**Unintentional Nudist: Tami Gets Clothes (Part 1)**

“OH, OH UHHH!” Tami Smithers was in a position that was getting to be a regular spot for her. The always nude student was on her bed, legs spread. Jen, her roommate, had her head buried in between, her tongue playing Tami’s pussy expertly. Jen knew how to get Tami to cum, having had much experience over the past few weeks, and could also wrestle many orgasms out of her naked roommate, testing the bounds of her stamina.

Tami had never known orgasms like she had experienced in the past few weeks, with Jen licking her every moment and her boyfriend Rod ...ing her every chance he got. Tami was one satisfied woman that way, feeling physical and emotional love unlike any she had ever felt before.

But the orgasms came with a price, constant nudity and humiliation. Ever since that first week of school when her former RA Wanda (unaffectionately known as Wandabitch to Tami and her friends) had dared her to streak and she had gotten caught, she had been naked, forced to live a lie she had told to avoid getting expelled. She had told the dean then that she was a religious nudist and the school’s lawyer (the increasingly evil Henry Ross) had told the dean they had no choice but to allow the girl to go nude. But Dean Jorgon had made the point that any slip by Tami would show that she was lying and would result in immediate expulsion from school so she was stuck.

“OH, OH UGGGGHHH!” Tami rode the waves of her first orgasm. She and Jen had a little time as Mandy, their new roommate, wasn’t due back until noon. It was now 10:30, plenty of time for Jen to take Tami to several orgasms.

Tami’s father had flipped when he found out about his naked daughter and made her live the naked life even at home. Tami had not worn a scrap of clothing since early December, a humiliating and bare five months ago. In fact, she did not own any clothes. Wandabitch and her friends had cleaned her room out of all of her clothes at school and when she arrived home for Thanksgiving break, her bedroom and closet were completely empty too. In fact, she was not allowed anything that might cover her, no blankets, sheets, pillows or even towels. She was given just a few washcloths to dry herself but nothing that could conceivably cover her nakedness.

OH GOD!! OHHHH GODDD!! UHHHH!! The orgasm came and came before fading just a bit. Tami rested her bare butt back on the bare mattress as Jen’s tongue continued its magic. The girl loved to lick Tami’s pussy and was happy to do it for hours. Only occasionally did she ask Tami to return the favor and the nude girl, though far from a lesbian, had done so, very well in fact. But mostly, Jen was perfectly happy to lie there, fully clothed, and tongue her friend to orgasm after orgasm after orgasm.

It wasn’t long before Tami’s second orgasm came along. “OH, OH UHHHHH! OH GOD!!! AHHHH!!! As she crested into this second cum, the phone rang. Neither girl reached for it, choosing to stay in the intimacy of the moment.

OH, OH OH!!!! “You have reached Jen, Tami and Mandy. Leave a message at the beep! BBBBEEEEEPPP!!”

“This message is for Tami. This is Anthony Noyes from the Scholarship Committee and the Board of Trustees.”

Tami’s eyes sprang open, her orgasm interrupted. She tried to shut her legs but Jen was too powerful. “Jen, please I have to take this call. OHHH GOD!!! OH OH!!” The naked girl reached as far she could, rubbing her bare ass along the mattress. But Jen kept her mouth sealed to the naked and spread pussy as Tami reached the phone.

“OH, OH, helloo, Mr. Noyes,” she cupped her hand over the mouthpiece as another moan escaped. “Jen, please stop,” she begged in a whisper.

“Yes, Miss Smithers, did I wake you?”

OH OH OH!!! “nnnoo, Mrr. Noyes, I had an early class thisss morrninggg..” Again she cupped the mouthpiece as she moaned again.

“Well, Tami, I need to see you right away. Can you meet me in 15 minutes or so in the conference room down the hall from Dean Jorgon’s office?”

OH OH AHHHHH!!! Tami crested into her third orgasm. “NN-haaa! YYeeassss…sssirrr!!” OHHH! Her head was still on the mattress and the phone was on her ear while the rest of her body arched.

“See you then.” CLICK. The phone died and Tami let loose with a loud cum. She was dreading the coming meeting and let the intimate time with Jen continue for a few minutes before getting the strength to pull away.

“Sorry Tam, I just couldn’t stop, hope I didn’t ruin your phone call,” the petite black girl said.

Tami shook her head, coming down from the mixture of euphoria of the orgasm and embarrassment of cumming in Mr. Noyes’ ear. “Just one of the board members, wanting to talk to me about something,” Tami said. “I’m sure it’s nothing. Mr. Noyes is on my scholarship committee.”

But the naked girl was churning inside. Her last encounter with Noyes had been anything but pleasant. He had challenged her nudity after meeting her and her father over Christmas break. Because of him, she had been forced to go to her friend’s house for a party and there she had gotten drunk and made a naked fool of herself. He had also forced her into going to Midnight Mass, leading to her getting hauled to jail. No, this Noyes was not a nice man and the encounter was probably not going to be pretty.

Tami hopped to her feet and gave Jen a kiss as she passed. “Thanks for that Jen, you make me feel so good,” she said. The other girl smiled at Tami adoringly, “you know I love doing it to you. I just love your pussy.” She grabbed one of the little towels she was allowed and headed into the bathroom. She wanted to shower and get her musky feminine odor off her sex before her meeting.

