**The Unintentional Nudist: Home for Thanksgiving**

by TrackJim

**Part 1 - Getting Home**

Tami looked forward to getting home for Thanksgiving.  She was dreading the three-hour train ride with just the one garment she still possessed - a clear vinyl raincoat.  To have anything else on campus would have raised the suspicions of Dean Jorgon and the college community.  The raincoat served to keep her warm but gave her no protection from the eyes of those around her.  Even though strangers would surround her she would have no opportunity to pick up anything else to wear with the tight raincoat.

The raincoat also served as her purse and Tami had filled its two small side pockets.  Wanda, still a terror, had taken Tami's purses saying they served to cover too much.  Tami smiled as she remembered her revenge on the wicked Wanda.  The very next day all of Wanda's already short skirts mysteriously were another inch shorter.

Tami was felt some relief after she was approached by one of the sophomore's in her philosophy class.  Ted's hometown was only fifteen miles from Tami's.  He offered to drop her off at her parents if she would split the gas money.  She would still have to ride in naked or in just the coat, but she would have to brave only one pair of eyes.  After the last three months of constant public nudity, Ted's offer would be a blessing.

The classes broke for fall break the Saturday afternoon before Thanksgiving.  Tami waited in the parking lot behind the student union where she was to meet Ted.  It was a sunny, unseasonably warm day for late November.  The sun warmed the black asphalt and felt good against her bare feet.  The vinyl raincoat had been sticky against her warm skin and she had taken it off.  Without any other clothes to take with her she stood with just the raincoat over her left arm.  Her money, identification cards and two sheets of once-folded 8 by 11-inch notebook paper were in the raincoat pockets.  She held in front of her waist, hanging down to almost her knees.  The filled pockets before her pussy.  Even this little bit of coverage gave Tami a bit of the relief she desperately craved.

Tami was staring down at the asphalt pavement when she heard the squeal of tire.  She looked up to see Ted … in an old convertible with the top down.  "No, no, no", she groaned as she saw two hunky guys in the back seat and a nerdy-looking guy riding shotgun.  It had not occurred to her that there would be others sharing the gas money.

Ted smiled and spoke.  "Climb in the back.  There is plenty of room."

Tami wanted to run away as she was directed to sit between the two in the back seat.  With the top down she would be quite on display between the two guys.  With no further adieu Ted revved the engine and they roared out of the parking lot.

The twelve-mile drive to the expressway had been relatively uneventful.  The boys flanking Tami had been polite, but the nerd in the front seat was constantly glancing back at her.  Each time he saw Tami staring back he turned his head, but it was obvious from his smile he liked what he saw.

After they turned on the expressway the wind made it difficult to talk.  The wind also whisked across Tami's bare breasts.  Her nipples hardened into two very erect and soon aching points.  She forced a neutral expression to her face and rode in silence as they cruised at 65 miles per hour.  At that legal speed Ted's car was one of the slowest on the road.  Tami could only watch as car after car passed, only seeing her firm breasts once they drew even with Ted's car.  Each passing car inevitably slowed to get a good long look and a line of vehicles formed up behind them.  As they cruised Tami found there was now always a car beside them.  The hoots of mostly male voices and the toots of horns made a cacophony of noises.

About two hours into the drive Ted's car started to cough and smoke trailed from its tailpipe.  Ted pulled to the shoulder as the car's engine stalled.  Tami was a bit relieved as the long line of autos and truck roared passed them.  More people might see her but only for a moment.

The guys in the backseat climbed out to join Ted looking under the hood of the car.  As they examined the engine, the nerdish guy turned all the way around in the front seat and spoke for the first time.

"Hi, I am Julius."  He extended his hand, expecting Tami to shake it.  From the way Julius' roving eyes bugged out and the smile on his face, Tami had no doubt he found delight is seeing her naked body.  She quickly shook his hand and tried to slide lower in the backseat.  Julius continued to stare and his smile broadened as he continued to take in all of her firm flesh.  Tami suddenly realized that her feet we on each side of the floor hump.  As she had slid down in the seat her legs had parted.  It was easy to see that Julius' eyes were focused between her thighs.  She squeezed her legs together until the muscles of her thighs ached.  Tami's body betrayed her as the tightness in her inner thighs spread upward.  Tami quickly rearranged her legs with both feet to the left of the hump.

The hood of the car slammed shut.  Ted and the other two guys walked back to stand beside the right side of the car.   Ted turned to Tami and Julius and spoke.

"Sorry, guys, the block is cracked.  We’ll have to walk from here."

"What?" Tami whimpered.  The thought of her parading naked down the shoulder sent shivers up her back.

Ted shrugged.  "The engine is toast.  There is an exit two miles down the road.  I will have someone tow the car."

Julius spoke as Tami was left speechless.  "That would be Seymour."  He rummaged through a briefcase that had been at his feet.  Miraculously he produced a bus schedule and checked it.  "Yup, Greyhound stops there."

Tami's mind raced.  "A bus?  I am to ride naked on a bus?"  Ted beckoned and Tami found herself walking down the road.  She took a bit of relief when all four guys walked between her and the road, but the countless hoots and honks from the passing vehicles made it obvious she was still being noticed by many of the passing motorists.  Tami forced herself to walk casually despite the embarrassment she felt.

The five college students were walking on the road's shoulder for about fifteen minutes when the whoop of a police siren came from behind them.

**Part 2 - In Custody**

Tami and the boys turned to see a state highway patrol car stop up beside them.  An uniformed wide-eyed officer stepped the car and donned his wide brimmed hat.  Ted motioned for everyone to remain quiet and wait for the officer to speak.  The lean thirty-something policeman forced a stern expression on his face and walked to the group.  After looking over the group and particularly Tami he spoke in a deep authoritative voice.

"What is your story?"

Tami remained quiet and moved to the side of the group away from the road as Ted explained about the breakdown of his car.

"But, why is the young lady naked?"  Turning to Tami the officer asked, "Are you okay, miss?"

Tami's cleared her throat, but her voice had a quiver in it when she spoke.  "Yes, officer.  I am nude by choice."

"So you are looking for a charge of indecent exposure."

"No, sir."  Tami was forced to continue her lie.  "It is part of my religious beliefs."

The officer face twisted in one of disbelief as his eyes dropped slowly and took in her all-too exposed body.  "You are kidding?  Show me some identification."

Tami's stammered as she explained that her driver's license was back in Ted's stalled car.  The officer gave Tami a skeptical look.  "Okay, young lady, we’ll have to go back and retrieve it."  He motioned her toward the back of his patrol car and she climbed in.  For the first moment since she left her room Tami was out of the public eye.  The officer told the boys to wait right where they were before pulling away.  He drove ahead away from the car on the divided highway.  Within a minute he took a crossover to the other side and drove back toward Ted's car.  Suddenly, the police radio squawked.

"All car alert!  High speed pursuit in progress.  Suspect in travelling north on I-55 near the 165 marker."

The officer picked up this microphone.  "This is Car 69, Officer Nelson on solo patrol.  I am southbound at 168 marker.  Will reverse and attempt to intercept.  Over."

The radio squawked a reply.  "We copy, car 69.  The vehicle is a late model red sedan."

As the patrol car slowed the officer talked.  "Ma'am, I really should let you out, but there is not time.  Please fasten your seatbelt and hang on."

Tami wasted no time fastening the belt around her waist.  The red car flashed by just as the car was bouncing into the grassy median strip.  Undaunted, the state highway patrol officer swerved onto the inside shoulder and floored the accelerator.  Tami was pressed back against the seat as if she were in a jet plane taking off.  She wanted to see how fast they were going, but the seatbelt held her back.  Before they were at top speed two other patrol cars roared by, already in pursuit of the red car.

In seconds the swerving red car and the three patrol cars passed Ted's stalled car.  Only seconds later they passed Ted and the other guys standing just off the shoulder.  Tami was excited and just a bit scared as they roared down the pavement.  The fact that she was naked was forced from her mind as the scenery flashed by as only a blur.  She watched the speeder's car and saw a familiar cloud of smoke blossom from its hood.  In moments the red car was laying a smoke screen that would do any WWII destroyer justice.  The speed of all the vehicles slowed until the patrol car shepherded the red car to the shoulder.  With guns drawn the officers approached the car and ordered the occupant out.

Tami's and the watched as first one then a second very shapely and very bare leg swung out of the driver's side of the car.  A moment later the legs were joined by an equally naked female body.  She stood defiantly with her hands above her head and making no move to cover her bare parts.  The mouths of the officer fell open and even Tami was left slack jawed at the sight of the tall voluptuous young woman of about twenty.  Below her head she was completely without hair on her deeply tanned body.  No tan lines marred her flesh.  Tami finally looked at the woman face and found Nordic features that matched the long blond hair that flowed from her head and down to almost cover her large dark nipples.  Even at gunpoint the woman's mouth was shaped in a smile that revealed straight white teeth.  Tami glanced at the officers and was not surprised to see their pants tighten at the crotch.  Even Tami was affected as she felt fresh moisture between her legs.

"Oh, damn, the judge's daughter again", shouted one of the officers.  The guns were lowered and the officers approached the woman.  The same officer spoke again.  "Okay, Miss Janice Nordson, you know the drill.  Hands behind your back."

Without a bit of shame or embarrassment Janice turned her back to the officer and crossed her arms behind her.  Cuffs were snapped around her wrists behind her back.  Tami's became concerned, as the cuffed Miss Nordson was lead to the same patrol car in which she sat.  The passenger side door opened and Nordson was helped into the backseat.  It was obvious as the officer very carefully seatbelted the prisoner with only minimal contact to her firm flesh.  Officer Nelson watched this all with detachment.  He then walked to Tami's side of the car and opened her back door.

"I am sorry, ma'am, but since I have one cuffed passenger in the back, I have to cuff you too."  Tami's blush returned as her wrists were cuffed behind her back.  She was left unable to cover herself in any way.  She took this all in with only one quiet whimper.

Officer Nelson sat at the wheel and pulled back on the highway.  "Sorry, miss, but I have to take Miss Nordson here back to her father before I can retrieve your coat."

"But, but, but?"  Tami fell silent.  She looked over at the other occupant of the backseat and saw she was smiling.  "What are you so happy about?"

"Daddy is going to throw a fit.  If I am lucky he will let me go this time."

Tami was puzzled.  "Who is your father?"

The sarcasm was thick when she answered.  "The Honorable Judge Sven Nordson, high lord of the county."

The name meant nothing to Tami so she asked, "Why are you trying to piss him off?"

"He won’t let me out from under his thumb.  No one else stands up to him.  He wants me to marry the mayor's son, but I won’t do it.  If I make him mad enough, I hope he’ll finally give up."  Tami felt Janice's stare as she took in her also naked form.  "What are YOU up to?  Strip search?"

Tami briefly told her story of being a nudist, but Janice's stared at her as if she could read her mind.

"I don’t believe a word of it.  You are hiding something."

At Janice's mention of 'hiding', Tami seemed to shrink.  She thought, "I can’t hide much at the moment."  Janice's constant stare only made Tami feel more exposed than ever.  Tami closed her eyes trying to ignore the sunny world passing beyond the all-too-clear windows of the patrol car.

**Part 3 - Judgement Day**

Officer Nelson did his best to conceal his reaction to the fine exposed feminine flesh that rode behind him.  Both the women were very attractive, but seemed like opposites in so many ways.  Janice Nordson was defiant and brash.  Her proudly displayed long legs and large breasts gave her a figure as luscious as any gracing the centerfolds of the best gentlemen's magazine, but she was tainted flesh.  If there were any word that he so much had looked hard at Ms. Nordson, the judge would see that the Officer Nelson was assigned the worst duty of which the judge could think.  Officer Nelson shivered as he imagined what the duty would be.  He allowed is attention to center on the cowering Janice Nordson.  Nelson took several long glances of her nude charms in the rearview.  He was a professional and would not act on his healthy male impulses, but he did savor the sight of this shorter attractive college freshman.

It was only when she felt the sound of the tires on gravel and the car eased to a stop that Tami reluctantly opened her eyes.  All too soon the patrol car approached the home of Judge Nordson.

Janice had remained quiet as Tami rode, hands cuffed behind her back.  It was only the sound of the tires on gravel and the car slowing of the car to a stop that Tami reluctantly opened her eyes.  The patrol car sat in front of a large colonial style home that looked out of place amongst the surrounding modest A-frame houses.  The house, shrubbery and yard were well kept.

Officer Nelson stepped from his patrol car.  He dreaded what he had to do.  Being careful where he placed his hands he assisted Janice Nordson from the car and walked her to the front door.  Janice cooperated and in moments the two stood before the heavy ornate front door of the Judge's house.

Tami was compelled to peek at Nelson and Janice.  She watched as within seconds of Nelson's knock brought a heavyset man of about sixty.  His white suit and starched white shirt looked more like the stereotype of an Alabama man of prominence of fifty years gone by.  Tami could not quite make out the words that passed between Nelson and the Judge.  She watched as Janice was led in the house still naked and cuffed.  Officer Nelson returned to the car taking a good glance as he returned to his driver's seat.  As much as he liked the view, he cleared his throat and spoke.

"Miss, since there are no other prisoners in the back, I can remove your handcuffs."

Tami shook he head and soon had her hands free.  She appreciated that Nelson had taken no liberties with his hands.  She tried to sit calmly in the backseat as Nelson climbed into the front and drove toward the town's square.  Tami worked up the courage to ask, "What will the Judge to do her?"

"The Judge is her father and the man who runs this town.  If the rumors are true, he’ll lock her in her room.  He wants her to marry the son of the mayor so that he can consolidate total control.  I can’t blame her, the sheriff's son is a brat."

Tami felt sorry for Miss Nordson.  "Why won't you help her?"

Tami watched in the mirror and saw Nelson grimace.  He paused, then slowly answered. "The Judge is a tyrant.  Any one who crosses him regrets it."

"Will you help me?"

Nelson looked long and hard in the rearview mirror.  "Look, young lady, I have no clue why you are walking around naked, but I will give you a break.  I have an old uniform tunic in the trunk that I was going to drop off at the cleaners.  You can have it.  I want only one thing.  I want you out of here as quick as possible."

Nelson pulled up in front of a diner told her to wait as he entered.  Several people walked by on the sidewalk, stopping at the sight of her nakedness.  When Nelson returned to the car only a couple of minutes later, a small crowd had gathered.  "Okay, people, there is nothing to see here.  Go on about your business."  The crowd parted but did not disperse as he took his seat at the wheel and pulled away from the curb.  He drove several blocks and doubled back using the alleys to return to the back of the diner.  In the empty alleys he parked the car and retrieved the uniform shirt from the trunk.  He opened Tami's backdoor and handed her the shirt.

"Here, put this on before anyone else sees you."

Tami pulled the shirt on, feeling some relief that Nelson had turned his back to her.  "He really is a sweet man", she thought as she buttoned up the shirt.  It was long enough to act as a shirtdress on her.  Unfortunately, the bottom two buttons were missing.  The front tale of the shirt would part with her every step unless she held it closed - which would draw everyone's eyes right toward her crotch.

Nelson pointed at the back door of the diner.  "Wait in there.  The bus will be stopping here in about twenty minutes.  Here is twenty dollars.  That should be enough to get your home.  I will see that the boys get their tow and hang onto your coat."  Without another word Officer Nelson got into his car and drove out of the alley.

Tami turned and entered the back of the diner.  For the first time in months she was covered.

But not for long….

**Part 4 - The Secret Gets Out**

Tami peeked through the back door of the diner.  With relief she saw only a rather bored looking young waitress sitting on one of the counter stools.  A fly buzzed around and she absentminded swatted at it as she stared at a glamour magazine open on her lap.  Her uniform was a short dress that had once been pink.  A once white apron was tied about her slim waist with a note pad and pencil in its pocket.  Tami stepped through the door cleared her throat.  The waitress jumped as if an ice cube had been dropped down her back.

"Sorry", Tami said, "How soon is the bus due?"

The bored expression returned to the waitress's face.  "It will stop here in a few minutes.  You can wait here while the passengers use the restroom and pickup snacks.  It’ll be about thirty minutes before it pulls out.  Can I get you something?"

Tami was very aware of the missing buttons.  She took small steps and worked her way over onto a counter stool.  Her empty stomach took that moment to growl.  After a few moments she spied several pies under clear covers.  "Can I have a piece of pie?"

"Do you want apple, cherry or blueberry?"

"Blueberry, please."

Within moment a piece of pie was placed before her and Tami dug right in.  The blueberries tasted fresh and she savored the flavor.  Upon finishing the pie Tami felt much more relaxed that she had in months.  She looked down and noticed with alarm that the front tails of the shirt had parted, falling to either side of her upper thighs.  The shortly trimmed hair between her legs was visible.  Tami quickly looked about her, but only the waitress was standing behind the counter at the other end.  Only someone beside her would be able to see her exposed state.  She quickly pulled the tails back over her exposed flesh and took a deep breath to calm her nerves.

The bell on the front door clanged.  Several very familiar male voices resounded in Tami's ears and she turned to see who it was.  Ted and others from his car strode through the door.  Before Tami could move or say a word, Ted saw Tami on the stool in the long shirt.

"Tami!  We wondered what happened to you.  We hitched a ride so that we could catch the bus home."  The boys looked at Tami for a moment before it struck them that she was no longer the bare maiden who had been riding with them.

"What are you wearing?" asked Ted with a truly confused look on his face.

Tami sat is in silence as no 'cover' story came to mind.  Slowly Ted's face lit up as the truth occurred to him.  He turned and asked the other boys to wait outside.  They wanted to stay, but finally the boys exited.  Ted turned to Tami with a conspiratorial look on his face.  "You have been faking the nudist bit, right?"

Tami was looking at the floor but Ted saw Tami barely nod her head YES.

"Look, your secret is safe with me as long as you play along with some suggestions I make from time to time."  Ted's toothy smile was apparent when Tami looked up at him.  She shivered as she thought what some of those 'suggestions' might be.  Ted watched her as the implications sink into her brain.  Satisfied that she agreed to the arrangement Ted turned and waved his buddies to come in.  When they had assembled around Ted and Tami, Ted explained.

"The sheriff made Tami wear this shirt, but she can surrender it as soon as the bus pulls out."

The simplicity of the explanation shocked Tami as she watched the boys accept it.  "Why didn’t I think of that" she questioned herself.  The boys took stools at the counter and wolfed down more pieces of pie as they waited for the bus.  All to soon the sound of a large diesel engine could be heard approaching.  Air brakes hissed as the bus came to a stop in front of the diner.  The bell on the door clanged as several of the bus riders filed into the diner.  Most proceeded to the restroom as the driver took a seat at the end of the counter and ordered a Danish and coffee.  Ted stood, walked to the driver and ranged for the Tami and the boys to ride the bus.

Things seemed almost normal to Tami as she waited for the bus to leave.  She wanted to get out going, but realized that she would have to surrender the shirt as soon as the bus got moving.  Minutes later it was with mixed emotions that she climbed on the bus behind Ted.  She walked to the wide bench seat across the back of the bus passed the bored eyes of the other passengers.  She sat in the back right side of the seat hoping that she would be able to hidden from those eyes.  Unfortunately for her, Ted and the others joined her and she was forced to sit in the middle in full view of anyone looking backwards down the aisle.  They all rode in silence for the few minutes it took the bus to make it back to the interstate.  Only then did Ted break the silence.

"Okay, Tami, you can take that shirt off now."

Tami tried to hide her feelings.  She really wanted to hang onto the only thing she had been allowed to wear in months outside the lab and dining hall, but she had to maintain the lie.  With slow deliberate effort she released each button.  The shirt hung open until she forced herself to shrug it off her shoulders.  She passed the shirt to Ted and crossed her legs with her hands on her lap.

**Part 5 - Riding the Dog**

Tami felt on display in the center of the wide bench seat at the back of the bus.  Her only small bit of relief was that there would no children on the bus.  Except for those on the back bench seat, everyone else looked to be at least thirty.  Unfortunately, they were all male including the driver.  They tried to be casual but they all took peeks at her that sent shivers up and down her back.  To add to her misery she could feel the moisture of arousal forming between her legs and pooling beneath her bottom, her thighs and the seat.

