**The Unintentional Nudist VII: The Girl in the Mirror**

by DonnyLaja

**Part 1**

In a small house in the middle of this former factory town, there was not a sound on this dark December morning  except for the soft buzz of the fluorescent light in the upstairs bathroom.  Behind the closed door, there was a naked 18-year-old college freshman, home for Christmas break, looking at herself in the full-length mirror on the inside of the door.

 She was not naked by choice.  She simply did not own any clothes, and she was forbidden to wear any.  For the last four months she had been forced to go naked in public, around campus, in town, in class, around her dorm . . .

 Tami Smithers looked at her reflection up and down with resignation.  She sighed as she realized, once again, that her body was in perfect physical condition . . . thin yet toned, with lightly muscled shoulders, firm 34C breasts, a flat tummy, long legs . . . even her feet were pretty, in spite of the punishment they had gone through, walking on rough concrete, snow, ice, rocks . . .

 Why does my body have to be so perfect? she said to herself.  In her past life as a clothed person she would have been very proud of it.  But having a perfect body meant only that people would look more closely at her nakedness.  Part of her wished she was fat, or ugly.  With a cynical smile she knew that if that were true Dean Jorgon and his lawyer, Henry Ross, would not mind at all if she covered up.

 As it was her life had become exquisite torture.  Her first week in college, feeling free and happy away from home the first time, going on a dare with some dorm friends, she had gone streaking from one building to the other at Campbell - Frank College.  Caught by campus police, realizing that she could be expelled from that conservative though prestigious college, she had desperately offered the excuse that nudism was her religion.  Informed by Ross that in fact nudism had been recognized as a religion by the courts in her home state, the Dean told her he could not expel her but would consider any wearing of clothes, or any sign of modesty, as proof that her religion claim was false.  Any hint that she was not a true nudist, and her bluff -- or was it her "buff"? -- would be called, and she would be "stripped" of her full scholarship and expelled.  Her father, greatly upset that his daughter could jeopardize her hard-earned scholarship by a childish prank, had insisted that she face the consequences of her decision and follow her newfound religion.  To be expelled from college and have to go back home, that would be such a crushing financial and personal blow to her and her family that it was just unthinkable.

 It was not all hell.  She thought of her roommates, her friends . . . With a deep sigh she smiled and thought of her new boyfriend Rod, that adorable and endlessly horny hunk . . .

 As she sighed she saw her tummy recede into a hard concavity.  Damn, she was in fine shape.  Of course it was easy to see why, being on the gymnastics team, the basis of her scholarship. . .

 Since Thanksgiving she had been to the almost daily practices.  From 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. in Jedrah Hall, where the  school teams worked out.  Coach Snyder, a wiry, lesbian-looking woman of about 40, a former Olympic team member, was a hard taskmistress.  She had her ten charges working constantly for those two hours.  The small gym they practiced in always smelled like sweat and rosin.  Bouncing off the parallel bars, twirling around on the horse, hanging from the rings, prancing and flipping through the floor routines, the two hours would go by quickly.  With everyone else in their leotards Tami felt, at first, acutely shamed at being the only one completely nude.  This was especially true when Jen, her roommate and teammate, would fix one of her long lust-filled stares on her while Tami was waiting on line for the next exercise, or when Tami felt  the equipment bouncing off parts of her body that were usually covered.  She especially found it hard to concentrate when the parallel bars wedged into her opened pussy, and tried not to look back at the wet streaks she left that stood out in stark contrast to the white, dry rosin.

After a while, though, Tami got used to being the only one naked, at least in this small private group.  They were all very focused girls -- Coach Snyder wouldn't put up with anything less -- and there was no time to think of anything except the next jump or flip.  And seeing the other girls sweating ickily through their leotards, feeling the freedom of unrestricted movement, Tami realized that in a way it was actually an advantage to be naked.  It was good, too, that this was an enclosed gym with no windows or doors for peeping Toms to look through.

 The meets were something else, though.  Tami had been to two of them so far.  The first one, a home meet in the big gym in Jedrah, was almost like a meeting of the Naked Tami Fan Club.  Though it was sparsely attended like all the meets, Rod and Terri and some other friends of hers, to her extreme mortification, took up seats in the very front of the bleachers, not ten feet from the mat, and clapped and cheered every time Tami came on to do a routine.  Tami tried to keep her mind on her performance but could not help but notice that the cheers were loudest when she did upside down splits on the horse or the parallel bars, fully exposing her pussy and anal area to everyone in the gym.  The light was bright on her upturned privates and she knew that the whole crowd could see every pubic hair and every flex and unflex of her little brown anal sphincter.  Worse, she felt drafts inside her and she knew that every time she spread her legs her pussy lips opened, allowing everyone to see her little pink cave.

 She was also aware of the piercing appraisal from the eyes of the Dean, sitting up in the back of the bleachers, who was watching for any sign of modesty.  If she made any attempt to cover herself, she knew that would be the end.  The Dean told her that he did not believe her religious claim and would monitor her closely with the help of others, pointing out that a true religious nudist would have no reason to complain about the monitoring.  Though Tami did not know this, the Dean also knew the college trustees were horrified at having a naked girl walking around campus and, not being able to expel her, had instructed Henry Ross to devise ways to make nudity so humiliating and shaming for this girl that she would be forced to break down and admit that it was all a hoax.

 The eighteen-year-old girl did not know that they were trying to break her will.  But it did occur to her that fate and that leering creep Henry Ross had conspired so that she found herself in situations where she was exposing herself as intimately as possible to as many people as possible.  This in spite of the fact that just walking around naked was bad enough.

 At that first meet she was also aware of the shocked looks from the coach and the girls on the other team.  Stared at from every direction, Tami felt her bare tummy quiver from the overwhelming shame.  It was even more shame when the meet ended up as a rout for Campbell - Frank.  Though it went unspoken, everyone knew the win was due to her nakedness.  The visiting girls had been so distracted that they kept falling down and missing flips.

 The second meet was even worse.  At least during the first meet she enjoyed the good will of the team and Coach Snyder and her friends were there.  But the away meet at Rockley Institute, a notorious party school, took place under a bad star.  Shivering in the drafty old-fashioned bus as they pulled into that tiny campus after the two-hour ride, her bare butt cold against the shiny leather seat in spite of Jen's hugging, she knew that this would not be a good night.  She had been allowed to take a long hot shower to warm herself up for the meet and on the way to the locker room had had to pass several guys who seemed to be stationed there waiting for her.  A couple of them even said, "Mmmmmm!" as they made no attempt to hide their intense examination of her body.

 The meet itself was an ugly spectable because of the rowdy guys who packed the small bleachers.  They hooted and whistled every time Tami came on, giving the meet the air of a strip show.  Tami and the other girls tried their best to concentrate on what they were doing but they all felt cheapened performing for these idiots.  Coach Snyder and the Rockley coach got together at one point to talk about what could be done and finally a couple of campus police showed up.  This quieted the hoots and whistles somewhat but not much.  Everyone knew that the police couldn't very well arrest them for cheering loudly at athletic events.  After all, that was what you were supposed to do.

Campbell - Frank won this meet too, but it was not a happy win.  On the way back to the bus, Coach Snyder blocked Tami off from a girl with a tape recorder who seemed to want to ask her questions -- possibly a reporter for the college newspaper? -- and told Tami, "Don't worry about rowdy crowds like that, you did good and I'm glad you're on the team," but it sounded half-hearted.

 Tami closed her eyes, shutting out the memory, then opened them to face the mirror once again.  She started thinking again about her pubic hair.  What do I do about it?  Before the Black Formal, two weeks ago, Jen had trimmed it to an inverted "V", like a diamond.  It seemed by now that Tami's pussy had become the center of Jen's life.  She was obsessed with it, always looking at it when she was not pinning Tami down and licking it, which was almost every day.  Jen was especially proud of her trimming handiwork, stroking the shaved area lovingly whenever she zeroed in once again on Tami's clit.

 But to Tami the shaved pussy was yet another source of shame.  It emphasized her nakedness, and if people passing by on campus tended to look at her pussy before, they seemed to look even more closely now.  Tami had enjoyed being made up by her friends for the Black Formal, but tactfully undid the makeup job afterwards.  She didn't want anything on her body that might draw any more attention.  After four days or so the detailed nail polish that Mayree had put on her fingernails and toenails had gotten chipped and she gratefully removed it.  She had thankfully but with secret relief returned the toe rings to Mayree.  The shaved pubic bush had to be dealt with too.  She wanted it to grow out.  For one thing, it would make her feel just a little bit more covered up.

But Jen was fond of it and would be disappointed.  On the other hand there was the shaming matter of keeping it trimmed.  This had to be done every three days or so, in front of a sink and a mirror, which of course meant doing it in the wing bathroom.  Tami remembered the last time.  It was eight thirty in the morning, and she remembered thinking that this would be a typical scene in a girls' dorm if it wasn't for her: four friends at the sinks, getting ready for the day.  But three of them were in bathrobes and fluffy slippers, brushing teeth, combing hair, putting on eyeliner, while the second girl from the left was totally naked, legs parted, shaving her pussy, standing back a little so that she could see her pussy in the mirror.   Tami was glad no guys came in; the nearest guys were in the other wing and they weren't supposed to be in this bathroom.   As Jen came in, though, she bent down to plant a wet kiss on one of Tami's bare butt cheeks before going to the showers.  Tami felt like a total sex object.  She didn't want to have to go through that scene again.

 Damn this modesty!!  Tami looked herself in the eye.  You'd think that after four months I'd have gotten used to being naked by now.  What is with me??  Even after all this time, I cringe when I step outside.  I HATE being naked, I hate it, I hate it !!  She indulged in a posture which was not allowed her in public, crossing one arm over her breasts, covering her pussy with the other hand . . .

 She looked over and realized there was a towel hanging next to her.  Not one of those little dishrag-size things she was allowed in her dorm, which allowed her to dry herself off but which weren't big enough to wrap around.  This one was full-sized.  Gratefully, with a quick glance to the crack of the closed door, Tami enclosed herself in it, luxuriating in the feeling of being covered, rubbing the lush terry cloth against her bare skin.  She had almost forgotten what it was like to be covered.  She hugged the towel tightly around herself and looked down pensively.

 She looked at her bare toes and flexed them.  150 days now.  She had been counting.  It was 150 days to the end of spring semester.  I will get a summer job in another town where no one knows me and I will wear clothes.  I swear it.  150 days . . .

 But she still had the spring semester to live through.  From some of the early indications it did not look promising.  For example, responding to a note in her mailbox, the Monday before finals week she had gone to a Professor Brignon in Ursula Hall, the art building.  With vague dread she remembered Ross telling her about modeling for art classes, on that awful morning when he visited the dining hall and spoke to her while Jen was tonguing her pussy mercilessly under the table.  To get him the hell out of there before she came she agreed to anything he proposed and even signed something.  Now, stepping carefully up the icy steps into Ursula Hall with almost-numb feet, she remembered thinking, This could only be bad.

 Actually whatever the future held, that particular adventure went pretty comfortably.  After walking around for five minutes trying to find the Professor's office she realized that the people she passed in the hall weren't staring at her.  They looked occasionally but were pretty low-keyed about it.  She figured it was because these were art students who were used to seeing nude models, or looking at paintings of nudes.

 Dr. Brignon herself seemed O.K. too.  Tall, thin, about fifty-five, she looked like she might have been a model herself long ago.  She had a pretty face in spite of her wrinkles and gray hair and moved gracefully, a little bit like Jen.  She wore a beret (of course) and spoke with a French accent.  "Miss Smithers, I am so glad we will have a model for our eight o'clock classes," she said after giving Tami some tea and sitting her down.  "As we open the classes to the community we want to expose them to the education most best that this college has to offer.  One cannot do that without the models.  Let me look at you.  Stand up and turn around."

 For once Tami felt no shame at displaying herself thus.  As she sat back down and took another sip of tea, Dr. Brignon said with a pleasant smile, "I am also glad that you do not have the inhibitions of other models.  Having you model will open up wide possibilities which will spread to all our students."  Tami attributed the Professor's odd choice of words to some kind of unfamiliarity with English.  Actually the Professor was cracking herself up with her puns and trying her utmost not to let a sly giggle break out.  But Tami did not see this and felt rather reassured that this woman seemed to have a good heart.

 The second visit that Monday was something else, though.  Responding to another note in her mailbox, she went to see a Dr. Harridance at the Chalfont Institute.  She had heard of the Chalfont Institute, a kind of research medical school on the far edge of campus.  Checking a campus map before she darted out of the dorm -- in winter she had to plan her outdoor trips carefully with an eye to minimizing her time outside -- she saw that the Institute was w - a - y out across the soccer field, isolated from the rest of campus.  After warming up in the last building before the soccer field, San Beueno Hall, she dashed across, a slippery task because the field was covered with patches of frozen snow.  Her backpack flopping against her bare back, her ankle pouch securely tied but hitting constantly against her foot, she kept her eye on the front entrance of the Institute, an old, ornately-ornamented structure, then burst through the front door and slowed to a stop in the lobby, braking with her bare feet slapping against the cold marble floor.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 2**

 Looking at herself in the bathroom mirror that dark December morning, Tami remembered the impression she must have made when, as a freshman math major who also happened to be naked, she bolted into the alien environment of the lobby of the Chalfont Institute.  It was dark in that old, dusty building and, as she caught her breath after running across that frozen field, she realized that the place smelled funny.  Then as she blinked her eyes to get used to the darkness she had noticed to her shock and shame that she was being stared at by a circle of geeks.

 They seemed almost like mutants at first, inbred products of genetic engineering.  Then she had realized that they were simply dorky guys with glasses, black shoes and socks, and white shirts and lab coats.  They seemed awfully young for med students.  Some of them looked like they hadn't even hit puberty yet.  There were about ten of them in the lobby and they had stopped and stared in astonishment at this beautiful naked girl who had come into their midst, indeed as if she were an alien being.  Tami remembered thinking that she might have been the first actual naked girl these guys had ever seen.

 She also remembered her acute shame at being stared at by this circle of male scrutiny.  She had a quick and strong urge to cover herself with her hands and turn to run back to the regular campus.  But she gulped, took a deep breath, held her hands down at her sides, and drew on that mysterious source of strength she was able to call on at times like this.  Gathering her thoughts for a second, she had then said in a somewhat quivering voice, "I'm supposed to see Professor Harridance.  Where is his office?"  After a moment one of the geeky guys was able to squeak out a room number and point, and Tami was on her way, striding confidently through the dark hallways.

 The stride soon slowed into a cautious slow walk.  The darkness and oldness of the place made it look like something out of a horror movie about a secret laboratory, a mad scientist, and weird experiments.  She felt like she was in a past era, an era of lobotomies, electroshock . . . it was creepy.  She read once about how in the early 1900's sexually active teenage girls would be given hysterectomies to "cure" their desires.  Well she sure was tempting fate now, walking totally naked down these halls one day after a marathon fuck with Rod.  At least that's how she felt, in these catacombs of a bygone era.  As they passed her the men and boys in their lab coats -- they were all male -- stared at her as if she were the subject of their next experiment.  She was horrified to actually see the words "Electroshock Room", painted on an old door in faded letters, though they were partly covered by a newer metal plaque stating "Intake".  Her bare feet seemed to gather dust on the elaborately decorated marble floor.  The body heat generated by her run through the field had spent itself and she realized that this old place was cold, like a tomb.

 All these things combined to give Tami a chill like she never felt before.  Her skin tightened up into goosebumps all over.  Her nipples stiffened into little pencil erasers.  She could feel the hair on her scalp and the tiny hairs on her back stand on end.  She even felt like her pussy was puckering and drying up.  Here she was, cold, naked, and alone, walking further and further into her doom.

 The turn of a corner brought a belly laugh and the smell of coffee and a comment about the Boston Celtics and some other pro basketball stuff.  She shook her head and chuckled to herself as she realized she was in fact at Campbell - Frank College in the year 2000.  God, my imagination really runs away from me sometimes.

 As it turned out the happy conversation was coming from Room 169, Dr. Harridance's office.  Light shone out the open door into the dark hallway.  There were four guys, lab coats open to show flannel shirts, sipping coffee and joking around a coffee machine in what looked like a small anteroom.  She knew Dr. Harridance from his name tag.  A dark-skinned, mustached man with salt and pepper hair, apparently Indian or something like that, with a friendly expression.  She was glad to see some light and happiness around here and smiled.

 "Well, if it isn't the famous Tami Smithers," another guy said.  Dr. Patrick Pendleton, from his tag, tall and blond.  Tami realized that the four of them were all doctors.  She was embarrassed to realize once again that she herself did not need any name tag.  Her nakedness announced her to the world as Tami Smithers.

 "Welcome to the catacombs of medicine," Dr. Harridance said.  He looked the naked girl up and down.  "So this our physiology model."  He smiled at the others and then said,  "Quite a chilly walk out here, I bet."

