**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love**

by Donnylaja

**Part 1**

Ms. Tami Smithers was giving a presentation in a luxurious, wood-paneled boardroom.  The impeccably dressed people around the table were listening to her every word as she stood and pointed to charts.  Though everyone else was fully and formally dressed, Vice President of Research Smithers led a naked life.  As she gestured, pointing up at the chart or drawing imaginary diagrams on the table, the V.P.'s breasts, which were large and drooped down slightly, swayed to and fro.  Just above table level, her large, limp clitoris hung languidly over her fat, pink pussy lips, sticking out from the middle of her abundant pubic hair.

 After her presentation was over, Ms. Smithers went with some of her subordinates out to a courtyard which was filled with people sitting at concrete benches, talking, reading newspapers, and eating their lunches.  It was a pleasant, sunny day with shade from the adjoining trees.  As her associates, carrying various papers, discussed the presentation among themselves, their boss Ms. Smithers lay down, the pavement scraping against her bare back.  She was in the middle of asking a question when she spread her legs and started rubbing her genitals with both hands, at first gently but then vigorously, her big breasts jiggling like mountains of jello on top of her torso, her huge, stiff nipples pointed upward.  Her associates watched and waited.  They could see her entire hand going into her pussy, wide open and huge from years of being stretched, fucked and exhibited in public.

In less than a minute Ms. Smithers was reaching orgasm.  This was a daily occurrence and the people around them in the courtyard took no notice and went on eating their lunches.  Smithers's cries of pleasure could be heard over the buzz of conversation.  When the last violent spasms had spent themselves the V.P. regained her composure and rejoined the conversation.  With the help of one of the associates she got up and, brushing dirt and little stones from her bare back and butt, looked at a document that had to be signed.  She asked some questions about it as she strode confidently with hard bare feet and led the group over to the middle of the courtyard where her personal toilet and sink were set up.

V.P. Smithers sat down at the toilet, still looking at the papers and talking, people on all sides of her, and without stopping the conversation began taking a shit.  Her words and questions were interrupted a few times by grunts as each turd was expelled.  When she was finished with the act of excretion she handed the papers to one of the associates, got up and wiped herself and washed her hands thoroughly in the sink, drying them on a fluffy towel hanging next to it.  Then she took the papers again and walked with her associates back into the building, still conversing with them.

 Ms. Tami Smithers, age thirty-six. . . After spending half her life in total and constant public nakedness, every trace of her once-puritanical sense of modesty, every vestige, had by now been totally destroyed, obliterated, wiped out . . .

 . . .

The naked girl was standing in the chilly, packed courtroom, all by herself, facing the immense judge's bench.   The uniformed bailiff to one side droned on and on as he read the petition.  It was so cold that his words came out in little clouds of condensation.  The naked girl had goosebumps and was shivering.  She squeezed her legs together and was hugging herself in a vain attempt to keep warm.  She could feel her nipples, rock hard from the cold, poking against her folded arms.  Her bare feet shifted unsteadily on the wood floor.

The bailiff concluded, "Miss Tami Smithers petitions to be allowed to wear clothing.  All hear ye the decision of the court."

 The five judges behind the bench shifted position in their heavy black robes.  Two were wearing gloves because of the cold.  Judge Jorgon in the middle spoke in pompous, loud tones.  The spectators in their heavy coats, scarves, and warm hats craned to see him and waited on his every word.  "Does the petitioner have anything further to say?"

The naked girl, shivering, hugging herself all the more tightly, looked up and said in a tiny voice, "P-p-please, sir . . . Your Honor . . . I'm   
s-s-so . . . c-c-c-c-cold . . . p-p-please . . ."

The judge in the middle looked down at the naked girl and then boomed, "The petition is . . . DENIED!"

There was some mumbling from the crowd in the packed courtroom.  The judge continued, drawing out his words: "The petitioner is to continue to be to-tal-ly na-ked for the rest of her life.  She will now return to her assigned tasks.  If the petitioner attempts to bring any more such petitions, she will be se-vere-ly punished!"

 The naked girl looked down and began to sob.  She wiped a tear from her cheek as she turned slowly to her right, where a big sliding door was being opened to reveal a bright snowy day, a slushy street in front of old style houses, people along each side of the road, and a small carriage with a man and a woman in it dressed floridly and abundantly in nineteenth-century style.  The harness in front of the carriage was empty.  The naked girl dutifully went through the door and, her bare feet crunching in the snow, picked the harness up and tied it around herself.  Leaning forward with straining steps, she got the carriage in motion and started pulling it down the slushy street, dodging horse droppings, as the spectators started to cheer.

 . . .

 Tami awoke with a start to find herself back in 207 Pilgrim Hall, sunlight filtering through the big bay window.  Frigid air was blasting in through the side window, which her roommate Terri was now closing with a stiff open hand.  "Sorry, Tam," she said, waving her hands stiffly up and down.  "This nail polish smells pretty strong and I was getting a little sick . . . Like I'm not sick already."

 With the window closed the room returned to its usual warm and cozy self.  Tami watched as Terri, in her bathrobe and fluffy slippers, sat back on her lower bunk, and being a real multi-tasker, got back to reading from her biology textbook while simultaneously waving her hands to dry her nails and reaching for a tissue to blow her nose.

As always, Tami's first thought when she woke up in the morning was that she was without clothes and lacked anything to cover herself with.  She found that she was already scrunched up in a ball as if to hide her body.  Then she remembered who she was and where she was.  She was Tami Smithers, a straight-A freshman math major at prestigious Campbell - Frank College, who had been caught streaking on a dare her first week, an expellable offense, but who was allowed to remain after offering the excuse that nudism was her religion, a religion she must now follow.

 "Good morning, gorgeous," came the soft, velvety voice of her other roommate Jen, smiling from under the covers of her upper bunk.  Jen's pretty African-American face, framed by a short Peter Pan haircut, stood out in contrast to her white blankets.  She teasingly fondled the top edge, saying, "You know, under these covers --" then suddenly flung them down to reveal a T-shirt and shorts -- "I'm naked!"

 Tami smiled.  To be in her room with her roommates again, after such unsettling dreams, almost made her want to cry with happiness.  The weird dreams, one grotesque and the other cruel, were quickly leaving her mind, as dreams will, and she got up and stood straight, stretching her arms.  "What a fine Saturday morning," she said, looking out the window.  Maybe even without clothes she still loved sunny winter days.  The brisk wind blew the scattered clouds across the sky.  The sun was almost blinding as it reflected off the windows of the science building nearby.  The room was nice and warm.  All was right with the world.  Well, almost.

Realizing her stretching was turning her lesbian friend on, Tami turned to look up at her and fondled her breasts and rubbed her nipples in a mock-Playboy fashion, then put her arms down and shook her torso for a second so that her breasts wobbled tightly to and fro.  Then she giggled.

"Oh baby!" Jen said lustily.

 "Hey now, none of that," Terri said playfully and tolerantly, returning to her textbook.

 Tami stood in front of her roommates, forgetting her nakedness for a moment.  "Time for coffee," she said, and went to Jen's coffee maker on top of their dresser.  It was "their" dresser because, though it was on Tami's side of the room, Tami had no clothes to put in it and she had let Jen use the lower drawers.  Tami took the carafe and opened the door to the hall, Jen looking up and getting a nice full-length rear view of her roommate's body.

Tami braced herself as she went out into the hall.  She had gotten comfortable being naked with Terri and Jen in her own room, but going out into the hall was different.  There was no telling who might pass by.  A still higher level of courage was required when leaving the dorm.  Walking naked on campus in general made her cringe, even after all this time, though some places were worse than others.  As for the dorm lounge downstairs, the scene of that humiliating sexual health seminar where Tami had gotten stuck with serving as a demonstration model, she now avoided it entirely.

Fortunately the hallway was empty.  As she closed the door behind her Tami heard Terri sniffle again and say, "Damn this cold!  I shouldn't have gotten my shoes wet yesterday!"  Tami padded down the hall and realized that in all the time she had been naked she had never been sick.  She was just about the only one in her wing who hadn't gotten that virus that was going around before Thanksgiving.  She had looked on as Terri and Jen went through various colds and sniffles.  And now Terri had a cold from walking around in wet shoes on a cold day.  Yet Tami had been walking barefoot through freezing rain and snow for weeks now, and naked too.  Maybe the constant exposure had built up her resistance.  Tami shook her head as she filled the carafe from the bathroom sink.  I keep finding these advantages to being naked.  This is nuts!

In a minute Tami was back from the bathroom, and coffee was soon ready.  The three roommates were busy with sugar and spoons and powdered creamer, with Tami careful not to spill any of the hot liquid on her skin.  "Well today's the day," Jen said, up on her bunk again, sipping lazily.

 "What?"  Tami's mind was blank.

 "Tonight's the Black Formal, fool!  Rod will be here probably around seven," Jen said in between sips.  "Tonight you'll be stuck with one of the only two black men on this planet who can't dance," sip, sip, then under her breath, "the other being my father."

 Tami smiled.  "I can't dance either."

 "You can't be as bad as Rod.  Rod is terrible.  He's awful. . . I had only one dance with him last year and he stepped on my toes about twenty times.  The other girls he danced with fared about the same.  It was a good thing it was winter and none of the girls were wearing sandals . . . You'll wish you had shoes.  Preferably work boots with steel toes."

 Terri had taken out her guitar, which she kept on a little blanket under her bed, and was lazily plucking at it, her coffee perched precariously next to her.  "I remember you saying that.  Mayree said the same thing."

 Tami looked out the window.  Once again she wished she hadn't agreed to go with Rod to this Black Formal thing.  There were a hundred possibilities that made her cringe.  Being naked in the middle of a bunch of formally dressed people.  Being possibly the only white person in the room, displaying all the white skin she could possibly be displaying.  Dealing with the stares of the guys and probably vicious looks from the black girls.  Walking naked to the student union at night, and back again, when it was sure to be freezing cold.  Dancing with bare feet on a dirty floor.  Dancing naked in front of people.  And now having her bare toes stepped on by Rod, a sweet guy she was really getting to like, but evidently a terrible dancer.

 Tami sighed in exasperation.  As long as she had to endure it, couldn't she just get used to being naked?  Yet every new situation brought new, different feelings of shame and embarrassment.  She had been spread naked in the dorm lounge by Dr. Congi in front of half of the people she had to live with every day, and had her internal organs poked and prodded and looked at, and nearly brought to an huge unwanted orgasm . . . Nothing could have been more humiliating than that.  Yet being naked at a formal dance seemed like an entirely new dimension of shame.

Of course, she had already said yes to Rod and it was too late to back out now.

 "Time to get clean," Terri said, perhaps unnecessarily, perhaps not, as she slid the guitar back under the bed and gathered her bathroom stuff and headed out with a final honk of her nose into a tissue.  "By the way, that was a B-flat."

As soon as the door closed Jen looked at Tami with "that look". . .

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 When the sexual health workshop had finally finished, Jen had led Tami, quivering on the verge of orgasm and walking with uncertain steps, back up to the room, and then had given her head like Tami never thought possible, giving Tami the biggest, longest orgasm of her life.  Then she had gone right on and Tami had a second orgasm, the first time she had ever come twice at one time.

 Since then, whenever they were alone in the room and knew that Terri was out for a while, Tami would look up and see Jen coming to tackle her on her bed like a linebacker, then spreading her legs and holding her down, and tonguing her clit and pussy until she came.  Tami couldn't find it in herself to put up any resistance the first couple of times, and since then she had willingly let Jen do her stuff.  It was so easy.  Tami was already naked, and Jen didn't have to undress.  All Tami had to do was spread her legs and let Jen dive in.  Jen didn't seem to want anything in return, which was fine with Tami, because to Tami the idea of licking another girl's pussy still seemed icky.  As it was, Jen seemed to be addicted only to tonguing Tami to orgasm.  And Tami was becoming addicted to the orgasms.

 To get back to this sunny Saturday morning: before Jen was about to attack she'd give Tami "that look".  Right now, Terri having left to take a shower, Jen was giving her "that look".

Tami silently put her coffee down, sat back and opened her legs wide, looking at Jen with a calm face.  Jen hopped down and in one motion her mouth was fastened over Tami's pussy.

 Tami looked up quickly at Terri's class schedule which their roommate had tactfully put up on the wall a few days ago.  Usually Jen had an hour or more at her disposal.  But now was different.  Soon Terri would be done showering. . .

 Jen's tongue went to work quicker than usual.

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 A lazy Saturday brunch in the dining hall.

 The six dorm-mates took up the whole table in the back.  On the side facing the window there was Mayree, a heavy-set black girl in sweatpants and sweatshirt, working on her fourth pancake.  Across from her was Terri, downing another cup of coffee, pretending to listen to Mayree talk about football but actually thinking about her chemistry assignment.  Next to Mayree was her roommate Rebecca, a tall, born-again Christian farm girl who was probably the only girl in the dorm who didn't do anything to her hair; she apparently just shampooed it and combed it, letting it dry without a blow dryer.  With her lumberjack shirt and wire-rimmed glasses, she looked both scholarly and outdoorsy.  Across from Rebecca was Dawn with her Birkenstocks (and socks on this cold day), unshaved legs, and calico dress, working granola into her plain yogurt, occasionally fiddling with her nose ring.

 On the end, facing the window, was Jen in her black sweatshirt, her long black coat draped behind her on the chair, with one Army-booted foot extended under the table to rest on the bare knee of Naked Tami.  Tami was sitting  with her back to the window and was glad that they had picked a table way at the back.  There was nobody else near them.  Tami had a view of the entire rest of the huge dining hall from where she sat and was glad that people could see very little of her.  Occasionally a guy would stop and the salad bar and stare in her direction, but this was a lazy morning and there was not a whole lot of interest in looking at Tami Smithers right now.  You could have a full view of Tami any old time anyway, walking across campus between classes.

Tami was engaged in eating oatmeal, trying not to think about, or look at, Dawn.  Dawn, who had been to that sexual awareness workshop and who had looked inside Tami with a flashlight and then looked up at Tami.  Dawn, who had slipped a diaphragm inside Tami later in the workshop.  And then looked up into Tami's eyes again.  It was all so innocent, in the name of education, and Dawn was a good person.  But Tami still dreaded the thought of making eye contact with anyone who had been to that workshop, especially those who had looked into Tami's eyes knowing they had just looked right up inside her.

 Tami kept her head down to avoid the possibility of eye contact with Dawn.  She tried to think of something else.  Oatmeal, oatmeal . . .

Now, listening to the girls' conversation, it was clothes, clothes, clothes . . . Her friends always seemed to be talking about clothes, something supposedly of no interest to Tami.  But in fact Tami was intensely interested, though she tried not to show it.  At the moment Dawn and Rebecca were arguing the advantages of drawstring pants.  Tami remembered having drawstring pants once in high school.  They were too hippie-looking for her taste.  She only wore them once and gave them to a friend.  How she wished she could be wearing them now!

Jen imagined that talking about clothes must be a turn-off to Tami, and tried to get a conversation going on the new ROTC building, which Jen was opposed to.  Tami found it hard to voice an opinion.  All she could think of were those fine uniforms the military got to wear . . .

 "So Mayree, we'll find out!" Jen suddenly called out across the table.

 Everyone fell silent.

 Mayree swallowed the last of her pancake and said, "Tami, we know you're going out with Urkel -- I mean Rod Sykes" -- general giggling under everyone's breath -- "and I'm straight, we really think he's a good guy, and we like you a lot girl. . . so we want to make this date really special . . . and we'd like to DO YOU UP!"  Heads nodding in agreement.

 Tami was puzzled and a little alarmed.  What was this all about?  Her first thought was of some group sex thing.  "What?"

 Jen said in her usual soft way, "Tami, is it O.K. in your religion to paint your nails?  Or do your hair?"

 Tami thought for a second.  "Yeah, sure."

 "Good, because before you go out with Prince Urkel tonight, you will get your nails done by the Ultimate Nail Mistress" -- pointing at Mayree -- "and the Ultimate High Priestess of hair" -- pointing at Dawn.

 At first Tami didn't know what to think.  Then she realized it had been a long time since she did herself up for a date.  Then she began to feel very good like anyone would who has been given a much desired gift.  All she could say was, "Wow . . . thanks girls!!"  For the first time in a long long time, she smiled from ear to ear, a smile that grew slowly until it lit up her whole face.  She was in the company of true friends.

 "Be in my room at seven," Mayree said.

 Tami smiled and picked at her oatmeal, and then suddenly thought of chicken.  "I'll cook supper for you girls," Tami said.  "In the wing lounge."  She was referring to the little lounge at the end of her hallway which had a kitchenette.  Sometimes Mayree would fix something for herself there if she got hungry in the middle of the night.

 Tami then thought about how this would work.  How will I get the food?  I'll have to go out to the supermarket, Top Food, in the shopping center across the highway from the college. . . What about pots and pans?  I can't do this!

 "Give me a list and I'll go to Top Food," said Rebecca.  "What do you want to cook?"

 Tami thought quickly.  "Baked chicken.  And rice.  And salad."

 "You can use my pots and pans," said Mayree.

 Well that was that.  It looked like Tami would be cooking for six.  This was not bad; Tami liked to cook.  She had a fleeting rememberance of helping her mother out preparing Thanksgiving when her mother was wearing just an apron and high heels, and with Tami totally naked as always.

 Musing about this, Tami didn't pay attention and felt a lukewarm glop of something falling right onto her pubic hair.  It was oatmeal, falling from her spoon.  "Shit!" she said quietly, backing her chair up and grabbing a napkin.   She stood to clean it up and then realized that her pussy would be right in everyone's face.  So she said, "Excuse me," and turned around, giving everyone, especially Jen, a fine view of her slim back and tight bare butt.

 Cleaning the oatmeal out of her pussy hair, Tami was startled to hear someone outside shout, "Woooo--oooo, Tam!"  She looked up.  Some of the campus's more juvenile guys were walking along across the road and could not pass up the chance to make a comment when presented with a full frontal view of the most beautiful body on campus.  Tami blushed deeply, whispered under her breath, "Jerks!", and finished cleaning up her pubic hair quickly.

 A few minutes later the girls were getting up to leave.  Jen motioned for Tami to stay.  "Can't we hang just a little longer?" she said.   "O.K."  Usually Tami liked walking with as many other people as possible, because if she walked in the middle of them her exposure to outside eyes was minimized. Being naked, and being shy about it, involved all these logistics! . . . But she could bear walking the short distance back to the dorm with just Jen.

 As the other girls were leaving Jeffrey Dillon came by.  Jeffrey Dillon, the gay photography major, with his Oscar Wilde haircut and his trademark long "Doctor Who" coat.  Tami thought he was irritating at first, but he was Jen's friend and Tami had gotten to like him from hanging out with him.  Looking past all his faggish mannerisms, he really was a sweet guy.  Jen assured Tami he was 100% gay.  After a while Tami began to believe this; he often talked about his boyfriend, who was away in Italy as an exchange student.  Being with a guy who was not turned on by her nakedness was strange but also a relief.  It made him easier to talk to, in fact easier to talk to at times than even Jen.

 "How is the world's luckiest dyke?"  Jeffrey said as he sat next to Jen.

 "Don't you know it!"  Jen said.  This made Tami blush.

 "If I had a roommate who had a great body and was always naked, I'd be jumping him before he turned around."  Jeffrey thought for a second.  "Well, maybe AFTER he turned around."  He smiled.  Jen giggled.  This was always the way they were, talking about sex.  Tami smiled.

 After a few moments sucking on coffee and nibbling on yogurt, Jen said slyly, "Well, that's what I do with Tam."

 Tami's eyes widened at Jen.

 "I'm not surprised, knowing you," Jeffrey said.  "Tami, you are real lucky.  I hear that Jen gives head in a way that's legendary.  Really gentle, but gets the job done.  I'm suprised you're not in a constant state of post-orgasmic ecstasy."

 Tami blushed from her head to her bare toes.  She could feel the hotness in her face.  She didn't like being talked about like this and was thinking of what to say to get them off this topic.  Without thinking she crossed her arms to hide her nipples and leaned forward, her elbows on the table.

 "Seriously, Tami, I think you are some higher life form," Jeffrey said.  Tami noticed that Jeffrey had been looking only at her eyes and not once had glanced down to her body.  "From what I understand about your religion you consider modesty to be a sin.  I heard about you volunteering for Congi's sex thing.  It just blows me away that someone could be so comfortable with their body . . . spreading your butt cheeks and showing your little winkie to everyone.  And then to get nearly diddled into coming in the name of education.  For a person with no modesty that was probably heaven.  Having half the dorm jerk you off!"

"Getting in good with Congi and getting your jollies too," Jen mused.  "What a deal!"

Tami didn't know what to make of this.  She was speechless.  The most embarrassing, humiliating experience of her life, and they thought she was lucky.  These were good friends of hers, possibly the two best friends she had in this ongoing ordeal.  How could she straighten them out?  How could she express her shame and her agony?  Only by telling them that this whole nudity thing was a hoax.  And that would cause them to lose all their respect for her.  She had to think of a way. . .

Jeffrey said, "I wish I had a model like you for my black and white studies.  The women I get, they're either so hung up and you have to pry their arms loose from their torsos, or they do nothing except these exotic dancer moves like they're at Teaser's.  Yuck!"  Teaser's was a topless bar that Tami had heard about on the bad side of town.  Jeffrey shook his head and took another sip of his coffee.

Jen looked at Tami, biting her lip.  She seemed to be getting her courage up, uncharacteristically ill at ease.  Then she said, "Tam, I want Jeffrey to take a picture of you when you're coming."

 Tami was breathless.  "What??"  Jeffrey seemed surprised too.

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 Jen continued, "I want him to take a picture of you when you're in the middle of an orgasm.  Just your face.  When you come, your face . . . well, it's beautiful anyway, but when you come, I . . . the look on your face . . . it's so complicated and interesting.  You express all the emotions it's possible for a human being to express.  It's the most gorgeous thing in the world."  Jen's gushing was such that she was stumbling trying to get the words out.  She was smiling adoringly at Tami.

Tami was in the middle of another blush.  She didn't realize Jen paid such close attention to her face when she was giving her head.  Seeing Jen look at her face now, as if remembering it in orgasm, Tami was so embarrassed that she had to look down at her plate, shaking her head.  "Jesus, Jen . . ."

 Jeffrey, observing Tami's face closely, said, "Don't worry Tam, I'm not embarrassed.  Or if I am I shouldn't be."

 Once again, her friends assumed she was beyond shame.  What a gigantic misunderstanding.  Once again Tami tried to think of a way out of this mess.  Maybe if I . . .

 Jen took a quick look behind her.  The coast was clear.  "I do have this evil side --"  She pushed her chair back and dove under the table.

 "Ohh!!"  Tami gasped loudly and her eyes popped open as she felt a warm tongue flat on her pussy.  She tried to close her legs, only to find that they were pinned apart against the legs of the chairs on either side.  "Jen!  Jesus!  Stop it!!  Not in front of --"  She tried with all her might to push Jen's head away, but she couldn't get any leverage in her position and Jen was very strong.

 Jen's mouth formed a pneumatic seal against Tami's pussy.  Within that seal her tongue was busily working around Tami's clit.  Tami's eyes darted to and fro, avoiding Jeffrey, as she kept gasping.  She looked out at the dining hall.  Nobody seemed to be looking their way.  With Jen's coat draped over her chair, and Jeffrey sitting next to it with his long coat, Jen was apparently hidden from view.  To the rest of the world it looked like nothing was happening.