Tami rode with her hands folded on her laps.  After the bus got cruising down the interstate the air conditioning kicked up.  Cool air blew down the aisle and brought goosebumps to her flesh.  Her nipples hardened.  When she crossed her arms across her chest Ted, seated to the left of her, had cleared his throat and raised an eyebrow.  His meaning was clear and she replaced her arms on her lap, grateful that she had at least that small amount of coverage.

After about an hour the bus exited the interstate highway and threaded through the rural towns.  At each stop Tami was mortified as new passengers climbed on and others departed.  Trapped at the end of the long aisle she was very visible to each new set of eyes.  Tami took to closing her eyes after the third such stop.

"Hi there!  What are you up to?"

Tami jumped at the sound of a girl's voice very near her.  She opened her eyes and blinked at the bright sunlight coming through the windows.  Before her stood another girl about her own ages.  She was the cheerleader type with long straight blond hair and a clear complexion.  Much of her lightly tanned fair skin was visible as she wear only a light blue tank top, matching short shorts and a pair of white sneakers.  She could feel and hear the boys on either side of her squirm at the sight of the girl's curves even though all of Tami was already visible.  Before Tami answered, Ted voice rose in reply.

"Tami is a nudist…. A religious thing."  Ted's voice cracked, but he continued on.  "She’s been like this since almost the beginning of the term."

The girl looked from Ted back to Tami.  "Hi, I'm Peggy.  Is he tellin' the truth?"

Still caught in her lie, she forced herself to agree.  "Yes, I am committed to it."  Tami felt a bit of guilt as she made her next comment.  "You should try it yourself."

Peggy wiggled her hips as she hugged her firm breasts through her T-shirt.  "I simply could not, but I would like to hear about it.  Sounds kind of kinky."  Peggy squeezed into the seat between Ted and Tami.  She proceeded to grill Tami for answers.  "You get tired of everyone staring at your bare tits and everything else?  Do you sleep in the nude, too?  How do you keep warm on cold days?"  The questions went on and on and Tami had to answer each as if she were truly comfortable with her naked body on display for all to see.  Peggy did not seem shocked by Tami's statements.  On the contrary, Peggy seemed excited and interested.  Tami finally got a rest when Ted started flirting with her.  Tami listened as he encouraged her to experience and freedom like Tami.

Tami closed her eyes and blocked the sounds around her.  The day had been very tiring.  The hot afternoon sun blazed through back window of the bus as it turned east.  The sunlight warmed Tami's shoulders and she found herself relaxing.

**Part 6 - Almost Home**

Ted shook Tami's shoulder and she rolled to her right, still half asleep.  She squinted at the bright sunlight and closed her eyes.  She shivered as cool air blew across the left shoulder and down her side.  She tried to curl into a ball just as the diesel drone of the bus engine reminded her where she was.  Ted shook her shoulder again.  "Wake up sleepy head, it is your stop."

Tami cringed and forced herself to sit up straight.  Her body was filled with kinks that left her stiff.  Without thinking she stood up on her toes and stretched her arms above her head.  She forced her eyes open to see the bus full of lustful males staring hungrily at her.  Before she could cover her exposed tasty bits she forced a look of composure to her face and stance.  Trying to appear calm she started up the aisle.

Suddenly, Peggy's voice rang out, "Hey, wait for me."

Tami turned to see Peggy following.  Tami had planned to call her father to pick her up even though it was only a few blocks to her house.  She could have hidden in the women's room as she waited until she heard the honk of her father's car.  With Peggy trailing behind her, she would be forced to stay in the waiting room in plan sight.

Peggy was fascinated by Tami's nudism.  She was titillated with the thought of showing her all in public.  The sexy way Tami's rear bounced in front of her made Peggy envious.  If only she too had the courage to be bare to the world.  Suddenly a thought occurred to her.

"Tami, let's freshen up."

Tami was relieved as Peggy grabbed her bag that had been unloaded from the bus and led Tami to the women's room.  Fortunately, it was empty of other women and not too grungy.  Tami was relieved as she found herself out of the public eye.  Peggy had a mischievous grin on her glowing face and told Tami her plan.

"Look, I think you are very bold and daring to be nude.  I want to try it and I want to use you as my 'safe' person."  Tami was silent as Peggy continued to explain her plan.  "I will strip of my clothes and put them in my bag.  I want you to leave and take my bag so I can’t chicken out.  When you father comes to pick you up, knock on the restroom door.  I’ll follow you through the waiting room, out the front door and into your father's car.  He can give me a ride home, right?  I only live a mile away."

The irony did not escape Tami.  She did not dare confess her true feelings or try to convince Peggy to keep her clothes since Peggy might tell.  Tami was sure they had exchanged phone numbers.  At the same time Tami would be carrying a bag of clothes but she did not dare put any of them on.

As these thoughts bounced around inside her head Peggy wasted no time stripping off her top and shorts.  It was obvious that she had worn a tiny bikini top until recently, as only the area of her nipples was untanned.  Peggy quickly pulled her underpants down her legs tanned legs revealing the tiny bit of pale flesh that had been protected from the sun by a skimpy bikini bottom.  The fluff of short blond hair drew her eyes between Peggy's thighs.

Tami was proud of her own figure, but the blond beauty before her looked like an angel, although a naughty one.  Peggy's large, firm breasts hardened as though demanding attention.  Tami was shocked as she felt herself tingling in a very physical response.  She had never reacted this way to another female before and was not sure what to do.  With a shake of her head Tami forced her eyes to Peggy's smiling face.

"This feels so strange standing naked like this.  Do you ever get used to it?"

Tami's voice was throaty as she answered.  "Not really."  She turned her head and stepped to the payphone in the corner.  Fortunately she knew her calling card number and quickly called her house.  Her mother answered and said she would send someone over to get her within fifteen minutes.  It took all of Tami's mental strength to pick up Peggy's bag and leave the very naked Peggy.

Tami was relieved to see that the bus terminal waiting room was empty of other bus riders.  The only person in sight was the clerk behind the counter.  He was an elderly man and did not notice as Tami approached the front door.  A magazine rack obscured the view through the front window leaving Tami feeling less conspicuous.  She sat in silence with Peggy's bag on her lap.  Minutes crept by until she saw the family car pull up in front of the bus terminal.  Tami, holding the bag in front of her, walked to the door of the ladies' restroom and knocked.

Peggy stepped from the restroom in all her naked glory.  Tami led the way through the front door of the terminal with Peggy only a step behind her.  Only then did Tami see her brother at the wheel of the family car.  The backseat was filled with four high school friends.

**Part 7 - Caught In Her Lie, Again**

Tami reacted instinctively.  With no thought to her cover story she raced down the sidewalk clutching Peggy's bag in front of her.  "Hey, wait up!" shouted Peggy as she followed after Tami's bare bouncing backside.

After months of frustrating nakedness Tami was at wits end.  The warm sun warmed her body as she ran with abandon.  At some level a bit of a plan formed.  If she got only a block off the busy street the residential neighborhoods would offer an opportunity to hide.  Being a small rural town the homes had many bushes and large shade trees in their yards.  By getting in the area of the never developed alleys she hoped to work her way home.  Surely there she would finally be able to get out of sight.

Peggy trailed behind Tami, but not for long.  Her longer legs permitted her to draw even with Peggy just as she ducked into the foliage behind the houses.  Peggy was confused but the air passing over her body felt exhilarating.  The soft downy fur between her legs seemed to flutter with the passing air.  She felt very vulnerable but turned on at the same time.

When Tami stopped between two bushes Peggy squatted next to her.  Peggy was breathing hard, but it was not just from the running.  As she watched Tami peeking out around the bushes and found herself grinning.  Peggy looked down at her own naked flesh and a growing throb pulsated between her legs.  The grass had not been recently cut and she jumped as a blade fluttered in the wind and brushed her between firm thighs.

Tami heard the muffled yelp from Peggy and turned to see what was happening.  She looked Peggy in the eye and realized the blond was as turned on as she was.  Tami felt betrayed again as she felt a fresh warm blush flood over her body.  Suddenly she realized she still clutched Peggy's bag to her chest.

"Clothes!"

Tami unzipped the bag.  On the top were Peggy's shorts and top.  She tossed them to Peggy and continued to search the bag.  She found Peggy's underpants, but the other contents of the bag consisted of only a few cassette tapes, a portable tape player and a few paperback books.  With no other clothes, Tami pulled the underpants up her legs.  Even this small bit of coverage brought some relief to her.  She turned to see Peggy still naked, staring at her shorts and top on the ground.

"Are you going to put those one?"

Peggy's stare moved from the clothes to Tami and back.  A smile slowly formed on her face as she looked back at Tami again.  "You ARE faking it.  You are as embarrassed and horny as I am.  Why do you do it?"

Tami squatted next to the bush with the look of a deer caught in headlights.  She glanced wishfully at the shorts and top laying on the ground and then back at Peggy.  Peggy returned her questioning look.

"Well, if you really must know", Tami started slowly.  As she told the chain of events that had trapped her in an unclad state, she felt vulnerable.  Fortunately no one wandered by to interrupt her story, but Tami's frustration and embarrassment grew as a smile formed on Peggy's face.

Peggy's smile was one of glee as she listened to the tale.  She found it fascinating and was not surprised when she felt her own body warm with a blush.  She giggled with naughtiness as she placed herself in Tami's situation.  She reached down to the shorts on the ground and pulled them up her legs, much to the disappointment of Tami.

Tami watched as Peggy grabbed the top and pulled it down her body.  A look of stern determination formed on Peggy face that sent a chill down Tami's spine.

"Remove MY underwear", Peggy ordered.

Standing in a crouch Tami reacted with resignation as she pulled the only underwear she had worn in months down her legs and handed them away.  Peggy placed them in the bag and zipped it shut.

"So, you were willing to get me naked just to support your lie.  What do you think I should do about that?"  Peggy paused for several seconds waiting for an answer.  When no response came she hefted the bag to her shoulder, turned and walked toward the street.

Tami watched as she was left without a stitch of clothing.  A cool breeze chilled her body as she still hid among the bushes.  With no other recourse she finally rose and worked her way down the block toward her house.

**Part 8 - Home At Last**

It had taken Tami over and hour to work her way through the backyards and alleys to the back of her house.  She had been very lucky especially when crossing the streets.  If others had seen her, she had not seen their reaction.  As she approached her back door she just wanted to get inside, soak in a bath and get some clothes on her body.  Climbing the steps she found the back screen door latched.  Squaring her shoulders she knocked on the door and waited.

Seconds later she was shocked to see her mother at the open the back door wearing only an apron that barely covered her crotch.  Her mother's small breasts were totally exposed.  Based on the expression and blush on her face, Martha Smithers looked as embarrassed as Tami felt.

"Don't just stand there.  Get in here before anyone sees us."

Tami jumped through the door into the kitchen.  The mother and daughter stood staring at each other for several quiet moments in the middle of the kitchen.  The aroma of roast turkey and fresh apple pie filled the room giving it an aura of holiday normalcy completely opposite to the very abnormal image of the two naked women.  To an observer the resemblance between mother and daughter was unmistakable.  Both were of similar height and, thanks to jogging and time at the spa, Martha maintained her weight within a few pounds of Tami's.  While Tami's curves were more those of youth, Martha's exercise kept her forty-something flesh firm and looking at least ten years younger than her true age.  They looked at each other in silence for several seconds before they sat at the kitchen table and Martha spoke.

"This is all your fault, Tami.  See what your lies had done to me."  The tone of Martha's voice was more that of resignation than anger.

"How?  How did I do anything to you, Mom?"

"You put the idea into your father's head.  If you hadn’t been running around naked at college, he couldn’t have thought of blackmailing me with those horrible pictures from Woodstock."

Tami remembered the pictures she had found last year in a shoe box in the attic.  Martha had been barely seventeen when she had run off to the Woodstock festival back in her own high school days.  When Tami had confronted her mother with the pictures of Martha swimming and running naked at the music festival, Martha had been very embarrassed.  The two had shared some very personal time as they discussed the wild days of Martha's youth.  When Tami had asked why her mother had kept the pictures, the only response was that they were private memories of time filled with both fun and regrets.  Somehow, probably brother Joe must have overheard and passed the information to Tami's father.

Tami's father John had kept the pictures and stories quiet until Martha had first seen Tami nude back at Parents' Day at college.  He had used the threat of exposing those pictures to Martha's friends as a way to shut her up.

"…And once we got back from Parents' Day Weekend, John decided that there were some other things he wanted me to do."

"Like what, Mom?" Tami asked, still in shock.

Martha stood and moved to the center of the kitchen.  "Like this apron", said Martha as she pulled on the apron strings.  "It is the only thing I am allowed to where around the house except for the occasional hose, garter belt and high heels."  As she hung the apron over the back of a chair she continued.  "And this!"

It took Tami no direction to see that the hairless condition of her mother's pussy.  "And he wants me to start getting a tan down there too.  He has scheduled me for time at the tanning saloon over in Clinton.  He says her wants to see no tan lines anywhere on my body."

Tears formed in Tami's eyes as the realized the chain of events her actions had set in motion.  "I'm sorry, Mom!" as all she could say as the tears ran down her cheeks.  Tami stood and ran to her mother's embrace as tears crossed Martha's cheeks too.  Mother and daughter hugged one another for several seconds as they shared pent up emotions.

The press of her mother's breasts against her own suddenly sent a tremor through Tami's body that felt very wrong.  The warm mother-daughter embrace suddenly felt more lustful than comfortable.  Tami drew back slowly and saw her mother's blush deepen.  The two women stepped slowly away from each other and returned to the table.  They sat in silence with the table between them.

Tami cleared her throat and asked, "But how could Daddy do this to you?  He was never mean before this."

"It all started the weekend after our visit to see you.  Joe was over at a friend's for the weekend and it was just the two of us.  It actually felt rather daring and naughty when her\ first convinced me to stay naked, but it was kind of fun, too.  It was Sunday afternoon when Joe was to come home that I found your father had locked up all my clothes.  I put on one of his shirts and confronted him.  He renewed his threat to show my naked pictures to my friends that got me through that first evening.  If I knew what he had planned, I would have never given in to his suggestions.  As it is my friends would have been less shocked by the pictures than what has happened."

"But you do get to put clothes on, right, Mom?"

Martha gulped before continuing.  "I am only allowed clothes when I leave the house.  He leaves me one outfit to wear when I have errands to run.  And, of course, there is never any underwear.  Here, let me show you the one he left for me in case I have to get anything from the store."

Tami followed her mother's bare backside into the living room.  On a chair next to the front door were halter-top and a very short skirt.  When Martha held in the skirt in front of her Tami shivered as she saw the skirt was a wraparound type that would barely cover the genitals and butt.  She could image that almost any step would cause the hem to slip up and flash a bit of intimate flesh.  Tami stared at her mother's face and a sign of recognition passed between them.  They both knew how embarrassing the outfit would be.

**Part 9 - Mother's Plight**

The two women returned to the kitchen and sat opposite each other at the table.  Slowly they started talking, sharing their recent experiences of nakedness.  To their mutual surprise the two were soon giggling naughtily as they shocked each other with their experiences.  All too soon the sound of the front door brought them up short.  Together, they rose and walked to the living room.

"Hi Martha.  Welcome home Tami.  How was the trip home?"  Tami's father, John, acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world to come home to two very bare and embarrassed women.  The look he gave Tami was the same loving look he had given her since she was a little girl.  However, the look he gave Martha was as hungry as any Tami had received from the boys’ back at college.

"Fine, Daddy."  There was no way Tami was giving her father any of the details.  She received a peck on the cheek but he immediately stepped toward her mother.  Martha was visibly tense as John hugged her to him.  His hands dropped down her back to her firm bare buttocks and he pulled her tightly against his body.  Tami watched as Martha relaxed and seemed to melt against him.

Tami blushed as she saw the passionate way her mother and father became oblivious to her.  They did not notice as she tiptoed away and up the stairs to her room.  Alone at last she stood in her room.  It appeared unchanged as she spied the teddy bear that had been on her bed since she had been three years old.  She grabbed the small furry stuffed animal and hugged it to her chest expecting to feel emotional warmth she had always associated with it.  Instead the short brown fur tickled her chest.  The feeling spread to her back and down her spine.  She arched her back and her breath caught in her throat.  A familiar tingle spread through her loins and her nipples hardened.  A moan eased from her throat as she felt the release of months of frustration.  She flopped onto the soft pink blanket that covered her bed and curled into a ball as tears flooded from her eyes.  She lost track of time as mental exhaustion left her spent.  Within minutes she was fast asleep.

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The late afternoon sun blazed through the bedroom windows and warmed Tami's body.  She slowly gained consciousness as the voices of her brother and father drifted up the stairs.  Tami climbed from her bed and stretched to ease a muscular ache in her back.  She stepped to her closet and opened the door.  Except for a few boxes the closet was empty.  She quickly checked several of the boxes to find only some of her old toys, dolls and stuffed animals of her childhood.  Other boxes contained a pair of her sneakers.  As she felt anguish grow within her she moved to the dresser.  She checked drawer after drawer to find all of her clothing including her underwear had been removed.  She stepped back and felt the bed's blanket against her calves and sat down.

Footsteps could be heard climbing the stairs.  A moment later there was a knock on the door and her mother's voice was heard and the door opened.  "Tami, dear, your father wants you to come out.  He says you two need to talk.  He is getting the Christmas decorations out of the garage and want you to help."  She still wore the apron, but was also wearing stiletto high heels.

Tami feared the answer but she had to ask, "Can I put some clothes on now that I am home?"

"My poor baby.  I wish you could but your father says only if you agree to say home and work with him in the hardware store."

Tami remember her father's long talk about responsibility when she went off to college.  If she was unable to cut the mustard at college she had promised to stay home and settle into the family business.  She loved him but he could be very controlling and demanding.  She wanted her freedom and was not to give it up lightly.

"No, Mom, I won’t do that."

"Are you sure, dear?"

"Yes."

"Then you can put on some shoes when you go out."

Tami rose and retrieved the pair of sneakers from the closet.  She took her time lacing them on as her mother watched.  Tami rose and walked down the stairs and through to the kitchen to the back door as her mother followed.  Grabbing the doorknob of the back door she squared her shoulders then opened the door and stepped outside.

**Part 10 - Time for the Decorations**

The garage was set back from the house.  Once she stepped on the driveway she would be visible from the street.  The garage door was open and the lights inside were on.  She saw the car beside the house and hoped it would somewhat block the view.  Keeping her back straight she walked along the concrete driveway and into the garage.  Her father turned from where he stood on the ladder.

"It is about time you woke up.  Are you still set on staying in college even though you have display yourself there?"

With all the courage and stubbornness at her command she answered, "Yes".  She wanted her voice to be clear and firm, but it cracked more like a boy whose voice was just changing with the onslaught of puberty.

"Okay.  I won't ask again.  All you have to do it tell me when you are willing to come home to stay and you can have something decent to wear."  He paused for a few seconds but Tami remained silent.  "Okay, then, I’ll hand down the boxes.  You set them on the workbench."  He took four steps on the ladder and grabbed a medium-sized cardboard box.  He lowered it to her.

Tami had to stand on her toes to reach take the box, her arms stretched above her head.  The box was not heavy as she lowered her arms.  She held the box against her chest and carried it over to the workbench.  A thin coat of dust adhered to the sides of the box and some rubbed onto her chest and arms.  Quickly, her father called for her to take another box.  She returned and accepted another box of about the same size and weight.  This continued until seven boxes had been passed down.  By this time Tami's breasts, stomach, arms and upper thighs were covered with a coat of dust that did nothing to hide the flesh to which it adhered.  It was as she reached for the eighth box that the whistle caused her to look down the driveway.

