**The Unintentional Nudist: The Workshop**

by Donnylaja

**Part 1**

In 207 Pilgrim Hall one could find a well-dressed girl sitting in her lower bunk bed eating an apple and studying chemistry, and a totally naked girl sitting behind her desk and pretending to read from a geometry text but actually thinking of other things.

 Tami looked at Terri devouring both the apple, which she had sneaked out from the dining hall by hiding it in a coat pocket, and the chemistry book.  This girl is always on the go, she thought.  She always moves at high speed, a real power achiever.  She will be important someday.

 Maybe it's because she eats so much that she has so much energy.  Sneaking food out from the dining hall was a popular pastime, but one that Tami, no longer having any clothes, could no longer take part in.  Where would I hide an apple? she thought.  She smiled at the thought of hiding little things, like pieces of celery or cookies, in her pussy.  God, how revolting!  Pretty hilarious, too.  She would probably leave the dining hall walking funny.

 Unlike Terri, who always studied on her bed, camping out with books and pens stationed here and there, Tami preferred studying at her desk.  It provided a way to hide her nakedness, at least partially.  She thought of what someone walking in could see: her entire naked side, her naked shoulders, her 34C breasts hanging out over the desk, but at least not her pussy or asshole.  She could even use one arm to hide her nipples if it was placed just right.

 Tami's mind was not on her schoolwork.  She remembered a cartoon she saw once, entitled "what dogs think about all day".  It showed a dog lying down, thinking, "How can I get more food?"  She pictured herself in a similar cartoon entitled "What Tami Smithers thinks about all day," with her sitting at her desk and a bubble over her head saying, "How can I get to wear clothes again?"

 To wear clothes again had become an obsession for Tami Smithers.  Right now she was stuck with the deal that made her scholarship depend on staying naked for four years until graduation.  Her evil R.A., Wanda Percival, whose room was only two doors down, was assigned the task of making sure Tami stayed naked, and had carried out her assignment to the ultimate, denying Tami any type of covering whatsoever.  Tami had no shoes, no bedcovers, no big purse, no hats, no gloves or scarf, not even a towel big enough to cover herself with going to the shower.  She didn't even know where her old clothes had gone to.  Wanda had taken them all, and wouldn't tell Tami what she did with them.  Tami suspected they had been thrown out or given to the thrift shop people.

 Tami examined her options once again.  She had discussed them exhaustively in her diary.  What if I just get some clothes and put them on?  That would mean the end of her scholarship, and because she had been admitted on the scholarship, the end of her attending Campbell - Frank College.  She would have to find another college.  What kind of college would accept her, knowing she had been thrown out of Campbell - Frank?  And her father would suddenly be stuck with thousands of dollars in college costs.  Tami's family was not exactly poor, but she knew her father was saving up for when her brother Joe went to college next year.  Suddenly having to pay for her college education would be a great strain on family finances, and it would be all her fault.  Plus, she wouldn't be able to face her parents' intense disappointment and resentment.  Financing her education with loans was out too.  She would need her father to co-sign any loan.  If she threw away the Campbell - Frank scholarship, her father was likely to tell her to go it alone.  In short, getting kicked out of Campbell - Frank would be a disaster she could never recover from.

 Shit!  She thought in a moment of anger.  WHY did I have to go along with that stupid streaking thing the second week of school??  It was her own fault, of course, but it galled her that Wanda, who had coaxed her into it, now had the power to make the resulting situation as unpleasant as possible.

 Tami thought of other possibilities.  I'm being kept naked against my will.  There's got to be something legally wrong with this.  What if I go to someone?  A professor maybe.  Congi!  Dr. Vanessa Congi, the Women's Studies professor and Assistant Dean, was always quick to act if she thought some woman's rights were being violated.

 Tami's heart sank as she once again supplied the answer to her own question.  Yes, Congi would go to Dean Jorgon, and the Dean would say, O.K., so nudity isn't Tami's religion after all, and we are back to the fact that she was streaking on campus which is the kind of offense which is grounds for explusion, and her religion claim was bogus, concocted to avoid getting expelled.  Therefore she will be expelled.  The code of conduct at this conservative college was very strict, at least for those who got caught, and that wasn't something she could expect Congi to do anything about.

 What if Tami just quit college?  Just put on clothes and go to work.  What would she work at?  The friends from high school who hadn't gone to college were doing things that were totally depressing.  Waitressing.  Cleaning houses.  As for the guys, they were now custodians or mechanics.  They'd be doing the same thing in ten years, unless they went on welfare or to jail.

 It was clear to Tami that staying in college gave her options for the future.  She didn't know what those options were exactly, but it included at least the option to wear clothes someday -- when she got out of school and started an interesting, non-depressing job.  She could wear clothes once she graduated.  That was for sure.  Tami fantasized, once again, about graduation day.  Of course she'd have to wear the graduation robe, it being required.  Then after the ceremony she would take whatever gift money there was and go straight out to get some clothes.  A sturdy, cover-all bra.  Conservative cut panties.  A long-sleeve flannel shirt and a sweater.  Long pants, maybe some nice black jeans.  Shoes, maybe Doc Martens, and socks.  She didn't care if it was ninety degrees out.  She would get totally covered up from head to toe.  From then on she would be the total clothes horse.

 What about before graduation?

Summers!  Tami's mind worked feverishly on how to use a summer job as a way to get into clothes again.  Summer break was only a few months away.  She would have to start planning soon.  The job would have to be away from home, in some other town, so that her father wouldn't know she was clothed.  The college had a summer job listing service.  She would start checking it as soon as the spring semester started.  Being in another town she could could wear clothes all summer and neither her father nor anyone at the college would know about it.  She could get on the bus here in town, then stop along the way and buy some clothes, then continue to where the job was.  The prospect of summer in another town energized Tami, gave her something to look forward to.

 Tami looked at the clock.  Almost time for class.  Time to expose myself to the world again, she thought.  She wished she could get used to walking naked across campus.  At times she managed to put her mind on other things and ignore everyone else.  She imagined the campus being deserted.  That way walking around naked wouldn't be so bad.  But seeing any specific person stare at her or worse, hearing someone say something behind her back, and she was cringing like it was the first time.  It became worse after Wanda took away all her footwear.  Being barefoot, feeling the pavement and dirt and grass under her bare feet, made her all the more aware of her nakedness.

 Before she left the dorm she stopped at her mail box and saw an intracampus mail envelope.  Inside was a plain slip of paper with "Vanessa Congi, Ph.D" printed on the top.  "Please come to my office to discuss the workshop.  Room 775 Rossland Hall.  Mondays from 1:30 to 3 are best.  Vanessa."  Today is Monday, Tami thought, I might as well do this today instead of waiting a week.

 She had tried to think of how to get out of this.  Wanda had told Professor Congi that Tami had agreed to serve as a live model for her sexual health awareness workshop for students interested in the campus birth control clinic.  According to Wanda, it involved demonstrating a breast self exam.  If Tami was going to get out of this, it was all very well to tell the professor that Wanda was lying or had been mistaken about her agreeing to it.  But she would still have to come up with a reason why she couldn't do it.  Scheduling wasn't a problem; according to Wanda the professor would accommodate her in that respect.  Tami thought and thought.  Why would a religious nudist have any hesitation about touching parts of her breast as part of an educational workshop?  There were probably even a number of normal, clothed women who would volunteer to do something like that.  After a while Tami had given up trying to find an excuse.  Demonstrating a breast self exam really wasn't that bad.  She'd might as well go through with it and get it over with.

 Rossland Hall, the administration building, was the tallest building on campus.  Tami had been there only once, to fix a problem with her registration at the beginning of the semester.  That was long ago, at the beginning, when she was still wearing clothes.  Rossland Hall was an intimidating place.  Important-looking adults with suits were always walking in and out.

 It was a cold, grey, cloudy day.  After her class ended at 2:00 Tami walked stiffly out of the humanities building, her bookbag slung over one shoulder, the pouch strapped to her ankle.   She knew how to deal with these chilly walks by now.  Think warm thoughts, move quickly, don't step in any water if the temperature's below freezing, pretend it's perfectly natural to be walking naked out in the cold, and keep your mind on your destination.

 She felt rude and insolent walking naked into the courtyard of the impressive building.  The pavement, made of tiny stones, hurt her bare feet even more than otherwise because she felt so out of place.  This is a place for important people in suits and nice shoes, she mused, not for a naked, barefoot 18-year-old freshman girl.

The people around here knew of her, both by sight and from reading Dean Jorgon's intercampus memo.  Administration people were more tactful than students, they knew not to gawk or say things behind Tami's back.  Still, passing a couple of women in business suits on the way to the elevator, she could feel their eyes as they caught discreet glances of her.   Waiting for the elevator was an eternity.  She could do nothing but stand there in the big lobby, as other people gradually gathered with her to wait.  They seemed to all cluster behind her instead of next to her, no doubt to get a good full-length rear view of her naked body.  She looked briefly at the portraits of former deans on the walls.  Such stuffy, well-dressed, distinguished men, all of whom seemed to be looking directly at her with deep disapproval.  When the elevator finally got down to the lobby she got in and kept back behind the other people, practically burrowing herself into the corner even though the chrome wall felt cold against her bare butt and shoulders.

She got out on the seventh floor and found her way quickly to Assistant Dean Congi's reception room.  It was small and informally decorated with lots of prints on the walls.  The secretary, a young bohemian-looking guy with a sparse beard, tried very hard not to overreact when the beautful, naked young woman sat down on the old couch in front of him.

Dr. Vanessa Congi came out of her office and greeted Tami pleasantly.  She was wearing a long, wraparound dress with moccasins and black nylons.  It seemed like an informal outfit for this place.  "Miss Smithers, Tami, come sit with me."

They went into Dr. Congi's tiny office.  Small as it was, there was room for an upholstered chair and a small, two-person couch.  Dr. Congi motioned for Tami to sit on the couch and then sat opposite her.  The couch was soft and well-worn and felt good under Tami's bare butt.

"Tami, let me say, I admire your beliefs, even though I think they're a bit, um, unusual."  Tami could feel the warmth of Dr. Congi's personality extending out to her.  "When Wanda Percival told me you were willing to help me with the sexual health awareness workshop, it really showed to me that you were a person of conviction.  After all, the average woman would be quite embarrassed to be the model for such a demonstration.  Now, Wanda said she filled you in on everything that I'll be going over.  Are you sure you are O.K. with all that?"