In as loud a whisper as she could manage, Tami said, "JEN!"  After a few more second of gasping, she said it again.  "JEN! . . . Not in front of Jeffrey!"

Jeffrey was at first shocked but soon that turned to fascination.  This was so intriguing he put aside any thought of whether Tami might not be wanting this.  Clearly she was enjoying it on some level.  This was the kind of semi-public semi-rape that he sometimes inflicted on his own lover.  And for a girl who believed modesty was a sin, it couldn't really be that bad.  "Don't worry about me, Tam. . ."

Still trying to push Jen's head away, Tami looked dully at her plate as her body began to respond to the expert tonguing.  "Jeff . . . you . . . don't . . . understand . . . ohhhh . . ."

Tami realized to her chagrin that she was once again on the ride to orgasm, a ride that Jen had been taking her on so skillfully and so often that there was no question as to the end result.  Her eyes narrowed in anguish as she realized that in a few minutes she would be having an orgasm in the dining hall, with another person watching.  If there had to be another person, at least she would rather it be Jeffrey . . .

Tami stopped trying to push Jen's head away.  Her grip turned into a caress.  She just wanted to get this over with so Jen would stop.  She then put her hands up on the table and faced her plate so as to give as normal an appearance as possible to anyone looking.  But she couldn't bear to be reminded of her surroundings and closed her eyes.  It looked like she was saying grace before eating.

Meanwhile she took deep breaths and tried to concentrate on the flicks of Jen's tongue.  Jen was going up and down Tami's pussy, stopping at her clit now and then.  Tami knew Jen's technique by now.  At a certain point Tami would be worked up enough and Jen would concentrate on the clit for the home stretch.  Hopefully that would be soon and that the orgasm would be quick and quiet.

Tami tried to help Jen along by further stretching her legs and putting her bare feet up on the chairs to each side.  She was almost doing a split.  She then stretched even further and looped her feet around the far posts on the backs of the chairs so that her legs could relax in this position.  Her toes flexed, curling in then out, spreading and clenching, acting as a barometer to the sensations she was feeling.  She took long, ragged breaths in and out, trying to stifle her moans, but they came out under her breath . . . "ohhhhhhh . . . oh . . . ohhhhhhh . . . "

Jeffrey Dillon looked on, entranced by Tami's face.  A series of varying emotions played across it like ripple following ripple in a pond.  He also noticed, coincidentally, that her nipples, almost always erect in this cold weather, now seemed hard as rocks.  The size of pencil erasers, they pointed well forward from her firm, 34C breasts like little guns.

 Tami could not bear to see Jeffrey's gaze, even from the corner of her eye.  She closed her eyes and kept them closed.

 Three minutes went by.  The naked girl was being licked to orgasm in the campus dining hall while someone else watched.  Tami tried to force this thought out of her brain, but as the feelings intensified and her breathing got quicker she found it hard to think clearly or to control her thoughts.  Jeffrey shifted in his chair.  Oddly, he found himself getting an erection.  Well, who wouldn't, he thought to himself.  You have to be made out of stone not to be turned on by this.

 Tami's face started to flush.  A fine sheen of sweat formed on her forehead.  "Oh! . . . ohhh . . ."  Her body jerked, then jerked again.  Jen was starting to zero in on her clit.  She was coming to the end now.  Tami felt a rising sensation in her pelvis.

Tami's head jerked as Jen pointed at the right spot with her tongue.  A strand of hair fell onto Tami's forehead.  Tami smoothed it back with her hand and opened her eyes.

 Her eyes then widened in horror.

 Walking purposefully towards them, halfway to their table by now, uncharacteristically out of his business suit on this Saturday but still with an elegant sweater under his long overcoat, was Henry Ross, the college's lawyer and a total creep.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 4**

 Henry Ross, a quick thinker, had quickly sized up the situation as he had walked across the dining hall.  As he got closer he focused on what was under the table: part of the sole of an Army boot.  His initial guess upon entering the hall and spotting Tami had been right; this chick was really being given head.  He knew it had to be against her will because he knew how modest she really was.  The Army boot probably belonged to one of those multiculti radical kids who apparently consider her some kind of hero.  And here is that fruit Jeffrey Dillon, just the kind of pervert who would be party to such a scene.  Henry Ross knew this meeting was going to be delicious, but now he could not believe his luck.  Within two seconds he had figured out exactly how to play it.

 Tami's eyes were filled with fright.  This couldn't be happening!  She tried to push Jen's head away but couldn't.  She tried to close her legs but her feet were stuck in the chairs on either side.

 Ross approached with diplomatic formality.  "Miss Smithers, sorry for catching you here on a weekend, but I just need to talk with you for a few minutes."

 Jen immediately stopped her ministrations and pulled back her head, in the process bumping it up against the table top.  She knew that voice.

 She had met Henry Ross once, at her student orientation two years ago.  He had come over to her and her father during a coffee and donuts session and made some small talk.  It was so phony.  He obviously came over because they were the only two black people in the room and he wanted to prove that there wasn't a racist bone in his body.  Within two minutes he had managed to mention that he had quit a county club because it discriminated and that he was on the board of the local NAACP.  He also found a way to mention Dr. Martin Luther King about five times.  He'd probably heard that her father was a successful civil rights lawyer and wanted to make sure the college wouldn't get sued for something or other.  Jen and her father endured the small talk and later, coming back home in the car, when she said, "That Ross dude, the college attorney, made me want to throw up,"  he father replied, "Amen."

 Even now, after two years, Jen recognized that phony voice, and recalled all her feelings of disgust.  She rubbed her head and listened.

 Henry Ross looked at Jeffrey Dillon and offered his hand.  "My name is Henry Ross, I'm with Administration."

 Jeffrey offered a limp handshake that made Ross squirm.  "Jeffrey Dillon, pleased I'm sure."

 Ross pulled out the chair next to Jen's and sat down, pretending to notice for the first time that there was a person under the table.  "Oh goodness . . ."  He looked up and said, "Miss Smithers . . . ah . . . am I correct that you were in the middle of, ah, sexual activity just now?"

 Tami looked down at her plate.  She didn't want to answer.

 "Miss Smithers?"

 "Y - yes," she stammered.

 "Well then . . . ah . . . don't let me stop you."

"What?"

"I know that modesty is against your religion and we respect that, and I don't want to coerce you into doing anything that would force you to be . . .modest, unless of course it interferes with the operation of the college."  He looked at her expectantly.

 "Really, it's O.K.," Tami said to her plate.

 "No, I insist that you continue with what you were doing.  The college respects your religion and does not want to inhibit or discourage it."

 "Really, it's O.K.," Tami repeated, looking up for a second.   Then she saw Ross raise one eyebrow.  She knew that look.  It was the same look he gave her during the sexual health workshop when it seemed she might balk at spreading her legs.  It was also the same look Dean Jorgon had given her during that last meeting in his office when she impulsively had covered herself with her hands.

"Miss Smithers, please continue as you were.  I will report to the Dean and want to make sure that, ah, the situation is clear."  Ross's real message was immediately understood: So you're really very modest after all, aren't you!  I will report to the Dean that this religion is a hoax!

 Tami had done many difficult things during her ordeal of public nudity.  Going out to classes naked for the first time was hard.  Coming out to greet her family naked was hard.  Spreading her legs at the sexual health workshop was hard.  But none of that seemed as hard as what she had to do now.

 Tami looked down at Jen and said softly, "Go ahead.  Keep on."  The words were painful to say.  She said them as deadpan as possible.

 Jeffrey Dillon's eyes widened with joyous amazement.  His admiration for Tami's courage and brazenness had just doubled.  She was going to keep getting head while this stuttering, nervous bureaucrat tried to carry on a conversation.  She was going to come right in his face!  Jeffrey felt like he was in the presence of greatness.  This girl was a real revolutionary!

 Jen, under the table, was thinking similar thoughts.  Tami, I love you!  Jen found her feminist feelings strongly awakened.  Her mind quickly analyzed the situation.  This bureaucratic nonentity was clearly intimidated by a woman receiving sexual pleasure.  Yet he was gutlessly telling Tami to continue as she was so as to protect his establishment's legal position . . . Jen wanted Henry Ross to feel as uncomfortable as possible.  She was determined to give Tami the biggest, loudest orgasm ever, so that everyone in the hall would turn around and see her dear friend enjoying the full peak of female sexuality while this representative of the patriarchy cowered helplessly.  It was a Womens' Studies sexual fantasy come true!

 Jen plunged her tongue deep into Tami's pussy.  "Oh!"  Tami lurched and her eyes bugged out.  Then she rested her eyes about the level of Ross's belt buckle and listened.  She could not bear to make eye contact with Ross while she was being given head.

 "The college has always been committed to serving not only the students but the surrounding community," Ross began blandly. "I realize you're still in your first semester, but have you ever been out to the town, Miss Smithers?"

Tami tried to keep her breathing even.  She had come back down from the verge of orgasm when Ross arrived but Jen seemed to be making up the lost distance quickly.  "N - no, except . . . ohhh . . . once to visit the D-d-dean at the beginning . . ."  She tried to keep her voice even, and was disappointed to realize that she had let a moan interrupt.  Got to keep control . . .  Hopefully this creep will leave soon . . .

Henry Ross said, "The town is a place that, we believe, has potential.  . ."  He paused, as if being made very uncomfortable by what was going on under the table.  "We, ah, are especially proud of our art program.  We have therefore invited students from the community college, and members of senior citizen groups, to attend art classes for credit, or just to audit if they prefer."

Tami's gaze remained fixed on Ross's belt buckle but she could not suppress a jolt from her crotch caused by Jen's tongue.  The jolt reverberated down her legs and caused the chairs on either side to shift slightly.  To come in front of Henry Ross, this creepy, leering man, would be unthinkable.  It would be the ultimate humiliation.  She devoted all her energies to keeping her level of arousal down to prevent the possibility of orgasm.  She prayed that whatever he had to talk about, he would get it over with soon and leave.

 Henry Ross paused for a moment to notice the shifting chairs.  He made sure that Tami saw that he had noticed them.  Then he cleared his throat and said, "Ah, this . . . proposal has also been extended to the high schools in the area. . .It appears that it will be a success, with one exception, and that is the figure drawing classes, where we seem to have a, ah, problem . . ."

 Another tremor went through Tami's body.  Jen was really going at it.  Why was she being so aggressive!  Tami tried to push Jen's head away but Jen was like a stampeding rhino, her nose and tongue goring into Tami's innards . . .

 "You probably haven't heard, but all this semester there has been difficulty in getting people to, ah, model for the classes . . . So here we are, opening up our figure drawing classes to the outside, with no figures for these people to draw . . .I think you'd agree that this is a potentially embarrassing situation . . ."  He looked at Tami's face closely.  Tami's eyes flitted up briefly, then were cast down again.

 From his vantage point, Jeffrey Dillon was smiling.  Tami was concentrating on her arousal so as to reach orgasm faster.  He himself was in the habit of doing that too.  This Ross guy is probably horrified at the prospect of Tami having an orgasm right in front of him.  This was going to be good!

Henry Ross cleared his throat again.  "I'll get right to the point.  Miss Smithers, have you ever considered serving as a model for a figure drawing class?"

Tami knew that Ross would persist until he got a response, so she tried to give one.  "Huhhh . . . "  She forced herself to look up.  She put her hands up on the table in a brave attempt to pretend that they were having an ordinary conversation, but she could not stop her hands from shaking.  In an attempt to stop the shaking she gripped the edge of the table tightly.  "Y - y - you mean . . . p - posing . . ."  This next word was going to be hard to get out.  "N - n - n - naked?"  She exhaled, glad that she had finished uttering the dreaded word.

"Well how else would Tami Smithers pose?"  Ross's eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

He had a point there.

"N - no, I haven't," she said.

 "Well, let me offer this proposal, which we have, ah, cleared with the Art Department.  We are authorized to offer you a full three credits if you will serve as a model for the figure drawing classes next semester.  They are three days a week at 8:00 a.m.  I have checked these times against your preregistered spring schedule and there is no conflict."

 Tami's mind was quickly getting fogged by the haze of sexual arousal.  To her Ross's words were mostly a jumble.  Something about art classes three times a week.  She kept holding the edge of the table, her eyes focussed dully on Jen's abandoned tray in front of Henry Ross, her widespread legs and entire body tight as a drum.  She looked up but only for a second and saw the look in Henry Ross's eyes.

 He was good at disguising it, and Jeffrey did not notice it from his angle, but Tami could see that Ross's eyes had a glint of sadistic glee.  For a moment Ross allowed himself the luxury of idly gazing at the delectable sight of this naked, stressed, deeply shamed girl.  Then he continued his spiel.  "In addition, normally models get paid at the rate of twenty dollars an hour for these classes.  There had been proposals in light of the recent shortage to raise the rate to thirty. . . It is only fair that you should also benefit from this.  We wouldn't force you to choose between getting credit or getting paid.  Therefore, you will get paid at the rate of thirty dollars per hour class, in addition to the three credits."

 Jeffrey's eyes widened.  This guy was offering all kinds of things to Tami.  It reminded him of something he saw once on the Howard Stern show.  A nude dancer was being interviewed.  "Men are so stupid," she said.  "They give me money because I'm naked . . ."

 Meanwhile, Jen heard Ross offer all these goodies to Tami, but was not mollified for a second.  She continued her relentless flicking and chewing of Tami's clitoris, determined to make this victory for Tami and womanhood all the more crushing and complete. . .

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 5**

 The offer of three credits for posing nude, plus being paid thirty dollars an hour for it as well, registered only vaguely in Tami's mind.  Hunched over her plate, her white-knuckled hands gripping the edge of the table, her legs stretched back and looped around the neighboring chairs, the naked teenager gasped quietly as she concentrated on smothering the swell of arousal.  She was praying that Ross would be done soon and leave.

 "Let me ask you at this time, Miss Smithers, whether this arrangement would be acceptable to you."

 Tami was in no condition to think of a response.  She just wanted Ross to leave!

 Henry Ross then said, with the slightest hint of menace, "In light of your willingness to assist Dr. Congi in her, ah, workshop, this arrangement would seem to me to be no problem for someone with your, ah, professed religion."

 The way he said "professed" was scary.  It cleared Tami's mind up for a second.  Ross had a point.  There was no reason why a religious nudist would object to posing nude, especially if it meant getting paid and easy college credit.

 But at the moment Tami cared mainly about getting this creep to go away.  "OK, yes, I'll do it," she said between gasping breaths, hoping this would end the conversation.

 But this was not to be.  "In addition," Ross droned on, "the shortage of models has also affected our artists in residence and, ah, other members of the faculty and has hindered their artwork and, ah, other projects.  We have discussed your, ah, situation with them and they would very much like it if you could assist them, depending on your schedule of course, for a similar fee.  I believe --"

 "Yes, yes, yes!" Tami said.  At this point she would agree to anything if it meant getting Ross out of her face before she erupted in what looked like would be a volcanic orgasm.

 Henry Ross could see that Tami could not hold out much longer.   She was just moments away.  "I believe," he continued, speaking with agonizing slowness, "this is a mutually beneficial arrangement.  Our art program and faculty would have its model shortage addressed, and you will get college credit and some spending money, in fact a good deal of spending money."  He looked at Tami.  Her head was bowed as if praying.

 Ross reached inside his coat and pulled out a single sheet of typed paper.  "The arrangement with the faculty has been reduced to writing, and I believe it is a simple document which you can understand and sign.  I assume you are eighteen or older?"

 Tami didn't answer.

 "Miss Smithers?"

 Tami slowly looked up.  Her eyes were dull.  Her eyelids were heavy.  Her breasts hung tightly from her torso, the nipples rock-hard, distended, and pointing toward her plate.  Sweat could be seen all over her naked body, or at least the part that was visible.  From the part that was not visible, a slight but unmistakeable odor of female musk filled the entire corner of the dining hall.

 "Are you eighteen or over?"

 Tami tried to form words with lips that would not cooperate.  Finally she said, "Y - y - y - yessss . . ."

 "When, may I ask, is your birthday?"

 Beneath the table, Jen bit on Tami's clitoris and began to suck on it.

Tami suddenly felt an orgasm about to crest.  With all her might she pushed her pelvis down to suppress it.  She emitted a long, strangled grunt which made it sound like she was constipated and trying to move her bowels.  "Nnnnnnnnhhh!!"

 Jen wondered why Tami was taking so long to come.  Maybe it was because her last orgasm, in the dorm, was only about an hour and a half ago.  Jen resolved to try harder.  She was inflamed with the competitive spirit she felt when performing on the gymnastics team.  Here she was now in Tami's pussy, her favorite arena, and she was determined to give a virtuoso performance.  She pretended judges were watching.  She was going to go for perfect 10's!

Jen began to suck continuously on Tami's clitoris as if it were a nipple.  Tami's body shuddered and the cresting began again.  Jen only wished she could see intimidated, mortified look on Ross's face!

 Henry Ross asked again, louder, "Miss Smithers, when is your birthday?"  With a quick glance at Jeffrey, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his brow, pretending he was sweating.

 Jeffrey Dillon leaned forward in anticipation.  Tami was about to come.  And it was going to be a big one!  This Ross dude will be so - o - o humiliated!

 Tami looked up.  Her eyes were almost rolled up into the back of her head.  Her whole body was shaking like a leaf about to be blown off a tree in a windstorm.  The sight was grotesque, but also morbidly fascinating to Henry Ross.  He squinted as the sadistic gleam in his eyes got more intense.

 As for Jeffrey, he had heard it said that when women are in the throes of orgasm they can look like they are in terrible pain.  This was certainly true of Tami.  Jen was right -- Tami's face by turns was anguished, tortured, horrified, but in the end gorgeous.

 Ross asked a third time.  "Miss Smithers . . . when is your birthday?"

The tortured girl's eyebrows went in all sorts of crazy directions as she tried again to form words.  "J - j - j - j - j. . ."  She tried again.  "J - j - jullllllllyyyyyyyyy . . ."  With a final breath she spat out, "Twenty-ty-sevennn . . . ohhhhhhhhhh . . . ohhhhhhhh . . ."  She could no longer control the moans.

 "Well then," Ross said, again taking a great deal of time with his words, being careful to enunciate meticulously and give each word its full  measure, "you are legally able to sign this document.  Please look it over.  I will be happy to answer any questions you may have about it."  He put the paper in front of Tami, to the side of her tray.

 Tami forced herself to turn her head to look at the paper.  Her eyes could not focus.  She could make out the beginning, "I, Tami Smithers . . ."  The second paragraph began, "I understand that . . ."  Somewhere she saw the word "nudity".  Somewhere else she could make out the word "sexual".  The rest was a total blur.  As she tried to read her moans continued.  "Ohhhhhhh . . . ohhhhhhh . . ."

 "Is this suitable?" Henry Ross asked.

 "Uhhhhhhhhh. . . ohhhhhhhhhhh. . ."  Tami could not answer.

 "If suitable, you can sign right here," Henry Ross said, pointing to the line at the bottom and putting a pen between Tami's clenched hands.

 I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE!!!  That one thought, at least, was clear in Tami's fogged mind.  Sign the damn thing so he'll go!  She grabbed the pen and signed next to where Ross was pointing.  It was the shakiest, quickest signature she ever did and then she slammed the pen down on the table.  "Ohhhhh . . . shit!  There!!" she said under her breath in frustration.  She shook her head wildly to release some of the energy, her voice surging through clenched teeth.  "J - j - j -j - j . . ."  Her damp hair flew in all directions.  It was so sweaty that a couple of drops flew away to the side.

 Ross took the signed paper and showed it to Jeffrey.  "If you please, you could be the witness.  Sign here. . . Ah, Mr. Dillon?"

 Jeffrey, transfixed by the complexities of Tami's expressions, jerked himself into alertness and took the paper.  He read it carefully.  Tami dimly sensed this and wanted him to hurry and sign the damn thing and give it to Ross.  The strain of resisting orgasm was intense.  She continued breathing with her voice through clenched teeth.  "Zhhhhhh . . . zhhhhhhh . . ."

Jeffrey shrugged and said, "Looks O.K. to me."  No big deal for someone with Tami's beliefs, he thought.  He casually signed the witness line with a florid signature, dotting the "i" in "Dillon" with a flower.  Ross suppressed the urge to roll his eyes.

 Folding the paper back into his coat, Ross said, "I'll send you a copy, Miss Smithers.  Ah, I have also been speaking to Professor Congi.  She was very impressed with the response to the recent, ah, workshop and would like you to assist her in future workshops . . . "  He cleared his throat again.  "For some time she has wanted to give a, ah, demonstrative lecture on, ah, sexuality, but that has not been possible.  She noted your, ah, state of mind during the workshop and was concerned that you were being, ah, made uncomfortable.  In light of what I now see about the, ah, habits of your religion today, obviously I will recommend that her longstanding proposal be, ah, re-evaluated.  She may be calling you on these matters."

 Tami didn't hear any of this.  Her head was bowed down.  Sweat fell off her forehead.  She stopped gripping the edge of the table and her hands formed fists which pounded down on the table and stayed there.  She seemed as if she were trying to push herself up with her hands, but Jen kept her pinned down.  Her arms were shaking, the muscles and tendons standing out like taught cords.  "Ohhhh . . . ohhhhh . . ."

 When she pounded down with her fists, the glasses and plates on the table clattered.  The other students in the dining hall, all of whom were some distance away, had noticed the old guy coming in to talk with Naked Tami and then forgotten about it.  But now the noise of Tami's fists drew the attention of some of them.  Was Tami angry at this guy?

 Jen began pulling Tami's clitoris out to his fullest length, sucking it, biting it and twisting it around her teeth and tongue, faster and faster, faster and faster, giving it the most vigorous workout she could . . .

Henry Ross looked at the suffering girl and sensed that his final triumph was only seconds away.  He reached over the table and patted one of the white-knuckled fists.  "Miss Smithers, before I go there is one final thing to tell you and, ah, it is best if you look me in the eye."  He cleared his throat.

 Tami heard the word "final" somewhere in her mind.  She didn't know where it came from.  Then she sensed that Ross was about to leave.  With a supreme effort she looked up and opened her eyes.

 The teenaged girl's face was a sweaty riot of craziness.  It was beet red and unrecognizable.  Her eyes had the wild look of a woman who had been driven insane.  Her eyebrows moved up and down separately as if on their own.  Her mouth twitched at odd intervals.

 "Miss Smithers, I want to emphasize that I do not want to be seen as coercing you into any form of modesty that might be against your religion."

Under the table, Jen suddenly remembered the workshop and the one foolproof way to get Tami off.  The G spot!  She moved her head up a bit, still sucking on her friend's clit, and inserted one finger to find that hard little spot and then rubbed it . . .

Tami's eyes bugged out and her face twisted in anguish as she realized she could not survive this new stimulation.  A low, agonized moan escaped her lips as the cresting to a huge orgasm began.  "Ohhhhhhh . . . ."

". . .But you should understand that the kind of, ah, activity that you engage in in public cannot be allowed to interfere with the educational mission of this college."  His eyes shone with sadistic intensity as they looked into Tami's.  "Here it is O.K., but at other times and places it might not be.  Am I understood?"

