**Tammy wears Cindy's latest - a sweater dress**

Tammy came back from class to find her roommate Cindy sitting naked on her bed knitting. This wasn't at all unusual. Cindy loved to knit in between studying. She rarely was without her knitting needles.

Tammy asked, "What's that pretty thing you are making?"

Cindy said, "Well, the surprise is gone now, isn't it? I'm making a sweater dress for you. You complained about the chill the other day."

Tammy flopped her books down and started to remove her clothes, as both girls simply preferred being naked in their room. It took Tammy a few seconds to undress. Her usual outfit was a long tee shirt, well, long by campus standards.

The girls have learned to watch what they wear very closely.  The College Code of Conduct contains a Dress Code that tries to prevent the girls from wearing too revealing of clothes. It does this by forbidding wearing undergarments. No girl would dare wear skimpy outfits if she were to expose herself rather than having the protection of panties. Or so the Dress Code attempts to control behavior. But like most rules, problems arise in their enforcement. Inspectors tend to pick on the girls who wear longer skirts. The rationale is that if they wear such conservative outfits, they could be hiding a violation of the Dress Code. Since inspections are done publicly, anywhere, anytime on campus, the girls tend to dress less conservatively to avoid the more embarrassing inspections. Flashing your butt cheeks or even your pussy as you walk or climb stairs is much less embarrassing than having an inspector strip you naked to see if you are wearing undergarments. So, it becomes natural for the girls to wear revealing outfits, and back in the dorms for them to go about in the buff as a means to get used to being seen naked, just in case an inspector picks them some day. If you can get relaxed naked in the dorm, being momentarily stripped in public is not so bad.

This was at least the thoughts of Tammy and her roommate Cindy. They had to cope with the Dress Code, and they helped each other as much as they could.

Cindy stopped knitting to watch Tammy fold her tee shirt and place it on a hanger. The two girls smiled as Tammy turned and walked to the bed where Cindy was sitting Indian style with the sweater in her lap.

Tammy asked, "I hope you aren't making it too long. Remember the last time I wore a long dress."

Cindy blushed. She remembered that day well. Tammy was inspected not twenty yards from the dorm as a warning for other girls getting ready for class. Then she was stopped a second time by another inspector on campus. That inspector decided that he needed to debate another student about the Dress Code before he returned Tammy's dress and sent her on her way to class. Her professor was surprised to see Tammy wearing a long hemline compared to the other girls in class. So he used the girls experiences with inspections to demonstrate the probability of getting inspected based on hem length, and when Tammy's dress was shown to almost ensure inspections, he had Tammy remove the dress for the remainder of the class while he had her taking measurements of the other girls' hem lengths. She was again inspected at the cafe, and just to make the day complete, Tammy was again inspected as she was returning to the dorm. No one else in recent memory had ever been stripped so many times in a single day. Tammy vowed to never let that happen again. Long dresses were for formal affairs OFF campus!

Cindy replied, "No worries. This sweater dress is sure to stop the inspections."

Tammy doubted that statement. She was often inspected, even when it was clear she wasn't in violation of the Dress Code. The fact that Tammy was 5'2" shoulder length, light brown hair, a set of gorgeous 34C breasts that were firm and perky, a flat stomach with a narrow waist, and a delightful curve at her hips and tight round butt cheeks connected to slim, not skinny, legs. Even her toes were described as "cute" by many. Tammy was a knock-out with a bright smile she flashed often. She became a natural target of anyone with the authority to strip her... and strip her they did repetitively. The same probabilities professor found reasons for Tammy to attend most of his classes nude - often posing impossible questions for her to calculate and penalizing her clothing for incomplete or wrong answers. It was no wonder Tammy doubted her dearest friend and roommate.

Tammy said, "And just how is a sweater dress going to stop me from being inspected?"

Cindy smiled, "Well, maybe not stop them completely, but this sweater shouldn't give them an accuse to strip you." Cindy stood up holding her creation.

