**The Unintentional Nudist III: Back at School**

by Donnylaja

**Part 1**

 Tami sat down on her bed, laying the clear vinyl raincoat beside her in the dark, looking at the tiny box with nothing in it but the sweat bands.  Were these to be her only other "clothes"?

 "Are you O.K.?" Janice asked.  She stood next to Tami, adjusting her top after one of her nipples accidentally poked out again.

 Before Tami could answer, Wanda stuck her head into the room.  "Come with me, girl," she said to Janice.  "We have things to do."

 Janice said bye and, looking at Tami one last time with a bit of pity, went off with Wanda.

 Tami looked down at her bed.  Somebody had been busy while she was away.  Her bed no longer had any sheets or blankets, just a white slipcover over the mattress.  There was not even a pillow to cover her pussy with if someone came in.  She looked at her open closet.  There was nothing there at all, not even the empty coathangers that had lingered there uselessly for weeks.  The bottom was vacant too, with no footwear of any kind, not even a pair of flip-flops.  Wanda had decreed that Tami should be always barefoot and took away all her shoes a month ago.  Though supposedly Tami had to wear shoes and a shirt to lab and to the cafeteria, Wanda had correctly guessed that Tami wouldn't be bothered if she started showing up totally naked and that's how it had been the last few weeks.

 Tami looked at her dresser, next to the closet.  She knew all the drawers were empty.  On top were a few combs, a tube of toothpaste, and some other things for the shower, including a stiff scrub brush for the soles of her feet.  Wanda had certainly thought of everything.  Finally, there were Tami's towels.  Because a big towel could be wrapped around for covering, Wanda had left her with only a stack of tiny towels, each one hardly bigger than a washcloth.  Usually Tami would need at least three of these tiny things to dry herself off after a shower.

 Night had fallen already, and the room was dark.  Tami noticed something strange.  There were dark shapes on the other side of the room.  She leaned over to her desk and turned on the light. She felt a chill at what she saw.

 One of the few lucky things about her first semester in college was that her dorm room was a single.  The girl who had been assigned to be her roommate decided at the last minute not to enroll.  Tami had the room to herself, and could shut the door and have some privacy from the many prying eyes.  Now those months of having a room to herself were over.  Tami had a roommate.  Actually, she realized slowly as her eyes got used to the darkness, she had two roommates.  Not only that, but they had moved in in style.  Instead of the empty single bed that had been there all semester, now there was a bunk bed.  Both beds were made up, complete with comforters and extra fluffy pillows.  The closet was crammed full with clothes.  There were also three large suitcases on the floor that looked like they were still full and hadn't been unpacked.

 Clothes, clothes, clothes! Tami felt terribly frustrated, like a starving person looking at a plate of food just out of reach.  Here she was, surrounded by clothes, with an intense craving for anything to wear -- even a skimpy pair of thong panties -- yet forbidden to do so.
Glumly, she got up and turned on the light next to the door. Though the room was not cold, she felt goose bumps all over her body.  The tile floor felt like ice to her bare feet.  Standing next to the light switch, she surveyed the bright, luxurious display of clothes and bedspreads.  She felt drawn toward a big fur coat hanging in the closet.  Her throat felt dry as her hand drew near to it.  Taking a deep breath, Tami touched it and ran her hand up and down the soft fur, imagining how it would feel wrapped around her naked body.

She jerked her hand away as if zapped with an electric shock, thinking Wanda might be looking.  Tami almost laughed at herself.  She was getting paranoid.

The two desks, hers and her roommates', were pushed against each other in the middle of the room in front of the big bay window.   Tami saw what looked like a one-page notice lying on the desk that was hers.  She padded over to read it:

Due to construction in Merritt Hall, students will be tripled in a limited number of rooms in the other dormitories.  This is a temporary situation.  We regret any inconvenience.
--  Office of Residence Life.

Construction!  That will take forever.  Tami's new roommates were here to stay for the rest of the semester, maybe the rest of the year.

Looking into the darkness through the bay window, Tami suddenly realized that the curtains were open and anyone looking into the room could see her naked silhouette and probably more.  Instead of closing the curtains, which would serve only to display her bouncing breasts, she scurried back to her bed and sat as far back out of view as she could, her bare back scraping against the sandy paint on the wall.