 In the college dining hall, Tami Smithers, the girl who was always naked, reached orgasm.

As she felt it begin, her eyes widened and she gazed at Henry Ross with a complicated look.  There was intense hatred at this creep for forcing her into this shame.  There was panic.  There was terror.  There was anguish at not being able to stop this powerful orgasm.  There was surprise at the intensity of the orgasm as it began.  There was the look of any woman overcome with intense sexual pleasure.  And finally, there was intense, burning shame such as she had never known . . .

 A strange, strangled, prolonged scream came from Tami Smithers as her mouth opened wide.  It was an unearthly sound which immediately got the attention of everyone else in the dining hall.

"N - N - N - N - NNNN . . . . N - N - N - NNNN . . . OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH!!"

As the scream went on and on and then slowly died in her throat, everyone in the dining hall looked, too shocked to react, except for someone who said, "Holy shit!"  Naked Tami was having an orgasm right there in the dining hall!  And it was a huge, long, noisy one!  Nobody had ever seen anyone come like that . . .

 Tami's eyes bugged out and went out of focus as Henry Ross looked right into them, enjoying his triumph.  Then tears began to fall and her eyebrows arched in anguish as the contractions began.  Thump, thump, thump, Tami's legs jerked the chairs back and forth, her pelvis spasmed upward, banging Jen's head against the bottom of the table top as Jen held on for dear life.  With each spasm the whole table shifted and the silverware and plates clattered, resounding throughout the suddenly hushed dining hall.  The naked girl's toes clasped the chairs on either side as if to brace her.  She caught her breath and let out a loud moan which pulsated with each contraction.  "Ohh -- ohh -- ohh -- ohh -- ohh --"

 Jeffrey looked at Tami and then at Henry Ross, who sensing Jeffrey's gaze promptly wiped his brow again, widened his eyes as if in surprise and fear, and pretended to recoil in his chair.

 Under the table, Jen licked and tended each of Tami's spasms until they finally began to die down.  She finished with some gentle full-length tongue swipes of Tami's overworked pussy, then, finally resting from her labors, laid her head sideways on the damp pubic hair.

 Above the table, Tami Smithers leaned back in her chair, catching her breath, dripping with sweat.  The tracks of tears streaked down her cheeks.  Her whole body was flushed red.  Her mind returned to earth and she saw Henry Ross and Jeffrey looking at her.  She also saw the distant faces of other students staring at her in mute shock.

 Tami began to cry.  She didn't try to suppress it.  She didn't care any more.  Loud, long sobs and howls . . . tears flowing down her cheeks . . .

 It was time for Jen's grand entrance.  She slithered up from under the table, along the naked, sweat-covered body of her friend, then hugged her while turning to look back at Henry Ross with a satisfied smile of insolence and victory.  She wondered if he remembered her from that orientation two years ago.

 Jeffrey was worried at seeing Tami cry.  "Is she O.K.?"

 Looking at Ross, Jen said, "She always cries after a really good orgasm . . . that's what women do."  She then turned around and gently took Tami's face in her hands and gave her a full-throated kiss.  Tami limply returned the kiss and put her arms around Jen, her sobbing subsiding somewhat.  Tami's legs were still stretched out to either side, bare feet looped around the chairs.  Her toes flexed and unflexed as her body continued to relax.

 Henry Ross cleared his throat.  "Well, I'm glad we, ah, had this little talk.  Take care, Miss Smithers.  Good-bye, all."  He made it seem accidental as he tipped over an empty glass on Jen's tray.  "Oops, sorry . . ."  Setting it back up, he turned to leave.

 Five minutes later Jen led her naked friend, head on Jen's shoulder and arms unsteadily clutching Jen's arm, along the icy path leading back to their dorm.  Tami didn't mind the cold, in fact she welcomed the bracing air in her lungs and even the ice under her feet, which like the rest of her were still flushed and felt hot.  Five minutes after that Tami collapsed on her bed into a deep sleep, leaving Jen to look down at her in admiration.  Tami Smithers, who had just hit a home run in the struggle against patriarchy and the hangups of modesty.  Jen then wandered off to meet a friend.

While they were in the dining hall a light snow had fallen, leaving a thick feathery powder on top of the ice.  To anyone passing by the next few days, the footprints of bare feet left behind were instantly recognizable as Tami Smithers's, as distinctive as those of a cat or a rabbit.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 6**

 Tami rolled over in her bed.  As she woke up she remembered the look in Henry Ross's eyes when she succumbed to orgasm back in the dining hall.  She covered her eyes with her hand as if to blot the image out.  She had never made eye contact during orgasm before.  She knew now that something deep inside her had been totally bared.  And the privilege had been granted to this creep who had such power over her.  Now his glare of sadistic glee seemed like it was permanently burned into her soul.

 She felt the warmth of Jen hovering over her.  Jen drew Tami's hand away from her face and gently kissed her on the lips.  Her voice was low and velvety.  "How is my revolutionary?"  She kissed softly here and there on Tami's shoulders, breasts, tummy, thighs, and toes.  Her sweatshirt and jeans rubbed quietly against Tami's bare skin.  "What a total victory you won over that bureaucratic asshole.  Not only do you get to go around naked all the time, but you'll be getting three credits for just standing around naked like you always are, and paid thirty bucks an hour to boot.  You've got this college wrapped around your little . . . clit," she said, gently kissing Tami's pubic hair.

 "Careful . . . it's a little sore," Tami said, looking down at Jen.

 "I guess I was a little rough, but it took you a while to come," Jen said, trying to find Tami's clit amid the pubic forest.  She tapped Tami on the thighs.  "Let me see, open your legs."

 Tami opened her legs.  She did this, at least willingly, only for Jen.  She looked down as Jen carefully separated the outer lips, then the inner lips, turning them to and fro, opening and looking into the pink tunnel, then finally putting her finger up against the red, retracted clitoris.  For all the shame she still felt, Tami was amazed at how uninhibited she had in fact become.  When she started school back in September she never would have imagined opening her legs for someone else in her dorm room for such an intimate inspection.

 "All looks O.K.," Jen said.

 Tami blinked her eyes and was now fully awake.  It was now time to act.  What had happened in the dining hall was the last straw.  She just couldn't let this ordeal go on.  She needed an ally.  She had to tell the truth to Jen.  When Jen seemed finished with her inspection Tami closed her legs and propped her head up with her hand.  "Jen, there's something I have to tell you."

 Jen looked up at Tami, then came up and kissed her softly on the mouth.  "Yes?"  She looked in Tami's eyes with a look of affection that made Tami almost want to cry with thankfulness.  "My beautiful, strong, brave, precious, naked friend?"

 Tami looked at Jen.  The words just would not come.  Tami could picture herself telling Jen that the whole thing was a hoax, that she hated being naked, that her religion was fake.  She pictured the betrayal and anguish that would come over Jen's face.  She had become the center of Jen's life, and a shining example of the idealism that Jen valued so much.  And now it would all be ruined.  The words would not come.

 Instead Tami chose words that were just as true.  "I love you," she said.

 Jen smiled and hugged Tami for all she was worth.

 Jen looked at the clock.  It was two o'clock.  "You've been asleep for two hours," she said.  "Have your strength back yet?"

 Tami stretched and yawned.  Jen looked in admiration at Tami's breasts as they moved up and down her chest.  "You have very expressive tits," she said.

  Tami giggled, then said,  "I feel O.K."

 "Well let's go to Rebecca and Marisol's room.  They need help packing.  They're moving off campus after finals."

 With a hand from Jen, Tami was on her feet and the two nimble gymnasts, one in sweatshirt, jeans, heavy socks and Army boots, and the other totally naked, bounced down the hall.

.   .   .

 "This was my old boyfriend and his dog," Marisol said in her thick hispanic accent, pushing back her black hair and adjusting her bra in front with a hefty yank.  She was standing next to her desk, trying to decide whether to put the picture in the unzipped backpack in front of her or in the trash can next to the desk.  She decided to keep it.

 Sitting on Marisol's bed, Tami looked up at her.  Marisol was a tough chick.  Maybe she had to be because of the way she was.  Marisol had the biggest breasts on campus.  When guys whistled at her, which was often, she would promptly give them the finger.  Maybe Tami should start doing that.

 Tami looked at the other girls in the room.  Rebecca was carefully arranging her books in a small suitcase.  Most of the books seemed to be either bibles or books about religion.  Jen was taking clothes from the closet and folding them.  Tami's job had been to clear all the stuff out of the dressers.  It was not easy.  Handling Marisol's huge 36F bras or Rebecca's collection of scarves, Tami felt chills when the fabric brushed against the bare skin of her breasts or thighs.  She had the terrible urge to slip them on, though she would look pretty ridiculous in one of Marisol's bras.

 But now Tami's job was finished and she sat on Marisol's bed watching the others.  Her legs were crossed, arms folded over her knees.  The only thing one could really see were her shoulders.  Tami smiled at the irony.  When she was sixteen, she bought a tube top and wore it to a party.  She could feel every boy's stare on her bare shoulders.  She was so embarrassed that she never wore a tube top again.  Now look at her!

 In a few minutes everything was packed except the few items Rebecca and Marisol needed to get through finals week.  Sitting in the center of the room were Rebecca's suitcase, various little bags, and Marisol's big stuffed backpack.

 "Thanks muchachas," Marisol said, dipping a teabag into her cup.  The four girls were sitting around sipping.  "We just have to wait for Jed and Ryan.  Those guys can carry the heavy stuff."

 Nobody said anything for a few minutes.  Marisol looked out the window.  The snow had stopped and the sun had come out.  She looked at Tami.  "It must be hard going around naked when it's so cold."

 Tami sipped her tea and shrugged.  "If I'm not out for long it's not so bad."  She remembered walking out in the blizzard that first time.  That was the worst, probably.

 "So is this your religion or something?" Marisol said.  "Being naked?"

 Tami looked at Jen and then nodded.

 "Brrrr!!" Marisol said, shaking, her huge breasts wobbling ponderously.  "Why do you do it?"

 Tami thought for a second and said, "I really can't explain it."

 "That's true faith," Rebecca said.  She was sitting at her desk and put her tea cup down.  "If you don't have faith, no explanation is possible.  If you DO have faith, no explanation is necessary."

 Tami had noticed that Rebecca was always friendly to her and supportive.  This had been a surprise.  Rebecca was a born again Christian and Tami assumed she was very conservative and would be offended by a girl walking around naked.  But Rebecca was very smart and spent a lot of time reading theology.  She was too complicated to be pigeon-holed.

The phone rang.  Marisol got up and answered it.  "Oh come on . . . can't you get Luis . . . well O.K., we'll figure something out."

Hanging up the phone she turned to Rebecca.  "The guys can't come.  Their car won't start."

Rebecca thought for a second.  "Why don't we just carry it over.  It's only a fifteen minute walk."

"Yeah but look at all this. . . It would take two trips."

Jen said, "I'll help you.  I want to see this new place anyway."

"That's still not enough."

Tami thought quickly.  She looked outside.  It was icy and below freezing but there was little wind and the sun was out.  She guessed that this was do-able.  "I'll help."

The three girls looked at her.  Jen said, "Tam, it's below freezing out."

Tami thought again.  Could she really do this?  Then she figured that if she carried something heavy she would generate more body heat.  "I'll take the backpack."

"I'm warning you, it's heavy," Marisol said.

Tami held her arms up like a muscle builder, though because this caused her breasts to wiggle, the girls didn't look at her arms.  "I'm an athlete.  I can do it."  She couldn't really believe she was doing this but for some reason she felt real gung-ho.  She got up and hefted the backpack over her shoulders, slipping her arms through the straps.  She almost tipped backwards but then caught her balance.  Hooking her thumbs under the straps, legs two feet apart, bare feet braced against the floor, she looked at her friends and said, "How do I look?"

Jen came over, laughing, and hugged Tami's face.  "Tam, you are just too much."

Tami looked out the window again.  "It sure is bright out there.  My religion doesn't forbid sunglasses.  Anyone got any?"

Rebecca came over and fitted some square-looking, very unstylish shades onto Tami's face.  Then she stood back with the others.  They looked at Tami's breasts squashed into a cleavage between the straps, her concave tummy, the pubic hair lit from the reflection of the snow outside, the muscles in her bare legs, and her toes flexing and unflexing against the tile floor as her heavy load shifted slightly to and fro.

Finally Rebecca said, "You look like the president of Campus Nudist Backpackers for Christ."

With one more giggle the girls got the rest of the things and moved out.  They marched out of the dorm into the bright winter sun, Rebecca and Marisol in front, Jen and Tami behind.  Jen had been right.  Tami could feel her nipples, fingers and feet getting numb.  It was c - o - l - d!

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 7**

The four girls trudged down the wide sidewalk leading to the edge of campus.  On this fine, bright cold day the dazzling white snow was everywhere, though the paths had mostly been cleared.  Three of the girls were heavily clothed, with long coats, boots, scarves, and gloves.  The fourth, carrying the heaviest load, was totally naked, her skin flushed red from the cold.

For the naked Tami it actually was not so bad, at least not for the moment.  Carrying the heavy backpack speeded up her metabolism.  Her breathing was heavy.  Though her skin was cold, it felt a little like her legs felt in high school when she would go for a winter run in shorts during gym class.  Now her skin felt like that all over.  She watched where she was going, walking carefully over the slippery icy patches, but also found time to look up and around at the sunlit scenery.  This was a pretty nice looking campus.  She tried to ignore the stares of the occasional passersby.  Ahead of her, Rebecca and Marisol chatted.

After a couple of minutes Rebecca called back, "How're you doing, Tami?"  Tami answered, "I'm O.K."

To get to the highway at the edge of campus by a short cut the girls had to climb over a pile of plowed snow about three feet high.  Tami was the last one over, being helped up by Jen.  Coming down the far side Tami slipped and her foot kicked forward, hitting Jen in the back.  As she fell Tami said "Oww!"  The girls turned around.

The naked girl was on her back, the backpack lodged under her head, her arms pinned up and back by the straps.  Her bare butt was in the snow, her legs splayed in different directions.  The toes of one foot were encrusted with whiteness.  A shock of white powder dusted her pubic hair and extended up over her tummy.  "Help!"

After the others helped her up, Tami stood facing them, looking down and flicking the snow from her pubic hair.  "I lost my balance with this backpack."

Coming up to her, Marisol said, "There's a strap for the waist that you should use."  She reached around, finding the two ends, and tried to buckle them around Tami's flat tummy.  "I don't know if this goes tight enough for your nonexistent belly," Marisol said, but finally she found a way to cinch it so that it fastened tight around Tami's waist like a harness.  "That better?"

Tami bounced up and down on her heels, partly to see if the muscles in her ankles and feet still responded in spite of the numbness.  "Much better.  Come on, let's go," she said, striding ahead.  Time was of the essence.

A short walk down the highway and then the girls had to turn right at the big intersection.  They waited for the light.  Tami looked at the electric sign in front of the bank.  23 degrees Fahrenheit . . . Minus 5 degrees Centigrade . . . 12:48 p.m. . . .

23 degrees Fahrenheit . . . Minus 5 degrees Centigrade . . . This information suddently registered in Tami's mind.  Walking outside on snow and ice, totally naked, in sub-freezing weather. . . She imagined she should be frozen to death by now.  Yet she seemed O.K.  Maybe it was a case of mind over matter.  She wondered at how the human body was capable of things that at first seemed impossible.

As the light changed and the girls paraded across the intersection, Tami was aware of the shocked stares from the stopped cars.  A few people honked their horns.  A couple of guys whistled or whooped.  It was the same reaction as they continued down the second road.  Tami did as she always did, putting the reactions of others in the back of her mind and concentrating on the task at hand, which was to carry this heavy load to Rebecca's and Marisol's new place.

"Oh-oh," Jen said.  A police car was coming up to them.  Tami remembered her last experience with the police and cringed.  The police car slowly crept along in the right lane in pace with the girls.  They kept walking, pretending to ignore it.  With a brief sideways glance Tami saw the officers inside and could feel the close attention they were paying to her nakedness.  She envied them their uniforms, the hot coffee they were drinking, the warmth of the car.  Briefly she even wished she could be arrested so she could step in.  But after a moment the car sped away.

"Looks like our frightened bureaucrats in Rossland Hall have been talking to the local Keystone Kops," Jen said.

They soldiered on.  Tami tried to picture what the four of them must look like.  It's almost like I'm a slave or a beast of burden of some kind: without the benefit of clothes, carrying the heaviest load.  Yet she was among equals.  After the police car went there was silence and then Tami and the rest of the girls began talking again.  Mostly they talked about the disadvantages of dorm life, and how an apartment would be better.  Actually none of them had ever lived off campus or on their own before and the discussion was mostly speculation.

They were now going through a ratty part of town.  Used car lots, junkyards . . . and Teaser's, the topless bar.  Tami turned to look at it briefly as they went by.  It was closed at this time of day.  It looked deserted: windowless, boarded up, a small bar in the middle of a parking lot that seemed too big for it.  All of the girls were thinking the same thing.  Why would guys go in there, when they could see a totally naked girl for free?  Tami probably had a better body than any of the dancers anyway.  Tactfully, or maybe because it was too obvious to say, the girls remained silent as they trudged past.

The side of the highway was littered with broken glass, ripped up tire treads, chunks of asphalt . . . Marisol said, "Tami, I don't know how you could walk barefoot over all this."

In a resigned voice Tami answered, "I could walk on nails if I had to,"  which was almost true.  After two months of going barefoot everywhere, the soles of her feet were very tough.  She avoided the bigger chunks of asphalt like everyone else, but stepped on pebbles and bits of glass without hesitation.  Indeed, Tami's stride was as comfortable and even as if she were walking across the plushest carpet.

 But the cold was beginning to get to her.  "How much further?"

 "We're almost there . . . two more blocks and turn left," Rebecca said.  "About five minutes."

 Tami was starting to shiver.  Five more minutes should be O.K.

 They turned onto a side street, a guy from a passing car on the highway giving a final whoop upon seeing the naked girl, and walked along a row of run-down houses.  It was obviously a "student slum", judging from the broken-down cars with colorful bumper stickers parked along the street and the inventive designs in some of the windows.  At the fifth house Rebecca and Marisol turned in and walked onto the porch.

 As they fiddled with the keys, Tami realized that her shivering was getting worse.  She welcomed the relative warmth of the interior stairway, even though it was almost as cold as the outside.  The four girls shuffled into the empty kitchen, which was big and had cracks in every wall.  They put down their bags and looked around.  "Pretty good," said Jen.  "We liked it because it was big," said Marisol.

 Tami controlled her shivering enough to unbuckle her harness.  She squatted on the floor and slipped the backpack off.  Standing up again, she said, "I got to warm my feet . . . and my hands . . . and my butt . . . and my -- my nipples."

 She hesitated with this last word because to mention her nipples was to bring attention to her nakedness.  Also, part of her feared that Jen would warm her nipples up by sucking on them, but Jen would not do that in front of Rebecca and Marisol.

 Tami's words caused much concern in the others.  Marisol came up and slowly turned the naked girl around for the others' inspection.  The red flush had gone and Tami was now very pale.  Her feet were white.  Her nipples were gray and shrunken.

Rebecca quickly went to the bathroom and came back.  "The bathroom water isn't turned on yet . . . Let's try the sink."  She opened the hot faucet all the way and let the water run for a minute.  Testing it she said, "It's getting hot.  Let's get some pans. . . I think there's some cloths here too that aren't too disgusting."  She started searching the cabinets.

 Tami's three friends went to work.  Warm water was applied to the right areas.  Tami felt a tingling, painful sensation as feeling returned.  It was a good feeling.  The girls noticed the red flush coming back to her body.  Tami knew that she would be good as new in a few minutes.

Marisol said, "Now we know what you look like when you're seriously cold."  The others nodded.  Rebecca said, "Don't worry about this winter, Tami.  We'll keep our eyes on you.  We'll watch out for you."  Tami once again felt good that she had such devoted friends, though this was mixed with shame knowing that they would be paying close attention to her nakedness throughout the coming months.

 The girls heard the sound of heavy boots stomping up the stairs.  An old man pushed open the door.  It was Mr. Jensen, the landlord.  He looked up and exclaimed, "Good Lord!!  What the hell is this!!"

His reaction was understandable.  The sight he was presented with was of a totally naked girl, legs spread and leaning against the counter, butt sticking out, as if waiting to be fucked from behind.  Each foot was in a pan of water on the floor.  Each hand was in a pan of water on the counter.  On each side of her a girl was massaging a bare breast with a warm cloth.  Behind her, a third girl was sitting on a chair and holding a warm wet towel against the naked girl's butt.  It looked like a bizarre sex rite.

The naked girl looked at the old man in shock and shame.  Tami was surprised and embarrassed, somehow even more than when she was exposed to the cars on the highway.  She realized how especially shaming it was to be stared at by someone who was outraged at her nakedness.  For a moment everyone was speechless.

Then Rebecca, who was ministering to Tami's butt, said, "Mr. Jensen, this is Tami Smithers.  She's a religious nudist.  You might have heard about her.  The college has allowed her to be naked all the time.  She was just a little cold, that's all."

The old man thought for a moment.  "Yeah, I heard of her, but I don't want her around here.  People will get the wrong idea.  I will get the wrong idea. . . I thought you were a churchgoing girl!"  Tami felt another level of shame. . . It looked like she had a reputation around town, and it was a bad one.  The whole town must think she was a slut.

Jen said, "You can't stop her from visiting," but then got a stern look from Marisol.

Rebecca said, "We'll be out in a minute.  We just wanted to leave our things."

"Well O.K., but you heard what I said."  The old man turned and stomped back down the stairs.

Rebecca said, "Tami, are you warmed up?  Let's go across the street to Wethby's.  We'll deal with this later."  She turned to Jen.  "We don't you getting us into a fight with our new landlord, but I think you were right.  I don't think he can stop Tami from being here and we're not going to live here if she can't visit.   We just have to figure out the right way to handle it."

The three girls dried Tami off.  Tami felt as pampered as a princess.  Marisol was drying off her breasts, Rebecca was vigorously drying her butt, and Jen was even drying her feet, lifting one foot and then the other from the worn wooden floor.  "I want to see the rest of this place first," Jen said.

Marisol and Rebecca showed Jen and Tami around, describing with varying degrees of pride or resignation the other rooms, some of which were in good shape, some not.  The only furniture was the empty bedsteads in the two little bedrooms.  "I like the wood floors," Jen said, looking out on an expanse of dusty floor in the living room.

"Yeah, a lot of nails though," said Tami, pointing out an elevated nail head with her foot and wiggling her big toe on it.

Going across to a radiator, Marisol felt it and said, "Still no heat . . .  We've got to talk to that guy about this. It's  cold in here," she said.  She had left her coat in the kitchen and rubbed her hands against her sweater, which was stretched almost to its limit by her huge breasts.  Erect from the cold, her nipples were so big that they poked out even though covered by a sturdy bra and a flannel shirt as well as the heavy sweater.

Tami realized that, though she was naked, she didn't feel cold.  In fact, she felt kind of hot.  She stood perfectly relaxed, hands at her sides, as the heavily clothed Marisol hugged herself.  This was weird.

As Marisol went back to the kitchen to get her coat she said, "Why do you want to talk to Wethby?  He's such a burn-out."

Rebecca said, "I want his advice on Tami. . . He knows about legal stuff like that.  Also, I just want to stop by and visit.  I have my reasons."