Tammy complained, "That's a scarf not a dress. Remember the scarf you knitted me two weeks ago? What happened then? I wore it with a short skirt and crop top to keep me warm, but when someone told me that the scarf might count as a top, I had to quickly remove the top and place it in a donation box before an inspector decided I was violating the Dress Code. Then another girl was worried that the scarf was so long that it could count as a dress. I was left with a terrible choice. If I donated my skirt, I'd be essentially naked except for the scarf. But I didn't want to donate the scarf - it was a gift from you! And besides, that would have left me topless at the class room building and they'd make me donate the skirt anyhow since I could attend class topless. So I attended class wearing just the scarf. As pretty as it was, it only drew more attention to my nakedness. I tried arranging it to cover my breasts and pussy, but it simply would not stay in place as I moved around."

Cindy said, "I know, I know. But you did look great wearing it!"

Tammy smiled, "Yes, it is beautiful, but if I can't wear anything with it, I'm afraid it doesn't really keep me warm."

Cindy said, "Exactly! That's why I'm making this sweater dress for you!"

Tammy looked at the garment a little closer. It wasn't a scarf. It was as narrow as a scarf.

Cindy held up the bottom to the thin outfit. It formed a hoop at the bottom. "See, this has a built-in skirt. It'll be considered a dress by the code." She let the knitted material slip through her fingers until she came to the unfinished top - two long and narrow strips. "The top will come together in another hoop to go behind your neck." She held it out and spun around, "Isn't it just perfect?"

Tammy asked, "And how is it to slow down the number of inspections I get?"

Cindy said, "Let me knit the top together, and then I'll show you." Cindy grabbed her needles and worked quickly to join the ends. Tammy was amazed at how fast her roommate could knit.

Cindy dressed Tammy in her new outfit. It fit perfectly, too. Cindy knew Tammy's body well.

The bottom hoop of a skirt was very short, but much the same length as several of their shortest skirts. Even though her butt cheeks were exposed, both girls knew that helped slow down the inspections. Only thongs could be hidden under such short skirts, but the new outfit was also low waisted to expose the top of  Tammy's butt crack. No thong, no panties.

The top was more halter top, and it was clear that Tammy wasn't wearing a bra, and with the loose knitting in the front, her nipples were poking through to show that she wasn't trying to deceive inspectors with a strapless, stick-on bra that some girls hid to prevent sagging breasts. Not that Tammy would ever need such, but it did offer an excuse for inspecting her nearly perfect form... often.

Tammy loved the outfit, but more the thought and caring her roommate and best friend showed her. She gave the naked knitter a great big hug and deep kiss. That was Cindy's real reward for making gifts, along with seeing her beautiful roommate so happy and cheery.

Tammy said, "I'm going to wear this tomorrow. We'll show those inspectors!" She carefully removed the outfit before climbing into bed with Cindy for the night.

As all plans go, this one did not follow the imaginary  script from the first few steps. The tiny skirt like hoop refused to stay in place. It snapped high on Tammy's waist as she left the dorm. She feared that some inspectors might suspect a thong, so she pulled the knitting to make it fall into place. She stretched it too much. The hoop now sagged below her butt... her naked butt.

The top became too thin as the edges curled. Soon enough the knitted material covering her breasts was more of a cord, and they simply refused to stay in front of Tammy's nipples. She had to attend classes all day wearing a strip of knitted yarn that only seemed to provide cover for her belly button! Her pussy was on displayed as the back of the skirted hoop caused the front to rise.

Tammy endured the exposure all day. Cindy was too excited that Tammy wore her latest creation, that Cindy didn't even notice how much of Tammy was exposed. She was used to seeing the parts and enjoyed seeing her roommate nude, so she didn't even notice how little her outfit covered the gorgeous girl. She asked Tammy, "Any inspections?"

Tammy smiled realizing that in the state the knitted dress was, no inspector had bothered to inspect her today. Many stopped to talk with her, but they did not strip her for an inspection. She said, "No inspections."

Unfortunately for Tammy, she had previously insisted that they go out to eat that night in celebration of the new dress if she wasn't inspected. Tammy had to go with everything sticking out. She was surprised by how warm she was in the cooler night air walking home with her dear friend. Cindy laughed, "It is a sweater!"