Tami, though popular, was shy and hated being the center of attention. Today she had to pull from a well of strength to interact with all of these new schoolmates. She was hoping for a quiet night and heading to bed early.

“Hello,” came a voice entering through the open doorway. “You must be Tami. I am Wanda Percerval, your RA. Nice to meet you.”

Being the polite woman that she was, Tami stood and instantly felt Wanda devour her with her eyes. Tami was wearing black yoga pants, a long-sleeve white tshirt that fell below her crotch, and socks. She felt acutely aware of Wanda’s leer and was uncomfortable.

“Um, hi, yes, I am Tami. Nice to meet you.”

“You are a lucky girl to have a single,” Wanda said, looking around the room. “Hm, you need to be careful to keep the blinds drawn when you are changing. They can see right in here, I think.”

Tami was very aware. As a shy person who never liked to show her body off, she had taken to changing in the corner near her closet, away from the window.

“HMM, you look like an athlete Tami,” Wanda said, turning her attention back to the nervous freshman. “Were you an athlete? You have an athlete’s body.”

Tami again felt Wanda’s eyes all over her and had to keep herself from covering herself. “Yes, I was a gymnast in high school and a cheerleader,” she said. “I am planning on joining the gymnastics team here if I can.”

“Yes, that’s a good idea,” Wanda said, turning and rubbing her fingers over Tami’s comforter and moving towards her closet. “You should get involved.”

She opened the closet door and gasped. “My, look at all of the clothes you have here Tami,” Wanda said. “You are a real clothes horse.” Tami felt very exposed and vulnerable here, though she was not sure why. It seemed like Wanda was looking for something.

“Well, it was very nice to meet you Tami,” Wanda said. “We are having a hall meeting tonight. It’s mandatory so please be there. You can meet the other girls and I will go over the rules and all.” She then turned and her face was inches from Tami’s, their bodies nearly touching. “I’m going to enjoy watching you and getting to know you better.”

She waited several seconds before turning and walking out of the room. Tami exhaled, possibly for the first time in minutes. That was weird, she thought.

**Tami Move-In Day (Part 3)**

BUZZZZZ, BUZZZZZ, BUZZZZZZ.

The napping girl startled awake. She grabbed at her phone that was next to her and saw her brother’s name on the screen.

“Hello,” she said sleepily, trying not to sound asleep.

“Tam, hey, our session just finished and we are grabbing lunch,” he said. “Want to meet us or should we bring something back?”

Oh God, she thought. She desperately wanted to avoid lunch with a big crowd in the college dining hall.

“Um, Joe, what do you want me to do?”

“Whatever is cool Tami,” he said. “I’m fine here with Mom Dad and Kev’s family if you want to hang there.” She breathed a sigh of relief as he hung up. Tami rested her head on the mattress and sighed. Again, her nudity was limiting her life. Instead of being with her family, she was hiding away in an empty dorm room.

Tami is a nudist against her will. Back in her first days of college, two years ago, a streaking stunt went horribly wrong. Her clothes were stolen and she was caught by campus security and only her lie of being a religious nudist saved her from expulsion. Despite these many months of exposure, Tami never lost her desire to be clothed again and had to fight to keep that desire a secret, even from her best friends. Only her parents and Joe knew the real truth.

Tami sighed and laid her back on the pillow. Here was another moment where her nudity hindered her life. Instead of enjoying the day with her brother and family, she was “hiding” out in an empty dorm room. This nudist was turning out to be a life sentence with no chance of parole.

Shaking the cobwebs a little, she took inventory of her situation. Of course she was nude; that was a given. She was on her back, laying on a towel. Though she had fallen asleep in the fetal position, now her right leg was straight towards the corner of the bed, against the wall, and her left was bent with her bare foot slid under her knee. Anyone walking in would have had an unhindered view of her spread sex and boobs. Sigh, she thought, why was she always naked and possibly on display? And, if she had to be naked, why couldn’t she get used to it? Sadly, she had an unshakable modesty that she could not let go of.