As she headed for the shower, she passed a full-length mirror on the wall in the bathroom. She had to admit that she did have a perfect body. Her breasts were just right her body, round and high on her chest with two pointy nipples. Her belly was conclave, sloping down to meet her slightly flaring hips that led to two long and shapely legs. Her legs gaped where they met at her pussy, displaying two prominently plump pussy lips.

The girl sighed as she thought about the fact that her breasts and pussy were probably more widely recognized on campus than her face. No other girl in history had to worry about the things that she did. Her nudity made her unique in the world.

As she headed into the shower, Tami grabbed her razor and a bottle of shaving gel from a bucket that she kept in there. Despite the humiliation of always being on display and naked, Tami would have been even more mortified if there were stubble on her armpits or legs. After all, she was a girl and she was a freak when it came to shaving, sometimes doing it more than once a day. A naked girl can never be too careful! She had allowed her pubic hair to grow back after Jen had trimmed it for the Black Formal…she wanted all of the covering she could get.

Finally she was done and was on her way to the administration building. Of course it was freezing outside, but Tami had dealt with worse. The wind bit at her, attacking her poor, defenseless body. She walked with her head bowed and her arms crossed over her breasts, trying to conserve some heat. It was no use but it did offer Tami the illusion of some covering. Of course she was still essentially naked but somehow this felt covered to the girl who was allowed no covering at all.

As always, the cobblestones in the courtyard of the administration building hurt her bare feet but she trudged on. Once inside, she savored the warmth of the spacious lobby. Again, she felt even more naked in this building, filled with important adult people in business suits. In the reflection of the elevator door, she saw the woman next to her checking her out. Tami closed her eyes in shame as she waited. She prayed to God for the strength to make it through, to somehow lose her inhibitions and not let the staring bother her. But it was hopeless…she was still modest, even after all this time.

The two women entered the elevator together and pressed the buttons. Tami so envied this woman’s business suit and heels. The blazer looked so warm and what she wouldn’t do to be allowed stockings and shoes. Even those high heels would be welcome to this girl who had never worn anything higher than one inch heels in her life.

Tami closed her eyes and shook her head. From experience she had learned not to crave something so badly. It did her no good since fate seemed to be working towards keeping her naked forever.

The door opened and the woman got off. Tami breathed a sigh of relief, enjoying being alone. She wondered if she could have overpowered that woman and stripped her. Maybe changed places for a while. Oh God, she was losing her mind.

Finally she reached her floor and Tami stepped off. Here the floors were carpeted, a welcome relief from the cold marble floors of the lobby and the cold, hard concrete outside. She found the conference room she had been directed to go to and knocked.

“Come in please.”

Tami hesitantly pushed the door open and saw Noyes sitting at a table. She also saw two others adults, a woman and a man, both dressed in business suits. Tami noticed that again Noyes paid little attention to her nudity but the other two people were shocked at her appearance, though they obviously knew of her.

“Miss Smithers, come in,” Noyes said, his contempt of her just barely below the surface. “Miss Smithers, I would like to introduce Ernestine Frank Duffy, great-grandniece of one of our founders, and Rev. Harold Duffy, her husband. Both are members of our Board of Trustees.”

The two people nodded towards the naked girl, who smiled nervously. She hated being naked but was especially embarrassed at doing it in front of two important people. Tami felt their judgment on her and died another death inside.

“I am not going to beat around the bush on this one Miss Smithers,” Noyes said. “Although I cannot prove it, I do believe that your religious claim is a sham. However, Rev. and Mrs. Duffy and I have decided that we have allowed this nonsense to go on for too long.”

Tami started to shake. Was this the end? Was she being expelled? After all this time of exposure and humiliation, it was all crashing down on her anyway.

“Please Mr. Noyes, I am truly a religious nudist, please you have to believe me,” she said, tears streaming down her face.

“No, begging is out of the question,” he said. “We must insist that you follow the morality of this institution and wear clothes. I am sorry, there is no way around it.”

Out of the cloud of her tears and jumbled thoughts, Tami heard the magic words. CLOTHES! SHE MUST WEAR CLOTHES. He had said it.

“What did you say,” she asked, surprised at where the conversation was going.

“Look Miss Smithers, if you are trying to trap me into some lawsuit or something, I won’t have it,” he said angrily. “A school of our reputation cannot allow a student to walk around naked. Rev. and Mrs. Duffy and I agree on this.”

Tami knew she had to keep her happiness from pouring out of her. This might be the hardest acting job she had done since the beginning of this farce. She now had to pretend that she loved being naked, that she would fight the right to clothes.

“Mr. Noyes, what about my religious freedom,” she asked. “Are you forcing me to wear clothes?”

“Miss Smithers,” the older woman said, “please be reasonable. We can’t have a naked student running around. It is not acceptable.”

“But my religious rights need to be taken into account here,” she said. “I can’t believe the college would deny me my rights.”

The three trustees looked at each other in silence for a moment and then Noyes spoke.

“Tami, I understand your concerns and we will discuss it further,” he said. For a second Tami froze in horror…had she damaged her chance at wearing clothes again? “Until that time, you must conform with our religious code. You have one hour to comply with regulations and wear clothing in all public areas of the college. You may still be naked in your room and dorm if you choose but out in the commons, the classroom buildings and the dining hall, you must be fully clothed.”