Standing just in front of the parked car was brother Joe.  As embarrassed as Tami was to be seen by her brother, it was the sight of the boy standing next to Joe that upset her.  She mentally wilted as Sam, the boy who had taken her to the Senior Prom in high school, smiled.  Sam had been the one who had issued the wolf whistle and he expression told her he was enjoying the sight of her dirty naked body.  She remembered how Sam had tried to take her in the early morning after the Prom.  She had liked him but not that way.  It had taken a well-placed kick between her legs in the wee hours of that morning for her to escape his parked car.  She had refused to see him after that, but she had not told anyone why.

Tami could not think of a thing to say as she took the eighth box and held it in front of her chest as she faced Sam.  His smile widened as his eyes scanned up and down her body.  As she stood facing Sam Tami was relieved that the box held tightly against her chest blocked Sam's vision of her dirty body.  A light cool autumn breeze drifted into the garage stirring up a small cloud of dust.  Her chest relatively warm against the cardboard, but she felt a chill between her thighs.  She realized the box did nothing to hide her unclothed crotch and moved to slide the box down her body.  She quickly found the price for trying to hide her lower lips as her tits peeked over the top of the box.  Unable to decide the lesser embarrassments she walked to the back door, fumbled with the latch and carried the box into the house.

**Part 11 -- A Religious Experience**

Martha was working nude at the sink washing lettuce and vegetables for supper.  Her

apron hung from a cabinet handle.  She jumped as Tami stumbled through the back door lugging the box of Christmas decorations.  Tami made her way to the kitchen table where she sat the box.  Only then, out of sight of the men, did tears start to flow from her eyes.  She starting sniffling and sat in a chair before she spoke.

"I can’t believe Daddy is making me do this."

"Dear, what happened?"  Martha asked as she placed a box of tissues on the table in front of Tami and sat in another chair.

"Joe was out there with Billy and Daddy just let them look at me.  He told me he would make me stay this way until I came home and worked for him."

"That man!" shouted Martha.  "It's one thing to make me prance around naked, but he’ll pay for putting you on display to make you come home.  Don't you dare give in to him!"

Martha's outburst strengthened Tami resolved.  She sniffed a couple of times before blowing her nose into a tissue and forced a weak smile on her face.

"Thanks, Mom.  I didn't expect you to be so supportive since Daddy forced you to expose yourself on account of me."

"Well, I don't appreciate the situation, but he is the ass.  I will never forgive him for bringing that scoundrel Billy into it too.  I never liked him.  Just give me some time and we’ll get some revenge on your father and maybe some on Billy too."

Tami spirit brightened upon hearing her mothers' firm support.  She really was a great mom.  She stood and stepped to the back door.  "I better go help him with the rest of the decorations before he drags me out.  Thanks again, Mom."

Tami stepped outside.  Billy, Joe and her father were speaking and laughing, but there was an even bigger pile of decorations to bring into the house.  She forced herself to stand tall and walk smartly to the pile and grabbed a box.  Billy watched her intently with a lusty smile on his face as she lifted a heavy box in front of her and carried it in the back door to the kitchen.  She returned again and again under Billy's ravenous stare to carry in a total of eleven boxes.  The kitchen table had long since filled and the kitchen floor was littered with the cardboard containers.

Returning to the garage Tami saw that her father, Joe and Billy were trying to untangle several strings of outdoor lights for the evergreen bushes in front of the house.  She remembered how she loved to help her father put those lights up.  She had rejoiced that first time she saw those bright lights after dark.  She shivered from more than cool air as she pictured herself placing the festive lights while naked.  Fortunately the men were concentrating on the tangled strings as she bought the last few boxes of indoor decorations into the house.

Martha had started opening the boxes in the kitchen was dusting the lights and ornaments.  Dust was starting to coat her arms and hands.  Smudges were visible on several other body parts.  The tiny dust motes floated like tiny lightning bugs as the bright light from the beautiful sunset streamed almost horizontally through the windows.  Tami grabbed some paper towels and started to help her mother clean the decorations.  As the two shared a task they had first started sharing years ago they were lulled into a homey feeling despite their untraditional attire.

The light of the sunset was failing as they moved several dusted boxes of decorations into the living room.  Tami saw the box of garlands and stocking for the fireplace.  She could not resist draping the first piece of the silver and green Mylar garland across the mantle of the fireplace.  She always liked the way that brightened up the room.  She grabbed the four monogrammed stockings and was hanging them from the permanent hooks in the mantle.  Only then did she notice that the drapes on the nearest front windows were wide open.  With the inside lights on she realized she had been almost perfectly framed in that window while handling the stockings and garland.  She had no way of knowing who had passed the house to see her bare form in that window.  She jumped toward the window but froze as she saw someone walking up the front steps.

DING! DONG!

The front doorbell rang and Tami wanted to scurry up the stairs.  Before she could act she heard her father's shout from the kitchen.  "Get the door, Tami.  Your mother has her hands full at the moment."

Tami forced herself to step to the door.  Her mother's 'going out' clothes were not on the chair by the door.  With nothing to put on she took a deep breath and opened.  Standing in front of her was Mrs. Ethan, the wife of the pastor of the family's church.  She was in her late twenties and was an attractive woman.  When she and the old pastor had married two years earlier there had been a lot of speculation about the couple.  She was almost twenty years younger than her husband was.  The tongues of the churchwomen had wagged for many hours over her and how she dressed.  Tami had not understood about the gossip.  Mrs. Ethan was beautiful and was always dressed nicely.  Her skirts were always a little above her knees but she was successful in keeping it in place.  Her blouses were always buttoned to the collar but did not hide the fact the she was well blessed by firm large breasts.  She stood before Tami in her typical attire plus a snug pink jacket perfect for the cool fall weather.

For several seconds both young women just stared in shock at each other before Tami composed herself enough to talk.  "Mrs. Ethan, welcome.  Please come in."  Tami's voice was a little squeaky despite her effort to speak in a normal tone.  Mrs. Ethan stepped into the living room.  "Can I take you jacket?"  Tami wanted to take the jacket to hold before her body and offer some coverage of her bare front.

"No, I should just be here a few minutes."  Tami noticed Mrs. Ethan eyes roam up and down her body.   However, Mrs. Ethan's face showed not disgust or contempt for Tami's nude state.  Instead, an expression of interest and perhaps delight spread over the face of the pastor's wife.

"I really came to see your mother, but could we talk for a few minutes first?"

Tami wanted to do anything but talk with this woman.  Over the last year before she went off to school she had come to think of Mrs. Ethan as a good woman.  She had counseled many of the high school girls on their problems.  She always ran the bake sales at the church and civic center to raise money for charities.  The gossip had diminished greatly as Mrs. Ethan demonstrated all the traits of a fine Christian woman.  Tami felt shamed standing naked before her but she forced herself to answer.

"Yes.  Please have a seat."

Tami wanted to sit on the couch so she could sit beside one of its large arms.  It would provide some small measure of cover from anyone seated in one of the wooden rocking chairs that sat at either end.  Unfortunately, Mrs. Ethan sat squarely the center of the couch.  Tami was forced to sit in one of the rockers.  She had liked those rockers in the past, but the low arms and open sides offered little behind which to hide.  She sat on the flat cushion on the seat of the rocker and slid back until her spine felt the hard wood of the tall back.  She found a little relief as she squeezed her legs together before turning her head to face Mrs. Ethan.  She sighed and faced the pastor's wife and spoke.

"What can I do for you?"

"I understand and can see you have chosen a different style of life than you had before going off to college.  I just want to ask if you are sure of your choice."

How could Tami tell false stories to this woman she respected.  For the second time today she found herself telling of her lie to avoid trouble and how it had made more trouble than she could have imagined.  Mrs. Ethan was a good listener and only interrupted her a few times to clarify the story.  Tami withheld only the feelings of the arousal she felt as others stared at her, but her feelings of shame were obvious to Mrs. Ethan.  When Tami told of her father's actions to force her to come home, Mrs. Ethan's face hardened.

"He’s not showing true Christian's compassion by manipulating you in that way."  The stern expression remained her face as she continued.  "Now he is forcing your mother to do the same evil things.  This has to be stopped."

Fearing Mrs. Ethan might do something to make things even worse Tami objected.  "Please, don't do a thing.  Just give my mother and me time to work this out.  Promise you won't do anything before checking with us."

"If you insist but if you need anything, please call me."

Tami was not sure what Mrs. Ethan could do to help, but she took some solace in the support of this fine young woman.  Before Tami could reply, the pastor's wife spoke again.

"Now that I have talked to you I don't need to talk to your mother.  I know why she is dressing the way she it.  Tell your mother I understand and that we will talk at some other time in private.  Give her my love."

The two women stood and walked to the door.  Tami watched Mrs. Ethan walk away.  Between her mother's and Mrs. Ethan's support, Tami no longer felt quite so helpless in her situation.

**Part 12 -- Fast Food Supper**

It had been a long day for Tami.  After Mrs. Ethan's departure Tami moved all the dusted decorations into the living room.  No one else joined her as she checked out the lights for the tree and hung the plastic icicles in each of the windows.  This second bit of decorations gave her an excuse to close all the drapes in the front of the house and gave her a bit of privacy.

The front door bell rang again and she moved to the door not knowing who might be there.  She opened the door to see a pizza delivery boy with two large pizza boxes.  His eyes grew big as he took in the nude female figure before him.  Neither of them was able to speak for a few minutes until Tami heard her mother's voice behind her.

"Here, honey."  Martha, still naked, handed Tami a twenty-dollar bill.  "Tell him to keep the change."

The pizza boy looked as if his eyes would pop out as he looked at the two generations of exposed female flesh before him.  Tami passed him the twenty and took the pizza boxes from her hands.  He was still frozen in shock as Tami pushed the door shut with her bare hip.  The exposure had been brief, but Tami found herself very moist between her legs and a tremor ran between her legs.  Martha took one box from Tami and told her to follow her into the dining room.  The pizzas were placed on the table on either side of a large bowl of fresh salad.  Plates, glasses and silverware had been placed around the table.  It took Tami a moment to realize there were places for six.

Into the dinning room walked Tami's father, Joe, Billy and another boy of her brother's age.  Tami found herself in a setting that a year before (and clothed) could have been a normal weekend meal.  Only now with both herself and her mother naked it took on a surreal feeling.  She wished there were a tablecloth that she could use to hide her lower body but there was not.  She scooted up to the table until her lower ribs were pressed against the edge of the table.  At least Billy, who sat to her left, would be unable to see the most private parts of her lower body.  All though the meal she could feel her nipples grow harder and harder under the stares of Billy and Joe's friend.  She could feel the moisture flow between her legs and struggled to hide her condition.  Tami was understandably quiet.  The conversation was almost normal as the men talked about the success of the high school football team.

When the meal was over Tami and her mother cleared the table.  Tami felt her embarrassment each time she left and returned to the room.  The day had been very long and, after helping her mother with the dishes, Tami was able to escape to the privacy of her room.  Her mother stopped by a few minutes later to tuck her into bed.  Tami felt the loving warmth of her mother and was soon fast asleep.

**Part 13 -- A Lazy Sunday Morning**

Sunday morning was bright and clear with just the slight cool nips of autumn.  Tami woke somewhat refreshed but the warm bed beckoned her to stay where she was.  When she heard a knock on the door and Tami looked up to she her mother in just her apron.  Her mother spoke as Tami rubbed the sleep from her eyes.

"Dear, we are going to church.  It's the only time your father lets me wear almost normal clothing.  You can stay here and sleep.  I will make excuses for you, but you will have to get your own breakfast.  Is that okay?"

Tami, relieved that she would not have to attend church naked, yawned and shook her head YES.  Martha closed the door and her footsteps faded away.  It was not too many minutes later than she heard the back door shut and the family car leave the driveway.  Quiet enveloped her.  The breeze rustled the leaves of the trees causing a soft gentle audio backdrop to the faint creaks of the house.  For the first time since her arrival she felt at home.  With no one around she was tempted to find something to wear but decided she should not try.  As long as she was careful around the windows she should be able to move about with relative ease.  She threw the covers back and stood in her room.  It almost felt the same as any of the thousands of morning from her childhood.  She yawned again as she step out into the hall and made her way down to the kitchen.  She was further at ease when she saw that all the drapes were closed.  In he kitchen she got a bowl and a box of cereal from the pantry before sitting on a kitchen chair.  She became more comfortable as she poured milk on her cereal, but something was missing.

The Sunday Comics!

Tami looked around the kitchen but the newspaper was not in sight.  She padded her way to the living room and looked for it.  It was not in sight here either.  She stepped to a front window and peeked between the drapes.  The Sunday paper was still on their wide front porch about ten feet from the door.  She remembered in the past that she had more than once stepped out to get in it just her jammies.

"No, I just couldn't" Tami thought as she pulled back from the window.  She could not believe she was actually contemplating it, but she giggled.  She thought, "Everyone is in church or sleeping in.  Who would see me?"  After the countless eyes that had observed her naked form over the last two month, she decided why not.  "I couldn't be anywhere as bad as the things I have endured in the past."  Taken a quick look to see that the coast was clear she opened the front door and step out onto the porch.

In the shadow of the porch roof the air was still quite cool and crisp, as it must have been during the night.  The front and sides of the porch were a series of vertical boards up to a railing about two feet high.  Although she might be able to obscure her image from a casual observer if she crouched down behind the railing, the spaces between the board would allow any serious watcher to see most of her naked flesh.  She stepped to the right center of the porch and reached down to pick up the paper just as a gust of window blew across the porch.  The breeze tickled her skin resulting in the formation of goosebumps.  With the large paper held in front of her she felt more relaxed than she thought possible given her lack of any clothing.  She heard a dog bark in the distance and the faint sound of a train whistle as another gust licked across her buns.

CA-THUNK! Click.

The front door had swung closed with a sound that made Tami jump.  She broke from her reverie and stepped back to the door.  Grabbing the doorknob she gave it a twist but the door did not budge.  The door had never had a tendency to stick as she twisted the knob and tried to giggle the heavy hardwood door.  Only then did she step back and give the door a good hard look.  While the door knob and old style keyhole was still in evidence on the door, Tami noticed a new lock had been added higher on the door.  She remembered seeing the inside of the new lock but had thought it was a new deadbolt lock.  The lever had been up leaving the bolt withdrawn into the lock.  Somehow the lever must have slipped loose when the door slammed shut.

Tami was starting to get anxious and frustrated.  Her careless behavior had once again trapped her nude in public.  She knew if she stayed on this porch for very long someone would indeed see her.  At least she had the Sunday paper to give her something to hold on one side of her.  She faced the street and unfolded the first section of the paper so that she could cover her front.  Trying to remain casual she stepped down the front steps and started to sidestep to the driveway.  She suddenly realized her unusual movements might attract more attention than if she just walked casually and threw caution to the wind.  She still carried the paper in front of her as she turned toward the garage, leaving her backside in full view of anyone in or across the street.

Tami sighed in relief as she reached the back of the house and stepped behind it, blocking any view of her from the street.  She stepped to the back door only to find it, too, was locked.  The garage door was down too.  Unless she wanted to break a window and climb through she had no alternative but to tough it out in the back yard until her family returned from church.  She found a spot near the back of the garage where she was out of sight but still able to sit in the late morning sunlight.  With nothing better to do she pulled the funnies from the paper and placed them across her lap.  She found herself chuckling at the antics of her favorite characters as the bright autumn sun warmed her flesh.  Her stomach growled and she remembered the uneaten bowl of cereal on the kitchen table.

Over the next hour Tami finished with the funnies and was bringing herself up to date on the local news.  Although some of it was interesting she did not really notice how heavy her eyelids were getting.  She jerked her head up several times before finally leaning to the left and falling asleep.

**Part 14 -- Sunday Dinner**

"So there you are."

Tami shaded her eyes from the bright midday sunlight.  As she blinked the sleep from her eyes they focused on her brother Joe.  He smiled mischievously at her and spoke again.

"Dad sent me out to find you.  He wants both you and the Sunday paper inside right now."

The paper was still across her lap, but her breasts were in full view of her not-so-little brother.  From the look on his face he was either up to something or just enjoying her embarrassing condition.  He held his position as she stretched and gathered the paper together so she could, if only briefly, hold it in front of her.  Joe had other ideas and snatched the paper from her leaving her with nothing behind which to hide.  She breathed a sigh of relief as he walked toward the back door.  She was at least able to follow him believing that there was no one watching her at the moment.

Tami followed her brother through the back door into the kitchen.  As Joe continued through the hall toward the front room, she saw her mother fixing Sunday dinner.  Her mother was still wearing the two-inch high-heeled shoes she had worn to church.  Tami looked at her mother's otherwise nude body as she sliced carrot to add to a roast she was preparing.

Without a word Tami stepped to the sink where she saw a head of lettuce that needed washing.  She took a small comfort in helping her mother much as she had many Sundays of the past.  Between the two of them it the roast was broiling in the oven, a toss salad was prepared with sliced tomatoes and mushrooms, and a large pitcher of iced tea.

Almost immediately there was a knock on the back door.  Both Tami and her mother jumped at the sound, moving one arm across their breasts and a hand over their loins.  Tami saw that her mother face had the same shocked expression she suspected was on her own face.  There was another knock, as the two women stood motionless in their naked embarrassment.  Martha was the first to move, but Tami forced herself to reach the door first.  With her breath held Tami turned the knob and opened the door.

Mr. Allison's eyes bulged as he saw the naked and curvaceous Tami face him from the open doorway.  In the last thirty years of his life the only naked female body her had seen was that of his wife and he had not seen her naked in the last ten years.  He was speechless as he watched the most attractive blush form on the face and run down her luscious body.  His eyes roamed down that body to her thighs before raising back to her erect nipples.  Only the sight of the equally bare and attractive Martha stepping beside Tami forced a sound from his throat.

"Ah, ur, ah, Mr. Smithers said it was, ah, okay to drop the load this afternoon."

A shiver ran up Tami's spine as she stood under the intense stare of Mr. Allison.  Fortunately her mother answered quickly.  "Just stack it in back of the garage.  I’ll send Joe out to help you."  Tami heard the fading sound of her mother's high-heeled shoes tap on the hard floor as she walked to the front of the house.  Quickly the softer but heavier sound of her brother's Nikes approached.  He pushed passed her without noticing that the arm of his nylon jacket brushed across Tami’s firm breasts.  She could only hold her breath as she felt her nipples harden even more.

"Okay, Mr. Allison, Dad says if we are done before dinner, you can have some of Mom's cherry pies."

Realizing there would probably be another stranger in her own home looking at her naked body, Tami stood frozen in the back door way.  Only the feel of her mother's hand on her shoulder broke her trance-like state.  "Come on in, dear, before Mr. Allison has a heart attack," Martha said.

Tami withdrew into the kitchen and joined Martha to sit at the kitchen table.  Martha, a look of resignation on her blushing face, asked, "Dear, has it gotten any less embarrassing for you as time has passed?"

"No, Mom.  Just when I think I’m getting used to being naked something comes along and it is as bad as the first day I walked around without clothes.  Mom, is it usual for delivery men to come by even on Sunday."

"Yes, your father somehow manages to arrange for someone to stop by every day.  It is the strangest thing but my allotment of clothes are always at the wrong door."  Martha stepped to the oven and basted the roast before returning to the table.  "If John hears that I didn’t answer the door promptly he makes sure get me even more embarrassed than ever in a day or two."

"Like what, Mom?"

"I’m not supposed to warn you, but if I were you I would make sure I was somewhere else on Tuesday evening."  Martha fell quiet and despite some prodding from Tami she would not tell her more details.  Her mother's only comment was that she had "...already said too much."

