**Tami's 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 ours 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.

Tami's Experiment (Part 2)

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 stay 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.  
  
  
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.

Tami's Experiment (Part 3)

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 acutely 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 McMasters (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.

Tami's Experiment (Part 4)

“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.  
  
  
“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 your 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's Experiment (Part 5)

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 every 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 just 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's Experiment (Part 6)

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 outweighed 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 said. Then, turning to the other girl, she said, “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's Experiment (Part 7)

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. So many of them 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 after 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.

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's Experiment (Part 8)

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.  
  
“Nudie 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's Experiment (Part 9)

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.  
  
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.  
  
“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's Experiment (Part 10)

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.  
  
  
The arena was full. The crowd was rowdy with women in bikini tops flashing and guys with beers in their hands screaming. The cheer leaders on the floor were screaming out, imploring the crowd to make more noise. The scoreboard registered the action on the floor, as did the in arena screen that hung in huge dimensions above the board. And on that screen right now was the naked body of Tami Smithers as dildos knifed in and out of her lower holes. The crowd was screaming along with her, imploring her to cum again. The board now had her total at 17 but it was still in the first half. They hoped to get to 50 by the end of the event.  
  
The cheerleaders all had “TS” on their tops and the pep band sported the logo on their instruments. Souvenir pennants, posters and programs all held very large and unedited pictures of Tami in all of her glory. In fact, many were so graphic that medical students could utilize a few of the items for their ob/gyn rotations.   
  
The poor girl in the center of the action was sweating profusely as her body stiffened and another orgasm was recorded. The roar of the crowd echoed through the arena as the scoreboard moved to 18.  
  
“OH GODDDD,” she screamed out, though she was pretty hoarse. A student manager ran over and squeezed a stream of water into her mouth so she would stay hydrated.   
  
Tami was like a finely-tuned athlete, her body a work of art and science combined. There is no doubt of her beauty. Wonderfully full, round breasts sat atop her chest and skin that was flawless. Her legs were long and shapely, her belly was taut and concave, her face was something that artists would sculpt and her beautiful hair was red and long. There was nothing about her physically that was not kissed by the gods.  
  
But nature and science had also combined to help her to develop a sex drive like no other. After many long hours, days, weeks and even years, Tami’s orgasms were legendary, not only for their quantity but for the duration. Each orgasm was long and soul scraping. The girl’s body wrenched against the cuffs that held her in place, for safety reasons only. Her vocal exclamations were anguished and impressive. Porn actresses would do well by imitating her ministrations.  
  
However, there was nothing fake about Tami’s orgasms. Science had created many methods to measure something that had been immeasurable before. And Tami’s body had endured test after test to make the equipment reach its fullest potential. Now, the equipment was in top shape and Tami’s body’s every move was recorded.  
  
For a girl with such modesty, this was the pinnacle of depravity and degradation. She screamed out as another orgasm swept over her but her scream was not pure joy but one also of anguish and pain. Another orgasm, loud cheers from the crowd, cheerleaders screaming out her name…it was all a blur—suddenly a bright light in her face made her cry out---

Tami's Experiment (Part 11)

“What the hell,” she screamed as she sat bolt upright in bed. A light shined at her from atop a video camera.  
  
“She’s awake,” the girl operating the camera said as she flipped it off. It was Kiely, Lorinda’s sister.   
  
“What are you doing?”  
  
“I told Lorinda you were here but she didn’t believe me so I made a video for her,” the girl said sweetly. “I filmed you sleeping. Want to watch?”  
  
Kiely flipped the screen around so Tami could watch the video. Tami closed her legs instinctively but seeing Kiely’s eyes dart down at them, she opened them again before sliding forward, hating the fact that this girl could see her pussy.  
  
On the screen she saw Kiely, in the fashion of a teen horror film, turn the camera on herself. The little speaker spat out her words, “we are now about to enter the habitat of the naked creature, Tami Smithers. Be very careful or she might have an orgasm in your face.” The girl giggled, both on screen and off, as Tami sat red faced at the words. This girl was evil and immature like her sister.  
  
The camera pushed into the room. There, in a fetal position on the bed, was the nude form of Tami Smithers. Tami gasped…she was as covered as possible but nearly all of her was on display. She had never seen herself like this. She looked so small on the big bed; her petite body barely filled half of the single mattress.  
  
“Let’s first focus on the feet,” Kiely’s voice said through the speaker. “I heard they are as hard as soles of a shoe. Let’s check.”  
  
The girl moved the camera to Tami’s feet. The toes were spread out, even in this angle. Kiely had a pen cap and began poking at the bare soles. Tami sat there with her mouth open in surprise. How could she have slept through that?  
  
“See, no movement. It’s like poking through leather…sexy huh boys? Want a girl with leather soles, Tami’s your girl.”  
  
The camera scanned up the bare legs. “Look at how strong and powerful the naked girl’s legs are,” Kiely said. “She is obviously a runner. The calves and thighs are toned…the perfect specimen of legs in the animal kingdom.”  
  
The view moved up her legs to her bare ass. Tami was mortified to see her anus exposed and well lit from the camera. “There it is my friends, the Holy Grail, the anus of the great Tami Smithers,” Kiely said, sounding reverent. “This is quite an honor…though Tami has shown her anus to many people, it is still rare to see an asshole this exposed.”  
  
Tami drew in a sharp breath when the camera zoomed on the brownish pucker around the hole. “See how squeaky clean she keeps it? This is a lesson to all of you girls on the importance of keeping your asshole properly cleaned.”  
  
The camera stayed there for a terminally long time, or so Tami thought. It then moved down a bit to show where her pussy poked through.  
  
“My goodness, the passage of life so vividly on display for us,” Kiely said in her mock documentary. “Tami’s pussy lips peeking out at us from behind, a gorgeous sight to man and woman alike. Who does not marvel at the beauty of the naked female form.”  
  
The girl softly grabbed Tami’s knee and pulled the sleeping girl onto her back. While doing this, Tami’s legs spread and her sex was fully visible.  
  
“OHH, look at this. What a treat for you viewers, the full vagina of a young woman. Look at the soft lips, more brown than pink but still very feminine. And look at that clitoris. Holy cow, I’ve never seen one so pronounced. This girl must really get off.” Kiely could not resist moving from her “serious narrator” to her normal teenage girl voice.  
  
The camera panned up to Tami’s bare breasts.  
  
