The Unintentional Nudist

by TrackJim

Part 1 – Bare into the Night

Tami was away for home and family for the first time in her life.  She was a pretty girl of five feet six with shoulder-length dark red hair.  She had been on the gymnastics team in high school until her junior year.  At that time her flat chest had developed into a pair of firm 36C’s over the course of the spring.  She had been slow to adjust to her changing body and had sprained her ankle while doing a dismount from the uneven bars.  She had survived the injury, but put on a few pounds in all the wrong places.  Strenuous aerobics had trimmed her down and firmed her up during her senior year.  In college she enjoyed the number of male heads that she turned as she moved about the campus.

It all started as a college prank.  One of the senior girls, Wanda, had dared Tami and a few of the other freshman girls to streak passed the student union at 10:00 PM.  Tami felt naughty and giggled as she accepted the dare.

As Tami stood with the other three freshman girls Wanda stood with them in the bushes next to the closed cafeteria.  Hidden by some bushes Tami and the girls removed their tops and shorts.  As they stood briefly in their bras and panties the cool evening air chilled their exposed skin.  Wanda cleared her throat and gave the three near naked girls a stern stare.  Tami was the first to release the clasp on her bra and hand it over.  She was a little more reluctant to drop her panties and did so only after the other three girls were naked.

Wanda held their clothes in her arms and reminded the girls that their clothes would be in the bushes on the north side of the gym in ten minutes.  She suggested it would be best if the girls waited a few minutes to give her time to place their clothes.

Tami felt exhilaration as she huddled in the bushes with the other three naked girls.  The occasional brushes of each other’s skin against bare vulnerable flesh served only to emphasize their feelings of exposure.  In the moonlight it was tough to make out Tami’s tan lines that revealed she favored skimpy thongs and string bikinis.  Car lights passed over them and they squatted down even further behind the bushes.  They peaked from between two the evergreens and hoped that Wanda had had enough time.

“Now!” spoke Samantha.

The four girls stood as one and stepped through the scratchy evergreen needles.  They stood for a second together and them tore out for the east side of the student union.  That wall of the union had a series of picture windows through which their naked bodies would be very visible.  The half-moon peaked from behind the clouds and cast a pale blue light over the landscape that would reveal their bodies without making their faces too identifiable.  The four naked women raced to the window and then trotted passed it.  As they passed out of sight they heard hoots and howlers, but no one came tearing out to follow them.

The four naked young women advanced at full tilt toward the gym.  As they approached the gym they heard the sound of a basketball game and male voices.  Some of the boys must have been playing a scratch game.  Reaching south side of the gym they heard the front doors of the gym crash open and several upperclassmen emerged.  The boys loudly discussed the game and failed notice the nude females duck behind the short wall that ran along the front walkway.  The wall was only about two feet tall and the girls hid flat on their stomachs.  Although sweat covered their bodies they shivered from the thought of the males passing not ten feet away.  Fortunately for the girls, the boys turned away and their voices faded in seconds as they walked away.

“Hurry” whispered Samantha.

The girls scurried along the west wall of the gym.  There were no bushes and they realized how visible they were should anybody look their way.  They made it to the north wall and ducked around the corner.  The four girls dove into the bushes and started searching for their clothes.  First, Samantha found a pair of shorts then Tami heard others squeal in relief as other clothes were found.  Tami was still naked and continued to search.  As each of the other girls found something they immediately put it on.  Soon the other three had each found a top and shorts for themselves, but Tami was still minus clothing.

“Help me!” pleaded Tami.

Samantha whispered back.  “Wanda must not have left all the clothes.   None of us found any underwear.  We’ll go get you some thing to wear and be right back.”

Tami did not like the idea, but accepted it, as she had no better one.  She watched alone as the other three ran toward their dorm.  Tami felt more and more nervous as she hid in the bushes.  Their needles seemed to constantly poke some part of her bare skin and made her feel even more naked with every passing moment.

Tami kept a nervous watch from her spot in the bushes.  She calmed a bit as several nervous minutes passed with no one in sight.  “Where are those girls?”  Her heart jumped to her throat when she saw a college police car drift into the adjacent parking lot.  The car’s spotlight methodically focused on the gym and along the bushes.  She realized it was a matter of time before her hiding place was exposed to the light’s scrutiny.  She would have to move.

Backing through the bushes she moved to the east wall of the gym.  Although there were no bushes along the east wall, there were also no buildings to the east except the art building.  No lights lit the lawn between the buildings except for a few following the sidewalk.  No one was in sight as Tami burst from the bushes and ran to the art building.  With her arms and legs pumping she was a beautiful sight.

The art building was constructed with walls of corrugated metal.  The front of the one story building was brick with two glass doors.  Tami pulled on the doors but they were locked.  She ran down one wall to the back of the building.  The back wall had two large garage doors.  She grabbed the handle on the nearest door and was relieved as the handle turned.  She pulled upward and the door groaned loudly.  She good the door up about two feet before she dropped and rolled under the door.  From the inside she stepped on the door’s lip and forced it back down.  Still naked but inside she took a moment to take a few deep breaths and to calm her.

The inside of the art building was one large room separated by a long storage cage running down its center.  On this side of the cage the room was like an artist’s studio with several easels, paint speckled drop cloths and blank canvas stretched over various sized frames.  No one was around as she started to examine the drop cloths.  The heavy drop cloths were all large pieces, much more than she need to wrap around herself.  She started to look for a knife of some sort to cut a cloth into a more manageable size.  Several frustrating minutes passed before she spotted the shop knives in the storage cage.  She pulled the door to the cage only to find it locked.  She rattled the cage door in frustration.

Turning from the cage door she looked on the other side of the storage cage to see a kiln and several pottery wheels.  The area around each wheel was slick with moist clay.  No cloth or knives were in sight.  Returning to the painters’ side of the building she continued her search for anything that might help.  She realized that since she had left the bushes at the gym building that the girls would not be able to provide her with any clothes.  Her search became more frantic as she realized she had no one to turn to but herself.  Finally, her search led her to a filing cabinet behind which she saw a small pile of cloth.  She reached down and found it to be a short tattered painter’s smock.  The smock was stuff with paint as she shook it out.  She pulled it on her body and it felt like that best clothing in the world.  She breathed a sigh of relief, as she felt covered.  She ran her hands down the side and realized that the smock only went down to her upper thighs.  She ran her hand around to her butt and found that her bottom was barely covered.  “Oh, well, I’ll just have to be careful until I get back to the dorm.”

Tami was feeling almost comfortable for the first time since she had been handed her clothes to Wanda before streaking the student union.  She found herself smiling as she went to the garage door through which she had entered.  She lifted the door about three feet and bend forward to duck under the door.  She straightened and looked around.  There was nobody in sight as she pulled the door down.  She was less self-conscious and set off for her dorm at a brisk pace.

“It must be after midnight”, she thought.  “The campus looks deserted.”

Tami was half way back to her dorm when a campus police car rounded a corner and turned toward her.  Suddenly the short tattered smock felt very inadequate.  She ducked into the closest building without thinking and stepped away from the door. The car’s spotlight flash passed the narrow windows on either side of the door.  She took a deep breath and turned to see where she was.

Tami found herself inside the end of North Hall – a MEN’S DORM.  Doors opened off both sides of the long hallway.  Fortunately, who one was visible in hall.  Glancing back at the door through which she had entered she saw the police car sitting at the curb.  She turned back to the hall and decided it was better to risk the hallway.  She walked timidly. The feeling of her bare legs brushing against each other reminded her of how little she actually wore.  Reaching the door at the other end of the wall, she peaked out the door.

“All clear.  Now I should be able to make it back”, Tami thought.  She stepped out the door to come face-to-face with three inebriated upperclassmen about to enter.

“Wooo!  Lookie here.  Where are you coming from, Sweet Cheeks?”  The tallest of the three grabbed Tami as if they were about to do the waltz.  Tami found the guy to be a hunk, but was very uncomfortable as she felt the smock ride up her butt.  This was emphasized when the guy slid his hand down her waist and onto her bare cheek.

“Now, stop that”, Tami squealed and pulled back.  A small tear in this side of the smock caught on the guy’s watch and the sound of ripping cloth was very loud.  Tami jumped and, without thinking about it, tore out toward her dorm. The smock stayed firmly snagged on the guy’s watch.  The side and back of the smock remained with the guy.

As Tami raced toward her dorm she felt the cool night air flow across her exposed butt and back.  Even the collar had parted.  The smock started to slide forward down her arms and interfere with her pumping arms.  She stopped in the dark shadow of a tree with her bare back and butt pressed against the rough bark.

Tami heard voices approaching from the direction of her dorm.  If it were just girls, she was ready to flash them, but there was a mix of male and female voices.  Tami looked around and saw she could not go back, the three drunks still hung around the end of North Hall.  On impulse she scurried up the limbs of the tree under which she stood.  The branches were spaced close enough to make climbing easy, but in her rush she felt the remains of her smock rip in several new places.  She rose up the shadowed trunk of the tree and hugged a spot about fifteen feet high.  She had left a trail of ripped cloth as the remains of the smock snagged on every branch she passed on her upward climb.  Finally the last shred was torn from her body.  Hidden only by the branches and leaves she watched as three young couples slowly passed below her and then out of sight.

Tami waited several minutes until the voices had faded before working her way back down the tree.  Naked, save for her sneakers, she jumped behind a nearby hedge.  She squatted down and hugged her knees to her chest.

Part 2 – Caught

“And what are you up to, young lady?”

Tami froze like a deer caught in the headlights as the two college officers aimed their flashlights at her.  One of the officers grabbed her left wrist and pulled her into the open.  Panic and humiliation flooded through her mind as she tried to cover her body with her hands and arms.

“You better come with us right now.”

Tami was speechless as she was led to the back of the police car parked at the west wall of the gym.  She was relieved that they had not handcuffed her until she saw the police car drive off the campus.  She sat in silence with left arm across her chest and right hand across her crotch.  The police car drove through a nearby residential area and stopped in front of a two-story house.  The officers left the car and approached the house.  Within a few seconds the porch light came on and a short middle-aged man in pajamas and robe appeared at the door.  She could not hear the conversation.  The robed man disappeared into the home and reappeared a few moments later with a short woman’s robe.  The officers returned to the car and the curbside backdoor opened.  The robe was handed through the door and Tami pulled it onto her body.

“Come out, miss.  The dean wants to talk with you.”