Halleluja! Her prayers had been answered! Tami tried mightily to not smile from ear to ear as she looked at the three people in the room. She still had to pretend that she was a religious nudist. Finally she spoke, as deadpan as possible.

“I will respect your wishes for now but I am not happy about this,” she said softly. “I really want to be naked and I feel that my religious beliefs are being stepped on.”

“Fine Miss Smithers, your objections are noted,” Noyes said. “Also, you still have to fulfill your obligations at Chalfont and with the art classes, unless there is a problem with your nudity.” Tami shook her head vigorously.

“You may go now and we will have a larger discussion of these matters when the dean returns from his conference. Good day Miss.”

Tami turned and left the conference room, trying not to skip down the marble hallway. She felt the cold on the bottom of her bare feet and knew that would be the last time she would have that feeling. Her legs were bouncing as she waited for the elevator and she nearly jumped into the empty car when the doors opened.

“YES YES YESS!!!! FINALLY! THANK YOU GOD!!” she screamed in the privacy of the elevator car. She wasn’t even upset when the door opened on the fourth floor and a well-dressed woman entered, a bit startled to see the beaming naked girl.

“Hi,” she said with a smile. “That is a really beautiful suit. Where did you get it?”

**Unintentional Nudist: Tami Gets Clothes (Part 2)**

As she walked back to her dorm, Tami had to figure out how to handle this. She knew that Jen and the rest of her friends would be crushed. To them, she was a feminist hero, willing to brave the male bureaucrats and flaunt her tits and pussy in their faces. She had to play this right to not have them go too crazy on her behalf.

She decided that she would continue to be nude in her room and the dorm, as Noyes had suggested. That way she could go about the charade of being a nudist to her friends and save face. It would also make it seem like she really liked being naked and was just wearing clothes to appease the administration.

Tami bent over to remove her key from her ankle pouch when she heard, “nice slit Tami, looks nice and wet. Getting tongue from Jen again.” The nude girl straightened and saw Wandabitch at the other end of the path. Tami scowled at her but turned and went into the dorm. That would be the last insult thrown her way, she thought. And once back in clothes, she would get back at Wanda. She would finally no longer be at a disadvantage.

The nude girl bounded into the dorm and up the steps to her room. There were Jen and Mandy, her roommates. She and Mandy had not gotten off on the right foot when Mandy told her she knew that Tami was forced into being a nudist and that Mandy was happy about it. Then Tami had stopped her when she touched her breast without permission, a fact that made Mandy angry. The frost in the room was obvious as soon as Tami entered.

“Hey guys, can I talk to you for a second,” Tami said, sitting on her bed.

“Sure sexy, want me to lick a little while you do,” Jen said teasing. Tami shook her head, looking up towards Mandy who scowled.

“I just got back from the administration building and I have some news,” she said, choosing to look at Jen instead of Mandy. “I have being forced to wear clothes, at least in the public areas of the college.”

Both women were shocked. Jen at the outrage of Tami’s religious freedoms being squashed and Mandy at the realization that the dean was letting her out of this.

“They can’t do this,” Jen said angrily, tears coming down her cheeks. “This is totally wrong.”

“I know, but there is nothing I can do about it. I have to wear clothes from now on.” Then, looking at Mandy, she added, “I am fighting their decision and they are discussing it but for now I have to abide by their rules. To the letter.”

The three women sat there, not sure what to do next. Finally Tami broke the silence. “So, Jen, can I borrow some clothes from you, at least until I can get to the store?”

The girl stood with a smile. “Sure Tami, I mean, I’m mad as hell that they are doing this to you but anything I have is yours.”

The two walked over to the closet and bureau where Jen kept her clothes and picked through. Tami’s heart was racing as she felt the material in her hands. She touched a pair of jeans, a flannel shirt, a cotton t-shirt, a lacy camisole. They all felt so good to her after so long naked. It was like the blind man and how vivid the colors are when he regains his vision.

They took a few things out and Tami put them on her desk. “I’m still going to stay naked in the room and the dorm and stuff, that’s fine,” she said. Then looking Mandy in the eye she added, “at least I can be the true nudist that I am here among friends.”

Tami rushed out into the common area to tell some of the other girls who were out there. Rebecca, Marisol and Terry were sitting there studying. They all had the same reaction as Jen but supported Tami in the meantime.

“Well, I have a 1 o’clock class,” Tami said. “I guess I’d better get dressed.”

“Want some help,” Jen asked, her eyebrows twitching in a sexy way.

“No, I think I need to be alone when I do this,” she said. “This is going to be very emotional.”

The friends all nodded and Tami walked away. She passed Mandy who was leaving the room. “Tami, congratulations,” she said. “I know what this means to you.” Without any further conversation, she walked on, leaving Tami to wonder if maybe Mandy was alright after all.

The nude girl closed the door and started crying. She didn’t know where it came from but it was five months of being humiliated, exposed, cold and on display. Finally she would have blessed covering. Finally she would be a normal girl, with pretty shirts instead of pretty tits, pretty pants or skirts instead of a pretty pussy, pretty shoes instead of pretty feet.

