**Tami Vignettes - Window Shopping**

By katie

The girl pumped her arms in rhythm as her feet pounded onto the soft surface beneath them. The morning air was crisp but the running girl relished the feel of it rushing into her lungs, filling them. Her cheeks were flushed, a fact that went along her entire body. Anyone looking would see this as the runner was completely naked.  
  
The jogger was Tami Smithers, the unintentional nudist. During the first week of school, she had agreed to a streaking dare. After her clothes were stolen by her sadist RA Wanda and she was caught by the campus police, Tami lied, telling them that she was a religious nudist. That lie had kept her from being expelled but had relegated her to eight months of continuous nudity. The fact that she never got used to her exposure had made her life a constant hell. She prayed regularly for clothes and, if not clothes, the ability to accept her nudity. She had been granted neither thus far and wondered if the answer would ever come.  
  
Though she worked out constantly in her job with the facilities crew, Tami recently began to want more. One night, out on a walk collecting litter with the crew, she found this trail. It was grassy so it was easy on her poor bare feet, which were constantly battered. Though she knew if she wanted to she could run on cement after being barefoot for so long, she was grateful for the soft grass.  
  
The other nice thing about this run was the solitude. No one was out here when she ran early in the AM. Even now, with the sun just peeking over the horizon, Tami had not seen another person on campus. When alone, she could appreciate the feel of being naked. After all, few runners could feel the soft grass under her feet or the morning air ticking her bare skin, her breasts bouncing, unburdened by a bra or encased in a jogging bra. Only she could truly feel the warmth of the sun soaking into her. A few times already, she had lain on her back and spread her legs, allowing the warm sun up inside of her (or at least it felt like it). It was a feeling unlike anything she had imagined.  
  
Another perk of the path was how it led to a strip of stores down in the town. Tami rarely ventured into this area. It was too public and she liked to minimize her exposure. There was nothing she could do about being seen on campus…after all she had to go to class and the dining hall. And, after all of this time, there was no one on campus who hadn’t seen all of her. In fact, many had seen much more of her than most doctors. Already, she had been the model for several sessions and each one seemed to push her exposure level further and further. Dozens of her fellow students and faculty had seen inside of her vagina and even her asshole and many (too many!) had seen her orgasm again and again. Once, while sitting in a bathroom stall in the classroom building hiding during a break, she had overheard girls laughing that they saw Tami’s vagina more than their own.  
  
But on her run, their taunts were far away and she could run into town. Tami, who was not allowed a scrap of clothing, loved to window shop. Those mornings, if you were lucky enough to wander onto the scene, you could see the beautiful nude girl, her breath forming a cloud, as she stood in front of the stores and watch her as she eyed the garments in the window.  
  
Tami loved one store in particular, a vintage clothing store. She loved eying the mannequins with their simple peasant dresses. They were so feminine and reminiscent of an earlier time, a time when a nude girl would never have been allowed. Today, she saw a pair of wool pants that flared at the ankle, which was topped with a white top with a scoop neck, delicate little flowers cut into the trim. It was beautiful and left Tami a bit dry in the mouth. She wished she had the chance to wear these clothes, to have pretty clothes instead of just her boobs and vagina and legs and ass.  
  
The next store was a shoe store, a surprisingly upscale one for the town they were in. Tami’s imagination ran overdrive as she dreamt of her poor bare feet encased in these gorgeous shoes. Before her days of enforced nudity, she had never been as into shoes as other girls she knew. Of course she liked them and had several pair but it hadn’t been an obsession. Now, she knew every brand and type. She was eying a pair of Bruno Magli heels. The type was the “Lexy” and had a high heel, maybe three inches, with a peep toe below a three-toned leather top. They were exquisite and Tami would have given anything to wear them, even if she rarely wore heels (back when she wore heels) and they would probably hurt her feet after 10 minutes.   
  