 Standing with slightly open legs in front of these male doctors, fiddling with the strap of her backpack, Tami at first didn't know how to react.  After a second she grinned and said, "Yeah. . . !"  which made everyone laugh.  These seemed like good guys.

 Dr. Harridance looked to one of the other doctors, a Dr. Abu Jamal from his name tag, a short, nervous looking man who also had dark skin and a mustache.  They exchanged some quiet words in a weird foreign language which Tami could hardly even guess at.  Pakistani?  Swahili?  Dr. Abu Jamal looked briefly at Tami's face, then glanced down at her breasts, her pussy, her bare feet.  Tami felt a little less at ease in front of this guy.  Dr. Harridance said, "It's your show, Dab."

 In a minute Tami found herself being escorted down the hallway with Dr. Abu Jamal in front and Dr. Harridance behind.  Though they were friendly she couldn't help but feel like a nude prisoner being taken to jail.  She was sure that Harridance was fixing his gaze on the muscles of her bare buns as they moved.  Well, what guy wouldn't look? she told herself.

 The hall was chilly and after a while Tami had to hug herself.  Her nipples felt especially cold as they stood out, firm and stiff.  As the two men and the naked girl continued down the long hallway Tami cupped and rubbed her breasts in her hands to warm them.  They went through a door and up an even chillier staircase.  On the next floor they entered what looked like a big empty laboratory which was cold just by the way it looked.  Everything was metal and white porcelain and spotlessly clean and brightly lit.  Tami knew somehow that something unpleasant lay ahead and tried to steel herself for whatever it might be.

 The two doctors, comfortable in their abundant clothing, seemed oblivious to what effect the cold air would have on a naked girl.  Perhaps they thought that Tami, having walked around naked in the winter, was used to it.  To an extent they were right.  Any other girl, stripped and forced to walk around in this place, would be shivering by now.  But for the perpetully naked Tami there was discomfort but no shivering.  She stood upright in front of one of the tables as the doctors positioned a couple of high lab chairs.

 They sat down and looked at her.  "Please sit on the table," Dr. Abu Jamal said in his tight, high voice, motioning to the metal table behind Tami.  Tami knew the cold metal table would feel like ice to her bare butt and braced herself.  She sat facing them, a little slouched, her bare feet crossed, her hands clutching the edge of the table.

 "We're very glad you could help us in our teaching and research, Miss Smithers," Dr. Abu Jamal said in his stiff, polite way.  "When we got the agreement you signed we were very excited, because it has been impossible to get a model who had the necessary lack of inhibition."

 "Yes, let me add to that," said Dr. Harridance in his more relaxed voice.  "We have had only one previous application from a female but it turned out she was a porn actress who wanted to sell her story for a film."  He looked at his colleague and they both rolled their eyes at the memory.  "That would have been a disaster for the Institute.  But you, as many people have told me, are 'for real'.  According to the Dean and Mr. Ross, and as is obvious from the way you, uh, live your life, you really do believe in total nudity at all times and really do believe that modesty is against your religion."

 Tami got that familiar sinking feeling.  Once again well-meaning people were praising her for something which was a sham.  Beyond the shame of her nudity was the shame she felt for lying about it to well-intentioned people like these two men.  And once again she did not know how to set things right.  She clasped and unclasped her toes, trying to think of something.  For now she decided to just keep listening.

 "Of course you'll be paid for your help here at the rate of thirty dollars an hour which was in the agreement," Dr. Abu Jamal piped in.  "You will also be paid for today.  I'll give you the time sheet after we finish."

 "Think of today as a kind of interview."  Dr. Harridance casually crossed his legs.  "We just want to look at certain things."  He then cleared his throat and looked down, running his fingers through his salt-and-pepper hair and chuckled.  "Have you spoken to the Dean, Miss Smithers?"

 "Uh, yes."

 "He is quite a piece of work.  It seemed to me that he doesn't believe that your professed religion is genuine.  I think he thinks you're faking it.  He told me to watch for any sign whatsoever that you are trying to cover up or hide yourself.  Based on what he told me about what you volunteered for at Dr. Congi's sexual awareness workshop, and on the simple fact that you've been going around naked in the snow, I think it's ridiculous to think that you're anything but genuine.  In fact I admire your courage and your conviction.  You are a very brave young woman."

 This compliment elicited a very complicated, bittersweet smile from Tami.

 "I mean, of course, I'll monitor you, if that's what the Dean wants, but what I want to say, Miss Smithers, is that we trust and respect you here.  That is the least we can do, considering the benefit you are providing to us."

 Tami's throat was so dry that she could not speak.  This guy was as bad as Vanessa Congi.  Well-meaning and totally misinformed.  She wanted to ask, What exactly are you going to do to me?  But that sounded all wrong.  She tried to think of another way to put it.  She wished she had that agreement Ross had made her sign.  What exactly had she agreed to?  She vaguely remembered Ross putting it back into his pocket.  Or did he?  She was panicking on the brink of orgasm at the time and not observing things too clearly.  Wasn't she going to get a copy?  And what if she went to Ross and asked for one?  Would that be a sign of hesitancy that would raise a red flag with the Dean?  The eighteen-year-old girl, smart for her age but unavoidably naive, didn't know what to do about these questions.

 Dr. Harridance looked to his colleague.  Dr. Abu Jamal said, "Before we begin, let me ask, Miss Smithers, are you naked all the time?"

 "Yes."

 "Even when you sleep?"

 "I don't use any blankets or even a pillow."  Tami felt like a political prisoner giving a dispassionate rendition of her torture.

 "What about your clothes?  Where do you keep them?"

 "I don't own any clothes."

 "Don't your feet hurt, walking without shoes outside?"

 Tami rotated one foot and looked down at the hard, upturned sole.  "My feet are used to it."

 Dr. Abu Jamal was clearly fascinated but also trying to restrain his curiosity.  "How do you survive outside in the winter?"

 Tami had a faraway look in her eyes.  "I plan my trips carefully.  I go fast and am only outside for a few minutes at a time."

 Dr. Abu Jamal looked down pensively for a moment.  Dr. Harridance shifted in his chair.  Then the stiff, formal voice took over again.  "If you don't mind . . ."

 As Tami looked on in alarm, Dr. Abu Jamal stood up and put his hands on one of Tami's breasts.  With a clinical air he felt it and moved it around in his hands and then spoke something in that foreign language to Dr. Harridance, who got up and started feeling the other breast.  Tami sat up stiffly and stared straight ahead over their heads, mortified.  She breathed in and out with a ragged breath.

 Tami twitched slightly as she felt Dr. Abu Jamal pinching her right nipple, rolling it around and tugging at it with his cold, rough fingers.  As the two doctors chattered at each other with Tami not understanding a word, they tugged and pulled at both nipples until they stood out, flushed and erect and warm from the friction.  Tami could not resist the urge to look down.  Her nipples were sticking way out and each was pointing exactly at each man.  She closed her eyes.  God, this can't be happening.  In the back of her mind she knew that only worse was to come.

 The two doctors stood back for a moment as Dr. Abu Jamal said, "Now please lie down on your back and spread your legs."

 The shamed, naked teenage girl was paralyzed with fear, but only for a second.  She tried to divorce herself from what was happening.  Knowing what was required of her, she rolled back onto the cold metal table, sucking in air as she felt its chill against the length of her bare back.  Keeping her eyes glued to the ceiling, she bent her legs and spread them, pulling her knees up with her hands.

 She thought of being spread-legged in the dorm lounge during that awful sexual health seminar while Professor Congi described her most secret places to half the dorm.  In a way this was worse.  During the seminar her feet had been up in stirrups.  But holding her legs open all by herself like this was much more shaming.  It made it seem voluntary -- like she was a naked slut who liked going around pulling her legs open to show herself to anyone.

 Tami could feel the cool air against her pinkish lower lips.  Then her worst fear was realized as she felt one of the men (it was Dr. Abu Jamal) take hold of and spread her outer lips with one hand.  She squinted.  This was so loathsome!  Dr. Abu Jamal tilted his head appraisingly and exchanged quick unintelligible remarks with his colleague.  The jabbering continued as he delicately but firmly pulled at one of her little, wet, pink inner lips and pointed, finally pulling the other lip apart, giving both men a clear view into the darkness of her internal cavity.  The men's heads leaned closer and Tami could feel their hot breath coursing into her most secret inner cavity.  She grimaced again.  Feeling her inner lips being pulled up and out was very uncomfortable.  She was glad she couldn't understand their language.  She didn't want to hear herself discussed.

 Tami knew these were educated doctors but, listening to these dark-skinned men chatting in a foreign language, she imagined that she was in some African or Arabian country . . . she was about to be sold as a sex slave and these men were auctioneers appraising her sexual parts to see how much money she would bring . . .

 Her whole body lurched and she again sucked in her breath as one of the men wedged a rough index finger right into her inner opening.  It was only a tentative touch, but in so sensitive a spot!  Then, to Tami's horror, Dr. Harridance poked at her clit.  Her eyes, fastened on the fluorescent lights above, widened as she felt him drawing her little pink clit out of its fold, rubbing it, making it erect.  After it was erect he kept rubbing it and rubbing it.  The naked girl felt her face flush.  She knew that it was obvious that she was getting sexually excited.  Her breathing deepened and quickened as her tummy went from flat to concave and back again, over and over.  If the doctors had been looking at her face instead of closely at her clit they would have seen a twisted grimace as the girl tried to stifle her arousal.  She wanted above all not to have an orgasm in front of these men on this cold table in this cold laboratory in this old, creepy Institute.

 Tami squeezed her eyes shut as she felt about to cry.  She began to pray.  Please God, make this torture end.  I beg of you.  This is horrible.  Please . . .

 She held her breath and realized that the rubbing of her clit had stopped.  She looked down and saw the two doctors back in their chairs.  Dr. Harridance said casually, "You can sit up now, Miss Smithers."

 After she had sat up and exhaled some of the arousal away, Dr. Abu Jamal said, "We noticed that you are a very sexually responsive woman.  Tell me, are you sexually active?"

 Tami supposed that meant did she have sex with others.  "Yes."

 "When was the last time you had intercourse?"

 That would be that wonderful night and morning of sex with Rod after the Black Formal.  Tami decided to tell the truth.  "Yesterday."  At least it ended yesterday morning.  She thought of the night before as part of the same wonderful fuck.

 "And . . . " Dr. Abu Jamal was particularly nervous now.  "How many times did you reach orgasm then?"

 Tami again decided to tell the truth, even though part of her was warning that this wasn't a good idea.  "I'm not sure . . . maybe eight or . . . ten . . . times."

 The two doctors looked at each other with raised eyebrows.  They spoke to each other in -- Tami decided to think of it as Pakistani, even though she wouldn't recognize Pakistani if she heard it.  Then Dr. Harridance said, "Miss Smithers, you are a very lucky young woman."

 Thinking of her friends, and Rod, Tami thought that in a sense he was right.  The other part of her mind was screaming "NO WAY!!"

 After another brief pause and a glance at his colleague Dr. Abu Jamal then said, "If you would, Miss Smithers, please get up on all fours facing away from us."

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 3**

 Tami knew from having to expose herself in the past that even more humiliating than showing her spread pussy was showing her asshole.  Maybe it was because she associated it with being dirty.  In the shower she had been careful to keep her anal area very clean; she had a horror of having any uncleanliness show and these days never knew when she would be unexpectedly forced to spread her cheeks and display this most private spot.

She briefly thought of the advice every girl hears, "Always wear clean panties.  You never know when you might be in an automobile accident."  Ruefully she imagined that for her the advice would be, "Tami Smithers, always keep your asshole clean.  You never know when you might be called on to display it."

 Tami turned around and planted herself on all fours, like a dog, her knees and toes and palms on the cold metal of the table, trying to numb herself to what was happening.  Because of her recent sexual arousal she no longer felt cold.  Glancing briefly down, she saw her hanging breasts with the still-erect nipples; then past that, the tuft of her pussy hair.  Between her legs she could see the lab coats of the two men as they moved in for a close look.  The metal of the table reflected her naked front almost like a mirror.  She could see the reflection of her concave belly as it breathed in and out.

The naked teenager tried to take her mind off her shame by looking up across the room at the far wall, where there was a row of glass cabinets.  They were filled with jars of what must be chemicals.  She was afraid she would see ghastly things like hearts or small animals suspended in liquid, but fortunately there was nothing that looked like that.

 She shook a bit when one of the two doctors behind her gently squeezed one of her butt cheeks.  Again there was jabbering in Pakistani.  Then she heard Dr. Harridance say, "Miss Smithers, if you could lower the front of your body to the table so we could have a better angle."

 With a sigh of resignation Tami rested her head on her hands, which she crossed flat on top of the cold table.  Offering up her butt like this, now she was like a dog begging to be fucked.  She turned her head and stared out the far windows, which as it happened looked out onto the soccer field.

 Her toes flexed nervously as Dr. Abu Jamal spread her butt cheeks.  Tami was spared having to look but she knew what was happening.  The two doctors were discussing the size and shape of her anal sphincter.  They must have been leaning pretty close because she could feel their breath on the sensitive brown skin that surrounded her butthole.  Of course, everyone knows about my ring of brown skin, she told herself in desolation.  Half the campus has gotten a good look at my butthole by now.  They'd might as well post pictures of it in the Campus Center.  In four years I'll look in the yearbook and instead of my face over my name there'll be a picture of my butthole . . .

 "Miss Smithers," Dr. Abu Jamal said, "Have you ever engaged in anal intercourse?"

 Tami was jolted by this question and then made a face which, perhaps fortunately, the two men couldn't see.  Yuck.  She had heard that buttfucking was very painful, and besides, the idea was icky.  She said, "No," which led to more discussion between the two doctors.

 The naked girl's eyes widened as she heard entering footsteps and a third man join in the jabbering.  Is everyone at this Institute a Pakistani?  She heard the shifting of shoes -- how she wished she had shoes again! -- and knew that there were now three men looking closely at her anus.  More jabbering, and then she felt her butt cheeks being stretched apart this way and that as the men jostled to get a better view.  What were they talking about?  What were they proposing to do?  Tami desperately wanted to know, and yet didn't want to know. . .

 She looked out the windows again.  Out on the soccer field a squad of girls in matching sweatshirts was slowly jogging across.  It was the women's track team.  Tami wished she could be allowed the life of a normal girl.  There they are, in nice warm sweatshirts, together doing normal girl things and probably engaging in normal girl talk.  Here I am, forbidden to ever wear any clothes, stark naked as always, and having my asshole probed and stared at by these grown men in a laboratory.  Tami almost wept with longing, thinking of the normal life she was denied.

 Her musings were halted by the voice of Dr. Harridance.  "Thank you, Miss Smithers, we're done now.  You can get down."

 Tami turned and saw that there in fact five males there behind her.  The third one was another doctor, about 40.  But the other two were geeky looking guys, students obviously, who looked barely as old as she was.  They smiled at her as she got off the table.  As she stood upright before her audience, fighting the urge to cover herself, she realized how much worse it was to be naked in front of young, geeky guys.

 "Miss Smithers, this is Dr. Latimer, and two of our interns, Corey and Brendo," Dr. Harridance said.  "Gentlemen, this is our physiology model, Miss Tami Smithers.  She is a perfect physical specimen."

 Tami felt odd being introduced this way.  It felt ridiculous but she nodded at the three newcomers in acknowledgement.

 "Dr. Abu Jamal will take you down to make out your time sheet," Dr. Harridance said, leaving Tami to depart with the high-strung colleague while he remained to discuss this new physiology model's role in Pakistani (?) with Dr. Latimer.  Tami found herself shaking so much from the intensity of what she had just been through that five minutes later she had trouble signing her name to the time sheet.

.   .   .

 When the naked girl remembered where she was, she found herself hunched into a squatting ball in front of the bathroom mirror, the towel wrapped around her shoulders and knees.  Her eyes were wet and a tear had dropped onto the cold tile floor next to her big toe.  Good God, here I am cowering alone in my own bathroom.  She stood up and took a deep breath.  I must be strong.

 The naked girl turned the light off.  The fluorescent buzzing stopped and in the dark there was absolute silence.  She then did something which she had recently found herself doing every morning.  Tilting her head upwards, eyes closed, she extended her arms up and out and prayed.  The prayer had become standardized by now but was not any less hearfelt.  It had two parts.

 1. Please God, give me clothes.
 2. If I can't have clothes, give me the strength to get through whatever awaits me today.

 After another deep breath in and out, Tami turned on the light and looked at her trimmed pussy one final time.  She decided to let her hair grow out.  It will look weird for a while, but in a month when school starts again it should be all grown out like before.  Turning to the bathtub, she turned the shower on, stepped in, and reached for the shampoo.

.   .   .