Tami nodded, somewhat puzzled.  All she was going to do was demonstrate how to examine your breasts for lumps.  She had seen a diagram about it in health class in high school.  Methodically and clinically touching her breasts in front of a few students in a small setting would not be such a big deal.  It was certainly not as bad as busting in naked on a big lecture hall full of students, like she did inadvertently the day of the first blizzard.  "Yeah, sure.  Don't worry."

At this Dr. Congi breathed a sigh of relief.  Then she smiled.  Her words came out unsteadily, as if she was almost overcome with emotion.  "You, Tami, are the woman of the future.  Someday I hope all women -- and all men -- will be as open and uninhibited as you.  It will be a better world for everyone.  Also a healthier one, sexually."

Tami looked at Dr. Congi, waiting for her to say more.  Dr. Congi seemed to be content just looking at Tami's face.  Finally Tami said, "When will this be?"

"A week from Thursday, at 7:30.  Is that O.K.?"  Tami nodded.  "As far as the place goes, I haven't arranged that yet, but it will be with your convenience in mind.  I'll send you a note.  This is an educational workshop.  The fact that we will have a live model won't be mentioned in the announcements.  That way we can be sure that people are there to learn and not, uh, for the wrong reasons."  This assurance, and Dr. Congi's manner, made Tami feel more comfortable.

 Did Tami suddenly detect a note of irritation?  "Well, Tami, Dean Jorgon has to talk to you for a minute. . .You can leave your bag here if you want.  I won't be going anywhere.  If you have any more questions you can ask me after you're done with the Dean."

 Tami looked down at the floor.  She had a bad feeling about having to see the Dean.  Leaving the bag next to the couch she walked out of Dr. Congi's reception area and into the Dean's bigger reception area next door.

 The Dean's secretary, Gwendolyn King, was somebody nobody messed with.  She was always dressed in a "Queen Bee" business suit and looked as if she could be a dean herself.  She kept a tight grip on everything on the Dean's schedule.  Someone told Tami once that it was Gwendolyn King that actually ran the college.  She looked up at Tami's face as she came in and, not trying to hide the fact that she found Tami's nudity very unpleasant, said, "The Dean is ready to see you now."

 Tami walked nakedly into the large, luxuriously furnished office.  It had a lush carpet that almost tickled but felt nice and warm after the cold, bare floors in the rest of the building.  There were plaques and framed paintings all over the walls.  Sitting behind a large, polished desk in front of a big window overlooking the campus was Dean Jorgon, who adjusted his rimless glasses to look up when Tami came in.  "Hello, Tami."

 Tami saw another man, dressed as the Dean was in an elegant business suit, sitting in a comfortable chair next to the Dean's desk.  "Tami, this is Henry Ross, our corporate counsel.   He's the college's lawyer."

 Henry Ross nodded to Tami politely, and Tami nodded back.

 The Dean said, "Don't bother to sit, Tami, we'll only be a minute."

 Tami stood facing the Dean behind his impressive desk.  With this person, above all, she had to be convincing in her portrayal of a religious nudist.  It was not easy.  Standing in front of these two impeccably dressed men in these well-appointed surroundings made her conscious of her nakedness to an extreme.  She resisted the urge to close her legs or cover herself with her hands even though the urge was almost unbearably strong.  What made it worse was Mr. Ross.  Though the Dean made a pretense of looking at Tami's eyes and his eyes flickered only occasionally down to her body, she could feel Mr. Ross's eyes devouring every inch of her nakedness, and staring almost like a laser at her pubic hair and at her breasts and nipples, which were obligingly jutting out for him in half-profile over her flat tummy.

 "Tami . . . "  The Dean looked down at his papers for a minute before continuing.  "You might remember that some time ago you were found by campus police running on campus without clothing, um, 'streaking'.  Such behavior would normally be grounds for expulsion.  But upon your telling us that nudity was an expression of your religious beliefs, I consulted with Mr. Ross here, who informed me that in fact nudity has been recognized as a religion in your home state, and by extension would be recognized here as well under the United States Constitution.

 "I admit that I was very skeptical of your claim, and I told you so.  I simply did not believe that you were a true believing nudist.  It seemed like it was just a story you made up to get out of the consequences that would otherwise attach to your behavior that night.  I therefore assigned your resident adviser the task of monitoring your behavior to see if you were, so to say, for real.  The college also entered into an agreement with your father which guaranteed the continuation of your scholarship in recognition of your right to remain naked at all times.  Again, to make sure that your conviction as to public nudity was real, after further discussion we decided to invoke the athletic component of your scholarship, which we had previously waived, to see if you would balk."

 The Dean shifted in his chair, it seemed a little uncomfortably.  He took off his glasses.  "But you didn't balk.  You did go and perform in your sport.  And there have been other things.  I've had some second thoughts about you, Tami.  Maybe I owe you an apology.  I looked out my window a few weeks ago when the whole place was covered in white and I saw you walking naked through the snow.  It would take quite a strong belief to make a person do such a thing.  Over the past few months you've started to convince me, and even maybe started to convince my wife.  Even if this whole thing has been a pretense on your part, you've carried it awfully far.

 "Now I learn from Professor Congi about how you have volunteered to be a model for one of her, um, workshops.  It seems to me that if you really are willing to go throught . . . that, you must have a genuine conviction as to, uh, nudity."

 Tami, standing naked in front of the two men, felt a vague but unmistakeable surge of hope.  She didn't know where this was going but it seemed like she was poised on the edge of something.  She wanted to know more.  "I don't understand," she said with a small but steady voice.  She was tightly controlling all her reactions.  Remember, she told herself, you're supposed to be a religious nudist.  You are supposed to want to be naked.

 "What I'm saying, Tami, is, if you go through this workshop without hesitation, I'll call off the hounds, so to speak.  You will no longer be monitored, and I will inform Miss Percival to that effect.  Our skepticism will be officially at an end.  Your scholarship will continue in place.  The original incident with the campus police will be forgotten.  We will continue to recognize your right to remain naked as a religious conviction . . ."

 Don't smile, Tami told herself.  Don't smile.

 " . . . And even recognize that religious convictions can change."

 Tami tried very hard to keep the corners of her mouth from going up.  She still wanted to be sure, though, about what she thought she was hearing.  "I'm still not sure I understand you."

 "What I mean, Miss Smithers, is that if you participate in this workshop in accordance with your religion, without any showing that you would rather be clothed, you are free to continue to be a nudist or are free to change your mind and wear clothes, it's all the same to us."

 Tami almost quivered at the strain of holding in her joy.  She stayed silent.

 Nodding at the attorney, the Dean said, "Mr. Ross will be present to monitor your actions at the workshop.  This will be one final test to see if your convictions are genuine.  He advises me that having one clearly defined, clearly witnessed event before we make this change in position is the best way to ensure the protection of the legal rights of all involved."

 Tami looked at Mr. Ross, for a moment with disgust but she was quick to change that expression to one of deadpan respect.  Still, she thought, even with this creep in attendance, this workshop won't be so bad.  It will be worth it if it means wearing clothes again.

 She looked back at the Dean, who said, "You can go now, Tami.  Thank you for your time."

 She nodded, not being able to speak, and turned to leave.  She felt the eyes of Mr. Ross and, finally unhibited, the eyes of the Dean on her bare butt as she left the office and went back to Dr. Congi's office to get her bookbag.

 She walked stiffly, hardly taking a breath, down the hall to the elevator.  It was empty.  Once the doors closed on her and she was down a couple of floors, she took a deep breath and found herself shouting, "Yes! Yes! YES!!!", pounding her fist down into the air in front of her over and over, her breasts bouncing, her feet slapping against the cold elevator floor.

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 2**

The intracampus note from Dr. Congi was the first bad sign.  Tami found it in her dorm mailbox the next day.  The workshop, entitled "Sexual Health Awareness", was scheduled for the Pilgrim Hall lounge!  Tami shut her eyes.  This meant that all her dorm friends, and anyone else stopping by, would be able to see her examining her breasts.  Well, she told herself once again, at least this will be it.  It may be one more embarrassing exposure, but at least afterwards I will get to wear clothes again.

Another bad sign was the posters she saw the next day.  They were not only in the dorm but in the campus center and a few of the academic buildings.  Dozens of people could be attending this thing, she thought.  What made it much worse was that, within hours, someone -- probably Wanda -- had scrawled on some of them: "Featuring Tami Smithers, live model."  Shit, she thought, now everyone on campus will be there.  When she came upon a poster with this written on it and saw no one around, she would rip the poster down and stuff it in the nearest waste pail.

 Around the dorm, fortunately, nobody mentioned the workshop, though she kept waiting for Jen or Terri to say something.  Apparently they didn't see the extra note about Tami on the posters, or if they did maybe they thought it was a joke.

 This welcome silence was broken the afternoon of the workshop.  Jen and Tami were studying in their room when Jen said, in her usual straightforward but gentle fashion, "Are you going to be acting as a model for Dr. Congi's workshop tonight?"

 Tami said only, "Yes."  She didn't want to elaborate.

 She didn't want Jen to elaborate either, but then Jen said, "I think that's a very brave and nice thing you're doing.  I'll go with you for moral support . . . I think this whole topic of women's sexual health is something women are too ignorant of, and it's really good that you will be there to demonstrate these things and give them meaning."  Tami realized that she would indeed feel supported and comforted by the presence of Jen.

 Tami tried to concentrate on her studying.  She thought it would be a good idea to take a shower and wash her hair.  Might as well look my best, she thought.

The workshop was scheduled for 7:30 p.m.  When Tami and Jen went down to the lounge a few minutes early, they found Dr. Congi in jeans and sneakers, busily setting up a table with paper on it like one finds in a doctor's office.   Next to it she had a large cabinet.  "Hello," she said, welcoming Tami and Jen with a smile.  "I want this to be the best training ever.  I'm so excited that we will have an actual person to illustrate.  Tami Smithers, you are doing a good thing tonight for women everywhere."  All this praise from Jen and Dr. Congi was some comfort, mused Jen, but not much.  Again, she told herself: hang in there.  After this is over, I'll get to wear clothes.