Another shoe brand she loved was Michael Kors. Her favorites were a cute sandal and another wedge. Then there were the Uggs…God how she prayed for Uggs. They looked so warm her toes curled up in desperation. There was a pair of black sweater Uggs that she yearned for. There were also the fur lined clogs that would soon be unnecessary with the weather change but she couldn’t help but wish for the extra warmth. The pink fur slippers were especially cute but she would have been happy even for the flip flops.  
  
Next to the shoe store was a sports store. Tami wasn’t a huge sports fan, but her mouth watered at the sight of the garments in the window. In addition to the shirts emblazoned with Patriots, Celtics and Bruins logos, plus the local colleges (including Campbell Frank she noticed), the mannequins showed off warm Under Armor zip up jackets and pants. She wrapped her arms around herself, trying to pretend that her bare body was covered by that cute navy jacket that was shaped to accentuate a women’s curves. She also saw warm winter hats, gloves and a scarf. After the winter she had endured, she would have gratefully worn just those items and felt warm and covered.  
  
On the corner was a jewelry store. There, like any girl in a serious relationship, Tami eyed the rings in the window. Her favorite was the fairy tale diamond that was well beyond anything Rod could afford. Though Tami was not showy, she loved how feminine the ring was. The band was dainty but solid with little diamond studs. The diamond was bigger than anything her petite hand would wear but she could not deny she loved the ring. She also adored a beautiful tennis bracelet that was more money that she and Rod would make in a month! Ah, jewelry, the very definition of extravagance. No one needs it but every girl wants it.  
  
The final store in the row was a lingerie store. Before Tami would have blushed to even look in the window but now she brazingly stood there coveting even the tiny scraps of cover. Tami had always gotten her underwear from Target and was not picky. Most of it was cotton bikini or boy shorts. She had bought a few thongs to wear under white pants or with a clingy dress but hated how they made her feel naked underneath. Ha, she thought, imagine me worrying about something like that. After all of the days kept nude, Tami would have felt like she was wearing a head to toe outfit in just a thong.  
  
In the window, she saw a corset that was intended to lift the boobs while flattening the stomach and cinching in the hips. From there, garters ran down to sheer black stockings and high heels. It was a very sexy outfit and Tami wondered what Rod would think of her in it.  
  
There was a pink teddy that was cut very high on the hips and left very little to the imagination. Tami knew that would look good on her, or at least she thinks it might have looked good. It had been so long since she wore anything that it was hard sometimes to remember seeing her body covered.   
  
Along the other wall of the window was less revealing clothing, mostly pajamas from the company’s line. She looked longingly at the flannel pants and long sleeve tops. The red one with the pink and purple hearts was her favorite. She also looked longingly at the cute bras that did the job of supporting the boobs but also looked so feminine. She hated being naked, feeling less like a girl and more like a cow. These bras and all of the clothing were part of what it meant to be a girl.  
  
Tami was starting to feel bad about herself when she heard a whirl of the street cleaning machine turning the corner and moving onto the street where she was. The driver would swear that he saw a blur of something ahead that may have been a naked woman but he couldn’t be sure. Tami rushed to get back to campus before the crowds started out for the day, praying again for the chance to shop like a normal girl and wear those clothes. She prayed that God would eventually answer her.

Tami Vignettes: Caught

Sat Apr 23, 2011 07:10

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The late afternoon sun was setting and Tami’s room was filled mostly with darkness. She usually studied at her desk, the better to hide herself from anyone who entered. This was important to the girl because she was sitting without a stitch of clothing on. Tami was the campus nudist, not allowed any coverings at all. A streaking dare gone wrong at the beginning of the year had led the most bizarre and humiliating year of her life.  
  
Tonight though, Tami was not sitting at her desk as normal. Instead she had laid on her bed, a math text book on her lap, her bare back against the cool cinder block wall. Tami was relatively sure no one would be coming into her room. Mandy was with her study and group and Jen was away for a long weekend with her girlfriend Keesha. Though Tami was glad for the quiet, she missed Jen’s loving tongue. She had to admit that she was horny without the frequent orgasms Jen lavished upon her.  
  