“Laying down, it is hard to make out the fullness of Tami’s boobs,” Kiely narrated. “Take my word for it, they are round, full and magnificent. But, look at these wonderful nipples.” The camera showed Kiely’s hand move into the frame and tweak both of Tami’s nipples, causing the girl to shiver just watching. The sleeping Tami showed no movement. Amazingly, on screen, Tami’s nipples got even longer; Tami had not believed it was possible.  
  
“Aren’t they beautiful,” Kiely asked, her voice registering more awe than before. “This girl, for one, wishes she had boobs like this.”  
  
Tami’s eyes darted to Kiely’s chest which was mostly flat beneath her tank top. Seeing Tami’s glance, Kiely turned away embarrassed, and shut the camera off.  
  
“Well, that’s the end…you wake up shortly after this,” Kiely said. “I’ll send it to Lore so she can see you were really here.”  
  
Tami wanted to scream at the girl, to call her a flat-chested bitch who wouldn’t get a second glance even if she walked through campus naked while ...ing a donkey. But Tami was supposed to be a nudist who didn’t mind being exposed to the world. Why would this filming bother her? Still, despite the years of exposure, she hated being naked and most assuredly did not want to be filmed nude. The permanence of it scared her. She still hoped that one day she would not be naked and did not want there to be a record of it.  
  
Of course there were many photos and videos after so many years of nudity. Graduation, wedding photos, photos of little Ella in the hospital with her bare mother. Still, she hated each image, like it was searing her nudity into all posterity. Video was even worse. She wondered where the footage would appear.  
  
“Well naked one, I am off to my room,” the young girl said. “I can’t wait to send this to Lorinda. She will be so psyched. Good night.”  
  
Tami closed her eyes as Kiely left the room. This was worse than before. Then she had the comfort of Rod and Jen and all of her friends. Now, she was all alone. She laid on the bed, feeling abandoned and desolate. She cried herself to sleep but it was fitful as she worried about other visitors.

Tami's Experiment (Part 12)

The rest of the week passed horribly for Tami. Every day she was the subject of sexual humiliations and public orgasms. Today had been the worst.  
  
She would dig a hole in the mulch along a path near the student commons. Once dug, she was given a drink mixture. In minutes, that mixture would cause her to feel stuffed and force her to pee and poop. Before she could release, she was forced to bring herself to the brink of orgasm and stop. Once on the brink, she could release by squatting over the hole she had dug and letting her excrement gather there. She then would place a flower in the fresh hole, cover it with more dirt and then urinate on the flower which now appeared.  
  
The whole thing was terribly humiliating and dirty. She was given a few wipes to clean herself after each defecation but she still felt terribly gross. The smell in the area was not pretty and people laughed as they walked by. This may have been the worst humiliation of all.  
  
She made her way to the residence hall to shower and try to forget the day. She desperately wanted to go home to Rod and Ella but knew this was her last chance to ever wear clothes. She prayed for the chance to wear anything, even just flimsy panties or pasties or a bra, anything. And flip flops for her feet. That was all she asked for, something to cover her nipples, vagina and feet. Is that too much a girl to ask?  
  
She entered the residence hall and, after stopping in the lounge to gather her bath supplies, made her way to the girls bathroom on the floor. There was a note that marked “Tami Smithers.” She opened the envelope and found a letter from the resident director telling her that this bathroom was off-limits to her but she could use the boys shower on the second floor. Tami cringed…she hated being naked all the time but at least the shower had been a place of refuge. This bathroom, while not up to her cleanliness standards, was certainly better than most. And to shower with boys around would be awful.  
  
Still, she had no choice. She needed to get clean so she trudged out into the main hallway and up the steps to the boys’ hall. It was decidedly different than the girls. Less frills, more dirt, Tami noticed. She entered the bathroom and was greeted by an awful smell, a mixture of excrement, bad cologne and body spray. Quite a difference from the smells in the girls’ bathroom downstairs, which was filled with body lotions and soaps that smelled like fruit.  
  
She made her way to a shower stall when she saw another envelope attached to a bare stall. “RESERVED FOR TAMI SMITHERS,” the sign read. She cringed when she realized that the curtain had been removed and this stall was right out in the open. She had hoped for a corner shower away from prying eyes.  
  
Tami felt tiny now, like she was barely human. She was being forced to shower in a very open area of a boys bathroom, open to anyone who might enter. Still, she knew she needed to shower, especially in light of that day’s experiments. Please God, get me through this, she prayed.   
  
She turned the water on, grateful for the warmth it provided. Maybe some steam would serve to shield her from the gawkers. It was sad that she even thought this way but it was all the naked girl had.  
  
As soon as she stepped into the shower, the bathroom door opened. She heard two men talking loudly but their conversation stopped when they saw the beautiful girl showering.  
  
“Holy crap, what are you doing,” the one asked, his eyes popping out of his head. Obviously he had not seen the show she had been putting on in the commons earlier that day.  
  
“Sorry guys, I was told I could use this shower,” she said softly, trying to pretend that it didn’t bother her. Actually, their eyes boring into her while she shampooed her hair were like lasers into her soul. If she did finally ever get to wear clothes again, she wondered if those scars would ever heal.  
  
After rinsing her hair and opening her eyes, Tami was not surprised to see the men still standing there. They were joined by another boy who had entered the bathroom. Soon word spread and there were five boys watching her condition her hair and then lather up her dirt streaked body with soap. She cringed when she saw nearly a dozen boys in the area outside her stall as she put shaving cream on her legs and then her underarms. Always being naked, Tami was neurotic about shaving.  
  
The most humiliating part was shaving her pubic region. She had loved the “cover” of the pubic hair but the Chalfont experiments had removed that during her freshman year. She had tried to grow it back but suffered violent reactions if she grew hair there. It was another humiliation in a lifetime full of them.  
  
She lathered up her pubes and began scraping to get the stubble. This drew everyone’s attention to her vagina and she was intensely aware of the stares as she pulled the skin this way and that way to ensure she got everything. Finally, shaking with shame, she felt confident she had gotten completely bare down there and let the water carry the last remnants of the cream away.   
  
Lastly, she had to ensure that her anus was clean. After repeatedly expelling excrement during the experiment, she was sure that she was dirty back there. She had used sanitary wipes at the time but just didn’t feel clean.  
  