She walked over to the pile of clothes on her bed and touched them. To her, these casual clothes felt like the fanciest clothes ever worn.

Tami grabbed at a pair of Jen’s knickers and pulled them on, putting one foot in at a time and then pulling them up her long legs and onto her bare pussy. She sat and sobbed…the always nude girl was actually covering herself. Tami’s pussy was not on display.

The girl knew that if she had to go out just in this, it would feel like she was covered from head to toe. But she didn’t have to settle for just these bikini knickers. She was actually going to be covered from head to toe for the first time since September.

The usually nude girl didn’t know what to put on next. She had been not dressing for months. Finally she decided on the bra, wanting her poor tits to have some cover too. Awkwardly she pulled the garment on, clipping the ends together and sliding it around before pulling on the straps and adjusting her breasts in the cup. Tears continued to stream down the girl’s happy face as she was covered, actually wearing underwear. What had always seemed like something so basic was now a huge deal.

Socks, she thought, I need socks. Tami desperately wanted her poor, battered feet to feel warm again. She pulled a pair of heavy wool socks out of Jen’s drawer and sat down to pull them on. It was heavenly to feel the fabric against her hardened toes, soles and ankle. She wiggled her feet in the garment, loving the feel of cover between the floor and her feet.

Tami pulled on a tank top and then jeans before covering it all with a flannel shirt. She then pulled a pair of Jen’s sneakers out of the closet and put them on. She stood and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and was shocked by what she could see. Instead of tits, pussy and bare skin, which she thought would always be a part of her reflection, she saw clothes. Warm, blessed, covering clothers. Instinctively, Tami dropped to her knees to pray to God in thanksgiving for her bounty.

She was kneeling there when the door opened. There stood Jen and Rebecca. Jen ran over and embraced the sobbing, praying girl while Rebecca stood there in support. “Tami, don’t be so upset,” Rebecca said. “You are not sinning. This is not being done by your choice. We will fight this.”

Tami nodded, screaming inside that she was finally getting her choice back and it felt good. But she knew the part she must continue to play and she accepted her friends help in standing and for the first time since the first day of school, Tami was not nude as she walked to her classes.

**Unintentional Nudist: Tami Gets Clothes (Part 3)**

Tami was glad for the support of her friends as she walked to class. This felt very strange. Today was a day of triumph, a day that she had yearned for. Since she first walked naked to class, she had prayed for God to give her clothes and now here she was.

But it is also a day of intense contradictions. She was ecstatic about wearing clothes, of course, but also knew she needed to be careful how she portrayed it to her friends and the school. She figured that gradually she would add more and more clothing to her collection and eventually this would all be forgotten. But for now, until the board made their final decision she had to remain outwardly committed to being a nudist. That meant nude in the room and the dorm and anywhere else she could think of that made sense. Still, she would be clothed more often than not, a luxury for her that had not been there for months.

Tami was thinking about asking for a hat and gloves or a coat like Rebecca and Jen wore but thought better of it. They made no mention of it…it was just assumed that Tami Smithers never wore a coat. After all, she had walked naked through this cold just an hour ago. No, she would have to make due with this for now and this was wonderful.

As she were reading Tami’s mind, Jen said, “boy Tami, I’m surprised that you are wearing so many clothes. I thought for sure that you would wear the bare minimum to get by the rules.”

Tami cringed inside, praying that her best friend was not about to find out her secret. Finally she came up with an answer. “Well, since they said I should wear normal clothes, I thought I should be careful about flaunting myself. You know, no skirts or halter tops or anything risqué. They might thing I was taunting them or something.”

“I think you made the right decision Tami,” Rebecca said. “Though I am sure that you would like to thumb your nose and, um, other things, in their direction, better to not get them mad at you while they are still discussing it.”

The trio reached the lobby, virtually unseen. Tami took a deep breath and Jen grabbed her hand. “We’re here for you Tami, for moral support,” the girl said. “I know it is going to be hard walking out there with clothes on but we’re here for you.”

To Tami, Jen’s words seemed strange. She had really needed this support in September when she walked naked in public for the first time. Now she was just wearing clothes like every other girl. But she knew her role and squeezed back.

As soon as they hit the outside, Tami felt it immediately. There was no biting cold snapping at her bare breasts and pussy. Her feet were snug inside the wool socks and sneakers, not pounding directly on the frozen pavement. Again tears came to her eyes and she looked skyward in a thanksgiving prayer. “This is all I ever wanted God. Thank you.”

Rebecca grabbed her other hand. She had caught Tami’s prayer and wrongly assumed that she was asking for forgiveness for wearing clothes. “It’s alright Tami, God understands.”

The group walked down the path. Right away Tami noticed the stares and the pointing. Oh God, she was still on display, she thought. But at least now no one was seeing her private areas anymore. They were seeing what she chose to see.

“Holy shit, that is Tami, in clothes.” She heard comments like that all along the walk to class. The stares were amazing.

“Tami, what’s with the clothes,” one guy asked.

“It’s the ...ing administration,” Jen replied. “They forced her into clothes.”

“Damn shame if you ask me,” the boy said, his eyes admiring the clothed form he had seen naked for months. Tami closed her eyes, knowing that even in clothes these people knew what was hidden underneath.

Finally the three made it to the building where Tami had her class. “Good luck Tam,” Rebecca said. “We will see this through together okay? You have a lot of friends pulling for you.”