Tami stood to find that the robe only reached down to mid-thigh and was sheer.  The light smooth material slid over her body and tickled her nipples.  She did not look at the officers’ eyes as she was led to the porch.  From the shocked expression on the dean’s face the robe must have been nearly transparent under the bright porch light.  She saw him turn quickly and tell the officers to bring her into the house.  Tami was led into the living room and told to sit on the couch.  The dean told the two officers to wait by the front door.  The dean looked uncomfortable as he sat in an overstuffed chair several feet from Tami.

“So what’s your story, young lady?” asked the dean.

Tami’s mind raced, what was she to say?  Unfortunately, she spoke the first thing that came into her mind without thinking of the consequences.

“I was…just…practicing my religion, sir.’

“And what would your religion be?”  The disbelief in the dean’s voice was obvious.”

“Why…..I’m a….nudist.”

“You have to be kidding.  That’s not a religion.”

“S..s..sir”, stammered Tami, “It’s something I’ve come to believe quite recently.”

“Humm…..I’ll have to think about this.  Meanwhile, I can’t send you to the town jail like…that.  That’s what we usually have to do.  The college has no jail of its own.  Wait right here.”  The dean left the room.

Tami shivered as she thought of herself in a lockup…without any clothes.  She waited alone for almost twenty minutes.  The thin robe was almost worst than no robe at all.  Its sheerness did nothing to hide her otherwise unclothed condition.   Even through the robe the two small untanned triangles on her breasts were visible.  An equally small pale triangle could be seen between her legs.  Finally, the dean returned and spoke.

“I just consulted with the college attorney.  In your home state, nudism has filed for protection under the recently passed Freedom of Religion Act.  He will do some checking tomorrow, but as of this time he has instructed me to honor your religious beliefs.  May I have my wife’s robe back now?”

Tami froze for several seconds and thought “I must go along with this or I might get expelled.”  She slid the robe off her shoulders and stood tall as she handed the robe to the dean.

“Young lady, it isn’t that I entirely believe you, but I will give you the benefit of a doubt, for now.  However, if I see you wearing anything until I get back to you, you will suffer severe penalties.  Officers, return her to her dorm.”  He turned left the room.

The officers led the again naked Tami from the house and to the police car.  She was driven back to campus and dropped off in front of her dormitory.  She stood for several seconds in the moonlight before she turned and ran into the building.  Once she had reached her dorm room she sat on her bed.

“What have I gotten myself into now?”

Part 3 – Bare to All

The next day Tami rose from her bed wearing only her favorite sleeping attire – a baby blue T-shirt.  She walked to her closet to find all of her clothes were missing.  She quickly checked the dresser drawers and found her underwear was gone.  Only her purses and shoes remained.  There was a knock on the door and it was opened from outside.  ‘Wicked’ Wanda stood at the door with a smirk on her face.

“The college police came by earlier and asked for your clothes.  You were sleeping so soundly, I tiptoed in and took them at their request.”  Wanda turned and walked down the hall leaving the door open.

Tami felt a knot form in her stomach as she remembered that she had a test in Differential Geometry at 10:00.  Mathematics was her major and she could not afford to miss it.  She would have no excuse to the dean if she had ‘nothing to wear’.  She felt relieved when she saw that she had been left her towels.  She wanted to wrap it around her for the trip to the showers, but suspected that Wanda would be more than ready to report her.  Hanging the towel over her shoulders she let it drape over her breasts.  Unfortunately, the towel was too short to reach her waist.  If only she hadn’t started shaving herself bare between her legs for her newest hot bikini.  The hair between her legs had been a brighter red than the hair on her head and was very noticeable when it peaked out from her bikini.  Now, she did not even have that skimpy swimsuit to wear.  Even those few square inches of material would have eliminated her humiliation as she walked down the hall.  It seemed at least twice as far as usual and Tami was relieved as she hung her towel over the door of the shower stall.  After stepping into the shower she soaped up under the warm spray.  She tried to relax but found herself trying to think of a safe way out of her situation.  When she finally stepped from the shower she had half expected to find her towel missing, but it still hung on the door.

Back in her room she sat at her desk for a few minutes going over her math notes.  With plenty of time to spare before the test, she reviewed her few clothing options.  All of her purses lacked straps so she could not hang a purse in front of anything strategic.  Then she remembered her backpack.  If she wore it with the pack hanging in front she would at least have a little coverage.  She gathered her books and pencils into the pack and pulled it on.  While it covered her large chest, it looked ridiculous.  She felt that it emphasized her nakedness more than gave any type of effective coverage.  She shrugged it off and put it on her back.

“It might as well go now.”  Sliding on a pair of sneakers she stepped from her room and forced herself to stand and walk straight as it was the most natural thing to be a nudist.  She actually looked almost comfortable, but inside she was a wreck as she stepped out the front door of the dorm.

It was a beautiful warm day with bright sunlight.  Tami felt very vulnerable as she walked the half a mile to her classroom building.  Although there were few comments it was obvious that almost every head turned to follow her.  She arrived at the classroom building just as a rush of students exited from their previous classes.  Once she had stepped into the building she was able to hear the quiet gasps and whispers that followed in her wake.  She kept a neutral expression on her face as she stepped into the classroom and took a seat.  Se had hoped to sit in the back of the room, but only a few chairs were available in the front row.  She took a seat and tried to sit in a relaxed manner, but felt her control starting to slip on the inside.

Ms. Barrows looked up from her the lectern and gave Tami a smile.  Ms. Barrow was the instructor and very much a flower child of the 60’s.  She waved for Tami to approach her.  Tami walked up to Ms. Barrows who spoke.

“The faculty was notified by the Dean’s Office of your recent ‘religious’ conversion.  It reminds me of my time in the 60’s as a college student.”  She lowered her voice and whispered.  “Hang in there.  Even if it’s an act, you have no real choice now.  When I was at Woodstock, I lost my clothes on the first day.  I didn’t get anything to wear for four whole days.  At the time I was humiliated, but it is now one of my most stirring memories.  Have courage.”  She waved Tami back to her chair and started handing out the test.

With the supportive words of Ms. Barrows Tami sat and concentrated on the test.  She worked her way through the problems and was surprised when she finished them all before time was called.  She reviewed her work and was satisfied that she had done well.  With her test paper in hand she walked up to Ms. Barrows’ lectern and handed over her test.  Ms. Barrows smiled again as she took the test paper.  When Tami turned back toward the class she saw almost every students’ eyes staring at her.  Tami wanted to cover up and run from the room.  She had to keep up her story if she wanted to stay in school.  She forced herself to relax as she retrieved her backpack and walked slowly from the room.

The other classes had not yet let out as she leaned against the hallway wall and tried to steady her nerves.  Tami took several deep breaths and thought to herself.  “Damn it, I’m going to have a nervous breakdown if I don’t get myself under control.  I have to appear relaxed if I’m going to get away with this.  Surely the school with decide that my ‘dress’ is unacceptable and force me to wear something.”  She slowed her breathing and decided to get back to her room before she got caught in the rush of students as they left class.

Tami forced herself to walk almost leisurely back to her room.  Pinned on the door to her room was a note.  “Report to the Dean’s Office.”  Tami hoped this was her way out.  The dean just had to ‘force’ her to wear clothes.  She left her pack and walked to the administration building in just her sneakers.  She forced herself to appear pleasant as she entered the building.  “I have to really sell the idea that I want to be this way,” she thought over and over as she entered the dean’s outer office.  The secretary, a fifty-something short woman with blue-silver hair, smiled at Tami and spoke.

“Good luck, dear.  It’s been years since anybody shook up this stuffy old college.  Don’t let the dean shake you – just stand up to him.”

She waved Tami through the dean’s office door.  Tami saw the dean sitting behind his oak desk.  “Close the door and sit down.”  The dean’s voice was deep and stern.  Tami took a chair in front of the desk.  “Young lady, you have presented this school in a very difficult situation.  Our attorney has done some additional research and informed my that your…religion….does have some protection under the law.”

Tami’s heart sank.  She had been ready to ‘give in for the good of the college’ if the dean ordered her to wear clothes.  She sat quietly as the dean continued.

“At this time I can’t order you to wear clothes without putting the college in legal jeopardy.  The most I can do is to enforce the safety and sanitary ordinances that might apply.”  Tami’s held her breath and hoped for the best.  “Therefore, you are ordered to wear a shirt and shoes when you eat in the cafeteria or work in the science lab.  At all other times you are to abide by your religious beliefs.”

Tami’s heart was in her throat.  She swallowed several times to get some moisture in her dry mouth before she spoke.  “Sir, for the good of the college, I would be willing to make some adjustments.”

“No, no, I can’t let your do that.  The college might be accused of coercion and I can’t let that happen.  I’ve talked to one of the resident advisors in your dorm, a Wanda Percival.  She has been placed in charge of your clothing.  She will report to this office on your daily attire.  If you have any problems, you should consult her.  She will advise you on the appropriate attire for any situation.”

Tami’s mind was awhirl as she thought.  “Wanda helped get me into this situation.  I’ve a bad feeling that she will be of no help at all.”

Part 4 – A Physical Challenge

Being a freshman she had to take physical education.  Normally she loved the physical release of athletics.  She particularly liked the attention she received when her class did their sports.  She was in better shape that many of the other girls and could show them up.  Without her usual tight shorts, T-shirt and sports bar, she would draw much more than the usual amount of attention.

She entered the locker room and walked to her locker.  As she feared her gym clothes had been removed from her locker.  She sighed in frustration and put on her athletic socks and cross-trainers while leaving her sneakers in the locker.  She dawdled in the locker room until the other girls were filing out to the gym.  She stood near the back of the other girls as they formed up for calisthenics.

“Okay, girls.  Ready.  First we will stretch out those tired, stiff muscles.”  The instructor ran them through simple stretching exercises for about ten minutes.  The motions were slow and relaxed and felt good to Tami’s tense body.  She could almost forget how she looked.

“Now girls, we are going to do some gymnastics today.  I realize most of you may have little experience with flips and handstands, but our own Tami Smithers has some experience in these matters.  Tami, would you please come to the front of the class?”

Tami was caught by surprise as the whole class turned to look at her.  She knew her cheeks were red, and her face was blushing too.  She could not just run away and forced herself to walk to the front of the class.

“Thank you, Tami.  Would you show us all a handstand?”

Without a word Tami faced the class, placed her hands on the floor and kicked her legs up.  She got her legs straight and together, pointing her toes at the ceiling.  She kept her eyes closed and desperately tried to imagine that she was clothed normally.  Her breasts seemed even larger as they moved toward her neck while staying firm.

“Perfect, Tami.  Now, keeping your legs straight, spread them as wide as possible and hold them that way.”

