**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to an End**

by DonnyLaja

**Part 1**

 The beautiful 19-year-old stretched lazily and put her book down on her lap.  She closed her eyes in the late afternoon sun, which was streaming through the window of her little apartment, and slowly turned this way and that in her rocking chair, gratefully feeling the shifting and rubbing of blessed, warm, caressing clothing on her entire body.  She looked down and smiled, a gentle, happy, almost exhausted smile, the smile of someone who had been through Hell and now finally had received her passage to Heaven.

 She gazed down at her clothing like a princess surveying her lands.  A thick brown cotton turtleneck sweater, fluffy and pretty, with long sleeves.  She felt it hug her arms and cradle her neck as it came up almost to her chin.  She felt the slight roughness of the linen T-shirt underneath, and with an additional little twist felt the slight pinch of her cover-all, sensible, white bra.  It was hard to find really sturdy, coverup bras in her size, 34C, but she found it in the old lady's section of a local store, and now it held those private possessions of hers, her breasts, those breasts that were now permanently hidden from the view of the world, from the view of friends like Jen and foes like Wanda and creeps like Henry Ross.  No more staring at Tami's tits as a public pastime! Tami chuckled under her breath.  No, from now on my breasts belong just to me .  .  .

 She looked down to take inventory of her fabric assets, as if she had to keep reminding herself that they were real.  God knows she had fantasized about it often enough, now the fantasies were realized.  Jeans.  Cool jeans, too.  But no fashionable pre-ripped knees.  Her knees would not be exposed.  In fact she didn't even own any shorts.  After that first quick dash through Tommy's before getting on the bus, she had gone to the little local mall every week, and all she had bought were long pants.  Not even any skirts, because they afforded fleeing views of her legs.  Tami Smithers had a Victorian Era sense of modesty -- which she realized she probably had had all along -- and could not bear exposing even part of a knee through a rip.  Under the jeans, she felt the nice long, maternity-style panties, that went right up to the navel and halfway down her thighs.

 She sighed pleasantly as she contemplated perhaps her most prized acquisitions, the big hiking boots and the thick wool socks on her feet.  She lazily turned her feet this way and that as she looked down past her straightened legs, enjoying the view of these big clodhoppers from several angles.  They were so warm! And the thick wool socks.  She wiggled her toes, snug and warm and cozy .  .  .  And then she turned to look back at her closet, which was by now full of clothes, two big racks and a floor crammed with all types of shoes.  Except sandals, of course.  She had spent so much money on clothes she had hardly saved up anything, but that was O. K.

 She looked outside at the street.  A nice quiet town.  Some people had gotten to know her.  With the almost telepathic sensitivity she had developed over the past year to others' thoughts and feelings, she knew that people thought she overdressed.  She was covered up like this on moderately warm days like today, and even on the few hot days so far, though up here in the North Country those hot days were pretty few and far between.  But she didn't care.  Remembering what she had been through, she now hoarded warmth into her body, drank up the sun, at times like now was almost drugged with it.  She could never get enough warmth, or put on enough clothes, or get enough of the sun warming the clothes and feeling that warmth through them.

 The people she worked for her nice too.  Ned and Ethel, real characters, grandparents types who had hired her from the college to help them with their accounting business.  She couldn't believe how old-fashioned they were.  They still used a big hand-cranked adding machine which Ned's father had used, and which according to him was bought in 1948.  Their office was small and musty with the old-fashioned smell of paper and ink.  In the corner was a big manual typewriter that Ethel still used for typing out letters with a steady click-clack from her gnarled, practiced fingers.  She would insert a thin sheet of carbon with each one.  They would send Tami out to the local stationery to get refills for the carbon.  The stationery store looked almost as out-of-date as the accounting office, and probably was the only one in New England that still had carbon paper.

 There was a computer in their office which they were beginning to learn how to use, partly with Tami's help, and the computer looked really out of place.  They had bought it on her advice a couple of weeks ago.  She was knowledgeable about such things and in the local mall she had gotten one that fit their needs without a lot of unnecessary and expensive features.  Ned and Ethel really liked her, they liked her hard work and her modesty and her politeness, which came easy to her because every minute of every day she was grateful to be in her present situation.

 People in town thought her a little odd, maybe they thought she was some kind of religious person.  She smiled at the irony.  No more "religion" for me! .  .  .  She found herself making little mental observations at what she saw around town and realized that she was turning into a real prude.  The girls in town, for example, maybe it was the harsh winters up here, but when summer came they overdid it and really got into skimpy clothing.  Halters, little hip-hugger shorts, flip-flops .  .  . Tami thought such attire was indecent.  Or maybe these innocent girls, who had seen so little hardship in their life, were wasting what she considered a great privilege, the right to be private and covered and not have the world know your most intimate places.  Tami thought of the last few months, these local girls taking off their heavy clothing as the snows receded, and realized what a mirror image process this had been of her own life, where she had gone naked through the winter and was now clothed.  Momentarily wincing as she remembered those intruding dildos at Chalfont, she bent over and hugged her legs tightly together, hands around her knees, clenching her buttocks.  .  .  She would still have flashbacks like this for a while .  .  .

 In a moment it was over and she straightened up.  Ahhh.  Back in private and in clothes again.  Back in warmth, happiness, her own little world which no one could invade.  She stretched lazily again, and again she turned slowly in her chair, feeling fabric scrape and rub here and there .  .  .

 She looked at the phone on the desk.  A rotary phone, an old extra one from the office that Ethel gave her.  She had spoken to her parents about an hour ago and they were disappointed she wasn't home this summer, but glad that she was obviously happy and doing well.  They were quite surprised at her new employers' acceptance of her .  .  .  uh .  .  .  lifestyle.  "You mean that's really not a problem with them?" her father asked incredulously.  Of course he did not know.  Nobody knew.

