**The Unintentional Nudist: November 27**

by Donnylaja

On this fine, sunny day, the Tuesday after Thanksgiving, in the library of a conservative but prestigious college, in a carrel tucked among the stacks, sat a hiding young woman without clothes named Tami Smithers, lost in thought.

 She remembered how she must have appeared to the Intro to Sociology class, probably the biggest class on campus, when she busted in on them the morning before.   There she was, facing them in full frontal exposure, almost proudly.  Her metabolism had sped up greatly during her short walk through the blizzard and she was panting heavily, her flat tummy rising and falling as she looked up to the back rows to find an empty seat.  Her whole body was flushed and now that she was back inside she felt hot and was actually beginning to sweat.  Between her slightly parted legs, everyone could see the string of a tampon hanging from her lush pubic bush.

 At times like that Tami had been able to summon reserves of strength she didn't know she had.  But now in the library that incident seemed so long ago, or like it had happened to a different person.  It was like there were actually two Tamis.  Tami # 1 was strong, unashamed of her nudity, in control.  That person made only brief appearances.  One time was when she faced the school board of her home town and told them that nudity was her true religion.  Another was the other night when she turned around to display her body to Terri and Jen in her dorm room.  And then yesterday in her walk through the snow.

 Then there was Tami # 2, her usual self, who was now sitting cross-legged on her chair, hidden in an isolated carrel, naked and vulnerable, arms across her chest.  She looked down at the tampon string which hung from between her pussy lips, its end resting on the chair.  This was probably the most humiliating thing about her nudity right now.  She repositioned her arm to block her view of it.  Tami # 2 was shy, ashamed at being naked, feeling like she was being controlled by fate, or by Wanda and her devious gang.

This Tami was in the library working on a project for her calculus professor, Mr. Hamid.  She had rushed out among the stacks to find the right books and scooted back to the carrel as quickly as possible.  Fortunately nobody was in this part of the library.  Evidently nobody even knew she was here, or else a number of guys would have passed by on the pretense of having to find books nearby.

 She looked out the small window next to the carrel.  The snow had started melting yesterday as soon as the sun came out, and walking here she enjoyed the feeling of the warm sun on her bare back.  The sidewalks were wet and clear, and where there was sun the sidewalk felt warm under her feet.  She couldn't believe that she had actually walked naked through a blizzard.  Things had happened during her sentence of public nudity that once seemed impossible or unimaginable.

Yet now that she thought about it that little jaunt wasn't so unreal.  She was only out for a few minutes and had kept moving quickly.  In fact, feeling the cold air in her lungs, breathing deeply as she strode across campus, feeling free and alive, was the most exhilarating thing she could remember.  She could certainly do it again, and she would have to.  During the winter she would find herself in the same situation many times.  She thought: if I properly manage it, keeping my trips short and well planned, I can get through this winter.  This was Tami # 1 type thinking.

 On the other hand, the diary was definitely an aspect of Tami # 2.  She had bought the little fabric-covered notebook this morning in the college bookstore, giving her money to the sneering middle-aged female clerk who made no attempt to hide her contempt for Tami's nudity.  Tami # 2 wanted a place to hide from the eyes of others.  A few minutes ago in the carrel she had opened to the first virgin page and written:

"This diary is my secret place.  This diary is my clothes."

 She closed the booklet and pensively clutched it to her chest, her bare breasts poking out on both sides.

 She couldn't think of anything else to write at the moment and went back to work, putting the diary into her bookbag.  Scholastically the semester was going great.  It looked like she was heading for straight A's.  Burying herself in schoolwork was a way to take her mind off things.

 "Hi," said a half-whispered voice.  It was Rod, standing over her with his bookbag slung over his shoulder.  He was wearing jeans and another in what must have been a large collection of plaid sports shirts under a half-opened cardigan.  On his feet were immense basketball sneakers.  The overhead lights reflected off his glasses and his shaved head.

 Tami didn't move.  "Hi."  If someone was going to interrupt her work, she didn't mind it if it was Rod.

 "Hard at work as always.  You are always doing schoolwork.  Very serious type."  He said pleasantly.

 Once again Tami noticed he was looking at her eyes and not at the rest of her, though she had crossed her arms again while reading and there was nothing much in view.  "My major is math.  I like math."

 "Good for you."  Rod seemed like he wanted to say something and was putting it off by trying to think of small talk.  "Student assembly meeting next week."

 Tami smiled and looked down at her books.  "I have you to blame for that."

 "It'll be fine."

 "I -- I hope I don't have to get up and speak.  I'm a shy type."

 "I heard about your entrance into Intro to Sociology yesterday.  Girl, you are not shy."  Quickly he added, "I admire that about you.  You are a person of conviction!"