 Her spirits were sinking by the minute.  Now there came another blow: familiar footsteps, then Wanda's accomplice Heather, carrying a shopping bag full of things and her usual devious smile.  Heather came from big money and, though not exactly obnoxious, was quick to give people the idea that she existed on some higher level.  "Welcome back, my naked friend. How was your break?"  Heather looked Tami up and down, deliberately pausing to stare at Tami's breasts and at her pubic patch.

Tami tried to scrunch back further, grinding her back against the wall.  She resisted the urge to cover herself, clenching her hands as they pressed down on the mattress on each side of her bare thighs. "Fine," she said, with a mixed look of fear and venom.

 "I did some clothes shopping.  See what I got?"  Heather gleefully took out a big floppy sweater and lay it over her torso.  "I can't tell you how good it'll feel.  Hee hee!"  She was really being cruel.  Tami tried not to show any reaction.

Putting the sweater back in the bag, Heather said, "I came back early today and took the trouble to make some refinements, as you can see.  You have roommates now, and blankets serve to cover you.  You can't have the Dean finding out that you don't follow your religion when your roommates are around.  So you have no more blankets or sheets, just the slip cover to sleep on top of.  Don't worry about getting cold.  You can just turn up the radiator."  Tami looked at the dial on the radiator under the window.

 "Also, this raincoat is far too much for a nudist." Heather took the clear vinyl raincoat off Tami's bed and emptied the ID card and other things from the pocket.  She put the raincoat into the shopping bag and took out a small pouch with velcro straps.  "I spent some of my own money to get something nice for you."  She playfully wiggled the pouch from her thumb and forefinger as if it were the size of a postage stamp.  "This is far more convenient and more, well, nude."  Placing Tami's things in it, she said, "it goes around your ankle.  Very convenient.  Go ahead, put it on."

 "But I need the raincoat to keep warm.  The weather's changing."

 "Don't worry, you'll be O.K. if you just run to class as fast as you can.  You'll look so cute, scampering around bare-assed between buildings."

 Tami frowned in distaste.  The way Heather said "scampering around bare-assed" made it sound especially degrading.  She forlornly examined the pouch, bent down, and wrapped the velcro straps around her left ankle.  Yes, this is convenient, she thought, but to reach it she would have to bend over, or put her foot up on a table, poses which would give everyone a good view of what, at one time, she would have called her "private parts".

 "And what is this?" Heather said, picking up the box left by Coach Snyder.

 Feeling like she was digging herself in deeper with every word, Tami said, "I - I'm going to be on the gymnastics team.  That's my 'uniform'."

 Nodding as if very impressed, Heather picked her way through the wrist bands and ankle bands.  "The gymnastics team. . . this has possibilities!"  Tami could almost see the wheels turning in Heather's devious mind.  Then Heather abruptly dumped the box and all its contents into her shopping bag, saying, "These things will have to go.  Tell the Coach you can't have any covering, it's your religion.  He won't complain!"

Another sadistic smile.  "Well, my naked friend, I'm going down to the lounge.  There's a little 'welcome back' affair that the R.A.'s are putting on with chips and salsa.  See you there I hope."   Heather walked cheerily down the hall, swinging the now overstuffed shopping bag at her side.

 Tami wrapped herself up into a ball on the bed, her knees up to her chin.  She couldn't believe it.  She had been walking around totally naked for months, yet tonight she found herself being more and more thoroughly stripped.  She no longer had her blankets or sheets, her vinyl raincoat, or even the sweat bands for gymnastics.

As she pondered miserably, Tami's musings were interrupted by the loud entrance of Terri, followed by Jen.  She already knew them both, kind of.  Terri was well known around campus.  She was always talking, always eating, always doing something, full of energy.  She was also a real fashion plate, even though she was a bit overweight.  She seemed to have an endless variety of meticulously matched outfits.  Usually surrounded by an entourage of friends, she was usually talking about her boyfriend of the moment.  Tami wondered why any guy would go out with her, knowing that he would be the constant topic of discussion in Terri's clique.  Then again, she seemed like the type who would be very good in bed.  Terri was also very smart, carrying a double major of biochemistry and math.

At the moment Terri was dressed in black jeans, black boots, and a thick white sweater covered by a red dressy-looking overcoat.  Looking at Heather's abundant clothes made Tami feel very naked indeed.

 Jen quietly followed Terri into the room.  She moved her slim, athletic looking body very gracefully.  Her dark-skinned face was set off by short black hair cut in Peter Pan fashion.  Jen was wearing a black leather jacket over a black sweatshirt, black jeans and hiking boots.  Tami had seen Jen around also, and knew that Jen was a lesbian.