 Not even Rod.  Calling from Boston every other night, doing well in his research project for a college down there, curious like his father was as to her summer life.  She was shrewd; she never gave him her phone number at work, just for her apartment.  Having him call at work would be a bad idea.  He might say, cheerfully thinking it was no big deal by now, "Can I speak to the naked lady?" or something like that, and then Ethel might say, "What naked lady?", and Rod would know.

 What would she do when the summer was over? That thought had been nagging at her more and more.  It was already mid-June.  But she was woozy from the warmth and the sun and didn't want to think too hard right now .  .  .

 The thought of Rod gave her just a little twinge in her pussy.  In her new clothed life her sexual desires had almost shut down.  She hadn't diddled herself in two weeks.  Maybe twice so far all summer.  Her pussy needed a rest, that's what she told herself.  I've had enough orgasms for ten women's lifetimes, I need some time off.  Someday I'll get it going again.  She knew it was because by now she associated orgasms with nudity and now that one was gone the other went with it.  But her desires these days were for clothes and covering.  She had bought gloves and an overcoat and even a scarf, remembering what Ethel had said about the nights when August comes around, and a nice knit winter cap too.  She wanted to wear them outside but knew that would be ridiculous while it was warm.

 So she occasionally would take these things out and put them on in her room, all bundled up in the middle of the summer, overcoat and hat and gloves, like Jen would be before they would make one of their mad dashes through a blizzard back at the college.  She carefully repositioned the little mirror over her dresser so that she could move back and get a full-length view, then she would stand like she was modeling these clothes for a winter catalog.  She looked at her face, almost hidden between the scarf and the hat, and a couple of times she was so overcome with relief and joy that tears came to her eyes and she hugged herself.  .  .  Thank you, God .  .  .  Oh God, never again .  .  .  never, never, never, never again .  .  .

 Now she found herself saying "never never never" in front of the window, sitting in the rocking chair, and laughed at herself.  Maybe it was unavoidable after what she had been through, but she knew she was now a ridiculous fanatic about clothes.  Like someone who didn't have enough food as a kid and overeats as an adult.  She had learned about that kind of behavior in psychology class.  Overcompensation.  But what Tami Smithers really wanted to be was normal again.  Maybe this initial clothes-hogging will settle down and in future years she will veer back toward being like everyone else again.  Maybe even wear shorts or -- gasp! -- get into a bathing suit (though a modest one-piece one) to go to the beach.

 But for now, she told herself as she brought her legs up and curled up in the rocking chair, clumsily shifting to make room for her big hiking boots, she was glad to be dressed, clothed, warm, covered, protected, encased .  .  .  She thought of Rod and pictured herself leaning against him, looking down at her with his adorable eyes behind those nerdy glasses, and that sexy black shaved head .  .  .  Her arm actually went up toward the top of the chair as she pictured herself reaching up to caress his cheek .  .  .   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to an End, Part 2**

 She thought of Rod and pictured herself leaning against him, looking down at her with his adorable eyes behind those nerdy glasses, and that sexy black shaved head .  .  .  Her arm actually went up toward the top of the chair as she pictured herself reaching up to caress his cheek .  .  .

.  .  .

 It was indeed Rod, turning as she touched his face and looking down at his girlfriend.  Tami woke up, groggily, as they gently kissed.

She looked out into the sunlight and lurched slightly.  "Oh .  .  . "  She looked out across the campus, squinting into the sun, felt the rough concrete of the bench scraping against her bare butt cheek, the concrete of the wall against her bare shoulder, and remembered where she was.  And that she was totally naked, here in the middle of campus.  Only a momentary motion to cross her arms in front of her breasts and pussy, but it was quickly checked; after long months of public nudity the automatic motions to cover herself had been almost entirely suppressed.

 "Oh Rod," Tami said, stretching her arms and bringing her bare feet up to sit cross-legged, cradling his fingers in her hands.  "I had a nice dream. "

 "Was I in it?" he asked.

 "Mmmm.  .  .  yes. "

 "Well you were making some sexy moves just now, Babe," Rod said as Tami blushed, partly remembering her dream and how she had been turning to and fro.  The rough fabric of her jeans, she now knew, was just this concrete against her bare skin.  And everyone in view must have seen her twisting and turning, like a lazy, horny cat.  "I bet I know what it was about," he added.

 Tami was still too sleepy to really feel embarrassed.  And she was in her last days of nudity.  Today the number in her head was 29.  Twenty-nine days to clothes, to the day when finals ended and she would be on that bus and in clothes and on her way to Ned and Ethel's!  In a way Tami didn't feel naked any more.  She was clothed with expectation, with anticipation of the very near future, with the knowledge that her ordeal was about to be at an end.  For now she could actually enjoy what could be enjoyed.  She was coming to the end of the most remarkable, devastating, horrible experience of her young life.  More than any teenaged girl should ever have to endure.  Every few moments she thanked God.  Finally.  Coming to the end .  .  .

 She looked around, to Jen on her left, to Mandy on the other side of Jen, and out to campus.  It was the first really warm day, finally.  The four friends were sitting on one of the set-in concrete benches along the outside wall of the Student Union, along the busiest pathway on campus and looking out to the academic buildings on one side and the dorms on the other.

 What a relief for everyone, to be finally in the warm sun.  Students (and some professors) were sitting on benches here and there eating lunch or chatting.  Out on the field nearby about five guys were playing catch with a frisbee.  Two girls joined them.  The pace was languid, relaxed.  Even the people going to classes walked slowly, loosely, as if it would be perfectly O.K. if they got to their class five minutes late.