Grabbing the bar of soap, she bent over and rubbed it up and down the cleft of her butt, paying special attention to her anus. This drew nervous comments and laughter from the men who were unsure what she was doing. However, Tami knew that her butthole was seen by more people than any girl she knew. Keeping it clean was a huge priority for her.  
  
Finally, she shut the water off and heard applause from the assembled men in the bathroom.  
  
She smiled politely and nodded, cringing internally, and dried herself with the few wash cloths she was allowed. Removing her regular towels and replacing them with wash clothes had been another degrading moment back during her freshman year and it was just as difficult now. At home she enjoyed large fluffy towels, though she could never wrap them around her without the choking feeling overwhelming her.  
  
She grabbed her shower bucket and wet wash cloth and exited the stall. Grabbing a toothbrush, she bent over the sink to brush her teeth. This gave the men another view of her vagina, now peeking at them from behind. They also could make out her wrinkled anus, now squeaky clean. Finally, she finished brushing, combed her wet hair and turned to leave. The men parted like a sea as she went, each taking the opportunity to ogle her closely. Tami closed her eyes and left the bathroom, another humiliation in her life complete.

Tami's Experiment (Part 13)

Night was just falling on Campbell-Frank College. The dorm was bustling with excitement as Friday night approached. Parties were getting underway and music was blaring from many different rooms.  
  
All alone, in a dark student lounge, laid a naked girl. She was unadorned with sheets or even a pillow for her head. The naked form looked so small on the bed, even a single mattress that had been thrown in the large lounge.  
  
The naked girl was Tami Smithers. Unlike most of the other students in the hall, she had no plans for the night. As someone who had no clothes, her choices for recreation were minimal. Plus, she was not really a student. Being almost five or six years older than some of the students, Tami felt more like their mothers than a friend. She wanted to counsel them, give them the benefit of her wisdom. Maybe she could help them avoid a fate like hers.  
  
Tami was a nudist but an unintentional one. Six years ago, as a freshman, she had been suckered into streaking across campus with other girls. Unfortunately for her, her sadistic RA had stolen her clothes, forcing Tami to make a mad dash to her dorm. She got caught by the campus police and told them she was a religious nudist. The lie had saved her from being expelled but had led to humiliations and degradations that she would never had believed. She wondered how different her life would have been if she had just admitted to streaking and gotten expelled.   
  
Tami laid in the fetal position, tears streaming down her cheeks as she watched the hubbub of campus. She felt so alone watching the groups of students make their way around campus. She saw the girls in their cute outfits, dressed to impress the boys and other girls. Little flirty skirts, tank tops that showed off their chests, tight jeans that hugged their bottoms, high heel shoes that made their legs look a mile long. These little things, so normal to most girls, were not allowed in her life and she was mourning them all.  
  
And she missed Ella. God, her heart ached so much without her little girl. In many ways, she was doing this for her. She didn’t want Ella to have to live life with a naked mother. Tami had been through so much…she could not stand for her daughter to feel one ounce of the pain she had suffered. And she could not bear to think that Ella might be embarrassed by her.  
  
She missed Rod too. Though she was naked, she always felt loved by Rod. When he was around, she didn’t need clothes or covers or towels. She loved being naked for him, with him, on him. If they could live alone for life, she would never have to be doing this awful experiment. But, unfortunately, real life wasn’t like that. She had to exist in a world separate from Rod. She had to wear clothes to be the wife and mother that she wanted to be.  
  
This had been the worst part of her college experience, this feeling of being alone in the world, that no one could know how awful she felt all the time. How terribly shaming everything was to her. How different she felt from the rest of the world. She had to pretend that nothing bothered her when, in all actuality, everything bothered her tremendously.  
  
Just then she heard the door creak open and quickly Tami dried her eyes with the back of her hand. She didn’t want anyone to know she had been crying.  
  
“Tami,” a voice whispered. It was Ally. Tami cringed. She did not want to be licked right now. She had enough of feeling like an object tonight.  
  
“You awake,” Ally whispered, creeping into the room. Tami knew she had no choice but to answer.  
  
“Yeah, I just took a nap,” she said softly, reluctantly straightening her legs and turning her nudity towards the girl who entered. She heard the girl gasp as Tami’s sex and boobs came into the sight. Since meeting earlier this week, the girl could not get enough of Tami’s body, filling the role that Jen had played years ago.  
  
“Um, well, I came to see if you wanted to join us for a movie and maybe a party,” Ally said, seemingly uncomfortable. Tami had the unique thought that the girl was asking her out on a date. If it weren’t so unreal it would be cute.  
  
“I don’t know Ally, I’m tired and it’s--,” she started.  
  
“Please Tami,” Ally said, begging. “You never get a chance to relax and have fun. All you do are those stupid experiments and sleep. Come on with us and have some fun.”  
  
Tami hesitated. She knew she should say no but hated sitting there alone, feeling sorry for herself. Maybe a movie was just the thing.  
  
“Well, maybe I’ll just go for the movie and then come back,” she said.  
  
“Awesome,” Ally said, rushing over to the bed and reaching out her hand to Tami. “A few of the guys are downstairs waiting.”  
  
Tami got to her feet and grabbed her ankle pouch. She could not figure out a way to demurely put it on and settled for the quick version of putting her foot on the bed and bending over to secure the clasp. Straightening up, she saw a look of lust on Ally’s face and smiled. Tami was always amazed at the effect her nudity had on people.  
  
It was then that Tami noticed Ally for the first time. The girl was prettier than she realized, especially tonight with make up on her face and her hair fixed up. Her angular face had freckles on the cheeks and nose. The pale skin matched her green eyes perfectly and her brown hair framed her face in a cute way.   
  
Ally was also dressed up tonight. Instead of the flannel shirt and grungy jeans that were her normal uniform, the girl wore a black miniskirt that revealed very shapely legs. Her top was snug and showed off ample breasts. The outline of her bra cups were obviously visible, as were her straps. Tami knew that when she got back into clothes, her bra would remain hidden as would her legs. Jeans, long skirts and sweaters would be the norm for her after all of the exposure. Still, on Ally, the look was a good one. Tami could not help but notice her sex watering.  
  
The two girls, one fully dressed and the other nude, walked out of the lounge and into the stairwell. Tami’s presence on campus, while widely known and discussed, was still a bit of an event and several people gawked as they passed. The stairwells in Pilgrim Hall always bothered Tami. The concrete was raised and uncomfortable on her bare feet, especially at the edges where a line was installed in each step to avoid people slipping off; the windows that ran from floor to ceiling made her visible to all who cared to look from outside on the quad and people passed by in close proximity, many taking a chance to brush against the naked girl.  
  