“Thanks,” Tami said, hugging her friend. She noticed how different it was to hug someone without being naked. It felt less intimate.

Tami and Jen continued into the building and Jen walked her to her class. “Want to meet for lunch,” the girl asked. Tami nodded and accepted a peck on the cheek from her roommate as she headed into the classroom.

Pushing the door open, Tami walked into the classroom. She was met by gasps and shocked faces as she walked up the steps towards her regular seat in the back. She chose that seat at the beginning of the year because it kept her from being in everyone’s line of vision and if she wanted to she could pretty much cover her breasts, pussy and ass from sight. It was a solid hour without being on display.

“Tami, what the hell,” a girl named Diane asked. Diane had been one of the few other female math majors at the college and had been the only other person who treated Tami well during classes. They weren’t exactly friends but Tami liked her.

“What do you mean,” Tami asked. “Oh, you mean the clothes. The administration is forcing me to wear them. I’m pretty pissed but going along with it for now.”

Diane looked at Tami sympathetically before turning to see the professor walk in.

“Good afternoon everyon-whoa, Tami, I didn’t expect to see you here like that,” the older man said. “Well, I guess there is a story here but I will wait for a better time. Let’s start with the lesson.”

This was getting to be a like an episode of the “Twilight Zone.” People were acting like she was doing something wrong, like they had the first time she appeared in class naked. Instead of blending in, she was still on display.

The class went fine and Tami made her way out, saying goodbye to Diane on the way out. Walking to the dining hall, she heard several people comment on her appearance. When she was naked, Tami seemed to block them out better, expecting comments to be made. Now, wearing clothes, she heard them.

“Man, that girl is such a freak,” one girl walking behind her said. “One minute she’s flashing her tits and pussy, showing us everything. Now she’s all dressed again. Some nudist.”

“Yeah, she’s just a showoff, wanting everyone to see her stuff,” another girl said. “Now I guess people stopped looking so she’s back to normal.”

Tami’s eyes filled up as she realized that things would never be the same as they were before her five months of nudity. At Campbell-Frank College, in her hometown and within her family, she would always be naked Tami.

“Why God, why are you doing this to me,” she wondered. Then she stopped. What was she doing? She begged to be allowed to wear clothes and now she was regretting it? No, she was not going to allow that. These girls were talking about her anyway when she was naked. Now at least she had some defense against them, she had clothes.

She turned and smiled at the girls walking behind her. She gave a wave, letting them know she heard them but wasn’t going to let them bother her and moved along. The look of surprise on their faces was awesome. The timid naked girl they all teased without retribution was firing back now that she was no longer nude.

**Unintentional Nudist: Tami Gets Clothes (Part 4)**

The rest of the day passed like the first hour. People were stunned, talking about her and pointing. Tami pretended that she didn’t notice and her friends were shocked at how animated she was. This was a very different Tami Smithers then they knew before, and her wearing clothes was the least of it.

The first stumbling block for Tami was later that day. Heading back to her dorm room after her last class, she saw Rod. Damn, what would he think?

Tami looked up and gave him a big wave. Rod squinted, as if not recognizing her at first and then his face registered surprise. He came running over.

“Babe, what’s going on? What happened to you?”

Nerves coursed through Tami’s body. Would he no longer love her if she was not naked?

“Um, the, um, this guy from the Board, Mr. Noyes from my scholarship committee, well, I had a meeting with him and he said that I have to wear clothes,” the girl stammered. “I’m annoyed by it but I don’t think I have a choice. Please don’t be mad at me.”

Rod stared at her clothed body, his eyes filled with anger and disgust. Tami started shaking.

“Please Rod, don’t be mad at me, please I can’t take it,” she cried. “I’ll take these clothes off right now and get expelled if that would make you love me.”

Rod’s face softened. He pulled the shaking, sobbing girl into his arms. “You? I’m not mad at you babe. I’m pissed at Noyes and the rest of that stuck up administration. How dare they do this to you?”

“Oh God, that makes me feel so much better,” Tami said into Rod’s chest. “I’m not sure what I would do without you. I can handle anything as long as we’re together.”

The two lovers embraced for a long time, standing there on the path towards Tami’s dorm. Normally this was not possible…Tami would be freezing in the cold and would desperately want to get away from the prying eyes on her nudity. Now she luxuriated in being loved by her man.

“Now that you’ve seen me in my clothes, how about we go back to my room and you can see me out of them too,” she said, flirting with her man.

“Oh God, babe, you always do that to me when I’m on my way to class,” he said laughing. “Can I take a raincheck?”

Tami nodded. “You know, the one nice thing about me wearing clothes now is it makes it easier for me to get to your apartment on those cold nights.”

Rod nodded but added, “I have to tell you, I don’t see too many good things about you wearing clothes.”

The two kissed passionately and parted. Tami skipped towards her dorm, as happy as she had ever been. Rod still loved her and she was wearing clothes. This was a great, great day.

Tami entered her dorm and stopped. She hadn’t thought about the fact that she had agreed to stay naked in her room and dorm. Man, she just got clothes on and really did not want to take them off again. Still, she knew she had to play the role of nudist but not here, not in the lobby. She made herself a deal that she would only get naked in her room. If she had to leave her room to go to the bathroom or something like that, then she would stay naked. Otherwise, she would dress again. After all this time of not dressing, she was going to get a lot of practice dressing and undressing.