 Tami and Jen sat on a couch, having offered to help but being told by Dr. Congi that "setting up is a one-woman job, unfortunately".  She took out some big oaktag posters that were bundled face to face, with only the blank backs visible.  Then she opened the cabinet, saying, "This is what I used to be stuck with."  It was a life-size silicone model of a woman's shoulders and breasts, extending down to the navel.  It was also dirty, looking like it had been handled by thousands of people.  She gave it to Jen.  "There are some supposedly normal feeling lumps in those breasts, and one lump that was supposed to be abnormal, or at least when this thing was new.  Go ahead, feel my breasts," she said with a smile.

 Jen took the model and grabbed both breasts from behind.  "Nice firm tits," she said.  She and Dr. Congi laughed.  Even Tami couldn't resist a smile.  After a moment Jen recoiled and said, "Ewww!  This feels like a broken bed spring."  She rubbed the tip of one finger on a place she had discovered under the left breast.

 "Precisely," said Dr. Congi.  "I suppose if a women felt something like a broken spring in her breast that would be cause for concern too.  But it's not exactly what I had in mind."

 Jen gave the breast model back and she and Tami sat on the couch again as Dr. Congi went over some notes.  She seemed to have a lot of stuff in the cabinet but apparently decided not to bring it out yet.  A girl that Jen and Tami vaguely knew from the third floor walked in and sat a few couches behind them.  Soon another girl walked in.  Then a third, bringing in a guy who was apparently her boyfriend.  He looked bored until he saw Tami.  Then, like most guys on campus, he pretended to be focused on what he was doing, namely finding a place to sit with his girlfriend, while trying to sneak glances at Tami.

 Then, as Tami had dreaded and expected, Wanda and Heather made their usual big entrance.  Both of them made a point of saying, "Hi, Tami, Hi Dr. Congi," as they sat on a couch to the side, right next to Dr. Congi's cabinet.

 Soon there were about thirty people in the lounge.  Tami and Jen were in a couch right up in front next to Dr. Congi and her things, which Tami suddenly realized were right in the middle of the lounge, facing the doors.  People passing through the lobby would be able to see everything through the glass partition.  She sighed in exasperation.  Life seemed to add these little indignities to a naked girl one at a time.  She looked up at the clock.  It was 7:40.

 Dr. Congi looked up from her notes with a broad smile of surprise.  "This is a wonderful turnout," she said.  "I'm very pleased.  I'm also pleased that we have some men here."  Tami noticied that, indeed, about a third of the audience was guys.

Then Dr. Congi stood in front of her table and said, "Welcome, everyone, to this semester's Sexual Awareness Workshop.  My name is Vanessa Congi.  I am a professor of Women's Studies and the Assistant Dean of Students.  I am also a former gynecological nurse and I am in charge of the campus birth control clinic, which was established here, after much effort, in 1994."

 She went on to say a few words about the clinic and clinic procedures.  After about ten minutes she said, "The first topic I want to cover is how to do a breast self exam.  It is important for every woman to examine her breasts once a month to check for lumps.  Early detection of these lumps is very important in treating breast cancer and other conditions."

 Looking at Tami in front of her, she went on, "We are very fortunate to have Ms. Tami Smithers with us to serve as a model for this workshop.  Tami, please come up here and sit on the table."

 Well, Tami thought, this is it.  Hopefully this won't be too embarrassing or take too long.  It seems like Dr. Congi will be talking about a lot of things tonight and the breast exam thing will be only a small part of it.  In a minute Tami found herself sitting on the table, facing the students, looking briefly at Jen with a quick half-smile.  Tami was trying not to act nervous, but she couldn't help thinking to herself: here I am, totally naked, facing a bunch of students in my own dorm.

Tami suddenly realized that being a model for this workshop made her more naked than naked.  For months she had been stared at whenever she walked around campus.  But now she was being put on display, pointed at and discussed.  It was like a layer of clothing she didn't even know she had was being stripped away.  She looked at the people attending and wished she was sitting with them on a couch.  That way she would feel almost clothed.

Worse, she was facing whoever chose to pass by in the lobby.  Though the lounge was well heated, she suddenly felt cold and goose bumps appeared on her naked body.  She tried not to show any evidence that she was ill at ease.  But as she sat on the table, her legs hanging over the edge, she slowly rubbed the soles of her bare feet together nervously.

 Dr. Congi pulled a poster out of her bundle and seemed uncertain what to do about it.  Finally she said to Jen, "If you don't mind I'd like to use that couch to prop up the posters."  Jen obligingly got up and walked back to sit cross-legged on one of the carpeted risers that surrounded the lounge.  She gave a quick smile and shrug to Tami.

 Dr. Congi pulled the couch around and propped the poster up on it so everyone could see.  It was a drawing of a breast with circles on it.  "Now this --"

 Tami saw him immediately as he approached the glass door to the lounge.  Henry Ross, still in his business suit at this hour, entered carrying a folding chair and a briefcase.  He looked briefly at Tami and Dr. Congi, acknowledging them with an almost imperceptible nod.  Following him was a young man, barely older than the assembled students, dressed in a sports coat, carrying a folding chair and a clipboard.  They stationed themselves to one side in the back of the lounge.

 Being stared at by Henry Ross was the thing about the workshop that Tami had dreaded the most.  She thought she detected a note of irritation in Dr. Congi, who had stopped speaking for a second but then continued.  "Now this is a schematic of how to do a breast self exam.  You start at the armpit and go around and around, pressing down over and over, working inward until you get to the nipple.  Tami will now demonstrate.  Go ahead, Tami."

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 3**

Tami looked down and, her face totally expressionless, began touching her right breast in the manner Dr. Congi described.  Meanwhile Dr. Congi continued, "You know, you men can do this too.  You could be the one to examine your girlfriend's breasts.  I want men to be aware of these things . . . The best time to examine your breasts is right after menstruation, when normal, harmless lumps are at a minimum.  Tami, when did your last period end?"

 Tami said, "A couple of days ago."  She said to herself: I hardly have to say this; everyone on campus knows it, because the damned tampon string was on display between my legs for anyone who cared to look.

 "Fine.  Then this is ideal.  Do you feel any lumps?"

 "Um, I feel one about here."  Tami pushed in at a point under her right nipple.

 "Let me check," Dr. Congi said.  She moved her hand toward Tami's breast.  Tami was initially alarmed but then told herself that Dr. Congi used to be a nurse and her touch would be strictly clinical.  Indeed Dr. Congi pressed into Tami's breast efficiently and quickly and then drew her hand away.  "Yes, this is a normal lump, Tami."  Looking out to the audience, she added, "The breast is full of glands, like for producing milk, and these feel like lumps.  They are normal.  You should all know what a normal lump feels like so that you can distinguish it from the lumps that need to be followed up on."

 Then, to Tami's horror, Dr. Congi pointed to a girl in front and said, "Here, why don't you feel."  Upon seeing the girl's hesitation, Dr. Congi said, "Come on, it's okay and it's important."

 Tami shot a quick glance at Mr. Ross and decided she should accept whatever happened.  I must act like I want to be naked, she kept telling herself.  And I can't take the chance of looking inhibited.  It might appear to Mr. Ross like a desire to be covered.

 The girl, who Tami knew only as Sherry, got up and gingerly put her hand to Tami's breast.  She poked one finger in and the soft flesh yielded.  "I can't feel it," she said.  She rubbed around a little, beginning to poke so hard that it hurt.  Finally she said, "There it is."  With three fingers she rubbed the spot over and over in a little circle.  She did it quickly and nervously, and everyone had the chance to see Tami's breasts jiggle from side to side.  Then she sat down.

 "Very good," said Dr. Congi.  "Now Tami, if you could examiner your other breast."  Tami obediently started pressing down in circles around the left breast.  "Do you feel any lumps?"

 Feeling like she would regret saying so, Tami said, "Yes, here," pushing in with her fingers at a spot just above her left nipple.

 Once again Dr. Congi's skilled hand touched Tami's breast, and once again she said, "This, also, is a normal lump."  Well, Tami thought, at least I'm finding out tonight that my breasts are O.K.

 Then Dr. Congi looked up at everyone and said, "I'd like everyone here to feel these lumps so that you know what I'm talking about.  Even you guys.  Please form two lines, starting here in front of Tami.  I'll supervise."

 Still looking down at her breast, Tami's eyes widened.  No!  She can't mean that!  There was a shocked silence in the room.  People looked at each other in amazement, uncertain what to do.

 Dr. Congi took charge.  "I mean it!" she said firmly.  "Nobody gets out of this.  Don't be shy.  This is very important.  Very, very important.  One out of every seven women will get breast cancer in her life.  I see about twenty women here.  That means three of you will get breast cancer.  It might be you, and you, and you!"  She pointed to three of the girls at random.  "Now get going!"

 Tami couldn't look up.  She kept her eyes riveted to the floor.  She heard a general shuffling about, then saw Dr. Congi station herself next to her.  "Now, the lumps were here, and here," she said, poking her fingers gently into the spots on each breast.  "Go ahead and find them."

 Tami, looking at the floor, could not help seeing one girl's hand touch her left breast, and another's touch her right breast.  After a few seconds of rubbing and poking, they left, only to be replaced by another pair of hands.  Then one hand, hairier than the others, approached her right breast and she knew that it was a guy's hand.  Once again her breasts jiggled to and fro as the spots were rubbed.

 Tami allowed herself to glance up for an instant.  There were two lines of people, one for each breast, waiting to touch her.  This was a nightmare, she told herself.

 Her whole body was tensed up and her breathing was quick and shallow.  She dared not move.  She also dared not show any hesitation or any sign of covering up.  She felt Henry Ross's presence from somewhere in the back of the room.  She kept thinking what the Dean said: if she went through this workshop without hesitation, like she had no qualms about it, they would stop monitoring her and she would be able to wear clothes if she wanted to.  And did she ever want to!!

 Some of the touching was gentle, some a little more forceful.  Fortunately it all seemed clinical.  Dr. Congi was standing right next to her, no doubt to prevent any of the guys from trying to feel her up.  This made Tami feel a bit better.  It was a rough ride, but it was with Dr. Congi as the driver and she felt like she had nothing to fear from guys trying to maul her breasts.  Jen came up and clinically, but very tenderly, touched a breast.  Tami gradually got more relaxed allowed herself to breathe a bit more deeply.  But she tensed up again when Dr. Congi leaned toward her and whispered, "It will be easier if you sit up straight, shoulders back."  Tami did so and found herself sticking out her breasts as if she were posing for Playboy.  Worse than that, she glanced up and saw that it was Wanda's turn for one breast and Heather's for the other.  Both of them were careful to keep their touching very clinical under the watchful eyes of Dr. Congi, but each made a point of softly saying, "Hmmmm . . ." in a way that spoke just as clearly to Tami as if they actually said, "Here were are in the dorm lounge playing with Tami's tits!"