Tami and her mother were left alone while dinner cooked and soon a mouth-watering aroma soon filled the kitchen.  If it were not for the unclothed state of its females Tami would have found it to truly be all the comforts of home.  Tami gathered up the silverware and stepped into the kitchen to set the places for supper.  She set four places before she remembered Joe's promise to Mr. Allison.  She peeked through the closed drapes on the side windows and watched at the truck of firewood continued to be unloaded.  Tami returned to the kitchen and grabbed the large pitcher of iced tea.  It was too heavy to carry with one hand so she used both hands to carry it in front of her.  As she returned to the dinning room she stumbled in the doorway.  She clutched the cold pitcher to her chest in an attempt to regain her balance.  The sides of the pitcher was coated in the cool sweat of condensed water and felt very cold against the insides of her breasts.  Her nipples hardened and she felt a tingle run right down to her pussy which suddenly felt very hot.  She managed not to spill a drop of the tea but as she placed the pitcher on the table the condensation that had remained on her body trickled down her firm stomach.  When the moisture ran down and flowed between her hot lower lips the contrasts of cold and heat felt like a jolt of electricity.  She felt frozen in place beside the table as a delightful yet embarrassing muscle spasm ran up and down her body from her chest and upper thighs.  She so wanted to touch herself and relieve the frustration building within her, but she did not dare with people in the rooms on both sides of her.  It was on very shaky legs that she finally returned to the kitchen.

Martha took one look at her daughter when she stepped through the kitchen door.  Her motherly impulse forced her to hug her daughter.  Tami felt her mother’s warmth engulf her.  With the warm came uncontrollable heat.  Tears of humiliation flowed from Tami's eyes.  The fire in her loins refused to abate.  Instead, the feel of her mother's flesh against her own fueled that fire.  Tami whimpered was she detected the smell of her own arousal compete with the aroma of the beef simmering in the oven.

Martha noticed the change in the air and felt her daughter's body twitched.  She was not immune to the feel of the situation.  With more than just maternal feelings flooding through her body she forced her arms to release her daughter and took a step back.  Tami was staring at the floor as Martha grabbed a roll of paper towels.  She moistened several pieces with warm and was about to swab down the juices and water on Tami's body.  She hesitated and decided to hand Tami the towels instead.

Tami took the offered towels and stepped to the sink.  She tried to control her emotions as she wiped the juices from between her legs.  Even the feel of the moist paper towels threatened to set her juices flowing again.  Only her mother’s presence a few feet away kept her from fleeing to her room for relief.

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Tami felt much more in control as she and Martha finished placing the food on the table.  Tami went to the living room to retrieve her father as Martha yelled out the back door to Joe.  The firewood had been unloaded and Mr. Allison followed Joe in through the back door.  Mr. Allison sported a smile as his eyes took in Martha's naked form and brought a fresh blush to her skin.  She followed Joe and Allison into the dinning room to see Tami and John already seated at the table.  Martha took her usual place at the end of the table opposite her husband with Allison and Joe on one side and Tami on the other.  Once seated the table cloth hid the lower bodies of both females, but Tami's and Martha's breasts were very much on display.  The serving dishes were passed around as each filled his or her plate.

Martha found Tami to be as quiet as her in this situation.  Although Mr. Allison frequently glanced at the fine specimens of female breasts, he and the other males became consumed in the talk of football.  For Tami and Martha the meal passed all too slowly but at least they were partly hidden.  It was only when it was time for desert that the embarrassment increased.  It was no surprise to Martha that John was the one to initiate the next bit of embarrassment.

"I think it is time for some of Mother's great cherry pie.  Tami, why don't you help your mother and bring the ice cream."

Without a word Tami and Martha rose and left the room.  They returned to the dinning room with the pie and a carton of vanilla ice cream.  The unclad women stood at the head of the table as Martha cut the pie and placed it on dishes.  Tami placed a scoop of ice cream at the side of each piece and placed the dish in front of each man.  Only then did the ladies return to their seats.

Embarrassment and humiliation flooded Tami's mind as she had gone through the motions of serving the pie.  She forced herself to start eating and found her mother's pie to be as delicious as usual.  With a full stomach she forced herself to relax just a bit.  Unfortunately, as she relaxed she got a little careless with the ice cream and a spoonful fell off her spoon.  It fell squarely on her right nipple before sliding down her stomach and nestling between her legs.  The feeling was even more intense than it had been with the tea.  Tami did not want to emphasize her bare breasts by wiping the ice cream from her nipple, but as the spoonful of ice cream melted between her legs she was struck by the frigid sticky thickness of it.  With supreme effort she was able to make it through dessert.

Tami breathed a sigh of relief as the men left upon finishing their pie.  The ice cream had melted but the heat left behind was intense.  Martha had noticed the whole episode and passed Tami a fresh napkin and told her to take her time.  Martha made several trips to the kitchen as she cleaned up the table.

Tami remained at the table until it was clear and she heard Mr. Allison leave.  Only then did she wipe the remains of the melted ice cream from her body.  She was barely able to control the arousal that threatened to erupt and embarrass her again.

**Part 15 – Time for the Tree**

Tami would have been more than happy to hide in her room the rest of the day, but her father had other plans.  He suggested they get the Christmas tree up.  She remembered her childhood joy when she had accompanied her father to pick out the tree.  The lot would be filled with people as the holiday music blared from the speakers on the small trailer used as the office.  The fresh invigorating smell of pine had filled the air to complete the festive scene.  Only now she saw herself in that joyous setting naked for all to see.  Her breathing became faster and shallower as the vision in her head would not stop.  She was steeling herself for the moment when her father called her to ride along to the tree lot.

"Tami, time to get the tree", bellowed her father.

Despite her attempt to be prepared Tami jumped is response to her father's voice.  Knowing he would not take no for an answer she followed him out the back door and sat on the passenger's side of the front seat.  A slight chill was in the air that brought her nipples again to hardness, but fortunately the car's heater started circulating comfortably warm air quickly as they drove through town.

Suddenly Tami realized they had not turned toward their regular tree lot.  She had no idea where they were going as they passed the north edge of town.  They drove north without talking until they approached Reymont, a community that was little more than an intersection of two secondary roads.  Tami noticed unusually heavy traffic and wondered what the happening.  As they passed the only real intersection in the community she spotted the cause of the traffic.   A huge rectangular tan building sat to the east side of the road just north of Reymont with a huge parking lot filled with cars.  A fresh fear filled Tami as her father pulled into the lot and parked in one of the only unoccupied spots, over three hundred yards from the front entrance to the building.

Tami wanted to wait in the car but one look from her father and she opened her door to step into the bright autumn day.  As she read the large sign and logo over the front of the building (Acme … What do we have?  What do you want?) a cool breeze had stirred up.  As it washed over Tami's back it also flew between her legs in a most stimulating way.  She had to walk briskly to keep up with her father's much longer stride.  Her breasts started bouncing in a rhythm that attracted the attention of several people that they passed.  One young woman elbowed the guy next to her after his eyes had locked on Tami's body.  More heads turned to follow her as she passed and she could not stop the feeling that wash over her.  Despite her best efforts she could feel the heat between her legs as the blood engorged there.  The cool air was such a contrast to the burning desires that enflamed her body.

As they passed through the front automatic double doors the heat of the building swept over her, warming Tami's cool flesh but fueling the heat between her legs.  The store was huge and chock full of people.  Several second passed before the hustle and bustle of the busy customers noticed her, but then people slowed and stared as the normal sound of conversation fell to hushed whispers and giggles.  The high shelving units were filled with boxes like a warehouse store or home improvement center.  Tami followed her father through the crowded aisles as he crossed to the back wall of the store.  Fingertips constantly emerged from the crowd to touch her arms, hips and even the sides of her breasts.  There was no way to defend against the thousands of fleeting touches, but she hurried her pace as an open palm made a sharp stinging slap on her firm and oh-so-naked bottom.  Tami would have blushed even more if she knew how that red handprint on her tanned skin became the center of attention of those that watched her buttocks bouncing sensuously.

Upon reaching the back of the store John stepped up to a Customer Service window and briefly talked to the service representative.  Tami sat in one of the plastic molded chairs that sat to either side of the window.  She crossed her legs and hugged her breasts tightly in order to preserve some bare semblance of modesty.  She and her father waited for a few minutes until a large box and a pole were passed through the window.

"Here, carry this for me."  Tami was lost in her own world trying to force some calm into her shaken and confused mind.  John snapped it fingers in front of her eyes and she jumped.  This time she heard her father clearly.  "Here, Tami, carry this for me."  He sat a metal pole in front of her.  Its metal base was two and a half feet wide and very flat with a 'trunk' of a hollow tube painted a flat brown.  Holes perforated the poles every twelve inches or so from the base to the top.  It took Tami a moment to realize this was artificial trunk of a Christmas tree.  She tried to pick it up with one hand, but the base was too heavy.  As he father grabbed a large box Tami grabbed the pole in both hands and lifted it.  A grunt issued from her throat as she raised the bases three inches into the air.  Her father was already walking toward the front of the store when she tried to walk forward carrying the pole.  Her inside right ankle smacked against the base.  She grimaced and the base clanged to the hard floor.

Tami rubbed her ankle as she tried to ease the pain.  She looked up and saw that the crowd had engulfed her father.  She was alone before the many hungry eyes of the crowd.  She desperately wanted to catch her father, sure that he would protect her even as he forced her to remain naked.  With a mighty heave she lifted the pole again so that the base was six inches in the air.  In order to walk she would have to keep her legs spread so as not to trip or injure her ankles.  She took a deep breath and walked forward.  She could feel how open she was as she waddled toward the front with her ankles almost three feet part.

The muscles of her inner thighs flexed as she moved, attracting even more stares as she felt the moisture thicken and a slow stream of her private juices oozed down her very public spread inner thighs.  She forced herself to maintain as steady pace as she squeezed the pole until her knuckles were white.  She had almost reached the front door when a salesgirl held out her hand to stop.  Tami's body was covered in sweat and other juices as she saw the cart the salesgirl was pulling behind her.  Tami dropped the base onto the cart with a loud CLANK.  Her legs were trembling as she grabbed the handle and pulled the cart through the door and into the parking lot.  She saw the family car heading toward her and waited near the front door as her father pulled to a stop in front of her.  He took the pole and laid it across the back seat with the base against the opposite door.  He left the window down a few inches and the top of the pole stuck out the door.

Tami climbed into the passenger side of the front and was very quiet during the long ride back home.

**Part 16**

Sunday evening was thankfully anticlimactic after the frustrating embarrassments of picking up the artificial Christmas tree.  Only the family members were present as the tree was assembled and decorated.  Tami did have to participate but somehow the experience was less humiliating with the quiet support of her equally naked mother.  When Martha tucked her into bed that night she slept soundly.

Tami slept late the next morning.  By the time she came downstairs for breakfast she only had to encounter her mother.  Joe had gone off to school and her father had left to open the family store.  While Tami ate toast and jam she and Martha tried to put their heads together.  Every idea to get Tami out of the lie she had told did not hold up under scrutiny.  They kept coming back to the same two results; Tami forced to come home or remain naked to keep from getting expelled from college.  As the morning wore on Tami helped her mother cleanup the house.  Tami marveled at the way her mother worked (behind the closed drapes, of course) as if it were natural to be naked.  Martha noticed her questioning looks.

"Not quite the image of June Cleaver, am I?", asked Martha.

"Only the obvious difference" Tami answered and giggled.  "Mom, do you ever get, you know, a thrill from being nude all the time?"

"Of course, dear.  How could I not be affected at times, never knowing when someone will show up and catch me in the all-together.  Back when I first met you father, we both did occasionally tempt fate.  Fortunately we never got caught before we decided to restrict it to inside the house.  Even now, it could be great fun if your father didn’t insist on me being continuously naked or underdressed."

Before Martha could provide the details, the phone rang and both mother and daughter jumped before giggling at the interruption.  Martha jumped up and grabbed the phone.

"Hello"

"Yes, she is here Mr Ballister.  Should I put her on?"

Turning to Tami, her mother handed the phone to her daughter as she spoke.  "It is Coach Ballister from the high school."  Tami took the phone.  Mr. Ballister had been her gymnastics coach and one of her favorite teachers in high school.  She smiled as she placed the phone to her ear.

"Hi, Coach.  How are you?"

Tami could hear the coach smile as he spoke.  "Hello, Tami.  I am doing fine, but we miss you on the team.  The current group of girls just doesn’t have you natural gymnastic skill.  I was talking to your father last week and he said I could call on your for some help."

The smile faded from Tami's face as she feared what her father had gotten her into now.  "Well, maybe.  What did you have in mind?"

Just then two short beeps indicated another call was coming in.  "Just a minute, Coach.  There is another call."

Tami held down the button for half a second to switch to the other call.  "Hello, Smithers' residence."  She was greeted with her father voice.

"Hi, Tami."

Her exuberance faded as she wondered what surprise was in store for her.  "What is it, Daddy?"

"Your gym coach and I talked last week and he needs your help."  Tami's emotions immediately warned her to expect the worst as her father continued.  "He wants you to help with the women's gym team.  I told him you’d be glad to help.  You won’t let him down, right?"

Cringing with the spectacle forming in her mind Tami cleared her throat.  She was determined not to give in as she spoke.  "Of course not, Father.  He is on the other line now.  Bye."  A certain coldness had crept into her voice, but she took a deep breath before returning to the Coach.  "Coach Ballister, I would be glad to help."

"Can you come by at 3:30 for the after school practice?"

At least most of the students would have left by then she thought.  "That would be fine.  I will see you then.  Bye, Coach."

"Bye, Tami."

Tami returned to the table and plopped down into a chair.  Once again she would have to demonstrate her gymnastics abilities in front of a whole class.  Remembering her last session in front of her college classmates she dropped her forehead gently on the table.

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The afternoon had dragged by as she thought of what awaited her at her old high school.  Now, as she rode in the car driven by her barely adequately clad mother, Tami worked up her courage.  "It will just be a bunch of high school girls" she mumbled to herself.  The thought of Mr. Ballister seeing all her naked flesh sent a tingle throughout her body that did not feel right.  After all she had spent hours in front of little more than a thin leotard, but he had always acted very fatherly.  Somehow, being naked in front of him would be worse than being seen by her own father especially the way her father had been acting.

Martha had glanced at her daughter several times as they traveled to the high school.  She could not think of any direct way she could help Tami at the moment, but maybe she could take the time to work something out with Mrs. Ethan.  They pulled up next to the gymnasium and Tami stepped out without a word.  Martha watched Tami's tanned body scurry around the lawn and into the front doors without incident.  She would have to be back promptly at 6:00 to pick her up.

**Part 17**

Coach Ballister was busy setting up the four stations he wanted to use in the day's practice.  The mat area was ready with additional mats around the balance beam and the vault.  He was happy that Tami's father had offered to let her help.  His current class of juniors and seniors were no more than rookies.  Tami had been the best gymnast he had had in his eight years of teaching.  He had thought she would continue her gymnastic endeavors in college and surprised when he was told that she had not.

He was checking on the legs of the single bar when he heard someone clear her throat.  He turned and smiled; thinking it was one of his students.

Tami watched as the coach turned.  His eyes grew big and his mouth fell open as he saw her standing not ten feet away.  His eyes scanned down her body slowly and it was obvious that those eyes stopped more than once on their way to her feet.  Tami turned a bright red as those eyes traveled back up her naked flesh.  When his eyes locked on her she saw his face flush.

"Tami?"  The coach was unable to say anything more or even turn his head.

Tami forced a smile on her face as she tried to appear casual.  Inside, she was anything but casual.  Last year she had been used to working with the coach dressed only in her thin tight practice leotard.  She had felt comfortable when his strong hands spotting her during practice and competition, but those hands had always had the touch of security.  As she imaged those same hands on her unclothed body she felt a mixture of shame and excitement.

The silence was broken by the sound of the heavy front lobby doors slamming shut.  Tami heard the chatter of teenage female voices.  In moments she expected several high school girls to burst in on the coach and her.  She had to get her feelings under control or she feared she would run crying from the gym.  The coach broke out of his trance-like stare.

"Tami, why are you naked?"

Maintaining her charade she gave him the short version.  "Coach, I am a religious nudist.  This is how I am all the time.  Is that a problem?"

Coach Ballister forced himself to move despite the fact that he was sure anyone would notice the bulge in his sweatpants.  He was relieved he had worn his supporter and cup as he usually did even though they felt very confining at the moment.  He forced himself to speak.  "It is quite irregular, but since your father gave his permission, I guess I can live with it."

Before they could talk more seven teenage girls walked into the gym and spotted Tami.  She could hear their gasps and giggles as they stopped, staring at her.  She was thankful that the coach spoke.  "Okay girls, get over here.  Tami Smithers had volunteered to help us today.  Tami, get the girls warmed up and ready for practice.  I will be right back."

The coach was only too happy to get out of sight.  He desperately needed to adjust himself.  Turning his back on the students he vanished toward the coach’s locker room.

Tami turned to see the girls staring at her.  She could see the questions in their faces.  In order to distract them she immediately got them into position and started the warm-up stretching exercises.  With the coach out of sight she was marginally less uncomfortable.  The girls' thin practice leotards looked wondrously nice and she wished she had one of her own to wear.  As she led them in the warm-ups she could not repress the excitement she felt.

"Thank you, Tami" spoke the coach as he returned to the practice area.  "Today, Tami will demonstrate the way to do some of our base moves.  These exercises will mix skills for muscular endurance, balance and flexibility."  He turned to Tami and gave her instructions.  She hid her emotions as she realized just what she was about to do.

Tami positioned herself at one corner of the mat.  Taking aim at the opposite corner she started.  First, two steps forward followed by a stride step in which she launched herself into the air in a ballet like move.  She had kicked off with her left leg as her right swing forward.  In mid-air her left leg was extended straight behind her at almost a seventy-five degree angle while her right leg extended forward at a similar angle.  Both feet were pointed in the line of its leg.  She kept her arms out from her shoulder almost like a bird and held them there was she landed on her right foot.  She maintained her momentum and did a chasse', her arms once again out from her shoulder, but as least her legs were pressed closed and pointing straight at the ground.  A few more steps and she was in the opposite corner.  Turning to face the way she came she ran four steps and did a cartwheel before coming to rest with her arms at her side.

As she stood catching her breath she was particularly aware of the exposure from the cartwheel.  She remembered the muffled female giggles as her legs spread wide during that move.  As she thought more about it she was surprised by the tingle she felt building deep inside her.  Thankfully, the coach called the rest of the class over and had each one perform the same moves.  Tami forced her mind from her inner turmoil and watched as the girls performed the moves with a bit of stiffness and uncertainty.

The coach seemed to agree.  "Girls, you simply aren’t fluid enough.  You must be mentally alert but physically relaxed.  You have to appear as if every move is comfortable and natural no matter how much you strain.  Tami, do a handstand."

Tami's mind had turned inward and she had to shake her head to wake up.  She stared blankly at the coach and he repeated his request.  Tami moved to the mat, positioned her hands and kicked her legs into a perfect straight-backed handstand facing away from the coach and student.  She held it for several seconds until the coach said, "Tami, to your feet."

Tami thought her would have the rest of the girls perform a handstand.  Instead, he asked for another move.  "Do a pirouette in the handstand position.  Now watch girls as she makes smooth moves to add this little bit of difficult."  She kicked into the handstand and pirouette that left her facing the coach and girls.  Even though her legs were still together this position still felt naughty.  She could fee her breasts shift toward her shoulders under the watchful eyes of all gathered.

"Okay, Tami, you can relax."  Tami smoothly got back to feet and moved off to the side as the coach continued.  "Each of you should pair off and practice the handstand and pirouette with another girl spotting you.  This is really simple stuff for gymnasts and you should all do it."

As she struggled to calm her feeling, Tami was able to stand off to the side with her arms relaxed.  She wished she could head off for a locker room and relieve some of her pent-up emotions in privacy.  Unfortunately that was not possible as soon the coach told her what was to follow.