Tami let the book drop off her lap and looked idly out the window. While her left hand twirled the red hair, her right hand drifted between her legs, slowly rubbing her sex. The naked girl rarely brought herself to orgasm. Between Jen, her boyfriend Rod and the machines at Chalfont, Tami had more than enough sexual pleasure for one girl. But Jen had been away since yesterday, her next date with Rod wasn’t until tomorrow and her session at Chalfont had been cancelled today. There were no denying that she was feeling the urges deep inside.  
  
In no time at all, Tami’s pussy started to moisten. Her poor body was so conditioned, Tami thought she would be able to orgasm in any location at any time. Though the idle rubbing was nice, it wasn’t anything that would get her off, Tami was sure of that. Still, it was good to be in control of her own orgasm for once as she laid there watching people on campus coming and going. It felt so decadent to be naked and fingering herself while people went about their normal lives just below her. Not many girls would ever know the feelings she had experienced this year; this was one of the more pleasant ones.   
  
Tami’s left hand moved down onto her breasts as the girl played with her nipples. Though she hadn’t been one of those girls who got off on someone playing with her boobs, the experiments at Chalfont had added that stimulation to her sexual needs. She rubbed the nipples between her fingers and they got more erect (if that was possible…her constant nudity left them erect nearly all the time). She moaned as the nipple stimulation did the trick. Her fingers began to plunge further inside of her sex and she could hear the squelching of her wet sex.  
  
Tami began masturbating in earnest, her ass lifting off of the bed a bit as the pleasure intensified. She was heading for the water fall and there was little turning back. She closed her eyes and moaned as the room door opened and the light was turned on. Her eyes flew open in horror as she turned her head to see Mandy walk in with two other girls. There was no way to hide what she had been doing and Tami was mortified.  
  
“Oh God Tami, I’m so sorry,” the sometimes aloof Mandy said earnestly. “I didn’t think anyone was here since the lights were out.”  
  
Tami moved her hands from her breasts to her side and she pulled her fingers out from between her legs.   
  
“Don’t stop on our account,” one of the other girls said. Tami thought her name was Emily and they had been in a class together. “I mean, I know that you don’t have any modesty so the only reason you would stop would be us. I don’t mind, how about you girls?”  
  
Tami’s shoulders sagged. She could not believe her ears. It was bad enough that these girls knew what she had been doing. Now they were asking her to do it while they were in the room.  
  
“It’s okay with me,” the other girl, whom Tami didn’t know, replied.   
  
Mandy mouthed “sorry” to Tami before saying, “whatever Tami wants to do is fine with me.”  
  
The three sets of eyes turned towards her and Tami knew she was stuck. Though her mood had dampened considerably, she had no choice but to resume her ministrations. She moved her right hand between her legs and was glad to notice she was still wet. It would have been harder if she had to start completely over. Her left hand again began to rub her breasts and nipples again. She closed her eyes to try and get back in the mood, trying to think of Rod and Jen and other sexy thoughts.  
  
“So, if we quiz each other on the notes, maybe that would help us prepare for the test,” Emily said. Tami opened her eyes to see that the other girls continued what they were doing while a few feet away she was engaged in an intimate action. The humiliation caused her to moan and the girls looked over and smiled. It was another strange scene in a year full of them.   
  
Maybe it was the situation or maybe Tami was just getting used to orgasming while humiliated but she felt herself moving towards the crest of the waterfall. She began moaning and grunting as her fingers plunged in and out. Her butt was raised off of the mattress as her body began to shake. Finally she screamed out and came, trying to stifle herself from crying out. As always, tears came to her eyes as the orgasm subsided but she was glad to see that the three girls were no longer watching her, concentrating on the notebook in front of them. Tami finally got her body under control and gathered the strength to get off the bed. She walked over and grabbed one of the tiny wash cloths she was allowed and used it to wipe her fingers and sex dry. She was humiliated to see the girls watch her as she did it before she turned back and grabbed her book before sitting at her desk to continue studying. Though her horniness had subsided, she felt like she had plunged into another level of shame.  
  
Please God, give me strength to get through the rest of this year.