She thought more about it and realized that last thought wasn’t true. Her modesty had certainly been broken/destroyed many, many times. She was naked all of the time, forced to spread her legs and butt cheeks for dozens of people to ogle her. She was naked on a cross-country trip, she had been brought to public orgasm against her will hundreds (thousands?!?) of times, she has allowed her roommates and other girls to lick her repeatedly, even in public places. No, the old Tami who dressed conservatively and was chaste and pure was certainly gone. What hadn’t left was the shame she felt over it all.

Tami curled up on her side again, her knees pressing against her bare chest, her feet blocking her bare ass, and closed her eyes, desperate for some escape.

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The common room on their floor was filled with girls, Tami right in the middle, relishing the company of these other women. She was happy about being in a single but a bit disappointed. Though she liked her privacy, she had heard about how close some girls get to their roommates (forever friends) so she had made sure to make friends with others in her hall and had made some quick friendships.

Tami was still wearing black yoga pants, a long-sleeve white tshirt and socks, though she had added sneakers to her feet, hating to walk just in socks or (gasp!) barefoot. She munched on a slice of pizza provided by the Residence Life Office, a cup of orange soda (her favorite) perched between her knees.

The door opened and Wanda swept in, “settle down girls, time to listen to Wanda,” she said theatrically. The crowd, which had been loud and happy, got quiet quickly.

“Well, I am your RA,” Wanda said dramatically. “I am not your mommy, your therapist, your tutor, your doctor, your nurse or your friend. Please do not expect me to take care of you. You are all in college now, and I will treat you as adults.”

She paused and then started again. “In Pilgrim Hall, there is no alcohol allowed, no smoking, no loud music, no drugs, no boys after 11, no sex AT ALL. And,” she said, obviously staring right at Tami now, “there is absolutely no streaking allowed at Campbell- Frank College. I know that some of you may be planning on joining into the fun on Wednesday night at 11 pm in the bushes near the science building. I must strongly tell you that this kind of behavior is discouraged here on campus.” WINK. “Your RA is here to ensure that each of you is aware of these rules. Are we clear?”

The girls murmured that they understood.

“Good,” she said. “Now, let’s meet each other.”

Each girl went around the room and told the other where they were from, major, etc. Finally it was Tami’s turn.

“Hi girls, I am Tami…Smithers, Tami Smithers. Um, I am from Rhode Island, small town. I’m a math major…uh, I have one younger brother. I, uh, was on the gymnastics team in high school and was a cheerleader for two years. Uh, yeah…that’s me.”

The girls clapped. Wanda interrupted. “You know, I was just in Tami’s room and she has to be careful,” the RA said. “You can see in her window from the courtyard but maybe young Tami is an exhibitionist. Perhaps she will be leading the charge on Wednesday night?” Wanda put an eyebrow up as if to say that Tami wanted everyone to see her naked body. Without thinking, she pulled her feet up on the chair so her knees folded up to block view of her boobs. She then wrapped her arms around her knees to add some security. Wanda continued leering, letting everyone focus on Tami and think about her naked, causing the girl to really squirm.

“OK, may go I next,” asked the girl sitting next to Tami. Wanda continued to stare at Tami but said, “yes, introduce yourself.”

The rest of the girls did their things but Wanda kept her attention on Tami, eyes consistently on the girl who was now wrapped in a ball. Finally, they were all finished and Wanda ended the get together, shouting, “don’t forget about Wednesday night girls…don’t disappoint me. Right Tami?”

The redhaired girl had no idea what Wanda was talking about but the other girls seemed to smirk as the RA left the room. A few swarmed towards where Tami sat.

“Are you seriously going to do it,” a girl, Myrna, asked. “I would love to but I don’t think I have the balls for it.”

“Dude, you have serious guts,” another girl, Clarice, said. “I may have misjudged you.”