**Part 18**

The class moved to the single bar.  Once everyone circled the bar Tami demonstrated the move the coach had instructed her to perform.  She stood at the bar and jumped up to grab the bar with her arms at full extension.  The bar was pressed firmly into the front of her thighs.  She started swinging her legs until she was swinging her body.  When her torso as at about a fifty-degree angle forward she performed a stride circle move with an undergrip.  She shifted her weight to her left arm and released her left hand.  She lifted her right leg out to the side horizontally and swung it over the bar.  Quickly and smoothly she grabbed the bar with her right hand again.  With the bar pressing tightly against the front of her left thigh and the back of the right, she swung forward with her momentum.  She spun forward until her head was down and flexed her torso and legs to continue on until her head was once again straight.  Through the whole move her back was kept as straight as possible and the move look easy to all around her.  However, she had experienced a new feeling.  The bar had been cold and as she spun around it the bar had contacted her most sensitive of area.  She remembered that she the bar had been cold more than once last year, but the thin leotard had muted the feeling.  Without the protection of that leotard that cold shot straight up her back and took her breath away.  As she had settled against the bar when she was upright a deliciously naughty fire was building in her.

Tami looked down and could see the traces of her juices on the middle of the bar.  Her grip was started to losing and it took all her concentration to reverse her right leg back over the bar before doing a simple dismount.  She saw that the talcum on the middle of the bar was streaked with her juices.  She watched as the coach had each girl step to the bar and performed the same moves.  It appeared that each girl noticed the streaks, but fortunately the coach did not as he spotted the girls.  She was humiliated as girl after girl gave her a knowing look after their dismount.  By the time that last girl did the moves the streaks had been blurred by the talcum powder and the leotards of the other girls.  She was sure they all thought she was a slut to be so turned on like this.

Tami was emotionally exhausted.  All she wanted was some privacy and maybe some relief.  Again it was delayed as they moved to the vault and the coach gave her instructions.  "Do a modified flank vault with an open leg somersault and tuck.  I know you are probably out of practice, but you should be able to do this basic move even if my current students have a problem with it."

Tami took several deep breaths as she tried to calm herself.  She focused her eyes on the vault and charged down the floor.  She hit the springboard and rebounded perfectly like she had many times in the past.  She placed her hands on the vault to support her position as her legs swung up, tight, straight and closed.  As her momentum carried her forward she bend her legs at the hips and knees and clasped her hands on her calves forcing her legs apart.  She spun one and a half times in the air and just managed to straighten her legs in time to land.  Unfortunately, she had not quite completed her rotation and was not quite vertical when she landed.  She was unable to correct her balance and fell backwards toward the vault.  Her bare bottom struck the mat with a thud and some of her wind was knocked from her.  She landed on her elbows and took a moment to clear her head.

"Oops!" was Tami’s only word as she raised her head and looked at the coach in front of her.  Only then did she realize how widely her legs were spread and how those open legs were aimed right at Coach Ballister.  There was no doubt where his bulging eyes were looking from his stunned expression.  He appeared to be holding his breath as his face turned red.

Tami felt the juices start to flow more strongly and was sure the coach could see the moisture between her legs.  She pulled her eyes from the coach's face to see the expressions of the other girls.  Each was quiet and also focusing on Tami's open position.  More than one girl was smiling with a knowing manner but not with disapproval.  The looks were more like the lust she had seen on the faces of shy college boys; wanting to look by unable to speak a word.

The desire in the room was very intense until the coach finally moved.  He asked if Tami was okay.  Then he dismissed the class and walked rather stiffly back to the coach's locker.  The girls filed out toward the locker room leaving Tami literally sitting in her own juices.  Seconds passed and she heard footsteps approaching.  She turned to see the coach with a large towel.

"Here, take this.  Why don't you go use the coach's shower?  I’ll wait out here until you are done."

"Thanks, coach."  Tami forced herself to carry the towel in one hand as she slowly walked to the coach's locker room.  Once inside she wasted no time making sure the door was locked.  She jumped under a hot relaxing shower and rinsed the juices from her sweaty and stained body.  The refreshing water cascaded down to wash most of the tension from her but the fire within her loins would not be extinguished.  She slowly as though restrained worked her hand between her legs and caressed the folds of her flesh.  Just as she was about to extend a finger into her pulsating innards there was a knock and she heard the coach's voice.

"Your mother’s here.  You better hurry."

Tami was awash with desire but turned of the water and toweled the water from he body.  Only then did she unlock the door and step out.  Her mother was dressed in her small top and short skirt as she had been earlier.  Her mother stood next to the coach who still looked a bit red-faced.  The coach turned to Tami and spoke.

"Thanks for the help today.  If it isn’t too much trouble would you be willing to help again on Friday."

Tami surprised herself as she said almost calmly, "Sure, coach.  See you then."

Tami followed her mother from the gym, across the lot and climbed into the family car.

**Part 19**

The ride home was a silent one.  Martha had seen how shaken Tami was and decided not to ask questions.  Tami was relieved as she ran her most recent experience through her mind.  "I was so humiliated, but there was a certain thrill that left me very excited.  Could I actually be enjoying myself on some level?"  She cringed as the thought struck her.  As her thoughts whirled at that thought her mother pulled into the driveway.

The windows on the front room were open and the lights were on brightly.  John could be seen reading the newspaper.  Martha eased the car into the garage.  Tami and her mother entered the house through the back door.  Once in the kitchen Martha obeyed the house rules.  Her tight top and skirt was hung over the back of a kitchen chair, but she kept her high-heeled shoes on her feet.  Without a word Martha stepped to the oven to check on the roast she had cooking.  Tami felt strange as she looked at her mother's nude form.  Before she had always seen her mother as her mother, naked but still her mother.  This time she took in the still firm flesh bending to look in the oven.  The years had been kind to her mother and she still possessed a body of someone at least ten or fifteen years younger.  True, her mother's thighs were a bit fuller and her waist not as slim as those visible in the Woodstock photographs, but Tami felt sure her mother would draw appreciative comments and stares from the boys back at her college.

Tami forced her eyes away from her mother.  The emotions stirred within Tami left her even more confused and frustrated than she had been at the gym.  She had things to think about and she wanted privacy.  Moving quietly she passed through the living room quickly without attracting the attention of her father.  She went to her bathroom and flopped on her back on the bed.  She tried to force her mind to slow down and examine her feelings.  She jumped as she found her right hand lightly stroking the tender hot flesh above her clitoris.  She wanted to pull her hand away but it felt so good.  Her nipples were erect and begging to be touched.  Only the thought of someone walking in finally enabled her to pull her hands to her sides.

"Dinner" her father's voice thundered through the house.

Tami rushed to the bathroom and quickly wiped the sweat and other fluids from her body.  She needed a shower but knew there was no time.  She forced herself to walk slowly and calm her frustrated mind.  By the time she walked into the dining room she looked no more embarrassed as she had at any other meal.  She felt some relief when she saw only three place settings.

Supper was tolerable with few words spoken.  Tami spent most of her time staring at her plate and nibbling a few bites.  She was just beginning to feel her muscles ache from her gymnastics when her father left the table and her mother went to the kitchen.  Without others watching she was able to force enough food down her throat to nullify the empty feeling of her stomach.  She went to her room without any embarrassing incidents.  Despite the fact that it was only 7:30 she crawled under the covers and was soon fast asleep.  Her dreams gave her little relief as she envisioned herself performing nude gymnastics at the Olympics in front of thousands.

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Wednesday was, all things considered, almost and uneventful day.  Only in the afternoon while her mother was at the grocery store and Tami was doing the laundry when Tami was surprised.  She was in the basement and had just finished loading the washer with sheets when she heard the knock on the back door.  She rushed up to the back door and peeked out to see a man in a City Power And Light uniform.  He was looking at a clipboard when Tami inched the door open and said, "Yes?"

"Meter reader", the man responded without looking up.  Tami swallowed hard and opened the door for him.

"Hi, Mrs. Smithers, it is...".  His voice trailed off as he looked up from his clipboard and saw the naked Tami, the left side of her body hidden behind the door.  His eyes traveled up from her bare right foot, up her leg, thigh, hip, and stomach and settled on her suddenly erect right nipple.  Several seconds passed as Tami felt her blush flood down from her face to redden her firm tanned body.

"Sorry, Miss Smithers, I didn’t know you were here."  His voice was apologetic, but his eyes remained locked on her exposed nipple.  Tami felt a thrill at the reaction her body had on this guy.  She felt ashamed but giggled at bit as she opened the door all the way exposing her full front.  She gave him ten seconds of view before turning.  She walked into the middle of the kitchen.  She felt his eyes on her bottom as she heard his footsteps follow her.  She turned to see him just inside the door staring as her again.  He took several seconds before he walked through the kitchen and took the stairs down to the basement.

Tami was ashamed as she waited for him to return.  She positioned herself in the middle of the kitchen so he would get another good view of her front when he returned to the kitchen.  She felt very naughty as she waited.  Never before had she flaunted her body so blatantly and intentionally to a stranger.  The excitement grew within her as she heard his return.  When he appeared he was holding his clipboard in front of him and below his belt.  He walked slowly and passed directly in front of her to exit by the back door.  Moments later she heard the engine of his truck start and fade away in the distance.

"What was I doing?" she wondered.  She had actually enjoyed the situation.  "Am I out of my mind?"  She mused on the mixed emotions until her mother returned from the store.  As usual Martha took off her skirt and top as soon as she got in the door.  She put away the two sacks of groceries before remembering that a sack of potatoes remained in the car.  Martha sighed and reached for the skirt.

"Wait, Mom, let me get that for you."

Martha had a confused expression as Tami walked out the door with a bounce in her step.  She watched her daughter retrieve the sack of potatoes, sling it across her right shoulder and carry it back inside.  Tami moved to the small pantry and placed the sack on the bottom shelf.  It looked as though Tami actually had a smile on her face during the whole process.  Martha just had to comment.

"You seem in a good mood.  What brought this on?"

"I’m not sure, Mom.  I just feel a little better."

Martha was confused.  Her daughter had been in a particularly strange set of moods even since the gymnastics practice.  "Are you ready to talk about yesterday?  How was the practice?"

Tami was not ready to discuss yesterday's humiliations, but she did have to ask one question.  "Do you ever get, you know, excited when someone surprises you, ah, naked?"

Martha took a long look at Tami.  There were several seconds of silence.  "Tami, usually I am just too frustrated and embarrassed to feel anything else.  Where do you ask?"

"The man read the electric meter today.  He seemed to know and expect you.  I wondered if he ever caught you out of your clothes."

Martha giggled much to the surprise of Tami.  "Okay, Tami, I’ll tell you a tale that happened not this fall but last year.  Promise not to tell a soul.

"Promise."

**Part 20**

Martha and Tami on either side of the kitchen table.  Martha cleared her throat as Tami waited for the story.

"It was the second week after Parents' Weekend.  I had been denied clothes for over a week and thought I was getting somewhat used to it.  I have to admit to being very ready for your father each night."

"Mother!"  Tami blushed. "That is too much information."

"I thought you wanted to know what I felt."

"Okay, Mom, continue.  Just don’t bring Father into it."  Tami knew her parents had enjoyed themselves in bed before she went off to college.  More than once she had gotten up in the night to use the bathroom and heard the quiet moans from their bedroom.  She had been happy for them, but had not wanted to know the details.  There was something about picturing her parents having sex that she did not want to experience.

Martha smiled as she had watched the blush spread across Tami's fresh cute face.  Emotions raced across that face and reminded Martha of her own college days.  She again realized how much Tami mirrored her own not too rebellious youth.  Martha waited until Tami settled down before continuing.

"As I was saying I thought I had a handle on the situation.  I always kept my top and skirt in the room with me so I could pull them on quickly.  I was downstairs doing laundry and had absently mindedly left my clothes in the front room.  I heard a knock on the back door and reacted on impulse.  Up the stair I went without thinking and opened the back door.  The meter man was stunned and unable to take a step for several seconds.  I held my breathe as the young man's eyes roamed over everything and a smile formed on his face.

"I forced myself to take a breath and asked him to come in.  He was speechless as he entered and slowly walked to the basement door.  I have to say I thought a certain rush at the guy's reaction.  I had to be at least ten years older than him and he obviously still appreciated the view of me.  When I heard the ding from the dryer I barely hesitated going to the basement.  He was standing at the meter not six feet from the dryer staring at the meter.  There was no way he couldn’t see me as I bend to pull the clothes from the dryer and put them into the basket.  I wanted to hold that basket of clean clothes in front of me but I couldn’t resist taunting the guy.  He looked flustered but took his time writing down the meter's numbers.  I could see me glancing out the side of his eyes at me.

"My nerve finally broke.  I grabbed the basket and started up the stairs.  I bit my lower lip when I heard him follow me up the stairs in full view of my naked rear end.  He followed me as I led him into the kitchen.  When he did not immediately head out the back door, I started to get worried for the first time.  Up to that point I admit feeling a thrill from the situation despite the embarrassment I felt.  I know my face was very red when I asked 'Is there anything else?'  Over the preceding minutes his face as slowly changed from shock to suppressed delight that curled only the corners of his mouth.  When he handed his clipboard to me and I saw the questionnaire on it, I was just about at the end of my control.  There were twenty questions to answer about the power company.  He explained he was supposed to wait as I filled it out.  I felt the moisture forming between my legs but forced myself to sit at the table and complete the form.  Thankfully, he sat opposite me so I was half hidden, but I could still feel his eyes on my chest as I wrote.

"All in all he was there for twenty minutes before he gave me a wide smile and tipped his cap.  Once he was gone I raced for the bathroom and stood under the shower.  I, well, ah, ur, satisfied myself under the flowing water.  Joe was staying at a friend for the night and when your father and I crawled into bed that night we had a very good time.  I never told your father while I was so ready for him.  Although he can be a beast for what he has done to the both of us, he can be very...satisfying at times."

The blush that had been on Tami's face through the story deepened as she realized her mother shared the mixed feelings about public exposure.

**Part 21**

Thursday's dawn burst into a bright autumn day with just a nip of chill in the air.  Tami could smell the aroma of her mother's holiday cooking.  It had been a frustrating night filled with dreams of one embarrassing situation after another.  The rest of the family was awake and downstairs as Tami took a long hot shower.  She emerged from the bathroom feeling surprisingly refreshed.  With an unusually calm mind she descended the steps and plopped down on the couch.  Joseph was prone on the floor watching the Thanksgiving Day Parade.  Tami positioned herself on the couch with her legs closed with a cushion in her lap and tried to enjoy the parade.

Minutes passed as she watched the floats and balloons move across the TV screen.  The festive lights and sounds of the holiday season brought memories of years past.  Tami could not help the feelings those joyous memories brought her.  Joseph kept his eyes on the screen, particularly on the kicking legs of the bands majorettes, and paid no attention to his barely covered sister seated behind him.  Even Tami's father quietly took a seat in his recliner without disrupting Tami's holiday spirit as the Santa Claus' sled marked the end of the parade.

DING!  DONG!

Tami jumped as the sound of the front door bell.  Her festive calm vanished as she held the cushion in her lap and realized her breasts were fully exposed.  She wanted to jump up and run to her room but her father spoke first.

"Tami, be a dear and get the front door, please."

There was no viciousness in her father's voice.  It was just a simple request.  Tears formed in her eyes and she sniffled a bit.  She felt betrayed by her own body as she felt her nipples hardened.  A blush warmed her face and brought a pink glow to her body.

DING!  DONG!

Before her father could repeat the request she stood leaving the cushion on the couch.  Forcing her back straight she walk to the front door.  Her breath caught in her throat as she grasped the doorknob and pulled the door open.  The door opened and there stood Uncle Robert.  A smile quickly formed on his face.  Tami trembled as his eyes slowly scanned down and back up her body.

"Tami!  You are looking more like your mother every time I see you."

Uncle Robert strode through the door as Tami stood speechless.  His light overcoat felt scratchy as his arms engulfed her in a bear hug.  Tami tensed as she felt his large warm hands on her bare back near her shoulder blades.  She held her breath during the hug, but was relieved when his hands did not drop down her back to more sensitive and embarrassing flesh.  He released his hug and shrugged out of his coat before handing it to Tami.  She closed the door and put her uncle's coat in the closet.  Uncle Robert plopped down in the middle of the couch where Tami had been and struck up a conversation with John.  Tami sat on an old camel hair overstuffed chair that had belonged to Tami's great-grandmother.  The coarse hair was scratchy on the back of her uncovered thighs.  She did not lean back in the chair.  Unfortunately, it felt as if a thousand stiff little fingernails were poking her on her bottom.

"John, you said there’d be something to see.  Am I to assume you were talking about Tami?"

John smiled mischievously as he answered.  "You only seen half of today's sights."  He leaned towards Robert and spoke in a conspiratorial whisper.  "You have not seen Martha in weeks.  Go back to the kitchen and say hi."

Tami knew what was about to happen.  Her mother's 'going out' clothes were over the back of the chair nearest the door.  Before she could warn her mother Robert rose and strode to the back of the house.  A strange feeling rushed through her mind as she wondered just what her mother's reactions would be.  Despite her own embarrassment she could not resist curiosity.  She followed her uncle to the kitchen.

Uncle Robert strode into the middle of the kitchen looking right.  Tami made it to the doorway in time to see Robert's turn his head to the left.  His mouth fell open at what he saw.  Martha was bent over in front of the oven checking the turkey.  Her apron hung from her waist with her firm expose bottom aimed directly at Robert's stunned eyes.  Tami saw her mother stiffen as she realized someone had entered the kitchen.  In a slow deliberate move she straightened while closing the door to the oven.  With her back and bare bottom toward the door she looked over her shoulder.  Martha's voice had a trembling but husky sound to it as she spoke.

"Hi, Robert.  Can I ... help you?"

Robert just stared as the bare backside of Martha for several seconds before slowly turning and walking back to the front of the house.  Tami felt guilty as she suppressed a chuckle at the stunned expression on her uncle's face as he passed her near the door.  Only then did her mother turn her body to face Tami.  Tami was then the one stunned as she saw her mother's completely bare chest and the bright red lipstick that had been applied to the prominent nipples.

"Mother!  You could have given Uncle Robert a heart attack.  As it was he didn’t breathe until he left the kitchen."

Martha's mouth formed into a grimace but the corners of her mouth crept up into almost a smirk.  "It was your father's idea.  He said it would add to the festive atmosphere.  Frankly, he is just trying to embarrass me as much as possible.  Robert hasn’t been here since I had to abide by your father's clothing rules."  Tami giggled naughtily despite her guilty feelings.  "Don’t enjoy yourself too much, young lady.  I am sure Aunt Emma and Cousin George won’t leave you feeling quite so pleased."

"Aunt Emma and little Cousin George are coming, too?"

"Yes, and George isn’t so little any more.  He has bulked out since you saw him last Easter."

"Has his face cleared up any?"  George had had a terminal class of acne.  It only served to emphasize his gawky scarecrow, nerdy appearance.

"You will just wait and see, young lady."

Tami was starting to enjoy herself despite her clothes-less condition.

DING! DONG!

Tami's mother spoke.  "That should be them now.  Go get the door and greet George and Emma."

**Part 22**

Once again Tami took a deep breath and prepared to open the front door.  She wanted to prolong the wait as long as possible, but the doorbell rang again as she stand inside the closed door.  She glanced back into the living room to see Uncle Robert staring at her bare bottom.  With a shiver of guilt running up her spine she grabbed the doorknob and opened the door.

Aunt Emma's looked the same as she always had to Tami -- with an expression that looked as if she had just tasted something very foul.  Tami had never understood what her aunt late husband had seen in her.  Emma's face showed shock and then distain as she took in Tami's naked form.  Emma head tipped slightly back and look down her nose at Tami.  Without a word she pushed passed Tami and stormed toward the back of the house toward the kitchen.  Tami had followed her Aunt's progress and did not notice Cousin George step into the doorway until he cleared his throat.  Cousin George was no longer the acne-face scarecrow of a boy.  Instead, standing not two feet from Tami was a cleared-faced clean-shaven hunk.  He had put inches of muscle on his chest and shoulders.  His added bulk was noticeable under his flannel shirt and pressed Dockers.  Tami felt fresh warmth rush up to her face as well as down between her legs as she looked up and down the fine specimen standing before her.  When her eyes returned to Robert's deep blue eyes she noticed that he was visually feasting on her exposed feminine curves.  A smile formed on George's face and a lecherous glint twinkled in his blue eyes.  After several seconds Tami backed up and George entered without a spoken word passing between them.