"Oh brother," Marisol said.  As the girls all knew, this was Rebecca's way of saying that she wanted to work on saving someone for Christ.  Still, Tami mused, if Rebecca is trying to convert people, she sure is subtle about it.  She never heard of Rebecca flat-out telling anyone that Jesus Is The Answer or anything like that.  "Good luck," Marisol added.

In a minute the four girls had crossed the street, ascended another flight of stairs, and were sitting in the kitchen of Wethby Campbell, a fifth generation descendant of one of the college's founders.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 8**

After five generations the fundamentalist blood of Joshua Campbell was now flowing very thin, at least when it came to Wethby Campbell.  A smell of marijuana permeated Wethby's kitchen and in fact the whole apartment, which was big but not well-kept.  The kitchen was strewn with dirty dishes.  Posters of the most degenerate punk bands covered every wall.  Opened textbooks were here and there.  Wethby himself, age twenty-five with long hair and a scrawny beard, a graduate student in English Literature, sat at his kitchen table and took a drag on his cigarette as if it were a joint.  Around him the four girls sat on various chairs and cushions.  Tami had taken one of the last available seats, a chair right in front of him, and was in a constant state of embarrassment because he could not take his eyes off of her.

Tami was not sure how to sit in front of this guy.  That he was so closely and unashamedly regarding her nakedness made her even more self-conscious than usual.  What was she to do with her legs?  With her hands?  She decided finally to cross her legs in a lady-like fashion and cross her arms over her breasts.  This seemed like a normal posture while affording maximum coverage.

In response to a request from Jen, who couldn't stand cigarette smoke, Wethby opened the top and bottom sashes of the old window next to him.  In a few moments the air in the kitchen was clearer and colder.  Then he turned and sat back down and resumed his scrutiny of the nude girl.  "You really are gorgeous," he said.

"Don't we know it," Jen said with a smile.

"Brave, too," said Marisol.  "She just walked all the way from campus like that.  She fell on the snow once and got snow on her, uh, you know her pubic hair.  That was so weird.  I never saw snow on pubic hair before!"

"In your wide experience," Jen teased.

Marisol reached over and gave Jen a mock slap on the arm.

"If this is really your religion," Wethby said, answering Rebecca's earlier question but speaking to Tami, "then Jensen can't stop you from visiting any more than if you were Jewish.  Still . . . if I were you I wouldn't go rubbing your snowy pubic hair in his face."

The girls winced at this bizarre image, Tami especially.

"Be tactful."  Wethby turned to Rebecca.  "Landlords can make things very uncomfortable."

"What do you mean?"  Marisol said.  Remember, these were girls who had never lived on their own before.

"Well, Jensen might not like the sight of a naked girl hanging around his place, so he might 'forget' to fix the plumbing or heating for about two or ninety-seven weeks."

Rebecca thought for a second.  "I don't like placing limits on Tami."

Tami just had to say something; after all, it was her they were talking about.  "Look, I don't want to make trouble for you and Marisol. I won't barge in.  Invite me when you think the coast is clear."

Rebecca stared out the window.  "This is a bummer."

Wethby returned to his intense scrutiny of the naked girl seated in front of him.  He seemed to be trying to use X-ray vision to stare through her arms to look at her nipples, or through her thighs to look at her pussy.

"Tell me, what's your major?" he suddenly asked.

"Um . . . math."

"Oh . . ."  Wethby seemed both surprised and skeptical.  "I thought it might be philosophy or divinity or something . . . So this really is your religion?  Being naked all the time?"

Tami cleared her throat.  "Yes."

"So I hear from people in the Administration."

Tami suddenly felt a chill of anxiety.  She remembered what the Dean said at their last meeting:  "I will enlist others to help with the monitoring."  Has he enlisted Wethby?  She knew Wethby was a descendant of the college's founders and wondered if he had some pipeline in to the Administration.  Judging from his last comment, it seemed like he did.

"It's a little drafty in here now," Wethby said, motioning to the open window.  "Aren't you cold?"

As she did a moment ago in the apartment across the street, Tami actually felt a little warm, though she could feel drafts coming in from the window.  "No."

"You know, in this part of the state it can go down to twenty or thirty below on a winter night.  What if there was a fire drill in your dorm at 3 a.m. and you had to stand outside for a long time?  What would you do then?"

Tami hadn't thought about that.  Her mind worked quickly.  What kind of answer would pass muster with the Dean?  "I'll cross that bridge when I get to it."

Wethby said, "Excuse me," and returned in a moment with what looked like a flannel shirt.  "Suppose I told you to put this on," he said, putting it on Tami's lap.  "What would you say?"

Tami suddenly couldn't breathe.  She was overcome with the soft, warm feeling of the flannel on her bare thighs and with the intense desire to slip the shirt on.  But she kept her arms folded tightly across her chest.  Realizing the Dean might be at work here, she steeled herself and looked up at Wethby with an even expression.  But every ounce of Tami's being rebelled against the words she had to say and she almost couldn't get them out.  But finally she said, "I'd say take it away."

Wethby continued looking at her.

Tami finally grabbed the shirt in a bunch and firmly put it on the table.  She looked at Wethby again and decided she didn't like this guy.

Wethby reached into the pocket of his shirt and took out what looked like black shoelaces.  He stretched them out in both hands and the girls could see that it was actually an incredibly tiny thong bikini bottom.  It was nothing but a small triangle, meant to cover an almost totally shaved pussy, with some string to go up into the butt crack and tie around the waist.  "How about this?"

Tami dearly wished she could be allowed even this tiny scrap of clothing.  She wanted to grab it and put it on.  She had been totally naked for months and everything was relative.  She knew that if she were allowed to wear this scrap she could walk around anywhere and feel fully clothed, even though it was so tiny that it probably wouldn't even be allowed on the beach unless it was a nude beach.  But she summoned her strength and continued to be firm.  "Same thing," she said icily.

"Wethby, stop being evil," Marisol said, peeved.  "Tami is a true believing nudist and you're just wasting everyone's time."

"Oh yes," Jen said.  "Every day she proves that she's sincere."  She looked at Tami with a lascivious gleam in her eye and Tami knew that Jen was thinking of that episode a couple of hours ago in the dining hall.  She prayed that Jen wouldn't mention it in front of Wethby.

Wethby looked at Tami with a quizzical expression.  Then, with a smug smile, he held up both ends of one of the strings of the bikini so that it hung between his hands.  "So, math major . . . what's the equation of this curve?"

Tami looked again with longing at the skimpy strings but then snapped into focus.  She was on her own turf now.  "That's a catenary.  It's simply the shape of the graph of the hyperbolic cosine of 'x'," she said, as Wethby's smile faded.  "The hyperbolic cosine is in turn the 'x' value of the unit hyperbola, which is 'x' squared minus 'y' squared equals --"

"O.K., O.K., you're smart," he said with an exasperated smile, stuffing the bikini bottom back into his shirt pocket.

He looked at Tami's face for a moment.  Then he said to Jen, "You may not believe this, but you know Henry Ross?"

Jen suppressed a giggle.  But at the mention of the dreaded name Tami's apprehension suddenly deepened.

Wethby said, "A bureaucrat, but basically a good guy."

Tami bit her lip, still wondering if Jen would mention the dining hall stunt.  Jen had considered it to be a joke on Mr. Ross.  Now that it seemed like Wethby and Ross were friendly, Jen would think that mentioning it would piss Wethby off.  But Jen probably wouldn't hesitate to do that.  Seconds ticked by . . .

 "Well, Ross told me to keep an eye on you," Wethby said, turning to Tami.  "To make sure you're for real."

 Except for Tami, whose suspicions were now confirmed, the girls were stunned into silence.   Finally Marisol said, "You mean that guy wanted you to be a peeping Tom on Tami?"

 Wethby took a long drag on his cigarette and blew the smoke out the window.  "My dear, the idea of being a peeping Tom on Tami Smithers makes no sense at all."

 After a moment the girls got what he meant and laughed.  All except Tami.  Tami was watching Wethby carefully.

 He turned to Tami and said, "Still . . ."

 Tami's face flushed with shame at what the realization of what she had to do.  She had her legs crossed and her arms over her breasts.  Henry Ross was watching and right now it looked like she was trying to cover herself.  It was time to prove herself again.

Tami looked at the empty chair next to her.  She wrapped one arm around it and let the other arm hang to her side so that her breasts were totally exposed.  She then extended her leg and placed one bare foot on the other chair and splayed the other out at an angle so that her pussy too was totally exposed.  A draft came down from the window and by feeling it inside her she could tell that her pussy lips were slightly open.

Actually, she was now in a more relaxed position than she had been with her legs crossed.  From this relaxed, splayed-out pose, she looked up at Wethby with a subtle look of defiance.  She successfuly concealed her feelings of shame.

 For the first time Wethby seemed ill at ease.  He stared openmouthed at Tami's pussy.  Tami burned with shame at his stare, but also knew that she was winning a kind of victory over this pompous, spoiled burnout.

 The other girls noticed Wethby's reaction.  Marisol decided to really rub it in.   "This is life with Tami, Wethby."

 Jen was feeling vicious too.  "Haven't had any of that in a while?"

 Wethby looked up and then out the window.  He took another drag on his cigarette, slouched in his chair, and laughed nervously.  "I'm not sure I can deal with this 'religion'," he said.

 Rebecca saw her chance.  "Tami has true faith.  True faith can be intimidating because it shows strength."

 Wethby gave her an exasperated look.  "The 'Praise the Lord' corner has been heard from."

 Tami had been observing this conversation, remaining in her splayed out, exposed position, feeling little drafts going in and out of her opened pussy.  She realized suddenly that Wethby had been crushed and the girls were supporting her.  She was now in control.

She looked at the battered alarm clock on the table.  "It's almost two o'clock and I've got a dinner to cook."  She got up and stood straight and tall, addressing the other girls but purposefully conscious of the fact that her pussy was at Wethby's eye level and about two feet from his face.  "Let's go."

The winter air hit Tami with a shock of exhilaration as the four girls emerged out onto the sunny street.  She was surrounded by her admiring fans.  Each of them was in a sense speaking in tongues.  "Tami, you were great . . . you really put that sinverguenza in his place," said Marisol.

"He tempted you like Satan in the desert and you resisted," Rebecca said, making a Biblical reference which nobody got.

"My hero . . . I will lick your pussy anytime, anywhere," Jen said.  The other two girls made good-natured gagging sounds and said, "Oh, Jen!"

They scampered along in this happy mood, glad to be not carrying anything, as they went down the street and turned back onto the ratty highway.  That was when Rebecca said, "I've got to stop at Top Food to get the things for dinner.  Tami, help me pick out what you want."

Smiling with the other girls, Tami secretly was horrified.  How could she say no?  But she shuddered, partly at the cold, but also at the thought of going into a supermarket stark naked, walking among housewives, stockboys . . .

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 9**

The four girls walked down the side of the highway, stepping around broken asphalt and trash, three of them in heavy winter clothing, the fourth totally naked, her lightly tanned skin shining in the bright sun.  The naked Tami walked on the far side of traffic, but still attracted occasional honks and whistles from passing cars.  Once or twice a distracted motorist almost veered off the road some distance in front of them, so enchanting was the sight.

Halfway to the big intersection Tami said, "I'm feeling cold.  Let's run."  She started trotting ahead.

 "O.K.," said Jen and Rebecca, following.  But Marisol called out to them.  "Wait," she said, trotting slowly to catch up, her mammoth breasts visibly bounding up and down even through her overcoat.  "I can't run, you guys.  I'll end up with a black eye."

 After a second realizing what she meant, Marisol's three friends came back to her.  Rebecca said, "Tam, why don't just you and I run to Top Food."

 Off the two went, Tami and Rebecca.  Tami, being an athlete and unburdened by heavy clothing, kept surging ahead on her hardened bare feet and had to run in place for Rebecca to catch up.  The spectacle made an increased impression on the people in the cars.  Passengers in two cars even leaned out of their windows with video cameras to record this naked girl for posterity.  One car slowed down to cruise next to Tami and a guy stuck his head out the window asking her to come along with him and his friend.  When his initial entreaties did not work he got vulgar.  "Nice tits, Honey . . . nice pussy too.  Bet you like showing it!! . . . Show me your asshole, babe!"  After thirty seconds or so of continued disregard, he gave up and the car went on.

 Top Food was in the shopping center across the highway from campus.  Rebecca and Tami slowed to a walk as they entered the parking lot.  As she faced the busy scene it took all Tami's self-control not to cover her breasts and pussy and turn and run.  The lot was filled with people getting out of cars or pushing filled shopping carts.  Several of them stopped immediately to stare in shock at the naked girl approaching them.  Tami tried to ignore them, looking down to avoid stepping in any puddles.  To do this she had to step from icy patch to icy patch like they were stones in a pond.  She had to be careful; with bare feet there was not much traction.  Her feet were freezing, but the rest of her was heated by the running and no longer felt cold.  Rebecca gamely stayed at Tami's side and fixed a stern look on anyone who stared at her naked friend.

 They got a cart and pushed it through the entrance door and began cruising the produce aisle.  Once again there  were shocked stares.  The housewife types all stopped their carts in front of whatever vegetables they had been picking at.   Nobody moved.  It was as if time had stopped.  Then Tami heard a couple of them say, "Disgraceful!" and "Look at that whore!"

 Tami was so embarrassed by this display of maternal condemnation that she was about to cry.  But then Rebecca tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Let's think.  What do we need in the way of vegetables?"

 Tami remembered what she had discovered in other situations, that acting ashamed of her nakedness only made things worse.  She made like she was totally unconscious of her nudity, standing up straight and throwing her shoulders back.  She closed her eyes and tried to think.  "Um, let's make a salad.  Lettuce.  Tomatoes.  Onions and peppers to mix in with the rice."

 "Let's go then."  Rebecca pushed the cart along and Tami followed.

 The assistant manager was out like a shot.  A portly, middle aged man, he stood in front of the cart, stopping Rebecca's progress, and looked Tami right in the eye.  "Young lady, what in hell are you doing?  Get out of here.  Now."  He pointed to the exit.

 Tami felt weak and about to faint.  She had never been so directly confronted over her nakedness.  She automatically tended to respect authority figures, and realized she probably would do exactly what this man was doing if she were clothed and normal like him.  Plus, this guy looked a little like one of her uncles and talked like him too.  The naked girl's sense of shame was exquisite.

 Rebecca took control.  "My friend is a religious nudist.  She has the right to be naked.  If you want to throw her out, you've got to have a very good, specific reason."  Tami found herself wanting Rebecca to shut up.  She wanted to get the hell out of here.  But Rebecca went on.  "Give a specific reason why she must leave."

 The assistant manager looked at Rebecca, then at Tami, then down at Tami's pussy.  He said, "I'll be right back.  Stay where you are.  Do NOT move."

 Seeing him leave, Rebecca looked at Tami and shrugged.  Tami was clearly terrified.  Rebecca put her arm around her friend's bare shoulders and said, "Don't worry.  Everything will be all right."

 In a minute the assistant manager was back.  "You must leave," he said to Tami.

 "Why is that?" Rebecca said.

 "Because the front door says no bare feet.  Your friend is barefoot.  She must leave."

 Rebecca was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter which surprised both the assistant manager and Tami.  Tears began to roll from her eyes.

 When her laughter died down she wiped her tears away and said, "Tam, go wait outside.  I'll figure out what to get."

 Tami gratefully backtracked out of the produce aisle.  To get outside she had to wait until the next person came in and the entrance door opened.  As it turned out the next person was an old nun in a traditional black habit pushing an empty cart.  Seeing the door open in front of her only to reveal a totally naked teenage girl, the nun stopped and gasped, her eyes opened wide behind her wire-framed glasses. Tami scooted around the side of the cart and walked out to the sidewalk.

 Not knowing what to do while waiting for Rebecca, Tami Smithers stood on the sidewalk in front of Top Food.  People approaching the entrance mostly pretended not to see her.  Most of them were thinking that the naked girl was part of some kind of promotion, at least as far as they could believe what they were seeing.  But Tami could feel the sideways glances.  One or two teenage guys stopped and tried to start a conversation with her, looking at her breasts or pussy the whole time, but Tami just gave them a tortured smile and they eventually left.

Tami looked out at the parking lot.  She was sure that the Dean or one of his spies was out there somewhere.  She dared not make any move to cover herself.  So she just stood there, arms at her sides, legs ever so slightly apart, as people passed by her on both sides.  Fortuntately the glare from the afternoon sun reflecting off the ice and snow forced Tami to squint, making it hard to see anything.

Tami looked back.  Come on, Rebecca, hurry up . . . She saw the assistant manager looking out the window at her with a very sour look on his face.  Another, older guy, possibly the manager, appeared next to him and the two of them stared at Tami.  She looked back to the parking lot.  She was sure the middle-aged guy in the Cadillac two cars away was observing her.  Maybe he was an Administration guy.  She looked back again and saw that the manager and assistant manager were gone.  Apparently they had decided there was nothing they could do about her while she was out on a public sidewalk.

While looking into the supermarket she saw, to her horror, a row of stockboys staring out at the window at her.  She could also see the reflection of the rear view of her naked body.  So this was what they were looking at.  She could not deny that it was a perfectly toned, slim female body.  She just wished it belonged to someone else right now.

Tami looked again at the parking lot.  Here I am, stark naked, being stared at from every direction.  Half an hour ago she felt brave and in control in Wethby's apartment.  Now all that confidence was gone.  Inside she was once again a quivering, shamed wreck.

Not moving to cover herself was getting to be a strain.  Tami gritted her teeth and clenched her fists as they hung by her sides.  She closed her eyes and faced upward.  Tami had never been particularly religious, but recently she had liked the idea that there was a God who looked over her and would take care of her through this ordeal of public nudity.  Standing in front of the busy supermarket on this sub-freezing winter day, the naked teenage girl prayed silently but fervently.

Please God, give me clothes.   
If I can't have clothes, please give me the strength to get through this.

A few minutes went by.  Tami was starting to shiver.  A cloud then blocked the sun and a breeze kicked up and suddenly she was much colder.  To warm herself she squatted down, closed her legs, and hugged her breasts.  She then realized that this was not working.

 There was only one thing to do.  She turned and shot back into Top Food, running past the assistant manager, who said "Hey!!"  He started to follow her but she was too fast for him.  She ran through the aisles and found Rebecca in front of where the rice was.  Rebecca was already looking up when Tami came.  "I heard bare feet slapping and knew it had to be you. . . "

 Tami said breathlessly, "I'm cold.  Can you carry everything yourself?  I've got to run back to my room."

 "O.K., O.K.," Rebecca said.  Then she saw the assistant manager appear at the end of the aisle.  She told Tami, "Go!"

 Tami ran down the next aisle, past the astonished customers waiting in the checkout lines, and back out into the parking lot.

 She crossed the highway and was back on campus.  She thought: Is there a shortcut to the dorm?  She ran down a new path and soon found herself within a hundred yards of the Pilgrim Hall entrance.  Unfortunately there was no path to it from where she stood.  To get there she would have to run across a field of snow.  Well, it's only a short distance, here goes, she told herself.

She jumped into the snow and trudged forward.  She didn't realize how deep it was.  She pushed on into drifts that were three and four feet high.  She raised her arms so that they would not touch the snow, which made her progress clumsy.  She waddled frantically from side to side, which caused her breasts to bounce wildly this way and that.

Snow attacked her thighs and tummy and pushed into her pussy.  Christ this is cold!  She tried jumping forward  instead of walking forward in an attempt to rise above the snow, but it only caused her to fall right onto the snow after each stride.  She shrieked as snow from below pushed up against her asshole.

 Finally she reached the cleared sidewalk in front of the dorm.  Students were walking by but stopped in wonder as they saw Tami Smithers run for the front door.  Was this some kind of sorority stunt?  From the waist down she looked like a living snowwoman.

 Tami hadn't put on her ankle pouch.  She didn't have her key.  She had to wait outside the front door for a terrible thirty seconds, jumping up and down, snow falling off various parts of her.  Finally someone came out and she shot in through the opened door.  Shivering, frantic, but glad to be in the warmth of her dorm, she went up to the second floor and straight to the bathroom.  Gratefully she got under the shower.

She turned on the cold water only, knowing that even unmixed cold water would feel warm to her in her present state, then gradually turned on the hot water, her shivering hands having a hard time working the faucets.  The water seemed hot and was painful as it brought Tami's sensations back.   She gasped for breath.  After a few minutes she calmed down and luxuriated in the warmth.  She turned the water a little hotter.

 At length she found herself totally relaxed.  She was O.K. and back to normal.  As she stood under the water, which was actually only lukewarm, she started to think.  She realized she did not have a towel.  She would have to hope that Terri was in her room.  She turned the water off and strode out of the bathroom.  Shit, she thought, this has been a day of strange entrances and strange exits.

 The dripping girl's feet slapped down the hallway and, finding the door open, she walked into her room.  She was confronted with the sight of her roommate Terri, all dressed up and looking up at her in surprise from her desk.  There was even more amazement on the faces of the two men, dressed in business suits, who were sitting on chairs next to her.  Then Tami remembered -- Terri, who was so gung-ho that she had even arranged a sales job for Christmas break, was supposed to meet with the marketing program reps today.

The naked girl, her hand still on the doorknob, her revived skin flushed red all over, stood facing the three of them, water dripping down her glistening body and forming puddles around her bare feet.  Drops of water ran off each nipple as if skiing off a slope.  A stream of water ran from the middle curl of her pussy hair so that it almost looked like she was peeing.  For a minute nobody spoke.

 Tami suddenly turned to the top of her dresser and picked up a few of the tiny towels she was allowed.  She started quickly drying herself off.  "Sorry if I interrupted anything," she said, looking at Terri and the men with a bashful smile.

 "Ditto," one of the men said, otherwise motionless.   Except, of course, for his growing erection, matched by that of his friend.  They could not resist staring as Tami dried off her hair, her breasts (which wobbled as they were rubbed with the towel), her tummy, her pussy, her legs . . .

 "This is my roommate Tami Smithers," Terri said with an air of resignation.  "She's a religious nudist . . .Let's continue this in the lounge downstairs."  She looked at the men and cleared her throat loudly.  "O.K.?"

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 10**

 A lazy afternoon in the wing lounge.

 The smell of baking chicken was warm and heavy in the room.  Two girls were at the kitchenette.  The first girl, without a stitch of clothing on, was checking what was in the oven and then the pot of rice on the stove.  The other, clothed in flannel shirt, corduroy pants, socks and sneakers, was cutting up vegetables for salad.

 "Salad's done," said Rebecca, putting the big bowl on the round table next to the kitchenette.

 "Well, this should be O.K. for a while," Tami said thoughtfully, closing the lid on the rice.  The two girls turned to join Dawn, Mayree, Jen and Terri, who were sitting on couches talking about their high school days, which were actually very recent but now seemed so long ago.

 "Tam, were you a cheerleader?" Jen said.

 "In ninth and tenth grade I was," Tami said.  In her high school it was standard for girls on the gymnastics team to be cheerleaders.  Tami didn't like the politics of it, though, and had quit.