 Terri announced, "Hi Tami, I'm sorry, but this is the end of your single . . .My name is Terri, and I promise I'll be a good roommate."  She offered her hand to Tami.

 Tami couldn't spend her time cringing in a ball for the rest of the semester.  She made up her mind to be brave and act like she was wearing clothes like everyone else.  She stood bolt upright, breasts pointing out over her flat tummy, legs slightly apart, making no effort to hide any part of herself.  She gave her hand to Terri.  "Good to meet you," she said.

 Jen said softly, "Hi."  She came up to Tami.  She seemed like a shy person who was not used to talking. "My name is Jen.  I hear from the Coach that we're going to be teammates."

 Damn! Tami thought.  Jen is on the gymnastics team! She suddenly remembered seeing a picture of Jen in the campus newspaper sports page.  It would be bad enough to expose herself to the crowds at the gymnastics meets.  But afterwards she wouldn't be able to just go back to her room and try to put it out of her mind.  She would be sharing a room with someone who was there!

 Her thoughts were interrupted by Jen's soft voice.  Jen was smiling.  "I've got to say this, I think you have a really beautiful body.  It really is a pleasure seeing you around campus.  It puts a smile on my face."

 The thought of being desired by a lesbian made Tami queasy.  Though she didn't have anything against it, the idea of two girls having sex seemed icky.  Still, in her extended time being naked nobody had ever actually told her she was beautiful.  The compliment felt good.

 Tami couldn't believe what she did right then.  She stretched her arms up and out, her breasts pulling upward, then turned around and gave her new roommates a view of her bare backside, then turned around again.  "It's my religion," she said cheerily, "and this religion feels pretty good."

 Jen could do nothing but continue smiling as her eyes took in every inch of Tami's nakedness.  Then she said, "Can I ask a favor? There's no room in that closet for my things.  Can I use yours?"

 "Um, O.K.  I don't have anything to put in there, so you can use it."  Suddenly feeling very generous, Tami continued, "You can use my dresser too.  All I need is the top drawer."

 "Thank you."  Jen went over to look more closely at Tami's empty closet, and in doing so brushed against Tami's hip.  The feel of Jen's leather jacket against her bare skin almost made Tami jump.  She could feel her nipples getting hard.

 Terri's cheery voice broke the tension.  "Whew! It's getting hot in here!"  Tami blushed when she realized the double meaning of Terri's words.  She hoped Terri didn't think she was a lesbian.  Terri took her coat off and carefully hung it up in her closet.  "Let's go to the lounge and eat!"

Terri was a natural leader.  As she headed out the door, the other two followed automatically.  Jen motioned for Tami to go ahead of her, and as they walked single file down the hall and down the stairs, Tami realized that Jen was watching from behind, enjoying every nuance of her naked body as it went through the motions of walking.

 Tami felt a little "covered" with Terri in front of her and Jen behind.  She was grateful for any chance at all to have her body hidden from others, even for a moment.  The moment was over when the three of them walked into the crowded, noisy dorm lounge.

**Part 2**

The dorm lounge was separated from the lobby by full length glass panels, in the middle of which were two glass doors.  The lobby was very small, barely more than a foyer, and separated from the outside by more glass panels and glass doors.  The dorm itself was one of three identical buildings facing a small quad containing benches where, at least in warm weather, students would hang out.  On the fourth side of the quad was the dining hall.  All this glass was the result of the crime problem that existed some years ago when these dorms were designed.  Campus police, or anyone standing in the quad, could easily see what was going on in the lobby and the lounge.

 Another relic of old security concerns was the very harsh, bright overhead light in the lobby.  Tami had seen students make jokes as they passed under it by looking up and saying, "Okay, okay, I'll tell you anything!" or moving their faces around as if trying to get a tan from a sunlamp. As the three girls passed under it Terri stuck her arm out and turned it over, saying, "Okay, I'm all cooked now!"

 The glass doors to the lounge were propped open and the three girls started up the eight steps that led to the main part of the lounge.  There were a few girls talking at the bottom of the steps but they stopped when Tami passed by.  They pretended to be looking elsewhere, but Tami knew that they were sneaking glances at her body.  Tami was familiar with this type of behavior by now.  People tended to stare at her pubic hair and at her bare feet, and at her breasts, which stood out from Tami's thin body.  Tami had worn a size 34C bra (back when she wore anything).