Tami shut the door and realized she had held her breath since she had opened the door.  Aunt Emma's reaction had been what she expected, but Cousin George had been a complete surprise.  She recalled how as pre-schoolers they had slept in the same bed.  Her mind replayed the image of the two of them in their one-piece jammies with their built in footies.  That mental image suddenly transformed into one in which the two of them wore nothing but a blush.  Tami tried to clear her mind of the image as she felt her body's reaction to that sensuous vision.  Her knees were weak as she walked with haste to the bathroom.

With the bathroom door closed behind her Tami stood before the sink.  She ran water and splashed it on her face.  She looked at her reflection in the mirror and was stunned by her own reflection.  The water on her face had flowed down the front of her body leaving her wet and looking wanton.  Her breasts heaved as she took several deep breaths and saw her nipples lengthen until they ached.  She was mesmerized as she saw her hands move on their own, one to her right breast and the other to the swollen lips between her legs.  She was helpless to stop as her fingers as they started to caress her very sensitive flesh.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Joe's voice was heard through the door.  "Mom wants you in the kitchen.  It is almost time for dinner."

Tami forced her hands away from her sexually charged flesh and groaned.  She grabbed a bath towel and whipped the various moistures from her body.  Even the feel of the towel threatened to re-ignite the embers of desire that smoldered deep within her.  She put the towel down and opened the door.  Joe was out of sight as Tami walked through the living room.  When she entered the kitchen it was obvious that Aunt Emma and her mother had been verbally going at it.

The argument had started as soon as Aunt Emma was entered the kitchen.  Martha was still wearing just her apron.  Emma had spoken in a quiet but stern tone that left little opportunity for argument.  Martha was left blushing from head to toe.  Aunt Emma did not seem to need breath as she started quoting scripture after scripture about the sins of the flesh.  Martha's shame grew as she could not get in even one word.  Only upon the Tami's entry into the kitchen did Emma pause.  After only two seconds Emma unleashed her verbal barrage on the still sexually throbbing Tami.  Suddenly Martha's tongue-tied condition evaporated as she rose to defend her daughter.

"How dare you come into our house and accuse anyone of being damned by God.  Who are you to judge?  I have seen you avoid every charity and good cause that approached you for volunteer help or money.  Since you hounded that husband of yours into an early grave, you have gotten even more pompous and penny-pinching even after you got that million dollars from his life insurance."

Tami watched in awe as her mother tore into the pompous Aunt Emma.  Emma was in an unusual condition as she found she was unable to get a word in, but her face grew redder with each truth Martha threw at her.  Tami had never liked Emma, but her late husband and George had been good people.  As she thought once again of George Tami's mind returned to the feeling she had had in the bathroom.  She envisioned Cousin George sitting across from her at the dining room table.  Martha's verbal rampage concluded with "and if you have so little opinion of us, you can leave our home and never return again!"

Aunt Emma had a very indignant expression as she turned and stomped from the kitchen.  Tami and Martha could her as she told George they were leaving.  George had always been intimidated by his mother, but for once he protested like a man."

"MOTHER!  Why should I leave?"

Emma grabbed his arm and tried to drag him along, but he held his ground.  Since he had bulked up so nicely he had not trouble holding his position.  He made no move to strike or push his mother when she continued to pull on his arm.  Finally, she gave up and stormed out the front door leaving the front door open.  Everyone present could hear the sound of her car start and drive off.

George shrugged and turned to face the crowd behind him in the living room.  "Guess I will need a ride home."

"You poor dear!"  Martha spoke and, for the first time, George saw his Aunt Martha in her naked splendor.  She blushed as she realized the sight she must be.  Without another word she returned to the kitchen.

George's eyes followed Martha until she disappeared down the hall.  His eyes were big as he noticed for the first time just how young she looked.  With Martha out of the room his eyes shifted as if on their own to Tami.  George quickly forced his eyes off his cousin (actually second cousin, he reminded himself) and turned to Uncle John who spoke.

"Don’t let it worry you.  Tami can give you a ride home after dinner.  It's only a twenty minute drive."

**Part 23**

It was a Smithers' tradition that the womenfolk be the servers for the Thanksgivings meal.  Tami and her mother had performed the tradition for many years in the spirit of the holiday season.  However, given their current state of undress, that meant they would both be parading around carrying platters, bowls of food and pitchers of tea.  With their hands full they would be unable to even casually cover their private parts.  Tami joined her mother in the kitchen and they started shuttling the dishes to the dinner room table before calling the rest to join them.

Tami's father, John, took one look at the bountiful feast already on the table and completely forgot all about the tradition.  The tablecloth with the red design was festive.  The aroma of the delicious food permeated the room as John took his place at the head of the table to carve the huge turkey.  Joe and George took their places along one side of the table leaving Robert to sit at the end opposite John.  With one final trip to the kitchen Tami and Martha brought the hot dinner rolls and a second pitcher of iced tea.

Tami realized her breasts (and her mother's) would be very much on display but at least the skirt of the tablecloth would hide their lower bodies.  Tami took sat just before her mother.  Tami scooted forward until her stomach was pressed against the edge of the table.  They all bowed their heads as John offered a prayer.

Tami started to relax for the first time since her all to brief respite while watching the parade on TV.  The conversation was refreshingly normal as the dishes were passed around and their bellies filled.  Martha had placed extra platters of food on a small side table behind her chair and was able to reach it without leaving the table.  Joe was being strangely polite and quiet much to Tami's relief.

With their belts loosened the menfolk left as one to watch some football game.  Tami and Martha were pleased to be left behind to clear the table.  After putting away the leftovers Tami and her mother settled themselves at the kitchen table.  The male voices drifted in from the front room over the sounds of the television.  They sat in silence for several moments as Tami gathered her confidence.

"Mom, are you ashamed of me?"

Martha face saddened.  "No, dear, it is your father that shames us.  If he had wanted to I’m sure he could have gotten the dean to let you off on probation.  Instead, he left you hanging with no support."

"But, Mom, now you have to be naked too."

"Darling, you Father is the one who blackmailed me with those Woodstock pictures.  If I’d destroyed those years ago, he couldn’t have used them against me."  Martha looked thoughtful for a few moments before continuing.  "Woodstock was my wild fling, not unlike your first days away at college.  We both have done things that embarrass us, but those around us refuse to let us forget them.  We may have both gotten ourselves into trouble, but we didn’t get the help we needed to get out."

Tami was about to ask another question when the phone rang.  John could be heard answering the phone and talking briefly.  A few seconds later John bellowed from the front room.

"Tami, George needs his ride home."

Tami grimaced and, knowing she would have a hard time talking her way out of the 'request', answered.  "Coming, Father."  As much as she wanted to cower in her room, Tami got the car keys off the pegs on the pantry door and went to the front room.  She waved the car keys at George who rose and followed her out to the driveway.  There was still light in the sky, but the air was starting to chill.  Tami scurried to the car and started the engine.  She turned on the heater as George climbed in the passenger side.  Unfortunately, the heater always took a few minutes to do much good.  By the time Tami had backed the car into the street and started down the block, more than her nipples were hard.  Goosebumps formed on her body, but her inner heat started to climb again.

They had passed the village limits and were in the farmlands when Tami noticed George was glancing over at her every few seconds.  Tami could see he was trying to be casual, but she could see him smile more and more with each glance.  The heater was had warmed the interior nicely, but the goosebumps remained.  After ten minutes before George spoke.

"Why do you do it?"

"What...what do you mean?"

"Tami, you may have been an occasional flirt, but you never were blatant.  Why are you running around naked?"

"Can you keep a secret?"  George had been a gangling nerd, but he had always been nice to her in the past.  She really hoped she could still trust him.

"Yes.  It’ll be just between us."

After several seconds of silence, and starting slowly, Tami briefly told the story of her deception.  They were just pulling up in front of Cousin George's and Aunt Emma's house as she finished her story.  George, who had been quiet through Tami's story looked as if he were ready to burst.  His face got red and his eyes were shut.  Finally, he could hold himself in no longer and he bellowed in laughter.  Tami sat with her mouth hanging open as tears rolled down George's face.  As George continued to laugh Tami found herself starting to giggle.  As they sat in the idling car laughter roared from the slightly opened windows.

"Sorry, Tami, but you really did it to yourself this time."  George was stilling laughing as he emerged from the car.  "I better go before my mother comes out and see us both in tears."  He turned and walked up to the front door.  He waved as he unlocked the door and entered.

Tami turned down the heater that had finally warmed the car and was threatening to turn the car into a sauna.  She put the car back in gear and drove toward home.  She was about three miles from the village limits when the car started to cough and slow.  The engine died and she turned the car onto the shoulder as it rolled to a stop.  Once the car was stopped she looked at the gauges.  It was then that she noticed that the needle of the gas gauge was pointing directly to the 'E' of Empty.

**Part 24**

It did not take long for the heat to start dissipating from the car as Tami reviewed her alternatives.  She could stay in the car, but it would soon be uncomfortably chilly and she might be here all night.  If she walked she could at least generate some body heat, but she would have nothing with which to cover herself.  She stepped out and checked the trunk, but found only an old roll of paper towels.  She tried to unroll the towels around her but found the perforations gave too easily until only a pile of separated towels lay at her feet.

Tami did not want to spend the night shivering in the car.  Seeing no alternative she held the keys in her hand and ventured out into the darkness.  She followed the road walking on the still grassy area beyond the shoulder.  She was not sure if she was relieved that no cars appeared from either direction as she sped up to a trot to counter the coolness.  She thought she had found a comfortable pace when the bouncing of her breasts brought a different type of warmth.  Her already hard nipples grew very sensitive as they throbbed with each bounce.  The warmth between her thighs grew and made a sharp contrast to the cold that crept up from her feet.  Tami felt betrayed by her own body as she felt the pulsating heat grow.  The dichotomy of her cold nipples in the center of her warm breasts left her wanting release.  As she continued her trotted down the shoulder, her knees weakened as the throbbing between her legs grew stronger.  She was almost ready to dash off the road into a small stands of trees to bring herself to release when suddenly...

BEEP!  BEEEP!

The sound of a small car's horn shocked Tami and she froze with the look of a deer caught in the highlights of the approaching car.  The car slowed and stopped not ten feet away before she started to move.

"Stop!  Don’t run off!"

The female voice sounded familiar as Tami tried to see passed the glare of the headlights.  "Mrs. Ethan?"

Mrs. Ethan opened his door and stared at the naked girl before her.  Her heart ached at the sight of her apparent fear.  "Come here Tami.  You must be freezing."

Tami felt the pity flow from Mrs. Ethan.  She scurried to the passenger side of the car and was soon seated in its the thankfully warm interior.  Mrs. Ethan returned to her seat at the wheel and turned on the interior light.  Tami was caught off guard under an extremely bright dome light.  She quickly placed her left arm across her breasts and her right hand in her lap in an effort to preserve at least a bit modesty.

"The poor girl" thought Mrs. Ethan.  She struggled out of her short cloth jacket and passed it to the goosebump-covered Tami.  Without a word Tami accepted the jacket and pulled it on.  It felt warm from Mrs. Ethan's body heat and snuggly against Tami's bare breasts.  Unfortunately, the jacket was very short and barely reached Tami's thighs.   Feeling was returning to her bare bottom and she could feel each fiber of the cloth seatcovers on her bottom and the back of her thighs.  Tami still felt very nearly naked but she at least felt a bit more comfortable in the presence of the pastor's wife.

"Th ... thank you, Mrs. Ethan."

"Given the situation, you should call me Grace.  How did you get out here alone like this?"

Tami looked up and noticed for the first time what Mrs. Ethan was wearing.  Grace wore a white long-sleeved blouse with short vertical ruffles along either side of the row of tiny close spaced buttons.  The buttons were closed all the way to the collar at her neck giving a prim and proper image.  The blouse was snug and did not hide the swell of her breasts.   It was tucked into a black knee length skirt that was just tight enough to emphasis her firm lean thighs.  Her attire was completed  by black hose that disappeared into a pair of calf length black boots with short heels.  Grace managed to look both prime and sexy at the same time.  Tami had hoped Grace had a sweater or something else she could borrow, but Tami could not ask for anything that would leave the nice woman exposed.

"Mrs. Ethan ... Grace ... I have the worst darn luck."  Tami explained about driving her cousin home and then running out of gas.  Grace seemed satisfied with the explanation and turned off the dome light.  She reached into her small purse on the seat between them and pulled out a cellular phone.  She punched a number and waited for the phone to be answered.  After thirty seconds she punched the END button when no one answered.  She turned to Tami in the darkened car and explained.

"I was hoping my husband was home from his rounds.  He always visits some of the shut-ins and a few of the elderly at Thanksgiving, but he must have been held up."  She paused for a few seconds in thought before continuing.  "That is what I was doing, too.  I just left the Wallace Sisters."  Tami remembered the Wallaces as two elderly old maids in their late eighties.  They had babysat for at least three generation of the area's families and were well liked by all.  Only their arthritis had stopped their baby-sitting activities.  Tami remembered snuggling up on their laps in her jammies as a pre-schooler and wondered what they would think of her more recent nightwear.  She was sure they would not approve.

Grace started the car and drove toward town.  Tami was very tired from the stresses of the day and, despite a certain throb of arousal, she drifted off to sleep.  She was out like a light when Grace turned toward her church and pulled into the parking lot.  Tami only woke up when Grace returned to the car and slammed her door.

"What?" muttered Tami as she woke with a start.

Grace turned on the bright dome light again much to Tami's regret but soon saw the black choir robe being offered by Grace.  Tami grabbed the robe and started to pull it on but found the robe's sleeves caught on the buttons on the sleeves of the jacket.

"You have to take the jacket off first" said Grace.

Tami felt very, very exposed as removed the jacket to leave herself once again completely unclothed.  She hurried into the light robe.  It was not very thick, but it did cover her down to her ankles.  The robe was made of silk and felt very sensuous against her skin.  Grace smiled at the relief she saw in Tami's face and spoke.

"You can keep that if you want ... if you father lets you."

Tami snuggled down the seat as Grace started the car and headed across down to Tami's house.  All too soon they pulled in front of her house.  Tami dawdled but finally lowered the zipper down the front of the gown.  "Thanks, but my father would just make me give it up.  You better keep it."  Tami handed the choir robe to Grace and stepped from the car.  She dashed for the front steps and pulled on the door only to find it locked.  She rang the doorbell and the porch light came on.  Tami danced from one leg to the other in the cool night air until her mother opened the door.  Tami pushed her way in quickly and was headed for her room when she heard her father's booming voice.

"What happened, young lady?"

Tami walked back to the living room and stood before her father.  She felt very much like a naughty little girl as she had to stand in the middle of the room and tell her story.  Her father's expression slowly turned from angry to one of real concern as she talked.  There was true compassion in his voice when he finally spoke.

"Darling, you’ve really had a bad time.  I thought I could coerce you out of your 'nudist religion' lie, but you stuck it out.  In a way I am proud of you."  He paused and looked ashamed.  "If you want, I’ll understand it you want to leave school.  It’ll take me some effort to make up for your scholarship money.  You do realize that you lose it if you leave in the middle of the semester?"

"Yes, Daddy."  Tami was greatly relieved that her father was having a change of heart, but she was more embarrassed than ever as she stood naked in front of him.  He had not seen her naked since she started kindergarten.  All she wanted to do was get someplace private.

John Smithers thought for a few more minutes and spoke.  "You can wear clothes anytime you want."

Tami had so wanted to hear those words from her father.  She was thought for a moment before she forced the words from her mouth.

"No, Daddy, I’m a big girl now.  I made my decision and I won’t cost you thousands of dollars.  I will maintain my nudist role.  Sooner or later the dean has to give in on his ruling.

Without another word Tami turned and went to her room.  She climbed under the cool sheets and was soon asleep from the stresses of the day.

**Part 25**

Friday was a beautiful day and warmer.  A warm front had moved north during the night behind the line of snow and rain.  The weather report said it would hit seventy by noon with clear skies.  Tami tried not to dwell on her decision to remain nude, but took some delight in seeing that her mother wearing jeans and a plaid shirt as she made breakfast.  John had already left for work and her brother was off somewhere.  Tami sat almost comfortably as Martha ate a late breakfast with Tami.  Her mother shared her thoughts with Tami.

"I feel strange with normal clothes on.  I was almost getting used to doing housework in the nude."

"Mother, you have to be kidding."

"No, dear."  Martha face blushed a bit as she continued.  "I have to say it has been embarrassing, but it has its advantages, not the least being that your father has been very ... amorous for the past few weeks."

"Mother!  I really didn’t need to know that."

Martha made a naughtily giggle.  "Okay, Tami dear, but you better stay in your room at night.  The springs on our beds can get quite loud."

"MOTHER!"  Despite her shock Tami found herself giggling with her mother.  The two continued to chat about everything but nudity and clothes until the phone rang.  Martha jumped up first.

"Smithers' residence."  "Uh, huh."  "Right here."  Martha passed the phone to Tami.  "It is the Coach."

Tami took the phone and talked briefly.  Tami spoke just a few scattered words before passing the phone back to her mother to hang up.  Martha asked of what they had talked.  Tami's voice was barely as whisper as she answered.

"The gymnastics practice has been moved up.  He wants me to come over right now."

Martha jumped up.  "I will get your tights and leotards."

"No, Mom.  I made my decision last night.  If word got back to the dean that I was wearing clothes, I’d be expelled immediately."

Martha was surprised.  "But I thought..."

Tami's voiced was still a whisper as she spoke.  "Look, Mom, the Coach and the girls have already seen me nude.  I have to keep up appearances."

"Okay, dear, if that is what you really want.  I will get the car and wait while you practice."

"Thanks, Mom."

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A few minutes later Martha drove into the parking lot by the gym.  She and Tami were confused.  There must have been twenty cars in the parked on the lot much more than expected.  Martha parked the car and the two walked to the gym's front door -- Martha still in her shirt and jeans, Tami in her birthday suit.  They passed through the lobby and entered the gymnastics area.  Over twenty chairs lined the far wall and were filled.  Tami recognized the entire school board and school's superintendent.  The rest of the chairs looked to be filled with the parents of the other gymnastics.

Tami almost turned and ran from the audience that was about to see her bouncing and spinning.  She swallowed hard and crossed the room as the people stopped talking.  All heads turned and the room seemed to stretch out before her.

**Part 26**

Coach Ballister approached Tami as she slowly crossed the gym.  Her forced his eyes to remain on her down-turned face.  When they stopped about three feet from each other she raised her eyes and their eyes locked on one another.  The Coach spoke first.

"Sorry, Tami, the school board insisted that I not tell you they would be here."

"But why?" asked Tami.

The Coach slowly explained the situation.  "You remember Christine from the practice the other day?  Christine talked with a lot of the other students the last couple of days.  She was impressed by your demonstration.  She called me last night and insisted she be allowed to practice in the nude, too.  In fact, she talked a few of teammates into insisting on the same thing.  I called the superintendent and he told me it was rubbish, but to wait until he got back to me.  First thing this morning he called and said the girls had to be allowed to practice anyway they wanted as long as one of their parents was present."

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It had been Christine who was the prime motivator of the scene that was to develop in the gymnastics practice on Friday.  She was a wild one, quick to challenge authority.  Her parents had been surprised by her request to join the girls’ gymnastics team especially since Christina had previously refused to be on any team and had shown no school spirit in the past.  Christine had had her own ulterior motives.  The after school practices gave Christine an excuse to come home late which allowed her to spend more time with her secret boyfriend.  Her parents had disapproved of him and she had been forced to sneak around to see him.  Tami's nude gymnastics exhibition had inspired her to make more trouble.  It took some serious finagling but she convinced several of her teammates to go along with her insistence to practice in the nude.

Christine was having some second thoughts as she sat on the floor waiting for the practice to start.  She was still wearing the sweatpants and sweatshirt she used during warm-ups.  The feel of the soft material was very strange since it was the first time she had worn them with no underwear or leotard underneath them.  Her natural impulse to make trouble was turning into something more than she had planned.  She had not counted on the audience that had appeared in the last twenty minutes.  It was one thing to flaunt herself before her teammates and the coach, but the school board was too much.  She had insisted so strongly that if she backed out now she would be in a lot of trouble.  She watched as Coach Ballister and Tami talked quietly.