Once in the foyer, they were met by Jordan, Timmy and another boy and girl. Tami nodded hi to the two men she knew and shook hands with the new boy, Steve, and the girl, Megan.  
  
“Tami, it is so great to meet you,” Megan said with a sincere smile.  
  
“I like your top,” Tami said sincerely. Since being naked, she had become extremely aware of the clothing worn by others. Megan had a good fashion sense, wearing a blue top that showed off her perky breasts in an excellent way. The girl wore faded jeans that hugged her legs and butt fantastically and finished the whole look off with high heel sandals that displayed her legs perfectly. It was obvious that Steve had a major crush on Megan and Tami could see why.  
  
Still, Tami was so jealous of the girl’s clothing. She wanted to throw her to the ground and rip that pretty blouse off to wrap it around her nudity, to cover her poor boobs. And those jeans would be just what her poor pussy, ass and legs needed to shield them from all that the world threw at them. Tami struggled to remember what denim would feel like against her bare skin but couldn’t. It had been too long.   
  
The group of six made their way across campus. There were many people out and the sight of Tami nude, not as part of the awful experiments, caused many heads to turn. Ally was obviously proud to be seen with Naked Tami, her hero, and she took the nude girl’s hand in hers. Tami was a bit uncomfortable to be seen as a lesbian, but it was really nice to be loved. She had felt so lonely a few minutes ago; now she was enjoying being part of a group, something she had missed since graduating from college.  
  
As they walked, Steve said, “do we have to go see this movie?”  
  
“Anything with Jake Gyllenhaal is alright by me,” Jordan said dreamily. Timmy agreed, as did Megan. Tami had to admit that Jake Gyllenhaal did it for her too. Only Steve and Ally seemed disgusted…neither was interested in Jake’s sex appeal. But Steve would go for anything for Megan and Ally was just happy to be with Tami so they kept quiet.  
  
They arrived at the campus movie theatre in a few minutes. Tami had only been here once, several years ago as a freshman. Then she had seen “40 Year Old Virgin” with her friends. They had laughed then but the sexual acts in the movie had made her uncomfortable. Despite it all, she was still a conservative Catholic girl at heart.  
  
There was a short line when they arrived. The five friends chatted easily but Tami felt left out. She was older than these students and had little in common. She was a young mother of a baby, they were college students. She was naked, they wore clothes. She had been through so much. They had barely experienced anything in life. She remembered what it was like to be them. Before that streaking dare, she had been like them. Since then, though, she had been through things that they would never experience.  
  
Finally it was their turn. “Six students,” Ally said to the boy selling tickets.  
  
“What’s the deal with this,” he asked, pointing to Tami. “Sorority prank? Is she even a student?”  
  
“No, she’s a religious nudist and she is working on campus doing experiments,” Jordan said, sticking up for Tami. “She should be let in for the student rate too.”  
  
“Nudist huh? Well, there is no nudist price. She’ll have to pay the regular rate.”  
  
“She is a nudist,” Ally interrupted. “Quick, Tami, bend over and show them your butthole.”  
  
The group gasped as others standing nearby tittered.   
  
“What,” Tami asked sharply.  
  
“Well, sorry Tam, but would any girl not a nudist openly show a perfect stranger her butthole?”  
  
The other looked at her as if she were crazy. “It’s the best I could think of,” Ally said with a shrug.  
  
“OK, I’ll tell you what. I will let all six of you in if she does it,” the boy said.  
  
“Yeah Tami, you are saving us big time,” Megan said, sounding proud of the nude girl. “I need to save as much money as possible, even 10 bucks.”  
  
Tami was shaking, remembering an encounter with Wanda during her freshman year. Wanda had threatened her that Tami’s ID photo would be her butthole. “If you want to get into a campus movie, you’ll have to bend over and show your butthole,” she had laughed. Tami had shivered then to imagine such a thing. Now it was happening. Everything in her life was spiraling out of control.  
  
Finding a reserve of strength that she had never known she had until her days of nudity, Tami turned around so her ass was facing the ticket window and bent over. She then reached back and with quivering hands pulled her cheeks apart so that her butthole was easily seen by the boy behind the glass.  
  
“Oh my God,” the boy said, obviously getting aroused. Several other people from line moved around to take in the view. Tami’s head was covered by her hair so no one could see her crying.  
  
Finally, after what she felt was a reasonable time, she released her cheeks and stood up, wiping her eyes, pretending she was scratching her eyes.  
  
“Was that proof for you,” Ally asked. The boy laughed and nodded. “You guys are too much,” he said, handing them six tickets. Ally leaned over and kissed Tami on the lips in support and they walked into the movies.

Tami's Experiment (Part 14)

Tami could not believe what she had just did. It had been so long since she had willingly exposed herself in such an intimate way. It had become old hat during her freshman year but since then she rarely was called upon to display herself in such a way.  
  
The floor of the lobby was disgusting to naked girl, who felt the stickiness on her bare feet.  
  
“I’m buying you some popcorn,” Steve said to Tami, who smiled and thanked him. Steve and Megan went to the refreshment stand while the other four moved into the theater. The room was pretty full but they found six seats in the back corner. Jordan looked at Timmy with a sexy smile and Tami knew the two men would be making out at some point. She then noticed Ally looking at her the same way. Tami smiled back, not wanting to be rude but hoping that she would avoid a sexual encounter. She just wanted to feel normal for a while.  
  
The two men went into the row first, right against the wall, followed by Ally and then Tami. Everyone in the theater had turned to see the naked girl but now most of her body was covered by the seat in front of her. She figured that once Megan and Steve came back, she would be mostly hidden from view. Plus the darkness in the theater would be a wonderful blessing for the girl.  
  
Megan returned, handing Tami a coke while Steve gave her a small container of popcorn. The group sat and watched the previews and, for once, Tami forgot her nudity. Of course she noticed everything: her feet on the sticky floor, her bare ass cool on the smooth seat. Still, in a naked life, this was as covered as she would ever get.  
  
Once the movie started, she was engrossed in the film. She had to admit that Jake was really cute and, of course, she felt a tingle developing in her sex. Her libido was so supercharged that it didn’t take much to get her excited, even this PG version of a sex symbol could do it.  
  