 At the top of the stairs Bill Patton, one of the R.A.'s, sat at a small table with a cardboard sign that said, "KEYS".  Jen said, "I didn't get my keys yet." Terri called back, "Okay, catch me later," and went past into the lounge.

 Tami realized something.  "I've got to get an extra mailbox key," she said to Jen.  She went up to Bill, a serious, studious-looking type, and explained the situation.  "I'll sign one out for you, but I need the number from your ID card," he said.

 Tami bent over and started fumbling with the pouch strapped to her ankle.  She blushed as she realized the sight she must be presenting to Jen and tried to get this done as quickly as possible.  She kept her legs tightly together, and she flexed her toes against the slate step, but she started losing her balance and was forced to open her legs about two feet apart before she could make a serious attempt at opening this damn pouch.

 Jen was standing three stairs below, and found Tami's bare bottom sticking right up into her face about a foot and a half away.  She was almost hypnotized by Tami's tight, tanned buns and the brown, wrinkled bud of her asshole.  It was impeccably clean and Jen had the strong urge to stick her pointy tongue into it and wiggle it around.  Jen smiled.  She thought: if I do that, poor Tami would jump about ten feet into the air.

 Jen just could not stop looking at Tami's asshole.  She thought of putting vaseline on her finger and snaking it inside, right there in the dorm lobby.  This was too much to bear . . . she moved back against the railing to get a view of Tami from the side, careful not to let Tami see what she was doing.  She smiled again as she saw Tami's breasts hanging and wobbling around as she struggled with the pouch.

 Tami felt her face burning, not only from shame but from the face-down position she was in and from utter frustration.  The zipper on the pouch just wouldn't open . . . what did Heather do to it, anyway?  Tami's embarrassment increased as she heard people shuffling into line behind Jen.  More students were coming in to the lobby and the newly tripled students who hadn't gotten their keys yet got on line behind them.

 With Jen standing back out of the way to study Tami's breasts, everyone got a clear view of Tami's bare butt and asshole, sticking up as if on display.  Tami overheard people saying "Jesus!" and "Holy shit!" as they turned in from the lobby only to be faced with a bare asshole straight at eye level.  The harsh light exposed every wrinkle of Tami's brown asterisk.  They saw the flexing of the muscles in Tami's butt and legs as she struggled.  Nobody seemed to want to go into the lobby; they all stayed on the steps, looking up and staring arrows into the naked girl's asshole, unable to move from where they were.

 In frustration and embarrassment Tami was coming close to tears.  Fortunately she did not know about the people walking through the dark nighttime quad who were stopped in their tracks by the well-lit sight of her upended butt.  Just as fortunately she did not know that in the dorm across the quad a very talented and devious eavesdropper, scanning the area with his camera in mild boredom, suddenly thanked his lucky stars and adjusted the zoom lens.

It turned out the zipper was connected to a button and clasp device.  Finally! Tami opened the pouch and fished out her ID card.  Standing upright, she showed it to Bill who wrote down the number.  Taking back the card, Tami bent over and closed the pouch as quickly as she could.

 She waited for Jen to get her key and the two of them went into lounge.  Tami was glad to feel the carpet under her feet.   The bare floors in this dorm always felt so cold.  She looked out at the scene.  There were maybe three dozen people, gathered around the chips and salsa table or the soft drinks table, clustered in little groups here and there, sitting on the long carpeted steps that surrounded the lounge.  Jen spotted Terri, eating near the salsa table, and took Tami by the hand.

 Everyone noticed the naked girl immediately.  Even so, Tami could overhear people calling attention to their neighbors, saying, "There's the naked chick!" . . ."It's naked Tami!" . . . "Here she is again!" Conversation died down a little but everyone had seen her body before and most were able to continue whatever conversations they were having.  Tami was intensely conscious of being on display, and as she was taken by the hand by Jen, an obvious lesbian, realized that this made her look like a lesbian too.  Being naked was a familiar embarrassment, but this was a new thing to be self-conscious about.

 "This is good . . . you should try some," Terri said between gulps.  Jen picked at the bowl of chips.  Tami stared listlessly at the table.  She didn't want to look out into the lounge again.  Remembering her embarrassing bent-over display at the top of the stairs,  she thought: I don't want to make eye contact with anyone who saw my -- my anus.  Looking at the chips, she realized she was hungry, but decided not to eat any.  During her sentence of public nudity she had tried to eat as little as possible.  She had heard of "the freshman twenty", the pounds that girls gained their first semester at college, and if there was anything worse than being naked, it was being naked and flabby.