 Shorts, tank tops, sandals .  .  .  after what was a cold spring even by North Country standards, everyone could finally break out their warm weather clothes.  Some girls were working on their tans, lying on blankets with their shorts rolled up, their T-shirts hitched up to just short of their breasts.  And presiding over this sunny domain was the one most relieved by the onset of warm weather, the most beautiful girl on campus, Tami Smithers, Naked Tami, Princess Tami the Nude, in her glorious, golden, all-over tan.

 The Princess looked around at her domain, sleepy and happy.  It was like in her dream; she was drugged by the sun, and felt it on her skin, hoarding it, taking in all the warmth she could from it, after being cold for so long.  She cleared her throat as she got a little more awake and looked up at her boyfriend, who was taking in the view as well.  A girl went by in a pair of very short shorts.  "Enjoying looking at the babes?" Tami asked teasingly.

 "When I have you??" he asked incredulously.  "I must be nuts," even though actually he had been looking at the girl in the shorts.  Suddenly he suddenly got up.  "It is hard to look at you so close, Babe.  Let me get some distance."  He backtracked about ten feet, adjusting his nerdy glasses, and then looked at her with a lustful smile.  "Yes .  .  .  that's a girl I'd like to get to know!  Naked and fine!"

 Tami smiled as she straightened her back to show her breasts to best advantage, not shy at all when it came to putting on a show for her boyfriend.  Her semi-erect, brown, large nipples, big and hard and tough from exposure to the wind and rain and cold, stood out in the warm gentle sunshine.  This did not escape the attention of Jen and Mandy, who were looking at her sideways.  Jen was dressed in a red leotard top without any bra; her little nipples could be easily seen through the thin, stretched fabric.  She had on a short skirt, and her bare legs and bare feet, brown but not yet brown enough, were stretched out onto the sidewalk, her delicate leather sandals kicked off to one side.  Mandy was still pretty covered up, in long nylon pants, Army boots, and a T-shirt, dark sunglasses hiding her expression, her pale complexion set off with black lipstick and even more ghostly in this bright sun.  But despite their different appearances the two girls looked at Tami with the same amount of lust.

 Tami didn't notice; she was beaming in the light of Rod's regard and loved being brazen for his benefit.  When he  returned to his seat Tami hopped up and went to where he had been standing.  She put her hands on her hips in a saucy pose, jutting her pelvis to one side, rotating it slightly.  "Hey lover!" she said as Rod became almost weak with lust.

 The naked girl was feeling evil.  She wanted to drive Rod absolutely crazy.  Unmindful of the fact that she was in the middle of campus, stared at by everyone, even the people who had stopped throwing the frisbee to look, Tami opened her legs and stretched her arms straight up in a languid pose as if yawning, her breasts riding high up on her chest, then turned around and stuck her butt out, inching her bare feet outwards on the rough concrete until her legs were well apart, then sticking her head down so that she smiled at her lover upside down from between her legs, her pussy and asshole on full view.

 In full view of Rod but, of course, also of Jen and Tami.  Jen groaned with frustration.  "Tam, stop torturing me!" she finally said.

 Tami giggled and scampered back to her seat, breasts bouncing, bare feet soft whispers on the concrete path.  She curled up next to Rod's side, in heaven.

 Jen couldn't resist rubbing the side of Tami's bare butt.  "Rod, can I have her for the afternoon?  I just gots to, needs to. . ."

 Tami looked at Rod's hard-on, clearly visible through his loose jeans, which he wore over untied sneakers with no socks.  She thought of rubbing it but thought again.  Rod would be embarrassed if he actually started spurting now, and he looked like a couple of rubs would do it.  Instead she said, "Well Master, someone wants to borrow your white slave girl."  Tami couldn't deny that her asshole tickled, imagining the feel of Jen's tongue in there, and she twisted her butt slightly as if to scratch that little itch.  She was turned on by the idea of being licked by Jen, but liked the idea of hopping on Rod's dick better.

 Rod's glasses were almost steaming up.  "Actually this afternoon I wanted you to myself."

 "Hmmph!" Jen said playfully.  She turned to Mandy.  "I just have to face it.  Tami likes dick more than she likes pussy."

 "Why don't we all three get onto her?" Mandy said, finally betraying some expression with a little smile.

 "Whoa," Rod said.  "I don't know if I'm ready for that."

 "Yo!" someone yelled.  It was one of the guys playing frisbee.  Rod and Tami and Jen looked and saw it was George -- rather, Stuka -- the tall, good-looking leader of the Kenya Kings, that gang of bongo-hitters which played for the Black Formal.

 Rod decided to humor his friend and call him by his adopted name.  "Yo, Stuka!" he said, not too loud.

 Stuka waved for them to join.  Jen wasn't in the mood, thinking horny thoughts about Tami.  Rod couldn't get up because his hard dick would be poking through his jeans for everyone to see.

 But Naked Tami got up on an impulse and ran over to the field.  "Woooo!!" one of the guys screamed, and the naked girl, breasts bouncing, prancing over the lush grass, caught the frisbee thrown at her and with a quick left-handed flip shot it to Stuka.  As the frisbee made the rounds it was clear that the two girls were happy to see Tami, who they liked a lot, and as for the guys, they were so overcome with watching the naked girl's every movement that it was hard to concentrate when the frisbee came to them.

 It was as if the naked girl was a wood nymph who had decided to join the mortals, and being supernatural, everything was easy for her.  A couple of the guys were barefoot and they ran unsteadily, always looking to see where they were stepping, but Tami with her tough feet scampered here and there as if she were wearing track shoes.  She was aware of the effect she was having on the guys and made sure every time she threw she aimed right at a guy's crotch, something which everyone realized after a while with a laugh.  "Hey Tami!" one of the guys finally said.  "Are you trying to slice our dicks off??"

 As a final filip Tami, waiting for a long throw to come to her, did a slow cartwheel, her legs parting and her upturned pussy lips opening to the sun, before returning to upright and catching it.  An audible wave of lust passed over the guys.  "Oh man!" one of them said.  Winding up like a pitcher, she unleased a zippy slider right at the guy's crotch and waved goodbye and trotted back to the bench with Rod and her friends.