 Tami quivered in the pit of her stomach.  The story of her bold entrance had gotten around.  How could it be otherwise?  She had bolted into class and stood naked in front of a big class of mostly freshmen.

 "Tami."

 "What?"

 "Um . . ."  Rod took a deep breath.  "How would you like to go to the Black Student Union formal dance with me?  December 9th."

 Tami was speechless.  "Well . . . "  She tried to say something.  "I . . ."  She didn't know what to think or how to react.  "But . . ."

 Finally she said, "If you haven't noticed, I'm white."

 Rod said, "There'll be other white people there.  It will be a nice time."  Then he said, "Some of the people in the B.S.A., they have gotten to respect you."

 The wind was knocked out of her.  Respected her?

 "You have strong beliefs.  At first people thought it was a prank, or you were some kind of screwed up nympho, but you, you're very brave."

 Tami pondered this, then decided it was too much to think about right now.  She got back to details.  "This is a formal dance?  I'd have to wear a nice dress or something."  Her throat went dry as she longed for a return to the world of clothes.  In a split second she imagined wearing all types of evening gowns.  Nothing revealing, as covered up as possible.  Maybe a slip or better yet a series of petticoats underneath.  Full length sleeves.  A fur coat to wear over it.  Gloves.  Oh if only . . .

 Rod looked at Tami's face for a moment, as if gathering courage.  Then he said, "What you are wearing now is the prettiest formal gown I can imagine."

 Tami felt a flush through her whole body and was afraid Rod could see it.  He obviously had taken a lot of time to notice her naked body . . . but did she really expect him to not look?  And to be put off by such a polite compliment seemed petty.

 "But . . ."  Tami, dumbstruck, stared at the back of the carrel and just couldn't give Rod more of a response.

 In the middle of this tense standoff, at the worst possible time or maybe the best, Jen arrived.

She wore a full-length heavy blue dress with a black jeans jacket and Army boots with white socks.  She was so graceful and moved so gently that they hadn't heard her approaching even with the Army boots.  She smiled and spoke in a low voice that seemed like a hushed library voice but was actually her usual voice.  "What kind of conspiracy is going on here?"

 "A nice conspiracy," said Rod.

 "Yeah, a nice one," said Tami, regaining her senses and thinking of the other, not-so-nice conspirators in her life.

 "I gotta go," Rod said, looking up at the clock.  "So Jen, are you taking Leisha to the black formal this year?"

 Jen smiled.  "Leisha and I are, well, then and gone."

 "What a shame," Rod said.  "You had yourself a fine looking woman there."

 Jen's eyes rolled.  "Fine looking bod, maybe, but not a fine looking mind.  . ."

 Rod looked at Jen and smiled and shrugged for some reason and said, "Well, I gotta go, my next class is soon."

 Jen and Tami looked at Rod as he walked away.  Then Jen looked at Tami and said "Hi, roomie."

With Rod gone Tami suddenly felt talkative and almost extraverted.  She got up out of her cross-legged sitting position and stood up.  She stretched her arms and then stood with legs spread, hands on hips, and stretched one leg, then the other.  At this sight Jen flushed with desire and felt about to faint.  Tami didn't notice, saying  "I'm not sure I can get limber enough in time for this gymnastics thing."  Tami's 34C breasts swayed tightly from side to side as she did her stretching.  So did the tampon string dangling from between her pussy lips.

 Jen suddenly giggled.  "You are just amazing," she said, and hugged Tami.

 Tami found herself hugging back, after a moment realizing that the hug might be turning her new roommate on, but then wanting to do it anyway.  "You seem like you really are a friend," she said, feeling Jen's hair against her face, Jen's rough black jacket scratching her bare breasts and her hardening nipples, the buttons of Jen's jacket against her bare tummy, the heavy fabric of Jen's dress against her public hair and bare legs.  Tami caressed one of Jen's Army boots with a bare foot.

 Suddenly Jen separated and said, "Want to make some extra money?"

 Tami wondered what she meant by that and then said, "I'm here on scholarship. . . I don't need any money."  Actually Tami thought, if I wore clothes, I would need extra money for entertainment and going out.  She envied the other students who went out to movies and dancing.  But doing those things in her present state was out of the question.

 "Well, you never know when it might come in handy.  I went to still life drawing class this morning and the professor said that they're going to have to cancel one of the figure drawing classes because they can't get models, even though the pay is twenty dollars a class.  Naturally I thought of you.  For you it would be just standing there like you are.  Why don't you try it out?"

 "You mean pose nude?"

 "Well how else would Tami Smithers pose?"  Jen smiled.

 Jen had a point there.