 "Let's go then," Jen said, grabbing Tami by the arm.  Jen stood up and started doing a cheerleader routine.  Taking a cue from Jen, Tami went along in doing a partly-remembered chant.  "Hit 'em again, hit 'em again, har-der, har-der," they sang in ragged unison, making high kickline kicks, laughing at their lack of coordination.  Dawn slipped off her Birkenstocks and joined them in her stocking feet.  The three went through some other cheers for the benefit of their appreciative audience.  "De - fense!  De - fense! . . ."

 At first Tami was intensely conscious of the feeling of her breasts bouncing and the sound of her bare feet slapping against the tile floor.  But as she got into the spirit of things she, for once, totally forgot about being naked.  Joking around with her friends, she felt like she was at a slumber party in junior high.

 "Let's do a jump," Jen said.  She and Dawn moved to the side to each put down a hand for Tami, who as the person in the middle would be the "missile".  Tami put one unsteady foot on each friend's hand and the two girls lifted her up, each putting the other hand on a bare butt cheek, as Tami rose almost up to the ceiling, sticking her chest out and extending her arms in a triumphant "V".  Then one of Dawn's stockinged feet slipped on the smooth floor and the three girls came crashing into a giggling heap as their audience clapped and hooted.  Tami couldn't remember having such fun in a long time.  She was helped to her feet and the three ex-cheerleaders stumbled onto a couch.  After some more talking Tami looked at the clock and said, "It's time for the chicken to come out."

 That was when things got scary.

 As Tami went to the oven the harsh rhythms started coming from up the hallway.

 "Fuck -- the bitch!  Fuck -- the bitch! . . ."

 It got louder and was accompanied by shuffling footsteps. The girls fell into a sullen silence.  Not this again.

 The gangster rap music coming from the boombox accompanied the four guys as they appeared in the doorway.  Standing there in overcoats, ragged sneakers and low-slung baggy jeans, they looked at the girls with silent black faces and then fixed their gaze on the naked white girl.  For a moment nobody said a word.

 The rap went on.  "FUCK -- THE BITCH!  FUCK -- THE BITCH! . . ."

 "DO YOU MIND?" Terri yelled at last, covering her ears.

 The guy holding the boombox slowly reached down and turned the volume knob on the boombox.  The volume went down.  Slightly.

 Rebecca stood up and went to the doorway, trying to block their view of Tami.  "Show is over, guys.  Should I call security?"

 With a final lingering look at the naked girl, the group slowly left the doorway.  The rap music got fainter.  "Fuck -- the bitch!  Fuck -- the bitch! . . ."

 The girls sat looking at the doorway for some time after the harsh rhythms had faded away.

 Mayree said, "They're a blight on the race."

 "The human race," added Marisol.

 "They're not the blight, it's their behavior that's the blight," Rebecca said.

 "Right," sighed Marisol, having gone through this before.  "Condemn the sin, not the sinner."

 Tami was visibly shaken.  She felt cold.  She sat down next to Jen.  Jen took her in her arms.  "Don't worry, they're harmless," she said.  Marisol added, "You have nothing to worry about.  Anybody on this campus lay a hand on you, they will run into serious grief from lots of people."  Tami looked down.

 "I don't think you realize the warmth and respect that people on this campus feel toward you," Rebecca said.  "You're brave and, well, you have . . . I don't know how to put it . . ."

 "You have dignity," Marisol said.  "You're a very dignified person."

 "Not that, another word . . . I can't think of it right now."  Rebecca, of all people, was stumped.

 Finally after a moment, Terri said, "Modesty.  You have this strong sense of modesty."

 "Yes, that's the word," Rebecca said.  "You are very modest."

 Tami continued to look down.  Her face burned and she was intensely conscious of being without clothes.  She was overwhelmed by the irony.  And once again she didn't know how to respond to the adulation of her friends.

 "Thanks, guys," she said quietly.  She smiled and returned Jen's hug.

 After a minute Tami realized the chicken must be done.  She scampered over to the oven and bent over to check.

 It happened so fast that it was over before anyone realized what an outrage it was.  Bending over, Tami gave no thought to the view she was presenting to the rest of the lounge.  Her pussy and asshole were clearly visible.  And they presented an inviting target as a rubber band shot from the hallway and hit perfectly on her puckered anus.

 Tami jumped up.  "Ow!"

 The girls saw just a flash of overcoat and low-slung jeans, then heard heavy footsteps racing away down the hall.

 Without thinking, Tami's reflexes took over. Leaving the oven open, she sped out of the lounge like lightning.  Her conscious self was only a spectator to what her body was doing.

 The girls heard the slapping of bare feet following the accelerating heavy footsteps trailing off down the hallway.  They stood up to listen.  They heard doors being banged open.

 Mayree went to the window.  "Oh my god, look!"  The girls saw one of their rap music tormentors rush out the dorm entrance into the bright winter afternoon.  A second later the naked girl shot out in pursuit.  Finding the plowed pathway blocked by a bunch of walking girls, the young man turned and ran into the field of snow drifts through which Tami had ventured two hours before.

 "That's Jamal, from Rockley Hall," said Mayree.

 Jamal started plodding furiously through the snow, hindered by his heavy clothing, especially his jeans.  At his waist, the girls could see striped boxer shorts that got more and more visible as his jeans, dragged down by the snow, drooped down further and further.

 It was inevitable that the naked girl would catch up.  She was in fine athletic shape and unhindered by clothing or shoes.  When she got to Jamal she was ferocious, a wild woman.  She grabbed him, pulling down his jeans the rest of the way and pushing him back onto the snow.  The two rolled around, the clothed male trying to fight back, his fists always missing their target as the naked female dodged them with almost supernatural prescience.

 The sun was so bright on the snow that the girls in the wing lounge had to shield their eyes to see what was happening.  Tami was shouting at Jamal, but the two were some distance away in the middle of the field and the girls could not make out what she was saying.  A crowd began to form to watch from the sidewalk.

 Finally Tami got on top of Jamal's knees and with a huge pull yanked down the boxer shorts.  The tiny, limp black penis bobbled innocently in the bright sun.  The girls' eyes widened as they saw their naked friend shove a knee into Jamal's crotch.  He howled in agony and rolled over onto his side, curled up into a ball.

"Holy shit!!" said Mayree.

 The naked girl got up, snow in her hair, snow clumped up in her pubic bush, snow clinging to her body.  She stiffly stomped back through the snow to the sidewalk and on into the dorm.

 Two minutes later Tami Smithers, panting, her hair wet, her body flushed and dripping with melted snow, blood oozing from one lip, walked as if stunned back into the wing lounge and sat down on the couch in the midst of her friends.  She looked down at the floor.  Finally she sighed and relaxed.

 All five bystanders suddenly burst out cheering.  Then they showered the naked girl with tributes.  Jen's was typical.  "You were great!!  That's just what that asshole deserved!"

 Sitting on the couch, Tami realized she had a big smile on her face.

 .  .  .

 It was a fine meal, the girls agreed, as they sat on various couches finishing up what was on their plates.  In the middle, like a naked guest of honor, her hair still a mess but her lip cleaned up, sat Tami Smithers. feeling pretty happy.  She looked out the windows.  It was now dark.  Possibly someone could see her from outside.  So what!

 Mayree looked up and said, "Tam, time to do our thing."  It was almost six o'clock.

 "Well I'd better get showered first," Tami said, checking her lip.  Some more blood had come out but it was all dried.  Thinking a moment, she realized she was with two black friends.  Looking at Mayree she said, "Are you going to the Black Formal?"  Tami realized right away she probably shouldn't have said that.  What if Mayree hadn't been asked?

 But Tami's fears her erased right away.  "Of course," Mayree said with a smile.  "Brad and I are regulars.  This will be our third year."

 Tami then looked at Jen.

 After a pause Jen said, "I'll be there, don't worry."

 "We'll be fashionably late," Mayree said.

 "Have fun," Rebecca said, giving Tami a quick peck on the cheek.  "I have a church service to go to."

 "On Saturday?"

 "It's after sundown, it's the sabbath," Rebecca said.  With that she left.  "Bye girls."

 Tami quickly showered and combed her hair.  When she came back into the wing lounge, she was in for a surprise.  The girls had set up a salon.  There was the big round wicker chair, meant to be reclined in.  Behind it Dawn stood with a collection of combs and highlighting gels.  To one side Mayree sat with her nail files and polishes.  Little cushions -- Tami recognized them as Mayree's -- were set on each arm of the chair for her hands.  In front, two of the lounge footrests were placed side by side for her feet.  Around this arrangement sat Terri and Marisol, ready to assist.  Tami smiled.  This was going to be good!

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 11**

 Dawn smiled and motioned for Tami to sit.  "Come on, princess! . . . What color highlights?"

 Tami sat down, indeed feeling like a princess.  She was also feeling daring.  "Green!"

 "And your nails?" Mayree said.  "I suggest kente colors for the Black Formal.  Orange, red, black and green."

 "Do it!" Tami squealed.  And the girls went to work.  This was exquisite.  Tami had never had herself made up before.  For a few minutes nobody spoke.  Dawn and Mayree had organized their troops.  Terri handed the combs and highlight cream to Dawn like a caddy handing clubs to a pro golfer.  Further down, Marisol started filing the nails of Tami's left hand while Mayree started on the nails of Tami's right foot.

 "Tami, you have perfect feet," Mayree said, pausing to hold Tami's foot with the appraising air of an experienced professional, slowly turning the foot this way and that.  "Look at this.  Her big toe is perfectly in line with the side of her foot.  The other toes are nice and straight.  Her nails are wide and clear, even on the little toe."  Tami blushed at such close inspection.

 "Her whole body's perfect," Dawn said, teasing Tami's hair.  "We hate you!" she said with a smile.  "We hate you!"

 The other girls good-naturedly agreed.

 The girls continued their work.  After a while Mayree said, "Actually it's Wandabitch we hate."  The other girls nodded, thinking of their very unpopular R.A.

 Dawn said, "If Wanda went around naked and had your body, Tam, she'd be insufferable about it.  She'd always be advertising to everyone know how perfect her body was."

 Mayree got up.  "This is Wandabitch walking around naked."  She minced there and back, swiveling her hips, batting her eyes.  Then she leaned against the doorway, looking down at her body with a conceited look and then up at the girls with a self-satisfied smile.  Then she lifted one of her breasts under her sweatshirt.  "Bet you wish you had one of these," she said in a husky voice.

 This was too much.  The other girls burst out laughing, including Tami.

 The laughter quickly shut down into suppressed giggling as, lo and behold, Wanda herself walked in.

 She wasn't alone.  Behind her was a very tall, very blond girl who looked a bit older than everyone else, probably in her mid-twenties.  She kind of looked like a model.  But her eyes were downcast.  She did not look happy.

 "Hi girls, this is Janice," Wanda said.  "She's a cousin of mine who's been staying in town. . . It's warm in here, Jan, why don't you take your coat off?"

 The blonde girl looked up, and, seeing Wanda's stern gaze, reluctantly slipped off the long, stylish black overcoat she had been wearing.  The five friends stopped their suppressed giggling and stared.  The blonde girl had a beautiful, voluptuous body, as they could easily see because ninety percent of it was exposed.  She had big breasts which were barely restrained by a white string bikini top.  The top was so thin that the girl's huge, brown nipples could be clearly seen through it.  It was obviously several sizes too small; it just barely reached up to cover the silver dollar-sized aerolas.  The cleavage was wide and deep.

 Further down, the girl's shiny leather shorts were cut so low below the navel that it was surprising that no pubic hair poked out.  There must have been six or eight inches of flat belly between the navel and the beginning of the shorts.  And the shorts were so short that the bottoms of her butt cheeks were hanging out in back.  Finally, she wore very high heeled, dressy sandals.  It was way too cold outside for sandals, the girls all thought.  Her feet must be numb!

 The blonde girl, holding her coat in the crook of her arm, was clearly embarrassed by her skimpy outfit.  As Tami watched and saw Wanda's sadistic sideways gaze, she got a familiar feeling.  Then she realized it.  She was like this girl.  And Wanda was like Henry Ross or Dean Jorgon.  For some reason Wanda was forcing this blonde girl to expose herself like this.

 The shock of recognition was creepy.  Am I psychic? Tami asked herself.  Could this really be true?  Or is it a wild guess?  Yet if it were true it would explain the weird interaction between these two.

 Tami realized something else.  Here she was totally naked.  She longed for even the few scraps of clothing this blonde girl was wearing.  Yet the blonde girl was far more ashamed of her exposure than Tami was.  Tami sympathized with the blonde girl's feelings of shame; shame was a feeling that Tami Smithers was well acquainted with, in fact had more experience with than anybody on campus.  But she was relieved to know that for once she was not the most shamed girl in the room.

 Wanda turned to Tami.  "Getting all dolled up, I see.  It's about time they had a white girl at that Black Formal!"  The way she said this made the naked princess and her attendants almost gag with distaste.  They glared at her, making no attempt to hide their loathing of their R.A.

 "Janice has got to get to work and make the big bucks," Wanda said, partly to her blonde, scantily-clad companion.  "Bye folks," she said.  She was followed out of the lounge by Janice, who hadn't said a word.

 The girls looked at the empty doorway silently for a few seconds.  Each was thinking the same thing.  What was this about "big bucks"?  Was this girl a prostitute?  She sure dressed like one!

 "That was weird," Marisol said at last, getting back to filing Tami's fingernails.

 "I don't know what's going on, but I really can't stand that Wandabitch," Dawn said, holding up a strand of hair so that she could apply highlighter.  "Tam, do you want me to put braids on the sides?"

 "Yeah," Tami said, still thinking of Wanda and Janice.

 Just then Jen bounded into the room with a small shaving kit.  "O.K., Tam, spread 'em!!"  She knelt down at Tami's feet, kissing her toes, one foot then the other.

 "What!"

 Jen looked up at her roommate.  "Tami, you wouldn't go to the Black Formal with your hair all undone, would you?"

 "Of course not."

 "Well, look at this!"  Jen pointed at Tami's pubic hair with a comb.  "Your hair is all undone!"

 "What?"  Tami had a idea of what Jen was talking about but was trying to forestall the inevitable.

 "Tami, you are so innocent!"  Jen laughed.  "Dawn is doing up the hair on your head.  But a lot more people on campus look at the hair on Tami Smithers's pussy than at the hair on Tami Smithers's head.  Especially guys and dykes!"

 Tami blushed.  Of course it was true.  She thought of all eyes being fixed on her pubic bush as she walked around campus every day.  She had sensed it many times.

 "She's right, you know," Dawn admitted.

 "So," Jen said, brushing Mayree aside and carefully separating the footstools, "your public, I mean pubic, hair should be done up. . . Hmmm, I need room to work here."  Jen separated the footstools even more so that they were four feet apart.  Tami was almost doing a split.  Jen got into her favorite position, kneeling right in front of Tami Smithers's pussy.

 Tami voiced a weak protest.  "Jen . . ."

 Jen looked up at her naked friend.  Her eyes were wide and pleading.  "Please . . .?"

 Faced with these pleading eyes Tami just couldn't say no.  "Well, O.K."

 "Good!"  Jen opened her kit and got to work.  "First I've got to comb it . . ."  She ran a small comb over Tami's pubic bush in long, even strokes.  With Tami so spread, her pussy lips were clearly visible and were in fact slightly parted.  Jen stayed clear of them but accidentally caught Tami's clit.  Tami's legs twitched.  "Ack!!"

 "Sorry," Jen said.  She continued on.  She was obviously turned on by her work.  "Mmmmm . . . yum!"

 Terri, braiding hair over Tami's ear, said, "I know what you're thinking, Jen.  Restrain yourself.  Not here."

 "Damn!" Jen said goodnaturedly.  The other girls giggled, causing Tami to blush.  Apparently everyone in the wing knew that Jen liked to lick Naked Tami's pussy.

 Jen took out a can of shaving cream.  "How do you want it trimmed?  A heart? Flattop?  Mohawk?"

 These questions were so far outside Tami's frame of reference that at first she was utterly unable to respond.  Finally she said, "Do what you want . . . as long as it's not too weird."  Tami then smiled, realizing that to her, anything about trimming pussy hair was weird.  She then felt the cool/hot wetness of the mint shaving cream on her crotch.  It was a strange, new feeling.

 Jen happily but carefully went to work.  Tami could feel Jen's breath on her pussy lips and realized it was making her horny.  What was this called?  Classical conditioning?  She thought of her Intro to Psych class.  Pavlov's dog, salivating when he heard the food bell ring.  Here I am, reacting like a dog.  A bitch.  A bitch in heat.  Tami chucked to herself.  I'm getting a real sick sense of humor.

 She lay her head back and relaxed.  She was totally comfortable with her friends here.  She kept running the words through her mind: a naked princess, being ministered to by her ladies in waiting.  What kind of princess would be naked?  Tami's imagination took over.  Maybe in a faraway country there was a Princess Tami who had to be naked by law.  My body is so beautiful that it's been declared a national treasure and I must remain naked at all times so that my subjects can always be blessed with the sight of its beauty . . .

 The low, authoritarian voice barked out.  "Miss Tami Smithers?"  Tami awoke with a start.  The girls all looked up.

 It was Chief of Campus Security Burdick, hands on his belt, boots shined, wearing mirror sunglasses even though indoors, standing right in front of them, facing the naked girl with the widely spread legs.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI:  The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 12**

 Jen had turned to see the campus security chief.  In doing so she had moved to the side.  Tami quickly glanced down and wished Jen had stayed where she was.  She looked up at the security chief's mirror sunglasses and could see her own reflection, which was distorted but clear enough to show that her open, spread pussy was totally visible to this intimidating uniformed law enforcement officer.  She couldn't see where his eyes were fixed but she just knew that he was staring at her open pussy, looking right up inside her.

 The officer had asked if she was Tami Smithers.  Tami's throat was dry at the knowledge of this new shame and she almost couldn't get the word out.  "Y - yes?"

 "I have a report that you were involved in an altercation with a --" he got out his notepad and checked it -- "Jamal Washington. . . Is this true?"

 "Oh God!" Marisol chuckled with outrage.  "That asshole is filing charges!!"

 "I'm afraid so," said the Chief with a stone face.  "Could you tell me more about it?"

 Jen spat the words out angrily.  "She was just fighting back.  She was assaulted."  She looked up at Tami.  "That's the only way to put it."

 The other girls agreed.

 "I'd rather hear it from Miss Smithers herself," the Chief said sternly.  "Miss?"  He waited expectantly.

 Tami recalled her hot anger after being hit with the rubber band -- anger that had taken control and exacted vicious, but satisfying, revenge.  In spite of her bashful posture she looked at the chief evenly and sharply.  "Yes.  He assaulted me."

 "Where exactly did he assault you?"

 Tami felt a twinge of shame but her anger was enough to carry her through her answer.  "He shot a rubber band at my . . .my butt."

 Jen got more specific and clinical.  "He hit her right on the anus while she was bending over."  Tami wished Jen hadn't put so fine a point on it.  She could sense the Chief's eyes darting to Tami's asshole, but knew that in spite of her wide open posture he probably couldn't see that far down.

 The girls then saw the chief's eyebrows lift behind his glasses.  "Is that so. . . Stay here, I'll be back in a minute."

 The girls looked at each other as the boots clicked away down the hall.  What was going on?  Marisol went over and looked at the security car parked in front of the dorm.  The Chief was inside, speaking in an inaudible voice to someone over his radio.  Some students glanced at the car as they passed by.  The Chief waited until they passed before he continued speaking.  After a minute Jen returned to her task at Tami's pussy hair, wiping away some shaving cream.

 The Chief reappeared in the lounge carrying a large plastic purple bag.  "Miss Smithers, I am required to document the area of the assault by taking a photograph."

 Tami's eyes opened wide.  Surrounded by the moral support of her friends she could summon some outrage at this man in spite of being naked and spread-legged in front of him.  "Are you kidding me?!"  She couldn't believe it.  This cop wants to take a picture of my -- my anus?!

 "It's departmental procedure, Miss.  I have no choice."

 Marisol thought for a second.  "He's right," she said.  "This is a new policy Congi pushed through last year.  Too many girls would file charges and then withdraw them because they were pressured by their boyfriends.  By taking pictures they can preserve evidence so the charges could still be prosecuted."  She got up and stood face to face with Chief Burdick.  Her huge breasts pressed out from under her sweater.  The seams from the huge 36FF bra could be seen clearly and almost seemed to poke him in the nose.  "But it's supposed to be a woman officer taking the pictures."

 For a moment Burdick's eyes, hidden behind the mirror glasses, darted between the Latina girl's huge breasts and the naked girl's open pussy.  But he quickly regained his composure.  "That's normally true, to protect the, uh, complainant's modesty.  But this -- Miss Smithers has a religion that prohibits modesty, so that policy wouldn't apply."  He looked evenly at Tami and cocked an eyebrow that was visible over his glasses.  "That's what I've been informed from the Administration.  If you see a problem with this, I suggest you take it up with them.  Meanwhile, I have my orders."

 Tami heard those words and immediately knew the source.  It was Dean Jorgon, telling Burdick that if she showed any sign of modesty to report it at once.  She remembered that awful meeting in the Dean's office, with the Dean holding his thumb and forefinger an inch apart and saying, "Miss Smithers, you are still this close to being expelled."  As she had reminded herself again and again, in a dozen ways being expelled would be the end of the world.

 Unfortunately for Tami, Chief Burdick was fully as sadistic as Henry Ross.  He saw his chance and was thinking of how to use this situation to humiliate the naked girl to the utmost.

 Meanwhile Tami knew she had no defense.  She said quietly, "It's O.K., Marisol."

 Marisol whispered hotly into Tami's ear, "I know you don't mind, but I still think all he wants is to get his jollies from looking at you up close."

 Tami whispered back, "Let's just get this over with."  She got up from her chair and stood in front of Burdick, arms at her sides, legs slightly parted, careful to show that she was not hiding any part of herself.  But she could not look the man in the face.  The girls could only see her beautifully formed naked backside, but from the Chief's angle it was easy to see the hurt and shame in the teenager's downcast eyes as they darted uneasily back and forth.  "Where do you want to take the picture?"  She had visions of the officer marching her to the Campus Security office for a degrading public ritual.

 It was a relief, but in a way more crushing, when the security chief looked around and said, "How about here? . . . This way your friends can see that it's all legit," he added, with a stern sideways glance at Marisol's breasts.

 He set opened the purple bag and fished out a square flashlight and a small instant camera.  He then looked up at the lighting and pointed to a nearby end-table.  "If you could just, uh, get on this and position yourself, with your back to me to show the alleged, uh, area."

 Tami almost started crying with shame.  Her friends were right there.  The officer was asking her to practically shove her asshole in their faces.  But once again she successfully hid her feelings.  Biting her lip, the naked girl got up on the end table and stood up, her bare butt facing the officer and her friends.

 Chief Burdick checked the overhead lighting and fiddled with the camera.  He approached Tami so that he was almost at eye level with her butt.  He looked through the camera while holding the flashlight to one side, then clicked the flashlight on, giving Jen, Marisol, Mayree and Dawn a brightly lit view of their friend's butt crack.

 Tami knew what was coming.  "If you could, Miss Smithers, please spread your, uh, alleged area so that the camera can pick it up."

 To do this Tami had to anchor herself better, which meant spreading her legs.  She inched her bare feet out so that her toes were curling around each side of the end table, then she bent over.  She could feel her breasts sway to and fro as she moved.  Her hands went to her butt, spreading the cheeks.  Under the lighting of the lounge and the harsh light of the flashlight, her brown asterisk of an asshole was spotlighted, the center of attention for everyone in the lounge.