 In trying to locate the lump in her right breast somebody accidentally brushed against her nipple.  Tami saw it begin to harden.  She realized that the other nipple was getting hard too.  In fact, she was mortified to realize that all this touching of her breasts was beginning to arouse her.  She closed her eyes and tried to will her body to not respond.  But it was unavoidable, her body was responding.  By the time the last two people had had their turns pressing their fingers into her breasts, both nipples were completely erect.  The last persons went back to their seats, leaving Tami sitting alone, her hands clenched and white-knuckled on the edge of the table, trying not to move, as if by not moving she could hide the fact that she was turned on.  She stared again at the floor in shock and shame.  Everyone could see that Tami's nipples were rock hard and pointing at the audience.

 Dr. Congi resumed her position in front of her cabinet and began speaking again.  "That concludes what we have to say about breast self examination.  We will now move on to other things."

 Tami got off the table, and made one step toward where Jen was sitting in the back.  Dr. Congi put a hand on Tami's shoulder.  "That's O.K., Tami, you can stay on the table.  In a minute you can help us out with the next part of the workshop."

 Tami, puzzled, went back to sit on the table.  Her jaw dropped and her eyes widened as Dr. Congi pulled out an illustrated poster and propped it up.  It was titled, "Exterior Female Anatomy -- The Vulva Region".

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 4**

Tami sat on the table staring at the poster in disbelief.  Dr. Congi pointed to it and discussed the various parts of the female anatomy it showed.

 Tami guessed she should have expected it.  The table she had been sitting on was actually a gynecologist's table, complete with stirrups!  The professor reached in and extended one stirrup and then the other.  "Tami, if you can get yourself into position we can continue."

No, no, this can't be happening, Tami told herself.  She just couldn't spread her legs and expose herself so intimately right here in the dorm lounge.  She had undergone two gynecological exams in her life and had been so embarrassed that she cried afterward.  And this would be a thousand times worse.  She would be exposing herself in front of people she lived with and passed in the hallway every day.  Then there was Henry Ross.  She shot a quick look at him.  He seemed to be leering.  To spread her legs for his viewing pleasure was the most loathsome thing she could think of.  Is there a way I can get out of this? she thought.  I can just tell the professor that I can't go through with this part.  It might mess up her plans for the training, but so what?  This would be humiliation beyond humiliation.

But then she saw Ross raising his eyebrows as if thinking, Let's see what she does now.  He had apparently detected her hesitation.  Tami knew then what she had to do.  She just couldn't take the chance.  She desperately wanted to get back into clothes and end this life of constant embarrassment and shame.  The only sure way to do that would be to do whatever the professor asked her to do without any visible sign of hesitation or modesty.

Her face blank and her mind numb, Tami slid back and placed first one bare foot and then the other into the stirrups and then lay on her back.  Flexing her toes in the stirrups, she was glad she had just showered.  Otherwise the soles of her feet would be dark like they always were after walking around campus barefoot all day.  She looked at the ceiling as the professor continued.

"Now here, you see the outer lips, or outer labia," Dr. Congi said, pointing with her pinky, gently moving her finger up one side and then down the other side of Tami's exposed pussy.  Dr. Congi's finger accidentally touched a stray pubic hair, making Tami almost jump.  "You can also see the inner labia as well.  These are pinkish and are usually a bit moist."  She pointed again with her finger.

Dr. Congi's brow furrowed and then looked out into the lounge.  "I don't think everyone can see well enough.  I'd like everyone to gather round, fill up these empty seats up here, sit on the floor or kneel so that you can see this. . . Come on, come on!"

It was like when she asked everyone to touch Tami's breasts.  Everyone was nervous about what to do but Dr. Congi was not going to continue until she was obeyed.  As for the guys, they were afraid that their growing erections might show through their pants.  Everyone nevertheless gradually assembled around Tami and Dr. Congi.  People were standing, kneeling, sitting, in some cases only a couple of feet from Tami's crotch.  Tami could actually feel their breath on her most sensitive body parts.  A few were on either side of the table, trying to look down over her tummy, though a couple of them were guys who actually wanted to get a real close look at Tami's breasts.  Tami stared past their faces at the ceiling in utter desolation.

The students, though nervous, were fascinated.  The guys thought they were in heaven, being so close to such a beautiful naked female, and being allowed, even encouraged, to look.  As for the girls, each of them thought the same thing: I wouldn't want to be naked like that, but God how I wish I had a body like Tami's!

Dr. Congi still wasn't satisfied.  "I think we should spead the legs some more."  She went from one side to the other, readjusting the stirrups, and had Tami slide her body a bit forward.  "In the clinic the nurse is the only one looking and won't need to set the stirrups very wide, but for our purposes we need more visibility.  Tami is a gymnast and very flexible so it shouldn't be a strain."  When Dr. Congi was finished the stirrups were very far apart indeed.  Tami's legs were now almost in a split.  Dr. Congi was right, as a gymnast Tami was able to do a split without any strain.  But it was more humiliating than ever.  She felt as if her pussy were being pushed into the faces of the crowd.

It got still worse.  Dr. Congi went to the back of the table and started raising the section under Tami's head and chest.  "It would be better also if Tami could see, she deserves to get something out of this workshop too."

No, no, no.  This was exactly what Tami didn't want.  A moment ago she was staring at the ceiling and trying to divorce herself  from what was going on.  Now she was facing the crowd and her crotch and was forced to look.  She again shot a glance back at Henry Ross, still with his eyebrows raised.  She tried not to look at Wanda and Heather, who were up front to the side.  She could imagine the look of sadistic delight on their faces.

Dr. Congi went back to what she was saying before.  "Now once again, here are the outer labia, and you can see the inner labia as well."   Heads craned in even closer to look at Tami's lower lips.  The bright overhead lights made the view sharp and clear.  "Here is Tami's clitoris," Dr. Congi said as Tami cringed, hoping the professor wouldn't touch it.  "It is the only human body part devoted solely to sexual pleasure.  When the woman is excited, it gets erect, like a little penis.  As you can see, Tami's clitoris is a little bit erect right now."

Tami's eyes opened wide as she averted her gaze and stared at her tummy.  Dr. Congi apparently wasn't aware of what she had just said.  She had just told Tami's dorm mates that Tami was horny.  In fact she was still aroused from everyone rubbing her breasts.  Worse, everyone could see it for themselves!  Tami had never felt so miserable or ashamed.  She clenched her jaw as she tried not to let her feelings show.

 Dr. Congi then said, "The urethra is below the clitoris.  And here, below the vagina, you can't see it too well, is Tami's anus."  Another indignity, having her asshole pointed out to everyone.  The professor then thought for a moment and said, "There is something important that I want to point out to you, but first we have to reposition Tami.  If you don't mind, Tami, and I'll help you, please get out of the stirrups . . ."

 Tami's legs were so stretched that she could not pull her feet out of the stirrups without assistance.  Dr. Congi took one bare foot out and then the other.  Tami thankfully closed her legs, slid forward, and sat down on the table as before.

 "Now, Tami, please stand up on top of the table and then turn around with your back to us."

 Tami had an ominous feeling as she stood up.  She briefly glanced down at everyone.  Here I am up on a pedestal, on display like an exhibit in a museum, she said to herself.  She turned around, allowing everyone a fine view of her bare, tight butt.

 With Tami facing away from everyone, fortunately neither Henry Ross nor anyone else could see the look of total mortification that came upon Tami's face when she heard the professor's next words.  "Now please spread your legs and bend over, touching your toes, Tami."

**The Unintentional Nudist V:  The Workshop, Part 5**

Tami said a short prayer.  Please, make Dr. Congi change her mind and say I don't really have to do this.  But the professor said nothing further.  Feeling the stare of Henry Ross upon her back, Tami spread her legs as much as the table would allow, bent over, and grabbed her ankles.  Her face was visible between her legs.  She now had an upside down view of everyone.

 "Now, I spoke to you before about vaginal infections," Dr. Congi said.  "It is important to see how they can start.  You see here Tami's anus is not far from her vagina," she continued, pointing to the most private area on Tami's body.

 After a short hesitation Dr. Congi said, "Tami, if you could spread your buttocks for us so we can see this a bit better."

 Tami squeezed her eyes shut.  Every time she thought she had reached the ultimate in humiliation, it got worse.  With trembling hands she spread her tight butt cheeks as far apart as they would go so that the people in her dorm could get a good look at her most shameful spot.

At that moment someone entered the lounge and someone else entered the dorm at the same time.  Wintry air swept straight through from outside and stung Tami's stretched, exposed asshole, causing Tami to breathe in through clenched teeth.  The brown asterisk winked at the students, at Henry Ross and his assistant, and at Dr. Congi from its shallow, hairless valley.  Even around her asshole Tami Smithers had clear, lovely skin, brown in the area right around the hole, then white further out.  Further down everyone could see the beginnings of Tami's pubic hair and then the bottoms of her pussy lips.

From somewhere in the lobby Tami, and everyone in the lounge, heard a couple of guys in the lobby say, "Jesus -- what the fuck -- look at that!"  A tear of utter shame started to drop from the naked girl's eye.  She quickly turned her head and wiped the tear away in a quick motion, making it look like she was rubbing her nose, then put her hand back on her butt cheek and made sure that her face, which everyone could see upside down, was absolutely expressionless.

 "Now here you see the bottom of the vagina and the anus," Dr. Congi said, pointing with her pinky.  The harsh light in the lounge made it easy for everyone to see every crease and detail of Tami's asshole and its little valley.  "The space between is called the perineum, and as you can see it is very small.  Look very closely.  On Tami it looks like about an inch and a half.  This much," she said, facing her audience again, holding her thumb and forefinger that much apart.

 Tami took a deep breath, her hanging breasts swaying gently above her face as she shifted her feet a bit, trying to not listen to what the professor was talking about.

 Dr. Congi continued, "Of course it is important to keep the anal area clean.  You've all known that since you were three years old.  As you can see, Tami's anal area is immaculate."