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The Coach finished his explanation to Tami.  Tami hesitated but insisted she was okay performing before all these people.  Inside she was anything but okay, but she had to maintain her pose.  The Coach got everyone's attention.

"Okay, we need to all get warmed up."

Tami stood next to the coach in front of the line of girls as he took them threw a series of stretching exercises.  Tami felt muscular twitches between her legs that had little to do with the stiff muscles.  She was quick to hide the humiliation that grew within her as the warm-ups continued but she knew she would soon be shamefully bouncing around exhibiting her skills.  After the ten minutes of warm-ups with gasps and stares from the board members, they were ready to proceed to the actual practice.  The Coach cleared his throat.

"First I want Tami to demonstrate a couple of moves on the bar."  He whispered to Tami that he wanted a backup hip pullover and she approached the bar.  She place both hands on the bar in an overgrip.  She stepped forward and pushed off the folded mat with one leg while lifting the other leg up.  She was facing the board and could feel the stares on the pink inner lips that were stretched by the move.  She maintained her momentum as she pulled the bar toward her hips and (thankfully) brought her legs together and leaned back.  Her legs swing up and over the bar as she rotated.  The bar across her hips gives her a brief feeling of relief as it blocked the feminine parts between her legs.  As her head dropped and her legs rose her tanned bottom swung into view as she was momentarily inverted, head down.  She swung her closed legs and her head continued under the bar with her toes pointed.  Momentum did the work for her as her legs continued on and her head rose.  She came to rest heads-up, toes pointed down.  The move circling backward combined with gravity to pull pleasantly on her breasts through the move.  As she held her heads-up position her nipples were two hard points aimed directly at the board members.

Tami needed to get off the bar with as much grace as possible as she felt her knees weaken.  She swung her head forward and down and did two forward rotations while building momentum.  She used her taut body like a bowstring and launched forward in a full somersault off the bar.  Unlike the last dismount she straightened herself into a perfectly straight line and landed perfectly on her feet.

Applause erupted from the audience.  Tami's perfect moves and landing gained approval despite her nudity.  She took a slight bow, stepped to the side and stood tall with her legs together.  A slight smile graced her face as she realized she had down a near perfect series of moves.  While still embarrassed she felt some pride that she had not lost her skills.

"Christine, you are next" announced the Coach.

Christine stood and paused for a second.  She had no more excuse for the sweats she wore.  With a deep breath she pulled the pants down her legs, thankful that the sweatshirt was long.  She tossed the pants to the side and grabbed the bottom of the shirt.  Holding her breath she pulled the shirt up over her head in a smooth movement.  She stood naked before the people for a second, her first experience of its kind.  The air in the gym felt cool on her suddenly uncovered flesh, but she forced herself to step to the bar.  She grabbed the bar and started the move.  Her legs swung up as her head dropped but she could not hold her legs together as Tami had.  The school board had a fleeting full view of her privates as she rotated around the bar.  She was able to close her legs only when she was holding her heads-up position at the end of the rotation.  Her dismount was not as perfect as Tami's and she landed with her legs almost two feet apart without falling.

The evil thrill of the situation struck Christine like a ton of bricks.  She felt her excitement build between her legs and harden her nipples.  "Is this way Tami flaunts herself?" she thought.  Christine made a point to remember to ask Tami about this.  She probably could have put her sweats back one while the other girls used the bar, but she decided to draw the moment out.  She stood nude next to Tami.

The Coach, mindful of the condition of the bar at the last practice, wiped the bar with a towel with the excuse that it needed fresh talcum powder.  He called the next girl to try the exercise.  All present were a bit amazed as girl after girl stripped off the sweats and their underwear before mounting the bar.  None of the girls wanted to be the exception and soon a line of naked young female bodies stood in a line in full view of school board and the others.

"That will be enough" boomed the voice of the school board president.  "The board will now meet in private to discuss a proposed changed in school policy.  Everyone else must leave.  Miss Smithers, please stay.  The board has some questions for you."

?here?

**Part 27**

"The board has some questions for you."  The words of Mr. Borders echoed in her head over and over.  All the other people had left except the school board and the superintendent.  She shivered slightly as she stood before them despite the warm temperature.  A thin sheen of sweet brought a glow her to body.  The superintendent, Mr. Borders stood and Tami held her breath.

"We need to move to a more appropriate location.  Tami, you will accompany us."

The superintendent walked from the gym.  Tami felt very much alone even though the clothed school board members surrounded her.  She shivered again as they walked from the side door of the gym.  She remembered it was a short walk to the main classroom building and endured it as best she could.  As she stepped into the familiar halls of her alma mater made her feel even more naked than ever.  The memories of her joyous high school years seemed a thousands years in the past and just emphasized how inappropriate her current lack of clothes really was.

The school board walked passed many classrooms until they got to 'Administration Row'.  The north side of the first floor contained the main office, the nurse office and the office of the 'Administrative Assistant'.  Tami giggled in spite of humiliation as she remembered the small gnome of a man the Administrative Assistant was.  The official abbreviation ADMIN ASST had often been unofficially shorted to Adm. Ass.  (Admiral Ass was the term even the teachers used in the teachers' lounge.)  Tami was thankful that Adm. Ass was not around.  His beady little eyes had always made her feel naked.  She feared the effect those eyes would have on her in her truly naked condition.

At the northwest corner of Administration Row was the boardroom.  The board members filed through the door.  When Tami reached the door the Mr. Borders blocked her way.

"Wait here in the hallway" was all he said.  After the remaining board members had entered the boardroom, Mr. Border entered and closed the door.  Tami was left standing alone in the empty hallway.  She could hear the discussion being held in the boardroom but she could make out only a few scattered words.   Even those few words brought shame.

"…Shameful..."  "…Scandalous!…"  "…SLUT!!…"  "…nice butt…."

The last of those words was the one that caused Tami the most problem as she wondered who had said them.  It was definitely a man's voice, but she did not know whose voice.  The thought of her naked before these 10 old men and 2 women brought a fresh flock of goosebumps to her body and, much to her amazement, a tingle between her tightly closed thighs.  The deliciously naughty tingle refused to go away as she waited for over thirty minutes.  If anything the tingling had increased and made it difficult for her to keep her hands at her sides.  The fingers of her left hand were slowly inching across her sensitive thigh when suddenly the boardroom door opened.  Mr. Borders stepped from the door.

"We are ready for you now, Ms. Smithers."

Tami followed Mr. Borders into the boardroom and he closed the door with a thud.  Tami found the board seated on one side of two tables placed end to end.  Once the superintendent took his place with the board members, Tami stood alone on her side of those tables.  After several long seconds, Mr. Borders spoke.

Ms. Smithers, we have been discussing your rather unusual religious claim.  I have taken the liberty of calling Mr. Jorgon, your college's dean.  He is on the speaker phone."

"Oh, NO!" thought Tami.  "I am really screwed."  She realized she had no alternative to continue sticking to her lie or cost her father thousands in scholarship money.  Mr. Borders continued.

"Dean Jorgon has briefed us on the college's legal considerations as best he could.  Ms. Smithers, do you honestly want us to accept that it is your belief that nudity is part of a valid religion?"

Tami squared her shoulders and felt her nipples tingle as she faced the board members.  In a strong voice that surprised all, including herself she answered.

"Yes, Sir, I do."

Mr. Borders gave Tami a look that almost caused her to want to run from the room.  It was several seconds before he cleared his throat and spoke.

"Ms. Smithers, I have talked with the board.  We can not deny you your rights, but we can and do prohibit you from being on school property.  You are never again to set foot on this high school campus unless you are clothed.  In addition, I think Dean Jorgon and I have discussed you gymnastics demonstration.  Dean Jorgon, I turn this over to you."

Most eyes turned to the speakerphone, but Tami noticed several glances from the male board members.  There was more than one smirky smile visible as she listened to the dean.

"Ms. Smithers, I have reviewed your scholarship and find that we should exercise one of the athletic options.  You are hence forth required to participate on the women's gymnastics team to retain your scholarship.  We will make allowances in the uniform due to your religious claims.  You will perform as you want, in the nude."

Tami felt a hot flush warm her body as she remembered the next college gymnastics meet was only a week away.

**Part 28 – What every happened to Janice Nordson?**

Janice Nordson had spent most of the last week brooding in her room.  She had been let out of her room to eat and use the bathroom, but she was ever scheming for a good plan to escape her boring rural life.  Since the departure of her mother she had drifted farther and farther from her father, the Judge.  She had grown a wild streak and a wanderlust that evolved into contempt for rural life.  She wanted desperately to see the bright lights of places far away.

Judge Nordson was ready to pull his hair out, what little he had left.  He had married late in life to the much younger Alisa.  She had truly stolen his heart and the two lived in love.  The birth of Janice had only deepened his love for Alisa.  The dream had lasted for several years or so he had thought.  He had spent a lot of time as the county attorney, building himself into a force to be reckoned with in the area.  His lust for power grew with each passing year.  Alisa did not understand he was doing it all for her.  He had watched as Alisa grew more and more distant with each passing day, but he was devastated when Alisa had demanded the divorce.  He had struck back at her by getting full custody of Alisa's love and joy, Janice.  After several futile attempts to regain custody of Janice, Alisa fled from under the shadow of the Judge.

Janice had never understood all that had happened around her.  As she sat brooding in her room she only knew she would do most anything to escape.  Her last flight had turned out no better than her prior attempts.  When it had become apparent that the escape attempt was doomed she had tried to embarrass her father.  She had squirmed and ripped her way out of her clothes and tossed them out the car window.  After being caught and returned to her room she realized she had only succeeded in embarrassing herself.  She blushed again as she remembered the eyes of the officers as their eyes had taken in her bare body.

To simply leave the house and run away had never worked.  Somehow the police had been able to pinpoint her on foot or in the car.  It was as she sat locked in her room on Thanksgiving afternoon that she had made a surprising discovery.  She had leaned back and felt something stick her bottom like a straight pin.  She had removed and examined her jeans to discover thin silver fiber embedded in the seat of her jeans.  Under a magnifying glass she was barely about to make out tiny printed circuits.  She did not know how they worked but they had to be some type of tracing device.  She carefully searched the rest of what she wore and found three or four such fibers in each item.  Now that she knew what to look for she searched the few other clothes she had in the nearly empty dresser and closet.  She worried each fiber from her clothes and soon had pile of them on top of the dresser.  Despite her best efforts she feared she had missed more than one device from her clothing.  At least she had gained the knowledge of the devices and just might be able to use the devices against her father and the police.

On Friday evening Janice dressed in what she hoped was her best debugged clothing -- a pair of faded jeans, a tank top, a sports bra, thong panties and a pair of trainers.  She climbed out the window of her bedroom.  The Judge had removed the tree she had climbed down a week before, but the rain pipe would serve as an alternative if she were careful.  She grimaced at the pipe groaned as she worked her way down the pipe, dropping the last four feet into the bushes.  With a quick look around she ran off into the shadows.  It was only a few minutes before see saw the police flashers close on her from both sides.  In desperation she ripped the clothes from her body and ran barefooted back the way they had come.

Janice crouched in a small stand of trees and watched the police cars converse on the spot where she had left her clothes.  When they did not immediately move toward her she realized she had bought some time.  The cool night air had started to do its work on her sweaty body and she knew she had to keep moving to keep her body heat as well as to put some distance between her and the police.  She suspected the Judge would insist the police get out the bloodhounds once it was reported that her clothes had been found.  As much as she wanted to run away from the town she knew she would need to find some clothes or run the risk of pneumonia.  She had traveled another quarter mile down the alleyways until she found a back yard with some clothes hanging on a line.  After checking for observers she rushed through that back yard snatching the clothes as she ran.  She had crossed into the next block and huddled in some bushes before she examined her catch of clothes.

The clothes were those of a teenage girl of medium build, a blouse, two halter-tops, a pair of short shorts, and a miniskirt.  She was frustrated at the lack of any underwear, but figured it would be too small for her anyway.  She struggled first into the shorts and found they were stretched very tightly and almost painfully between her legs and across her bottom.  She feared the seams would split if she ran vigorously and was thankful she also had the skirt, at least until she struggled to close the skirt's waistband.  The skirt was of a wraparound type that was held in place only by the attached belt.  The split squarely centered over her right thigh. The length of the skirt was so short that the legs of shorts were actually her visible.  She hurried to pull the tank top over her head only to be rewarded by the sound of ripping cloth.  She took a moment to examine the first of the two halter-tops but saw that it would never accommodate her more voluptuous chest.  She was relieved to find that the second halter top had an adjustable strap in the middle of its back.  She adjusted it to its largest size before struggling it over her head and down her chest.  She finally had to settle for a compromise in the halter top's placement.  The halter pinched across the low third of her breasts and just covered her nipples.  Almost the top half of her breasts were visible and threatened to spill out over the top of halter.  Making the best of the situation she held her arms across her chest and jogged through the alleys until she made it out the other side of town.

No police flashers followed her progress and she had made several miles before she yielded to the chill that sank into her body.  After looking around carefully she sneaked into a barn and climbed into its loft.  She burrowed into the lose hay and shivered.  The hay was good insulation and warmed to her body heat.  Exhaustion crept into mind and body and her eyelids drooped.  Within a few minutes she was curled up fast asleep.

**Part 29**

Tami had been relieved to find her mother waiting in the car when the board dismissed her.  They had said they had other matters to discuss.  Tami was only too quick to respond and fast-walked out of the school building.  She climbed into the passenger side and sat quietly as her mother drove home.  Martha knew Tami would talk only when she was ready and drove without a word.

Once home Tami walked to the bathroom and took a long hot shower.  The water and heat worked some of the muscular tension from her body, but the tingling between her legs and at her nipples just would not go down the drain.  Even the touch of the clean fluffy towel felt deliciously exciting as she dried her skin.  She wrapped the towel around her like a sarong, tucking the end under the edge of the towel over her breasts.  She stared at her image in the misty mirror and something was wrong in the mirror's image.  She stared for several seconds and felt the towel snuggly across her breasts.  Even through the thick terrycloth material she make out the points of her nipples.  The towel hung down to her thighs.  As she swayed she felt the towel's bottom edge brush against the back of her thighs like the caress of a lover.  The tingle between her legs became a throb.  She had to get away from the touch of towel.  Still staring at her image in the mirror she grabbed the towel’s end where is was tucked in over her right breast and pulled it from her body.

The naked woman that stared back at her from the mirror mesmerized Tami.    Her firm breasts quivered as they rose and fell with each deep breath she took.  Her flesh in the mirror looked so alive and inviting, so wanting of any touch.  She watched as the right hand of her mirrored twin moved slowly until it hovered over her throbbing loins.  A few drops of water appeared out of her wet hair and ran down her forehead and around her eyes.  After flowing to her chin they joined to form a large drop on her chin.  The drop grew larger and larger until without warning is dropped from her chin and struck her right hand and splashed back toward her body.  The droplets struck the hot quivering flesh below her stomach.  The tremors in her loins exploded into an avalanche of muscular spasms that felt oh-so-good.  Tam closed her eyes and lost herself in the explosion that spread from between her legs to burn deliciously all the flesh of her body.  Her knees weakened and she had to lean against the sink to stay on her feet.  It was all she could do to stop from screaming at the release she felt.

Tami did not know how long she stood before the mirror, but her breathing had slowed by the time she opened her eyes.  The smile on the face in the mirror conveyed a pleasant contentment that was at odds to the guilt she felt.  Her legs felt weak as she stepped from the bathroom to her bedroom.  Her mother had turned down Tami's bed and placed a light flannel nightgown across the foot of the bed.  Tami looked longingly at the nightgown before picking it up, folding it and returning it to a dresser drawer.  Still naked she slipped under the top sheet and pulled the quilt up to her chin.  The clean crisp sheets felt nice against her bare skin.  Her mind and body quickly succumbed to the stresses of the day and she was soon dreaming never again having clothes.

**Part 30**

The unseasonably warm weather continued to bless the area.  The bright cloudless dawn had warmed into the middle sixties by the time Janice crawled from beneath the pile of hay.  That hay had proved to be good insulation and she had slept warm and toasty.  Crawling from that nest of warmth the morning air the air felt chilly but invigorating.  She stood in the loft and stretched to work out the kinks in her young body.  It was only then that she noticed chill that invaded the tender flesh between her legs that should have been covered by the shorts.  She lifted the front of her short skirt to see that the stitching of the shorts' crotch seam had split wide open.  As she bent forward to look more closely she felt the split continue up the back seam almost all the way to the waistband.  Without a thread and needle the shorts were useless and made her feel more naked that if she did not have them.  Pulling the skirt above her waist she wiggled her hips as she pulled the shorts down her legs.  As she straightened her right nipple stiffened as it, too, was exposed to the brisk air.  She looked down at her chest and saw that her right breast was above the skimpy top.  Even as she watched her left breast was also about to escape its coverage.  She struggled to pull the top to provide barely decent coverage.

Janice stepped to the ladder and started down.  The short skirt did not warm her as the chill reached under the skirt and made her feel very exposed.  She cast her eyes about looking for anything that might cover herself.  Before she could complete her search she heard male voices from outside that sent her scurrying into a stall near the back of the barn.  She hid behind a bale of hay and held her breath.  The barn door creaked and the voices got louder.  There were three distinct voices and she peaked over the top of the bale.  Through the stall's slates she made out a man in his forties with weathered deep tanned hands and face.  With him were two younger males.  The first was a boy in his early teens, gawky and lanky.  The second was a broad shouldered barrel chested mountain of a man.  He looked to be about twenty and very fit.  Janice became even more aware of her skimpily clad body as she followed this last male's movements.  She ducked down and squeezed her thighs together.  She felt a twitch from between her thighs and felt betrayed as her mind was drawn to her loins.

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Tami's sleep had been filled with frustration as she again and again found naked self before tens, hundreds and then thousands.  Each dream incident left her more aroused than ever.  When she awoke from her last dream she had just finished a scandalous routine on the uneven bars at the Olympics.  Her body had felt alive as she stood with her arms above her naked body.  The sound of thousands cheering to her performance caused her juices to flow down the inside of her thighs.  She sat up abruptly just as the orgasm was about erupt.  Her body was covered in sweat and the smell of her own aroused juices permeated the bedclothes.  She forced her breathing to slow and forced a broken calm into her mind.  Having achieved some success she swung her legs from the bed and rose to her feet.  She made her way to the bathroom.  Twenty minutes later she emerged feeling almost fresh from her shower.  She left her bath towel behind and made her way down to the kitchen.

Her mother and father were sitting on either side of the kitchen table.  Tami was momentarily taken back she saw her mother clothed in only her kitchen apron.  She gave her mother an inquiring look.  "Old habits die hard" was her mother's only response.  Tami sat at the table as hot buttered toast and cold jams was placed before her.  She suddenly felt famished and quickly devoured two pieces of toast as Martha scrambled eggs at the stove.  Tami noticed her father eyes frequently glancing at Martha naked butt and legs.  Tami caught her father's eyes and gave him a questioning look.

"What do you expect, Tami, she is my wife ... as beautiful as on our wedding night."

"Oh, hush, John.  You are embarrassing Tami."  Martha spoke as she sat the scrambled eggs before Tami.  Tami felt as if she were intruding as John and Martha exchanged expressions of amour.  She quickly ate her eggs and was about to hurry from the room when her mother stopped her.

"Dear, your father wants to make some amends.  He’ll let his assistant and Joe run the store and drive you back to college today.  You needn't bother riding the bus by yourself."

Tami was relieved.  She had worried about riding naked on the bus, but had seen no alternative if she was going to maintain her 'cover' story.  Her parents hurried her along and she soon found herself sitting naked in the front passenger seat of the car as they drove toward the interstate.