She trumped up the stairs to her room. Everyone that passed moved aside, letting her pass. Most seemed shocked to see their dorm mate wearing clothes after all this time. “Go Tami…nice to see less of you,” one girl called out, causing even Tami to laugh.

Finally she made it to her room. Tami desperately hoped to be alone and for once she was. Reluctantly, Tami began to undress. First to go were her sneakers, so warm and protecting. Then her socks. She winced as her feet hit the bare floor. Even after just a few hours inside socks and sneaks her feet were getting used to cover.

She undid the flannel and pulled it off. She decided to keep her legs covered for just a bit longer and pulled her s-shirt over her head when the door opened. There was Mandy, smiling like the cat who ate the canary.

“Tami, hi,” she said. “Are you dressing or undressing?”

“Dressing,” Tami mumbled to this girl who had invaded her room and made this safe place feel less homey. She hadn’t forgotten about Mandy’s kindness earlier but still wasn’t trusting the girl.

“I’m surprised it took you this long to get your clothes off,” Mandy said. “I would have thought a true nudist such as yourself would have stripped the minute she got into the building.”

Tami took a deep breath, knowing she was dealing with one of the dean’s spies. “I just thought it was too much trouble to stop and do it there, that’s all,” she said. “It’s much easier for me to do it here.”

Mandy started laughing. “Relax, Tami, relax, I’m just kidding,” she said. “I’ve long since giving up on being a spy for Jorgon. Honestly, I’m just happy you finally got what you wanted. Though I am a little depressed about not seeing you running around campus naked anymore. You are one hot looking girl Tami.”

Mandy’s attitude eased Tami’s mind a bit. The girl relaxed her tension.

“Thanks…I guess you are still going to get lots of chances to see it in the room,” she said.

“I know, but it’s very hot watching you out in public,” Mandy said admiringly. “You are so beautiful but shy. So sexy.”

Tami lifted the t-shirt over her head and threw it playfully at Mandy. She then did the same with the bra. Mandy’s look went from one of fun to one of lust quickly. Tami’s breasts had that effect on men and lesbians alike.

The topless girl turned around and undid her jeans and knickers and was once again naked. Though she knew it was coming, Tami felt a knot in her stomach, like maybe it had all been a tease. Right then she decided to spend more time in the library or other public areas, at least until the final decision came down.

She slid onto her still bare mattress and felt the cold of the cinder block wall against her naked back. Although the room was always kept nice and warm, she shivered at the cold touch against her body. This was what she hated most about being naked, being so cold all the time.

Tami grabbed a math textbook and began studying. She was a perfect 4.0 during her first semester and wanted to keep it that way. It amazed her that despite all of her problems and troubles last fall, she had managed to ace all of her courses. In some ways, keeping her grades up was the only thing she could control all year.

The two settled into a quiet time as both studied. Tami became so engrossed in her work that she missed seeing Mandy’s eyes riveted on her pussy, which had become very displayed. Seems that Tami’s legs spread while she was concentrating. Mandy licked her lips, again realizing that Tami had the nicest pussy she had ever seen.

The quiet was interrupted when the door opened and Jen pushed her way in. Instinctively Tami closed her legs, pulling her knees together.

“Thank you Jesus, I hated seeing you in those clothes,” Jen said, dropping to her knees in mock adoration. Even Tami had to laugh at the act, but for a second she was worried that Jen would start licking her right away, even with Mandy in the room. It surprised Tami that she wasn’t horny right now. Normally she needed the release that Jen gave her but not today.

The three started talking. Finally Mandy got up. “I have to run to a meeting before dinner,” she said. Without thinking, Tami invited the girl to have dinner with them all. With a smile Mandy accepted.

As soon as Mandy was gone, Jen looked at Tami with that look. The nude girl shook her head. “Not right now Jen, ok,” she said. “I’m sorry, but I have to finish this and I’m just not feeling in the mood right now.”

Jen looked crushed but said ok. Both girls picked up their books and did some homework. An hour passed before Tami saw the clock.

“Time to go. I’d better get dressed,” she said, trying to hide the excitement in her voice.

Although it had only been a few hours, Tami again teared up as she pulled the clothes on. First the socks, then the knickers and bra. Finally, the jeans, t-shirt and flannel shirt. It took less time than the first dressing had but it still felt so good.

“This really sucks,” Jen said. “I hate that they are doing this to you.”

Tami nodded and the two walked out into the cold night. But to Tami, she was as warm as she could ever remember.

**Unintentional Nudist: Tami Gets Clothes (Conclusion)**

The next few days passed the same as the first. At first people were shocked to see Tami wearing clothes but soon she settled into life as a normal girl. She loved wearing clothes and hated those moments in her room. It was the complete opposite from her nudity days, when her only refuge was in her room, mostly away from prying eyes. Now it was the only time she was naked not by choice and she hated being there. Instead she chose to study for long periods in the library or talk to people in the union building or in the caf. There she could stay clothed without a problem.