 Thank God for that, Tami mused.  Her face burned red with shame.  She became aware of this and hoped that Henry Ross would attribute it to her upside-down position.

 "What I want to stress is that when wiping yourself after a bowel movement, it is important to wipe from front to back, from the vagina to the anus, in that direction.  Don't wipe from back to front, because that might cause fecal matter to enter the vagina and cause infection."

 This was such a disgusting subject.  From her upside down perspective Tami saw the look on the faces of the students as they squinted up at her asshole.  They looked like they were about to gag.  Here she was, showing her asshole to half the dorm while the professor talked about shit.  Tami couldn't imagine anything more degrading.

 From the corner of her eye Tami could see Dr. Congi picking up what looked like a wad of tissue that had been lying on the cabinet.  "So let me show you . . ."  For a horrible moment Tami thought the professor was actually going to wipe her butt in front of everyone.  As it was Dr. Congi merely brought the tissue to within about six inches of her asshole and made a little motion.  "Remember, wipe away from the vagina, toward the anus, not the other way around."

 Satisfied that the students had assimilated this knowledge, Dr. Congi said, "O.K., Tami, you can get down now.  Thanks."

Tami's body had been so tense that when she bent down to turn around she almost fell off the table.  Bent over, she slowly turned around, breasts hanging and wobbling, and soon she was back in the seated position, looking down at a spot on the floor between two of the students next to her crotch.  It was hard to find a spot to look at which wasn't right in the face of someone else, but she found one.  Spreading my butt cheeks for the crowd was like being three times naked, she told herself.  Now, at least, I am back to only twice naked.

Next the professor casually dropped another bombshell.  She brought out another poster -- Tami couldn't believe it and her eyes opened wide -- entitled "Internal Female Anatomy", and then went to a drawer in the cabinet and took out a metal contraption that Tami recognized as a speculum.

No, no, she's not going to do what it looks like she'll do, Tami thought.  She had had a speculum inside her only a couple of times, at those embarrassing gynecological exams.  But once again Tami looked up quickly at Mr. Ross.   Once again he was looking with at her with a look of skeptical appraisal.  Once again Tami knew she had to go through with this new humiliation.  She thought of the irony of her situation:  I have to expose myself without hesitation so that I can get to wear clothes again.  That's what it all came down to.

"Now this is a speculum," Dr. Congi said, focused on her educational mission, oblivious to Tami's mental state or the glances being exchanged with Mr. Ross.  "It is used to spread the lips of the vagina so that internal examination is possible.  This is what the nurse on duty will use at the clinic."  The professor clicked the speculum open and closed a couple of times.  "There are various sizes, depending on the woman.  Don't worry, the nurse will use only the smallest one possible.  One thing she will ask you is if you have ever had intercourse.  Some of the women going to the clinic are still virgins in the traditional sense and can only take a small speculum."

Dr. Congi looked at Tami.  "Tami, have you ever had intercourse?"

Tami was nonplussed.  "Uh, yeah."

"O.K., we will use this larger size then.  It shouldn't be uncomfortable."

 Dr. Congi's intentions were certainly honorable, but she seemed oblivious to the extreme embarrassment she was subjecting Tami to.  Dr. Congi's last remark made it sound like Tami had a pussy the size of a cow's.  Or was a total slut who had been fucked by hundreds of men.  Tami wondered why Dr. Congi would go on and on with this escalating series of exposures without considering Tami's feelings.  Somehow Dr. Congi seemed to assume that Tami wouldn't be embarrassed by any of this.

 Wanda!

 With a flash of insight Tami, a smart girl, guessed that Dr. Congi must have gone through every detail of this workshop with Wanda, who later reported back to the professor that it was all O.K. with Tami.  This was Wanda's most diabolical trick yet.   She probably wrote everything the professor mentioned on a list while the professor was watching so that the professor would think that every detail would be relayed to Tami.  Dr. Congi must really think that I have agreed to every aspect of this workshop.  And I can't get out of it.  I'm fair game for anything Dr. Congi has planned.  What next?  Oh, God . . .  Tami felt faint.

 "Please get back into the stirrups, Tami.  I'll help you."

 Once again, Dr. Congi moved Tami's feet into the incredibly widely spaced stirrups.  Once again, Tami's legs were almost in a split and she felt her pussy pushing out into people's faces.  Once again, her head and chest were propped up so that she had to observe the whole humiliating spectacle.

 Everyone's view was now blocked by Dr. Congi, who finally said something that seemed calculated to offer Tami comfort.  "I'll be gentle, Tami, just relax."  Tami felt cold metal against her pussy.  She inhaled through her teeth at feeling something so cold and metallic against her intimate opening.  Then the metal started to penetrate her, like she was being fucked by a machine.  In, in, in it went, almost so far that it felt like it was going up into Tami's stomach.  Then there was an awful, very uncomfortable sensation of being split apart, stretched open.  Dr. Congi seemed to be having a little trouble getting the speculum fully opened.  She twisted and turned it inside Tami as the naked girl squirmed and her toes scrunched in the stirrups.  Finally, the professor clicked the lock in place and turned to the cabinet.  Another touch of freezing winter air got into the lounge and seemed to fill Tami's open pussy.  She felt chilled to the bone and her flat tummy jerked slightly.

 Taking a flashlight out of the drawer, Dr. Congi bent down and looked straight up inside Tami.  Tami could swear she could feel the heat of the light as it crept like a searchlight along her insides.  "Tami, you have a beautiful cervix!" Dr. Congi exclaimed brightly.  Somebody giggled.  Responding to this, she said, "She does!"

 Standing up again, Dr. Congi said, "I'd like you all to look at the inside of Tami's vagina.  Refer to this poster first.  You can easily make out the cervix and the fornix beyond it, which is the end of the vagina.  When you're done hand the flashlight to the next person.  Take your time.  This is something that you might never get the chance to see again.

 "Look at the cervix especially.  Women who have had children have a cervix with a crease in it.  Tami, here, hasn't had children and her cervix is very smooth.  Looking at the cervix is looking at where life begins.  It's something, well, sacred."

 Dr. Congi went to the cabinet and brought out a box of latex gloves.  "If you want you can put on a glove and touch Tami's cervix.  It feels like the end of your nose.  This is more than you need to know for the purposes of this training but, again, this is a special moment which you will probably never experience again."

 Dr. Congi's words only reinforced the fact that the whole atmosphere in the room had changed.  Something special was happening.  Having Tami opened up for inspection was beyond nakedness, beyond sex.

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 6**

All except for Tami, of course.  For her it was just another in tonight's escalating, never-ending series of degradations.  She looked down at the nervous students as they took their turns peering into her with a flashlight.  A few of them glanced up at her face.  When Tami made eye contact with someone, knowing they were looking right up inside her, she was pushed into a yet higher extreme of shame.

As it turned out only a few of them opted to put on gloves and touch her cervix.  It was a weird feeling, and Tami felt sensations that she hadn't ever felt before, not even during sex.  Her body twisted ever so slightly and her toes scrunched up.  Perfect strangers, and girls and guys she'd be passing in the hall and seeing every day, were feeling around inside her in her most private, womanly place.  The speculum shifted against her pussy lips and after a while got a little uncomfortable, but Tami clenched her teeth, looking down at the tops of people's heads as they bent down into her crotch, and, mindful of the stare of Mr. Ross from the back of the room, toughed it out.  She heaved a sigh of relief when the last student was done and Dr. Congi unlocked the latch on the speculum, closed it and took it out.  It took Tami's insides a moment to close.  She could see the people starin at her pussy while it still gaped open.  She hoped she hadn't been all stretched out inside for good.

Next, Dr. Congi showed the students a diaphragm and how to put spermicide inside it.  She squeezed it together and stood to one side as she demonstrated inserting it into Tami.  Everyone looked closely, fascinated, watching the naked girl inhale suddenly as her pussy was stuffed.  Then Dr. Congi showed how to take the diaphragm out.  Tami felt the slickness of the spermicide and the feel of Dr. Congi's gloved fingers as they slid around inside her pussy lips.

Tami also felt an uncomfortable sensation of fullness in her pelvis.  It took a moment for her to figure out what it was.  She was getting horny again.  Tami took another deep breath and tried to think of unsexy things.  She thought of ugly people.  She thought of mathematics.  Anything to get her mind off what was happening.

She was aware of a couple of students taking their turns putting diaphragms into her and taking them out but this was not the source of her shame.  By this time she was getting numb to the ever more intimate exposures she was being subjected to.  Her attention was focused on the steadily increasing arousal and the urgent necessity of smothering it.  She tried to suppress the jerks of sensation whenever, in their clumsy attempts to insert the diaphragm, the students rubbed against her clit with a thumb or with the diaphragm itself.  She kept her breathing steady and controlled.  If I concentrate, Tami told herself, maybe I can ignore these occasional flicks to my clit.

Suddenly she looked up with a start.  The smell of her female arousal was heavy in the room.  Tami told herself, Surely everyone must be smelling what I'm smelling.  She looked up at the ceiling as if praying.  Please, God, let this be over soon.

Finally the last student had taken the diaphragm out of Tami.  The naked girl lay alone, propped and spread on the table, breathing unsteadily, looking down at her tummy with dull eyes.  Every ounce of effort was focused on keeping her arousal down.  She was only dimly aware of what else was going on.

"One final thing I want to show you with Tami" -- somewhere within her dulled mind Tami felt a note of anticipation and hope at the mention of the word "final" -- "is the bimanual exam which the nurse will do at the clinic.  This is how it works."

 Inserting two fingers of her gloved hand into Tami's pussy, and the other hand on Tami's flat tummy just below her navel, Dr. Congi explained, "The nurse will feel inside and outside at the same time, checking the ovary area and the fallopean tube area, as you can see on the diagram."  She motioned with her head to the large "Internal Female Anatomy" poster.  "This way she can detect any cysts, abnormalities, etcetera."

 Though Dr. Congi's touch was gentle, Tami felt as if she was being mauled inside.  The professor's fingers went in all the way to feel the cervix.  Tami's pussy gradually accepted most of Dr. Congi's hand and was being stretched now even more than with the speculum.  Tami felt like a turkey being stuffed at Thanksgiving.  The fact that her pelvis felt so heavy and aroused made it even more uncomfortable.  The exploring hand felt upward, meeting the touch of the hand pushing down on Tami's tummy.  The two hands moved around in unison, trapping Tami's inside and outside together at various points.  "I see that Tami has no abnormalities."