 Terri was discoursing to Jen on the various types of salsa that she liked.  Tami decided she could drink something.  She walked over to the soda table, and decided to have some of the bottled water.  She poured it into a plastic cup, then went halfway back to where Terri and Jen were.  She didn't feel like listening to Terri lecture about salsa.  She drank the water right there.

 Quickly the room went silent.  Everyone looked at Tami, and without thinking they started forming into a circle around her as she drank water in the middle of the lounge.  Tami suddenly realized what was happening, and as she took another few gulps, she thought, this is weird.

 Actually it was not so weird.  Though nobody would have admitted it, this was about the most beautiful thing any of them had ever seen.  This magnificent physical specimen, this evenly tanned, perfectly proportioned naked female named Tami, stood before them drinking water.  There was something primitive, elemental about it.  Her head back, her throat muscles moving, her stomach muscles rolling, the flat plane of her tummy as it moved in and out, her legs slightly apart, her bare feet planted firmly apart . . . Tami was cringing at this intense scrutiny and made half a motion with her free hand to cover her public hair, then drew it back.  She realized a long time ago that covering herself with her hands was useless and only increased her sense of embarrassment.

 Tami emptied the plastic cup and brought it down to waist level, licking her lips and looking at no one in particular.  The tense, unbearable silence was broken by someone's nervous giggle.  Tami good naturedly smiled and giggled too.  People started talking again, moving back to where they were, and everything was back to normal.  It was an unspoken moment shared between the naked girl and the others in the lounge.

Led by Terri, the three roommates sat down on a small couch, Tami in the middle.  The upholstery was a little rough and tickled Tami's bare butt.  She realized once again that being totally naked increased one's sensitivity to the surroundings.  She could not help crossing her arms over her breasts and crossing her left leg over her right.  Terri and Jen also crossed the same leg.  The three left legs formed a kind of kickline -- Terri's and Jen's, with their boots and jeans, framing Tami's bare foot and leg.  Tami noticed this and flexed her toes.

 "I've got some big finals coming up, three in one day," Terri said.  There were three weeks of classes left, then one week of finals before the winter intercession.  "You wouldn't believe the biochem professor I have.  He is the biggest asshole . . ."

 While Terri droned on, a guy sat down in the chair across from them and started talking to Jen.  Tami looked at him: a slim, scholarly-looking black student with a shaved head and glasses.  He had a rather dorky-looking plaid sports shirt and the kind of white, dressy pants that were getting popular on campus.  (Another thing that nakedness had done for Tami was to make her more observant of what others were wearing.)

 Jen said to Tami, "This is Rod Sykes, eternal Vice President of the B.S.A."  Tami suppressed a smile; where she came from, "B.S.A." stood for "Bull Shit Artist".  She wasn't about to say this, of course; on this politically correct campus that would be considered racism.

 "That's B.S.A., as in Bull Shit Artists," Rod said, shaking Tami's hand.  Tami couldn't help it and laughed aloud.

 "So you'll see Rod coming into our room a lot on committee B.S.," Jen said with a tolerant smile.

 "I know what you mean, I used to be in student government when I was in high school," Tami said.  She looked at Rod's face, noticing how handsome it was and also waiting him out.  So many guys on campus just could not have a conversation with her face; they made almost no pretense about it and stared at other body parts (usually her nipples) when talking to her.  Even professors would do that.  Also, the double meanings were so frequent that they had become nauseating and Tami almost predict them  by now.  For example, she kept on waiting for Rod to say, "I guess I'll be seeing a lot of you."  But he didn't.

 Rod started talking about the campus student government and the various projects it was involved in.  Tami found herself getting pretty interested.  In high school student government was so little league, but when Rod talked about improving the recycling program on campus, or serving on faculty hiring committees, it sounded like things that were actually worthwhile.  At a certain point she realized Jen and Terri had gotten up and it was just her and Rod talking.

 Part of her still didn't trust him.  She remembered what her friend Candice had told her in high school.  Candice had huge breasts, and one time told Tami that guys would pretend they didn't notice them, and she would think that they were actually interested in her personality, but the first time at the movies she would always get grabbed.  Tami kept her guard.  He might be nice but . . .