Tami’s head was spinning. She had absolutely no interest in streaking. One of the reasons she quit cheerleading was she hated people looking at her body in the short cheer skirt and their tops that revealed more cleavage than she would have liked. Plus there was bare midriff that bothered her. She remembered doing stunts and knowing that people were looking right up between her spread legs and hoping to see her revealing more than she planned. She was so modest that she hated the idea of anyone imaging her bare pussy or seeing her boobs. Tami thought she would rather die than be seen naked by even a few girls while streaking.

Still, she liked being admired and these girls seemed impressed by her. She decided to play along.

“Well, I’m not sure,” she said, her voice not belying the nervousness she felt. “I have done it but I don’t want to get expelled.”

“Sure sounds like Wanda will take care of us if we do it,” Sarah said, a petite blonde who usually stayed on the outside of the group. Was this shy girl really thinking about streaking naked through campus?

“You would do it,” Tami asked.

She nodded. “It’s a rite of passage here at Campbell Frank,” she said. “My older sisters both went here and they both said they streaked campus in their first week. I’m just glad to have some girls to do it with.”

Tami sat there quietly, not believing that this was something that people do. How could any girl, especially someone as shy, and frankly mousey, as Sarah, really decide to run naked around school?

The group stayed a while and Tami relaxed but couldn’t shake the strange feeling. Though most of her hated the thought of being naked in front of everyone, there was a stirring down below that she couldn’t deny. Finally, they parted ways and she went into her room. She didn’t turn the light on but there was enough light from the plaza outside that her room wasn’t pitch dark. She sat on the empty bed, closest to the window, and looked out.

Across the way, she saw three girls sitting on a bed. One was obviously telling a funny story. On the floor below, there was a guy playing guitar. Next to his room, one guy was laying on his bed reading. She noticed that his roommate was getting changed and was just pulling on his shirt. She had just missed seeing him bare chested (and bare whatever!).

Not believing she was really doing it, Tami began to pull her shirt up over her head and sat there in just her bra, shaking. She was in the dark and probably not able to be seen but the thrill was there. Again, there was a tingling down below and it took every ounce of willpower to refrain from touching herself. After a few minutes like that, her nipples achingly hard, she slipped off her bra and gasped as her bare back made contact with the cold cinderblock wall and shivered. She could not believe how brazen she was being; topless in her room, right near the window. The lights were off but there was a very small chance that someone could see in.

Just then, she heard voices. Where there in her room or outside?

“Is she always like that?”

“Yep. You get used to it.”

“WOW…I can’t imagine.”

Tami opened her eyes and was not sure where she was. This was no longer the dark room in Pilgrim Hall. Instead she was in her brother’s dorm room. Looking up, she saw that her legs had spread and that Kevin, her brother’s roommate, had an unimpeded view of her spread pussy. From his bugged eyes, she thought he could probably see her exposed asshole.

Trying to act cool, like she didn’t care that she was on display, she slowly brought her knees together and sat up. “Hey guys, sorry I fell asleep,” she said, yawning, trying not to put her arms over her head but needing to stretch. Of course, as if on cue, both boys put their eyes right on her boobs, even Joe who was well used to seeing his naked sister. Tami figured that most men would not be able to help looking at a girl’s bare breasts.

Joe was sitting at his desk, looking over her work. He seemed pleased with her organization.

“I brought you lunch,” he said, grabbing a bag off the desk. She was starving and gratefully accepted the bag. Joe looked out of the corner of his eye and saw Kevin gawking at the naked girl.

“Um, why don’t we go and eat out in the common room,” he said. “That way Kevin gets some time to organize his part of the room without us bothering him.”

“It’s no bother,” Kevin stammered, not wanting to let the naked woman out of his sigh, but it was too late. Joe helped Tami to her feet and she followed along, enjoying the safety of being with her brother.