Tami groaned quietly and spread her legs.  She was now fully exposed to the whole class.

“Please hold that position as I have the class try this.  Remember class.  First you have to get stable with her legs straight and together.  Only then do to you spread your legs.”

Tami kept her eyes closed as she heard groans and thuds as the other girls tried to match Tami’s perfect form.  She heard the instructor admonish them and Tami opened her eyes.  Not one girl was succeeding in balancing herself on her hands.  Despite her embarrassment and the moisture she felt forming between her wide spread legs, Tami felt some small amount of satisfaction that she was the only one who could do this.  Her arms started to quiver as the strain continued.

“Miss Taylor, can I stop now?”

“I’m sorry, Tami, of course.  Please relax.”

“Thank God, I can finally put my legs together” thought Tami.  She closed and lowered legs.  She felt almost covered as she stood tall in front of the class.  Miss Taylor was not happy with the rest of the girls.

“Come on girls, you should be ashamed.  Not one of you can do this one thing except Tami.  Tami, move slowly and show them how it’s done again.  Explain what your are doing as you do it.”

Tami forced her voice to remain calm as she explained each step as she did it.  She got balanced on her hands with her toes pointing at the ceiling again.  Her voice had a quiver in it as she explained that the legs must remain straight when they were spread.   She held her legs apart for a full ten seconds before she closed and lowered them.  Miss Taylor did not object as Tami got back to her feet and resumed standing at attention.

The other girls tried to help each other, but none seemed able to get any balance while upside down.  Miss Taylor was walking between the rows of girls.  After spending fifteen minutes with the girls, Miss Taylor spoke again.

“Tami, you can leave if you wish.  The other girls will need a lot of time to match your flawless example.”  Tami walked from the gym toward the locker room.  As soon as she was out of sight around the corner, Tami sat on the bare floor and hugged her legs to her chest.  It took her several minutes alone to regain her composure before she stood and entered the locker room.  She removed her shoes and socks and stood under a hot steamy shower.  Several minutes passed before she was able to stop her shaking.  She stepped from the shower and dried using one of the towels that were piled beside the shower room.  Once dry she hesitantly walked from the locker room and out into the sun.  Once again she composed herself and walked back to her dorm.  Her next class was in an hour, but she wanted to hide in her room until then.

Part 5 – Tami Barely Continues

The hour in her room passed much too quickly.  She was once again walking naked to the general class room building.  With just her backpack and shoes, she once again felt as exposed as ever.  All of the males and many of the females still turned their hands as she passed.  She felt each stare as if it was a physical touch.  Her nipples were so erect they were painful and she could feel moisture forming between her legs.  She could not believe how turned on she was by the humiliating situation.  After entering the building she climbed the steps to the second floor.  She arrived just as the prior class was leaving the classroom and she had to wait while the students filed out.

A hand brushed across Tami’s bottom and she turned left to slap the hand’s owner.  Before she was half turned she felt another hand pinch her right ass cheek.  She squawked and turned back only to find that several people with a few feet, but no one next to her.  She sighed and entered the now empty classroom.  Being the first to enter she chose a chair in the back and opened her English literature book.  She pretended to study as she fought to calm herself mind.

The room filled and the teacher’s assistant announced that she would be doing the teaching today.  Tami listened with half her mind to the lecture while she fought to calm herself.  Before she knew it, the class was over.  This was Tami’s last class of the day and she sighed as she returned to her dorm.  Flopping down on the bed Tami tried to think of any way out of her plight without getting expelled.

There was a knock on the door and it was pushed open by Wanda.  “Time to dress for dinner.”

“Just leave it there, Wanda.”  Tami was unable to hide the resignation in her voice.

“Can’t do that.  You have to be at the cafeteria before I can let you put it on.”

At that moment Tami heard her stomach growl.  She had not had anything to eat since breakfast.  “Okay, let’s go, Wanda.”  Tami rose and followed Wanda to the cafeteria.

Part 6 - …And Continues

It had been a week since the streaking accident and Tami was a complete wreck on the inside.  She had managed to portray an outward attitude of normalcy only by spending many hours sheltered alone in her room.  It was only luck that had placed her in one of the single rooms usually assigned to a resident advisor.  During these hours alone she had thrown herself into her studies to distract herself from her many embarrassing situations.

Not one word had come from the dean although Tami was sure that he had spies who would report if she caught acting embarrassed or tried to cover up.  Wanda had to be one of the main spies.  Wanda, who had gotten Tami into trouble, seemed determined to stay on Tami’s case.

Other than her sneakers, Tami had worn only one thing all week -- a very short cutoff T-shirt that got shorter each day until it just barely covered her nipples.  Wanda had provided that T-shirt only for use in the cafeteria and the science building as the dean had instructed.  As soon as Tami left the cafeteria or science building Wanda promptly appeared with a smirk on her face.  Although quivering with embarrassment on the inside, Tami forced a smile on her face and pulled the tiny shirt over her head.  Wanda accepted the T-shirt with a knowing look on her face.  Wanda just walked off leaving Tami once again exposed to the world and unable to cover herself in any way.

Tami had not left the campus during her sentence of nudity.  She had thought she would get used to the same people seeing her all the time, but each person’s stare was as the first.  If anything, her embarrassment and inner turmoil was deepened.  She had no dates although she had had countless requests.

Reluctantly, Tami admitted that she had gained one thing – a truly all-over tan.  Her normally pale areas that had been covered by her now unavailable swimwear had acquired an even brown tone.  No tan lines remained to indicate she had ever worn clothes over her firm unblemished glowing skin.

Tami dreaded the weekend after next – Parents’ Weekend.  The weekend the parents and siblings were invited to visit the campus for a dinner and a night of entertainment by the students.  Skits and singing were the norm.  For Tami, there would be many new faces staring at her and, worst of all, two of those faces would be her own parents.  Tami could think of no way around the weekend.

Little did she know the challenges she would face before that parental confrontation.

Part 7 – Cross-Country

Tami discovered life in the classrooms relatively easy.  Her math, science and literature courses were tolerable by concentrating on the lecture.  She could set a book in her lap and somewhat hide her breasts behind her arms while she took notes.  Her philosophy course was boring and her mind tended to drift back to her embarrassing situation.  It was the physical education that was the most frustrating class.  Being in better shape that most of the girls had led Miss Taylor to use Tami as an example of how to do things.

As Tami stepped into the gym from the locker area Miss Taylor was already showing her general displeasure at the girls’ lack of physical conditioning.  “I don’t expect you to become real athletes, but I insist you all get into a basic shape.  To that end I think you all need some road work.  Tami, please come over here.”

Tami stepped to the front of the class.  “We’re going to run six miles by the road around the campus and the farm on the north of the campus.  I jog at the front.  I want you to bring of the rear and keep the stragglers from falling too far behind the pack.”  Turning to face the class Miss Taylor shouted.  “Come on girls, follow me.”

Tami found her long lean legs shaking as she followed the tail of the pack.  This route would take her off-campus, passed the edge of town and onto a country road.  While it should not expose her to as many people as had already seen her on campus, it was new territory.  Despite her shaky knees, Tami has no problem keeping up with two girls that fell back from the pack.  Tami jogged up between them and tried to hurry them on.  She failed to notice what was gaining on her from behind.

Tami jumped as she heard feet pounding from behind her.  She turned to see the local high school mens track team trailing less than fifty feet behind her.  The leering grins on their sweaty face told her that they had been enjoying their view of her naked bouncing bottom.  She turned and felt her face blush as she quickly caught up with the two slowest girls.  Within seconds the high schoolers caught up with Tami.  Her hopes that they would pass her by were dashed as they matched her pace.  Tami felt embarrassed at lewd comments about her firm bouncing body.  She wanted to run away, but feared that this track team might keep up with her no matter how fast she ran.  She yelled at the two out-of-breath girls to speed up and tried to stay between them.  The track team encircled her, herding Tami to the side.  Tami watched as the other two girls slowly pulled away.  Trapped between the tightly pressed group of young male bodies she had no choice but to jog at their pace.

Tami realized that she was about half way through the course and as far from the campus as the course would take her.  Even at the slower pace the team was making, Tami felt the sweat flow easily from her pores to leave her glistening in the bright sunlight.  Tami felt that more than sweat was pouring from her body.  The moisture from between her legs was dripping down her inner thighs.  She was sure that the smell of her arousal was obvious to all the boys.  She noticed the bulges in the boys’ shorts and feared the situation would spiral completely out of control.

<HONK>

Tami jumped at the sound and looked over her shoulder to see a beat up pickup truck following the track team.  It pulled even with the boys as the team stopped with Tami trapped between their sweaty bodies.  A young man leaned out the open window and spoke.

“What’ve we got here, bro?”

The guy looked like the older brother of one of the taller boys.  That boy answered.

“We were just out for our cross country jog when we found this naked filly.”

The guy from the truck responded.  “She must like to show what she’s got, to run around in the all-together like that.  Is that right missy?”

Between the jogging and situation Tami was still out of breath.  Trapped between the press of tight sweaty male bodies she could just whimper an answer.  “Please don’t hurt me.”

“Listen, babe, I’m Billy.  We aren’t a bunch of rapists.  But since you like to show yourself off, we want a record of it.  If you’ll dance for us a while, we’ll give you a ride back to the your school.  Will you play?”

Tami saw no choice in the matter.  “You want me to dance right here on the road?”

Billy waved Tami over to the truck and the team parted to make way for her.  Billy opened the passenger side door and Tami reluctantly stepped into the cab.  Billy’s brother slid in next to Tami squeezing her between the two males.  The rest of the track team climbed into the back of the truck and Billy gunned the engine.  Billy did a U-turn and the truck bounced down the road.  At an intersection they turned right and moved farther from the town and college.  They drove for fifteen minutes along country roads before turning onto a dirt road that lead to a farmhouse and barn.

Billy stopped the truck and led a wordless Tami to the barn.  As they entered she was surprised to find no hay, animals or farm equipment.  The inside of the barn had been cleaned and painted to look more like a small country nightclub complete with tables and a raised runway.  The track team entered and took sat in chairs along the sides of the runway.  Billy led Tami to stairs at the end of the runway and motioned her to get on the runway.  She climbed the stairs as Billy moved to a CD player and started playing hard pounding disco-style music.  It only took Tami only a few moments to realize that she was expected to dance.  She felt very self-conscious as she started moving to the music.  Though still embarrassed she found she was feeling arousal as she starting doing a ‘bump and grind’.  The hoots and hollers of the track team and Billy grew louder as a sheen of sweat covered her body.  One song followed another and another for over two hours that left Tami exhausted, but sexually wired.  She just wanted to get back to her dorm and relax under a long hot shower.