 "Now, I really should be remiss," said Dr. Congi, briefly looking up, "if I didn't point out the location of the famous, or infamous G-spot, on the upper inside wall of the vagina opposite the clitoris, in fact it is part of the same structure, as you can see on the poster, let's see if I can find it --" the exploring finger of her gloved hand found a hard little spot inside Tami and rubbed --

 "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!" Tami's whole body undulated from her pelvis as her eyes widened in surprise and she gave out a deep, loud cry which resounded throughout the lounge as her body went almost all the way to orgasm in a fraction of a second.  Everyone in the room seemed to jump about three feet in the air.  They looked at the naked girl in shock.

 Dr. Congi looked up at Tami's face in surprise, for once losing a bit of composure.  "I see . . . this . . . had a greater effect than I thought on Tami here.  Sorry about that, Tami."  She withdrew her hand, stood up, and quickly began to talk about something else.

 Tami didn't hear the professor's ongoing lecturing.  A flush and a sheen of sweat materialized over her entire naked body, which now shone under the harsh lounge lights.  A new, stronger smell of female musk permeated the room, and it was difficult even for Dr. Congi to keep focused on what she was saying, which had to do with the importance of taking birth control pills at the same time every day.  Except for Dr. Congi, the eyes of every person in the room were riveted on Tami, her eyes still opened wide, staring at the ceiling, breathing heavily, her legs quivering, her hair disheveled, obviously poised on the very brink of orgasm.

 Gradually Tami became aware of her surroundings and of what had almost happened.  In her shame she began to cry.  She suddenly remembered Mr. Ross was watching and with a supreme effort she stopped in the middle of her first sob and it came out as a sort of a cough.   She held her breath and then tried to breathe normally, consciously controlling every inhale and exhale.  The only evidence that betrayed her true state of mind was the solitary tear that rolled from one eye down her cheek to the ear.  Fortunately it was on the other side and Ross didn't see it, just the dozen or so people who were on that side of the sweating, disheveled, naked girl.  She quickly rubbed it away, again making it look like she was scratching her cheek.

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 7**

As Dr. Congi talked on and on, Tami gradually returned to such a condition that she was able to use her arms to pull her legs out of the stirrups.  She sat once again upright on the table, her pelvis still heavy and uncomfortable, and decided that she could get away with sitting with her legs crossed in a ladylike fashion.  She wiggled her toes occasionally.  She was trying to get back to normal, trying to bring herself back down slowly from the brink of orgasm, but was still shaky.

Finally, mercifully, at long last, it seemed like Dr. Congi was delivering what seemed like concluding remarks.  Tami looked up tiredly and dazedly at the clock.  It was 9:30.  She felt like a marathon runner who is finally in sight of the finish line.  She then heard Dr. Congi say, "Thank you very much for attending.  The clinic is open Monday and Wednesday mornings.  I hope you make an appointment or at least that you have learned something tonight.  And I want to especially thank," she said, turning to Tami, "Tami Smithers for demonstrating what I was talking about, making this whole training more meaningful.  Thank you Tami, you were a real trouper.  I admire your courage and your volunteering yourself for learning purposes.  This is a vitally important topic."

 Tami was surprised at the spontaneous clapping.  She flushed because it reminded her of the various ways she had been intimately exposed to her friends and acquaintances over the last two hours.  She forced herself to smile politely and nod.  Inside she was a quivering wreck.

 She saw Jen coming up to her.  Other people were standing up, supposedly to leave, but it seemed like they hovered within a few feet of Tami.  They still wanted to sneak glances at Tami's body, even though tonight they had seen more of Tami, inside and out, than they were ever likely to see of a person in their entire lives.  Jen put her arm tight around Tami's shoulder and whispered, "You were great! . . . and you look tired.  Let's get back to the room."

 Slowly Jen led her naked friend, who was unsteady on her feet, through the dispersing crowd.  Tami tried not to look as they passed Henry Ross and his assistant, who were getting up out of their chairs.  Jen and Tami continued up the stairs to their room.

 When they got there the room was empty and dark.  Jen turned Tami to face her, hands on Tami's shoulders.  Tami just couldn't bear to make eye contact with her good friend, who had witnessed her long series of intimate exposures.  She looked at the floor.  Jen said, "You were horny up there.  She really left you on the brink, didn't she?"

 Still looking down, Tami nodded slowly, her disheveled hair partly hiding her face, her body still smelling vaguely of sweat and female secretions.

 Jen's voice was quiet but urgent.  "Want me to finish you off?"

 Tami didn't react.  She did not have the courage to say yes.

 Jen put Tami's body down on the bed, face up, and knelt down between her spread legs.  She could not resist the urge to reach up and grab a breast in both hands and suck the big, stiff nipple.  After a few seconds she gave equal time to the other breast.

 Jen's mouth descended on Tami's crotch.  Tami was not shocked by the hot, wet tongue, in fact she welcomed it.  Feeling the tongue run up and down her pussy lips felt like just another step in the escalating stimulation that had begun more than two hours earlier, when her breasts were rubbed by what seemed like half the residents in the dorm.

 Jen spread Tami's pussy lips apart and stuck her tongue into the place that had spent so much of tonight being spread open and exhibited.  She then manipulated the clitoris with her tongue.  Tami's body steadily arched up and within seconds she crested into orgasm.  Jen had never seen someone climax with such force and intensity.  With each successive spasm Tami's pelvis jerked up, bruising Jen's lips against her teeth.  One or two came with such force that Jen was almost thrown across the room.  Jen held tightly on to Tami's thighs, keeping her mouth pressed against her friend's pubic bone, determined to ride out the storm.

 It went on and on.  At times Jen was sure that Tami's release was about spent and would soon end, but Tami's body just kept on lurching.  To Jen this was one of those orgasms that she had read about but never seen or experienced, a state of constant orgasm.  Jen timed the strong flicks of her tongue just ahead of each spasm, which she knew would prolong her naked friend's state of ecstasy still further.

Finally the storm began to die down.  Jen carefully nursed each decreasing contraction as they came at greater and greater intervals.  After one final twitch, she retreated to full-length licks of Tami's pussy while Tami, her whole naked body now sweating and flushed red, took great breaths of air, her flat tummy rising and falling.

Then Jen carefully zeroed in again on Tami's clit while Tami shook her head and with limp hands tried to push Jen away.  Tami whispered, "no, no more," but Jen knew better.  She delicately but steadily increased her renewed assault on Tami's clit until, barely a minute later, the naked girl exploded in a second orgasm which hit her like a jackhammer.  It died away more quickly than the first, leaving Tami splayed on the bed motionless.  She was asleep within seconds.  With a final kiss to the exhausted pussy Jen got up.

 When Tami awoke she saw Jen sitting up on her bunk, watching her.  She wore a T-shirt, the nipples of her small breasts poking through, and shorts and socks.  Tami, still motionless with her legs spread and her head pushed against the wall, looked at Jen for a few seconds through heavy-lidded eyes and said, "Wow. . . Jesus . . ."

 Jen said, "I hope you don't mind but . . . come up and snuggle with me."

 With great effort Tami got up and walked to the bunk bed.  With a hand from Jen she pitched herself up onto the upper bunk, and lay down next to her roommate, pulling the covers over her body and holding them tight under her neck so that only her head was exposed.

 Under the covers.

 Tami had covering for the first time in a long, long time, felt the welcome, warm, snug protection and shelter of fabric hiding her body from the outside world, a feeling she had almost forgotten.  She then stretched out full length and entered into a full body hug with Jen and they kissed, mouths open and tongues exploring, writhing together snug in their warm cocoon, and then Tami began to cry.  Her sobbing increased until she had to break the kiss and rest her head on Jen's shoulder, her tears falling onto Jen's face.  Finally the humiliation, the intense, burning shame she had felt, being on display in front of so many acquaintances and strangers, having her breasts fondled as she was passed around, having her most secret place opened for their inspection, feeling things being poked around inside her, finally almost being brought to the ultimate humiliation of unwanted public orgasm  -- finally those feelings found release in her wordless sobs.

 The sobbing had Jen worried.  "Are you okay?"

"Yes . . . "  Tami said, making an effort to break through the sobs so she could speak.  "It's just that it feels so good . . ."  She began to cry again.

Jen smiled.  She did not know that Tami would enjoy snuggling with her so much, or was it the afterglow of those amazing orgasms?  Maybe Tami had been without sex for a long time and missed it.  Jen kissed Tami's tear-stained cheek and said softly, "I love you."  Within seconds Tami's sobs died down and suddenly Tami was asleep again.  Jen looked for a long time with awe at the sleeping face of her friend, who had such reserves of courage and sexual energy.  After a few minutes Jen made a decision.  She got off the bed and, with her athlete's strength and grace, carried Tami over to the bare bed on the other side.  Tami was so exhausted that she didn't wake.  Jen carefully arranged Tami on the bed, then lay down to intertwine with her again.  The two of them went to sleep, Jen's clothed, dark skinned body contrasting with the whiteness and total nakedness of Tami's.

.  .  .  .

 Tami was not aware of the kiss on her cheek as Jen got up to get ready for her early morning class.  When Tami woke up some time later she was surprised to find herself back on her bare bed.  She was also aware of stretching luxuriously and smiling, content as a cat basking in the sun.  Then she noticed that Terri was standing next to her dresser, arranging her hair in the mirror.  Terri looked like she was getting ready for class.  She wore a white button-up shirt, a red denim skirt, shiny black boots with leg warmers, her dressy red coat and a scarf.  After her hair was done she put on a blue beret.

 "Man, I heard about last night's workshop with Congi.  You are one brave chick!"  Terri looked back at her naked roommate.  Tami had finished stretching and left her legs and arms splayed out in all directions.  Her pussy was open and staring Terri in the face.  Tami was hardly aware of it; she was so totally content and satiated, and anyway she felt so comfortable with her roommates by now that she no longer had the automatic urge to try to cover herself around them.  Terri said, "When my dog was a puppy he used to sleep like that."  Tami giggled a little and turned over, lying on her stomach facing Terri so that her breasts and pussy were hidden.  She was fleetingly reminded of the awful humiliations of the workshop, but those orgasms from Jen's skilled tongue were so good that she continued to feel relaxed and content, almost giddy.  She was pretty happy right now.