The two siblings sat and chatted while Tami ate her sandwich and chips, a normal scene except for their appearances. Joe wore a blue t-shirt with State written on it, grey shorts, socks and sneakers. Tami was naked, as usual. With Joe, she could “cover” up a bit. She sat crosslegged on the chair, her arms in front. Sitting like this, everything was “covered” or at least as covered as a naked girl could be.

“This place seems great Joe, at least what I’ve seen of it,” Tami said, munching on a chip, a luxury she rarely allowed herself in her naked life. She dreaded putting on any weight when it was so visible.

“You mean, the parking lot and dorm,” Joe said laughing. Tami laughed as well. He was right, she had mostly been hiding away in his room, not wanting to venture out onto campus and ruin it for her brother. “Tami, what are you going to do after graduation? You will have such a limited life.”

The naked girl sighed. This was a topic that had haunted her too. She really did limit herself, partly for safety (weather, crowds, etc.) but partly out of modesty. She hated being naked and hated being seen. She was stuck being naked now, in school, but she hoped that someday she might be able to wear clothes, once she was away from the crazy administrators at Campbell-Frank and out of her parents’ house.

“Who knows Joe,” she said. “Maybe I won’t always be naked.”

Joe smiled but didn’t look convinced. Just then, his phone buzzed. “It’s Sarah,” he said, indicating a call from his girlfriend. “Mind if I get it?” She shook her head and he smiled and answered the phone, moving out of the room for privacy.

Tami sighed, thinking it over again. Her nudity situation was entirely her fault. She had allowed herself to get carried away with the other girls that night streaking and Wanda had gotten her and gotten her good. Even the evil RA had never expected the terrible price that Tami would pay.

**Tami Move-In Day (Part 4)**

Tami awoke before her alarm…the excitement of her first day on her mind. She sniffed the air and noticed that the smell was strong…and it smelled like female secretions…in actuality, it smelled like her! She then noticed that her left hand was between her legs and her pajama pants and panties were mostly off, bunched around her ankles.

Oh God, she thought…what if I had a roommate?!? She kicked the pants off and balled them up in her hamper in the closet. She quickly removed her shirt and pulled a robe on to cover herself before going over to open the window and air the room out.

Finally, she took a deep breath and sat down. Last night, Tami had been more risqué that she ever had before. Sitting topless in front of that window, even in the dark, felt very daring. She had watched people in rooms across the courtyard…she naughtily thought that if she could see them then maybe they could see her. Of course they (probably?!?) couldn’t but just the thought that it was possible was incredibly a turn on for her. She was too shy to actually be naked in front of people but the thought was something she was excited about.

Apparently that thought gave her some interesting moments overnight. She vaguely remembered some sexy dreams but nothing specific. Seems like she must have been pleasuring herself…she wondered what sent her over the edge.

7:15

She didn’t have her first class until 9 but had always been an early riser and wanted to get a shower before anyone else. Grabbing her slippers, large shower towel and toiletries basket, she headed to the bathroom. While the water heated up, she grabbed her toothbrush and went to the sink. While she was busy doing that, she missed Wanda passing by and raising her eyebrows when she saw Tami there. Oblivious to her RA’s strange look, Tami finished brushing her teeth and headed into the shower, quickly removing her towel and sliding under the water quickly to minimize her exposure. While under the water, she began to sing softly as she shampooed her long red hair and the soaped up her body, especially between her legs which had gotten sticky from her nighttime maneuvers.

Finally, after about a five minute shower, Tami shut the water off and, using her hands, began to wring the water from her hair. She reached out of the curtain for her towel but wasn’t feeling anything. Sticking her head out she was shocked to see that her slippers, towel, robe and toiletries basket were gone.

Damn, she thought. Someone is playing a prank on her but who would be up this early and interested in joking around with her, especially on the first day of school. “Hello,” she said tentatively. “Funny joke whoever did this. May I please have my towel back? HELLO?” She didn’t want to speak too loudly and draw attention to her situation. She stood there, assessing her options and praying that the jokester would return her towel and robe. Finally, after a few minutes, she realized she had no choice but run to her room. She hoped her door was still open.