 Tami noted despondently that this was the third time she had been . . . like this.  It must be the most humiliating position possible for a nude girl.  The first time was during that awful sexual awareness workshop.  The second time was voluntarily, though in desperation, in the office of Dean Jorgon.  And now this.  Tami cursed her sense of modesty that stubbornly refused to go away.  Can't I ever get used to these exposures??  Yet each time seemed like the first time.  Her face, hidden from everyone's view, was scarlet with shame.

 Tami took stock of herself.  Has any girl ever been subject to so much shame and humiliation?  Tami guessed probably not.  Why me?  She found herself praying again.  Please God, I'm only a helpless, 18 year old girl barely out of high school!  This is too much for a girl like me to take!  Help me get through this . . .

 "A little more, please," Chief Burdick said.

 His words yanked Tami from her prayerful state.  She grimaced and pulled her butt cheeks as far apart as they would go.  She felt the skin stretching at the top of her crack.  The flashlight was very bright and lit her anal area far more was necessary for the camera.  There was also the bright reflection from the snow outside.  Tami could almost feel the heat from all this light on her most sensitive skin.  The girls, standing no more than six feet away, could see every little detail of their friend's most private area.

 They tried not to look but couldn't help it.  As she was standing there exposed Tami remembered to her shame that Dawn had seen her widely-spread anal area close-up once before, at the sexual awareness workshop.  Jen had been there too, though Tami did not mind Jen's gaze quite as much.  But she could not suspect that Jen was very attracted, in fact turned on, by the sight.  Tami had such a cute butthole!  As for Marisol and Mayree, they looked at their naked friend's asshole with a mixture of fascination and repulsion.  Tami was thankful once again that when showering she was always careful to keep her entire anal area squeaky clean.

 "As you can see, there are no horrible rubber band marks," Marisol said acidly.

 "Ma'am, I'm just doing my job," the officer said nonchalantly.  He snapped his picture.  At the sound of the click the naked teenage girl flinched.  It almost felt like the camera was violating her anally.  That she had never experienced such a thing made the sensation all the more unpleasant and gut-wrenching.

 "You can get down now, thank you," Chief Burdick said.  Tami got off the table with stumbling steps and exhaled.  She didn't want to turn to look at her friends.  But she forced herself to sit on the sofa silently, looking down, resisting the intense urge to cross her arms or legs.  Her arms lay meekly at her sides, resting on the sofa cushion.

 The camera ejected the finished picture.  Chief Burdick looked at it critically.  The girls, right next to him, could see that it was a remarkably focused, brightly lit study of the anal area of a teenage girl.  They looked at it with varying degrees of fascination or disgust.  The chief sensed that he couldn't get away with insisting on another, better picture.

 But he had more ways to humiliate the unfortunate girl.  He knew that she didn't want to look at the picture.  So he forced her.  "Miss, if you could point out exactly where in this, uh, area the assault occurred . . . Miss?"

 Tami hated every second of it.  She went up to the picture of her anus.  She had never looked at her anal area, of course, or anyone else's.  Now she was forced to look at a picture of it, along with her closest friends and a cop.  She could see the brown wrinkled bud in the middle, perfectly symmetrical, surrounded by a penumbra of brownish skin, fading away into her usual white clear skin up and down the shallow hairless valley.  The bottom of the picture caught the beginnings of her pubic hair.  To one side it caught the tip of one of her fingers as it helped stretch her butt cheeks apart.

 Tami took a deep breath and remembered the horrid sting of the rubber band on her most secret spot.  It was horrible to have to say the words.  "He got me right in the middle, here," she said, pointing to the exact bud of her asshole.  She swallowed her shame.

 "Right on the exact, uh, sphincter then," the Chief said, grinding the naked girl into her shame as hard as he could.  "Miss?"

 "Yes!"  Tami said, badly wanting to get it over with.  This was horrible.  With other girls it was the most private body part, never to be seen or even talked about.  But the anus of Tami Smithers was always on display and was a subject of public conversation, the Chief referring to it as casually as he might refer to the nose or ear of another girl.

 "Well then, one more thing," the Chief said, taking out his note pad again.  "I'd like a statement to that effect for you to sign.  Please tell me once again exactly what the assailant did to you and where."

 Tami looked down in desolation.  Her face was ashen.  The girls thought it was at the memory of the outrage of what had happened, which was partly true.  But also it was because of shame at having to repeat the words.

 "He shot a rubber band which hit me in the . . . on the . . . on the buttocks."

 "Please be exact, Miss."

 Tami sighed and tried it again.  "He shot a rubber band which hit me on the . . . the a - anus."  She exhaled.  It was over.

 "Very well, I've written that down.  Please sign here."

 Seeing the hated words in the Chief's handwriting made it worse.  It was like he was writing on her asshole with his pen.  But Tami signed.

 The Chief figured there was nothing more he could do right now to humiliate the poor, naked girl.  He would have to scheme a way to do more some other time.  "Thank you Miss, I think that'll do," he said, putting away his note pad and putting the other things back into the purple bag.

 In a minute he was gone.

 Marisol said, "That was totally unnecessary."

 "He was just following procedure though," Jen said.  Jen's lack of outrage was motivated by the fact that she had found the whole thing very arousing.  Also, she knew, as all the other girls did, or thought they did, that Tami Smithers had given up modesty and did not really mind being exposed.

 As for Tami, she wanted to erase the memory of what she had been through.  She suddenly remembered that a moment ago she had been a pampered princess with loyal attendants.  "Are we done yet?"

 Clearly they were not.  Tami resumed her position, widely spread on her throne, and the girls went back to work.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI:  The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 13**

 The girls forgot about Chief Burdick and went back to being girls doing girl things.  Dawn and Terri were highlighting and braiding Tami's hair.  Marisol was carefully painting Tami's fingernails.  Mayree was carefully painting Tami's toenails.  Jen was finishing up her work on Tami's pubic hair.  Soon their work was almost finished.  "The nails are done," Mayree said proudly.

 Tami looked down at her fingers and toes, wiggling all twenty digits.  The nails were all striped orange, green, red and black.  Mayree said, "Watch," and went over to turn off the lights so that the room was in darkness.

 Darkness, that is, except for the stripes of Tami's nails.  The nail polish was fluorescent!  The girls squealed.  Tami wiggled her fingers and toes again.  "This is so cool!"

 Clothed by the darkness, Tami got up and ran around.  She did some gymnastic moves, high kicks, cartwheels, then a slinky twist.  Tami had never been a good dancer but it didn't matter.  The circling kente-colored stars of the glowing nails moved like magic.  It looked like an invisible spirit dancing in the African night.  The girls clapped and cheered.

 Mayree turned the light back on and asked Tami to sit down again.  "One more thing."  She produced two shiny toe rings and carefully fitted them on the second toe of one foot and the third toe of the other.  Tami's feet were bare yet now fully dressed.

 "And I want to show you something," Jen said.  She spread Tami's legs back onto the widely parted footstools and produced a small mirror.  Tami could see that her pussy hair had been sculpted into an inverted "V".  It looked like a diamond.  Strange, yet also oddly formal and elegant.  "Nice," Tami said, kind of actually meaning it.

 The girls' attention was diverted by the hard sound of shiny black shoes.  It was Rod in his tuxedo, complete with cummerbund, bowtie, ruffled shirt, striped pants, and a scarf and black coat, black gloves poking out of one pocket.  His shiny black scalp was newly shaved.  His wire-rimmed glasses were still slightly fogged from the cold outside.

 The naked, spread-legged girl and her fully and formally clothed date looked at each other in wonderment.  There was also a strong feeling between them that seemed not far from love.  All the other girls could sense it.

 "Hi," Rod said at last from a dry throat.  He was overcome with lust and wonder at the sight of such a beautiful, done-up naked woman, and the knowledge that this was his date for tonight.

 "Hi," Tami said from her spread-legged throne.  With his fogged glasses Rod looked nerdy but cute.  He really was adorable.

 Rod held out a small gift-wrapped box.  "This is for you, date."

 Tami reached forward and said "Thanks."

 "Open it!  Open it!" the girls squealed together.

 It was another ankle pouch.  Not like the one Heather had gotten for Tami after Thanksgiving, which now seemed so long ago.  This one was of shiny black leather and looked very luxurious.  Tami recognized at once the ingenuity of the gift.  Rod obviously could not buy her anything that could be worn, thinking that would be against her religion.  Instead he had thought of ankle pouches, which he knew she had no problem with.  And the one he got was very, very nice.

 "It's beautiful! . . . Where did you ever get it?" Tami said in awe.

 "At Kuyper's," he said, referring to a pricey store in town.

 "Excellent!" Jen said.  "Good move, Rod."

 "Smart one, too.  Tami must be a hard person to buy stuff for," Terri said, causing the others to chuckle in agreement.  Everyone knew exactly what Terri meant.

 Tami closed her legs and bent forward to put the ankle pouch on.  It fit perfectly over her left ankle.  She rotated her foot from side to side, showing it off.

 "Nice," Marisol said.

 "Very Tami," said Mayree.  The girls laughed again.

 Tami got up and hugged Rod.  "Thank you so much," she said, holding him tightly, feeling his shirt and coat rough and warm against her bare skin.

 The embrace went on and on.  A couple of the girls then said, "Woooo -- ooooo!!"  When the two finally separated Rod said, "Are you ready, babe?"

 "Almost," Mayree said.  "Why don't you wait in the main lounge.  Five minutes."

 "Five minutes C.P. time?" Rod said.

 "No, five minutes," Mayree said.

 Rod blew a kiss at Tami and left.

 "That guy is smitten!!" Jen said.  "I've never seen him like that."

 "Let me look at you," Mayree said.  Tami stood upright as the girls surrounded her.  Mayree turned her around.  Tami bit her lip as they carefully and minutely appraised every inch of her naked body.  She was shamedly aware that brushing against Rod's tuxedo -- or was it something else? -- had made her nipples hard.  The girls all noticed this at once.

 "God, your body is perfect!" Dawn said.  "Look at that flat tummy . . . tight butt . . . nice legs . . . and those boobs that don't sag without a bra!"

 "Are you turning into a dyke?" Jen teased.

 "No, I'm just jealous!" Dawn said.  She smiled at Tami.  All Tami could think of was Dawn looking up at her after seeing the inside of Tami's pussy during that workshop.

 Then Tami almost flinched as Mayree delicately but firmly held up one breast and turned the nipple to and fro.  "Something for these. . ."  She got a makeup brush from her bag and flecked some red rouge on one nipple and then the other.

 Tami smiled.  "That tickles."

 Tami's erect nipples were now a bright red.  Mayree said, "And now . . ."  With another brush and a cup she scattered silvery sparkles over the tops of Tami's breasts.  Then, after a moment's thought, she went around and sprinkled some more sparkles across the tops of Tami's butt cheeks, giving Tami an unexpected chill.

 "Finished!" Mayree said proudly.  "Turn around and show us.  Go to the mirror in the hall."  Jen took her roommate by the hand and led her out to the hall.

 At the end of each hallway was a full length mirror.  Tami could see herself from far away gradually getting bigger as she approached, nakedly walking in front of her her friends.  She was a sparkling, elegant, nude princess.  She stopped at the mirror and looked herself in the eye for a silent moment.  This is my fate, she told herself.  To be always naked and beautiful and on display.

 Her dark red hair was streaked with green and braided on the sides.  It made her look freaky and wild.  Tami noticed that the girls had not bothered to put on any lipstick or facial makeup.  Instead they had done things to emphasize parts of her that would be covered up on the other girls at the dance.  Toe rings, rouged nipples, trimmed pubic hair, sparkles on her breasts and butt.  In short, the salon job had only served to call attention to the fact that she was naked.  Still, Tami could not deny that she looked pretty damn good -- for her friends.  She wished nobody else had to be around to see.  But of course, she was about to go out in public, to a campus dance yet.

 "Thanks, guys," Tami said, turning to hug each of her friends, being careful not to rub the rouge off her nipples.  She then excused herself to go to her room and put some things into her new ankle pouch.

 She went downstairs and entered the main dorm lounge.  The memory of the awful sexual awareness workshop flew from her mind as she saw her tuxedoed Prince Charming.  She found herself blushing from head to toe under his worshipful regard.  She smiled and turned herself around for him.  "You are beautiful, babe," he said almost reverently.

 The foyer was chilly with the promise of much worse awaiting outside.  Rod stopped and put on his gloves.  He then started taking off his heavy coat to put on Tami's bare shoulders.  "Babe, it's ten degrees outside, let me keep you a little warm."

 Tami fought the urge to wrap this nice warm garment around herself.  She couldn't be seen walking to a campus event in a coat.  One of the Dean's spies might see her and that would be the end.  "No," she said forcefully, putting the coat back around Rod's shoulders.  "It's only a five minute walk.  I'll be O.K."

 "Let's walk fast then," Rod said, giving his arm to his date.  Quickly they scooted out, the young black man in the tuxedo and overcoat, taking the naked white girl out into the bitter cold night.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 14**

 The campus was quiet and still in the subfreezing night.  Lights from the nearby dorms shone steadily.  In the academic building there was an occasional office lit.  Above, the stars twinkled in the black sky.

Rod's shoes scraped loudly as they crunched the hard ice and frozen snow underfoot.  Tami's barefoot steps were silent.  She could vaguely feel the ice and snow under her quickly-numbing bare feet as she nearly stumbled along, holding onto Rod's arm.  This was the coldest she'd ever been outside naked.  She knew that if the Student Union was any further away she would get seriously cold and start to shiver before they got there.

 But the Student Union was just ahead.  The front doors were well lit and as they walked onto the wide concrete courtyard in front of the building Tami could see a few well-dressed young people inside.  "Jesus," Rod said.  In a moment Tami realized he was referring to the two campus security cars parked on the side of the courtyard.  The heavy police presence clearly pissed him off.

 As they approached the wide double doors Tami noticed some other couples approaching from other directions.  The guys were in tuxedos and coats, and though Tami was sure the girls had dressy gowns on, right now they were bundled up in long black coats and heavy high-heeled boots.  Everyone seemed to be in heavy black uniform.  Tami could also see eyes flashing and knew that everyone could see this naked white girl from the corners of their eyes.  They were pretending not to notice her but she could feel their suprise at seeing Naked Tami coming to this dance.

The naked girl took a deep breath of the frigid air and vowed to be strong.  She was going to walk into this situation just as if she were as fully clothed as anybody else.

 As they got to one of the glass doors Tami could see the poster for the dance taped to it.  She had seen it all over campus.  It had a drawing of what looked like an African statuette of a woman wearing nothing but a necklace and an elaborate headdress.  Her knees were bent apart, heels together.  She had huge breasts and a very long neck.  Some of the posters had been defaced, a huge penis scrawled on them pointing up at the woman's crotch.  But this one was untouched.

 Rod opened the door for Tami and the blast of warm air was very welcome on her goose-bumped skin as she entered.  She wished Rod had gone in first, but in Tami went, fully exposed to the crowd. She found herself in the middle of a bunch of bundled up black folks.  She could smell the hair grease, hear the Black English accents.  At first there was low casual talking.  She overheard someone say, "This weather is too damn cold for my African blood," which almost made her roll her eyes.  Everybody was acting real "black" tonight.  But when they realized with a shock that Naked Tami was there, though they resisted the urge to stare, they fell quiet, suddenly not being able to think of any more small talk.

 Tami could hardly breathe but forced herself to take deep, controlled breaths.  This was almost too much to bear.  Or was it "bare"?  If she had been fully clothed she still would be noticed by everyone as the only white person there.  If she had been black and naked, she certainly would have been noticed.  To be white and also naked was overwhelming.  She was out-loud white and out-loud naked.  Her naked white skin shone like a beacon in this room full of dark-skinned, darkly-clothed students.

 Not wanting to catch anybody's eye, Tami looked down.  They were in the big foyer, where students often sneaked a smoke, even though they were supposed to smoke outside.  The floor, as always, was littered with cigarette butts.  Tami thought of her bare feet getting dirty from this disgusting floor and avoided the butts.  Once a few days ago, she had stepped on a lit butt here by accident.  If her feet hadn't been hardened from going barefoot everywhere, she would have been painfully burned.  As it was, she had just felt a flash of hotness which made her look back to see what she had stepped on.

 Tami looked at Rod and could see him biting his lip.  The situation was uncomfortable for him too.  He turned to another guy and his date and said, "Hi Terence.  I knew you wouldn't miss this. This is my ladyfriend, Tami."

 "Hi," said Terence formally, his eyes frozen onto Tami's face, trying very hard not to look lower down.  "This is Shanille."

 The elegantly coiffed girl's gaze was cold.  "Hello, I've seen you around campus," she said.  Unlike her date she made no attempt to keep from looking down at the naked girl's breasts and pubic hair with a deadpan expression.

 The two couples stood looking at each other.  Conversation was stumped.  Rod then hurriedly said, "Well, let's get in."  Taking Tami by the hand, he strode to the entrance of the big multi-purpose room which at various times served as a concert hall, an activities center, even the place for commencement exercises last year when it rained on graduation day.

 The room was still only partly full.  There were tables set up around the sides and a big space in the middle for dancing.  There were risers on which the band, dressed in African garb, was setting up their drums and horns.  Next to the band was a life-size papier-mache statue of the figure from the posters.  It was crudely done but its gaze was unmistakeable.  Tami felt sure that the statue woman was looking at her as if in sistership of some sort.  Here we are, two naked women in the land of the clothed.  We've got to stick together.

 As Rod led her through the tables Tami could see the stares of the people sitting down.  The ones from the guys were mostly of surprise or even lust; the girls' stares were mostly of outrage or resentment.  Tami put on her game face.  She stood up straight, shoulders back, breasts out, as Rod led her to a table in the middle.  The strain of appearing nonchalant while inwardly quivering with shame was starting to make her nauseous.  But then she thought of her friends in the dorm lounge, surrounding her and telling her how beautiful she looked, and felt better.  She did concede to herself that, as a naked girl, she looked pretty fine.

 As they were about to sit the band leader walked over to them in his flowing multicolored robe.  He was smiling broadly and boldly took Tami's hand.  "Are you part of the entertainment!  This is amazing!"

 Tami blushed as Rod looked on, a little nervous but also proud that his date was the envy of others.  "No."

 "Well you certainly are brave.  I'm Stuka, my band is called the Kenya Kings, and you look like a . . . well . . . like a white slave girl all done up and brought in to entertain us."

 Tami thought Rod would blow up.  What a jerk this guy was!  But to her surprise Rod laughed.  "You are too much, George!"

 "'George'?" Tami was confused.

 "This is George Younger, who keeps wanting to be called Stuka," Rod said.  "He's a moderately bad singer.  Also was my roommate my first semester.  For some reason the committee for this dance decided to hire his band."

 Tami smiled but was also still a little peeved at the "slave girl" comment.  She supposed that if it was O.K. with Rod it was O.K. with her.

 Stuka/George then said, "Let me see you," and turned the naked girl around.  Tami was blushingly aware of his intense gaze as this tall black man, who actually was not bad looking, took in every inch of her nakedness.  "Can you dance?"

 "She's on the gymnastics team," Rod jumped in.

 "Well, that certainly qualifies.  Want to dance on stage during a drum break?"

 The idea of dancing naked in front of this crowd, or any crowd, was terrifying to Tami.  "You mean dance naked?"

 Rod said, "Well how else would Tami Smithers dance?"

 Good point.

 "Pleeeeease???" George said.

 "Pleeeeease???" Rod said.

 George said, "Don't worry, the house will be dark and the lights will be in your face.  From the stage you can't see a thing."

 .  .  .

 As the caterers came out with the food, as Rod got up to get fried chicken and biscuits and vegetables for himself and for Tami, as they ate, as the lights went down for the announcements to be made and the band to begin playing, Tami sat in the same posture.  Facing the table, legs crossed, trying to look relaxed in her chair even though the cold steel was unforgiving against her naked skin and the cold floor -- why did the floors at this college have to be so cold!! -- was harsh against her bare feet.  After a while she exhaled and shrugged.  Well if people wanted to look at me then just let them look!  At least that was what she told herself.

 Fortunately she had Rod to distract her.  He really was a sweetie.  They found it easy to talk, about professors, dorm life, the Black Students Association, student government.  Tami had been to one student government meeting so far.  She had sat in the back and didn't get up when the Student Association president introduced her as the new delegate from Pilgrim Hall.  Instead she had just waved and smiled.  Buried in the back of the room, nobody could see much of her nudity.

 Kings of Kenya was not a very good band, but they sure enjoyed banging on things: drums, cymbals, sticks, anything they could find.  They had three horn players who could play recognizable tunes.  This being the beginning of the night, most of the people were not dancing yet.  Rod had asked her to get up and dance.  Tami said, "In a bit."  She dreaded the prospect of dancing in front of everyone, but she didn't want to hurt Rod's feelings by flat out refusing.  Instead, she wanted to wait until the dance floor was crowded and she would be hidden, if only slightly, by people around her.

 In the middle of these thoughts Tami looked at Rod and saw his eyes open wide.  Tami turned to look.

 Her roommate Jen had entered the room and was walking slowly and nervously to their table.  Jen was uncharacteristically ill at ease -- because she was totally, absolutely naked . . .

 The dim light shone dully on the naked black girl's thin yet muscular body.  Her eyes darted from side to side and down, careful where she placed her bare feet.  Around her, people stopped talking and gasped.  What the hell was going on?  That white girl was naked all the time and, though she was a weirdo, her nakedness was part of campus life by now.  But Jen McIntyre, the dyke-artsy-bohemian-gymnast??

 Tami got over her astonishment enough to realize how brave this was for Jen.  As Jen approached their eyes met.  Jen gave a nervous smile.

 Rod's mouth was open in amazement but as Jen approached their table he recovered enough to reach over, awkwardly because of the bulge in his pants, and pull up a chair for Jen.  But Jen did not sit down.  She stood up next to Tami, her breasts about six inches from Tami's eyes.  Tami looked at her friend's 32B breasts and small, erect nipples, realizing she had never seen them before.  Then she looked up at Jen's nervous smile from which ran a deep well of lust.  There was only one thing to do.  Tami got up and, in the middle of the large dance hall, surrounded by the stares of almost a hundred of their friends and acquaintances, the two naked girls hugged each other tightly as if each was the other's warm coat on this freezing winter evening.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI:  The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 15**

 It was a sight that most of the girls at the dance, and certainly all of the guys, would long remember.  Two naked girls, gymnasts yet, with fine, slim, toned bodies, embracing in the middle of the multi-purpose room during the Black Formal.  The contrast of skin colors was exquisite, as Tami's slim white arms crossed Jen's dark brown back, her lower hand holding tight onto the top of one dark butt cheek.  On the other side everyone could see a photo negative of the same sight.  Kings of Kenya, playing a slow, soft tune, found it hard to concentrate on what they were doing.  One of the horn players skipped a few beats and lost his place.

 "I love you, Tam," Jen said into Tami's ear.  Tami could feel Jen's nipples, tiny and erect, poking into her own somewhat larger breasts.

 Tami broke the embrace to look down at Rod, who was smiling broadly.

 "Didn't mean to bust in on your date," Jen said, sitting down next to Tami.

 "It's O.K.," Rod said.  This was heaven, especially for someone like Rod who didn't exactly have a studly reputation.  Two naked girls at his table!