 Martha Smithers hummed happily to herself, flipping pancakes in the kitchen.  Gladly following her husband's instructions of the past few weeks, when cooking she was naked except for a wraparound apron and pumps.  The little house was warm with the heat from the stove, the heat that came from the newly renovated oil burner, and with the sunlight streaming through the windows on this cold winter's day.  It had not snowed yet this year in Tami's home state and the ground outside was bare and brown and hard.

Joe Smithers, age 17, was downstairs playing a video game.  John Smithers, head of the household, sat in his favorite chair in the living room in his bathrobe and slippers, reading the newspapers.  Across from him was his naked daugher Tami, sitting cross-legged on the couch, leafing slowly through a magazine propped on a pillow which she had placed over her crotch.

 Tami sighed lazily.  It was nice being at home with nothing to do.  She came across a picture of a muscular black man in a swimsuit and thought of Rod.  She shifted uneasily as she realized that she was horny.  Rod and Jen had both left the college for Christmas break two days before she did.  She smiled as she told herself that she hadn't had an orgasm in three days.  This was quite a drought after all the sex she had had, especially after the Black Formal.  During those last two weeks at college she was fucking Rod almost every night and getting licked by Jen every morning.

 Man, I really have turned into a wanton bitch, she told herself with wry satisfaction.  Sex, sex, sex, and still I want more.  How lucky I am to have Jen to lick me and Rod to fuck me.  And they lust after me too . . .

 She glanced up at her father.  If he finds out about my sex life he'll flip.  There's nothing he can do about it, though.  Not when I'm about to get a grade report with all A's on it.  She was sure of it.  All her finals had gone real well.

 "Come and get it," Tami's mother announced from the kitchen doorway, giving her husband a wink as she turned her barely-clad body this way and that.  Tami's father grinned and cleared his throat as he sauntered past his wife, pinching her on her bare butt.  Tami followed sheepishly.  Her mother's recent scanty clothing had reawakened her parents' sex life and, just as at Thanksgiving, Tami felt like she was intruding on their flirting just by being around.

 Joe having been coaxed from his video game, the four of them were soon sitting at the table wolfing down pancakes.  Tami still felt funny sitting naked at her family's table.  It wasn't as bad as in the dining hall at college; there was no one gawking at her here, and in the past she had sometimes sat at this table in her bikini in the summer and even in her bra and panties.  She was very careful not to let any of the sticky syrup drop down onto her pussy hair.

 John Smithers, being the fastest eater, had finished and was quietly sipping coffee when he said, "Today's the day your guy comes."

 Tami, her mouth full of pancake, didn't know what to make of this remark.  Her guy comes?  Is Rod having an orgasm today wherever he is?  And why does my father know about it?  She almost laughed at having these thoughts.  I've got to get my mind off sex.

 "The man from the scholarship committee is visiting," Tami's father said.

 Shit.  She should have been expecting this.  As part of her scholarship requirements someone from the committee was supposed to come down to her home twice a year to discuss her progress with her and her parents.

She remembered being told about these visits during that edgy interview with the full committee during summer orientation week.  She and her father were very, very nervous and their answers were short and formal.  Evidently they went over well because Tami did get the scholarship.  But on the drive home her father, a bit irritated, told her that the real reason they wanted to visit her home was because being Catholics made them suspect.  As he put it, the conservative Protestants who ran the college wanted to make sure the Smithers family wasn't always getting drunk on church wine or running bingo games out of the basement.

So someone would be visiting twice a year.  But Tami hadn't known that the first visit was today.  "What"?

 John Smithers looked at his wife.  Tami's mother said, "Whoops.  I forgot to tell her."

 "Well, he'll be here at three thirty," John Smithers told his daughter.  He looked around.  "Fortunately the house looks presentable.  The guy's name is Anthony Noyes and hopefully he won't be offended," he said, clearly just as peeved as he was last summer.

 Tami closed her eyes and took a breath.  She was willing to bet anything that this scholarship guy had been talking to the Dean.  She was going to have to buck up and put on her proud nudist face once again.  Even back at home on Christmas break she was not free of the clutches of the Dean and that dirty old man Henry Ross.

 Well, she still had some hours left before this big meeting.  Tami went back up to her room.  She had been reassured by her mother that because of the boiler there would always be warmth so she could stay naked.  Great.  Actually, not so great.  It was also not so great that all her clothes had been removed to some unknown place.  All the drawers in her dresser were empty.  So was the closet.

But there were still blankets on the bed . . .

 Tami turned on the clock radio and snuggled under the covers, enjoying the sensuous feel of the soft fabric against her bare skin.  Though it was warm in the room she acted as if it was freezing, burrowing under three heavy blankets, with just the top of her head peeking out.  She looked out the window at the bare trees swaying outside.  Clouds were rolling in and it was getting windy.  She wondered what Rod was doing.  Having an orgasm today maybe?  She smiled.  She knew that Jen was with her dad vacationing around the Caribbean.   Probably sitting on a hot beach, her dark skin getting even darker.

 Tami stretched out under the covers and then curled up again.  She felt like a cat.  A lazy, horny cat.  Three days without an orgasm.  Thinking of Rod and his fine, big, thick, silky dick, her hand went to her pussy.  Within two seconds she was so wet that she could fit in three fingers, darting in and out, rubbing the clit on the way, rubbing, rubbing . . . Two minutes later the whole bed vibrated and then shook gently with little jolts.  It was a nice, satisfying, relaxing little orgasm.  Beneath the covers, the naked girl brought her hand up under her nose, smelling the fragrance of pussy juice that she realized for the first time smelled just like Jen's. . . With a smile on her face she drifted off to sleep . . .

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 4**

Tami was awakened simultaneously by two things: her father calling up to her room, and the clock radio.  Curled up under the heavy blankets in her warm moist cocoon, she got her wits about her after a few seconds and it was easy to understand why her father sounded so impatient.  "Tam!  C'mon!  The guy will be here in half an hour!!"

The clock radio was not so easy to understand.  Damn this old thing, she said to herself as she tried to turn it off.  She was emotionally attached to it -- she had gotten it for Christmas when she was eight years old -- but the summer before it had started going off at odd times.  She had ended up getting a new one for college.  Finally with fumbling fingers she turned off the music and sat up.

 Well, time to do my naked thing again, she told herself.  But first a few more seconds of being covered.  She gathered the blankets around herself and stood up and walked to the door, wrapped up like an Indian woman.  Then with a sigh she dropped them to the floor and went naked into the bathroom.  In the shower she realized how sticky her pussy had gotten and washed it out thoroughly.  She tried to pretend she would be getting into clothes momentarily.  Shower, dry, comb hair, brush teeth . . .

She descended to the living room, clean and well-combed and naked, feeling the carpet under her bare feet and that familiar sense of shame beginning to pucker up in her stomach.  Her father had made a good choice in clothing.  In the same position he was in this morning, sitting in his chair reading the newspaper, he had on a buttoned shirt, a cardigan, corduroy pants, and loafers.  Neat but not too formal.

 As her mother came in with a tray of coffee things Tami almost groaned.  Of course Mrs. Smithers wasn't going to greet the eminent Mr. Noyes in just her apron and pumps.  But she overdid it . . . in her flowered dress and headband, she looked like a real Happy Homemaker.   Tami sighed.  She wished she had the option of making even bad clothing decisions.  But clothing was no longer part of her life.

 "Let's just be loose with this guy.  You have nothing to worry about," Tami's father said reassuringly, rustling his newspaper.  Yet Tami felt queasy as she sat at the couch idly flipping through magazines and watching the minutes tick by.  3:30 . . . 3:35 . . . 3:40 . . . It was the shortest day of the year, and it was already starting to get dark out . . .

 Finally at 3:45 the doorbell rang.  Tami was surprised at the person Tami's mother escorted into the living room.  Somehow she expected a replica of Dean Jorgon.  But this guy was not a professorial-looking bureaucract.  For one thing, he was huge.  As her father stood to introduce himself and shake his hand, she noticed that this guy towered at least eight inches over him.  He was solidly built, and looked like an ex-football player who might be still exercising regularly.  He looked about fifty years old, gray at the temples, wore a three-piece suit, and spoke in a loud voice.

 "Tony Noyes," he said, grabbing Tami's hand with a confident air, looking squarely at her face with no sense that he actually wanted to be looking further down.  "This won't take long.  I just wanted to see how you're doing."

 After everyone exchanged pleasantries and started in on the coffee and cookies, Mr. Noyes said, "Let me say first, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, that we are very proud of your daughter's attendance at Campbell - Frank College.  In spite of her, uh, unconventional lifestyle choice, which we realize she is entitled to under our Constitution, her faculty advisor reports that she has perfect attendance and her grades so far have been uniformly excellent."

 Tami blushed as she felt the proud looks of the three of them -- her father, her mother, and Mr. Noyes -- upon her.  She took a deep breath.  She was sitting in a wood chair between her father and her mother, who was on the couch.  Mr. Noyes was across from her in a big cushioned chair.  Any teenager would have blushed, if only with pride.  But for a totally naked girl trying to show this man that she had no desire to cover any part of herself, it was a peculiar and intense type of mortification.  She smiled shyly, sitting straight up, feet flat on the floor, hands clasped over her navel (leaving her pussy showing), her knees exactly twelve inches apart.

 Mr. Noyes, it turned out, got along pretty well with Tami's father.  Mr. Smithers's initial resentment melted away as he and Mr. Noyes discussed the scholarship situation at the college and getting scholarships in general.  Tami's father got in a few words about his own education as an electrical engineer and how much better his daughter was at math than he was.  He even excused himself to fish around in the closet and emerge with his old slide rule.  Playing with it, Mr. Noyes said, "Wow, this is a real relic . . . you don't see these any more!" and spoke of the trouble he had with physics when he was in college himself.

 While they were engaged in this male bonding the phone rang.  Mrs. Smithers picked it up in the kitchen.  Coming out to the living room, she said, "Excuse me, but Tami, Charlene called and your high school friends are having a little reunion party tonight at her house.  Are you coming?"

 Tami by now had mastered the art of maintaining a deadpan expression while cowering in dread underneath.  There was no way she was going to be naked in front of her old high school friends.  "Tell her I'll call her back, O.K.?"  As her father and Mr. Noyes continued chatting, Tami formed a plan in her mind to call Charlene back later, talk about old times, and then beg off going to the party because she was sick.

 "At the rate she's going, she could get her degree in three years maybe," Mr. Noyes said.  This statement caught Tami's ear.  Maybe only three years!  She hadn't thought of that possibility.  One semester's gone.  That means only two and a half years!  Graduation  . . . and CLOTHES!!  She drifted into one of her favorite things to think about, graduation day.  How she would get to wear that robe, and then, finally free of the threat of being expelled, go right to the stores that very afternoon and buy clothes to cover her from head to toe, clothes, clothes, more clothes, Tami the clothes horse, the fashion plate, that will be what they will call me from then on . . .

 The two men were now talking about Tami's home town.  "It's a very Catholic town," Mr. Smithers said with some pride and assertiveness.  He was really at ease now.  "Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve at the local church, St. Mary's, for example.  It's a real place to be for the young people.  Tami went every year all through high school," he said, motioning to his daughter and waking her out of her blissful reverie.

 Realizing what he had been talking about, Tami smiled a tight smile.  Well, I'm sure as hell not going to Midnight Mass THIS year, she told herself.  She was determined to stay at home as much as possible the whole break.  She wanted to keep the number of gawking eyes to a minimum.  No party with high school friends.  No visiting anybody, period.  Definitely no Midnight Mass.

 As the talk wound down, Tami felt relieved.  This meeting went O.K.  It was shameful to sit naked in front of this man and her parents, on display once again, but compared to her other encounters with college personnel this had been pleasant.  She was grateful that this meeting was all she was going to have to endure in the way of public exposure until school started again.

 After Mr. Noyes said good-bye to Tami's mother (who had hardly said a word), Tami followed her father out as they walked Mr. Noyes to his car, which turned out to be a big black Lincoln Continental.  It was now pitch black outside.  Mr. Noyes opened his trunk and put his briefcase in.  Then Mr. Noyes and Tami's father started chatting again.  The naked daughter stood next to them, trying to be inconspicuous.  She looked around furtively.  She didn't want the neighbors to see her.  Fortunately the light from the nearby telephone pole was broken.  The three of them were in almost total darkness, mere silhouettes.  Probably not even her mother could see them if she had been looking out the window.

 It was a long, long good-bye.  The two men started chatting about the local sports teams, the town around Campbell - Frank College, the economy . . .

 The wind was kicking up.  It was noticeably colder than even a few minutes ago.  Tami crossed her arms, hugging herself.  Running in cold weather was one thing, but having to stand still like this she couldn't generate any heat.  She looked down at her freezing, white feet and felt the shivers begin.  Come on, Dad!  Say goodbye already!

 Finally!  John Smithers confidently shook hands with Mr. Noyes and, wrapping his warm, cardigan-clad arm around his daughter's shoulders, started back to the house.  With a little wave to Noyes, Tami took a couple of steps with him until Noyes said, "Miss Smithers, if you don't mind, I'd like a few quick words with you."

 Tami, hugging herself and rubbing her hands against her upper arms, watched her father go in and turned to look up at Mr. Noyes.

His convivial expression was suddenly gone.  He stared down at the cold, naked girl with a look of dead poison that made her hold her breath.  His voice was low, loud and stern.  "Young lady, just what kind of crap are you trying to lay on us?"

"W - what?"

 "This whole nudism thing is a bunch of shit.  You know, I know it, the Dean knows it . . . "

 Tami couldn't look him in the eye.

"I don't know what kind of jollies you are getting by showing yourself off like some whore, but you are making a MOCKERY of the college.  Am I right?"

Rubbing the soles of her bare feet against the cold sidewalk, trying to get some feeling back in them, the naked girl said, "I'm getting c - c- cold . . ."

 "You should be used to it by now," he said dismissively.  "Look at me.  Look me right in eye!"

 Tami slowly looked up with eyes full of fear.

 "Tell me right now.  You're not a real nudist, are you?"

 Tami didn't answer.

 "The reason you didn't want to go see your high school friends is because you didn't want them to see you naked.  Right?"

 Tami bit her lip.

 "The same with that midnight mass.  You're just as modest as the rest of us.  You don't want to be naked in public.  Right?"

 Tami's shivering turned into shaking.  Her lips were turning blue.  A bone-chilling gust of wind blew across as the tall, heavily clothed man, swathed in overcoat, hat, scarf and gloves, glared down like a big hot angry bear to the shivering, naked girl.  Like that time in the Dean's office, Tami was doubly aware of her nudity and felt alone, tiny, helpless, totally overpowered.  The cold and the wind and the shivering made the feeling a hundred times worse.  And though this guy knew the truth, as did the Dean, this guy was direct, hostile, accusing.

 Part of Tami just wanted to admit it, end the charade, put on clothes, go inside and get warm.  But to be expelled . . .

 "Why exactly don't you want to go to that party? And why exactly aren't you going to church on Christmas Eve like you always did before?"  Noyes was relentless.  He was determined to break this girl.  "Tell me!"

 Tami didn't answer.  She shrugged.  "I . . . d - d - don't know."

 "Well, Miss, I DO know."

 Tami took a deep breath of freezing air and looked up at the sky.  She pressed her legs together.  "P - p - please . . . I'm c - c- cold . . ."

 "Young lady, this visit ends when I say it ends.  If you go inside now  . . . I'll take it as a sign that you agree with me and . . . I'll report accordingly."  Noyes's pauses were long.  His words were slow.  He was using the cold to torture the poor naked girl and extract a confession.  "Now. . . in a few days I'll call your father on a pretense and work in a question as to whether you went to that party.  And whether you went naked.  You'd better go, young lady.  And you'd better be at that midnight mass!"

 Tami's teeth were chattering.  She felt weak as the last of her body heat began to drain out of her.  Her lips were now blue.  It was getting hard to keep standing.  Her legs started to wobble.  She stared dully at Noyes's heavy coat.  "Y - y - you'll be at mass?"

 "Of course not, I'm not Catholic.  But I'll have someone there."

 Tami swallowed and felt about to cry.  In her misery she began to not care about what she said.  She expressed the defiance which, had she been thinking about her last meeting with the Dean, she would have remembered was a bad idea.  "Y - you can't spy on me . . . like th - th - that. . ."

 "My dear, I'm not peeking into your bedroom window."  Another slow pause.  "But when you're out in public you can't control whether someone wants to look or not."  Another slow pause.  "Why would you complain?"  Another pause.  "Miss Smithers, you WERE naked . . .  and you ARE naked . . . and NOBODY . . . is forcing you to wear clothes.  A real nudist would have no reason to complain."

 In her dulled mind the freezing, naked girl heard echoes of similar words spoken by the Dean.  She gulped again.