Soon, she felt Ally’s hand on her bare knee. Tami nearly flinched but her training was too good. Instead she sat there still, hoping that the girl would not go further. Unfortunately, the hand soon moved up to Tami’s bare inner thigh. It reminded Tami of dates she had gone on in high school. Back then, she had been a virgin and she remembered the clumsy moves of the boys who had taken her to the movies. She had worn a skirt on one of the dates and she remembered a boy (Joel Hackenworth) moving his hand in this fashion. Back then though, she had the ability to push his hand away. The same thing had happened when Fred Reilly had put his arm around her and then proceeded to move his hand down until it rested on her sweater covered boob. A quick slap had ended that advance.  
  
But now, Tami was a prisoner, unable to stop the hand that slowly moved up her bare leg. Ally was gentle but persistent and shortly was sliding a finger into Tami’s slick sex.  
  
“AHH,” she moaned softly. Megan looked over and her eyes got big when she saw Ally’s hand but then she gave a thumbs up and pointed the encounter out to Steve who gasped but then smiled. Oblivious to it all were the men in the corner; they had been sucking face with one another since the theater got dark.  
  
“Can you spread your legs a little,” Ally whispered. Tami had no choice but to oblige and she moved her knees apart. This gave Ally more access and she slid another finger into Tami who could not suppress another moan and then another. Ally was moving her fingers in and out and Tami was rhythmically humping back and forth in tune with Ally. Finally, she lifted her butt off the seat and cried out in orgasm. She could not hold back and it was obvious, even to Timmy and Jordan, that the nude girl had cum. Everyone turned to look as Tami came down from the orgasm, tears streaming down her cheeks as always after a public orgasm. Then she huddled in the seat.  
  
The rest of the theater turned back to the movie. Ally nursed the final spasms of Tami’s orgasm before withdrawing her fingers. Again, she licked her fingers clean.  
  
“Got another one in you naked one,” she asked softly. Tami groaned but spread her legs again. Ally slid out of her seat and knelt between the spread legs.  
  
“Holy crap, that girl’s giving the naked chick head,” someone called out. Soon, nearly everyone had forgotten about the movie was many had gathered near Tami’s seat as Ally glued her mouth on the bare sex in front of her. Tami groaned in humiliation and arousal as the girl began licking her, using a long, slow technique, starting at the bottom of Tami’s vagina, near the anus, and licking upwards, taking the time to suck on the enlarged clit which was out of its hiding place and begging for attention.  
  
Tami grinded her sopping sex on the girl’s face, needing to cum badly, all the while dreading it. For her part, Ally was loving this. She was honored to be sucking the ... of her idol, Tami Smithers. To do it publicly for a second time was too much. It was even worse having her bare knees on the sticky floor. Anything was worth it for this great honor, she thought.  
  
Ally’s ministrations were doing the trick. Tami was hopelessly heading over the cliff when a bright light appeared on her face. Tami was beyond stopping her orgasm but it was interrupted when the flashlight hit her.  
  
“What the hell are you two doing,” the voice behind the light said authoritatively.   
  
Ally stopped licking and slid out from between Tami’s spread legs. Shyly, she slunk into her seat.  
  
“Nah, you two are gone,” the man said. “Out of here.”  
  
“Come on,” Steve said. “They weren’t bothering anyone. Half the people here are making out.”  
  
“Maybe, but no one else was performing oral sex and causing half the theater to get out of their seats to watch. No, both of you are gone.”  
  
The crowd booed but Tami and Ally had no choice but to get out of their seats and leave the theater. The others began to follow but Ally encouraged them to stay. Tami was devastated. First, her orgasm had been so close but she had been left right on the edge. Second, she was humiliated to be so exposed in front of all of those in the theater. Finally, she was angry at being thrown out of the theater.   
  
As they made their way out of the theatre, a campus police car was parked there with the lights flashing. “Alright girls, hands on the car, you are under arrest,” the officer said, his flashlight blinding the two women who were shocked by the turn of events.  
  
“What’s going on,” Ally stammered but shortly both had their hands on the police car and were getting frisked. Tami thought this was ridiculous in her case but did not struggle. Why would a committed nudist worry about being touched in this way. Ally, on the other hand, was a mess, crying and screaming. “WHY? Why are you doing this to us?”  
  
In seconds both girls were handcuffed behind their backs and being shoved into the back of the car. “You are under arrest for disorderly conduct and public lewdness,” the officer said as he read the girls their rights. His words were a haze underneath Ally’s uncontrollable sobbing and Tami’s shock. Despite it all, she had never been arrested for any of the public encounters she had at Campbell Frank over the years. She had thought she was immune from this.  
  
Tami felt disgusted…this was the fourth time she had been arrested in her young life. The first time was the night she had been caught streaking. She had lied then to avoid getting arrested and expelled. That night had led to a lifetime of nudity and her nightmare.   
  
“Oh God, Oh God, Oh God,” Ally cried, rocking rhythmically. As she did, her skirt had ridden up and her pink panties were easily viewed. Tami looked up and saw the officer looking at the upskirt in the mirror. Tami got an uneasy feeling about this encounter. This officer seemed like a sleaze.  
  
“Ally, relax, we’ll be okay,” Tami said, trying to reassure the girl.  
  
“No, it won’t. My dad’s a minister for crying out loud. If he hears I got arrested for licking another girl’s pussy, he’ll disown me. Oh God…and I’m here on scholarship. I’ll lose that for sure.”  
  
Tami sat back, the slick vinyl of the car seat sticking against her bare thighs. She had no idea what to do or how to get out of this.  
  
They arrived at the campus police station. The cop came around and got her out first. When she got to her feet, she whispered to the officer. “Please don’t do this to my friend,” she said softly. The cop stopped and looked Tami in the eye.  
  
“Why?”  
  
“Please, it’s my fault, it’s me you want,” she said pleadingly.  
  
“What’s in this for me?”  
  
Tami swallowed hard. Finally she got the courage to say, “I’ll do anything you want if you let my friend go.”  
  
The officer looked her up and down, devouring her with his eyes. Tami felt so violated by this slimeball but knew no other way.  
  
“Deal,” he said. “But if you renege, I will charge you with so much your head will spin.”  
  
He left Tami standing on the pavement while he got Ally out of the car. By now, the girl’s skirt was bunched up and her panties were visible.  
  
“You’re free to go girl,” he said to Ally, releasing her handcuffs.  
  
“What,” the crying girl said in surprise.  
  