 When she settled in next to Rod he whispered to her, "Babe, are you trying to make me come??"

 Tami intertwined her fingers with his.  "Want to go to my room and take care of that?"

 After a moment Rod said, "No, I'll save it for later.  But have mercy on me for now, O. K. ?"

 "Sex, sex, sex," Mandy said, who had overheard this.  "All we are thinking about it sex.  It's disgusting.  What would Joshua Campbell think?"

 Mandy was pointing to the front of the Student Union and the statute of Joshua Campbell, the college founder, a pompous and stern figure in a beard with a Bible in his hand.  The statute had recently been repaired and restored, to the disappointment of all.  During the repairs, on a freezing damp windy day, Tami had stood on the empty socle in exactly the same pose, only with "Our Bodies Ourselves" instead of a Bible, while Jen and Terri and a couple of others posing in front, chatting as students do.  It was a pose for Jeffrey Dillon's exhibit, and Tami remembered that moment now, shivering slightly as she remembered the biting, icy wind stinging her nipples and the freezing, rough broken concrete digging into her numb bare feet.

 Tami looked up at the sun with closed eyes, wanting to gather more warmth into her.  It just wasn't enough.  She wanted it to be hot, hotter, ninety degrees.  She giggled under her breath as she imagined the sun could warm her up better if she spread her legs and opened her pussy lips and let the rays go right inside her.  That would freak people out if she did that right now.  Or if she turned around and spread her cheeks and let the sun into her butthole.  .  .

 "Hi Tam," Jeffrey Dillon said.

 Tami looked up.  "Speak of the Devil," she said, even though nobody knew why she said this.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to an End, Part 3**

 Jeffrey had his camera hanging from his neck, as he often did.  He had on a plaid short-sleeved shirt that looked like it could have been stolen from Rod's closet, longish short pants, and black sneakers.  In this warm weather he had left behind his trademark long "Doctor Who" coat, but his fashion sense was still Jeffrey.  Tami noticed this: each of her friends had a distinctive style of dressing, though her own "style" was breasts, pussy, skin.  Her style of clothes was to have no clothes at all.

 "Good to see you, Tam," he said.

 Looking at Jeffrey's knobby knees and pale, pasty white legs, Rod said dryly, "I don't know how long I can control myself looking at your legs, Jeff."

 Jeffrey smiled and said, "Tam, I got the Shalimar prize. "

 "What?"

 "My exhibition got the Shalimar prize.  It's given to the best exhibit each year.  This means some of the pictures will go to the Hirschhorn Gallery in New York, probably in October.  They'll be in a big exhibition from students from art schools all over."

 Jen smiled and clapped.  "Congratulations, Jeffrey! I'll be there!"

 "Probably a bunch of art critics too," Mandy said.  "This sounds like a big break."

 As for Tami, whose naked body had been the subject of most of Jeffrey's pictures, the good feeling and confidence of a minute ago were gone in a split second.  She cringed.  She hadn't been to any big city art galleries, but she imagined her nude pictures being looked at by big crowds in New York City.  Maybe there would be an art review and her picture would end up in a newspaper.  She realized the thing she dreaded most was to become famous while in her present state, the famous Totally Permanently Naked Tami Smithers.  When she graduated and put on clothes, three years from now, people would still come up to her with naked pictures maybe, and say, "Didn't you used to be naked all the time?" .  .  .

 Then there was the mention of October.  She hadn't really thought about the fall semester, except when she was pre-registering for classes a couple of weeks ago.  Her thoughts had been all directed to the summer, and clothes.  Would Jeffrey ask her to go to the New York exhibit?

 She thought quickly.  "I'm very proud of you, Jeff.  Sorry I can't be there. "

 "No?"

 "I don't want to distract from things.  If I show up, everyone will be looking at this .  .  .  naked girl.  I want people to look at your work instead." She cleared her throat, glad she thought of this excuse, hoping Jeffrey wouldn't be offended.

 "Oh, well, that's thoughtful of you." He shrugged.  "Shame, I owe it all to you."

 "No you Jeffrey, all I did was stand around." And freeze, she thought.  "You did all the work."

 "Well maybe you can come by when no one's around."

 Tami thought for a moment.  "O.K."

 Just then Tami's eye was caught by Lorinda and a couple of her friends coming along the path.  The naked girl closed her eyes after she caught a glimpse of Lorinda sticking her index finger up and out.  As the geeky girls went by, she heard them chant, "Three! .  .  .  Four! .  .  .  Five! .  .  . " Fortunately they passed and were gone in a few seconds.

 "What was that about?" Jeffrey said.

 Jen smiled.  "That girl had her finger up Tami's butt when I was making Tami come at that workshop last week."

 "WHAT?" Jeffrey said.

 "I put her finger into Tami's asshole so she could feel the contractions during orgasm.  All in the name of education, you know. "

 Jeffrey remembered Tami coming in the dining hall while being licked by Jen under the table, right in front of Henry Ross.  "Tam, you got the world by the tail.  Having orgasms right in front of people!" he gushed.  Quite a victory for someone with no modesty.  If he only knew. . .

 "Those girls are so immature, though," Mandy said.

 "Yeah I know," Jen said.  "But Tami doesn't mind.  Those girls may not admit it but I bet they were really affected by what they saw.  Some of those older women there, I bet they never had an orgasm in their lives, they had tears in their eyes.  I think some of them learned something. " Jen put her hand to her ear.  "I can hear them coming now. "

 Mandy giggled.

 Jeffrey looked down at the naked girl.  "Are you remembering that now?"