 "Glad you could make it," Tami said, smiling broadly at her roommate.  Tami felt warm for the first time that night.  It was warmth from inside.  She felt comfortable for the first time too.  She didn't mind being naked in front of Jen, and not even in front of Rod, now that she thought about it.  It was like they were alone, inside an opaque bubble, in their own space.  Three good intimate friends in their own world.  Tami tried to make small talk with Jen.  "This band is O.K., and the food is good too, though a little greasier than I'm used to!"

 "Soul food," Rod said, "or an attempt at it."  He looked down at his half-eaten fried chicken and greens, and the huge corn muffin.

 Tami felt brave.  "Can I get you something, Jen?"  She smiled again.

 But Jen was still nervous.  She, for one, did not feel like she was protected in a bubble.  She was uncomfortable being exposed to the world and felt awkward and cold and shaky without clothes.  She crossed her legs, slouched forward, and held her arms tightly across her chest.  After a few more seconds she bit her lip and turned and waved at the door.

 Mayree's entrance was magnificent.  A large girl, she seemed even larger with her big blonde wig, swaying into the hall in a Mae West - style dress that showed a big, deep cleavage.  It was enough to distract everyone from the two naked girls.  A couple of people even clapped.  Mayree politely acknowledged them with a gentle wave as if she were on top of a float in a parade.  Behind her, tall and elegant, Brad followed quietly, his powerful football player's body moving confidently in the perfectly-tailored tuxedo.

 Mayree was carrying a black raincoat and boots.  "Hello, children," she said to the three friends at the table as she handed the raincoat and boots to Jen.  Jen quickly slipped them on, tying the raincoat in front of her as Mayree and Brad sat down on the other side of the table.

 "I'm sorry Tam," Jen said, adjusting her coat.  "I'm not strong like you are.  I had Mayree follow me because I knew I'd cave in."

 It was all Tami could do to keep from crying.  She felt like a child who had been given a much-wished-for toy and then had it taken away.  She felt weak and empty.  With Jen putting on her clothes, once more Tami felt like the only naked person in the world.  Once again the room felt cold, the metal chair felt cold under her bare butt, the floor felt cold under her bare feet.

 "Are you O.K., Tam?"  Rod asked.

 "Uh, yeah," she said listlessly.

 "Hate to see my body covered up, do you?" Jen said teasingly.  "I'm working on her, Rod . . . better enjoy it while you can, because I'll turn her into a dyke yet!"

 Rod smiled.

 "I'll get my eats," Jen said, getting up and moving softly and gracefully toward the food table.  With just a raincoat and Army boots on, she looked like an exhibitionist on a break.  The other guys in the room had to admit that the effect was sexy . . . before they returned to sneaking glances at Naked Tami whenever their dates weren't looking, or appeared to be not looking.

 Kings of Kenya started an up-tempo song.

 "Want to dance?" Rod said.

 "Not yet, in a bit . . ."  Tami had to think of an excuse why she couldn't dance just now.  Any more refusals and she would be hurting Rod's feelings.  "Let me digest this food a little first."

 Tami looked desolately onto the dance floor.  There was a girl with a slit skirt with sequins.  To the left was a girl with a strapless fur-lined black gown.  Over closer was a girl with a pink dress that was O.K., but with fine silk gloves that went up to her elbows.   Then Tami looked lower.  The pink dress girl had white heels much like Tami wore to her junior prom.  The girl next to her being twirled by her man wore big black platforms with white lining.  Over to the side there was a girl who was actually wearing dressy sandals on this bitter cold night, but she had protected herself by wearing really thick blue pantyhose underneath.  The girl she was talking to had a sparkly green dress with no sleeves but with a sheer wraparound white scarf.  Nice black pumps, too.  A lot of the girls were wearing black boots with fur on top.

 How Tami used to love to go out dancing in something fine and dressy, comparing herself to the other girls, being elegant and ladylike!  But now Tami was a girl apart.  She could not compare her dress with the other girls'.  She had no dress.  She could not compare her shoes with the other girls'.  She had no shoes.  She had nothing.  Every scrap of clothing taken away from her, totally naked . . . and nakedness was not ladylike.  Her breasts, nipples, pussy, butt, were all on display.  She felt like an animal in a cage at the zoo as finely-dressed people looked at her and then went on.  She felt abandoned, deprived, shunned, an outcast.  Tami the Bare.

 She took in a few ragged breaths.  She told herself to cut out the self-pity and be strong.  But she couldn't stop watching the other girls.  She looked at their fine clothing with a burning gaze which was like a terrible hunger.

 It was like a vision from heaven, or from hell.  Across the stage from the papier-mache statue, someone was wheeling up a beautiful, full-length lady's coat suspended from a hanger on a stand.  Fortunately the Kenya Kings were still playing and nobody could hear Tami's groan of frustration and desire.  "Ohhh, God . . . I want that!" she said under her breath.  She squirmed in her chair.  She crossed her legs, so that her cold toes tucked up into the crooks of her knees to get warm.  She picked at her ankle pouch, the one piece of covering she had.  The desire to run up and put on that gorgeous coat, then hit the dance floor with the other girls, was intense and almost excruciating.

 Tami looked up at the ceiling.  God, why are you torturing me like this?  Of course she did not expect an answer.  This is simply the way things are.  She told herself, let's not go nuts here.  It's just a coat.  Tami's eyes wandered.  The multi-purpose room was two stories high.  Along the upper part of the wall were windows to the second floor offices, dark and unoccupied on Saturday night, mostly belonging to various student groups.  They had their banners out next to the windows.   Tami took note of them.  There was the B.S.A. office.  The cheerleading squad.  Phi Beta Upsilon, that bitchy sorority Wanda belonged to.  The ROTC.  The Jewish Student Union, which some devious administrator had placed right next door to the Arab Student Union.

 The Kenya Kings were coming to a close.   At the last cymbal crash, Stuka took his microphone from its stand and walked forward.  He spoke with a weird accent that sounded like he was trying to be Jamaican, or was it African?  "Welcome, African princes and princesses, we are the Kenya Kings!"  There was scattered applause.  "We will take a short break.  There are refreshments, a photographer to capture this night for the ages . . . We are very happy to be here tonight." Then, to Tami's dread, he looked right at her and said, "And a welcome to our white visitor, Miss Tami Smithers!!"

 There was a smattering of applause from some of the more courageous guys as Tami blushed and waved meekly.  Around the table, Rod, Jen, Mayree and Brad all simultaneously hid their eyes with their hands.  With his change of name George had not lost his capacity for being tacky and embarrassing.

 Tami thought a second.  "How did he know my name?"

 Jen laughed.  "Tami, you are so innocent!  Everyone on campus knows who you are!"

 Tami blushed.  Of course.  I'm naked, so I must be Tami Smithers.

 Stuka continued.  "And the Black Student Association, the fine sponsor of this dance, is raffling off this excellent woman's coat, which one of you princes can put around your princess to go out into the cold night . . . so you can take it off later!"

 There were a few whoops.

 "So get your tickets, they're only two dollars each . . . next to the food table.  The drawing will be during our second half.  Peace!"  Stuka concluded, hand held high.

 The lights in the hall went up.   Around the table everyone looked at each other with blinking eyes.  The light emphasized the white naked skin on Tami Smithers and the clothing on everyone else.

 "Let's walk around," Rod said to Tami.  "I like to show this beautiful lady-friend off to everyone."

 Tami was flattered as well as embarrassed.  She got up and let Rod lead her away with his arm around her waist.  She liked being held by this guy.

 The photographer was already busy, taking flash pictures of Terence and Shanille standing in front of a black curtain background.  There were about three couples on line.  "Let's take a picture, babe," Rod said.

 "Oh God . . ."  Tami's first shudder was quickly replaced by a feeling of warmth toward Rod.  Having her picture taken with him was like some kind of declaration that she was his girlfriend.  Could she deal with that?  Hell yes!  "O.K., my man!"  she said, surprisingly herself with her boldness, snuggling her head against his shoulder.

 Rod smiled from ear to ear and that smile continued right up through their turn to pose.  At first Tami posed turning inward to Rod so that only her side could be seen.  But then she realized that this picture would be looked at mostly by Rod, and decided Rod deserved a full view.  The photographer fiddled with his camera, adjusting the light so that it was not too dark to see Rod yet not so bright so that it glared off Tami's white skin.  By the time he finally said "Cheese!" and two consecutive flashes went off, Tami was turned full face to the camera, head on Rod's shoulder, arm around his neck, and the other arm decorously wrapped around his arm in front of her middle.  To her surprise she found herself hoping that her nipples and pussy would show clearly in the photo.

 She was right, as the two found out a minute later when the two instant pictures popped out.  It was perfect.  They were a happy couple.  And a mixed couple too, not only in skin color, but as if Rod came from a planet of clothing, and Tami came from a planet of nakedness.

.   .   .

 Intermission during this Black Formal was unusual.  As several people commented, with the bitter cold outside, they could not chat outside like they did last year.  Instead, they found places to talk in the foyer, in the hallway, on the stairs, some even stayed in the multi-purpose room.  The Naked White Girl's Friends, Jen, Rod, Mayree, Brad, decided to hang out not on the lower stairs, which were crowded, but on the stairs going up to the third floor.  It was a cinder-block echo chamber which smelled like detergent.  Tami sat on the stone step, which, of course, was cold.  Her hands rubbed her knees which she had brought together.

 "Fine nails, Tami," Brad said in his deep voice.

 "Thank you, dear," Mayree said, giving her boyfriend a squeeze.

 "I'd know your work anywhere," he answered.

 Tami looked down at her fingers and stretched them out.  Yes, she told herself again, these nails are very impressive.

 "So what are we going to do about Rashawn?" Rod said.  This was B.S.A. talk.  Rashawn was the B.S.A. president who had just dropped out.  As the moments went by Tami listened with half interest as her friends gabbed about campus politics.  "This must be really boring to you," Rod said to her at one point.  She nodded.  Everyone laughed.

 They heard a door open and close below with a loud echo.  It was Stuka, coming up in his flowing robe.  "Almost time to start again.  We're having the raffle drawing."

 "Why are you telling us this?  We didn't buy any tickets," Rod said.

 "Yes you did.  Or rather I did."  Stuka looked at Tami and smiled.  "I entered your name!"  He turned and went back down.  "Come on," he called behind him.

Jen and Tami looked at each other.  Everyone was speechless.  Then a light bulb went on over Tami's head and she laughed.  "Well let's go," she said, padding down the cold concrete stairway as her friends followed her quietly.  What if she won the raffle?  She couldn't very well refuse the prize and offend the B.S.A.!  She would just have to put that coat on, wouldn't she!

**The Unintentional Nudist VI: The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 16**

 The five friends walked back into the multipurpose room, led by Tami, whose bare butt had gotten cold sitting on the stone step.  She was rubbing her rear cheeks to get some feeling back into them.  Rod was behind her and was so focused on watching Tami's butt jiggle in her hands that he almost tripped over the threshold.

 Tami felt a little giddy.  She didn't mind striding naked into the crowd again so much.  She was alive at the chance that she would win that raffle.  It was a hundred to one shot, judging from the line of guys who had rushed to the raffle table at intermission -- no doubt prodded by their girlfriends, who just had to have that coat! -- but somehow she knew.

 Jen and the others were curious too.  What if Tami won the coat?  What would she do?  She doesn't believe in wearing clothes!  The fact that Tami wasn't looking at them only increased their uncertainty.  To them Tami's half-smirk was totally unreadable.  Maybe she would win the coat and then refuse to wear it!  That would be pretty dicey.  Would it offend anyone in the B.S.A.?  Some of those B.S.A. folks are pretty touchy!

 In a minute everyone was seated and Stuka was in his favorite spot, up on stage with everyone's attention.  "African princes and princesses, we are here to give away this fine lady's coat, no doubt," he said, wheeling it up front of him, "made for a princess."  Someone started turning the house lights down but Stuka had them brought back up.  "No, no, keep the lights up," he said, for a moment forgetting his Jamaican/African accent, "I want everyone to see who the winner will be."

 "Jenise, the box please," he said, waving his hands like a magician about to extract a rabbit.  The girl with the big cardboard box was in what looked like a Playboy bunny outfit.  As she walked across the stage there were some wolf whistles.  Stuka started really hamming it up.  He pulled up his sleeve and stuck his hand into the box, which had the poster of the statuette taped to it.  "Hmmm . . . hmmmm . . ."  He fished around and around as if unable to find a single ticket.  Behind him, the band was in place by now.  One of the drummers started a slow drum roll.

 Tami's mouth was open and her breathing was shallow.  She almost stared a hole in that coat.  She wanted it so bad.  She could almost feel its soft warmth around her shoulders . . .

 "Hmmmm . . . hmmmmm . . ."  The drum roll got louder.

 In the full light everyone could see that it really was a fine coat.  There was a row of sequins around the collar, inlays of black silk here and there.  It must have cost several hundred dollars.  Surely it was donated, the B.S.A. couldn't afford to buy it out of their funds . . .Tami looked around.  Everyone was on the edge of their seat.  It looked like almost every couple had bought a ticket.  The girls especially were anxious.  She was surprised to see Shanille, sitting two tables away, without her usual stuck-up expression.  Shanille's fists were clenched together.  It was obvious she wanted this coat almost as badly as Tami did.

 "Hmmmm . . . hmmmmm . . ."

 "Come ON!" some of the guys yelled out.

 "OK! OK!"  Stuka said hurriedly.  Finally, with a late cymbal crash, he yanked his hand up.  He opened the little paper and showed it to Jenise.  They both smiled and nodded.  "The winner is . . ."

 You could hear a pin drop.

 "Ummmm . . ." Stuka held the paper at odd angles in front of his eyeballs as if unable to read what was on it.

 "Come ONNNN!" people started yelling.

 Stuka put the paper down.  "Tami Smithers!"

 There was a good deal of loud groaning, mostly female, and some applause, mostly male.  The band started a slow rhymthic beat.

 To Tami the next few seconds were like slow motion.  She saw Stuka motion for her to come up to the stage.  She felt herself slowly get up and, looking back quickly at Rod, make her way slowly through the tables.  She was nervous and shaky as she watched where she put her feet.  She was quivering with desire, anticipation, hunger.  As she got closer to the stage she forgot all about her surroundings.  She focused singlemindedly on the coat as Stuka gently took it off its stand, ready to drape it around her shoulders.

 Stuka himself was a little shaky too.  He was hoping Tami would win the raffle but knew what the odds were and had put it out of his mind.  But now it was really happening.  He would be putting a coat on a naked girl!

 Somebody in the crowd took a flash picture.

 The rhythmic beat got louder and faster, clearly designed to climax when the coat was put on Tami.

 Tami gulped and stepped onto the riser.  She hugged Stuka's head.  Lust overcame many of the guys as they got a rear view of the girl's perfectly formed body, up on stage and brightly lit.

 Tami turned to face the crowd.  She knew her breasts and pussy were on full display but it was going to be worth it.  She didn't want to look at her friends.  She looked up to avoid people's gaze.  She closed her eyes, waiting to savor the moment when the soft fabric touched, caressed, covered, warmed her quivering, cold, naked body.  She could feel Stuka move behind her and felt part of the coat brush up against one of her butt cheeks.  It gave her a chill and she opened her eyes for a moment, looking up.

 A light went on in the office of Phi Beta Upsilon.  Everyone else's attention was on Tami and only she noticed it.

 She was like a ghost, or maybe an angel of death.  There was a light on the table in the little office.  Leaning forward into the lamp so that her face was shining at Tami like an evil beacon was -- Wanda!!

 The sadistic R.A. had an evil smile as she looked down at Tami.  Their eyes met.  Wanda cocked an eyebrow.  It was an expression Tami knew well by now.  Put that coat on and I am going right to the Dean and you will be expelled!!

 Tami took a deep breath.  That bitch!  She was probably watching during the whole dance!

 Tami's heart sank and she knew what she had to do.  She took a deep breath again, like a swimmer about to dive into freezing water.  Then she had a flash of inspiration.

 Tami turned around and took the coat from Stuka, folding it over her arm, and with a frozen smile walked from the stage.  The band's rhythm faltered and then they stopped playing.  Everyone was speechless, even Stuka.  What was going on?  It was almost like coitus interruptus.  He wasn't going to get to put the coat on the naked girl after all.  As he watched in puzzlement, Tami strode through the crowd to where Shanille was sitting resplendent (but disappointed) in her fine long black dress and elegant black gloves.  The room was totally quiet.  Everyone could hear Tami's words.

 "Here," she said, holding the coat out toward Shanille.  "You wanted this more than me.  Take it."

 Shanille looked at the coat with desire but then up at Tami with puzzlement.  "But you won it."

 "I don't . . . I don't need it," Tami said, struggling to get the words out.  She held the coat out again, almost quivering with the strain.  She wanted Shanille to take the damn coat and get it over with.  She didn't know how much longer she could resist the urge to run away with the coat and put it on.

 Shanille didn't know what to say.  Next to her, Terence was equally dumbfounded.

 Tami cleared her throat.  Her voice was brave and steady.  "My gift to you."  She managed an impish smile.  "It's for your warm African blood."

 Shanille looked at Tami and then the coat once again.  She stood up uncertainly and, as Tami turned her around, felt the naked girl drape this luxurious coat around her shoulders.  Tami had to reach up to do it.  She was shorter than Shanille, who also had the benefit of high-heeled boots.

 Shanille held her arms out and looked down.  The coat was as exquisite as she knew it would be.  She was close to tears.

 "Thank you, thank you," she said, hugging Tami tightly, allowing the naked girl to feel the coat along the length of her body.

 The crowd erupted in spontaneous applause.  People were utterly surprised to find themselves cheering but the cheering was heartfelt.

 Stuka clapped too and then, after a moment's hesitation, he signaled to the band.  "On this fine evening, let's dance!!"  The band kicked into a fast beat.

 The tension broken, there was a rush to the dance floor as most of the couples got up.  In a moment the floor in front of the band was filled with bouncing couples.

 Tami walked wearily back to her table.  Jen jumped up and hugged her.  Jen's words came out awkwardly as she tried to be heard over the band.  "This . . . is the kind of thing Rebecca would make a big deal out of.  Something in the Bible about being naked and giving your coat.  Or something like that."

 Tami could see Rod beaming at her.  "You just won the hearts of the whole campus black community," he said.  Tami quickly looked to Mayree and Brad.  Then she said, "Excuse me.  Have to use the ladies' room."

 The naked girl walked weakly and shakily out of the multipurpose room.  There was nobody in the foyer.  She then burst into lightning speed, running down the hall, into the other part of the building.

 The slapping feet turned this way, then that, through the deserted halls, then at last the naked girl banged into a bathroom in the admissions office wing.

 Tami stood in front of the toilet stall for a silent moment, then banged it with her fists over and over.  "SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!!"  Then she kicked it with her feet like in a judo match.  "FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK!!"  She had hardly ever used that word before, but she sure felt like it now.  Catching her breath, she leaned against the stall, the metal cold against her bare breasts.  After a minute she started banging away again.  With one final kick she hurt her big toe.  "Ouch!  Shit!!"  She tried to rub it while standing on one leg but almost fell over.  Finally with unsteady hops she fell backward to sit on the floor against the wall.  After rubbing her toe some more she broke down crying.

 Her howls and sobs echoed against the cold tile walls.  She then gasped as she caught her breath again.  She was almost calm enough to talk by now, though her words were punctuated by sobs.  "Please . . . God . . .let me have clothes! . . . I WANT TO WEAR CLOTHES!!"

 She looked up and took some more breaths.

 The naked teenage girl started mumbling softly.  "Why can't I have just a little . . . scrap of something . . ."  She started crying again.  "That coat . . . was so . . . beautiful . . . and WARM!"  In the midst of all that fine clothing everyone was wearing at the dance, she had to be naked.  Everyone was feasting, and she was denied even one little crumb.

 She thought of a half-remembered dream where she was condemned to be naked the rest of her life walking through ice and snow.

 She then looked at the ceiling.  "Please God . . . I don't want to be naked any more."  She kept looking as if waiting for a sign.

 Tami sat there for a long time.  At length her breathing returned to normal.  She looked down at herself.  What am I doing on this dirty old bathroom floor?  She saw the dark soles of her feet and brushed some of the dirt off.  Then she got up, brushing dust from her back, her butt, the backs of her legs.  Yuck.

 She turned and looked at herself in the mirror.  Her hair was wild and scattered.  Her eyes were red.  Her face was streaked with tears.  She thought of the last time she looked in the mirror, a couple of hours ago, all done up in the dorm, admired by her circle of friends.

 A different part of Tami took over just then.  There was a part of her that really was as strong as her friends thought she was.  Strong Tami told herself: You really are a sorry sight, aren't you? You were babbling like a spoiled baby.  Think of how good you looked before.  Let's get this under control.

 She ran the cold water and doused her face.  With the gritty paper towels she wiped her face clean and arranged her hair with her fingers as best she could.  A minute later she was looking much better.

 She leaned against the sink, looking down at her nipples, which still had some of the rouge Mayree had put on them.  There were also some sparkles still across the tops of her breasts.  Her trimmed diamond-shaped pubic hair poked up above the edge of the white porcelain.  She thought of her last crying fit in the bathroom, right after that disastrous meeting with the Dean.  She didn't want this to become a habit.  This can't go on.  I've got to have a plan.

 My summer job.

 She had thought about it before.  A summer job, away from campus, in another town, away from home.  Where she would live.  Where she would make new friends and acquaintances.  And where she would wear clothes!  They wouldn't be any the wiser.  They wouldn't know about this nude religion crap.  To them Tami Smithers would be just another average girl.

 I've got to be organized about this.  I've got to have a plan.  Tami told herself: I'll start Monday.  I'll start checking the summer job boards then and I'll do it every week.  Once the new semester starts there should be something up there pretty soon.  I'll make lists of who to call, who I've already called . . .

 There was a goal in sight.  Maybe pretty far at the moment, but every day it would get closer.  How many days?  Tami remembered that the last final of Spring Semester was May 22.  Today was December 9.  Being a math major, Tami was good at counting.  January 9.  31 days.  February 9.  62 days.  May 22 . . . 164 days.

 164 days!  Almost half a year!

 Tami remembered something she saw on an old rerun of "Mission: Impossible".  She loved that old show, with all its gizmos and intricate plots, it appealed to her nerdy, scientific side.  Mr. Phelps was pretending to be a prisoner.  A new guy, the guy they wanted information from, was assigned as his cell mate.  "Five years!"  he said.  "How am I going to live through this for five years!"

 "You're taking it all wrong," Phelps said.  "The smart con does his sentence one day at a time."

 Tami told herself: one day at a time.  Today it's 164 days.  Tomorrow it will be 163 days.  I'll be one day closer.

 She looked again at the mirror and decided she was O.K.  Back to the dance.

**The Unintentional Nudist VI:  The Adventures of a Naked Girl in Love, Part 17**

 This Tami, the Strong Tami, strode bolt upright through the hallway, her heels thudding confidently on the tile floor.  She kept telling herself in a sort of prayer:

164 days.   
As God is my witness, I will be wearing clothes starting May 23.

 Meanwhile she pretended she was not really naked, but clothed and covered by a thick armor.  It was made of courage.  Dignity.  Modesty, as her girlfriends oddly put it back in the lounge when they were making her up.