The music stopped.  Tami did not know what to expect and was surprised when the track team stood and filed out of the barn.  They were in a joyous mode as they left and their voices faded away.  Tami turned to Billy as he smiled and spoke, “Are you ready for your ride back?”

Tami saw Billy’s eyes move up and down her body.  Strangely, she did not feel uncomfortable for the first time in over a week.  With just the two of them here Billy looked more like any teenage boy asking timidly for a date.  She slowly stepped up to him and smiled as he stiffened.  When she placed her arms around Billy’s neck he relaxed and wrapped his arms around her.

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It was dark as Tami rose from the bed.  She and Billy had moved to the farmhouse for their lovemaking.  Billy stirred in his bed and turned to face Tami.  “You are a vision, babe.”

Tami smiled back and spoke.  “I would love to stay, but I should get back to the campus before it gets any later.  I have classes in the morning.”

Billy pulled on this pants and a work shirt.  “I’ll drive you back, but only if you promise to see me this weekend.”

Tami smiled back.  “Of course, but only if you promise there’ll be no more performances in front of the boys.”

“Promise!  All your dances will be for me only.”

Part 8 – Back to School and Out Again

Billy drove as Tami snuggled up to him.  The first few miles through the open farmlands passed easily enough for Tami, but as they approached the town and campus the chance of being seen increased.  Even though she would soon have to step from Billy’s truck naked when they reached the campus, she slouched down in her seat.  She held her right arm in front of her breasts and dropped her left hand to cover her bare pussy.

Billy noticed Tami’s tension grow with each passing moment.  He was intrigued with her and glanced frequently to admire her luscious flesh.  He did not know what her situation was but was more than willing to find out what it was and take advantage of it.  “It’s obvious to me you don’t enjoy being nude in public.  Why do you do it?”

Tami had not told anyone her true situation for fears that it would get back to the dean, but she found herself quickly telling Billy how it started.  “…And so I’ve been naked ever since.”

Billy drove quietly as he realized he could use this information to blackmail her into doing most anything.  “Maybe I should play it straight with her”, he thought.  “She is a great lay.”  Before he could make up his mind they pulled into the parking lot behind her dorm.

Tami sighed and turned to Billy.  “Time to face the music.”  She gave him a peck on the cheek, but before she could move away he hugged her to him and gave her a long sensuous kiss.  Tami was swept up and returned the kiss, drawing it out.  They finally leaned back from her other and each took a deep breath.  Tami reluctantly opened the door and stepped out.  With a smile on her face she turned and walked casually to the front door of her dorm.  She was happy and felt on top of the world.  She didn’t notice that she had left her sneakers on the floor of Billy’s truck.

Tami’s reverie was broken as Wanda blocked the dorm’s doorway.  Wanda gave Tami an arrogant look and spoke in a stern voice.  “Ms. Taylor was worried sick that something had happened to you and she reported your absence to the dean.  I was told to send you over to the dean’s house as soon as you showed up.  Now march, young lady.”

Tami shivered as she realized she would have to go off campus.  Many new eyes would spy her naked for the first time.  The dean’s house was about seven blocks into town, all through a middle class neighborhood.  No bus route went that way and Tami was not sure that a bus would really be any better.  In the early evening light of an early fall day, she set out walking to the edge of campus.

Upon reaching the street that ran along that side of the campus Tami’s felt as if she had hit a barrier.  It was one thing to show her body to her fellow students and faculty, but she felt strangely protected in that world.  Even jogging away from campus she had felt the umbrella of the college somehow giving her a bit of protection.  Walking alone into the residential neighborhood she felt even more vulnerable and embarrassed than on campus.  Being without even her sneakers made her feel even more naked than ever.  She took her first tentative step across the street and felt her body burn with humiliation.  Upon reaching the sidewalk on the other side of the street she turned to see Wanda watching.  Turning back to the street Tami forced herself to walk in at a ‘normal’ pace down the block.

A few minutes later Tami found herself surrounded by homes.  She received the disapproving stares of several housewives as she maintained her pace.  It was clear the wives thought she was a slut.   What was worse was the growing group of fourteen and fifteen-year-old boys that trailed her.  It had started with only three grinning boys, but had grown to a pack of over a dozen snickering and drooling boys.  The pack had followed her at about thirty feet for over a block before they got braver.  They quickened their pace and followed within two feet of her.  She realized that her firm naked bottom and long lean legs were their initial center of attention.  However, the closer they got, the braver they got.  In ones and twos the boys started darting ahead to stop and watch her approach.  Although they uttered few intelligent words, Tami could feel their eyes on her even firm curve but most specifically on her firm breasts.  Her nipples grew and hardened, much to the delight of her young admirers.

Tami forced herself to continue as the pack of boys gained new several new arrivals and suffered few loses.  By the time she had reached the dean house over twenty boys surrounded her.  They waited at the front sidewalk as she stepped to the porch and knocked on the door.  Within moments the door opened and a small woman with streaks of gray in her hair opened the door.

Part 9 – The Dean’s Wife and the Voyage Home

“You must be that woman from the college that is driving my husband crazy.  Some foolishness about being a religious nudist.”  Seeing the pack of boys in front of the house the dean’s wife grabbed Tami’s wrist, pulled her in and slammed the door.  “I simply can’t you have you corrupting the neighborhood children like this.  I insist you put something on.”

Tami sighed in relief, but acted as if she were giving in to the dean’s wife.  “In your home I’ll abide by your wishes, Mrs. Jorgon.”  Tami followed the woman as they walked to a bedroom.  The dean wife reached into a closet and puled out a long loose summer dress with a floral print.  She handed it to Tami who tried to hide her relief.  Tami quickly pulled the dress over her head and down her body.  The dress was old, but not torn or tattered, and the hem reached below Tami’s knees.  Tami buttoned the front up to her neck and ran her hands down her sides.  For the first time in days, she felt the brush of material against her ass and legs.  It felt wonderful to be covered so completely after all her days of exposure.

Tami saw that Mrs. Jorgon was giving Tami a thoughtful look.  She was suddenly afraid that the dean’s wife had guessed her secret.  Tami placed a serious expression on her own face and followed the dean’s wife from the room.  They walked to the living room and Tami sat on the couch as pointed to by Mrs. Jorgon.

Mrs. Jorgon walked back and forth as she started to speak.  “Don’t interrupt me.  I think you are doing all this ridiculous nakedness just to get out of punishment for your shameless games.  I don’t much care what you do as long as you don’t tarnish the image of the college or make trouble for my husband.  I intend to watch you very carefully and expose your lies.  I won’t rest until the truth is revealed.”

Tami kept quiet and fought to keep a neutral expression on her face.  She felt her stomach twist into a knot as Mrs. Jorgon’s words seemed to echo within her head.  Nothing came to mind that would help so Tami remained speechless.

“You have nothing to say for yourself?’  Mrs. Jorgon’s voice dripped with anger.  “In that case I’m going to make sure you get a lot of opportunity to show everyone what you are made of.  Your literature class has just been given permission for a field trip Friday night.  You and your class will be able to go into the city for dinner and a production of Shakespeare's ‘As You Like It’.  Of course everyone will be dressed in their best except you.”

Tami wanted to shrink at the Mrs. Jorgon’s words.  “Oh, no”, she thought, “I’ll be seen by thousands.”  She knew she would feel the stares on her every curve and there would be nothing she could so.  “I just can’t give up now.  I’ll be expelled for sure.”  Forcing a smile to her face Tami looked Mrs. Jorgon in the eye and spoke.

“Thank you.  That’ll be a wonderful outing.”

Mrs. Jorgon just harrumphed and glared at Tami for several seconds before speaking very angrily.  “Got out of here and leave that dress on the front steps.”

Without a word Tami rose and walked to the door.  As she opened it she saw that five of the neighborhood boys had been waiting.  Tami stepped on the porch and Mrs. Jorgon slammed the door shut.  Tami felt very strange as she pulled the dress over her head.  It was like the first time she had been caught.  The boys whispered among themselves and chuckled.  As Tami stepped off the boys formed up behind her once again.  Tami felt her face flush and her breathing quickened.  With trembling legs she forced herself to walk quickly and retraced her route from the college.

A slight breeze had risen while she was in the dean’s house.  As the breeze blew over she nipples she felt her nipples harden.  As soon as she realized this she noticed the air passing between her legs and was amazed as her pussy moistened.

Tami walked over two blocks and collected a few more boys in her wake.  The most recent additions were a pair of tall gangly boys the looked to be at least sixteen.  She heard the older boys lower voices softly just before two of the younger boys raced ahead of her and disappeared from view between two house about a block ahead of her.  Tami felt no relief at their departure as she continued to see housewives staring at her with disgust.  Two housewives actually stepped to their front doors and shouted at Tami.  “Slut” and “Harlot” were just a few of the words shouted in her direction.

Tami maintained her pace despite her inner shame.  Her nipples became impossibly harder and she was afraid she would soon feel love juice trickle down her inner thighs.  She was taken complete by surprise as a stream of cold water splashed against her chest.  A second stream of even colder water immediately struck her face.  She was momentarily blinded as the stream moved up and down soaking her hair and leaving every inch of her tawny skin wet.

Tami was finally able to shake water from her eyes and saw what had happened.  The two boys who had previously race ahead of her had set a trap.  They each had a garden hose with the nozzle adjusted to a narrow stinging stream.  They showed no sign of letting up, but they were laughing and having trouble keeping the cold streams on her.  Upon seeing that they had no intention of stopping Tami did the only thing she felt she could do – she RAN as fast as she could.

Tami’s running set in motion all the firm parts of her anatomy.  Her breasts bounced in counterpoint to each other.  Their motions made her sensitive breasts feel very exposed and stimulated.  The trailing pack of boys were just able to keep up with Tami as the delightful view of her pumping thighs and bottom drew their young male eyes.  As their bodies reacted in a normal male response to the sight of a shapely woman’s pulsating flesh, Tami was slowly able to pull away from them.  She was running on the grass to avoid the scrapping of the sidewalk on the soles of her feet.  She barely slowed as she flashed across streets, her sore feet slapping hard against the concrete.

Tami’s shame drove her on and on.  By the time she reached the campus they lead boys of pack trailed her by almost a half a block.  Sweat covered her body as she stepped onto the campus and slowed.  Her hair stuck to her head and shoulders and her body’s sheen of sweat gave her a slick look.  She slowed to a jogged and continued to her dorm while still breathing deeply.