 "When I came in last night I saw you and Jen playing snuggles," Terri said, gathering her books.  She said pleasantly but firmly: "I don't mind if you get it on, as long as you don't do it in my face, OK?"

 It was only then that it dawned on Tami: I've just had my first lesbian experience.  Part of her told her it was icky, but that part was way back in her brain, like it was in the mind of another person.  She remembered Jen's tongue expertly bringing her to the most intense, longest, biggest orgasm of her life.  In her limited experience with guys none had ever given her head like that.  What do I do about Jen now?  Her mind was still too groggy to supply an answer.

 "OK," she said, finally answering Terri.

 Terri looked at the clock radio on the dresser and said, "Gotta go.  I hate rushing, I only got up half an hour ago.  Don't you have a class now too?"

 Tami realized she was right.  It was only five minutes to ten.  She became alert in a flash.  "I'll go with you," she said as she bolted upright, and it seemed that in one motion she got her bookbag, loaded in her toothpaste, toothbrush, and one of her little towels, strapped on her ankle pouch, and was at Terri's side.  "I'll brush my teeth as we pass the bathroom, it'll only take a second," she said as they left the room together.

 The well-dressed Terri and the naked Tami left the dorm and started toward the academic buildings, Terri' s boots clicking dully against the sidewalk on this cold, grey morning.  It was not so bad for Tami; there was no wind, and no snow or wetness on the ground.  A guy Tami recognized from the dorm passed in the other direction.  He called back, "Hey Tam, nice cervix," just before he entered the dorm.

 Tami felt a quick pang of shame at this reminder of the workshop.  But then she realized that her days of nakedness were drawing to a close.  She had been through the crucible of that workshop and now began to think of how she would be in a few days, fully clothed.  A few seconds after the guy passed she muttered, "Asshole!"  Terri grunted in agreement.

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 8**

The intracampus envelope arrived in Tami's mailbox the next day.  The note inside was short.  "Please see me at 1:30 p.m. today.  Dean Jorgon."  Tami thought, the time is here.  I made it through that endless, horrible workshop and the ordeal is about to end.  Later today, for the first time in months, I will be wearing clothes.

 She couldn't concentrate on her geometry class.  She sat in the back row of move theater-style chairs like she always did, using her book and notebook to hide as much of herself as possible.  Most of the students had gotten used to her nudity by now, and didn't want to deal with the harsh stare of Mrs. Barrows whenever one of them turned their heads to look at the naked girl in the back row.  "The lecture is up here, sir," Mrs. Barrows would say at such times.  Still, from time to time one of the guys did sneak a look back.  They could see Tami's beautiful face, her bare shoulders and the upper parts of her breasts, and the toes of one foot gripping the empty seat in front of her, but that was all.

 Tami ignored the occasional backward glances, in fact she was ignoring the class in general.  She was thinking only of what she would do later that day.  She had about eighty dollars left from what her father had given her the last time she was home.  She now earmarked it totally for buying clothes.  To stretch it as far as possible she would go to one of the discount places she often heard Terri and the other girls talk about.  Those places were almost right across the highway from campus.  She wouldn't have to go through town, just deal with the stares as she crossed the highway and went into the store.  That would be easy considering what she had just been through.  She would first get sweatpants, a sweatshirt and some sneakers and put them on as soon as she paid for them.  The cheapest possible.  Together they should cost less than thirty dollars.  Then she would take her time with the remaining fifty bucks.

 She was trying to imagine the feel of the sweatpants and sweatshirt on her skin.  It was so long since she had worn clothes, it was hard to remember what they felt like.  She bent down and picked up her bookbag, which was made of denim.  She lay it across her lap and rubbed it back and forth once or twice.  Yes, that is close to what it would feel like.  She also thought of how the slipcover on her bed felt against her skin when she was getting to sleep, and imagined how it would feel if it was all around her instead of only underneath.

 She didn't go to lunch.  Today she didn't want to go through the daily ordeal of being stared at by half the campus in the dining hall.  Instead she stayed in her dorm room, sitting at her desk, watching the minutes slowly tick by.  She wanted no more of nakedness and wanted to keep any public exposure to a minimum until she was allowed to rejoin the ranks of the clothed.

 It began to rain as 1:30 approached.  It was a cold, windy day.  Well, Tami thought, it will be rough going out today, but it will be worth it.  Like a swimmer bracing herself for a dive into a cold pool, she took a deep breath and then plunged into the wind and rain, following the path to Rossland Hall.  She didn't need to take her bookbag.  Wearing her ankle pouch, she walked with her arms crossed in front of her, hiding most of her breasts, though because her breasts were big compared to her slender arms and were being squashed a bit, the bottoms could be seen poking out underneath.  The cold rain stung her from the side.  In a couple of minutes her entire body was glistening with wetness.  Her feet were freezing from walking on the wet sidewalks and going through the occasional puddle.  Fortunately the temperature was above freezing, though not by much.  Her whole body was flushed red from the cold but she kept on going, intent on her destination.

 Again, she felt out of place entering the courtyard of Rossland Hall, and again the stones of the pavement hurt her bare feet.  But she didn't mind the stones or the rain or the cold.  Her mind was on what she would do later that day.

As always on cold days, when she got inside she immediately felt warm, almost hot.  She almost didn't mind waiting for the elevator and standing naked in it with clothed people as it eventually got to the seventh floor.  Alert with anticipation she tracked wet footprints down the hall and into Dean Jorgon's reception area.  She gave the appointment note to Gwendolyn King.  Ms. King looked at it with her usual haughty expression and wordlessly motioned for Tami to go into the Dean's office.

 It was like before.  The Dean was sitting behind his imposing desk, with Henry Ross in the big comfortable chair to one side.  Once again Tami felt small and weak and vulnerable standing naked in this plush office before the two well-dressed men.  Once again the Dean denied her the dignity of sitting down, forcing her to remain standing in the mortification of full frontal exposure in front of the two men.

Bare skin dries swiftly.  Tami's evenly tanned, beautiful skin was dry by now except for her feet and some droplets across the tops of her breasts.  Her hair, though, was still soaked.  With both hands she gathered it and twisted it into a kind of ponytail behind her.  A small crooked stream of water trickled down her back and into her butt crack.  As for her pubic hair, it was still a little damp, flecked with a drop or two of rain that clung to it like dew on grass.  She looked up again and stood erect facing the men as if confident and unashamed.  Standing naked before these two men was easier to bear this time in light of what must follow.

But there was something amiss.  She had talked herself into expecting the Dean to look on her with avuncular good nature as he released her from her sentence of public nudity.  She had the right to expect it; after all, she had earned it.  She had been through hell, suffering through that long sexual health workshop and all its humiliations, and had done it without flinching.

 While Mr. Ross hungrily looked Tami's naked body up and down from his vantage point, the Dean looked at her face and began.  "Miss Smithers, you might remember our conversation of last week, where I told you that we were going to stop monitoring compliance with the, uh, tenets of your supposed religion, using your participation in the training given by Assistant Dean Congi as proof that your beliefs were genuine."  Tami's spirits sank as she sensed this was not going to go like she hoped.  The Dean almost cruelly let the tension build for a few seconds before continuing.  "I'm afraid that according to Mr. Ross, it was clear that you had compunctions about your participation.  This opinion is concurred in by the intern he brought with him as another witness just in case he was in error as to his observations."

 Shit.  This was not going well.  Tami thought quickly.  Realizing she might be making a mistake she said, "I -- I didn't know the workshop would involve . . . all those things.  I thought it would just be about self exam of . . . b - breasts."  She hated to say the word, knowing it would draw attention to her own rain-topped breasts, which Mr. Ross was staring at greedily.

The Dean said, "According to Mr. Ross, you also showed hesitation during the, uh, breast part of the training, even the parts that involved no more than standing normally.  You in fact clearly tried to cover yourself with your hands."

 Tami shot a glance of daggers at Mr. Ross.  The angry words poured out of her mouth before she realized she was saying them.  "What!? . . . It's not true!  Ask anyone who was there!  They'll tell you!  They'll prove that--"

 "That WHAT?" suddenly thundered the Dean in a loud voice that shook Tami and made all the blood drain from her face.  "That your portrayal of a religious nudist was convincing?  The only reason you would want to prove that is if you were faking your religion claim and wanted to get out of our arrangement.  Otherwise it would be all the same to you!  Miss Smithers, you were and are naked and nobody is forcing you to wear clothes!  A religious nudist would have no reason to complain about this state of affairs!"  Tami cowered under his angry gaze.  She suddenly regretted missing lunch.  She was getting the shakes from the lack of food, aggravated tenfold by the Dean's intimidating attack.

 Then Tami made a big mistake.  Without thinking, cringing in shock and fear, she crossed one arm over her breasts and closed her legs and used her other hand to cover her pussy.  Upon seeing the Dean raise one eyebrow, she forced herself to put her arms down, keeping her arms straight at her sides, her fists clenched, and forced herself to open her legs to a normal standing posture.

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 9**

The Dean saw Tami resume her open posture and for once indulged in a full-length appreciation of her beautiful nakedness from head to toe.  Seeing his close examination her charms, Tami died a thousand deaths beneath her motionless facade.

The Dean's gaze returned to Tami's eyes and then he continued in a calmer voice.  "If nudism were your religion, you would have no hesitation about being naked in a public setting.  Even if, for the sake of argument, Mr. Ross were lying, you would feel no need to prove that in fact you were not trying to cover up.  Whether there were more, uh, intimate exposures is irrelevant.  According to Mr. Ross it was all of a piece.  You showed a desire to be covered throughout the training."  He then said, speaking very slowly, "Miss Smithers, right now I am of the opinion that this whole religion thing has been a charade, an excuse to get out of the consequences of streaking on campus."  He looked Tami right in the eye with a glare that could penetrate metal.

 Then he spoke in a low voice in the tone of someone who has been deeply offended.  "This college was founded by people who were deeply religious and suffered for their beliefs.  They did not fabricate their beliefs to excuse silly, irresponsible behavior.  Religion, true religion, is not fun, Miss Smithers.  It is not a prank."

 Tami felt out-argued, out-prepared, out-manuevered, and totally outclassed by these experienced, knowledgeable, powerful, clothed men.  Her nakedness in these august surroundings only increased her feeling of vulnerability.  She felt like everything had been taken from her.