 As she turned to the foyer she heard the band banging away and the loud crowd talking and dancing inside.  She saw a few people at the doorway to the multipurpose room noticing her return and bit her lip, pushing down the feelings of shame.  Turning, she was surprised to see that a couple of the outside doors were open and Rod was standing with Brad a few feet out onto the courtyard.  How could they stand there with it so cold out?  She gingerly stepped out to them.

 "Hi babe," Rod said, putting his arm around his naked date's shoulder.  "Are you O.K.?"

 Tami thought quickly.  "That soul food didn't agree with me, I guess. . ."  She noticed the warm air rushing out from the door.  "Amazing how it's not too cold out here."

 "Yeah, thanks to this warm draft it's maybe fifty degrees here instead of just five."

 Tami padded with one foot then the other.  "Even the ground isn't so cold."

 Rod looked down and tapped with his black dressy shoes next to Tami's bare feet.  "Well, I wouldn't know that. . . So how is my hero?"

 Tami was genuinely perplexed now that she thought about it.  "I don't know why everyone was cheering just then."

 Brad spoke slowly in his deep but quiet voice.  "I don't know why I cheered, and I don't think anyone else did either.  It just seemed like the thing to do, and I meant it."

 "Well I saw that Shanille really wanted that coat, and . . . me, I . . . I certainly didn't need it."

 "We were all on tenterhooks wondering what you would do," Rod said.

 The three of them stood in the protection of the warm outdraft, looking out into the darkness of the bitter cold night.  The campus security cars had left some time ago.  Inside, the loud dancing continued.

 Brad said, "Brenda tells me you're going to be modeling for art classes next semester."

 Tami got a bad feeling from somewhere, though she couldn't remember why.  "Brenda?"

 "Yes, she's here at the dance.  She's an art major."

 With a chill Tami then remembered that awful scene in the dining hall.  With Jen tonguing her expertly below the table, Henry Ross leering at her, asking for her consent to pose for figure drawing classes, Jeffrey Dillon looking on, Tami trying heroically not to come and signing some kind of agreement just to get Ross out of there, but then not being able to resist any longer and coming nevertheless, powerfully and shamefully as Ross made her look right into his eyes to see his sadistic gaze burning right into her soul . . . She shuddered as she told herself, that was the most intense shame she had ever experienced, and that's saying a lot.

 "Lucky you, making money by doing what you do all the time anyway," Rod said casually.

 Tami didn't hear.  She just looked out into the darkness and could see Ross's evil triumphant glare staring back at her.  She closed her eyes and could not blot it out.

 But then she turned to look up into Rod's eyes, regarding her steadily and positively from behind the wire-rimmed glasses, and suddenly Henry Ross was banished from her mind.  Looking into her date's eyes she saw affection, acceptance, admiration, warmth . . .

 It was that slow, nonverbal prelude that lovers the world over remember to their first real kiss.  That the two college students both knew what was happening did not make it any less entrancing, did not make them any less able to resist being drawn along.  Slowly Tami's face turned up, the two faces met, eyes closed.

 It quickly turned into a passionate, almost ferocious kiss.  Though the two young people didn't know it, it was the first public interracial French kiss in the history of the college.  Tongues searching, arms tightly holding, hands caressing the hair on the back of the head . . .

 Brad cleared his throat.  "I, uh, think I'll see what's up inside," and he was quickly gone, getting a desire to suck face with Mayree.

 Tami could feel Rod's hard dick extending down and out, pressing through his trousers against the trimmed diamond of her pussy hair.  As their mouths parted and Tami put her head on his shoulder, she heard him say, "I want you, babe."

 Tami felt cozy and comfortable.  She had a nice warm coat now and its name was Rod.  She also realized she was suddenly horny as hell.  "I want YOU . . ."

 The tuxedoed young man and the naked girl parted and exhaled.  After a moment Rod said, "We'd better dance."

 Indeed.  As Rod led her back into the loud, festive room, Tami felt enveloped by the warm air and the warm feelings of the dancing crowd as they made way for them.  She no longer felt any venomous or resentful female stares.  She was in with the crowd now.  Rod and Tami began to dance furiously to the fast beat along with the others.   Next came a slow dance and the two meandered slowly past the other couples, Tami's head on Rod's shoulder, Rod's hands diplomatically resting just above Tami's butt crack as he pressed his hardness against her.

 Tami was having a good time.  She never would have believed that she would feel so comfortable being naked in the midst of a room full of clothed people.  All her fears and shames were forgotten as she melted into Rod's tuxedoed warmth.  For a moment she wondered if Wanda might still be watching from her darkened office.  She smiled with revenge as she realized that if anything, Wanda was probably jealous of her right now.

 After a few more dances the couple sat down at their table again.  Stuka signaled to her from the stage.  It was time.

 Tami scampered up to the risers and stood in front of Stuka as arranged.

 He made a great flourish with his multicolored robe and laid the accent on thick.  "African princes and princesses, we have a naked white slave girl who will dance for you now.  I know that good dancing is not a characteristic of her race, but she hopes that she will please you.  Please give her your attention."

 Stuka had planned it well.  Not only the house lights but all the lights in the foyer and the hallways were turned off, resulting in total darkness.  It was hard to see anything at first.  Then as people's eyes got used to the dark they could see the dim kente colors of ten fluorescent fingernails and ten fluorescent toenails waiting at attention on the risers.  A heavy beat on the bass drum was soon joined by more complicated beats on the bongos and sticks.  The glowing nails started to move.

 Tami wanted to be good at this.  Before intermission she had been watching the moves of the better dancers on the floor.  Though never a great dancer she knew that as a gymnast she had flexibility and athleticism.  She combined sinuous writhing with her gymnastic floor routines as best she could.

 The result hypnotized the crowd.  They had never seen anything like it.  The twenty fluorescent dots spun and circled and jumped like wild shooting stars.  As spectators' eyes got more used to the dark they could make out the pale slim body as well, jumping, cartwheeling, back-flipping, leg-splitting, breasts bouncing, then with a turnaround the slim back, slender legs, and the tight and trim butt cheeks -- "Tam, you've got a real white person's butt," Mayree told her once -- flexing to the beat.

 It went on for five amazing minutes.  Then the drum beats got louder.  Tami got a little frisky.  She squatted and hopped up and down as if bouncing on an imaginary penis.  She flung her sweaty hair from side to side.  She had never seen an "exotic dancer" perform but it was similar to something one might do, though with real lust and with an earthiness emphasized by the thumping of her bare feet on the risers.  With the final beats she hopped toward the papier-mache statue.  On the very last cymbal crash the house lights flooded on and the blinking crowd could see the naked sweating white girl, smiling broadly, squatting in the same position as the statue next to her.  Tami got her second ovation of the evening.

 She moved through the crowd, hearing the cheers of the girls as well as the guys, and fell into Rod's arms, sweaty and exhausted.  As the next dance began she sat on his lap and smiled into his shoulder.  Tami Smithers was on top of the world.

 The Black Formal was winding down.  People started leaving.  After the last dance, a real slow one, Tami and Rod stood at their table next to Jen and Brad and Mayree.  After a moment of silence Rod finally said it.  "Want to come to my place, babe?"  He had a shy smile that was typical Rod frisky-adorable.

 Tami did have one concern.  "How far is it?"

 "Right on the other side of here from your dorm.  Ever notice that little blue office building? Across the street from that."

 Jen said, "Don't have too much fun now."

 Tami waited for Rod to put on his coat and gloves and then she grabbed his hand.  "We gotta go fast!!"

 The two shot through the concrete courtyard and on across the campus.  It was so cold and dark Tami felt like she was on the planet Pluto.  How long could she survive without a spacesuit?  She ran side by side with Rod.  She wished he would run faster, but burdened by heavy clothing and not as athletic as Tami, Rod could only run so fast.

 They got to the office building and ran around it.  Tami never knew there was a row of houses on the other side.  He was right, he lived right close by.  It looked a little like the street that Rebecca's and Marisol's new apartment was on, though maybe a little worse.  The curbs and sidewalks were crumbling, some of the houses were even boarded up and abandoned.  Tami had to really watch where she stepped.

 The big bank sign could be seen flashing in the distance above one of the vacant lots.  Tami blinked her eyes, bleary from rushing through the cold air, and caught a clear glance of it.  Half past midnight . . . two degrees above zero!  Jesus!

 Hopping up and down on the stone stoop, waiting as Rod fumbled with his keys, Tami felt her whole body getting numb.  He finally got the door opened and they dashed upstairs.

 In a minute Tami found herself sipping hot microwaved tea, sitting cross-legged at the table in the gritty kitchen.  A bare light bulb hung from the ceiling.  As her shivering stopped Tami noticed that this was obviously a guy pad.  A bikini picture on the wall.  Dirty dishes on every flat surface.  Socks strewn across the floor.  She guessed probably three or four guys.

 "Nice place," she said, knowing this would make Rod laugh.  He looked at her steadily and smilingly from his own steaming cup.

 Tami got up and stood next to Rod.  Her flat tummy almost right next to his face, her breasts almost in the way as he looked up at her.  "So where's your room?"

 Tami had never been this aggressive but she was really happy and really horny, a combination she had never felt before, at least not like this.  They got to Rod's room, a tiny place smaller than her dorm room, with a desk pushed up right against the bed.  Tami pushed him down so that he lay on his back.  Standing over him, she hoisted one leg up onto the desk, turning her pussy toward him as he lay there speechless with lust.  Wiggling her toes as they continued to get their feeling back, she quickly but carefully unzipped her ankle pouch and took out a diaphragm case and a tube of spermicide.  Extracting the diaphragm and squirting the spermicide into it she took the time to look at him with a coy smile.  The thought of fully exposing herself to this guy only made her hornier.

 "Now you see what you missed at Congi's workshop," she said, as she crouched to put her open pussy even closer to Rod's face, then widely separated her lower lips and inserted the diaphragm, pushing it into place with the technique that she had learned so well.  Rod's eyes were transfixed as they examined at close range every wet, pink crevice and nuance of Tami's inner cavity.  When her pussy had closed around the latex device she brought her leg down and faced Rod, hands on hips.

 "Now why am I the only naked person in this room?"

 Rod didn't know what to do.  He was in heaven.  Tami, who was now a wild woman like he had never seen her before, started taking off everything he had on.  It was quite a project.  Tami had to work on his shoes and socks, belt, tie, shirt, pants, undershirt, even his glasses, leaving him finally only in his jockey underpants, in which his hard dick formed a huge lump.

 Tami squatted over Rod's knees and gripped the band of the underpants on both sides.  With an expectant smile at him, she pulled them down and his hard dick bounced free.

 Rod's dick might have been somewhat bigger than average but was hardly what one would call huge.  Still, to Tami it looked gigantic, and beautful and luscious.  She looked at its long, black, silky thickness and decided she wanted to swallow it first.  Opening wide, breathing through her nose, she engulfed it and wedged fully half of it into her throat.

 It was too much.  After a couple of her lunges Tami felt the bulbous head get even bigger and harder and then felt warm spurts shooting down into her stomach.  As she gulped she tightened her throat and mouth, milking him to the last spasm.  Then she slowly took the long, thick dick out, with a final lick to the head that made his whole body jump up.

 Rod breathed heavily.  Finally he said, "Sorry babe."

 "Hmmm," Tami said, rubbing the wet, slick but still hard dick in her fingers.  "You seem like you're not nearly done. . ."  She climbed up on top of him and guided the dick into her wet pussy.  "I want to fuck your rod, Rod . . ."

**The Unintentional Nudist VI:  The Adventures of  a Naked Girl in Love, Part 18 (Conclusion)**

 Tami had to pee.  She poked her head out tentatively into the cold room.  She hated to leave their warm, moist cocoon.  Back under the covers she lay on Rod's chest, feeling the kinky black hairs, looking up at his sweet dark exhausted face.  She had really worn him out.  Fucking him once on top, again from below, finally pinning him down despite his protests and sucking one final ejaculation from his big, floppy, exhausted dick, after which he konked out immediately.  And her own response was off the scale, compared to what she had been capable of before.  How many times did she come?  Eight?  Ten?  She wasn't sure.

 She snuggled closer, putting her face next to his.  Dare she use the "L" word?  Did she really love this guy?  It sure felt like it!  She loved hanging out with him, and she loved fucking him too.  That's all you can ask for in this life.  It was certainly new in Tami's.

 Her bladder was insistent.  She stuck her head out of the covers again.  This room was really cold, with no reliable radiator like her dorm room.  Being under the covers here should be perfectly O.K. with her religion.  After all, she couldn't be expected to freeze to death.

 She reluctantly got up, feeling the cold air on her moist, warm body, which only made her want to pee more.  She stumbled to the bathroom.  She had been fucked so well that it was hard to walk straight.  She peed and cleaned herself up, outside and in.

 When she got back to the room Rod was gone.  She looked for him, feeling odd stumbling naked through this cold strange apartment.  What if she ran into one of his housemates?

 She found Rod in the kitchen, wearing a heavy terry cloth bathrobe and socks, putting a pot of water on.  He stopped to turn to her and give her a weary hug.  "I'm in heaven," he said.

 The naked girl was a little bolder.  "Thanks for the best fuck of my life," she said, and giggled.  They kissed as passionately as they could, given their exhausted state.

 Tami arranged herself cross-legged on a chair looking out the window.  She put her hand on the radiator under the sill.  "Not much heat here, is there?"

 "I just turned it up.  We should be feeling something in a few minutes.  But yes, the heat is pretty lousy here."  The kettle started boiling.  "Coffee?"

 "Yes, yes," Tami said, looking out across the street.  The blue office building shone dully in the gray dawn.  It was about seven o'clock.

 Tami could feel the negative vibrations as soon as she saw the short, swarthy, mustached guy in the doorway.  "Who is this?"  the guy said with a thick accent.

 "Khalid, this is my ladyfriend Tami," Rod said firmly.  He turned to her.  "Tami, this is my housemate Khalid."

 "Yes I know."  Khalid turned to Tami.  "I know of you.  I don't approve of your religion."  He spoke in very short, very fast bursts, and at first Tami had to play it back in her mind to understand what he had said.

 "I know you don't," Rod said.  "But she's my guest, and one must be nice to her."

 Khalid looked at Tami with suspicion, then at Rod.  "Well O.K.," he said in a short burst.  "You must understand that in my country it would not be accepted."  He looked at Tami and nodded.  "Hope you are well.  I have to go to work."  And he was gone.

 As Rod brought the two steaming cups of coffee to the table, he said, "In his country women would be stoned to death for not covering their face.  You can imagine why he reacts to you not covering anything."

 Tami looked at the empty doorway and heard Khalid's heavy footsteps as they disappeared into the cold outside.

 "He's basically a good guy, he just doesn't know how to act in this country yet."  Rod sat down and placed a cup of coffee in front of Tami.  "Could you get one of those spoons for the sugar?"

 Tami looked at the glass filled with spoons way over to her right.  Shifting her bare bottom to the other side of the seat, she expertly extended her right leg up and over the table, rotated her foot, and clutched the handle of one of the spoons between her big toe and her second toe, then brought her foot over to drop the spoon gently into Rod's cup.

 Rod looked at her foot and chuckled.  "Amazing."

 Tami put her coffee back against the wall and then put her foot back on the table.  Judging all the distances carefully like a cat about to jump, she extended her other foot way up across the now-warm radiator.  She stretched her arms out to either side, and shifted her bottom forward.  Her legs now stretched widely apart, she was treating Rod to a full spread view of her slightly opened pussy.  She smiled at him teasingly.

 Rod's gaze was fixed on the opening between Tami's pussy lips.  "I don't know whether to attack you with my tongue or my dick."

 Tami looked at him steadily.  "Your choice."

 Rod looked down at his crotch.  "I'm afraid my dick is still recovering."  Next thing she knew he was kneeling on the floor, mouth fastened onto her pussy, arms around her thighs.

 "Oh! . . . ohhhh . . . "  Within two minutes Tami was cresting into orgasm, with a fleeting thought amazed this boundless capacity she had suddenly developed for sexual pleasure.  With one of the spasms her bare foot knocked over the glass of spoons.  They scattered over the table unnoticed.

 When it was over Rod lay his head against her hot, moist pussy, looking up at his lover with a drowsy smile, reaching up to twist a stiff nipple.  "Am I as good as Jen?"

 Tami laughed.  It was a deep, throaty, womanly, well-fucked laugh.   She was too satiated to be embarrassed.  "You're catching up fast."

 Rod got up and took her hand.  "I think I can go again."  And they went back to his room.

.   .   .

 Three hours later, Tami Smithers ran down onto the street and started her freezing run for Pilgrim Hall, clutching in her hand the photo of her and Rod taken at the dance.  She figured it would take less than a minute to get to her dorm.  With her first bounding jumps she laughed as she heard the loud vaginal farts as air escaped from her well-fucked pussy.  God, how I've been fucked!

 The campus was quiet on this bright, bitter cold morning.  The few people walking around, heavily bundled up, turned when they saw Tami Smithers, amazed to see her out when it was so cold.  Tami was still so satiated that she didn't really feel embarrassment at their stares.  Mostly she felt the cold.  Her feet and most of her body were numb by now but she didn't mind, she knew she would be warm soon.  Luckily there was no wind.

 Taking a shortcut running over a small hill where the snow had melted from the sun the day before, Tami looked down at her bare feet treading the sparse grass and for some reason realized that this was the time of year when the deer came out.  I'm like a deer, she told herself, an animal gracefully scurrying along in the cold December morning,  and people will look at me and think, what a beautiful animal.  She decided to stop on top of the hill, legs slightly parted, like a deer pausing to survey its surroundings, the white smoke of her breath exhaling silently from her nose and mouth.

 While she stood thus a small group of students turned to look at her as they passed by.  They were pretty conservative looking, maybe on their way to church.  Their faces were covered with scarves and it was hard to judge their expressions, but they seemed to be looking in the direction of the naked girl's pussy.  Well, fine, Tami told herself.  It's my natural fur.

 Tami could withstand this pose for maybe ten seconds before the cold became too much for her and she stumbled quickly down to her dorm.

 Fortunately she didn't have to reach down for her key because someone had propped the front door open with a stone.  As she burst inside she collided with a walking bundle of heavy clothing.  Only the eyes were visible.  After a second she recognized the eyes as Terri's.  Her roommate pulled down the scarf covering her lower face and said, "Well it's about time you came back.  I thought you'd moved in with Rod by now. . . Not that you would know, but am I bundled up enough?"

 Tami shook her body in an exaggerated shiver.  "It's REALLY cold out."

 "According to the radio it's zero degrees right now."

 Tami looked outside in wonder.  This is unbelievable.

 Terri looked down.  "You'd better clean yourself up.  I see something dripping down your leg and I bet I know what it is."

 Tami looked down and saw to her horror that a trail of Rod's semen had leaked from her pussy and was halfway down to her knee.  That's what those churchgoers were looking at!  She reflexively wiped it off and then held her hand up, not knowing where to wipe off her hand.

 "Don't even think it!" Terri said with a smile, backing away with her gloved hands upraised.  "Bye."  She covered her face again and went out.

 Tami decided to wipe the semen off on one of her butt cheeks.  She told herself, in a minute I'll be in the shower anyway.

 Being a creature of habit like any wild animal, Tami checked her mailbox before going up to her room, even though realizing that it being Sunday morning it was most likely empty.  To her surprise, she found two envelopes.  She opened them clumsily with still-numb fingers.  One was from a Dr. Brignon of the Art Department.  Another was from a Dr. Harridance from the Chalfont Institute, which was some kind of research medical school on the far edge of campus.  Each wanted her to see them at their respective offices "at your earliest convenience".  Tami's mind was too muddled from the sex and the cold to think about these things.  She would deal with it on Monday.

 When she got to her room Jen was asleep in her top bunk.  Tami proudly set the picture of her and Rod up on her desk, next to the lamp, where everyone could see it, and where she would see it upon awakening every morning.  To prop it up she had to move some of her textbooks.  Finals began in a week and they would be a snap.  She had kept up her work all semester, getting A's in almost all her tests, and in her review for finals she discovered she hadn't forgotten a thing.

 She luxuriated under the hot shower until her skin was flushed and warm and she felt vibrant again.  She took out the diaphragm and gave her pussy a good rinsing.  As she walked down the hall back to her room, toweling her hair with one of the little cloths she was allowed, she softly sang an old song she heard on the radio once.  "You make me feel brand newwww . . . "

 She opened the door and found Jen up on her bunk, partly covered by her bathrobe, stretching in frustration, her legs wide open, her pussy at Tami's eye level.  "Tam . . . please . . . "

 Tami looked at Jen's pussy steadily.  She had expected this for a while, and now she was ready.  It was the easiest thing in the world to walk over and plant her tongue.  At first tentatively, then more aggressively, she turned and twiddled and sucked Jen's pussy lips and clit until her roommate came in a short but violent orgasm.  When it was over Tami looked up, her face wet with Jen's secretions, as if searching for approval.  "Very good, very good, I knew you could,"  Jen said in a singsong.

 Without a word Jen jumped down, her bathrobe trailing from her arms, and pushed Tami back onto her bed.  "Jen . . . I just . . . I'm sore . . ." was all Tami could say as Jen got into her familiar, daily routine of pushing Tami's bare legs apart and attacking her pussy.  Jen had heard Tami, though, and was gentle this time, slowly coaxing Tami's clit out and softly massaging it with her tongue.

 Tami did not know the exact number but in fact it was her twelfth orgasm of the last ten hours.  In the warm after-glow she lay back, Jen's head lying against her breasts, stroking her roommate's hair.  "You'd better rest up during Christmas break, naked one," Jen said dreamily.  "Between Rod fucking you to death and me licking you to death, do you think you can survive the spring semester?"

 Tami Smithers looked down at her lover and roommate, and across the room at the picture of her and Rod.  She was part of two happy couples.  She thought of the last twenty-four hours, which began just as they ended, with an orgasm from Jen's tongue.  She thought of suffering through that humiliating orgasm in the dining hall in front of Mr. Ross . . . carrying the backpack to Rebecca's and Marisol's new place . . . getting the best of old Wethby Campbell . . . having to stand naked in front of the supermarket . . . her snowy, freezing dash to the dorm . . . dripping wet in front of Terri and her two new bosses . . . cooking dinner for her friends . . . being hit with a rubber band on her most private part and chasing Jamal down and kneeing him in the testicles . . . having to expose herself for Chief Burdick's camera . . . being made up and fussed over by her friends like a nude princess . . . that wonderful dance, at least except for having to give up that nice warm coat, and that crying episode in the bathroom. . . wonderful sex with Rod . . . and now finally paying Jen back by giving her an orgasm of her own . . .  It was by turns glorious and shaming.

 She reflected generally on this semester now coming to a close, on her life as a person forbidden to wear clothes.  In high school she had been basically a nobody, a good gymnast but with no really good friends, no boyfriend worth speaking about, basically bored and a little disappointed with herself and with life in general.  Now she had dear friends, she was admired and respected not only by her friends but by many people on campus she didn't even know, she had a torrent of sexual desire unlike ever before, and had her desires satisfied like she never dreamed possible . . . while being subjected to such a level of constant shame and embarrassment, at times extreme, that it was a wonder she hadn't gone crazy.  Life was wonderful, perfect, happy, joyful.  And horrible . .