 Tami had shut her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest, leaning forward.  Nobody saw it but she was clenching her butt cheeks together.  Remembering that horribly shaming experience -- being brought to orgasm in front of that bunch of women, with that vicious Lorinda's finger right up into her rectum!  Akkk!!  Tami's eyebrows were furrowed in pain at the memory, though to Jeffrey and the others they imagined it was just a girl remembering what a powerful, long-lasting orgasm it was.  Since then, Lorinda and her friends had been sticking their fingers up and chanting numbers whenever they saw her, torturing her more than they knew.

 Tami opened her eyes, which were a little wet, and responded to Jeffrey.  "Yes.  .  . "

 Rod stopped looking down at his girlfriend and glanced out over the campus.  "The average boyfriend doesn't have to deal with his girlfriend being talking about like this."

 "Well what did you expect, Rod?" Jen said.  "You knew what you were getting into when you first hit Tami up in the dorm lounge.  This girl is always naked.  You knew this wasn't your average ho!"

 Tami leaned over into Rod's side, and Rod put her arm around her.

 Tami wished the conversation would go on to some other topic but Jen had more to say.  "I'm surprised that girl still has a finger left.  Tami's sphincter really grabs you when she comes.  What muscle tone!"  She grabbed her finger into the fist of the other hand and wiggled as if trying to pull it out, which caused Mandy to giggle.

 Jeffrey laughed too.  "Tami Smithers and the Sphincter of Doom!", he said, causing even Rod to smile.  Tami smiled weakly to be polite.

 Jen kept pulling at her finger.  "It REALLY grabs you.  I bet you could lift a twenty-pound weight with your butthole muscles, Tam.  You should do a demonstration sometime.  Have you ever felt it, Rod?"

 Rod waited a second, then said, "Not with my finger. "

 "Wooo!" everyone said.  Except Tami.  Tami did manage a real smile and hugged Rod all the tighter, and though she didn't mean to, she incited another "wooo!" when she squirmed on her butt, thinking of Rod's big glorious dick spearing deep into her rectum.  She bitterly wished that her sex life with Rod, at least, could be a secret.  She had so few things she could hide from others.  God, couldn't this one thing be mine alone?

 Twenty-nine days, twenty-nine days, twenty-nine days to clothes .  .  .

 She sensed a shadow over her and opened her eyes and saw the big dark gentle presence of Brad.

 "Hey Pres!" Jen said.

 "Hail to the Chief," Rod said.

 Brad, to everyone's surprise, had run for Student Government president.  Why not? his girlfriend Mayree asked him one day.  The only other person running was a secretive business major who looked like he had plans for world domination.  So Brad picked a running mate, his friend Tyrone, who used to run with Jamal Washington and the rest of his bad crowd but who seemed to be straightening out, and lo and behold, after the elections were held two weeks ago, Campbell - Frank College had its first black S. G.  president.  And the quietest.  Brad had given about three speeches and they were all less than a minute.

 Brad shook hands with Jen and Jeffrey and Rod and Mandy, saying, "Politician, you know."

 "So what's the situation with you-know-who?" Jen said.

 "Bad. " "You-know-who" was Tyrone, who had been busted for drugs a couple of weeks after the election while home in Bridgeport for the weekend.  It was embarrassing for Brad, causing some people to whisper, That's what's bound to happen with an all-black ticket, though everyone knew that Brad was not in Tyrone's crowd.  "He's back home on probation.  Had to withdraw from the college."

 "Bummer," Mandy said.

 "So, I need a new vice president.  The student constitution says I can appoint one. " Brad was looking suspiciously directly at Tami.  "Someone with nothing to hide."

 Rod smiled broadly.  "Ready for a promotion from Recording Secretary, Babe?"

 Tami thought about it, glad that they weren't talking about her butthole any more.  She was flattered and again surprised by her popularity and what people thought of her abilities, like when she was asked to be Recording Secretary for Student Assembly meetings.  "I'm only a freshman," she said.

 "In September you'll be a sophomore," Jen said.  "Face it, Tami, you're a natural.  Everyone likes you, and all you have to do is learn how to handle those jerks in the Student Assembly."

 It was the Vice President's job to run the assembly meetings.  Tami had been embarrassed at having to sit in the front of the room, facing everyone, as she took notes of the meetings.  Maybe Vice President wouldn't be so bad.  She would at least get to stand behind that big lectern.  All anyone would be able to see would be her breasts, maybe.

 Feeling like she was jumping off a cliff, Tami said, "O.K., I'll do it."

 Clapping from all around.  In a moment of boldness, Tami untangled her crossed legs and got up and bowed to everyone, then turned to shake Brad's hand.

 In her line of sight looking past Brad, Tami saw two middle-aged men in suits coming along the path.  It was the Dean.  And Henry Ross.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 4**

 As always, when she saw these two well-dressed college officials, Tami suddenly felt doubly naked.  At first she had the urge to jump and hide behind Brad.  A split second later, the urge to cover herself, to cross one arm over her breasts, cover her pussy with her other hand.  It was just a tiny flinch, quickly suppressed, but she knew they saw it.  Time to compensate.  Quick.  Tami Smithers steeled herself yet again, tried to ignore the cringing shame in the pit of her stomach, and turned to face these two as they approached, shoulders back, breasts out, even inching her bare feet apart on the rough concrete path to convince them that she had no desire to cover any part of herself.

 Fortunately the Dean wasn't coming out to talk to her (which was always bad news); he and Ross were just passing by.  Or so it seemed.  "Good morning, all," the Dean said in his mellifluous, avuncular, welcome-to-college-orientation-week voice.  People nodded.  "Good morning, Mr. Burns," he said to Brad, "congratulations again."

 "The S.G. now has a naked Vice President," Jen said, a little impertinently, never one to miss an opportunity to shake the Dean up a little.