 Noyes sighed and seemed to draw back a bit.  In a calmer voice he said, "You are a religious nudist, Miss Smithers.  You believe modesty is a sin.  Well, be a nudist."  Noyes took one final look at the shivering, blue-lipped, chattering, naked girl.  "Now go in and take a hot shower.  Merry Christmas."  He turned and got into the big Lincoln and drove off.

 With a quick look up Tami stumbled back into the house, passing her father in the doorway, who had gotten up to see why his daughter had stayed out so long in the cold.  Tami ran straight up to the bathroom.  She was under the hot water for a long time.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 5**

Tami, having stood motionless under the hot spray, finally turned it off, continuing to stare at the faucets as she had been doing for a long time.  She had long ago gotten warmed up and by now was sweating as if in a sauna.  In the dripping stillness she continued thinking.

 How do I get out of going to Charlene's party?  Of course, that wasn't the worst horror.  The worst horror was going to Midnight Mass.  That was only a little more than 24 hours away.  She closed her eyes, shuddering at the thought.  Then she decided she was going to think only about today.  One day at a time . . .

 Mr. Noyes would find out from her father if she'd gone to the party or not.  Well, so she had to go out . . . but she didn't have to go to that party.  Tami smirked as she realized what a ridiculous hypothetical that was.  Of course she had to go.  Where else would she go, walking out naked into a cold winter night?  It would have to be Charlene's.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad.  After all, she would be with friends.  It would be nice to catch up on things.  She could sit demurely in the corner of Charlene's old couch with her legs crossed.  They wouldn't see much once she sat down.  It would be almost like wearing a bikini, weird enough though that might be at a Christmas party.

 She exhaled in resignation and got out to dry herself off.

 Charlene's house was three blocks from Tami's.  The naked girl took the darkest, most deserted route, through a path in a vacant lot.  It was hard to see anything; there were no street lights nearby.  The wind was still blowing and it was way cold.  Maybe even below freezing by now.

 Sometimes there were rough guys hanging out in this lot but not on a night like tonight.  Sprinting with long strides of tough bare feet over the broken glass, trees and weeds on all sides of her, the cold wind whipping around her tummy and butt and shoulders, feeling it rush up to sting her pussy and asshole, the naked teenager felt like a wood nymph stirring up the forces of nature on the eve of a hurricane.  Her eyes flashed as she heard a crack overhead.  A branch fell in her path.  Without breaking her stride she jumped over it.

 Catching her breath behind a big tree on the corner, Tami looked at Charlene's, a small house tidily wreathed in blinking colored lights, and thought of how she would act.  She realized there was only one way to do it.  Acknowledge her nudity, act as nonchalant about it as possible, and announce that she was now a nudist if you don't mind.

 This is what she did.  Charlene, a short, fat but popular girl with frizzy black hair and glasses, stood openmouthed at first but then smiled and said, "Wow! . . . Well OK then, come in.  Good thing my dad's out!"

 Tami smiled as she sauntered pinkly and nakedly into the living room to the sound of disco Christmas tunes (Charlene had very retro tastes).  It was good to see her old friends again, even though they were openmouthed and speechless.  There were about eight of them so far, on two couches surrounding a little Christmas tree with lots and lots of ornaments on it.  April and Tina were the first to speak.  "Tami!!??"

 Hell, after what she had been through this was a piece of cake.  Tami Smithers, naked in front of her old friends, extended her arms and turned around on her pointed toes.  "Here I am, your friend the nudist."  She looked at the two big bowls of egg nog -- "Virgin" and "Not So Virgin" --across the room.  "And this naked girl is thirsty!"

 It was like the end of her visit at Wethby Campbell's.  Tami felt confident and totally in control.  As she filled her glass with Not So Virgin nog -- there was a lot of nog here, evidently Charlene was expecting quite a crowd -- she imagined the consternation going on behind her bare back and realized that these clothed people were more ill at ease than she was.  Though she wasn't enjoying their nervousness like with Wethby, it felt good to be the relaxed one for a change.

 She turned around and took a sip of the nog.  "Whoa!!" she said, bugging her eyes out.  "This is . . . not my aunt's nog!"  She sat down next to Tina and continued sipping, legs crossed, flexing the toes of her top foot to the beat of the disco.  She looked up.  This was a living room she knew well.  There was the big painting of the moon that Charlene had done in art class in ninth grade, pictures of relatives, a picture of Charlene's mother who had died about ten years ago.

 Ricky Serra was the first to speak.  "So," he said from his chair across the room, "Tami, how has college changed you?"

 This got a big laugh which broke the tension.  The first questions were about Tami being naked.  When did she decide to do it?  Where were her clothes?  Didn't she get cold?  Then it branched out to how she liked the college.  Some of the others there were back from college too -- then there were those who were attending the local community college, and one or two who were a year younger, still in twelfth grade, and listening curiously to what college life was like -- and soon people were chatting with each other almost as if their friend Tami were wearing clothes like the rest of them.

 Dirk Evans showed up back from college with, to everyone's surprise, his blond curls gone and a shiny shaved head.  This perhaps was ill-advised.  The girls in high school would pant over his sexy hair . . .but now he just looked like a lobotomy patient.  "Hi!" he said, entering the living room with his hands stretching out from his ears to show off his shiny scalp.  But then seeing Tami he laughed and said, "Wow!  Tami Smithers, you certainly outdid me!"  He approached and looked at her up and down, then at her face, and said, "Hi you."   Soon he was sitting on the floor near Tami and, sipping egg nog and looking at her feet from six inches away, said, "Pretty toes," and began massaging Tami's feet.  Tami leaned her head back and moaned.  "Oh, harder, harder, more, more!  Dirk, you are the MASTER!"  At this everyone laughed; Dirk was supposedly the real lady-killer.  It did feel awfully good, though.

 More people came in.  Some were pretty good friends of Tami's, but most were little more than acquaintances.  People were standing up, sitting on the floor, taking up every available chair.  It was way too crowded for this little house.  In between the gabbing there was a buzz which was subdued but noticeable.  Not having been present when Tami made her little speech at the egg nog, people were asking each other why Tami Smithers was sitting in the corner of the couch stark naked, with Dirk massaging her bare feet and toes.

Tami did not quite pick up on this, letting herself drift into bliss from the expert massage and the refills of nog that Dirk kept bringing her.  Charlene, monitoring the party from her seat next to the door, was getting a little concerned.  Some of the girls were starting to make little catty remarks about her naked friend.  "So, Miss Perfect Gymnast Body has decided to flaunt it . . ."

 Tami felt the need to pee.  "Excuse me," she said to Dirk, putting her feet down and trying to heave herself up from the soft couch she had sunk into.  She didn't realize how relaxed her feet had gotten, or maybe it was the nog, but after being cantilevered up by Dirk she shot up and almost fell right into Mark, who was sitting across the room right next to his girlfriend, the Sergeant of the local fashion police, Elizabeth Apple.  Liz had been regarding Tami with barely disguised distaste and was stunned.  As Tami put her hands up against the wall behind Mark to stop her trajectory she found her breasts were right in his face, and the naked girl could actually feel her pussy hair brush against one of his hands holding a glass of soda.  "Oh, excuse me, Mark," Tami said, feeling a little embarrassed but also feeling like this was happening to somebody else.  She pushed herself back and upright and tried to remember which direction the bathroom was.

 Tami was enjoying the alcohol high.  She felt warm and comfortable with her nudity.  This was a most unusual feeling and she welcomed it.  Maybe if she drank more nog she would feel it even more.  But first she had to pee.

 Sqatting over the toilet in the tiny bathroom, watching the stream of piss shoot out from her furry patch, she didn't remember about Charlene's bathroom door.  You had to push it closed until it clicked or it would begin to creep open.  Tami had forgotten to push.  As the yellow stream began to die down Tami sensed a flash.  Somebody must be taking pictures of the party.  Then after she got up and wiped herself she noticed that the door was half open.  Hmmm.  Gotta close that.  She pushed it closed, then washed her hands.

 Tami forced herself upright, took a deep breath, and strode back into the living room.  There was a slightly different buzz to the party now but it was too hard to sort out what it was.  Her mind was on the egg nog.  Her first attempt at grabbing the big ladle failed.  Hmmm.  I'm a little drunk, I'd better concentrate on doing this right.  After all, I don't want to make a fool of myself.  Her back to the crowd, she bent way over, her eyes right on top of the bowl, and v - e - r - y carefully measured one little spoonful, then another.  It took a long time for her to fill up her glass, the whole time with her bare butt sticking up and out into the room.

 As she finally stood up with a full glass she felt a hand caressing her butt.  "Oh!"  She turned and it was Dirk.  "Sorry," he said.  "You know you really have a beautiful body, if the Class of 2000 had to have a nudist, I'm glad it had to be you."  At least that's what it sounded like he was saying.  He stood looking down at her, his face very close to hers.

 Tami remembered his foot massage.  She hadn't known Dirk all that well, but now she wished she had.  He was nice to give her a foot massage and he was nice to compliment her so.  "Thanks," she said, burying the last of the word as she gulped heavily from her glass.

 Dirk took a step back.  "Your body and this tree are like two beautiful holiday decorations."  He shot a quick dark look at a couple of girls who were rolling their eyes, but Tami didn't notice.

 Tami smiled behind her glass.  "Thanks."

 Dirk looked at her for a second.  "Let me try something."  As Tami looked down, Dirk took a couple of cubes from the ice tray and brought them to Tami's nipples.  Tami squealed as she felt cold points somewhere down on her body and when she looked down she saw her nipples, cold and hard and erect and wet.  Then she saw Dirk's hands holding two of the big red glassy globe-shaped ornaments from the tree.

He was holding them by their threads, then tied them on one then the other nipple so quickly and expertly it was like he was a magician.  "You are even more beautiful now," she heard Dirk's warm voice say.  Tami giggled at the ornaments hanging from her nipples.  It was the funniest thing she ever saw.  She heard some other voices coming from further away -- were they arguing? -- but went back to looking at the hanging globes.  I've got globes on my globes, she thought.  Then she looked up as Dirk put a little section of tinsel from the tree onto her head as if he were crowning her Homecoming Queen.  "Beautiful," he said again, as her face glowed with a smile.

 A new disco tune came on.  "Let's dance," Dirk said, swaying to the beat.  Tami, still holding the glass in one hand, turned from side to side, making little steps with her feet, watching the ornaments jump and dance.  She did not notice that Dirk had moved away.  Now she was dancing for the crowd.  What the hey.  I feel good.  This is fun.  The downed the rest of the glass but kept it in her hand.

 She saw Liz Apple squatting in front of her.  "Stand still, Tami, let's see how this looks," she said, pulling out her lipstick.  Well, well, even stuck-up old Liz Apple is getting into the spirit, Tami noted happily.  It took some doing to stand still without wobbling, but Tami did, feeling the sticky slickness of the lipstick.  She could make out the words "Merry X-Mas!" on her flat tummy.  Then Liz drew a little heart around Tami's navel.  This was even funnier than the ornaments.  Tami giggled.

 Liz backed away and Tami started dancing again, wiggling, shaking, turning around, to hoots and cheers that she could hear from afar.  I'm so glad I feel good, she told herself.  She saw flashes go off as people took pictures.  Hey, I'm the star, she told herself. . . The cheers were like a miniature version of the thunderous applause she had gotten for her solo dance at the Black Formal.  Being naked has gotten me liked and admired . . .

Someone suggested she try to make the ornaments twirl in a circle.  She bounced and bounced but could only get them to go up and down.  But then she discovered that she could almost get the globes to twirl if she squatted.  She started bouncing up and down so that her butt almost hit the floor.  Bounce, bounce, she heard cheering as she finally got the globes to go in circles, feeling the rhythmic tug on her nipples.  She raised her arms in triumph and shouted.  "Wooo -- oooo!!"  Twirl, twirl, bounce, bounce, actually hitting the floor with her butt once or twice . . . more flashes . . .

Tami felt hot.  Her pussy must have been gaping open because she could feel air in there.  Good.  I need to cool off.  She could feel air on her asshole too.  Faster and faster she bounced up and down, getting the air going down there, the globes twirling, her hair flinging, people cheering . . .

 After a couple of seconds Tami realized the music had stopped.

She quit bouncing to see what was going on.  She looked up from her squatting position, feeling the globes bobbing around on her nipples and coming to rest, and there was Charlene's father.  She was about to say hi when she realized that his face was red and livid.

"What -- the -- HELL -- is going on???"  His eyes were ferocious.  She and Charlene's father knew each other pretty well, but she had never seen him like this.  Who was he mad at?

 "Tami!!"

 Well, Tami thought, it must be me he's mad at.  She stood up, vaguely feeling the ornaments swinging from her nipples, and felt like she was watching a movie in which a little girl was being scolded by her father for drawing on the wall or something.

 "Tami!" Charlene's father said again.  He was momentarily at a loss for words.  When the words did come they were loud and angry.  "I don't know what happened to you at college but -- you really turned into a cheap SLUT!!"  Somewhere inside her brain Tami told herself she should be deeply hurt by these words.  "Where the hell are your clothes??"

Tami continued standing with difficulty, arms at her sides.  "I don't have any," she said, her words a little slurred.

"No clothes??"

"N - n - nope.  I don't have any clothes.  No clothes for me."  Tami smacked her lips with that mixture of satisfaction and resignation that drunk people can sometimes express.  Her legs wobbled unsteadily, causing the red balls to swing tightly from her nipples.  She felt the need to give a fuller explanation.  "I don't have any clothes in the whole wide world.  Always naked.  That's me."

Charlene's father pointed to the door.  "Get the hell out of here.  Run back to your house, young lady."  He then glared at Charlene.  "Turn that music off . . . I want everyone out of here in ten minutes!!"

Tami, sensing escape, or maybe a bad feeling of some kind, suddenly felt herself running past Charlene's father and out the door.

Her run back to the house was wild, ragged, frantic.  Part of her could feel the biting cold wind, the branches hitting her feet that she was no longer alert enough to jump over, the ornaments tugging down and up and sideways on her nipples, though suddenly it was only one nipple.  To the rest of her it was like watching someone else in a movie.  In this movie the cold, naked girl, feet and legs scratched, hurled herself against the front door of her house like a runner hitting the finish line ribbon, fumbled with the doorknob, and stumbled up the stairs.

 In the bathroom the naked girl looked at herself in the mirror in the unnatural buzz of the fluorescent light and suddenly she was no longer watching a movie.  She saw herself, a cheap drunk whore, a naked party slut, hair wild, a string of tinsel almost falling off one side, a Christmas tree ornament hanging from one nipple, a piece of thread from the other, "Merry Xmas" in smeared lipstick letters across her heaving tummy with a smeared heart around her navel.  As she looked at herself she began to cry, holding herself up over the sink, holding her hand over her downcast eyes.

 She abruptly choked back the tears and then, without thinking, turned on the shower.  She stepped in and felt the chill of cold water and then suddenly remembed to start mixing in the hot.  She grabbed the ornament and the string and pulled and pulled, stretching her breasts down and away, accepting the pain as if she deserved it.  "N - n - n - nhhh!!"  With a final awful pain her nipples came free and bounced back against her chest.  Then she washed herself and dried herself about as well as a drunk person could and plunged into her bed.

 She began to sober up.  In her tossings and turnings there was a new kind of shame.  She had been taken advantage of, sure, but she had allowed it.  Nobody forced her this time.  She had made a jerk of HERSELF.  Dancing around naked, painted, ornaments on her nipples . . . And somebody had taken pictures!

Then she thought of Charlene's father.  He had been almost like an uncle to her, but the memory of his outraged, reproachful glare was enough to make her cover her eyes with the pillow.  She felt deep, deep shame, different maybe than that time in the dining hall when she had to look into the gleefully sadistic eyes of Henry Ross as she succumbed to orgasm . . . but mortification just the same.

After a while she felt a little better and in her mind she worked out, bit by bit, how she should have reacted when Charlene's father came in.  She should have stood up proudly and said, "This is the way I am.  I never wear clothes.  If you don't like it that's YOUR problem."  Then she should have calmly taken those ornaments off, bid good-bye to her friends, and walked out as if her pride were intact.

 Yeah right!! . . . as if I would ever have the courage to be that way.  On the other hand, Tami thought of the times in the past, at college, when she did display that kind of courage.  Could she be that way without her dorm friends around?  Maybe next time. . .With these thoughts the naked girl, her nipples still a little sore, finally found sleep.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 6**

They came drifting in like a dream to the sleeping girl.  Christmas carols played by Salvation Army style horns.  She opened her eyes and her room was magically brighter than usual.  A quick glance up told her why.  The back yard was a soft, silent heaven of white stuff.  Big wet flakes were coming down from the white sky.  The white stuff covered the ground, shrouded the branches, thatched the roofs of the garage and the nearby houses and the girl realized that this was the morning of Christmas Eve, the time of year she had been looking forward to for months.