Her friends all remarked on how different Tami was. The girl they knew before was quiet, sometimes even sullen. They loved her then, of course, but had felt that there was a lot below the surface that she kept hidden. Now, she was outgoing, funny and incredibly talkative. Meals were now often the Tami show, with her running the conversations among all of the friends, keeping everyone involved in the conversation.

The only person that seemed upset about the changes was Jen. Since her friend began wearing clothes, they had not engaged in any oral sex. What had been a daily or more occurrence was now gone away. Tami explained it by saying that she was tired or studying, but Jen was worried. Had she not be doing as good a job as she thought she had? Perhaps Tami didn’t love her anymore. But it was increasingly obvious to everyone but Tami that Jen was very unhappy.

For her part Tami was oblivious to it all. She was so ecstatic at wearing clothes that she became very self-absorbed. Already she had begun buying clothes for herself instead of relying on Jen’s kindness. Tami had bought two pairs of jeans, three pairs of knickers, a bra, three shirts and three pairs of socks. She knew she would have to wash often for a while but this was just the beginning.

The shopping trip had been like a pilgrimage. She had crossed the street to the 24-hour clothing store and spent nearly $200. It was the money she had collected from her nude modeling and her time at Chalfont. Just thinking of those times made her shiver and she began to think of ways to get out of those enforced times of nudity.

The group sat there on a lazy Friday afternoon. Tami was through classes for the day and was spending a leisurely hour in the cafeteria. She was surrounded by her friends, Rebecca, Marisol, Jen, Mandy, Terri, Dawn and Myree.

When Tami had entered the caf, she winced to see where her friends had chosen to sit. It was at the large table in the back where Jen had brought her to orgasm in front of Henry Ross. That had been the absolute low point of Tami’s life and she had avoided that table since then. But she had no choice now but what did it matter? She was wearing clothes now and Jen would never stoop to lick her here now.

The thoughts of that terrible orgasm reminded Tami that she had not cum in four days, since her nudity sentence had been lifted. Jen had not licked her once, despite the girl’s constant pleading, and her one sexual encounter with Rod had not ended well for her.

It was the day after she started wearing clothes again. Rod had met her on campus for dinner and the two went back to his place for sex. Rod was his normal self, craving his beautiful girlfriend. But as he was stripping her clothes off, Tami missed that internal craving for sex. Of course it felt nice, Rod’s hard body next to her, but she missed that animal craving she used to feel. Instead of multiple orgasms all night, she had faked a couple for his benefit. Around midnight she had left his sleeping body, dressed and ran back to her room, a first for her.

The group was laughing and Tami snapped back to reality. She joined in the conversation, loving being a part of girl talk again. For so long she had felt apart from it all, that she couldn’t have conversations with these girls. Now she could and she was happier than ever.

“Uh-oh, Tami, it’s the grim reaper and his lawyer,” Jen said, nearly snarling. Despite being upset with Tami, Jen still loved her very much and hated the dean and Ross for what they were doing to her.

“Good afternoon everyone, I am sorry to interrupt,” the dean said, his face nearly beaming from happiness.

The group nodded and Tami’s stomach was in knots. She had no idea what was going to come of this conversation.

“I am sorry but I have to speak to Miss Smithers,” he said. “Tami, do you mind if we go off and talk for a second?”

Jen spoke up. “Wait a second, we are here to support her,” the girl said. “After all of the crap you pulled on her religion, I think you should have witnesses. Talk to her here.”

The dean pretended to look nervous but indeed he had hoped for this development. “Well, if that is the way you want it Miss Smithers, then we can do it here.”

Ross leaned over and whispered something in the dean’s ear. A brief smile crossed the man’s face before he composed himself.

“Good idea,” he said aloud. “Miss McIntyre is right, that this whole process should be in the open. Let me get some more attention.”

The man turned and spoke louder. “EXCUSE ME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I AM SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR MEALS BUT I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME WITNESSES TO THIS. IF YOU CAN, PLEASE GATHER AROUND HERE.”

Tami was getting a little excited. An announcement probably meant that the board had reached a decision and the dean was covering his tracks so that nobody believed that it was his idea for her religious belief to not be honored.

“Ok, Miss Smithers, as you know I was away at a conference last week when Mr. Noyes and the board took away your religious rights,” he said, again wiping his brow. “I am so sorry that they did that to you. You know how important it was to me that your religious integrity be honored.”

The girl nodded, knowing that the guy probably got off on seeing the girl running naked around campus. She knows that Ross loved humiliating her and was overjoyed that day he caught her getting oral from Jen in the Caf.

“Well, I am afraid to say that the board is very unwilling to allow you to remain nude while attending school here,” the dean continued. “They are adamant about you wearing clothes while in the public area.”

YES! YES YESSSSS!! Tami was trying hard to stay stoic, not willing to give even a flash of happiness.

“This stinks Dean,” Marisol said, standing up. She thrust out her large chest and pointed towards Tami. “Tami doesn’t bother anyone when she is naked. She keeps to herself and no one seems to mind.”

Jen stood up next to Marisol in support. “Yeah, you know my father is a major civil rights attorney and he would just love to get his hands on this case.”

Even Rebecca, usually quiet, stood defiant. “You know that religion is a funny thing. What I believe is different than Tami but I support to the death her right to it. It’s not fair and I will support anyone who stands up for Tami.”