 Aware of the approval of her friends behind her, Tami felt emboldened.  She pushed her shame into the back of her mind as she realized that these two men were suppressing an urge as well, the urge to look her up and down.  She was a naked girl with power.  At least for the moment.  Sensing the Dean's particular desire to look down at her brown, sun-kissed nipples, she stepped her naked, tanned self forward, and put her hand on her hip.  Even as part of her couldn't believe she was being so brazen, she said,"I'm going to be the new student government V.P."

 The Dean seemed a little discomfited but quickly recovered.  "Good for you," he said.  "I hope you do well." He seemed to want to change the subject.

 Ross looked out into the distance.  Mandy followed his eyes, then put on her sunglasses and looked blankly out across the campus.

 "Finally, a real spring day," the Dean said, looking generally around.  "I hope everyone's getting a good tan."

 "Especially me," Tami said saucily, extending her arms out.  She realized the Dean misstepped with that last remark and she was really in control now.  Flaunting her body in front of these two old guys as they watched helplessly.  Ha.  You can look, and you know you can't touch!  Part of her wished she could take Rod down onto the pavement and fuck him right in from of them!

 "I think I might take my clothes off like Tami, it's so warm" Jen said from her seat, still feeling the urge to be subversive.

 The Dean smiled.  "I'm afraid that wouldn't be allowed.  Unless you want to declare it your religion, like Miss Smithers, and get Constitutional protection."  He glanced briefly at Henry Ross, who brought his gaze back to the conversation to nod.

 Tami quickly thought, No, Jen, No! But then realized that Jen was just joking.  She remembered Jen walking in naked to sit next to her at the Black Formal, only to chicken out and get back into her clothes a minute later.  Then Tami reflected on the irony.  Nobody else was allowed to be naked.  But for her it was mandatory.

 While this subtle interplay was going on, across the campus, peering from the shade around the corner of one of the more remote academic buildings, a man in shirtsleeves crouched with his face hidden behind a big camera with a zoom lens, aimed right at this naked girl standing around in public in the middle of campus.  Nobody noticed him except Henry Ross.  And Mandy.

 At an imperceptible prompt from Ross, the Dean started to move on.  "Good-bye all," he said.  Brad and Tami and Mandy and Rod and Jen and Jeffrey watched as the two men continued on the path and walked into the parking lot at the far end and out of sight.

 "Typical bureaucrats," Jen said.

 "Well I have to deal with them now," Brad said.

 "Oh my God," Mandy said, looking the other way.

 "Wooo!" Jen said.  "Hot stuff!"

 It was Marisol, walking toward them.  She was wearing shorts and leather sandals, but what caught everyone's attention were her huge breasts, just about out in the open on this warm day.  She had her new sexy bra on, and  over it had put on a T-shirt, stretched out of all recognition across her bust, cut off below to show a surprisingly flat tummy.  Over her T-shirt she had put on a light white sweater, unbuttoned, in a vain attempt to de-emphasize her breasts, but it hung loosely about six inches in front of her tummy and shorts.  Her outfit only seemed to emphasize the fact that she was top-heavy.

 "Hola, amigos," she said.  A guy somewhere whistled at her and she gave him the finger behind her back, like it was all in a day's work.

 "Nice job, really hides your boobs," Jen said.

 "I didn't notice," said Tami dryly, glad that some other girl was being leered at for once.

 "You gotta see this, come with me," Marisol said.

 It was a little cluster of people, out on the other side of the Student Union.  As Marisol led her friends to the scene they heard Rebecca's voice, fervent and excited.  Craning their necks to see, they could tell that their Christian friend was talking to a girl they knew, but that others had been drawn in and were listening, seemingly unable to leave.

 "God is what YOU think is important.  It doesn't have to be Jesus, or Wicca, or Buddha, or anything else.  Think about depth.  God is depth.  If you know that God is depth, a depth in the center of your life, then you know a lot about God.  You can't say to yourself, Life Is Shallow.  Life has no meaning.  If you really could say that, you would be an atheist.  Otherwise, you're not. " Rebecca, in her usual flannel shirt but in shorts and with sneakers instead of her usual hiking boots, her bright, intelligent eyes dancing behind her wire-rimmed glasses under her long, unstyled hair, took notice that she was actually speaking to a crowd and looked around to other people besides the girl she had originally been talking to.

 Off to one side, leaning against the concrete wall, puffing a cigarette, not part of the little crowd but listening intently, appraisingly, was none other than Wethby Campbell, wearing his usual grungy clothes even in this heat, his pasty skin all the more sickly looking in the bright sunshine.

 Rebecca seemed to be on a roll as she continued.  "And whatever this depth is, think about it in terms of whatever it is in your life that you really care about.  What are the things you accept, without any reservation?  Those things are a window into the depth that is in you and me and everyone else." Her eyes caught a glimpse of Tami's bare skin and her eyes darted for a second to Tami's face.  "My friend Tami, for instance.  For her, to be naked is something she takes without any reservation, even though it is inconvenient and hard at times.  What do YOU take seriously with all your heart? That's the question for YOU to ask yourself.  And it's not easy."

 Tami and her friends had quickly gotten as absorbed in this little speech as everyone else.  Rebecca suddenly seemed to realize that she was speechifying and cut herself off.  "Well, I'm done, I finished," she said with a half-embarrassed smile.  "See you later," she said to the girl.  To everyone else, she said, "Speech over, I got carried away.  You can go now."

 People drifted away until it was just Rebecca, Wethby, Marisol and Tami and her friends.

 "That was some fine preaching," Wethby said.  "I don't know what religion, but it sounded good.  I know you were just talking to Sheila, but you were just gripping, and I had to stop and listen."

 Bashfully, Rebecca said, "It's just some warmed-over Tillich. . .I'm hungry.  Anyone want to go to the snack bar with me?"