 Soon she would run down to the tree to see wrapped gifts that Santa had brought her, to be opened tonight, and Grandma and Grandpa would be there to give her lollipops, and Mommy would suit her up in her snowpants and she'd go out and build a snowman with Joey and Daddy, with branches stuck in its sides for arms . . .

 With her first full awake breath Tami realized that she was no longer eight years old.  She was no longer in a little kid's world.  Grandma and Grandpa were dead.  Those would be no toys under the tree.  A tear rolled from her eye.

 She sniffled and cleared her throat and sat up, blankets wrapped around her shoulders, looking out at the snowy wonderland.  She took a deep breath, listening to the Christmas carols.  Yes, she was a grownup now.  Being grownup was better, in general.  You had more control of things.  Still, there were so many nice memories which should be held onto.

 She glanced quickly down and ruefully acknowledged her nakedness.  Well, I might be a grownup but I'm a naked grownup.  In one important way I don't have control of my life at all.

 She looked over to her old broken clock radio, a Christmas gift from ten years ago.  7:15 a.m.  It had gone off unexpectedly to play her Christmas carols, like a kind angel from the past.  She felt like it was giving her a sign.  Was this still a dream?  No.

 Outside the snow was about four inches deep.  Tami looked closer.  At points there was bare ground where it had not stuck.  This snow was not going to last.  If it was melting already, it will melt all the more quickly later in the day as the temperature rises.  Melt away like her childhood.

 It was a crazy thought.  Tami fought against it.  It was ridiculous.  But yet . . . it was not that cold out.  This was do-able.  There would be no snow pants, no Joey (at least as she knew him).  But she was going to make a snowman.  The radio was calling her to do it.  And there wasn't much time.

 The naked girl threw off her blankets and decided she was not going to turn back.  She tiptoed downstairs, slowly opened the back door, then the storm door, and walked upright into the still, cold air and the unbelievably cold feeling of snow which stuck wet and feathery to her bare feet.

 Like a swimmer who knows the best way to get used to cold water is to dive in all at once, Tami fell forward on her face, letting the snow crunch into her breasts, her tummy, her legs . . . then she rolled over, feeling it on her back, wedging into the crack of her butt . . . deliberately freezing herself . . . and when she got up the air was not so cold.

 She went to work.  Rolling snowballs that grew as she pushed them across the yard, the crunching from her bare feet and from the snowballs echoing in the cold silence, within five minutes she had hefted one snowy boulder on top of the other with strong wide-spread arms against her hard, flushed, pointy breasts and flat tummy until she had a snowman as tall as she was (and much fatter).  The falling snow matted her hair, and there was more snow packed into to her pubic bush and melting all over in little rivers down her red, flushed skin.  She imagined little Naked Tami, eight years old, playing in the snow with the other kids, a lifetime of never having worn clothes except for at the beginning with diapers . . . Could such a thing be possible?  In just four months she had already developed resistance to cold which amazed her.  Maybe after eight years of being exposed to the outdoors she would have been a healthy, rugged, ruddy-skinned child free of any sense of modesty.  Part of her wished she had been indeed naked since birth.  The hard part was not the nudity but her feelings of shame . . .

She stuck branches in the snowman's sides, said a gentle "Merry Christmas" to the snowman and to Joey and Mommy and Daddy and her grandparents and to her childhood, and then rushed back into the house where it was quiet and warm.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 7**

John Smithers, sitting at the kitchen table, glancing at his wife's butt as she poured him coffee while wearing nothing but an apron and high heels, said offhandedly, "Who made that snowman?"

 "I did."  Tami was standing in the living room, naked as always, sipping coffee from her old "Miss Brat" mug and looking out the big bay window.

 He grunted, looking back at his paper.  "You are amazing, Tami . . . I'll bet you came in pretty fast afterwards."

 "I sure did."

 Tami took another sip.  On this quiet Saturday morning, Christmas Eve, the snow had melted off the street and was quickly melting off their front lawn.  The sun was out, and the reflections off the remaining snow played over her breasts, her tummy, her legs.  She knew that anyone passing by could see her nakedness through the window.  But right now the streets were deserted.

 Tami closed her eyes.  I made a real ass of myself at that party last night.  She imagined how she must have looked to Charlene's father.  Stark naked, Christmas tree ornaments tied to her nipples, lipsticked words on her tummy, tinsel in her hair . . . and squatting on the floor, her pussy wide open, bouncing up and down, shouting, drunk . . .She shook her head.

 She counted the ways in which she had been cruelly and shamefully exposed to people at the college.  All of that suddenly didn't seem so bad.  All that had been stuff she was forced into.  But this, this was different.  And now she felt a new and more intense kind of shame.

 She had never particularly wanted to stay in her home town after graduating high school.  In fact, college was her ticket out of here.  Now it looked like her bridges have been burned.  How could she face her friends again?  How could she even be seen in public?  Well, she had to concede, that was a dicey proposition anyway, because she would have to be naked.  But all Mr. Noyes did was force her to go to the party.  Making an ass of herself, ruining her reputation, that was her own doing.

 With a sigh Tami regarded the clothing worn by her brother Joe as he slouched in his father's big easy chair, playing with a hand-held video game.  Big wool socks.  Tami looked down at her bare feet, a little scratched from last night's wild run through the lots.  She looked at Joe's sweatshirt and sweatpants, and glanced down at her bare legs, her bare pussy, her tummy and breasts.  She looked at everyone else's clothes with a terrible longing.  Why can't I have clothes, God??  For a second she almost wanted to cry.  Then she sighed again.  Stop torturing yourself, Tami!  She tried sour grapes.  That chair Joe was sitting on, for example.  It was camel hair and awfully itchy on the skin of a naked girl.  This effort to make herself feel better was only partly successful.

 This was turning out to be a miserable Christmas break.  At first she was glad to be home.  She could stay in one place and not be subject to public exposure in front of so many eyes like at college.  But now she actually missed college.  That visit by Mr. Noyes, and that party, and now . . . tonight . . . Midnight Mass!

 Tami closed her eyes again and took another sip of coffee.  This was going to be horrible.

 She thought of her friends at college.  Jen, Rod, Terri, Rebecca, Marisol, Mayree, Dawn . . . they were so much more mature.  Well, of course they are.  They're older.  But she couldn't imagine them taking advantage of her like those high school acquaintances did last night.  Then again, at college there were Wanda and Heather and that crowd.  They are just older versions of Liz Apple.

 The mail truck went by.

 Tami's father went out.  Joe said, "Ma, who's coming over today?"

 "Uncle Robert and Aunt Jane, and the kids.  Maybe Charlotte and Herbert, but that's still up in the air."  Tami closed her eyes again.  She will have to smile and prance naked in front of some relatives today.  More torture.

 Her father appeared in the doorway with a torn-open envelope and a wide grin.  "Tami Smithers, straight A's!  A perfect 4.0 GPA in her first semester!" he announced.

 Tami's mother advanced to look at the grade report.  They brought it over to Tami.  Indeed.  Nothing but A's.  Under "comments", there was Mrs. Barrows's handwriting: "Excellent attitude, only student with perfect attendance."

 Mr. Smithers said, "Tami, whatever bad things I had to say about your nudism thing, it sure seems to be working.  Congratulations, darling."  And he hugged her.

 Tami smiled.  She was glad to make him proud.  And once again, being naked had somehow got bound up with what she was respected for.

 A while later, Tami Smithers was lying on her bed, reading the comics section of the newspaper.  She glanced out to the snowman in the back yard, a little drooped and melted now, one of its branch arms down at an angle.  She thought of this magical morning, when she felt like a little girl again.

Tami stretched out full length and then bent her legs, pushing her back down against the mattress so that it was straightened out.  This was a warmup exercise for gymnastics, though on a soft bed it didn't accomplish much.  She had an excellent view of her pussy hair and started idly playing with it.  This is me, she told herself.  Other girls play with the curls on their head, I play with the curls on my pussy.  She saw that the trimmed sections were growing back bit by bit.  Pulling on one of her longer hairs, seeing that it extended about an inch and a half, letting it go so that it bounced back. . . It's amazing that pussy hair never grows to where you have to cut it.  It just gets to a certain length and stops.

 She was a gymnast and didn't even have to strain.  She casually propped her elbows in the crooks of her knees and spread her legs while hoisting her head to within a foot of her pussy.  She wanted a good look for some reason.  The naked girl looked at her pussy, stretched open in this position.  She twisted her arms so that her fingers could reach it.  She picked carefully at the big outer lips, then spread the inner lips, looking in at the little pink tunnel.  It was dark inside.  So this is what everyone has been looking at.  This is what has been on display, in a dozen different ways, to dozens of people, during that past semester.  This is Jen's favorite place to be as she explores me and brings me to orgasm with her fingers and tongue.

 Tami pulled her inner lips this way and that, trying to get some light into the pink tunnel so she could see more.  Was it possible to see my cervix like this?  Or do I need a speculum?  But no, she just couldn't get the right angle.  It was still dark in there.

 She saw the little hood that hid her clitoris.  With a little smirk of distaste she remembered Dr. Harridance rubbing her clit to see if it would get erect normally.  Tami very delicately opened the hood and saw her little pleasure button, soft and quiet in its little hiding place.  She pulled it out and almost jerked at the quick little jolt of pleasure.  Yes, I have normal sexual responses all right.  She let it go and saw it retract back into its hood, though not all the way.

 She bent her head further and saw the bottom of her pussy, the end of her pussy hairs, then her famous butthole, surrounded by its ring of brown skin.  With a little effort she could move her butt muscles so that her asshole actually twitched.  She smiled.  Yeah, like this is a really useful talent.  She pushed like she was taking a shit, then pulled.  She tried all sorts of combinations of muscles.  Whoa!  I just made by butthole open up!  The pucker lines disappeared and there was a little round open hole maybe big enough for her pinky.  Then it closed again.  Tami tried to duplicate what she had just done but couldn't.

 The naked girl, in the solitude of her bedroom, giggled and covered her eyes and stretched back out full length.  She turned over, feeling the soft blankets against her breasts and legs.  What the hell am I doing? she asked herself with amusement.  Spreading myself and poking around in my pussy, looking at my own butthole.  What kind of person am I turning into?

 What kind indeed?  Tami felt like a different person now.  After months of being forced to go naked in public, denied even a scrap of covering, it was no wonder.  There were the cruel humiliations, the Dean was out to get her, that creep Henry Ross was up to no good, but . . . well, the matter of cold, for instance.  I've walked out naked in the snow, I've walked in sub-freezing weather that whole way to Rebecca and Marisol's new apartment, I've been naked when there were drafts . . . a normal girl would have gotten hypothermia, or maybe frostbite.  But I survived.  In fact I did better than survive.  She thought once again of the fact that of all the girls in her dorm wing, she had not gotten sick once since she started being naked all the time.

 And finding such true friends like Jen and Terri and Mayree and Rebecca and the others, that was a good feeling.  And then there was Rod.  And his magnificent dick.  God, she missed college.  She burrowed under the blankets.  Once again she found her hand making its way to her pussy as she thought of Rod.  After a few minutes had passed she was relaxed and happy and sleepy . . .

.   .   .

 She was awakened by the hum of conversation downstairs and the smell of turkey.  She looked at the old alarm clock.  3:30 p.m.  Wow.  She really slept!

 She recognized the voices of Uncle Robert and Charlotte, and Jane's kids, who were actually her age by now, or thereabouts.  She cleared her throat.  Descending down the stairs into that crowd was going to take some courage.  But she was a trouper.  Tami got up and brushed her teeth and down she went.

 "Well here she is, Miss Straight A Student," Tami's father said, leading the cheer.  Everyone clapped.  As Tami forced a relaxed-looking smile, she saw old Uncle Robert, whom she had last seen at Thanksgiving . . . and Aunt Jane, sitting next to her two kids, Preston and Amaryl . . . and Aunt Charlotte and Uncle Herbert, standing next to her parents.  Her mother was back to being fully dressed.  Everyone, it seemed, was wearing an abundance of clothing.  And looking at her and clapping.

 Descending the stairs slowly, Tami knew herself to be the star of the show.  Listening to the clapping, she thought of how to show herself.  There was one way of descending, like a Miss America or something, where you were in a way showing off your body.  Tami opted for the other way, acting like there's nothing special about your appearance.  She could not quite pull it off; she could not ignore the stares of her relatives at her breasts and pussy and legs and bare feet.  She looked down and blushed, a blush that extended down to her breasts.

 She reached the bottom of the stairs.  Now what?  After a moment of indecision Tami decided to work the room like a politician.  She greeted everyone individually and hugged them.  She felt the scratchy or soft or silky sweaters and jackets and shirts and blouses against her bare skin and the desire to wear these things and her envy of these well-clothed people was so intense that her throat was dry.  But she bravely and sincerely said to each, "Good to see you."

 This was the beginning of a strange two hours in the midst of her family, during which Tami sat and talked, drank coffee and soda, ate celery and blue cheese and deviled eggs and black olives, and chatted about whatever people wanted to talk about.  Tami steeled herself and managed to act naturally.  After a while the glances at her nakedness got less frequent and people were actually making eye contact.  But Tami was always thinking about how weird it was to be naked in the middle of it all . . .

 Only once did her nudity come up in conversation.  Amaryl, sitting at the kitchen table with Tami, munching on potato chips, talking a mile a minute as always, said, "My mom told me about your new religion . . . how can you go around naked all the time?  Isn't it uncomfortable?  I'd hate to be naked and have everyone look at me.  Last summer I wore one of those new backless tops out, and I just couldn't stand the idea that everyone might be looking at me.  How do you go out in the snow?  Isn't it cold where you're going to college?  If I were you I'd transfer to Miami or someplace like that . . ."  Tami smiled.  She hardly had to say anything when talking with her cousin Amaryl.  Amaryl made her own conversation and all Tami had to do was nod.  Tami smiled.  Some things hadn't changed . . .

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 8**

In her Intro to Psych class Tami's professor had said, "An experienced therapist is able to look totally concerned while not paying any attention whatsoever what the client is saying."  That got a chuckle from the class.  Now on Christmas Even the naked freshman, sitting at the table, thought of that as she listened to her cousin Amaryl talk and talk and talk . . .

Tami felt like everything was off balance, like she was living in a dream.  Did she really have Christmas tree ornaments tied to her nipples last night as she got drunk and danced in front of her high school friends?  Did she really split her legs open up in her bedroom a while ago and practically stick her face into her pussy, watching how her butthole moved?  What is going on here?  This is stuff I willingly did.  Compared to this, somehow her misadventures at college seemed settled and sane.  At college she was the same old Tami, trying to keep her wits while being forced to expose herself.  But now back at home it seemed like maybe her wits were leaving her . . .

 Tami munched on another stalk of celery, sitting back in her chair, looking attentively at Amaryl as she talked about -- something about her college plans -- and the naked girl sighed, glancing down to make sure no crumbs had fallen onto her pussy hair, her feet tucked under the chair, her toes curling around the bottom post . . .

 She was vaguely conscious of the phone ringing and then her mother said, "Tami, it's Charlene."

 Shit.  The drunk dancing.  Tami excused herself and said, "I'll take it upstairs, Mom."

 Sitting cross-legged on her bed, Tami decided to bite the bullet.  The first thing she said was, "Sorry about last night."

 "Indeed."  The pause was depressing.  Tami had really let her friend down.  But then she heard, "I blame Liz and Dirk more than I do you.  I mean, it was stupid of you to get drunk.  Also stupid, let's face it, to go around naked.  I don't get this nudism thing you're suddenly into. But they really took advantage of you."

 It was a compact expression of Charlene's feelings, sounding well-rehearsed because it was.  Tami was glad to hear the acknowledgement of Liz's and Dirk's fault, but still felt contrite.  "I'm REALLY sorry about your dad."

 "Well . . . I told him I was trying to stop it and he kind of believes me now.  I didn't think he'd be back so soon.  One must admit, the sight you presented him with when he came in was rather shocking."  Charlene tended to have an almost upper-crust British way of talking at times, especially when she was trying to act grown-up.

 Tami closed her eyes, trying once again to blot out the image.  Maybe even worse were the pictures.  "Whose camera was that?"

 "I took it from Dirk's friend and pulled the film and threw it out.  I think that was the only camera."  This was a lie, told to make Tami feel more at ease.  Actually Charlene had tried to grab the camera but Dirk and his friends ran out the door with it.  She would keep trying, though.

 Tami breathed a sigh of relief.  Thank God the pictures were destroyed.  "So how have you been . . ."  It was a relief to have a normal conversation for a while.  Talking on the phone Tami could pretend that she was wearing clothes.

 A few minutes after hanging up, while Tami was looking at the ceiling, once again absent-mindedly playing with her pubic hair, the phone rang again.

 "Hi babe," Rod's happy voice echoed staticky and distant over the phone.

 A big, broad smile came over Tami's face.  "Oh Rod . . ."  She looked up at the ceiling, pretending he was up there, and her finger quickly went to her clit.  "I want to fuck you . . ."  a throaty giggle as she turned to one side.