“You are free,” he said, turning his back and leading Tami into the station. Tami looked back and smiled sadly at Ally who had no idea what had happened. She picked up her purse, which had been left on the sidewalk, and called her friends.

Tami's Experiment (Part 15)

Inside the police station, Tami saw the faces of all assembled look up in surprise as she walked in. Being handcuffed, there was no way for her to cover her nudity as she walked down the cold, hard tile linoleum floor, being led by the young officer.  
  
“Where are you taking her Beckett,” said the cop sitting at the desk in front of the barred door.  
  
“I’m going to put her in special room 5,” the officer said.  
  
“Very well,” the disinterested officer replied, though his eyes devoured the nude woman in front of him. The door unlocked and they walked through. Tami heard the ominous click of the lock and she knew that familiar feeling of being locked up. She was a good girl, never in trouble before her nudist days, but here she was, in jail for the third time.  
  
They walked past cell after cell. Many were empty but shouts of surprise came from the few that were occupied. Finally they came to a room marked with a stenciled number five. Officer Beckett unlocked the door and guided Tami in before locking it behind them.  
  
He led her to the bed and pushed her to sit. He undid the handcuffs before looping them through the bar in the headboard and resecuring her. Now her face was at his waist level.  
  
“So girl, time for you to pay up,” he said. The cop began undoing his belt and pants and pulled his penis out. Tami recoiled at the sight of it but the man only laughed.  
  
“Come on naked one, show me you meant what you said,” he said. “Suck it.”  
  
Tami was grossed out and scared at what this man would do to her. A part of her regretted what she had done for Ally. Despite all of the abuse she had gotten in her days of nudity, she had never been raped. This officer was about to heap a new indignation on her, something that every girl dreads.  
  
Hesitantly, she moved her face forward. She was about to wrap her lips around the bulbous head when there was a knock at the door.  
  
“The room is occupied,” Beckett yelled, frustrated at being interrupted so close to getting a blowjob. “Go on slut, suck my dick.”  
  
Tami started to cry but leaned forward again. She was millimeters away when the knocking began again and she pulled back quickly.  
  
“Mother f-er,” he screamed. “What do you want?”  
  
“Beckett, the chief is here and looking for the naked chick,” a female voice said through the door. “You’d better open up and let me in or he will wonder what you are doing alone with her.”  
  
“Shit,” the man exclaimed as he tucked himself back in and zipped up. He rushed to the door and opened it. The female officer, no older than Tami, entered and appraised the situation.   
  
“This slut offered herself to you did she Tommy,” the woman said sharply. Tears were flowing out of Tami’s eyes and her chest heaved in sobs. “I heard about her earlier. She’s a sex addict. Must have been hard to resist her.”  
  
The man smiled. “Thanks Jule,” he said. “You have no idea how much will power it took for me to resist her advances. I’ll go and find the chief.”  
  
He rushed out of the room and left Tami alone with the female officer.  
  
“Well, what was he going to have you do to him, bj?”  
  
Tami nodded. She desperately wanted to wipe her tears but her hands were cuffed behind her.  
  
“Knowing him, that would have been the end,” the female officer said. “He’s a two pump Charlie. Wouldn’t have had energy to ... you or anything.”  
  
The woman went behind Tami and undid the cuffs. “Look, you can report him and all but I advise against it. You are a naked woman who is engaging in sex acts all over campus. Who would believe your story against his? Forget this happened and I will let the chief know that you have been very cooperative. I am sure he will release you on this bogus charge.”  
  
Tami wiped her face clean. “Thank you for saving me.”  
  
“No problem. I’d advise you to sit quietly and when the chief comes in, apologize for what happened in the movie. He’ll let you pass.”  
  
The woman moved towards the bed. “Sorry but I have to recuff you,” she said. “Department regulations.”  
  
Tami closed her eyes in disappointment but obediently put her hands together behind her back. She cringed as the metal clicked together and effectively restrained her.  
  
“What about my friend,” she asked the officer. “Will that man find her and arrest her?”  
  
“Nah, she’s free, don’t worry,” the woman answered. “But warn other girls. Tell them to keep their noses clean. Many of the officers here are big pervs and most of the girls won’t get as lucky as you.”  
  
Tami watched the woman leave and she tried to calm down. The events of the past few hours had been devastating and traumatic beyond imagination. Another public shaming, arrest and a rape attempt had put her in a sour mood. She wished she could cover herself up but even that option was not available to her. All she could possibly do was cross her legs but that would do no good. Plus she didn’t want to give any impression that she was not a committed nudist. She still felt the need to continue that ruse.  
  
Oh God, she thought, please give me clothes. It was a regular prayer back in college and one that she fervently began praying again. If not clothes, please let me get used to being naked.  
  
Tami had no idea how long she waited. After a while, she pulled her feet off the ground and laid on her side, facing the locked door. She wondered if that awful pervy cop would return and rape her. She decided that she was probably safe from that and closed her eyes.  
  
  
“Now ladies and gentlemen, I ask that you take no pictures during the next few minutes. I am about to introduce you to our most hardened criminal, Tami Smithers.”  
  
The crowd gasped. Everyone had heard of her. Her trial was legendary and her sentence was harsher than anything anyone could have imagined.  
  
“Because of the terrible nature of her crime, we have relegated Prisoner 814960 to the end of this tour. She is behind escape proof glass and has no contact with the outside world. She cannot see you but you can see her.”  
  
As they moved in front of the window that led to her cage, the group stopped and stared. There, splayed like an X, was the naked girl. Huge dildos were knifing in and out of her holes. She bounced up and down like it was a child’s plaything, screaming out in a primal yell. Sweat covered her body.  
  
“You are quite lucky to be catching her mid-orgasm,” the tour guide said. “814960 is restrained like this at all times. She is brought to orgasms repeatedly throughout the day. By the end of her life, we estimate that she will have experienced nearly three-quarters of a million orgasms, nearly all unwanted.”  
  
“Oh dear God,” uttered a woman who stared in shock at the creature in front of them. “How does she stand it?”  
  
“Oh we are sure she is quite mad by now. As I said, there is no human interaction so we don’t know. She used to beg for forgiveness but no longer. Now she just howls and screams out in orgasm.”  
  
“How does she eat?”  
  
“Good question. There is a tube that feeds her. It is inserted once a day and gives her all of the nutrients she needs.”  
  