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The three males had been intent on moving more bales of hay into the barn.  Bale after bale had been lifted from a flatbed trailer to the loft.  Janice had no opportunity to escape as minutes stretched into two hours.  Then and only then the work stopped at the sound of a cowbell being struck repeatedly.  The three walked from the barn across a field toward a farmhouse several hundred yards away.  Janice edged to the door and followed their progress.  She reviewed her options.  She could leave the barn, but she would have to be careful.  The barn door was in view of the house.  She would have to work around to the back of the barn so that it would shield the view of her.  That would take her back toward town.  On the other hand she could just walk passed the house as if there was no problem.  Once she got to the road her skimpy clothing should provide adequate coverage and that action would take her away from town.

Janice forced herself to be practical as she quickly made her way to the road.  She strode down the road passed the house without incident.  She decided to stay on the road in the hopes she could thumb a ride.  It was only a couple of miles to the interstate highway.  Once there she hoped to quickly get far away from her father's influence.

**Part 31**

The day continued to warm as Tami's father cruised along the interstate.  He left the windows closed so that Tami would be more comfortable as she rode unclothed.  His daughter had been quiet for some time before he saw that she had fallen asleep in the front passenger seat.  He wanted to hold her as he had when she was a toddler, but realized those days were gone.  He checked the gas and decided he had enough to make it all the way back to Tami's college.

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Janice had walked along the road.  The road passed between the mostly harvested fields with the occasional small stand of woods.  The road was straight enough that she had been able to duck into the hiding when an infrequent vehicle passed.  Her top continued to require adjustment to keep her nipples covered.  Even then she knew, if she was seen, that a fair amount of her bosom would be visible above and below the tight top.  What really bothered her was the skirt.  With each step of her right leg that thigh became visible almost to her waist.  Even worse, each step of her left leg widen the gap to its left to almost reveal her very personal parts.  Although the temperature had risen to the high seventies, the air that circulated under her skirt and through the gap brought a chill to her hot flesh.

After almost two hours of walking she saw the interstate up ahead.  There was no interchange, but Janice saw she could easily climb up the embankment of the overpass.  She simply had to risk thumbing a ride if she wanted to put enough distance between her and her father.  She had just reached the bottom of the embankment when she saw three police cruisers roar by above her.

"Now is not a good time", Janice thought as she hid in a small stand of bushes and trees.  She would wait until no police cars had passed for a while.

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The dispatcher's voice blared from the radio:

"There is a report of a naked female passenger travelling north at the 140 marker in a late model blue wagon.  Pursue and detain the occupants.  The fugitive, Janice Nordson, has exposed herself in the past in escape attempts.  She is expected to be unarmed, but proceed with caution."

The corporal grabbed the microphone as he drove.  "Cars 14, 17 and 24 in pursuit of suspect fugitive vehicle now.  Will report back in five."  He placed the microphone on its hook.  He slowed as they approached the vehicle

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John Smithers saw the three state police cars roaring up from behind him.  Their flashers and sirens made it all but impossible to miss them.  Being a "law-abiding citizen', John slowed and drifted onto the shoulder to let them passed.  Tami moaned in her sleep oblivious to the events around her.  John looked briefly at his daughter and did not notice the police cars slowing to almost match his vehicle's speed.  He jumped when he heard the police car's loudspeaker blare at him.

"PULL THE CAR OVER AND STOP.  NOW!"

John hit the brakes a bit harder than he meant to and the car slid in on the loose shoulder debris.  The abrupt stop slid Tami forward against the loosely fastened seatbelt.  Her knees were spread wide apart.  She blinked at the bright autumn sunlight, still not fully awake.  She noticed someone walking up the driver's side of the car but it did not register to her sleep-clogged mind.  She was completely taken by surprise when she heard the knock on her own closed window.

"Open the door and step out of the car."

The words where uttered by the officers at the same time.  John looked once at Tami before opening the door and stepping out.  Another knock on Tami's window prompted her and she opened her own door.  Tami stepped out feeling very exposed.  The officers turned the around to face the car with their hands on its roof.  She was relieved when the officer made no move to pat her down for weapons, but her relief was short-lived.  A cuff snapped around her right wrist and that arm pulled behind her back.  In moment her left arm was pulled behind her back and her wrists were cuffed behind her.  Tami felt helpless and very exposed in front of the male officers.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked John, his own wrists cuffed behind his back.

"Illegal transportation of a minor" muttered one of the policemen.

"This is my own daughter.  Check my identification in my wallet."

"Be quiet, sir.  You will be read your rights back at Goodfield.  Until then you are instructed to remain silent."

John was furious but saw there was nothing he could do except cooperate.  He saw the look on Tami's face when they were seated in the back of the same police car.  Her face was flushed and he knew she was very humiliated.  Somehow, he had to get this cleared up as soon as possible.

For the second time in a week Tami found herself riding in the back of a police car with her wrists locked behind her back.  She clamped her legs together but the was absolutely nothing she could do to cover her breasts.  Her embarrassment rose as she felt her nipples harden and throb.  She saw her father give her a sympathetic expression and felt a bit of relief as he faced forward.  "How did he know that it would be even worse if he watched me?"  Once the officer reports the 'the fugitives' had been apprehended, they rode in silence.

--

Janice was still hiding when she saw the police cars return from the north.  She dropped down even farther.  She did not know just what had happened but felt she had a temporary reprieve.  After a few minutes she stood and straightened the few clothes she had.  She cleared her throat and forced a measure of calm before climbing up the short embankment to the highway's shoulder.  She stuck out her thumb to hitch a ride.  Her tall feminine figure was sure to attract opportunities.  She would have to be careful which opportunity she accepted.

**Part 32**

Tami recognized the small town where she had been taken the previous weekend.  The memory of Janice and the Judge left her feeling as if her troubles would not soon be over.  Her concerns were founded as she remembered the house where they stopped --  the Nordson's.  Tami was not surprised when her door was opened and she was pulled from the car.  The bright sunlight illuminated her tanned body as she was walked up the Nordson's front walk.  The officers walked beside her and held her by her upper arms and in no way provided any visual protection.  She could hear her father's muffled shouts as she mounted the steps.  One of teh officers rang the doorbell and they waited for someone to answer.

The seconds passed very slowly as Tami felt the eyes of total strangers on her exposed and quivering backside.  At least the officers kept their eyes focused on the unopened front door.  She felt betrayed by her own body as her every tactile nerve quivered.  The hands on her upper arms were hot -- just barely touching the sides of her throbbing exposed breasts.  After an eternity of seconds the front door opened slowly into a dark room.  Tami saw only the vague figure of a man.  One of the officers spoke

"We have the fugitive you wanted apprehended."

There was a long five seconds before the Judge replied.  "You idiots!  That is not the woman I ordered detained."

The officers were taken back.  "But, sir, the order said to bring in a probably naked young woman fleeing from the area."

The Judge stepped forward into the light.  "Get her out of her before I see you both lose your badges."

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Janice waved off the first two cars and a truck that had stopped for her.  All had contained a solitary older male.  The lust in their eyes had been obvious and therefore very risky propositions.  When she saw that the third car contained only a young college aged girl she climbed in with increased hope of escape.  With the door closed she settled into the passenger seat.  She was very aware of the hot vinyl seatcovers against her thighs and the lower part of her butt cheeks.  The damn skirt was far too short to protect her from the hot vinyl.  She quickly found that by keeping her legs together the skirt would just barely stay closed.  :"At least", she thought, "I’m not exposing myself to some guy liable to jump my bones."  She turned to face the driver.

"Hi.  I'm Janice."

The girl gave Janice a questioning look.  "Hello.   My name is Wanda Percival.  Where're you going?"

"As far from here as possible.  Where are you headed for?"

Wanda was not sure why she had stopped to pick up this girl, but she had been fighting highway hypnosis.  Besides, her naturally malicious streak could somehow spot a potential victim in a moment.  "On, about another hundred and twenty miles.  Is that far enough?"  Wanda had already noticed Janice's lack of underwear.  Wanda thought "With any luck I'll have her under her thumb and embarrass the hell out of her.

"That will do for starters", Janice answered.

The two continued a slow relatively quiet chitchat with Wanda gleaming some facts as the two cruised north.

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John and her daughter were returned with haste to the family car.  John demanded and got the badge numbers and names of the officers.  The policemen had been very contrite and just wanted to be rid of Tami and her father as quickly as possible.  Tami sat in the front passenger seat as her father gathered the information from the officers.  She forced her hands to her sides knowing that if she tried to cover herself she could not resist even her own touch.  Denying her wanton desires she sat and forced an outward calm to hide the inner passions that pervaded her mind.

John gathered all the information from the officers with the intention of filing false arrest and restraint charges against them and the Judge as soon as possible.  He would have done it immediately, but one look at his daughter told him to put his own plans aside in favor of getting Tami back to college with all haste.

**Part 33**

The plan formed in Wanda's mind as the miles flew by.  She would stop for gas and ask in a polite manner that Janice pump the gas.  The gas cap for Wanda's car was in the middle of the back over the bumper.  Janice would have to squat or bend over to hold the nozzle in place.  Wanda had stopped at the truck stop to fuel up when she drove down for the Thanksgiving weekend and remembered which pump did not have the dingus that allowed you to lock the gas flow open.  Janice would have to keep squeezing the handle to pump the gas.  As the truck stop came into sight Wanda slowed and exited the highway.

Janice shivered as they pulled into the busy truck stop.  The heavy holiday traffic buzzed in and out of the pump area.  Janice was puzzled as Wanda pulled into the queue at one pump even though there was an open pump in sight.  When the car in front of them moved Wanda eased forward and parked the car.

"Pump the gas for me will you, dearie?  I have to powder my nose."  Without another word Wanda stepped from the car and quickly sashayed away.  Janice was careful as she stepped from the car.  No one seemed to notice her lack of underwear as she stood, but as she walked to the back of the car the light breeze ruffled her short skirt.  A college age man in a nearby pickup issued a long loud wolf whistle.  Janice grabbed the sides of her skirt to hold it in place as she looked for the gas cap.  She could feel her breasts move within the not quite adequate top and knew her nipples were threatening to burst from their confinement.  A blush deepened on her facial cheeks as she knew how near she was to being exposed.  As much as she had flaunted her body in her efforts to escape her father, she now felt embarrassed in her skimpy attire.

After checking both sides of the car she remembered the check under the license plate.  She could have bent forward to check but knew that her firm bottom were be exposed to everyone behind her.  Instead she squatted facing the back of the car.  This move completely exposed her open thighs to the light breeze that ruffled her short blond pubic hair.  She held her breath and flipped the license plate down to reveal the gas cap.  She removed the cap and stood with great care.  A quick look around showed that she was receiving only the stares she usually attracted.  She grabbed the gas nozzle and squatted again.  She started to pump the gas but the handle would not click into the on position.  This forced her to remain squatting with her legs spread wide.  She did not notice the reflection in the chrome rear bumper, but a middle aged heading toward the convenience store stopped abruptly.  His eyes bugged out as he stared as the reflected image of her spread thighs.  John Smithers' face turned bright red before he forced his eyes away.

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Tami sat in the car while her father visited the men's room.  She had been relieved when he had parked the car on the near side of the tarmac away from the pumps.  Cars passed her but she was low enough that only her head was visible.  She glanced in all directions and noticed when her father stopped unexpectedly as he crossed through the pumps.  Tami followed his stare and saw the girl fueling a car.  The long legs and blond hair looked familiar but it was only when she stood and replaced the nozzle in the pump that her face came into view.

"My Gawd, it's that Janice what’s-her-name, daughter of the Judge."  She saw Janice get in the car.  "At least she seems to have gotten away."  Moments later Tami's breath stuck in her throat as she saw Wanda emerge from the convenience store and climb into the same car.  "Oh, dear!  Out of the frying pan and into the fire."

**Part 34**

Janice sighed in her seat as Wanda drove north.  Janice thought she had maintained some vestige of modesty at the truck stop.  At least it seemed as if no one had seen between her legs when she pumped the gas.  Even in the car she could not stop from constantly adjusting her clothes, but no amount of pulling could make her feel adequately covered.  She finally broke down enough to ask Wanda for help.

"Ah, Wanda, have you got any clothes I could borrow?"

Wanda had wondered how to bring the subject up.  She was delighted that but hid her excitement.  "I might have something in the trunk.  Let me pull at the rest exit and we can check."

Janice rode impatiently and hoped the exit would lead to some place with a little privacy.  Soon an exit sign appeared but no services were listed.  She thought that might be good.  If the exit was to some small rural crossroad she would not have to dodge other people.  She hoped this far north she would have escaped the area her father had the police searching.

Wanda knew she had nothing in the trunk but she was quickly searching for an excuse to get the tall blonde naked and at her mercy.  She slowed as she approached the exit ramp and eased to a stop at the bottom of the ramp.  There was not a soul in sight, just an empty two-lane strip of asphalt.  Wanda spoke as she stepped out of the car.  "Come on.  Let’s check the trunk."

Janice looked around.  The bottom of the ramp was barely visible from the nearest northbound lane over two hundred feet away.  The crossroad was empty as she stepped carefully from her door.  She tugged on her skirt once more and she checked her breasts.  Her nipples were covered, if only barely, but she really could not hope for more.  She reached the rear of the car just as Wanda popped the trunk lid.  Wanda leaned deep into the trunk so that she was only visible from the waist down.

Janice saw Wanda's powder blue thong panties as Wanda's skirt slid up the back of her thighs.  "What I wouldn't give for even that skimpy underwear", thought Janice.  Janice remained standing.  If she bent over, she would be revealing much more than Wanda.

"Nope, nothing here", Wanda announced with slightly suppressed glee.

"Nothing at all?"

"Not even an old towel."  Despite Wanda's best efforts the mischievous tone of her voice was obvious.  A shiver went up Janice's spine that had nothing to do with the breeze that tickled between her bare thighs.  She desperately leaned into the trunk even though she knew she knew her entire butt would flash into sight.  After a quick but thorough check she turned away from the car and leaned against the taillights to the right of the opening

Wanda saw her opportunity and closed the trunk lid as she tried to catch Janice skirt in the lid.  The skimpy skirt was just too small and escaped entrapment.  "Damn" whispered Wanda.  A moment later in a much louder voice Wanda repeated herself as she realized she had locked the car keys in the trunk.  When she explained the situation to Janice it was almost worth the look on Janice's face.

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John and Tami did not speak as they continued north.  He jumped as they approached a pair of female hitchhiker and Tami broke her silence.  "Stop!  We have to stop for them."

"We really shouldn't."  John slowed even as he talked.  "It's dangerous to put up hitchhikers."

"But I recognized them."

John had already passed them before he could come to a complete stop.  He turned in his seat and backed the car towards the girls.  As he looked more closely at the two hitchhikers he recognized the blond from the truck stop.  He felt a bit lecherous as he remembered the view between her legs.  He eased to a stop about twenty feet from the girls and watched them approach.  The muscles of their long bare legs presented a delightful set of moving curves in their flesh.  Both girls stepped to the right of the car and Janice slid in the back door.  John looked forward and did not watch her slide across the backseat even though he was sure that her skirt could not cover the maneuver.

Upon recognizing Tami Janice had been relieved.  When the older man in the car turned his eyes forward, she realized this car had been a stroke of luck.  She slid across the back seat to the left side of the car and arranged her clothes.

Wanda was sliding in beside Janice when Tami popped up from the front seat.  "Hi,   
Wanda."

Wanda froze half way through the car door.  Ever since Tami had gotten those revealing photos Wanda had been blackmailed to wear only what Tami wished.  She suddenly remembered Tami's standing order about underwear.

"You look a bit overdressed there, Wanda."

Wanda cringed as she saw Tami's eyes drop to her skirt.  "The skirt is short enough, Tami."

"Of course it is", countered Tami.  "But you really don't need the thong, right?"

Wanda was pissed, but the thought of those humiliating pictures being posted to the internet forced her to comply.  She reached under her skirt and squirmed as she worked her thong off her bottom and down her legs.  Once she pulled them over her shoes, she held them out to Tami.

Tami wanted to grabbed the offered garment but stuck to her nudist story.  "No, Wanda, I think Janice might have more use for those."

The relieved expression on Janice's face spoke volumes.  She took the offered thong and quickly pulled it up her legs.  It felt so good to be have even that small amount of coverage that she did not question why she had them.  With a smile on her face she settled down into the seat.

**Part 35**

The rest of the drive back to college passed with little talk.  The four occupants of the car had much to think about.

Tami was thrilled to trap Wanda once again in a compromising position.  It was small revenge for what Wanda had done to her the last few weeks.  As they neared the college Tami was forced to dwell on her future.  In only a week she would have to get back into her best gymnastics form for the meet.  The thought of her performing her strenuous routines in front of hundreds without the benefit of any clothes made her tremble.  She knew those routines would display every intimate inch of her flesh.  She bit her lip as she found a naughty excitement at what was to come.  That excitement spread through her body and she felt her nipples swell and harden.

Wanda silently fumed from the backseat.  Tami had once again turned the tables on her.  There was nothing she could do, at least until they got back to college.  Wanda set up mind to come up with ways to increase Tami's embarrassment, but draft whisked up her short skirt to remind her of her absent thong.  She wished she had the gym bag of new underpants hidden under the front seat of her car.

Janice sat quietly enjoying her relief at finally escaping from her father's clutches.  With only the few clothes on her body, she did not know what lay ahead of her, but at least she was in some control of her own destiny.  She wondered about the naked girl in the front but held her peace at her help.  She would find a job and a place to stay somewhere.

John concentrated on his driving as they cruised north.  He forced his eyes to remain on the road in front of him and the outside rearview mirrors.  Only once did this look in the inside mirror and catch a glimpse at the two young beauties in the back of the car.  There was just too much exposed female flesh back there.  He reminded himself that they two in back were his daughter’s age.  His thoughts drifted back to the conversation with Martha last night.  Martha had encouraged him in his decision to support Tami and the conversation had carried into the bedroom.  As he remembered the way Martha had danced and stripped before joining him in bed.  He smiled as he remembered drifting off to sleep as they whispered sweet somethings after their second mating of the night.

Tami noticed the smile form on her father's face and wondered what he was thinking as the miles of farmlands flew by.  All too soon Tami saw the sign announcing the exit and an emotional chill ran up her spine.  The car slowed and curved down the ramp for the short drive to the campus.  Minutes later John turned into the front 'hallowed' gates and pulled in front of the Tami's dormitory.  Tami squared her shoulders and opened the door.  She stepped out with a forced smile on her face.  She turned to Wanda and spoke.

"Wanda, you might as well get out here.  Janice, where can my father drop you off?"

Janice thought for a moment and asked, "Tami, can I spend the night with you?  I'll find some place tomorrow."

"It should be okay for just the night.  Once classes start the college restrict guests to two nights in a given week."s

Janice stepped from the car as Wanda carefully emerged from the back.  Wanda tried to keep her skirt down but a breeze kept flipping it up as she followed Tami and Janice.  John watched the three young women climb the short steps into the dorm.  He found he had been holding her breath since Wanda's skirt had flapped in the breeze to expose her bare bottom.  He forced the air from his lungs and took a deep breath before easing the car into a U-turn and eased off the campus with thoughts of his naked wife in bed that night.

**Part 36 - Epilogue**

Tami was more than happy to reach her room after getting a new key from the dorm's head resident.  There had been a small package sitting outside her room door with an envelope taped to the top of the package.  Once she and Janice were safely behind the closed door Tami opened the envelope and read the enclosed note.

TAMI,

SO GOOD TO HEAR YOU ARE JOINING OUT GYMNASTICS TEAM.  GIVEN YOUR UNUSUAL CLOTHING REQUIREMENTS I SENT YOU THIS MODIFIED UNIFORM FOR THE COMPETITION.  SEE YOU ARE PRACTICE AT 6:30 PM ON MONDAY.

     COACH SNYDER

Tami tore open the package hoping to find some customized leotard or tunic for the completion.  Her heart almost stopped as she looked over the contents of the package: a headband, two wristbands and two anklebands.

"OH NO!" she moaned and threw herself face down on the bed.