As she stepped onto the first step in front of her dorm she looked up and saw Wanda sitting inside the dorm.  Tami just wanted to slink up to her room and hide, but Wanda had other plans.

Part 10 – The Big City

Wanda looked up and saw Tami trying to slink up to her room.  Wanda thoughts were nasty.  “Look at her.  I’m sure she’s faking it all just to avoid being expelled.  Well, I’m going to make it as tough as possible for her.”

“Oh, Tami, I see you’re back.”

Tami froze as she heard Wanda’s voice. If she tried to ignore her, she was sure that Wanda would just keep on pestering her.  Tami forced a smile on her face and answered.

“Yes, I had a nice talk with the Mrs. Jorgon.  She arranged for a bunch of us to see a Shakespeare play in the city.  Isn’t that lovely?”  Tami voice hid her inner turmoil quite well.

“In that case you won’t mind running a few errands for me while you’ll there.  I just talked to Mrs. Jorgon and she has given her approval.”

Tami suppressed her groan as she realized Wanda was setting her up.  She continued her forced smile and responded.  “Of course, what do you want me to do?”

Tami listened to every word and realized thousands would see her as she ran the errands.  It would be one heck of a Friday night.

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Friday night found Tami riding on the bus in her finest attire.  Well, the finest that was permitted her.  She wore black high-heeled shoes with ankle straps.  Around her neck hung a string of pearls.  Her silver “dress” wristwatch was on her left wrist and a black small black patent leather purse in her right hand.  And that was all.  Her finely tanned skin was all too visible.  To make matters worse they were going into the city in the afternoon instead of the early evening.  Mrs. Jorgon has arranged for the students to visit an art museum before the theater.

Tami would have loved to go to the art museum where she could have possibly hide for a time.  Instead Tami had to drop off a parcel at the office of the curator at the Museum of Natural History.  Once that was done, she had to get across town and pickup a package of some sort at the Merchandise Mart.

As the students filed out of the bus at the art museum, Tami held the parcel in front of her waist to hide her bare pussy from view.  She waved for a cab and one zipped right up to her.  She opened the back door as she placed the parcel on the seat and slid in behind it.  She turned to give the cabbie the address only to find a bug-eyed middle aged man staring at her form the front seat.

“The Museum of Natural History, please.”

The man continued to stare into the back seat at Tami.  She moved the parcel onto her lap and repeated, “The Museum of Natural History, please.”

The driver blinked and shook his head.  “Whatever” muttered the driver before he finally turned and pulled away from the curb.  Tami, away from the eyes of the others of her college community let some of her embarrassment show.  She bit her lower lip and tried to hide behind the parcel.  The box was a cube about a foot on each side, too small to hide both her pussy and her breasts from view.  Too soon she arrived at the natural history museum.  Tami was stunned to see the crowd around the front of the building.  She took a deep breath, stepped out of the taxi and paid the cabbie.

Tami held the parcel in front of her crotch as she climbed the stone steps to the front doors.  She kept her eyes focused straight ahead as the normal crowd noises faded.  As the seconds passed she saw everyone in front of her turn their heads to follow her every step.  Tami wanted to run and hide, but she knew that if she did she would never be able to continue with her charade.  Pulling open a heavy front door she sighed thinking that the worst was behind her.

Part 11 – A Crowded Museum

Tami’s relief was short-lived as she saw the lobby and main floor were very crowded.  She stepped up to the information desk where young female guide stood talking to an older couple.  The guide wore a blue blazer with the logo of the museum on the left pocket.  The guide’s expression changed to disbelief as she turned to face Tami.

“What are you doing?” the guide gasped.

“I have a parcel for the curator.  Can you direct me to his office?”

“Come with me.”  The guide stepped from the information desk and led Tami quickly to a side corridor and through a door marked “Authorized Personnel Only”.  Tami found herself in an empty hallway.  The guide stopped and turned to face Tami.  “Now just why are you showing up here naked?”

For some reason Tami could not hold in her real feelings.  She broke into tears and quickly her plight.  The guide, Rebecca, listened sympathetically to Tami tale.  Rebecca, no stranger to embarrassing situation, felt sorry for Tami.  “Come with me, dear.”  They walked down the hallway passed several closed doors and finally entered a storage room.  “Wait here, Tami.”  Rebecca left the room leaving Tami to dry her eyes in private.

Rebecca appeared a few minutes later with a white lab coat over her right arm and said, “This is all I could find quickly.”  She handed the lab coat to Tami who immediately slid it on.  It was missing a couple of six buttons and hung down to almost Tami’s knees.  Tami sighed in as if it were the most luxurious garment she had ever worn.  Wearing the most she had worn in weeks, she thanked Rebecca profusely.

“I’ll take that parcel to the curator for you.  You better get going or you’ll be late.”

Tami handed the parcel to Rebecca and the two returned to the lobby.  Tami thanked Rebecca again and the two promised to get together sometime in the future.  Stepping to the curb to hail a taxi Tami felt as if she was in control for the first time since the night Wanda had dared her to streak across campus.  Tami actually relaxed and looked around at the big city.

The taxi pulled up to the Merchandise Mart and Tami left the taxi.  The sidewalk was not nearly as crowded, but as soon as Tami entered the building crowds of people moving between the many wholesale dealers surrounded her.  She followed the signs and quickly found booth 51 as she had been directed.  She had to wait as the dealer finished with two other customers.  Tami found herself checking her watch as the time passed.

Finally, Tami reached the dealer who quickly found the box she was to pick up.  It was only about two inches thick, but two feet wide and three feet long.  Tami wasted no time carrying the box outside.  Flagging a cab she gave the address for the art museum.  She would rejoin the other students there for the ride to the theater.

As the cab pulled up to the museum Tami remember the lab coat.  She quickly pulled it from her body to the surprise of the cabby.  She stuffed the coat under the front seat and paid the cabby before stepping.  The brief time in the lab coat left her now feeling more exposed than earlier.  She scurried into the art museum to meet her fellow students.

No one was waiting for her.  Holding the box in front of her she waved at one of the male guides.   He looked at her wide eyed as he answered.  “They left twenty minutes ago.”

Part 12 – Stranded

The brief time in the lab coat left her now feeling more exposed than earlier.  Tami was unprepared when the gawking male guide told her that the bus with the rest of her fellow students had left twenty minutes ago.  She did not know the name of the theater where the play was occurring and for the life of her she could not remember the name of the play.  She was stuck in the city with just her shoes and pearls.  With only the box to hide behind she was very conscious of her state of undress.  She was also afraid that she would be in trouble for missing the play.

The only soul she even slightly knew was Rebecca who she had just met.  Without thinking it through she charged back out to the curb.  The cab she had just left was still idling at the curb.  Tami rushed up and opened the door to the delight of the cabby.

“Take me back to the Museum of Natural History, please.”

The cabby took another long stare at Tami’s exposed curves before pulling away from the curb.  Tami pulled the lab coat from under the seat and pulled it on with a sigh of relief.  The ride back seemed to take forever as the traffic had picked up at the approach of rush hour.  She had just stepped from the cab with her package at the Museum of Natural History in time to see Rebecca walking down the steps.  Tami waved Rebecca over and the two met at the base of the steps.

“You still around?”

Tami quickly explained her situation and concluded with “Can you help me out?”

Rebecca thought for several moments before she answered.  “Well, now, I suppose I can.  But it will come with a price.”

Rebecca’s words made Tami shiver with trepidation.  “Like what do you have in mind?”

“Let me give you a ride to my house and then I’ll see if we can find your play.”

The two women climbed into Rebecca’s seven-year-old compact.  Rebecca turned to Tami and spoke.  “I said there would be a price.  Throw the lab coat in the back seat with the package.

“Well, it’s no worse than I’ve had to put up with lately.”

Tami wriggled out of the coat and dropped it on the back seat.  Neither woman noticed the taxi pull away from the curb and follow them.  Even if they had noticed they would have failed to see Wanda hiding in the taxi’s backseat.

Part 13 – A Kindred Soul Found and An Evil One Plans

Rebecca and Tami chatted together like old friends.  It seemed the two shared much in common including the interest in the occasional dare.  Rebecca told of her initiation into the Beta Alpha Pi Sorority.  She had been dropped off on a country road wearing just her sneakers and body paint.  The paint had done nothing to ease her discomfort since her breasts had been painted like targets.  Similar targets had been painted on each ass cheek and around her pussy.  She had escaped detection only by the smallest of margins when she had also run straight into a frat initiation ritual.  She had to hide for thirty minutes in some rose bushes.  When the frat boys finally moved away Rebecca was covered with tiny scratches over most of her body.  By the time she had reached the pick up spot she itched all over her body.

“I haven’t looked at roses the same way since then.”

Tami giggled with Rebecca as she ended the story.  Rebecca had driven west and they were in the suburbs.  They pulled into a driveway between two small houses on a residential street.  A stand of woods ran along the back of the property.  The area had an almost rural atmosphere.  The car pulled into a carport in the small backyard in the shade of the trees.

“We’re home” announced Rebecca.  She opened her door and stepped from the car.  Tami reached into the backseat to retrieve the lab coat, but Rebecca stopped her by saying, “You won’t be needing that.  The neighbors on this side are out of down.”

Tami wanted the coat but surrendered to Rebecca’s suggestion.  “After all she is helping me”, Tami thought.  A quick glance around revealed no one in sight, but she failed to notice Wanda step from the cab half a block away.  She walked around the car and stood at the back door while Rebecca unlocked it.

“Why don’t you take a seat in the living room while I check the theater listings on the Internet.”  Tami did as suggested and waited only a few minutes before Rebecca walked into the living room.

“Could the play be ‘As You Like It’?” asked Rebecca.

“That’s it.”

“You’re indeed lucky.  The theater is just a few miles from here.  If we hurry, you can get there before the first act.  Let’s go.”

Tami had mixed emotions about this.  She would be able to avoid the trouble of being AWOL from her group, but she would soon be naked in full view of hundreds if not thousands of people.  Despite her mixed feelings, she followed Tami out to the car.   
Rebecca had changed into a halter-top and a pair of tight shorts that accentuated her curves very attractively.  They quickly pulled out the driveway and sped away.

In the time they had been inside the shadows had deepened as sunset approached.  The evidence of Wanda’s gas siphoning was not visible.  Wanda watched from the backseat of the taxi and had the cabby follow Rebecca’s car.  A truly evil smile crept across Wanda face as she planned her next maneuver.

Part 14 – Out of Gas

Thinking she was far from any of the prying eyes of her college community, Tami found herself hugging her arms over her chest.  Rebecca looked over and smirked.  “Getting a little shy are we?”