Tami was dying inside. Her friends were standing up for her but they were so misguided. She wanted to scream at them, make them stop this. She didn’t want to be naked, she loved wearing clothes. But to them she was someone to be admired and they were fighting hard for her rights.

“Now, settle down ladies, I know that you all love Miss Smithers and respect her as I do,” the dean said. “Yes indeed, it took Mr. Ross and me several hours to convince them that their decision was wrong.”

The room got silent. What had the dean just said?

“What are you saying Dean Jorgon,” Rebecca asked.

“I am saying that the Board has decided that we can’t chance a lawsuit,” the dean said. “We will continue to respect Tami’s right to be naked, according to her religion.”

A loud cheer went up among all of the friends sitting there and some of the assembled viewers. Tami fell into her seat and started sobbing. Her friends hugged her, thinking that she was overwhelmed by the decision. Only Mandy, the dean and Ross knew the truth.

“So, I will not stand in your way Miss Smithers,” the dean said. “Please do not let us keep you clothed one minutes longer than necessary. You may act in accordance with your faith.”

The girl hesitated but saw the look on the dean’s face and stood. She was shaking, a sign to all that she was so happy. “But, what about Mr. Noyes and the board,” she said, desperate for a way out.

“Taken care of,” the dean said. “You have nothing to worry about now. We have taken care of them.”

Knowing further argument was useless and could get her expelled, Tami began by kicking off her brand new sneakers, bought just a day ago and worn for less than five hours. Using her feet she removed her socks and shivered as she felt the cold floor go up her spine. Oh God, this was horrible, she thought. Even all the times she had been naked, she had never had to strip in front of people.

Her fingers could barely get the buttons on her flannel. She accomplished the act of getting them all off and pulled the flannel off, dropping it in a pile near Jen. She now stood in a t-shirt, jeans, bra and knickers.

Desperate to keep her tits from view for just a little while longer, Tami undid her jeans and pulled them down her long legs. Even though she had been naked in front of these people for five months many in the audience gasped as her long legs came into view. Her pussy was covered only by a thin pair of pink boy shorts which left little to the imagination.

Dreading the next three steps, Tami pulled the t-shirt up over her head, revealing her breasts encased in a full bra. Tami had insisted on it when she was at the store. No half-cups or push-up bras for her, nothing cute like other girls wore. No, this had to be full-cup and cover her as much as humanly possible. She had considered a sports bra but decided on the tradition one. Now even this was gone from her wardrobe.

Tears freely flowed down her cheeks. Tami saw hundreds of eyes drinking in her nudity. She had thought she was beyond the humiliation of being on display but these past few days had restored all of her modestly, as if she had amnesia. Now it was coming back to her in droves and that cold, lonely feeling of being the only one naked and on display was back with a vengeance.

Finally, after being frozen for several seconds, she reached around and unclipped her bra. Tami pulled the straps down her arms and removed the garment, beginning to sob as her breasts sprang into view. There was a sucking sound as several people at once gasped at seeing her naked breasts exposed again. Even though all had seen it many times over the past five months, Tami’s breasts were truly spectacular.

Lastly, the girl hooked her thumbs into her knickers and pulled them down her legs. After four days of coverage, her pussy was again on display for all of the students, professors and staff of Campbell-Frank College.

The dean waited a few seconds before speaking. “Thank you Miss Smithers, again I apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused you. Please be sure that our previous agreement still stands. Mr. Ross and I will make sure of it. Carry on.”

The two men in their suits walked out of the cafeteria and the rest of the crowd dispersed. Several of Tami’s friends rushed over to her and hugged her. Tami felt that familiar stirring in her pussy as her body came into contact with her friends’ rugged clothing.

Jen and Mandy helped Tami back to their dorm and into the room. Tami was still crying and the girls were still mistaking it for tears of joy. The nude girl laid right down on her bed and sobbed herself into a deep sleep.

When she awoke, the sun was no longer shining in through the windows and Tami knew that it was evening. The only light came from the desk where Jen was sitting and writing. As she moved, Jen jumped to her feet and fell to her knees by the bed to embrace Tami.

“Oh Tami, what an experience for you,” Jen said. “You were out for a while. Mandy and I snuck some food out of the cafeteria for you.” She handed Tami an apple, some crackers and a carton of milk. “Sorry it was all we could get out of the building.”

Tami sat up and gratefully took the food. As she munched on the apple the dark room came into view. She looked at the space her sparse amount of clothing was earlier and saw it was empty. Jen had read her eyes.

“I got rid of them while you were asleep,” she said. “I figured you didn’t need them anymore and that they would be a reminder of what you were forced to do. I know you didn’t want that so I piled them together and donated them to some charity that Rebecca recommended.”

More tears came to Tami’s eyes, this time of regret and pain. But knowing that she was a nudist who didn’t need clothes, she thanked her roommate.

Finally, Tami finished eating. When she looked up, she saw that look in Jen’s eyes. “Please Tam, it’s been so long.”

The naked girl knew exactly what she meant. In fact, she needed it again, as if being nude awakened her sexual urges. Tami nodded and spread her legs apart. Jen dove right in and began the pleasant task of bringing her roommate to orgasm.

“OH, OH UHHH!” Tami shouted as she began her assent to orgasm. The tears flowed anew. The unintentional nudist was nude once again.