 Rod chuckled.  "I miss you babe."

 "Oh Rod . . . I miss YOU . . . you have no idea . . ."

 A slight pause.  "I've got a little friend down here that I'm stroking who misses you too."

 Another giggle.  "Maybe not so little . . ."  Tami was getting turned on incredibly fast.  Her finger rubbed and rubbed as she cradled the phone in the other hand and began to moan.  A moment later she was saying, "Rod, I'm going to come for you . . . ohhh . . ."

.   .   .

 The Smithers family was making its bloated way to the living room, stuffed with turkey and a dozen other delicious things.  Tami decided to sit down on the floor, next to the couch.  She had always been something of a floor-sitter, as gymnasts tend to be, and the old but still decent carpet felt good under her bare butt.   She had been wondering during dinner whether her nipples were still erect after her little long-distance diddle with Rod.  Also, whether her pussy gave off any leftover female musk.  As she settled into a cross-legged position on the floor she also guessed that, though everyone was stuffed, it was visible only on her as the only naked person.  She looked down and saw that her tummy was a little convex, instead of flat as usual.  A naked girl lives with the knowledge that everything about her is noticeable.

 "Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot to buy anything," she said, looking up at the gifts on the table next to the tree.

 "That's O.K.," her mother said.  "You're a scholar athlete with a straight A average, you've worked hard and you're excused."

 The passing out of the gifts was its usual pleasant ritual.  The Smithers family was small, and everyone got a gift for everyone.  Tami got various little trinkets, a new watch, a new necklace.  Of course, she did not get any clothes.

 But there was one big fluffy wrapped gift for her.  Her Uncle Robert spoke.  "We know that because of your, uh, new lifestyle, we couldn't very well get you any clothing, but we thought this might keep you warm in your dorm."

 Tami, standing up, unwrapped the big fluffy comforter and clutched it with bittersweet longing, feeling its soft warmness against her nipples, her tummy, her bare legs, knowing that she would never be allowed to keep it in her dorm room, knowing that Wanda or Heather would confiscate it immediately.  "Oh, it's so nice," she said.  She forced a brave smile.  Then she diplomatically folded it and put it on the table, her eyes still locked on it as she stood naked in front of her family and aunts and uncles and cousins.

 "I'm curious, dear," said Aunt Charlotte, looking over her bifocals, sitting and sipping coffee in her old-school-lady way, "how has being a nudist changed you?"

 Tami looked directly at Aunt Charlotte and then down at her bare feet.  This was a question she had asked herself many times.  She could do nothing except give a serious answer.  She tried to make a start of it.  "Well . . . it's made me a lot braver."

 The outburst of laughter was both surprising and irritating.  This was a serious, hard-won answer, not a joke.  But Tami decided to be a good sport and smile.  She glanced at Aunt Charlotte and knew that at least her aunt did not think of her answer as a joke.

 Late, over pumpkin pie, Aunt Charlotte returned to the topic.  Looking across the table at Tami, glancing fleetingly at her niece's nipples which were visible over the tablecloth, she said, "What do your old friends make of you?"

 "That reminds me," Tami's father said, "how did the party go last night?  We were all asleep when you got back."

 Tami gulped down a piece of pie without bothering to chew.  After a second she decided to focus on the beginning of the party, when it was a small affair with close friends.  "It took some getting used to, but they were O.K.  People change a lot when they come back from college."

 More irritating laughter.

 Tami politely declined the offer of brandy as everyone again sat around in the living room.  Alcohol brought back memories of last night.  And so did Preston when he said, "Time for a picture!"  This was an annual event, having been taken over by Preston in recent years because he had gotten enthusiastic about photography and now wanted to show off his new delayed-action camera.

 Tami couldn't very well decline to be part of the family portrait in front of the fireplace.  But she did manage to get in behind everyone else so that she was sure that nothing showed but her face and maybe her neck.  It would look maybe only like she was wearing a low-cut blouse.  Just before Preston set the timer and ran to strike a hammy pose kneeling in front of everybody, Tami's father took the grade report off his desk and gave it to Tami.  "Show your A's for the camera!"

 Tami smirked as she heard an embarrassing unintended pun in this phrase, but smiled and waved the report over her head as the seconds ticked away and the flash went off.

 "One more," Preston said.

 "Tami, you're the star of this show, you should be in front," Uncle Robert said.  There was a brief feeling of apprehension in the room.  What would Tami do?

 Tami couldn't very well refuse, though.  And she had been naked in front of everyone all day, so what was the difference?  She stood proud and naked and tall in front for Preston's second picture, smiling gamely.

 It was only as the flash was about to go off that Tami realized what she was doing.  The flash recorded a partly faded smile as she and her family were again recorded for posterity.  As she blinked the purple dots from her eyes and slowly put the grade report back on her father's desk, she shuddered inside.  This picture was going to end up in photo albums that will be looked at from now until forever.  She was naked at college, she was naked in front of her friends, and now she will be naked to her family and cousins and anyone else who is shown the picture.  "There's cousin Tami, she's a nudist . . ."  There was no way she could put this whole nude episode behind her now.  Her nudity was enshrined for eternity.  She'd might as well stay naked for life.

 In this stunned state of mind, she sat and decided to take a nip of brandy after all.

The naked girl felt the cold drafts acutely as the door opened and her relatives, bundled up, hugged her and the others as they left.  She stood behind her father and briefly watched them go down the front path before she turned, hugging herself, and went to the couch.  For a while after that she was pensive, going through the same magazines yet again.

Only one thing was on her mind.  Midnight mass.  She looked at the clock.  9:30!!  She worked out the logistics.  She would have to drive there herself.  Maybe she could use the "old car" -- the broken-down Chevy sedan that was now mostly used by Joe when he drove around with his friends and to his job at the supermarket.  And she would certainly go alone.

Shit!  This was going to be Hell.  It was also ridiculous.  She just could not walk naked into her old church.

The Smitherses were not particularly devout.  In the past few years they had gone to church only at Christmas and Easter.  The others went to Christmas mass during the day -- but she would go to the Midnight Mass, usually with some friends.  Not Charlene (who was Protestant), but with some others.  They enjoyed the festive decorations, singing the old Christmas carols . . . the church was a magical place on this one night.  But she was definitely not going to go with her friends this time.   She wondered if any of the old gang would be there tonight.

Tami looked at her father, snoozing in his chair.  What would he think?

Do I REALLY have to go? she asked herself.  Mr. Noyes said he would have someone there to check on her.  Maybe he was lying.  But why would he be lying?  He seemed determinated to hold her to her promise of being a committed nudist.  She grimaced at her little unintended joke.  Yes, if I showed up nude at Midnight Mass I'd be "committed" all right -- by the men in the white suits.  I'll get thrown out before I even sit down.  I've got to make sure that Noyes's spy sees me.  He certainly can't blame me for getting thrown out.  But what if he's late and gets there afterwards?  Well, then I should show up late too just to make sure he's there.

This line of thinking almost exhausted the naked girl as she sat curled up on the couch, her head on her upraised knees.  She covered her face with her hand.  God, I can't believe what I'm planning on doing.  I always wanted to leave this town . . . in spite of everything I kind of feel much more at home at college now with my friends there . . .but to show up naked in church at Christmas . . . so many people I know are sure to be there . . . this is really burning my bridges.  I'd never be able to walk the streets again . . . after I graduate and get back into clothes, that is!

She looked up and saw her grade report on her father's desk.  She realized again the consequence of not going.  Expulsion.  Throwing away the scholarship.  Disappointment by her father and her family.  That would be horrible.  And this nudism thing is only temporary after all.

She looked through the doorway at the crucifix in the dining room.  One of her professors made a good point about how barbaric Christians must seem to people in the third world.  It's our custom to have this little statute placed in a prominent place in our houses -- of a nearly naked, bleeding, tortured, dying man with nails in his hands and feet . . .She looked at the expression on Jesus' face, looking up, saying . . . what was it he said?  "My father, why hast thou forsaken me?"

It seemed blasphemous but she knew how Jesus felt.  She had looked up many times to God when she was naked, put on display, quaking from extreme shame, feeling abandoned and forlorn, stripped of everything including hope . . . she remembered having her legs spread in the dorm lounge in front of her friends and dorm-mates, on the verge of orgasm from the pokings and proddings, knowing the odor of her female musk was obvious to everyone . . . looking up at the ceiling, praying . . .

She remembered standing in the supermarket parking lot, in subfreezing weather, being stared at by the customers in the parking lot, and by the stockboys from behind through the window, not being able to close her legs or use her arms to cover herself because she was sure one of Dean Jorgon's spies was sitting in a nice warm car right in front of her . . . looking up and praying . . .

She looked at that crucifix now and prayed again.  Please, God, please Jesus, give me the strength to do this . . . and forgive me for what I'm about to do . . .

Tami looked down.  In her praying she was even starting to sound like Jesus.  She shook her head.  I can't get pretentious.  I'm just an 18-year-old college freshman.  Let's just get through this, O.K.?

She got up and walked toward the stairs as her father turned in his chair and woke up.  He got up stiffly, holding a newspaper.

"Gotta get ready," Tami said, starting up the stairs.

"For what?"

"Midnight Mass."

"You're going like that?"

"Well, I'm a nudist, you know."

Her father looked concerned.  "Tami . . . c'mon.  You can't go to Midnight Mass like that.  It's just stupid.  They won't even let you in."

This was true but Tami had to try.  "Well, maybe they will and maybe they won't."

Her father shook his head.  "Forget it, Tami."  He was not a real churchgoer but he was thinking about people they knew who might be there, and his daughter walking into church naked right in front of them.  A quick three-block sprint to Charlene's house was one thing.  But this was different.  "It's just dumb."

He was absolutely right but Tami swallowed and said, "Well, I'm going . . . I'll take the old car."

John Smithers thought for a second.  "You'll be back right away. . ."  He told himself, If she's NOT back soon, I'll take that as a sign that they let her in.  That new liberal priest might be there and he might do anything.  But I just can't imagine that even he will let her sit there for mass like that.

Tami went up the stairs.  In a few minutes, washed and combed, the ankle pouch with her driver's license in it securely fastened, she was in the living room with her legs bent up on the couch looking out the big bay window.  She had dashed out and started the old car and was now trying to make out the exhaust smoke in the darkness as the car warmed up.  She held her toes in her hand, rubbing them, biting her lip at what she was about to do.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 9**

The car with the heat on full blast was like an oven.  Tami didn't mind at all.  She carefully gripped the steering wheel and worked the bare steel of the worn-out pedals with her bare feet as she drove the empty streets into town and to St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church.  The parking lot was almost full.  She was late, as planned.  She parked facing the church on the edge of the parking lot and kept the motor running, hunched down behind the steeing wheel, even though there was no need to hide, everyone already being in the church.

 The front of the church was decked out in style.  Pine branches and a wreath, and a big lit cross on the door.  Holly leaves.  Tinsel.  A creche on the little piece of grass in front.  This was a drab church in a drab town, but tonight it really looked special.

 Tami looked down at the dashboard gauges.  Once this old car got warm it really didn't run too bad.  She was interested in cars, and her dad had showed her how to change the oil and the spark plugs on this old thing.  Tonight it almost didn't start, but the ride was smooth because of the warmup time.  You've got to take time to warm up these old cars before driving off.

 Tami pictured herself for a moment working on this car naked, crawling out from under it, with oil and grease smears on her bare skin.  She smiled at the ridiculous image.  I suppose my days as a junior mechanic are over, at least until graduation.  Then again, maybe when I get my summer job and wear clothes . . . no, I won't be able to make enough money to get a car, at least not then.

 The sound of "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" got Tami's mind focused again.  Sung in tune and loudly for once, unlike those bland songs during ordinary Sundays.  It was good to sing something familiar, it was part of the good feeling of this night.  And look . . . now it's beginning to snow!  How right on Christmas Eve.  Tami had her sentimental side.  She was really just your typical teenage girl.

 She started shaking as she realized it was do-or-die time.  Time to walk naked into the middle of Midnight Mass.  Noyes's spy must surely be in there by now.  She turned off the motor.  The Christmas carol rang out, loud and distinct, bouncing off the silence of the surrounding buildings, mostly stores that were shuttered this time of night.

 With the motor off the car would get cold soon.  Tami figured she would walk in and then get thrown out.  Then it would be over and she could drive back home.  But first she would have to make her way well into the church to make sure Noyes's spy saw her.  She would have to walk proudly and upright, not covering any part of herself.  Oh God . . . oh God . . .

 Tami found herself muttering this as she zippered the car keys into her ankle pouch, threw the pouch under the driver's seat (nobody would steal a car here) and gently opened the car door and stepped with bare feet onto the freezing pavement which was now covered with a thin film of dusty snow.  "Oh God . . . oh God . . ."

  She walked stiffly through the parking lot toward the church steps, trying not to feel the cold, her face a conflicted mask of deadpan numbness and barely concealed misery, her feet making perfect little prints in the snow that lay on the icy path to the steps.

 Up to the big wooden front doors she went.

 She suddenly wished Rebecca was with her.  Rebecca, her churchgoing friend.  Rebecca was not Catholic but would understand and be supportive.  Tami shut her eyes tight and tried to imagine Rebecca in her wire rimmed glasses and unstyled hair and lumberjack shirt, standing next to her, giving her encouragement.

 The naked teenage girl opened one of the big wooden doors.  Numbly, she walked in.  The singing had just stopped and people were looking down at their missalettes to follow the priest's words.

The place was crowded, packed like at no other time of year, holly branches and wreaths and tinsel everywhere, a big party of holiday decorations. . . this registered only dimly in the naked girl's mind, as did the gasps, the half-expressed "what the --" from the ushers who she had now passed, the sudden total silence that fell over the church.

 Tami walked a bit faster now.  She had to be seen by Noyes's spy, wherever he was.  When she was right in the middle of the church she looked up and saw Father Coubert, that old fart, who had once told her fifth grade cathechism class that non-Catholics don't go to heaven, who had told her brusquely during the last time she went to confession, in junior high school, that to have sexual feelings before marriage was a mortal sin -- Father Coubert standing behind the altar and looking at her from behind his thick glasses with an expression of surprise and outrage such as she had never seen before.

 "M - miss Smithers!!" he finally choked out, his voice cracking with anger.

 It was like a splash of cold water.  Everything she saw and heard was now suddenly real.

The naked girl, now frightenend half out of her wits, looked around in a panic at the sea of astonished faces.

There was Mr. Gottman, her science teacher from high school.

There was her mother's friend Aunt Ginny.

 There was Debby Poquette, her old friend from the cheerleading squad, with her grandmother.

There were the parents and sister of Maryanne Spinelli, her friend since grade school who was now in the Army.

It seemed like everybody who she knew from her childhood, who knew her as Tami Smithers, a nice good girl, now saw her as what she had turned into -- a shameless, naked slut.

 Tami wanted to crouch and cover herself and run into one of the pews but knew that she was not allowed to do that.  The spy was watching.  Her fists clenched, her arms locked straight and waving wildly from the strain of not being able to cover herself --

She looked up at the crucifix and the expression of Jesus that she now knew so well.  She dashed for the little kneeling rail where they received communion, tears streaming from her face, praying madly: please Jesus, please forgive me, please this is not really me, I'm not this naked shameless slut, please I'm just a scared innocent nice good girl like the one who received her first communion here in that cute white dress with the shiny white shoes and the little pink rosary and Mommy and Daddy standing in the back proudly . . .

 Kept naked for four months, forced to go through cold and rain and ice and snow, spread and stretched and exposed and humiliated in front of professors, friends, enemies, strangers, God, Jesus, her home town, subjected to shame upon shame upon shame, the poor naked teenaged girl could not take it any more.

 It was at that point that Tami Smithers finally snapped.

 The ushers, having regained their wits, moved forward and grabbed the naked girl, prying her from the rail and carrying her to the back.  Father Coubert looked on as the parishioners clustered into the aisle behind the retreating ushers, looking on in disbelief.

 It was a moment for the ages.  This was not the first naked woman who had walked into a Catholic service.  There was Agrippa of Solito in 442.  There was Jeanne d'Expury in Caen, France in 1212.  There was Maria Alessandrio in Turin, Italy in 1556.  And several dozen others, which now included Tami Smithers of the United States in 2000.  All of them thrown out immediately, some of them later excommunicated or burned at the stake.  And all of them quite mad.

 The naked girl, eyes rolled up into her head, started cursing and hitting the ushers.  "Fuck you fuck you, get away from me, fuck this all . . ."  The ushers could barely hold the naked teenager in her fury.  They made it to the door, not really certain what they would do when they got her outside, but the naked girl solved that problem for them by bolting from their grasp as soon as they had opened the big wooden doors.