“I already explained that I trapped myself into playing the role of a nudist.  There’s no one around to tell on me now so why shouldn’t I try to cover up?”

Rebecca chuckled and looked over at Tami.  “It’s just so fascinating, being able to walk around naked without getting into trouble.  I know I wouldn’t have the nerve to try it.”

“Come up and visit me for a weekend and I’ll arrange it for you.”  Tami was kidding but the thought of getting the attractive Rebecca into her birthday suit for a couple of days seemed devilishly delicious.

The thought bounced around in Rebecca’s head and she found herself squirming in her seat.  “No, I just couldn’t, could I?”

“Just try me!”  Tami found herself smiling at Rebecca’s face flushed red.

The gals had only been driving for five minutes when the car coughed.  The car slowed to a crawl and Rebecca pulled up next the curb.  “Damn!” cursed Rebecca.  “I just filled that gas up yesterday.  Tami, I’m sorry but I’m out of gas.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’ve got an empty gas can in the trunk.  There’s a gas station about four blocks away.  You’ll be safe here.”

Before Tami could respond Rebecca stepped from the car and opened the trunk.  She grabbed the gas can and set out for the gas station.  Tami looked at the residential area in which the car was parked.  They were parked in the middle of the block well away from the streetlights.  At the moment there were no pedestrians and many of the houses were dark.  “Things could be worse, I guess” she mumbled to herself as she reached into the back to grab the lab coat.  She felt around but could not find it.  She did not want to turn on the dome light as that might attract attention.  Her only alternative was to crawl over the front seat.  She looked around once more and, seeing no one, she climbed into the back.

Half a block back Wanda stood behind a tree and spied on Tami.  The sun had set less than thirty minutes ago.  For 7:45 it was surprisingly dark due to the overcast clouds that were quickly blowing across the moonless sky.   Wanda had had the cabby drop her off at the last corner.  She was working her way closer as she crept up from bush to hedge to tree.  Wanda was also dressed for the theater in a short black dress, hose and heels that were not made for covert activity.  She did not pay attention to the occasional snag on a bush or hedge and so did not realize the thread she was trailing.  The thread was unraveling up from the hem in the middle of the back.  It wouldn’t take much more unraveling for the already short dress to expose her frilly black sheer panties as she peaked from behind a hiding place.  Soon she would wish she had kept the lab coat she had taken from Rebecca’s car.

Tami was frustrated after thoroughly searching the backseat of Rebecca’s car.  Tami hadn’t found so much as a floor mat under which to hide.  She looked back and noticed that the trunk lid was not closed all the way.  “I wonder if there’s a blanket or something I can use”, she thought.  Tami took her time looking around until she was convinced she was alone.  Finally she took a deep breath and opened her door.  She stood next to the car and felt a light breeze caress her bare skin.  Her nipples hardened as she stepped to the back of the car.

Tami pulled up the trunk lid to find a tidy trunk devoid of anything she could use for coverage.  In frustration she slammed the trunk lid closed just as the breeze picked up and Tami’s open door swung shut.  She raced to the door only to find it locked.  “Damn!”

Wanda peaked from her hiding place behind a hedge at the front of a house.  She had worked her way to within sixty feet of Tami.  She took delight in the sight of the naked Tami huddling next to the locked passenger side door.  Unbeknownst to Wanda the fraying at the back of her little black dress left her firm panty covered butt quite visible.  The fraying had reached the bottom of the zipper.

The combination of being trapped in public and the cooling breeze across her bare skin left Tami feeling more naked that ever.  With her right arm across her breast and her left hand covering the area between her legs, she constantly looked up and down the street fearing someone would spot her.  Looking for a better place to hide Tami tiptoed to the closest house.  Bushes grew in front of its screened in porch.  Tami moved to the corner of the porch and slid behind the bushes into a particularly dark spot.  Fearing she might be here for a while, Tami sat down on a bed of dry leaves and pine needles.  Satisfied that she was a hidden as possible she leaned her head back against the wall and closed her eyes.

Wanda had held her breath when she saw Tami hide in the bushes not twenty feet away.  For five minutes neither girl made a sound until Wanda finally leaned back against a particularly pointy branch that slid right between her legs snagging her frilly panties.  Wanda barely suppressed a “YELP” and moved up on her toes.  The panties were pulled down about an inch from the crotch.  She reached around and was surprised as her hand brushed bare rump.  The breeze had picked up against and the rustle of leaves covered her gasp.  While trying to remain quiet she turned first left then right trying to free her panties.  This only succeeded in more firmly snagging in the frilly material.  Tami’s frustration got the best of her when she finally grabbed the branch and jerked it away from her.  She heard the sound of tearing material and felt the lacy fabric pull from her crotch.  She back up a step and did not feel the rose bush thorns attach themselves to the back of her dress.  Thinking herself free at last, but pantiless, she turned and bent down to retrieve her undies only to see them fluttering away in the stiff breeze.  The stress on the frayed back of the dress caused the weakened seam to the right of the zipper to split. She turned and tried to pull the dress from the rose bush.  When it suddenly popped loose she fell backward onto her naked posterior. Before she could react the black dress fell from her body revealing that she was braless. The black dress flipped from her hand to land a couple of feet away.  She crawled toward the remains of her dress just as the wind gusted up to thirty miles per hour.  The black material, caught in the gust, fluttered over the lawn and across the street.  Wanda’s last glimpse of her dress was as it blew between two houses.

Part 15 – Gone with the Wind and Thunder

Tami, unaware of Wanda’s plight, was starting to shiver from the gusts of wind that shook the bushes that hid her.  The branches of the bush brushed back and forth against her breasts and stomach.  Despite the situation, she found herself feeling rather randy and she felt moisture form between her legs.  She moved to her left in an effort to escape the tinkling brushes of the shrubbery.  She thought to herself.  “I refuse to get turned on by this situation.  Where the hell is Rebecca?”  Tami hugged herself covering her cool hardening nipples.

Wanda had crawled into her own hiding place not twenty feet away.  She, too, was feeling embarrassed and yet aroused.  Most of all she was frustrated by the unfairness of it all.  “That Tami is a little tramp and deserves this, but me?”  The cool wind did nothing to cool the fire she felt growing between her legs that was impossible to put out of her mind.  Wanda forced herself to peak through the shrubbery and was just able to see Tami in the bushes not twenty feet away.  Wanda grit her teeth in frustration.

Rebecca was two blocks away and passing under a streetlight when there was a flash.  She looked up just as the rolling thunder drowned out the sound of the rustling leaves.  She took a moment to switch the four-liter gas can from her right hand to her left.  The sloshing gasoline was growing heavier with each passing minute.  With the threat of rain made her walk more quickly, but she quickly felt cold drops of rain that fell on her bare shoulders and legs.  In seconds her halter was glued to her chest and back.  Only its dark color kept it from becoming transparent, but the outline her erect nipples were quite clear.  To make matters worse already tight white shorts DID become transparent as the rain made the suck even more tightly to her skin.  Her short dark bush was very visible.

A drenched Rebecca was walking as fast as she could as she approached that car.  She felt very naked with her clothes stuck to her body as they were.  She had a greater appreciation for Tami’s courage for sticking with her ‘nudity’ rouse.  She walked directly to the gas cap on the driver’s side of the car and was pouring the fuel into the tank when she caught movement out of the corner of her eye.  She turned to see Tami run up to her and frantically ask for the car keys.  Rebecca hand the keys to Tami who unlocked the passenger door and jump inside the car.  Rebecca finish pouring the gas into the car and wanted to put the gas can in the trunk.  She opened the driver’s side door and had a shivering Tami pass her the car keys.  She was placing the can in the trunk as another movement to her right caused her to turn.

Wanda surprised Rebecca just as she turning to face Wanda.  Rebecca was overwhelmed as Wanda twisted Rebecca’s left arm high up behind Rebecca’s back.  “Get out of those shorts” Wanda quietly yet sternly demanded.

Rebecca was confused.  She had just seen enough of the taller Wanda to see that she was naked and alone.  She could not figure out why a girl would get naked to hold her up.  When Rebecca hesitated to meet Wanda’s demand, Wanda raised Rebecca’s twisted arm even higher up Rebecca’s spine.  Rebecca started to peel the rain soaked shorts down her legs while she would she had worn some sensible underwear.  Instead, as she pulled the wet shorts down, her lack was any underwear left her feeling very vulnerable.  Unable to lean forward without putting more strain on her trapped arm and shoulder, she wiggled her legs until the shorts dropped to her ankles.  She stepped out of her shorts and waited.

Wanda pulled on the halter-top’s knot at the back of Rebecca’s neck.  It came free easily enough.  The top slowly fell forward completely exposing Rebecca’s breasts.  The rain was coming down in buckets and a small cold torrent flowed between Rebecca’s breasts and down over her crotch before running down her legs.

“No!” Rebecca groaned.

The halter-top hung around her waist held on only by the loose knot that had been between her breasts.  Wanda pulled in the back, but the loose knot just formed into a tighter knot of wet clingy material.

Tami was slouched down in the front seat shivering from her cool wetness, frustration and embarrassment.  She was oblivious to everything else until she heard Rebecca’s groan.  Tami peaked over the back of the seat and was shocked as she saw Rebecca struggling in Wanda grasp.  Tami crawled to the driver’s side and slowly opened the door.  Wanda’s back was toward Tami as she inched forward.

Wanda kept pulling on the halter-top until the material fluttered to the street.  Wanda smiled evilly and was about to push Rebecca into the trunk when something struck her from behind.  Wanda pitched forward and fell head first into the trunk.  Tami grabbed Wanda’s legs and shoved them into the trunk before slamming the lid shut.

Rebecca had fallen to the street when Wanda had been hit.  She looked up just in time to see Tami close the trunk.  Despite being wet and naked Tami had a triumphant look on her face.

“Come on, let’s get out of here” announced a grinning Tami.  “It’s getting cold.”

Rebecca moved to the back of the car.  She felt around for the keys she had dropped during Wanda’s attack.  The rain was flooding the street, but she found the key and then turned to look for her shorts and tops.  She saw the shorts awash in the gutter heading toward the nearest corner.  Her top floated a few feet behind the shorts.  She took a couple of steps when the shorts just disappeared.  She ran faster and had almost reached the top when it too disappeared.  She stopped and looked down to see a storm drain through which her clothes had vanished.  Rebecca froze as she stood naked and stared down the drain.  Only Tami’s urgent voice brought her from her trance like state.

“Come on, already!  We have to get out of here!”  Tami’s pleading voice was punctuated as a flash of lightning made the two naked women very visible.