 She seemed to want to change the subject, but her friends wouldn't let go of what they had just seen and heard.  "Tillich?" Tami said, her face tilting inquisitively, her nipples, as expressive as her face, turning slightly with the rest of her bare torso.

 "He was a German theologian from the 1920's," Rebecca said, embarrassed to be exhibiting such erudition.  "But my little speech was inspired by you, Tam."

 While Tami silently dealt with conflicting emotions, Jen expressed her wonderment.  "You really have gotten a gift of being an interesting speaker.  I can't stand hearing people talk about religion, usually, but I was, um .  .  .  engrossed. "

 Rebecca just smiled.  Mandy broke the awkward silence by saying, "Gotta go to class.  See you all."

 Tami remembered she had a class to go to as well, and in a moment she and Mandy were walking into Pilgrim Hall.  As they made it up the stairs, Tami's bare feet slapping on the hard plastic, Mandy said, "Looks like Rebecca would be a good minister.  What's her major?"

 Tami thought for a second.  "Biology.  Minor in divinity." Or at least that's what this college called its philosophy program, a vestige of the days when it was mostly in the business of turning out preachers, though those old Bible-thumpers were quite unlike Rebecca.

 As they were collecting their books in the room, Mandy said, "You really had the Dean and Ross in the palm of your hand.  Those guys were practically sweating, afraid they would get hard-ons, trying not to look at your tits.  Or that sweet pussy."  Mandy looked down at Tami's pubic bush and exhaled in sweet frustration.  Sensing Tami's self-consciousness, she said, "Remember, you can't hide yourself, even one little bit, or I'll have to interrupt the Dean in the middle of his jerking off and tell on you."

 Tami, still feeling brazen, thought of giving Mandy a better view, extending one leg out by putting one foot up on her desk so that her pussy could be wide open to her roommate, but decided it would be torturing her.  The naked girl still didn't quite like the idea of Mandy licking her.  It seemed unfair to deny this to Mandy while Tami's other roommate, Jen, was so brazen with her tongue, but Tami didn't want to get pressured into anything she didn't want to do.  That much had been established, at least among her friends.

 The naked girl then smiled, remembering strutting around in front of the Dean and Henry Ross, blushing and surprised at herself.  "So did they have hard-ons?"

 "I was looking, but I couldn't tell.  Those guys wear a lot of loose clothes.  Hard to cruise crotches with guys in suits," she said, strangely with an air of experience.

 Tami was about to go out the door when Mandy said, "Tam. " It was the first time she had called Tami by that shortened name.

 "What?"

 "You know .  .  .  you've got the Dean very worried.  They don't want you to become a news story, Campbell - Frank College, Home of the Naked Student.  The Powers That Be who run the college would flip.  Maybe they're already starting to flip."

 "I don't want it to be a news story either," Tami said, after deciding that she could safely say that without betraying any evidence of modesty.  She had an odd feeling.  Why was Mandy going on like this?

 Mandy herself was having a hard time picking the right words.  She felt like saying, "You are being watched.  Guys are taking pictures," but that would be too scary.  She thought of the little magazine blurb she had found in "Maxim" or one of those other bikini magazines, the clipping of which she still kept in her desk.  A little color picture of a naked girl shoveling snow -- Tami, of course -- red, flushed skin glistening in the winter sun.  The terse caption: "Another day in the life of a certain coed who, we're told, is always naked.  Obviously immune to the cold as well.  We're sworn to secrecy as to where this college is.  We can say it's in New England, though!"

 Finally Mandy said, "Well who needs that kind of trouble? You've got your little arrangement here, and it's suiting you fine.  You hate being naked -- don't worry, I won't ask you to admit it -- but being naked is working to your advantage in a dozen different ways.  It's best to keep the status quo."  Mandy adjusted her sunglasses, which she had kept on the whole time.  "Good idea, to tell Jeffrey that you couldn't go to New York," she said, which Tami quickly figured out meant "New York City".

 "I think you're doing fine.  Let's go," Mandy said, and she and a slightly puzzled Tami Smithers closed the door behind them and went to class.

 They parted halfway to the math building, and Tami's uncertainty turned into dread as she caught a glimpse of a plaid jacket and knew that it was Mr. McMasters, making a rare appearance on the regular campus as he went into what she guessed was the business department building.  Her sunny afternoon of confidence suddenly turned into a pit of dread and shame as she was reminded: Tomorrow -- her first appointment with the new setup in Lab 6.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 5**

 A pleasant spring day.  Sunlight and gentle breezes wafting in through the college library through the cracks of slightly opened windows, stirring up the musty smell of old books, pushing the musty air out, sucking the spring air in.  Most of the students seemed to be outside.

 But if one looked in through the window on the second (mezzanine) floor, getting a long side view of the string of carrels, one could see that they were not all empty.  Almost at the end, hard up against the stacks, a pair of bare legs and feet extended down, toes curled up and bouncing nervously against the cold tile floor, the soft clicking of toenails reflecting the mental activity of their owner.

 This was Tami Smithers, who was the campus nudist, though not by design.  The 18-year-old freshman math major was scribbling furiously in her diary.  Thinking, also, about getting another, because she had only a few pages left in this one.  Long ago, in November, she had written the first words: "This diary is my secret place.  This diary is my clothes. " Then, in the loopy but intense handwriting of an intelligent but naive teenage girl, she had recorded her day-to-day experiences, her observations, fears, joys, and (frequently) her humiliations.  That is, until the humiliations became too intense and traumatic and too painful to write down.  After that her form of venting was to go to the shower, or wake up in the middle of the night, and pray, fervently, asking God to please give her some clothes.

 Now all that was over.  Her prayers had been answered.  She had a job lined up for the summer in another town where no one would know her.  She had gone over her plans for that day about a hundred times so far.  She would quickly buy some clothes in the middle of the night and then get on the bus to that town.  She had checked the schedule carefully.  Every night there was a bus that left at 1:30 a. m.  May 23.  The day after the last final exam.  28 days away.  28 days to clothes!  Several times a day she would stop what she was doing and look down and close her eyes and whisper, "Thank you, God."