 It was clear to Tami that she was about to be expelled.  She had to act fast.  There was only one thing to do.  Tami Smithers threw her shoulders back, her prominent, firm breasts jutting out and pointing as if accusingly at her distinguished audience over her hard, concave tummy.  "I am a religious nudist," she said firmly, looking the Dean in the eye and trying to numb herself as if voluntarily stepping off a cliff.  "You MUST believe me.  Please believe me!"  Her tone was both determined and pleading.

 The Dean said, "A minute ago you seemed to be covering yourself up.  Doesn't your religion, uh, forbid such modesty?"

 Tami had to think fast.  "Yes.  It was -- wrong.  I won't do it again."

 "Really?"  The Dean continued to look at Tami with skepticism.  He tapped his pen against the desk, as if impatient.

 "Really!"  Tami went into a state of panic.  This wasn't working.  To the naive, frightened 18-year-old, getting expelled would be the end of the world.  She also desperately wanted to get back into clothes.  She wanted to do something that would utterly convince the Dean so that he would honor his earlier offer to end the monitoring and allow Tami the option of wearing clothes again.  What could she do?  She remembered the workshop . . .

 Only such a state of mind could account for the extraordinary acts the girl now undertook.  Using all her gymnast's skill and flexibility, she turned to the Dean in profile, grabbed her left ankle and, holding out her right arm for balance, drew her left leg out and up so that it was at shoulder height.  She forced herself to look the Dean right in the eye with an emotionless stare as she exposed her open, damp, stretched pussy to him for five full seconds.  Then she put her leg down, turned around, and bent over, spreading her legs.  In a final demonstration, she spread open her butt cheeks, giving the Dean and Henry Ross a clear view of her asshole.  She just could not look at them in this posture, even upside down; instead she held her head up so that she was facing away from these well-dressed, middle-aged men, which also meant she did not see the astonished looks on their faces.  Fortunately for the naked teenager they also could not see her expression of panic and utter misery.

 Tami slowly stood up and turned to face the Dean, exhaling.  In a tiny, quivering voice she said, "You must believe me."

 The Dean was silent for a few seconds and shifted in his chair.  Both he and Henry Ross were waiting for their erections to subside.  He also seemed undecided as to what to say.  Finally he said, "I was thinking of expelling you, but I've changed my mind."

Tami sighed in relief.  The ultimate horror was not to be.  She waited now for the assurance that monitoring would end, leaving her free to wear clothes.  Seconds ticked by unbearably.

But then the Dean said, "However, in light of what I've been told, I have no choice but to continue our former arrangement.  I will enlist others to help Miss Percival in the monitoring of your adherence to this supposed religion.  I also expect to see you at the next gymnastics meet, which is the day after tomorrow.  I will be there."

Tami felt a huge weight of disappointment tugging down on her.  It was only increased when she saw the Dean hold his thumb and forefinger an inch apart and say, "Miss Smithers, you are still this close to being expelled.  I still don't fully believe you.  If we see any further evidence whatsoever that you are not completely, uh, dedicated to your religion, then notwithstanding your protestations, you will be expelled immediately."  He then said calmly and evenly, "Again, a person dedicated to your religion would have no reason to object to this arrangement."  He looked at Tami as if waiting for her to say something.

 Tami felt a surge of anger at Henry Ross.  She would have been home free if he hadn't lied.  But there was nothing she could do about it.  She tried to think of some angry words to say but was stumped.

The only thing she could do was deny these men the courtesy of saying good bye.  She turned on her bare heels and marched out of the office.  She was so distracted in her anger that she stubbed her little toe on the door jamb.  With only a temporary break in stride she went right on walking into the hall, ignoring the pain in her toe, trying to make herself numb to the consequences of what had just happened.  In her stunned state of mind she walked right past the elevator and had to continue around the circular corridor to get back to it again.  When the elevator doors closed on her, she suddenly and unexpectedly felt sobs beginning to erupt.  Fortunately she was alone.  She pressed the button to get out on the sixth floor.

 Luckily as she hoped there was a ladies' room right there.  She barged through the door and saw that it was empty.  She went straight to one of the stalls, her feet slapping on the clean tile floor.  Once inside she sat on the closed lid and began to cry, burying her face in her hands.

The naked girl couldn't hold back any more.  It seemed like all the frustration and humiliation of the past few months were pouring out of her.  There would be no shopping for clothes today, no feeling of being covered up again.  To have clothing snatched away when it was finally almost within her grasp was too much to bear.  She was condemned to stay naked and there seemed to be no way out.  Even though there was nobody else there and she was fully hidden in the stall, she pulled her arms in to cover her breasts, pressed her legs tightly together, and even pointed her bare toes inward so that one foot covered the other.  She pulled some of the flimsy toilet paper out and it seemed to disintegrate as she used it to dry her copious tears.

 She was there for a long time.  At intervals she calmed down and then found the sobs coming again.  They echoed against the walls of the small lavatory.  She stamped her bare feet against the floor in frustration.

 While catching her breath she became aware of the scent of perfume.  She then saw a pair of shiny, high heeled shoes and nylons arrive to face her on the other side of the stall door.  A grandmotherly voice said, "Are you all right, dear?"

 Her eyes bleary, Tami reached up and opened the door just enough so that she could see the face.  She saw a woman past middle age, dressed immaculately in a green jacket and skirt, complete with a white ruffled shirt buttoned to the neck and a folded red kerchief in the pocket of the jacket.  She had on makeup and glasses hung from a chain around her neck.  She looked at the girl with amazement and concern.  "Miss Smithers? Tami Smithers?"

 Tami was puzzled.  "You know me?"

 "Dear, you're naked.  I don't see any sign of clothes about you.  You must be Tami Smithers."  Tami realized again to her chagrin how her nakedness set her apart from everyone else.  "Are you O.K.?"

 Clearly the naked girl was not O.K.  Tami thought about telling this nice lady the truth, that she was forced to go naked and there seemed to be no way out of it.  She certainly needed an ally.  But she dare not do it in light of what the Dean had told her.  In the end it would come down to getting expelled.

 Tami decided to make something up.  "B-boyfriend problem . . . I'll be O.K."  She looked up at the lady.  "Thanks for asking.  Who are you?"

 The older woman smiled, still with a look of concern on her face.  "My name is Mildred George, I run the Department of Foreign Languages."  She looked at Tami's tear-stained face, with a quick look down at her naked, cringing body.  Her next words made Tami want to scream.  "I'd offer you something to wear, dear, but I know it would be against your religion. . . I do respect that choice, believe me, though I realize how inconvenient it must be for you."  With a great effort Tami held her breath.  She resisted the urge to say, "Yes!! Give me something to put on!! Please!! Anything!!", her body almost shaking from the strain.  But she knew it would get back to the Dean and she would be finished.

 Finally Mildred George said, "If you want to sit in my office to collect yourself, please come by.  It's two doors down, Room 606."

 Tami thought once again about telling the truth.  But everything she said today seemed only to backfire.  "Thanks, but . . . I'll be going in a minute."

 "Okay, dear.  Remember what I said though."  Mildred George left the lavatory with the echo of clicking of high heels.

 Tami slowly closed the stall door and took some deep breaths.  She didn't know what to do, until she realized that her next class was starting soon and she would have to go back to her dorm to get her books.  She felt grateful for this.  Once again, schoolwork would take her mind off things.  After a few minutes she carefully wiped all traces of tears from her face with the toilet paper.  As she became more relaxed she felt the urge to pee.  She opened her legs and held open the tops of her pussy lips with her fingers and looked at the stream of piss.  She always felt like an animal, peeing while naked.  Quickly using the toilet paper one more time she flushed the toilet and left.

 Five minutes later she was gorging herself on junk food from the vending machine in a small room on the first floor.  Then she wordlessly strode through the cold rain to her dorm.  All she wanted to think about was her next class, linear algebra.

**The Unintentional Nudist V: The Workshop, Part 10 (Conclusion)**

Dean Jorgon and Henry Ross looked at the doorway for several minutes after the naked girl had left.  Finally the Dean got up and closed the  door.

 He turned back and shook his head.  "Jesus. . . That girl is tougher than I thought."

 Henry Ross, being an experienced attorney, maintained a poker face, not betraying his thoughts.

 The Dean walked back to his desk and looked out the window.  "Do you think I made a mistake in not expelling her just now?  It's clear to me  she's faking this religion business.  In retrospect that quick jaunt through the snow simply looks like another episode of streaking.  And that strip joint act just now was obviously just a last ditch attempt not to get expelled."  The Dean shrugged.  "An attempt that worked, I guess."

The Dean looked at Henry Ross.  "This meeting did not go the way we hoped.  I had her red-handed.  But she stuck to her story. . . I sure as hell felt like expelling that little bitch, after she accused you of lying."

 Henry Ross said blandly, "You really had no choice.  Like I told you before she came in, she has to make a clear, uncoerced admission that nudism is not her religion.  Otherwise the ACLU crowd will be all over us.  Remember what happened last year . . ."  The Dean made a sour face as he remembered the sex discrimination suit the college had settled for mucho bucks, and which the college was very lucky to get out of without any bad publicity.  Henry Ross continued, "You tried to talk her into making the admission and she wouldn't do it.  In fact she did the opposite."

Though the college was no longer run by the Baptists, it still depended heavily on conservative benefactors.  The Dean said, "We just can't continue to have a naked girl walking around our campus.  I've heard rumblings from some of our friends and they're afraid we won't be able to keep the lid on this for long.  They don't care about this First Amendment business.  Sooner or later they'll take their money elsewhere."

 Henry Ross said, "There's nothing we can do until she admits that her religion claim is false.  We just have to wait until then."

 The Dean looked sharply at the attorney.  "Maybe we can speed the process up. "  He spoke slowly, measuring his words.  "We have to find a way to make the practice of this so-called religion so unbearable for her that she'll have to give up and admit that she's really just streaking.  We have to find a way to make her say 'uncle!'.

"This college is not going to go down the tubes, on my watch, because of a silly girl with a bogus First Amendment claim.  Henry, I want you to think of ways we can do this. . . Apparently her 'religion' forbids modesty.  Well, I want it so that for Tami Smithers, Congi's little show-and-tell session will look, in retrospect, like a church social!"

 Henry Ross saw the Dean look out the window again and allowed himself a faint, mischievous smile.