She took the first shaky steps out of the stall, her bare feet leaving tracks on the tile floor. She knew that she was also dripping water; with no towel, she had no way of drying her body. “Hello,” she said, whispering as loudly as she could. “Please don’t do this to me.”

Getting no answer, she hesitantly opened the bathroom door and peeked just her head out into the hallway. Seeing that the coast was clear, she ran to her room, left arm over her boobs and her right hand over her crotch. She was glad to see that her door was still open but screamed when she saw Wanda sitting on her bed, towel and robe in her hand. Wanda was wearing pristine white sneakers, short jean shorts, and a thin sweater that hugged her breasts. She looked sexy, especially when paired with her red lipstick and dark eye shadow. All Tami had was her naked body that she desperately tried to hide from view.

“Wanda, give me my towel,” she said, lifting one knee so that her crotch was even more covered.

“Not quite yet little one,” the RA said smugly. “Stand up straight, put your arms at your side and listen to me. Then, when I am finished, I will give you your towel.”

The girl wailed in protest but made no move towards her chest of drawers filled with clothes or to grab one of the other towels stacked on the shelf in her closet. Wanda raised an eyebrow; could this girl be the perfect submissive she had always hoped for to play with?

“Tami, this will end sooner if you just straighten up as you were told and listen.”

The naked girl, with cheeks flushed in shame, took a big sigh and stood up straight, feet flat on the floor and arms at her sides. Wanda let out a low whistle as the girl’s full beauty came into view.

Her beautiful hair and face were obvious from first meeting her. What was less apparent was her boobs which were spectacular…full, round, with pink areolas and nipples that were sticking straight out. Her stomach was flat and concave. Her waist was slim but her hips flared slightly. There was a bed of red trimmed hair between her legs with a plump vulva at her vaginal entrance. Despite the hair there, her pussy was visible in the gap between her legs, which were long and shapely and led to pretty bare feet with nails painted a pastel purple.

Before speaking, Wanda eyes devoured the nude girl, going up and down and then up again, stopping clearly when her eyes went to a “private” part, her boobs or her pussy. Then she smiled and made eye contact with Tami, basically saying, “I have you standing here naked and there is nothing you can do!”

“Wanda, please, I am getting cold here,” Tami whined.

Wanda smiled again and paused…she had been about to speak but didn’t want to give in to the girl’s request. She hoped that her camera was catching all of this. Finally, after a long minute (especially for the naked girl), she spoke.

“First, you are gorgeous, a true beauty,” Wanda said, again ogling the girl. “You should be this way more often. You are perfect naked, just perfect.”

She stopped again, dragging this out. Tami stood there, dying inside, mortified.

“And tonight, you will have a chance to be naked on campus.”

The nude shook her head. “No Wanda, I can’t,” she said.

“Tami, you can and you will,” Wanda said. “That is all there is to it. This is an order. Understand me?”

Tami wanted to say no, to deny this command. Somehow, she couldn’t though.

“Yes.”

“Yes What?”

“Yes maam?”

Wanda smiled. That wasn’t what she wanted but happily accepted it.

“No. Say, Yes I understand.”

“Yes. I understand.”

“Good. You will recruit no fewer than five girls to join you in your streak tonight. I would suggest they only wear the essentials: shirt, shorts, slide on shoes or flip flops. It will be easier to strip. We will meet in the woods by the dining hall. Got it?”

“Please Wanda, don’t make me do this.”

“Oh dear,” Wanda said, getting to her feet, towel in hand, “it’s already been decided. You will streak campus tonight and convince five other girls to join you.” She handed the towel to the nude girl who gratefully pulled it to her, covering her minimally while frantically working to wrap it around her without being seen even more.

After securing it around her body, Tami came towards Wanda so that her barely covered pussy was just inches away. Wanda inhaled.