 Suddenly Justin, the popular dorm director, who was about 35 years old and looked like he had been through a lot of keg parties back when they were allowed, got up and went to the middle of the room.  "Attention everyone . . . everyone . . ."

 When noise died down, he continued, "I know I sound like a broken record" -- this phrase was another thing that dated him -- "but Pilgrim Hall STILL doesn't have a delegate to the Student Assembly.  PLEASE, someone, I don't care what your politics are, as long as you are alive and breathing . . . They meet only once every two weeks, every other Thursday . . ."

 Rod looked at Tami.  "You seem like a natural for that."

 Tami tensed up.  No, it would be impossible.  "I don't think . . ."

 Turning around to Justin, Rod said, "I nominate Tami!"

 A couple of people clapped.  Guys sometimes clapped when they saw Tami walk by and it irritated her.  "But I'm just a freshman. . ."

 "Look, at least this way we'll finally get noticed!" said Terri with a big smile, throwing up her hands.  A couple of people laughed.

 "Well . . . I've got other commitments . . ."

 Jen reappeared at her side and whispered into Tami's ear, "The gymnastics meets are on Mondays or Wednesdays . . . it won't conflict."

 "Everyone for Tami, say yea!" someone called out.

 In the resulting round of approval Tami found herself shrugging and smiling.  She was nominated.  Everyone went back to their conversations.

 The deed was done.  Tami tried not to think about walking naked into to the Student Assembly.  She got up to get another drink.  This time, she thought, I'll actually consume a few calories.  I'll get an orange soda.

 Terri had gone off to talk to other friends and had volunteered to get them a round of sodas.  Trying to balance five plastic cups and a dish of chips, she felt a cup of grape soda falling and tried to catch it with her thumb.  The cup flipped up and hit Tami, who was walking the other way, right over her left breast.

 "Akkk" said Tami.  The cup upended and spilled its entire contents onto Tami.  There was grape soda spilling down her breast, over her tummy, and down her left leg.  The cup fell to the carpet, sprinkling some final drops over her toes.

 Three helpful guys immediately rushed her with napkins.  Thanking them, Tami started cleaning herself off and once again the main activity in the lounge was watching Tami's body.  She quickly wiped off her breast, causing it to bounce and jiggle, then bent down to wipe off her leg.  Once again she knew she was putting on a show and people were watching closely.  Once again she felt her exposed asshole staring the people behind her in the face.

 She stood up and walked over to throw the wet napkins into the waste basket.  She started going back to where she was, but realized that this would never do.  The grape soda had gone between her legs and it was just too sticky.  She would have to dry off there too.

 Tami took a deep breath.  The only way to do this is just do it and get it over with, she told herself.  Getting some more napkins, she spread her feet well apart, toes pointed outward, and squatted.  She quickly rubbed the napkins around her inner thighs.  Then she completed the task by moving the napkins over her pubic hair and pussy lips and quickly in back.

 Everyone was looking at her, not even pretending to look away or not notice.  Some of the guys were turned on, but a wave of horror and disgust washed wordlessly through the room.  For Tami this was the most humiliating thing yet.  She again felt her face burning with shame.  She tried to do the minimum required to get herself dry, but she knew and everyone else knew exactly what it looked like.  It looked like she was wiping herself with toilet paper after a good shit.  Right in the middle of the dorn lounge.  She knew that they knew it, and they knew that she knew that they knew it.

 This time there was no good-natured giggle.  Tami stood up, threw the napkins in the basket, and wordlessly returned to the couch.  She was in a state of shock.

 She sat looking at the floor for a while, her arms crossed over her breasts, her legs tightly crossed.  After a few minutes she realized that Jen and Terri had resumed their places on either side of her.

 Feeling like the show was over for tonight, students started drifting  out of the lounge.  Tami started regaining her composure so that when Terri said, "time to get some sleep for tomorrow," she was able to say, "good idea".  In a minute she was back in her room with her new roommates.

**Part 3**

For Terri and Jen there was the task of undressing and getting into pajamas, something which was no longer a part of Tami's life.  She quickly brushed her teeth and when she got back sat at her desk and looked out the window.  Her room overlooked the science building and, next to it, the Student Union building, the hub of the campus through which everyone passed to get from one place to another.  Behind it was the social sciences building.  She would have to pass through the campus center to get to her first class tomorrow, Introduction to Sociology.  Fortunately it wasn't until eleven o'clock.  This had been a stressful day and she looked forward to sleeping late.