Part 16 – And a Deal is Struck

The naked Tami and Rebecca had returned to Rebecca’s house and devised a plan that would protect Tami from her AWOL status and exact some measure of revenge on Wanda.  Only then did the two now clothed ladies climb into the car in Rebecca’s garage.  They stood next to the still locked trunk.  Tami knocked on the trunk lid and Wanda started to scream.  Tami was ready and spoke loudly in reply.

“Shut up in there or we’ll drop you naked right in front of the stadium at the end of tomorrow’s football game.”  Tami’s voice had a harsh quality to it that immediately made Wanda quiet down.  “Now here’s the deal.  We’re are going to let you out, but you have to do as we say.  First, we’re going to open the trunk just far enough to drop in a pair of handcuffs.  We want you to lock your wrists behind your back.  When you have them in place, you tell us and we will let you out.  We’ll accept no tricks.  If you try to escape or don’t have the cuffs in place, you will be found in this open trunk just as the thousands stream out of tomorrow’s game.  I’m sure you can imagine the greeting you will get.  Are you ready?”

Wanda voice was just loud enough to hear.  “Yes.”

Tami signaled Rebecca and she popped the trunk latch.  Tami dropped in the cuffs and the lid was snapped back down.  They heard movement in the trunk.  A few seconds later Wanda voice announced “I’m ready.”  Rebecca popped the lock open and they let the lid slowly raise with Tami peaking at Wanda.  Wanda was on her side facing away from ladies.  The cuffs were plainly around her wrists, but Tami reached in to make sure they were really closed.  Rebecca double locked them so they would not close so tight as to cut off the circulation.  Tami and Rebecca helped the naked and very quiet Wanda from the trunk.  Droplets still adhered to her skin, but she was no longer the rain soaked gal she had been when they last saw her.  Wanda stood in fear as she watched her clothed captors.

Tami spoke again.  “Here’s the rest of the deal.  You will back me up and say that we had car trouble and were unable to get to the theater.  That’s basically true anyway.  You will also continue your reports to the dean and his wife, but will tell them you are convinced that my belief in nudism is true.”

A defiant look crept into Wanda’s eyes, but before she would say a word Tami continued.

“To insure your continued cooperation we will take the following precautions.  First, you will be kept naked until we return to the campus tomorrow afternoon.  Second, we will take lots of photographs and videotapes of you until them.  Third, some of those photographs are going to be very compromising.  If at anytime you cause me any trouble Rebecca will have the photographs posted on the Internet and copies of the videotapes will be sent to your parents and the dean.  Do you understand?”

After a moment’s hesitation Wanda’s head hung low and she said, “I understand”.  Her submissive manner convinced Tami they had beaten Wanda.

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Rebecca was driving as they approached the campus.  Tami was again naked, but smiling, as the chatted cheerfully in the front seat.  Wanda rode in the back.  Wanda wore a red halter-top that barely contained her breasts.  A short skirt hung from her hips fully exposing a broad expanse of stomach.  The skirt didn’t reach halfway to her knees leaving a delectable expanse of bare thighs in sights.  Wanda squirmed in the seat each time either Rebecca or Tami looked at her.  The fact that Wanda had no underwear was foremost in Wanda’s mind.  The long slits up the sides of the skirt only drove that fact home.

Tami, despite her own nudity, spoke with control to Wanda.  “Remember, Wanda, Rebecca has the videotape and exposed film ready if you cause me any problems.”

Wanda shook her head yes.  Her mind drifted back to hours that she had spent being posed by the two women.  The most embarrassing was the series in which she had been hog-tied with her ankles tied off to her wrists behind her back.  She had been worse than naked as she remember the rubber bra that had left her dark nipple protruding from the holes in the black rubber.  Her arms had been lashed together until her elbows touched.  Perhaps most disturbing was the way that a red rubber ball has been forced between her teeth and held in place was a pair of panties that tied behind her head.  She shivered and realized she would do most anything to keep those pictures from becoming public.

Yes, Tami had Wanda but good, and they both knew she was in control.

Part 17 – Barely Partners

Tami smiled as she went to her classes on Monday.  It had been a wonderful weekend.

When she and Wanda had returned on Saturday afternoon is had been a surprisingly simple matter to report to the dean in his office.  With Wanda’s support the dean had accepted their story about car trouble.  It was obvious he thought there was much more to be told, but with Wanda’s sudden support of Tami he was unable to do anything more than restrict them both to campus for a week.

Tami still took delight in the vision of Wanda seated before the dean with her thighs locked together as in a vice.  The short skirt and pantyless condition left Wanda little margin for error.  When the dean dismissed them Wanda rose and walked with great care lest she reveal her plight to the dean.

As part of Wanda’s ‘sentence’ she was to forego any undergarments until Tami said otherwise.  Upon returning to Wanda’s room Tami had taken great care to remove all of Wanda’s slacks and long skirts.  If Tami was going to have to maintain her rouse, she would at least take delight in knowing the Wanda would also be plagued with her own embarrassing condition.

Tami went through her classes on Monday with no less embarrassment than before.  Only the thoughts of Wanda scurrying around in her short mini-skirt helped distract her.  As she walked back from her last class she contemplated the upcoming Parents’ Weekend.

One of the other female students walked up to Tami.  Tami recognized her from the freshman mathematics class – her name was Deborah.  She was a short cute girl with a slight figure and one of those cute fresh faces that always gathered attention from the boys.  Her pearly white teeth flashed in an easy smile as she spoke to Tami.

“I think you are so brave to stand by your personal convictions.  You are right not to let the dean railroad you into conforming to some outmoded standard.”  Tami felt at little ashamed that Deborah thought so much of her when Tami was maintaining just a sham.

Tami’s jaw fell open when Deborah dropped her books and proceeded to strip off her clothes there at the edge of the quad.  Tami’s shock continued Deborah completed her strip to reveal a firm fit figure.  Deborah then picked up her clothes and deposited them in a nearby trash can.  She picked up her books and stood naked next to Tami.

Deborah was far from through and spoke.  “A number of us girls have been discussing your situation.  We have decided to follow your example and have prepared to staged a ‘strip down’ demonstration this weekend.  We want you right there with us when we storm that place.  We’ll show the dean how united we are.  If we succeed you never have to worry about being forced to wear clothing again, at least here on campus.

Tami forced smile weakened as she realized she was even more caught in her own ‘nudist’ trap.  If this demonstration succeeded she would be bare on campus for the next four years.

Part 18 – The Parents Arrive

Tami tried with every argument she could think of to stop Deborah from staging the ‘strip down’ except the truth.  Tami feared if she knew the truth the support for the ‘nudist front’ would become enraged at being deceived.  Tami knew the truth could get back to the dean and she would be expelled.  With each day the approaching Parents’ Weekend brought more panic to Tami.  Once her father found out what Tami was doing, he could do almost anything.  Tami’s own mother would probably call her a slut after she recovered from the initial shock.

Tami’s only bit of relief was seeing Wanda walking carefully around the campus.  Wanda spend much of her time wearing very short skirts and trying to hide the fact that she wore no underwear.  Whenever Wanda spotted Tami looking at her Wanda looked very uncomfortable.  Wanda thought she had kept her pantyless condition a secret, but the rumors were starting to flow around campus.  A breeze had raised the back of her skirt the prior day.  Her firm round buttocks had briefly been exposed to Brad Picket, the senior class president and a real hose hound.  Brad had quickly spread the news to a couple of his closest friends.  It would not be long before the entire student body would be watching Wanda very closely every second.

Tami wanted to call her parents on Friday and reveal her situation, but she chickened out.  When Tami returned to her dorm after lunch, there standing in the lobby was her mother and father.  Their shocked expressions left Tami speechless as they stood facing each other.  A moment later Tami’s brother Joe returned from the restroom.  Joe was almost sixteen and was the typical bouncing bag of male hormones.  His eyes bugged out and his mouth hung open.  Tami was mortified and wanted to hide, but her father spoke.

“Young lady, what the hell are you doing like that?  Put something on this minute!”

Tami forced her vocal chords to work.  “Please, Daddy, can we go up to my room and talk.”

“No amount of explaining can excuse your, ah, condition.”

“Please, Daddy, not here!”

Tami felt like a little girl about to be spanked by her strict father.  Finally, Tami’s father motioned for Tami to lead the way to her room.  He took the arm of Tami’s still awestruck mother and followed Tami.  Joe moved to follow, but her father spoke to him.

“Joe, wait right here and stay out of trouble.”

Joe was only too happy to comply as he ogled the breasts of the girl at the front desk.  Tami walked up the steps and into her room followed closely by her parents.  The silence lasted until they were in Tami’s room and the door was shut.  Before her father could say a word, Tami broke into tears.  She held her right arm was across her chest and her left hand between her tightly clenched thighs.  Through sobs Tami admitted the true story including her conversations with both the dean and his wife.  Of course she omitted the part about the long run down the country roads.  When Tami finished the story, she sat sobbing on her bed.  Her father had stared at her through the whole story.  She felt even more naked under his intense gaze.

Tami’s father spent several seconds thinking over what Tami had said.  The anger had drained from his eyes.  He moved to Tami’s closet and examined its sparse contents.

“Where did you put all your clothes, young lady?”

“Daddy, one of the other girls took them.  They aren’t in her room.  I think she gave them to the dean.”

“Good.  I don’t condone lying, but you’ve created your own problem.  I insist you live up to your role.”

Tami’s jaw fell open as her father’s words sank in.  “B..B..But Daddy, aren’t you going to make me wear clothes?”  Tami was not sure what she had wanted him to do, but to force her to remain naked was not what she expected.

“Of course you have to remain naked given the dean’s attitude.  As a matter of fact I insist that you remain naked even when you come home for Thanksgiving.  If you are going to live the role of a nudist here, I absolutely insist you maintain that role at all times.”

Even though her room was on the warm side Tami felt a shiver run down her bare back.  “But I’ll freeze by then.”

Her father’s stern expression remained.  “Of course you will wear a coat or jacket to stay warm, but whenever you go inside you must take it off.”

Tami was wordless as she sat naked on the bed.  Her embarrassment grew as she realized the meaning of her punishment.  Tami looked down as her feet as an image of her naked at the Thanksgiving feast with all the relatives around her.  The silence stretched on until Tami’s mother spoke.

“Has everyone gone completely crazy?”  Her voice had a hysterical tone to it.

Tami’s father asked her to step out into the hallway for a few minutes.  Tami was only too glad to hide from her parents’ eyes.  She stood just outside the door and could just hear her father’s voice, but he spoke too softly to make out the words.