The monstrous dildos, which had come to a stop, began their cycle. The girl, who had hung limp, now came to life again, almost instinctively rising to her tip toes as her lower holes were filled again.  
  
“That machine is state of the art. It keeps her in a constant state of arousal and only allows one orgasm an hour. Otherwise it would probably kill her.”  
  
The group watched as the prisoner lurched through the early phases of yet another orgasm. Her life had become a void, as she went from orgasm to orgasm. She had ceased to exist for any other reason.  
  
OH, OH OHHHHHH.  
  
  
Tami awoke with a start. The nightmares were back and with a vengeance. This one was the worst of all, a leftover from her college days. She remembered then the absolute longing for release from the prison of nakedness and forced exposure. Now, under the intense scrutiny, that feeling was back.  
  
God, please save her from this, she prayed in anguish.  
  
The door opened and there stood Chief Budnick, the man who had humiliated her with his search of her anus during her first year. He came towards her and sat down. She didn’t bother to sit up.  
  
“Well, Miss Smithers, been a long time,” he said with his mean Southern drawl. “Thought I was rid of you when you graduated but you had to return and help out with those damn experiments.”  
  
Tami could not help but hear the contempt in his voice. She did not give him the respect of looking him in the eye.  
  
“Well, one of my officers was a bit ambitious arresting you tonight,” he said. “He must not have gotten the word that you are allowed to run around bare assed and get your jollies anywhere you like. My apologies for that.” His sarcasm was anything but subtle.  
  
“Still, they tell me you have a Constitutional right to be naked, fine,” he said. “But the public sex like you and your lezzie girlfriend had at the theater has to stop. That is public lewdness and no one around here wants to see you getting off all over town. Am I understood?”  
  
Tami nodded but the man admonished her. “Speak up young lady, I can’t hear you.”  
  
“Yes Sir, that’s understood,” she said, feeling as small as she could remember.  
  
“Good. Officer Beckett is coming in to release you,” he said. He noted the fear on her and grinned. Beckett must have done a number on her. He would have to remember to congratulate him. “Try to stay out of trouble and get the hell off my campus as quickly as you can.”  
  
The man turned and walked out, the door slamming behind him. Tami started to cry. She felt like a little girl, being admonished. She felt humiliated at his words. “No one wants to see you getting off all over town.” She knew he was right. After all, what self-respecting person would allow herself to be brought to orgasm in such public places.  
  
Officer Beckett came into the room shortly after and ogled the naked girl. Still, there was no incident as he uncuffed her and led her out of the station. At the steps, he told her, “you know girl, there is still a chance for you to experience sex with me. Call me when you want to test it out.”  
  
He chuckled as he closed the door, leaving Tami alone on the steps of the station. Tami had lost track of time and it was the middle of the night. She wrapped her arms around herself and began the walk back to the dorm. She felt the chill of the night air and wondered if she was safe. She had never felt threatened on campus but after tonight she didn’t know if she would ever feel safe here again. There was nobody out, save a person here and there scampering home after a night of drunkenness and, probably, sex. She spotted a girl running out of a male dorm, her dress all disheveled and carrying her high heeled sandals in her hands. Tami chuckled a bit…there was no denying that this girl had been thoroughly plowed. She had the unmistakable look of a well-...ed woman with hair in disarray and eyes sated. For once, Tami had something in common with someone else on campus…there was no hiding.  
  
The two women did not acknowledge each other as Tami passed her on the walkway towards Pilgrim Hall. The girl was headed to the dorm next door. Tami wondered if the girl was in love or just happy to get laid.  
  
Finally, back in the relative safety of Pilgrim Hall, Tami collapsed onto her bare bed in the dorm lounge and fell into a deep sleep.

Tami's Experiment (Part 16)

Dr. Harridance was here today. Tami had noticed him immediately upon her arrival at the appointed location.   
  
Today, Tami had met the scientists in the courtyard outside the main building. There was not a more public place on campus and Tami cringed when she heard that her “experiment” would take place here.  
  
There was an odd apparatus in the grass off the main courtyard. It was a huge hoop. At the top, at 11 and 1 on the dial, were cuffs that Tami immediately knew would contain her wrists. At 5 and 8 were two more cuffs which would house her well-spread ankles. Most menacingly though was a saddle in the middle, at 6 o’clock, that would serve as her “seat.” Mounted on the saddle were two large dildos. Tami, sadly, knew where they would go.  
  
If Chief Burdick was unhappy about her “getting off all over town,” he was going to hate this. Tami Smithers was going to be manipulated to orgasm in the most public place on campus.  
  
“What are you doing here,” she asked Harridance.  
  
“This is a tricky experiment so I wanted to be on location,” the man said nervously. “Today we will be monitoring the impact of movement on the female orgasm.”  
  
“What does that mean?”  
  
“Better you find out as the experiment goes on.”  
  
Tami nervously moved inside the hoop. She straddled the saddle as her wrists and ankles were cuffed. She raised her hips a bit as the assistants guided the monster phalluses into her lower holes. She moaned at the sensation as she was filled to capacity. Most women never get this feeling but it was one that Tami Smithers was all too familiar with.  
  
The machine started to buzz and Tami felt the unmistakable climb to orgasm begin. She looked up instinctively and shuddered when she saw several people at their office windows watching her. As awful as it was to have this happen in front of the students, she hated being naked more in this place where important people came to do business. Unlike them, she would never know the feeling of wearing a business suit to work. She would never be out there buying sensible shoes and stockings and silk blouses and skirts. She would never not have her bare ass rub against the fabric of a desk chair nor not feel the rugs under her bare feet. Those women would be able to walk across those rugs in heels, feeling physically equal to men. She was forced to always be barefoot and shorter than most men.  
  
“UHHHHH,” she grunted in shame and arousal as she felt the stares. A small crowd of early arrivals to work was gathering around her. She knew they could see every crevice of her body as she strained in the spread eagle bondage. Her body moved in rhythm with the machine, causing her breasts to bounce. Her nipples, always achingly hard, threatened to poke out of her body.  
  
The inevitable conclusion came swiftly. “OH MY GOD,” the naked girl exclaimed in a voice totally unlike her own as the giant orgasm hit her. The machine was too good, her body too well trained for it to end any other way though she continued to try and fight it. Despite the hundreds of public orgasms she had experienced in her lifetime, she still fought them tooth and nail, but she never won.  
  