 "Good night."  Jen's soft voice interrupted her thoughts.  Tami looked at Jen and at Terri in the lower bunk.  As they fumbled with their heavy covers Tami looked at her bare bed.  Turning the light out she lay down.  A minute later Terri got up and made a quick last trip to the bathroom.

 Tami was not used to sleeping without a pillow, but resting her head on her arm seemed to compensate for it.  Somebody told her once that sleeping without a pillow was better for you.  A bigger problem was how to sleep while being looked at.  She couldn't see Jen's face in the darkness, but she was sure that Jen looking.  For a lesbian, she thought, this must be heaven, going to sleep while admiring a naked female body that she considered beautiful.

 Tami tried to hide by turning toward the wall.  She always slept with her lower leg straight and the upper leg bent.  A flash of light from the hallway upon Terri's re-entrance made her change her mind.  She realized that Terri must have had a clear view of Tami's pussy and asshole as she came in.  After Terri went back to bed, this time for good, Tami waited a few minutes then turned around facing her roommates.

 She kept staring at where she knew Jen's head was.  She could see the dark shape of the head but couldn't tell if Jen's eyes were on her.  She was pretty sure that Jen's head was turned toward her.  From time to time she looked down at Terri and decided that she, too, was turned toward her and staring at her body.  Tami put her other arm up so as to cover her breast.

 For a while Tami just couldn't get to sleep, thinking she was being stared at.  Suddenly in her state of exhaustion sleep washed over her.

 She had dreams.

 In her first dream she was sleeping naked on a clear plastic sheet, suspended over a crowd of people.  More people were looking at her from above and from all sides.  She was in a kind of little amphitheater.  From every direction everyone had a clear view.

 Then she dreamed she was walking to the shower, but this shower was in the middle of the quad.  There was no stall, just a pipe sticking out of the ground with a shower head on top.  She started lathering up her hair and taking a shower while students passed by.

 Then she dreamed that she was the only person on a merry go round, sitting naked on a horse, once again surrounded by people who were looking at her.  She was gettting turned on as her pussy lips rubbed against the rough saddle.  There was also a kind of gritty pad that her clitoris was resting on.  Then she saw Rod standing out from the crowd.  He was holding up a gown of some kind which she kept trying to grab every time she passed.  She kept missing, it was always just barely out of reach.

 Then she had a very strange dream indeed.  She suspended naked  in front of the stage in the big crowded lecture hall.  The ropes stretched her out into an "X".  She looked down and saw Jen sucking on her nipple.  Another Jen was sucking the other nipple! She looked further down and saw a third Jen licking her pussy, so expertly that despite her efforts to resist she felt like an orgasm was unavoidable.  She could feel a fourth Jen behind her, spreading her cheeks and licking her asshole.

 All the Jens were wearing what looked like white lab assistant coats and were perched on stepladders allowing them to reach whatever part of Tami they had been assigned to.  At the lectern Mrs. Barrows, her Differential Geometry teacher, glanced over to the display and was telling the class, "As you can see, Tami is approaching her seventeenth orgasm . . ."  Tami looked down and saw that she was sweating all over and indeed she felt about to go over that waterfall --

 Tami woke up.  Whenever she was about to reach orgasm in a dream she always woke up.  She realized she was sweating.  Reaching down, she realized also her pussy was wet.  She could smell the scent of sexual arousal, and realized that if they were awake Terri and Jen could surely smell it too.  Tami curled herself up into a ball.  Please, let me hide someplace . . .

 She had one last dream.  She was back in her bed in the dorm room, but her legs were spread open.  She knew that her lower lips were open as well.  People were stopping by to see and examine and talk about her open slit, leaning forward, craning their necks so that they could see right up inside her.  She was immobile, not being able to do anything to close her legs or tell them to go away.

The room was filled with a strange bright glow when Tami woke up.  She saw that her left leg was splayed out into the room, the other was up into the corner between the wall and her dresser, her toes grabbing the top.  Tami remembered her last dream and her heart sank as she realized what might have happened.

 Fortunately she was alone.  Terri and Jen must have had early classes.  She blinked her eyes and got up.  The room was nice and warm.  It was quiet.  What a luxury now, to be alone.

She sat up at her desk to get organized.  It caught her eye at once.  Outside it was a blizzard.  Snow covered everything.  There must have been almost a foot of it on the ground, and more was coming down.  There was very little wind, and the big flakes fell gently and silently down.  Students trundled slowly along the unshoveled and invisible paths going to and from the Student Union, the tracks of their heavy boots barely noticeable behind them.