“But how can I get five other girls to do this?”

“That is up to you, but I would be very persuasive, or else,” Wanda said, getting to her feet and grazing the barely clad girl’s shoulder. “You do not want to fail me. You do not want to let me down.”

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That was the last day that Tami wore clothing of any kind. Her first day of college classes and last day in clothes. During the day, she spoke to members of her hall who had seemed interested. Sarah was in, of course, happy to have someone to streak with to follow in her sisters’ bare footsteps. Clarice was hemming and hawing but finally seemed like she would do it. Myrna was tough but seemed to be leaning towards doing it. That meant two others had to be convinced, but who.

One came to her door. It was Erica, an attractive but short brunette who was a member of the softball team.

“Tami,” she said, poking her head in after knocking on the open door.

“Hi Erica.”

“So, um, I saw you. This morning,” the girl said shyly.

Tami was confused at first but then her face registered mortification.

“Oh God Er, I’m sorry about that, I--”

“No, stop, it’s okay,” the girl said. “I mean, Wanda seemed to be saying you were an exhibitionist or something last night but I didn’t believe her. I guess seeing you naked this morning walking down the hallway kind of proved it.”

Tami blushed. This girl had her totally wrong but she couldn’t admit it to her.

“I am a lesbian Tami, but I suppose you knew that,” Erica said, looking down, unable to stay in eye contact.

Tami, fairly naïve, hadn’t even considered that.

“That’s cool Erica, whatever works for you is fine by me,” she said, even though her strict Catholic upbringing kind of made her feel uncomfortable with gay people.

“I want to streak with you tonight,” the girl said in a burst, trying to get the words out before she had to take them back.

“Um, ok, cool,” Tami said.

“Do you mind if I’m there,” Erica said. “Would it be weird knowing that I like girls and all? I mean, would it be weird being naked around me.”

Kind of, Tami thought, but shook her head. She needed another girl and was working on being more open minded.

“Not at all Er, you are in!”

So that was her fourth. One more to go.

All day she had butterflies in her stomach. This was not the way she had expected her first day of school to do. She had imagined great adventures and interesting classes and meeting good friends and some cute boys. She had never thought she would be forced to go streaking and make it look like it was her idea. Her brain was working overdrive to come up with a fifth girl. Finally, one of Erica’s teammates, Arianna, agreed to do it and they had a group.

Tami still had to get through a third class of the day. It was her first math class. Walking in, she felt the eyes of every student who was seated there, all men. She took a seat in the back but then was feasted on by every new set of eyes, still all male. In the class of 18, she was the only woman and they gawked at her like she was an exhibit at the zoo.

The freshman looked down to gauge what it was they were seeing. She was wearing clothing that was anything but revealing. Her shirt was baggy and covered all cleavage. She wore jeans that were tight but not too tight. She had sneaks on so not even sandals for them to gawk at her feet. Sigh, she thought, she was going to have to get used to them watching her every move.

After class, she hurried back to her room, too nervous to stop at the Dining Hall to eat dinner. She tried to do some homework but the butterflies in her stomach kept distracting her. She thought about what to wear to streak (how crazy was that?!?). Wanda had said to keep the clothing to a minimum, which made sense. The fewer clothes to take off the faster it would all go. She wanted to get her clothes off, run like hell and then return to her clothes and never do this again. She prayed that no one would really see her naked (though she knew that Wanda and those other five girls would surely see her. Oh God, she thought, what had she gotten herself into?!?

The rest was now part of history. Tami and the other girls gathered to streak…they stripped behind the bushes and made a run for it. It had been incredibly exhilarating but when they returned her clothes were missing. She knew now that Wanda had stolen them. That led her to try desperately to get back to her room without being caught and then to the awful lie she had told to the campus police and now, two years later, she was still naked. Two long, humiliating years trodding naked, barefoot through all conditions, in front of thousands and thousands of eyes. All because of that one night that Tami would give anything to do over.