 The naked girl ran wildly and raggedly down the sidewalk, her bare feet slipping on the ice and snow, cursing under her breath, until one of her legs gave way and she fell solidly and painfully on her hip.  Crying, cursing again, she got up, and like a person on fire ran uncontrollably into the plowed, deserted street.

 In the police patrol car, idling at the nearby intersection, the two officers, complacent and convivial in their warm car with doughnuts and coffee, looked up openmouthed as the naked figure ran toward them and then past them.  Jolted into action, they ran from the car and tried to apprehend her, only to be cursed at and smacked in the face with the upkick of a bare foot.  There was only one thing to do.  As the people crowding out from the front of the church watched, the two officers wrestled the naked girl to the snowy ground, handcuffed her from behind, pulled her up to reveal snow matted to her pubic hair and breasts and her stiff, cold, hard nipples poking out, and tossed her into the back seat of the patrol car.  They headed for the station house, radioing ahead to the desk sergeant, while their naked handcuffed passenger softly continued muttering, "Fuck this, fuck this shit, fuck this all . . ."

.   .   .

"She's been sitting there for an hour now.  Just walked right into Midnight Mass at St. Mary's, naked like that.  I don't know who she is yet."

"No I.D.?"

"She's naked, stupid!  Where's she gonna keep her I.D., up her butt?"

"Oh right. . . She won't talk?"

"She doesn't respond to anything.  I think she's just a nut case.  We've called the mental health people."

The naked girl, sitting on the wooden bench in her cell, slouched against the concrete wall, not minding as it scraped her bare back.  She stared dully down at her dirty bare feet.  She moved her hands, cuffed uncomfortably behind her, to scratch an itch.  She had stopped muttering a while ago.

"Well we can't just leave her naked like that.  Look at those punks there, if they weren't separated by those bars she'd be raped a dozen times."  He was referring to the gang members in the next cell who were standing at the bars, staring in lust and in morbid horror at the crazy naked chick.

More time passed.

Tami Smithers felt like she was waking up.  She looked around and cowered in shame as she took stock of her surroundings.  Oh God.  Here I am, naked in a jail . . . handcuffed . . . with these scruffy guys looking right at me!  What happened??  And shit, it's cold in here.

She drew her legs up to sit cross-legged.  She was intensely conscious of the leering thugs not ten feet in front of her and wished she could cover her breasts with her hands.  As it was she bent forward a bit so that at least her breasts were not so obviously on display.

She cleared her throat.  She looked slowly over to the people at the desk on the other side of the bars.  In a low, scratchy voice she said, "Could I have some water?"

A relieved, kind face came up to the bars.  "Are you O.K.?"  It was a middle-aged woman in casual, heavy clothing, overcoat unbuttoned.  She had a paper cup in her hand.

Tami slowly uncrossed her legs and got up, wincing from a pain in her hip, and stood up and looked at the woman through the bars.  She looked down at the cup.  "I'm O.K. . . . I'm thirsty, please."

With a quick nod an officer appeared and asked Tami to turn around.  Gratefully she brought her freed hands around to rub her stiff, cold nipples, which also served to cover them.  As she held her breasts in her hands the woman said, "What is your name?"

"Tami Smithers," she said, breasts still in her hands, as the woman put the cup to her lips through the bars and the naked prisoner took a sip.

A phone rang somewhere.

"I'm Marla Maber from the crisis center," the woman said.  "I put together some clothes for you."

Tami's throat went dry again as she saw the woman walk back to a chair which had . . . Ohmigod . . . in a few seconds I'll be wearing a tee shirt, a heavy sweater, thick wool socks, furry mocassin boots, sweatpants . . .

The naked girl closed her eyes and exhaled and looked up and thanked her dear God in heaven.  God was good.  Jesus was good.  She was forgiven.  As Marla Maber bunched the clothes up between her arms and carried them to the bars the naked prisoner reached out her hand to grab them.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII: The Girl in the Mirror, Part 10**

"Wait!!"

 The young man in a business suit yanked away the bunch of clothes with both arms and put them back onto the chair as the surprised naked girl looked down at them with anguish and panic.  Her lips formed an obvious and pronounced "No!!!"

 The man said, "Her college just called.  It turns out she's a religious nudist.  The Department can't be accused of making her wear clothes."

 Mrs. Maber was very irritated.  "I'm not forcing her to wear them.  And it's cold in here, in case you haven't noticed!"

 "Anything we have her do while in custody will look like it's by force," the young man pointed out with lawyerly logic.

 Mrs. Maber looked back at the clothes and then at the young man in exasperation and then at Tami.  "Miss Smithers, this is Gary Wyburn from the D.A.'s office, a legal know-it-all if you ask me!"  She looked back at Gary Wyburn.  It was apparent to Tami that these two were enemies from way back.

 "Miss Smithers -- " the young man looked at Tami's face and then was distracted by her breasts and pubic hair for a few seconds before he caught himself and looked up again -- "you didn't tell us about your religion.  According to the caller, a Mr. Dean Jorgon from Campbell - Frank College, you are enrolled there and you are a religious nudist who hasn't worn any clothes all semester.  Is this true?"

Tami slouched and her eyes sank to the floor.  "Yes."  The Dean had got the best of her.  Again.

"Well," Mr. Wyburn continued breathlessly, "I've talked to my supervisor.  He agrees to Mr. Jorgon's request that you be released.  Do you have a means of getting back home?"

Tami looked up, though not really focusing, as if in a dream.  Then she cleared her throat.  "My car's in the church parking lot."

"O.K., we'll have the officers take you back."

"Take her back??!"  Mrs. Maber looked at her nemesis.  "Naked?  In the snow??"

"It's O.K.," Tami said as an officer unlocked her cell and she walked out.  "You've been very kind, thank you."  She just wanted to get the hell back to her house and into her bed.  And with a last longing look at the pile of warm clothes on the chair, which she would never touch or ever see again, the naked teenager walked forlornly down the hall, following the two officers.

 It was the same two men who had arrested her.  They politely escorted her to the patrol car and wordlessly drove her back to the church.  They saw the old car parked alone in the now-deserted parking lot.  Tami stole a quick look at the digital clock on the police car dashboard.  3:00 a.m. exactly.

 "That your car?"  "Yeah."  Snow was falling gently which now covered the old car with a two-inch blanket of cold feathery white stuff.  Tami would have to work fast, running to the car, starting it up, and then clearing the windshield off with a quick sweep of her arm.  But it could be done.  She sighed.  At least in a few minutes I'll be in bed and asleep.

 As the officer opened the door for her to leave, he said, "You were in a lot of trouble before, kid, striking an officer, among other things.  Those people up at your college are really looking out for you!"

 Tami grunted as she made a run for her car and the police disappeared.

 A naked girl dealing with a snow-covered car in the dead of a winter night has very little time to work with.  Tami decided to clear the windshield first.  Christ this stuff is cold!! she thought to herself as she bent over, bare breasts crushing the snow on the driver's side, and swept the freezing stuff off with one arm.  Fortunately the temperature was below freezing and there was no slushy buildup.  The windshield was now clean and clear except for a few solitary flakes.

 She hadn't bothered to lock the car.  She opened the door, inhaled through her teeth as her bare butt hit the cold, stiff leather of the seat, and fished around below for her ankle pouch.

 Then she turned the key.  Rrr - rrr - rrr . . . rrr . . . rrr . . .

 The battery was almost dead.

 "SHIT!!" Tami yelled, slamming her hands on the steering wheel.  Every fucking thing has gone wrong tonight!!!

 Survival tends to focus the mind and sharpen the wits.  The naked teenager looked around.  The area was deserted.  She would freeze to death if she stayed here for more than a few minutes.  A couple of blocks down there was a residential area.  She could knock on any old door and surely someone would let in a naked girl on a snowy night.  Christmas, no less.  Of course, they'd think she was crazy and maybe dangerous.  So here come the police again.

 Her house was maybe a mile away.  Tami gulped.  I've got to make a run for it.  I can do this.  One mile, I can do it in maybe seven minutes easy.  The exertion will keep me warm.

 Anybody who happened to be on Chalkstone Avenue would have enjoyed the odd but enchanting sight of a beautiful naked young female human, her body in perfect physical condition, sprinting silently and efficiently with bare feet over the freshly fallen snow.   But there was nobody awake at that hour.

When Tami got back to her house her feet were numb but she was not really cold, just winded and a little exhilarated.  Her lungs and her mind had gotten cleared out by the cold air.  She was exhausted and crawled under her bedcovers and was asleep in seconds.

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 Tami looked out at her brother Joe, who was sitting in her father's car (a rather new mini-van) as it warmed up.  This was a fine, sunny Christmas morning, a bit windy, the snow from last night starting to melt but making everything even brighter.  It was so good to be in daylight.  Last night's misadventures seemed more and more like a bad dream.  Today things seemed brighter and more sane.

 Tami finished sipping her coffee as she sat cross-legged on the floor in front of the bay window.  She had told Joe to wait until there was plenty of heat in the car before calling her out.  Then they would drive to the church and, while Tami hunched down behind the wheel hopefully out of everyone's sight, Joe would connect the jumper cables to the old car and get it going and both of them would drive home.

 The naked girl sighed with relief.  Mr. Noyes must be satisfied now.  I've gone to that party, and whoever his spy was in church, he sure as hell saw that I went to Midnight Mass.  That must have been how the Dean knew to call the station house later on.  It was hardly my fault I got thrown out.

She looked out at the houses on the street.  I'm sure word of last night's spectacle will get around town.  Well, I'm for it in this town anyway.  Rod . . . Jen . . . Tami badly missed snuggling with her boyfriend, and even missed her daily session of tonguing from Jen.  She felt much more at home at college than she did in this stupid old town anyway.  She missed her dorm room. . .

 Joe signaled to her to come out.

 As Tami went back to the kitchen to put her coffee cup in the sink she saw her parents, just woken up, sitting at the table in their bathrobes, sipping orange juice.  Her mother seemed to be looking right at Tami's crotch.  Thenshe said, "Good Lord, how did you get that bruise?  Are you O.K.?"

 Tami looked down.  There was a big blue bruise between her hip bone and her pubic hair.  She felt herself blush, realizing how her body was so totally on display for anyone to observe.  With any other girl the bruise would be hidden under clothes.  But not for Tami Smithers.

 "I -- I slipped, I think."  She really didn't remember it too well.

 "So what happened at mass?"  her father asked.

 Tami thought quickly.  She couldn't say she didn't go; her parents would surely find out otherwise.  She decided to tell the truth, or close to it, and keep it short.  "You were right.  They wouldn't let me in."  She turned and left, her parents looking casually at their daughter's bare butt as it bounced out of sight and shrugging to themselves.

 "THIS is 'warm'?" Tami said, rubbing her elbows as she eased in to the passenger seat.

 "Hard to tell in this weather," said Joe, his attention on the steering wheel as he turned out into the street.  He had long ago learned to take his sister's nakedness in stride and was thinking about the video game he had been in the middle of when he had been pulled out of his room on this pain in the butt errand.

 They turned into the church parking lot and there was no time to lose.  It had taken forever to pry Joe lose from his video game.  By now the 8:45 mass was about to let out.  Well, this should only take two minutes anyway.

Tami sat nervously behind the wheel of the mini-van, looking in all directions for any approaching persons, as Joe got the jumper cables out of the trunk of the old car.  With some difficulty he popped the hood of both vehicles and then connected the cables.  He got into the old car and it wouldn't start, no matter how much Tami raced the engine of the mini-van.

Tami looked through the crack in the hood.  Joe, that screw-up, had grounded the black cable on the live car instead of on the dead car.  She yelled at him through the window glass of the two cars and, when he couldn't hear her, she turned off the mini-van and called him over.

Hunching below the window, she told Joe what was wrong, but her brother's ideas of how to jump-start a car were too rudimentary for him to understand what she was saying.

 "Shit, let me do it," she finally said, bolting out of the mini-van as Joe got in behind the wheel.  Nobody appeared to be around.  She could do this in two seconds and scoot back in.

 Unfortunately he had twisted the cables on so tight on the mini-van that when she tried to adjust them part of the battery terminal snapped off.  Shit . . . shit . . . she frantically wiggled the cables back on and finally got them to where they seemed to stay put.

 Over to the old car.  This was a sedan, sitting lower.  She had to bend over to get to the battery.  Wind kicked up, blowing through the crack in the hood.  In the midst of the whistling sound Tami could not hear the crunching of snow as people were coming out of the church, blinking their eyes as they emerged into the bright morning.  They were still blinking when they saw the sight they would never forget: a naked girl bent over the hood of a car, one leg bent back and up to keep her balance, slushy snow stuck to the sole of the bare foot, her breasts hanging down and wiggling as she twiddled the cables.

 Tami stood up and looked back, panicking as she saw people pouring out of church and walking towards her to get to their cars.  She dashed behind the wheel of the old car, her bare butt not even touching the cold seat, as she frantically signaled to Joe to start the minivan up again.  She turned the key.  Still not enough juice.  She signaled for Joe to race the engine but still it did no good.  Then she saw that one of the cables had popped loose.

 Shit . . .shit. . .  the naked girl dashed out again and bent over the cold engine.  Somebody said "What the -- " and she was aware of several people standing at the surrounding cars, looking at her in amazement.  This was a spectacle almost as bad as last night.  Please, Jesus, help me. . .  Finally with a furious twist she got the cable on securely, in the process jerking her hand onto the dirty greasy cylinder head.  Damn, that oil leak never got fixed!  Standing up, without thinking she rubbed her grease-covered hand onto her tummy and looked down and saw that she had made a big black smear on her bare skin extending between her navel and her pubic hair, right next to the bruise.  Damn, damn . . . she didn't feel the cold, she just wanted to get the hell out of here!

 Dashing into the car she breathed a quick sigh of relief as the car started.  She gunned it a couple of times, which she knew was bad for the engine but the hell with that now.  The churchgoers saw the naked girl get out once again and, moving furiously, breasts bouncing, disconnect all the cables and shut both hoods.  In a few seconds the two vehicles were lurching out of the parking lot, the minivan in a leisurely fashion, the old car like a bat out of hell.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 11**

Tami and her mother were in the Smithers' basement, the day after Christmas.

 Tami was helping her mother put things away.  New presents, old things, putting discarded wrapping paper in bags . . . The shelves were full of old stuff and Mrs. Smithers had decided to take advantage of her daughter's intercession down time to clean up a few things around the house.  Mrs. Smithers was wearing her required outfit of apron and high heels, which scraped against the rough concrete floor.  Her daughter's bare feet moved more silently and swiftly.

 After a couple of hours of putting this and that up on the shelves and separating out the bags of garbage for Joe to take out to the curb, the two women were pooped.  They sat on the picnic bench which in warmer weather would have been out in the back yard, sipping some leftover Amaretto which Uncle Robert had brought on Christmas Eve, and getting a little bit giggly as they talked about old times -- reminded by things like Tami's cheerleading pom-poms from high school, which a few minutes ago Tami had decided belonged in the trash.

 Her mother looked down at her feet in heels next to Tami's bare toes.  "So, Tami, tell me really . . . what's it like to go around naked all the time?"  Her mother loved feeling devilish in her scanty attire and was thinking it must be even more sexy being naked, though of course she wouldn't have the courage to do that.

 To her total surprise, though, her daughter's smile faded and her face contorted into a sob.  "Oh, Mom . . ."

 Mrs. Smithers, shocked, put her arms around her daughter's bare shoulders.  "Oh Tami, darling . . .my little girl . . ."

 "If you only knew . . . I hate every minute of it, Mom.  I HATE it!!" Tami cried into her mother's armpit.  "I'm going to get a job this summer away from the college and away from Dad so I can wear clothes and no one will know!"  She sniffled like a child.

 Mrs. Smithers patted her daughter's bare back comfortingly.  Then she looked up, sensed that her husband was probably taking a nap, and then kicked off her heels.  "Here, Tami . . . try these on."

 Wiping the tears away, Tami looked at the shoes, black pumps like she used to wear to parties herself.  "Thanks Mom . . . " she said, breathing in, composing herself, standing up so that she could begin to feel actual footwear, something actually under her feet, for the first time in . . .

 She tried to squeeze her toes into the pumps and then tried to take a step.  "Whoa --"   She fell forward, landing on her hands, then pushed herself up again.  "Oww - -"  She fell back onto the bench.

 Tami looked at the heels with puzzlement.  Her feet and her mother's were the same size.  They used to wear each other's shoes.  What was going on?  She bent down and tried to fit her heel into the back of the shoe but it wouldn't go.  The toes were too tight.  It hurt even to try.

 "I can't wear these," Tami said, shaking her head.  She kicked the heels off her feet towards her mother.  She noticed her mother's feet.  They looked pale, thin, the toes pinched and cramped.  Tami then looked over at her own feet and flexed her toes.  After weeks of going barefoot her toes had spread out.  And her feet looked tanned and strong, as if she lived on a tropical beach.