 Tami had always liked snow.  It was pretty and fun and made her happy.  She loved ice skating, cross-country skiing, even last year she was still making angels in the snow like when she was a kid.  Now, suddenly, it was a barrier, an impassable burden which imprisoned her in her room.

 What was she going to do now?

 She sat for what must have been fifteen minutes pondering this question.  She had dreaded this all semester, of course, but there was that vinyl raincoat, which was icky but at least it was warm, and Wanda had surely that something in mind for her feet.  But it looked like Tami would not have even that meager protection from the elements.

 If she at least got on with her morning routine maybe something would occur to her.  She took her bath things and three of the small towels and padded down the hall.  Someone, perversely, had left one of the windows in the bathroom open a crack, and Tami shivered as she felt a cold whiff of air against her bare hip as she passed.

 In her new life there was no end to embarrassments.  Every time Tami thought she could size up a situation, fate piled on another humiliation.  In the shower she felt a heaviness in her pelvis and realized she was about to get her period.  Damn! She would have to put in a tampon.  This was a monthly trial.  She had to walk with the tampon string dangling from between her legs in full view of everyone.  It was like a big loud billboard announcing to the world that Tami Smithers was having her period.  The first time this happened she was mortified when she overheard some crude remarks from guys saying, "Look! Tami's on the rag!"  Tami's life was like being a goldfish in a bowl.  Everybody could see everything about her.

 All clean and dry, her hair combed, tampon inserted, Tami sat on her bed and again looked out on the wintry scene.  She looked at her feet and wiggled her toes.  She thought, I could get frostbite.  Then she remembered how once in high school she had sprained her ankle during a gymnastics routine and had to sit with her foot in an ice pack for a whole hour.  Afterwards her foot was totally numb but sensation soon returned.  Sixty minutes in an ice pack was obviously safe.  The social sciences building was, at most, a five minute walk.

 Then she remembered Heather's insulting phrase: "scampering around bare-assed naked".  Well, she wasn't going to scamper.  She was going to walk.  The naked girl thought for a minute.  Then she said, out loud to the empty room: "Damn! I can do it!"

 After a last look at the dial on the radiator, Tami Smithers strapped on her ankle pouch, slung her bookbag over her shoulder, locked the room behind her, and walked down the hall and down the stairs.  She walked bolt upright out of the dorm and into the snow.

 It was cold beyond any cold she had ever known.  Her feet started tingling and in a minute they were numb, but she kept walking, her bare feet knifing through the snow, sometimes through drifts that were up to her knees.  It was actually far less work being barefoot; as she remembered, heavy boots and snow pants create a lot of resistance.  She breathed the cold air in deeply.  The wind and snowflakes stung her big breasts, her bare butt, her back.

 People outdoors on campus that day would never forget the sight of a stark naked girl walking confidently through the heavy snow.  Tami overheard one guy from far away yell, "Are you nuts??!!"  She steeled herself and went on, past the Student Union, past groups of people looking on in disbelief.

She heard one cheerful voice.  "Tami!  You go, girl!"  She turned to see Rod, waving and smiling on his way to another building.  She smiled and waved and strode on.

 With an outstretched arm she forcefully pushed open the door to the social sciences building and took strong strides down the hall.  She didn't bother to shake the snow from her feet.  Finding the regular door to the lecture hall locked, she went around to the other door, entering the front of the room near the professor's lectern.

 The clock in her room must have been slow.  She thought she would be early, but class was already about to begin.  She found herself facing a big room of about two hundred students, mostly freshmen like herself.  Everyone stared in shock as she stood upright, shoulders back, melting snow on her legs and toes, surveying the back of the room for empty seats.  Seeing none, she sat in the front row in front of the amazed Professor Audrey, an old tweedy type with a Sigmund Freud style beard.

 Somehow Professor Audrey managed to start speaking from his planned lecture notes.  He did ad-lib at one point.  He was discussing people with strong beliefs that they follow even though they are inconvenient.  He looked down at Tami, who was dutifully taking notes and was wiggling her toes as they warmed back up again, and said: "Here is an example, Miss Smithers.  She is a religious nudist.  That is very inconvenient at times, for example this morning when it meant walking naked in the snow.  But she did it, obviously her beliefs are very strong.  So here is an example of a person with very strong beliefs.  Now, people, if you turn to page 143 in your texts . . ."