 For Tami, nude modeling would be a new definition of Hell . . . but she couldn't let on to Jen why.  She shrugged.  "I don't know."  For a second she thought of telling Jen her secret, that she hated being naked, that being naked was something she was forced into.  But Tami guessed Jen would be disappointed to hear it.  Tami had a warm feeling from the compliments Jen paid her, and a warm feeling from knowing that Jen really enjoyed seeing her body even though Tami was, after all this time, still embarrassed when anyone looked at her.  Telling Jen her secret would ruin something good.

 Finally Tami said, "I might not have time for it . . . I'll think about it."

 "Well if you do decide to do it I might sign up for that class."  Jen smiled and then, shyly, looked at the floor, thinking maybe this was saying more than she should have.  For a second Tami was in the unusual position of being more at ease than the person she was with.  She looked at Jen carefully, until Jen said, "Gotta go girl."

Feeling strangely brave and comfortable with herself, Tami called to Jen as she turned to go.  "If you see Rod . . ."

Jen waited for Tami to finish.

"Tell him I'll go with him."

Jen said, "I know exactly what you're talking about."

Tami blushed.  So Rod had sounded out Jen on asking Tami to the dance.  Still, that was a sign of Rod's insecurity, which was one of the things that made him appealing.

Jen walked out of the library thinking: I wonder if she'll let me have a slow dance with her?

Tami sighed and sat down and went back to work.

 She knew the footsteps well.  It was Wanda coming down the aisle headed straight for her.  As always she was dressed out loud sexy, this time wearing a short brown fur coat and knee-high boots.  Under the coat was a very short black miniskirt.  On her legs were thick pink hose.

 "Hi, my naked friend," Wanda said, as usual dripping with false gentleness.

 "Hi," Tami said guardedly, moving her crossed arms forward on the carrel so that they covered the view of her crotch.

 Wanda got right to the point.  "I bet you know of a certain Women's Studies professor named Vanessa Congi, who also happens to be Assistant Dean."

 "Um . . . I've heard of her."  Professor Congi, who seemed Carribean or something like that, was an outspoken and popular professor.

 "And I bet you know she also runs the campus birth control clinic."

 No, Tami didn't know that.  Tami hadn't had an interest in any guy on campus and birth control had been the furthest thing from her mind.

 "And I bet you DIDN'T know that the other day she was talking to me and Heather after class about the sexual health trainings she gives for girls interested in going to the clinic, and their boyfriends."

 Tami felt a chill creeping up her spine.

 Wanda pulled a chair from the next carrel and sat backward on it, facing Tami as if talking heart to heart.  "Well," she said somewhat more calmly, "she gives these trainings every semester, about breast self examination and all that, and all she has is a yucky rubber torso model and . . . other stuff, you know, and said it was hard to get people interested, and . . . well . . . Heather said it would be a better training if she had a live person who could demonstrate . . . well . . ."

 Tami's eyes opened wide.  Her whisper was almost a shout.  "NO!"

 " . . . And,  when Congi agreed, I said you'd be the natural person to be the model for the training and I'd ask you if you'd be willing to do it."  Wanda had a cat-that-ate-the-canary smile.

 "No . . . way!  I will NOT do that!"  This was one thing Wanda could not force her into.  "Tell her I said NO!"

 "Actually . . . "  Wanda looked around as if not wanting anyone to overhear, even though nobody was in this part of the library, "later I went back to her and told her you agreed to it."

 Tami's jaw went slack.  She was speechless.  After a minute she said, "I still won't do it."

 "And exactly why not?"

 "Because . . . it would conflict with my schedule."

 "She said she'd schedule the training whenever you want."

 Tami thought for a minute.  Feeling the foundation crumbling beneath her she nevertheless tried to sound firm.  "I still say no.  I'm not going to . . . exhibit myself like that."

 "Well then . . . it will be up to you to tell her so.  Tell her you don't want to stand bare breasted in front of other students for an educational purpose.  This will sound strange coming from you, the religious nudist.  And then when she gets back to her office right next to Dean Jorgon's, do you think she might not mention this, um, odd exception to your beliefs?"  Wanda's smile broadened as she saw her prey struggling helplessly in its trap.  "She'll contact you about when the training is.  I'll find out, I'm sure, because there will be posters up.  I'll be there."

Wanda rearranged her coat and got up and moved her chair back to the next carrel.  "Bye!" she said cheerfully, striding loudly back down the aisle in her heavy coat and boots as Tami looked at her receding back in pure shock.

 Tami sat at her carrel looking down the aisle long after Wanda had left.  After about ten minutes she slowly turned to her books.  What a morning.  I didn't get much work done, but a lot happened.  She took out her diary and began to spill out her thoughts.