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Behind the closed door Tami’s father had calmed her mother down.

“Look, Martha, Tami is a big girl now.  We have to let her make her own mistakes.  As I said I don’t condone her lying, but I’m not letting her off easily.  If you think I want to see my little pumpkin embarrass herself and us at Thanksgiving Dinner, it is you who is crazy.”

Martha was calmed, but not convinced.  “John, we have to make her put her clothes on right now.”

“Look dear, she doesn’t even have any clothes here to put on.”

“If you go through with this, John, I will make sure you regret it.”

John spoke quietly in a firm voice.  “Martha, she has to make her own mistakes.  Besides, I still have those photographs of you at the original Woodstock Festival.  Maybe Tami should know something of her mother’s rebellious youth.”

Martha’s face went white.  “But I burned all those.”

A smile formed on John’s face.  “I still have the negatives and another set of prints locked up where you can’t get to them.  I’ve always loved the one of you skinny dipping in the mud hole.”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“Martha, you will cooperate in this deception.  If you don’t I will see to it that a few copies of the pictures are left around for your prudish friends to find.”

Martha was sufficiently shocked.  She realized that John WOULD dare if she objected too strongly.  She might be thirty years older, but she still looked enough like that naked mud covered girl with the naughty smile for her friends to recognize her.  Her voice was little more than a whisper as she answered.

“Yes, dear, I’ll be quiet”.

John’s smile took on a devilish look.  “I thought you would see it my way.  Let’s go out and be with our daughter.”

Part 19 – Parents Daze

Joe Smithers was having a good time flirting with the girl at the dorm reception desk.  She was verbally giving as good as Joe was and he was enjoying the fantasies forming in this head.

“Joseph Jefferson Smithers, get over here right now.”

Joe jumped as his father’s voice interrupted his lusty vision.  He shook his head and tried to nonchalantly adjust his trousers to hide his woody.  “Be right there, Dad.”  Joe’s smile returned as he saw Tami still naked with his parents.  He knew her well enough to tell that she was mentally a wreck.  He thought, “It wouldn’t take much to get under her skin.”  He snickered as he realized just how much appropriate that expression was.  He would keep his eyes open for any opportunity to embarrassment.

Tami saw the look in Joe’s eyes.  She had never been able to pull the wool over his eyes.  He was going to be trouble, but how could it be any worse.  Tami had half hoped that her parents would order her into her clothes.  Instead, her father had ordered her to live the lie.  Tami felt helpless and hopeless; trapped by her own lies.

Mr. Smithers had insisted that Tami show them around campus.  Being Parents’ Weekend the campus was crowded with strangers.  As Tami led her family to the science building, she shivered as she saw countless heads follow her every step.  The females of all ages generally stared with slack jaws or disapproval.  Even some of the older men scowled at her, but the rest of the males gave her lustful glances.  Glances at her own brother showed him taking in all the responses.  At any time she just knew he would do something to make the bad situation worse.  She forced her voice to sound almost calm as she talked.

“This is the Nolan Science Hall.  Dr. Renraw heads up the biology department.  He is a nationally recognized botanist who does research for the EPA.  Over this way is the fine arts building with its theater.  The orchestra and chorus will be performing there this evening.”

Mrs. Smithers was being quiet, but her husband was acting as if it were normal to follow his naked daughter in public.  As much as John Smithers wanted to take his little girl across his knee and send her to her room, he forced himself to let her lead her own life.  Seeing Tami naked he could not resist comparing her to Martha.  Tami was the spitting image of Martha on their wedding night.  He remembered how Martha had performed a sexy strip that night before they climbed into bed.  Martha had insisted the only ‘proper’ attire for the wedding night for either of them had been skin only.  True, it had not been there first time in the sack together, but somehow that night had been more enjoyable than any time before that.  John felt his face warm as the remembrances of those first few long and pleasantly exhausting nights of their marriage.  He had to admit that although the newest had worn out over the years, Martha still was capable of getting him fired up.  During the day she acted the proper middle aged mother.  When it was just the two of them alone Martha still did things to delight him.  Just the other night at the she had surprised him when she whispered in his ear that under her long dress she wore no panties.  When they had gotten back to the car she had proved it to him when she pulled her hem up to her waist.

John forced his mind back to the present.  Tami had led them back around the campus to the dining hall.  He watched as Tami put on a good show as though naked was really natural for her.  A smile crossed Tami’s face and a smirk appeared on her face as she stared into the seating area.  John followed Tami’s stare.

Tami was somehow coping.  She had hid her embarrassment as she led her family around campus.  Her spirits had lifted when she had spotted Wanda upon entering the dining hall.  The sight of Wanda in that incredibly short skirt was a welcome distraction.  Of course, the knowledge that under that short skirt there were no underwear was still (mostly) the secret she shared with Wanda.

Wanda was being careful to work her way to a table with her tray of food.  She failed to see Brad sneaking up behind her.  Brad was very careful as he hooked a thin nylon line to the zipper at the back of her skirt.  Tami did not see anyone else notice Brad’s actions and watched as Wanda continued to her table and seated herself.  Brad stayed out of Wanda’s line of sight and took a seat at the table behind her.  Brad very carefully and quickly looped the line around the legs of Wanda’s chair.  Having completed his task Brad returned to his own tray at a table across the hall.

Tami handed out trays and led her family threw the serving line for dinner.  Their trays filled, she led them to a table near Wanda’s and waited for things to happen.  With Wanda’s impending doom Tami was able to somewhat ignore her own situation.  She sat at the table with her thighs almost demurely covered with a napkin across her lap.  Seated with her family around her she felt almost normal.  Only Joe’s repeated stares from across the table at Tami’s bare breasts brought back her mixed feelings of guilt and humiliation.  She felt an all-too-familiar quiver between her legs.  Tami bit her lower lip as she thought.

“I just can’t be turned on right in front of my family, not like this.”

As they ate Tami tried desperately to distract herself as moisture formed between her legs.  Even the thought of Wanda’s situation seemed to intensify her aroused desires.  They finished their meal and Tami was afraid to stand and reveal the moisture on her chair.

Fortunately, Wanda would provide the necessary distraction.

Part 20 – Naked Truth

John, Martha and Joe Smithers stood having finished their meal.  Tami had been nibbling and playing with her food in an effort to delay standing.  Wanda picked that moment to stand.  Unaware that Brad had fastened her skirt to her chair Wanda slid back her chair and stood.  She felt a tug on the back of her skirt and abruptly turned around to see who was messing with her.  The chair tried to turn with her, but hooked on her right ankle.  A loud ripping sound and the thumping of the chair to the floor attract the attention of everyone in the hall.

Tami stood quickly and slid her own chair under the table as Wanda skirt was pulled down to her ankles by the falling chair.  All eyes stayed riveted on the half naked Wanda as Tami quickly ran her napkin across her bottom to wipe off the worst of her feminine juices.  Wanda’s scream kept everyone’s attention on her as she stood and ran from the hall.  Wanda’s top barely reached her waist and offered nothing to cover the lower half of her body.  All eyes watched her bare cheeks as she burst out of the front doors of the dining hall and streaked away.

Wanda’s distress allowed Tami to get her family away from their table and moving toward the door.  As they walked passed other tables Tami noticed that all comments were about Wanda performance.  Tami took some relief from the situation as they stepped out into the pre-dusk light..  She felt more comfortable in the diminishing light as she led her family back across campus.

“Let’s hurry and get good theater seats for tonight’s show.”  Tami hurried her family along and hoped she could get them all into seats just off the center row.  After the performance she hoped she could get them all to go back to their motel room and avoid the ‘strip down’.  Deborah had said the plan was for her and several other girls to strip in front of the administration at 9:00 PM.  The dean and president of the college should be greeting parents at a reception following the theater performance.  If Tami hurried she could get clear just in time.

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Tami’s plan was working fine until near the end of the choir’s performance.  Deborah had come down the center aisle just before the last song.  She had been insistent that Tami come with her.  Tami told her family to go back to their motel.  She would call them when she could.

Deborah pulled on Tami’s arm as they left the theater.  It was all Tami could do to keep up as Deborah led her across campus toward the administration building.  Tami asked several times what was going on, but Tami remained quiet until they reached the admin building.  Only then did Deborah answer.

“Here’s the plan.  We’ve got all the serving girls at the reception to go along with the strip down.  We want you there to inspire us all along.”

Tami thought, “They want me to be their heroine – their champion.  Is there no way out of this?  If I tell the truth now, these girls will be mad at me.  On top of that I will get them into as much trouble as I’m trying to avoid.  What can I do?”

Tami’s nerves were frayed as she was placed under the table at the head of the refreshment serving line.  The long tablecloth hid her from sight.  So far she was still the only unclothed individual in the reception area.  All she could do was sit quietly under the table.

Within minutes the sounds of many voices filled the area.  Tami figured there must be hundred of people in the area.  Suddenly she heard Deborah voice yell “NOW”.  There was a rustling of clothing. Shoes, skirt and other articles of clothing her kicked under the back of the tablecloth.  Tami was tempted to don some of the clothes and try to sneak away, but the next moment the front of concealing tablecloth was pulled up.  Bare arms grabbed Tami’s arms and pulled her from under the table.  Every eye in the place seemed to be on Tami.  As Tami stood naked before the hundreds of parents, several other naked girls stepped up to stand beside her.  Girl after naked girl stepped into the line until fifty blushing young women stood baring all.  Deborah stepped in front of the line and cleared her throat to speech.

“Faculty and administrators, ladies and gentlemen, we stand naked before you on the principles of freedom of religion and speech.  We won’t stand to have Ms. Smithers freedoms trampled on by this or any other administration.  Until her rights are guaranteed we pledge to remain naked.”

Tami wanted to shout “NO, NO, NO” but she only whimpered as she saw the dean standing next to her father.  She saw them shake hands and the dean walked up to stand next to the proud and naked Deborah.

The dean coughed and cleared his throat as all ears listened to his words.  “I have just talked to Ms. Smithers’ father.  He had verbally agreed to sign a contract drawn up by the college attorney.  For the length of her education at this institution the college agreed to comply with Tami’s wishes.  She is to remain naked until her graduation in four years.”

All blood drained from Tami’s face.  She was unable to move as the implication of the dean words struck her.  The only thing she could think of was “FOUR YEARS”.

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Four years later Tami was the first person to present a naked address at its graduation ceremony.  Her secret had survived four nerve-racking aroused years.  She had accepted her fate, but had never gotten over her embarrassments.  The topic of her speech – COMMITMENT TO ONE’S GOALS.