The orgasm ran its course but there was no rest for the poor girl inside the hoop. She was brought to a second and then a third orgasm while many office workers watched, some clutching their mug of coffee. Tami was reaching the edge of her humiliation scale and about to tip past it.  
  
The machine kept going. Now, as she rose to the height of a fourth orgasm, two of the lab assistant moved behind her and began to spin her inside the hoop. As they spun, the saddle moved too and soon Tami was upside down with the machines vibrating inside of her.  
  
“OHHHHHH GOODDDD….GGGGGGGGGGGG” The sounds were barely understandable. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever encountered. The blood rushed to her head and disoriented the girl. The buzzing in her sex was relentless and the orgasms were mind blowing. She came again and again, screaming out in barely intelligible sounds. Then she moaned, “please stop…please make it stop…please stop…no more pleaseeeeeeeeeeeeseeeeeessse.”  
  
“Now,” Dr. Harridance said quietly to the two assistants. Tami was too far gone to notice the men approach her. Slowly and carefully, each slid a white, cotton ankle sock onto her bare foot. Tami screamed out in orgasm but did not suffer any ill effects from the socks. There was no shortness of breath. In fact, Tami didn’t even seem to know that for the first time in several years she was wearing articles of clothing to no ill effect.  
  
Another orgasm built inside the girl…a fifth in a short period of time. It was mind blowing to her…her eyes bugged out in surprise at the extent of the feelings this new position was generating…she had never cum like this and was shocked by the intensity of the feeling.  
  
“AAAAAAHHHHHHH. GGHGHGGGGGGGGGGGGGG.” The sounds were unintelligible again.   
  
“Now,” Harridance said urgently. The two assistant wrapped a tiny tube top over Tami’s bare breasts. Again Tami suffered no ill effects and for the first time in memory, her breasts were covered by clothes.   
  
“NO NO NO NO NO NONOOOOOOO,” Tami groaned as she was put en route to a sixth orgasm, unaware that the experiment had been a success.

Tami's Experiment (Part 17)

The house is quiet, the only sound in the living room came from the lick of the flame as a fire warmed the room. Upstairs, a baby slept soundly, with the soft music of her mobile playing above her crib. In the garage, the man of the house is at a work bench, repairing the leg of a broken kitchen chair.  
  
And in the kitchen is the wife, slippers and socks on her feet beneath stylish jeans, a dark gold retro t-shirt with the logo of the Boston Bruins, her red hair pulled up into a bun. Tami Smithers is naked no more. Like most mothers and wives, she is dressed while preparing dinner. The only sound in the room, besides the scraping of the soles of her slippers, is her happy humming.  
  
In the two months since the experiment came to its smashing conclusion, Tami had gradually added clothes. After her sixth orgasm, they turned her right side. She was woozy as they helped her off of the saddle and out of the hoop.  
  
“Tami, you are wearing clothes,” Dr. Harridance said softly. The girl, in a post-orgasmic haze, nodded and almost passed out. The assistants did their best to get her to a normal state, putting water bottles to her mouth for her to drink. She gratefully guzzled two bottles before seeming to come back to reality.  
  
“That was like nothing I’ve ever felt,” she whispered. “I never imagined anything could be that intense.”  
  
“Look at your breasts Tami and your feet,” the doctor said softly. With a gasp, Tami saw the tube top on her boobs, covering her nipples, though the hardened nubs were easily visible through the soft fabric. Then, further down, Tami was stunned to not see her bare toes and feet against the ground.  
  
“But, how, why am I not choking,” she stammered.  
  
“The experiment did what it was intended to do,” Dr. Harridance said. “We brought you back to the moment of desperation and tricked your ‘allergy’ into remission.”  
  
Tami started to cry. She could not believe that she was wearing clothes, flimsy though they were. The tube top was just fabric one inch wide and so thin it was mostly see through. The socks were cotton and just barely covered her feet. But they were clothes, more covering than she had worn since freshman year.  
  
“Thank you Dr. Harridance, thank you so much,” she cried, burying her face in his shoulder as he hugged her.  
  
The next few days had starts and stops. Tami would try a new article of clothing. Sometimes she went too far in covering and had to back up.  
  
The tube top gave way to a bikini top. Soon she was able to pull a t-shirt over her head. She was not yet in a bra though she was working towards it. Socks soon led to shoes, sneakers, sandals, etc. To a girl who had walked barefoot for so many years, Tami now felt like she was walking on air.  
  
Her bottoms were harder than her top, for reasons unknown to her or the medical team. Every attempt to cover her vagina led to a back slide. Finally, she was able to wear a micro-mini bottom that really was almost dental floss that wrapper around her waist, down between her butt cheeks and between her pubic lips. It was completely an illusion but that was the breakthrough she needed. Soon she was able to pull panties up her long legs and completely cover her poor, battered pussy.  
  
That day had been a joyous one. She had still been without Rod and Emma. Dr. Harridance wanted to keep her on campus in order to complete the experiment. But he allowed the couple to see one another that day and it had been wonderful.  
  
After four days without sex (Tami had needed a break), she and Rod made sweet, passionate love on a bed tucked into a former storage room in Chalfont. Dr. Harridance didn’t think there was a need to subject Tami to the lounge any longer and created a space for her near his lab. Tami was free to go anywhere on campus but spent long hours resting, reading, watching TV and surfing the net in this room. She was content to be away from prying eyes, happy with her t-shirt and panties.  
  
Tami had desperately wanted to see Ella but Dr. Harridance warned her to wait until it was all over. Tami wondered if her little girl would recognize her after so much time away and with her naked mother actually wearing clothes.  
  
Finally, the morning came when Harridance arrived in the room with Rod and Rebecca, who was carrying a bag from Abercrombie. “A new pair of jeans for a new woman,” she said with a huge grin. Tami was so appreciative but was surprised to see three pairs of pants in the bag. “We had no idea what size you are! Your mom told me what size you were in high school and we guessed what size you were now.”  
  
Tami first tried on a size 8 first but it was too big. She settled into a size 6 and was shocked to find it fit perfectly. And, happily, there was no gagging or choking involved. The three friends smiled as they saw Tami completely clothed for the first time in years.  
  
The doorbell rang...friends coming by to celebrate. For the first time since she was just an 18 year old girl, Tami would be dressing up for an occasion.   
  
"Rod, can you get that," she yelled into the garage. "I need to go and get dressed." A huge grin erupted on her face as she headed upstairs to put on some party clothes.