 "Your feet got big from being barefoot," her mother said, stating the obvious.  After a moment she got up and said, "Well, at least you can try on the apron."

 Tami tried not to look at her mother's bare breasts and pubic hair as she gave her daughter the only piece of clothing she had on.  Tami expected it to be a little loose; her mother was a bit heavier than she was.  But as Tami tied the apron around her back she was bothered by it.  It felt scratchy and somehow suffocating, even though it was indeed too loose for her.

 Suppressing these feelings, Tami Smithers, clad in an apron, walked there and back in the Smithers basement, swaying as if she were on a fashion runway.  She smiled at her mother.  "This feels so good," she lied.  Mrs. Smithers smiled.

 Later, Tami was sitting naked up at the kitchen table, eating cookies and looking again at her grade report as her mother fussed about in her heels and apron.  Tami wasn't thinking about her grades, though.  She was thinking: my feet have gotten too big for shoes.  And my body has gotten too used to being naked.  It seems like I wasn't meant for clothes any more.  I've got to reverse this process.  I'm turning into some kind of wild animal.  Let's see . . . 142 days . . . 142 days till my summer job . . .

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 The fire was warm and crackling and lovely.  The naked girl, propped up against the bottom of the chair, sitting straight-legged on the floor, holding a pillow against her tummy, warming her feet that were extended out in front of her, daydreamed about Rod and winter and fireplaces . . . she imaged she was in a cabin in the mountains, and Rod, the man of the house, came back from town with snow on his coat and ski cap, carrying groceries.  She would cut vegetables and cook burgers while he watched and sipped wine.  Her cooking would be exquisite.  Then after they ate they would lie down on a big fur rug in front of the fire . . . and . . .

Tami shook her head.  Hanging out with her mother and father and their traditional marriage, she was starting to think like a happy homemaker herself.  God, I've got to get back to college.

Still, the fire was nice.  It was really cold out today, and her father had decided to get some logs from the little wood pile out back.  She regretted telling him once that fireplaces only made the house colder by sucking air in through the cracks and all the hot air just goes up the chimney.  Science can be a real spoilsport at times.

She looked out.  It was mid-afternoon and starting to get dark.  It didn't seem like it but the days were starting to get longer again.  Two days to New Year's.  What a year this has been . . . !  Good, and bad.  No, make that great, and horrible.  No, very very great, and --

The doorbell rang and sneaking a look out the window Tami knew it had to be for her.  A priest.  The Midnight Mass debacle.  Time to face the fallout.

 Tami could scarcely believe she was doing it but she went and answered the door herself.

 He was very handsome, and young too.  Pretty eyes that immediately caught Tami's attention.  She made up her mind not to blush or to cover herself.  When the door was opened, the young priest, dressed head to foot in black, stood face to face with the naked girl.  It was like they were from two different races of creatures.

 "Hello, Tami Smithers, I presume? I'm Father George from St. Mary's."

 Tami bit her lip.  "This is about Midnight Mass, right?"  She sensed her mother approaching from behind.

 "Yes. . . Can we talk for a couple of minutes?"

 In a few minutes Tami was sitting across from Father George, who was sipping some of the Amaretto her mother had offered.  "This is very good," he said.  Sensing he wanted to talk to her privately, Mrs. Smithers went upstairs.

 Father George's eyes followed Mrs. Smithers until she disappeared and then he leaned forward and spoke to Tami in a hushed voice.  "You don't know this, because you weren't exactly lucid at the time, but I followed the police to the station and tried to talk to you when you were being detained."

 Tami tried to remember.  That whole episode was hazy in her mind.

 "You should also know that after the ushers threw you out, Father Coubert stopped the mass to have everyone say a prayer for you before he continued."

 Well, that was nice of him, Tami conceded.  At least he didn't conduct some kind of public excommunication.

 "And," the young priest continued, rolling the Amaretto around in his glass, "I found out that nudism was your religion.  Is this true?"

 Tami felt a creeping chill.  Her mind raced.  Was this man Noyes's spy?  She never saw this guy before.  He must be new at the church.  Or was he lying about being a priest at St. Mary's?  No, he wouldn't lie about that . . .

 She couldn't take the chance.  "Yes, it is my religion," she said, trying to sound resolute.

 "I bet," Father George said, speaking slowly, "that you weren't trying to make some kind of scene.  I bet you just wanted to attend mass."

 Tami looked at him.  She decided to nod.

 "I had a long talk with Dean Jorgon on the phone after he got done talking to the desk sergeant.  Your dedication to your religion is really quite remarkable.  How old are you?"

 "Eighteen."

 "A freshman, right?"

 "Yes."

 "I don't want to sound insulting, but I think a young person like you could use some guidance.  Did you really think they would let you into church naked?  . . . I don't mean to question your religion.  You probably know, nudism was recognized as a real religion a couple of years ago by the state court. . . But I think you are putting yourself under some unnecessary stress and that is why you freaked out.  Tell me, do you go to church up at college?"

 At college, going to church had been the furthest thing from her mind.  Tami answered simply, "No."

 "My advice is, find a church.  Or find people who believe like you.  The people who won that court case might be a good source of support.  I did some digging and got the address of a contact person."  He got out a folded piece of paper and gave it to the naked girl.  Tami opened it up and saw that it was on St. Mary's stationery.  In pencil there was a name and an address from one of the ritzy resort towns down by the ocean.

 She didn't know what else to do.  She said, "Thanks," and put the paper on the end table next to her.  Where does a naked girl put a piece of paper?  She had no clothes with pockets.  She suppressed a smile as she thought, Well I could stuff it up my butt.  But he probably wouldn't like that.

 Or maybe he would.  Was this guy gay?  She looked at his face again.  She had heard that nowadays a lot of priests were gay.  His face seemed pretty rather than handsome.  A gay guy would probably find him attractive. . . That would explain why he hasn't looked down at my body yet. . .

 Tami shook her head.  Why am I getting these weird thoughts?  She focused as Father George spoke again.  "They might not be much help when you're way up at Campbell - Frank, of course.  I assume there is some kind of campus pastor up there?"

 Tami shrugged, feeling like an idiot for not knowing.  But in fact this was another thing she had never thought about.

 "Well, then . . ."  Father George leaned closer and looked Tami right in the eye.  "You have faith, and faith is very precious.  But I don't think you can make it alone.  Find someone else up there who is a religious person and has faith, I don't mean another nudist, but someone who has their own religious convictions and can respect yours."

 Tami looked down.  Here is another guy who has totally misunderstood my situation but at least he touched on one thing that was right.  I really miss having Rebecca around.

 Father George got up.  "Well, I'm done.  You can reach me at the church if you want to talk.  Don't hesitate to call.  Also, don't worry about that Midnight Mass thing, I think I can even make Father Coubert see that you're not loony.  He is kind of set in his ways, though."

 Tami rolled her eyes and smiled.  "Yes, I know."  They both laughed.

 Not caring if the neighbors saw, Tami stood in the doorway as she saw the young priest walk down the street.  She looked in that direction for a long time after he had disappeared from view.  She smiled as she shut the door.  She was relieved to realize that she felt strong again.

**The Unintentional Nudist VII:  The Girl in the Mirror, Part 12 (Conclusion)**

The rest of that Christmas break passed uneventfully and monotonously.  After her holiday misadventures, Tami was actually glad to be bored.  She got into a routine.  While she was in high school she would jog around the block every morning and then do stretching exercises.  Being naked forced only a slight adjustment.  Now she got up REALLY early, around 5 p.m., to go on her jog.  There was nobody up and around at that time.  It was cold, cold, cold, but Tami was used to these quick outdoor winter runs, and it felt good to have the cold air racing through her lungs.  As for the bruise on her hip, it only hurt for a couple of days, then it turned yellow and then it disappeared.

After her morning jog it was up to her room for her stretching exercises.  She would do them in front of a mirror but now, doing them naked, she couldn't help but notice her pussy and asshole poking out at her as she did her splits.  She just couldn't stop looking.  Sometimes she would stop just to come up close and look at her open pussy in the mirror.  Like that one time up on her bed, she would stretch her lower lips this way and that, coax her clit out of its hood . . . one time she even got her dad's flashlight and tried to balance it between her heels, aiming it up into her opening as she stretched her inner lips apart.  No matter how she wiggled, though, she just couldn't get the right angle to see inside.  She actually found herself envying her dorm-mates at that workshop who had looked way up into her with a flashlight under Dr. Congi's supervision while she was stretched wide open with that speculum.

 Then there was her butthole.  Again, she couldn't stop looking at it in the mirror, either from the front, or on all fours looking around from the rear.  She tried to get it to open up like that one time, but couldn't.  A couple of times she coated her fingertip with skin cream and actually pushed it inside to the first knuckle, wiggling it inside her as she turned to look on all fours.  It was a real weird feeling, not pleasurable by any means, but interesting in a horrific kind of way.

 These exploration sessions always ended the same way -- with Tami putting her hand to her forehead and saying to herself, What the hell is going on with me here?  I'm turning into a real perv!  Maybe this is just what a horny girl does when she's away from her man.

 Her man dropped back into her life just as she felt the rising sun of the new semester approaching.  Her dad was going to take her back to college, but two days before the dorms were to open she got a call from Rod, who offered to come and pick her up even though it was about eighty miles out of his way.  Her dad was skeptical.  "Who is this 'Rod' guy?"

 "A friend of mine."  They were watching the AFC Bowl on T.V., which meant that John Smithers was listening with only half an ear.

 "Oh really."

 "Yes."  Tami realized then that her parents didn't know yet that she had a boyfriend, and that he was black.

 She counted the hours up to Rod's arrival with anticipation and dread.  When the dented old Mercury rolled up to the curb and the young black man with the shaved head and nerdy glasses walked up to the door, Tami made a dash to answer it before her parents got downstairs.

 "Hey babe -- " was all Rod got out as he embraced his naked girlfriend.  Mindful of her surroundings Tami tried to be reserved, but she had been denied this for too long.  She found herself locked into a protracted, sloppy kiss.

 Which was broken by the sound of John Smithers's throat being cleared.  "Tami?"

 Tami turned and looked down and then decided to be brave.  "Dad, Mom, this is Rod . . . my boyfriend."  She smiled and leaned her head against his heavy winter coat.

 Her dad stood there stonily, her mom with a confused look.  He looked at Rod and could not help noticing that there was a black man holding his naked daugher.  "You got yourself quite a prize, young man."

 Tami's eyes flashed.  "Daddy!!"  Rod was speechless.  Mrs. Smithers gave her husband a sharp look.

 The clouds broke over John Smithers's head immediately.  He exhaled and smirked.  "Rod, John Smithers."  He shook Rod's hand.  "I mean that, you really do have a prize here."

 Later that day, Tami's parents were watching from the driveway as she tucked herself into the passenger seat and Rod tossed her backpack into the back seat.  Tami felt the cold seat under her bare butt and said, "Rod, is there like, any heat in this car?"  She hadn't been in it before.

Rod stopped what he was doing.  "Uh . . ."

Thereupon Tami found a use for the comforter she had gotten for Christmas.

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The miles went by, Rod driving in his heavy winter clothes, Tami huddled cross-legged in her comforter, only her face showing.

 "This car is c - o - l - d!"  Tami said, watching her breath form little clouds in front of her.

 Rod looked across.  "You look like a primitive cave woman."

 Tami smiled.  "Huddled up in the fur you got me. . . You captured me from that tribe across the river.  You know, those white people."

 Rod reached over and felt the top of Tami's head through the blanket.  "Still have that lump from where I clubbed you?"

 Tami shifted and bent over, her face approaching Rod's crotch.  "I'd like to see that club again."

 "Tami -- !!"

 A big bundle of blanket moved slowly onto his crotch, like a leech intent on sucking the life juice out of him.

 "Ohhh -- "

 Rod breathed heavily and stared dully at the road ahead.  The warm, wet suction continued.  The head of the bundled, blanketed creature bobbed up and down, taking his caveman's club in deeper and deeper.  In less than two minutes the spurts of semen were shooting out, feeding the blanketed creature.  The creature's victim moaned loudly.  "OHHHH! . . . OHHH!"

 Tami swallowed every drop and got up, wiping her mouth on the comforter, giggling at what Uncle Robert might think about her use of his gift.  The semen was tasty and salty and a little fishy.  She might have been grossed out with another man, but with Rod the semen tasted like sex, like love, like life.  Mmmm, very good.  Nourishing.

 She looked over at Rod's wet, slowly deflating penis, saw him shift and try to zip himself back up with one hand while keeping the other hand on the wheel.  "Now I can tell you," she said.

 "Tell me what?"

 "The white tribe has sent me to kill you."  Tami pushed Rod's hand away and once again went down to take his wet penis in her mouth.  "I'm going to make you come to death.  How many loads can you give me before we get to the school?  We've got maybe two hours to go, right?"

 Rod looked down at the persistent bobbing blanketed creature, feeling it feed on him again.  This was exquisite torture.  "Nooo . . . Ohhh . . ."  He kept his eyes on the road.

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 Tami, her bare foot carefully swathed in the end of the blanket, trod the gas pedal on Rod's car as they came up on the highway exit for Campbell- Frank.  She smiled as she looked over to her boyfriend, lying on the passenger seat, head back, snoring.  I really sucked him out!  She enjoyed his being in her power.  She had gotten four ejaculations out of him while he was driving and unable to do anything about it.  He had tried to push her away, but she was strong and he had to keep the car under control.  Finally after the last come, which was just a couple of thin, weak spurts, he said he was sleepy and asked Tami to take the wheel.  Two minutes later he was in dreamland.  That is, if he had enough energy even to dream!

 Tami felt full and satiated.  Her belly seemed to slosh with Rod's semen, and her horniness had been taken care of by the quick come she had fingered herself to about ten minutes ago.  She sat relaxed, the blanket loose around her shoulders, her bare arms extended, hands on the steering wheel, about as happy as she had been in a long, long time.

 As she pulled in to campus she exhaled.  Well, back to my role as Naked Tami.  I wonder what outrages this semester will bring . . . traffic was heavy as students were pulling in next to dorms and unloading.  Not much for me to unload, she told herself.  Remembering that she was in Wanda/Heather/Dean Jorgon territory now, she pulled the blanket off and tossed it into the back seat.  She wasn't cold any more, anyway, after all this sex.  In fact inside the car everything was hot and moist.  She smiled as she noted that even the windshield had gotten a little fogged.

 She pulled into the parking lot for Pilgrim Hall, quickly waving to some girls she knew.  She looked over and stuck a bare foot into Rod's crotch.  "Wake up, stud."

 The crotch being the numbest part of Rod at the moment, Tami had to shake his head to get him to stir.  As they kissed lazily, Rod said, "You know you taste like me.  In fact your breath smells like semen."

 Tami giggled.  "I'd better rinse my mouth."

 Tami strode through the dorm lobby, backpack slung over one shoulder.  Again, that weird feeling of being the only naked person . . . in the midst of fully clothed friends and acquaintances passing by in front of the lounge and on the stairs.  The dorm was clogged with slow-moving people in bulky winter clothes, set off by the naked skin of the campus nudist who glided swiftly through.  Once again, she was Naked Tami.  There were some shocked stares from girls who were mid-year admissions.  Tami tried to ignore them.

After rinsing her mouth in the downstairs bathroom, she had started up the dorm stairs with her backpack when she ran into Jen, dressed heavily and totally in black.  "You are very, very brown," Tami said, looking at Jen's face, almost pitch black from the Caribbean sun.

 Jen grabbed her naked friend, twisted her nipples with gloved hands until the naked girl squealed, and then gave her a wet kiss on the lips.  "I missed you very, very, very . . . "  Jen turned around and they went up the stairs together.

 "Very, very, very . . . " Jen said as they went down the hall.  "MUCH!!"  She turned to hold Tami's face in her hands and give her a French kiss that almost took Tami's tonsils out, which she ended when a girl came down the hall and cleared her throat.

As they broke their kiss Jen smacked her lips critically, tasting something strange.  "Hmmm . . ."

The naked girl said, "By the way, Rod says hi," and giggled.

Half a second of a weird look from Jen.  Then, "Bleechh!! Pppp!! Pppp!!"  Jen gagged, dancing with her finger in her throat, managing to smile throughout.

As they approached their room, 207, Jen said, "Big surprise!"

 "Wha --"

 Tami stopped in mid-word as the door flung open and she saw a new girl in the bottom bunk.  All Terri's things were gone and there were new bedcovers, decorations, and pictures on that side of the room.  A rather chunky girl with a pretty face, pale skin, short red hair, blue lipstick, and a nose ring sat on the bunk.

 "Terri got a part time job and moved off campus.  And here is our new roommate -- my old friend, back from her exchange student deal in Belgium, Mandy Rabinowitz!"  Jen said proudly.

Mandy looked up with smoldering eyes.  In a husky, lusty voice, she said,  "Well hello . . ." looking the naked girl up and down.

[end]