 Perhaps she was becoming religious, after a lifetime of being pretty much indifferent.  But she felt she knew there was a God, a God who had rescued her.  And the knowledge that her ordeal of forced public nudity was coming to an end had a cathartic effect.  Since she had gotten the good news, the words poured out of her head into the diary like a torrent.  Every little detail of the past few months, every horrible experience, every confrontation with authority figures who forced her to stay naked, came tumbling out.  It felt good to write it down.  She had never been to a therapist, but it would have been the same feeling.

 Getting it out, writing it down, and then -- ?  She was thinking that the first week of summer, in a solemn ceremony, when she was wearing a shirt and pants and socks and hiking boots, she would go out into the woods or near a stream and build a fire, then throw the diary in.  Symbolically putting the whole experience behind her.  She looked forward to the relief she would feel as she saw the pages going up in flames.

 She was finishing her last sentence now, having brought her diary almost up to date.  She looked up at the clock and her thoughts turned to her next appointment.  Her weekly appointment at the Chalfont Institute, the first time she was to be .  .  .  mounted on that apparatus.  She closed her eyes.  She musn't get ahead of herself.  There were four weeks of humiliation to come.  She prayed: Please, God, get me through today.  Hopefully it won't be too bad.

 She tried not to think about what lay before her, the horrible equipment she had been shown.  She got her bookbag together and strode out of the library, trying to give herself an air of confidence, even as the sight of a beautiful, naked girl walking across campus drew its usual sea of leering glances and the occasional wolf whistle from some guy in the distance.

.  .  .

 Tami Smithers tried to numb her mind as she walked into Chalfont, ignoring the close inspection of her breasts and bare butt as she passed by the usual gaggle of white-coated nerdy students milling around the entrance.  They all knew her weekly schedule and tried to be around to see her come in.  The naked girl adjusted her bookbag strap and walked in, noticing that even the sunny day and fresh spring air did little to change the musty, creepy atmosphere inside.  To insulate herself mentally she thought of nice old Ned and Ethel and their accounting office, with her all in snuggly clothes, working the adding machine.  .  .

 The waiting room to Lab 6 was empty.  Tami paused.  Good-bye Ned and Ethel.  Hello, Science.  Bracing herself like a swimmer about to dive into freezing water.  Then she pushed through the door into the lab itself.

 It was very bright.  And very cold.  Tami immediately felt the cold air upon her breasts and felt her nipples get rock hard.  The arctic blast was coming from an air conditioner set into a wall.  As she felt goosebumps rising on her butt and on her arms, she remembered McMasters telling her that the lab would be kept cold to offset her increased metabolism.

 The cold was evident also from the clothing being worn -- by everyone, of course, except her.  She stood with her bookbag on her shoulder, feet a little apart, and suddenly all her mental insulation was stripped away so that her mind was as nude as her body.  Taking in the view, she was scared, mortified, and couldn't breathe.  Standing at the console was McMasters.  Sitting next to him was Mr.  Zipkin, his assistant from that earlier meeting.  And behind them, sitting in the movie-theater style seats, were several men and a couple of women, all professional-looking, all looking at her with what looked like detached scientific curiosity.  Everyone was wearing sweaters over their suits.  It really was cold in here.  That, and her nervousness, made her start to shiver but she suppressed the urge and tried to relax her "shiver muscles", something she had often done before.

 And . . .Rolling out from behind a desk in his wheelchair was Homer Winant, from the grounds crew!  He was dressed in his usual mechanic's outfit, with a parka thrown on top.  He nodded to Tami in his courtly way, not seeming to realize how out of place he looked here.

 "Good afternoon, Miss Smithers," McMasters said.  "Please leave your bookbag in the waiting room.  It will be safe there, don't worry."

 With an air of unreality, as if this were just an unpleasant dream, Tami turned around.  When she re-entered the lab she stood in front of these people, dearly wishing she could run and hide or at least use her hands to cover herself, feeling even more naked without her bookbag.  But in the freezing air she bravely stood upright, hands at her sides, legs a moderate distance apart.

 "Ladies and gentlemen, this is our subject, Miss Tami Smithers," McMasters said by way of introduction.  "In a moment she will mount the apparatus.  Our thanks, again, to Mr. Winant, for his help with the design."  After a second's thought, Tami realized that Winant wasn't so out of place after all.  She thought of the times she was trudging on those treadmills at the Dixon Mill, shamed and sweating, when Winant would come in to watch her in silence.  She knew now that he hadn't been just leering at her sweaty curves and laboring muscles.  He had been studying the angle of hips and her legs, how they bent forward and splayed open, judging the proper angle for her to be stationed and impaled on the ghastly orgasm machine -- the "apparatus".

 Tami looked sideways edgily.  The bottomless chair was there, the posts with the cuffs for her wrists and ankles.  The shafts for the dildos were not there yet; there were just two large holes in the base of the stage.  She saw that the shafts and dildos were lying on the console.  McMasters picked them up, resuming what had been a lecture in progress.  He said, "We have already discussed these, and will be inserting them in a moment.  .  .  For now, Miss Smithers, if you could station yourself on the chair."

 It was hard for the goose-bumped, naked girl to keep from shaking, as if she were stepping up to a gallows.  She went to the front of the stage where there was a partition in the console and walked up and stepped onto it.  With her second foot the hop wasn't quite high enough and she tripped forward, causing her to splay her legs out in full view of the audience behind her.  Fortunately her hands broke her fall.  Swallowing and trying to regain her composure she turned and faced her audience, spreading her legs way, way apart and lowering her thighs onto the supports of the bottomless chair.  Mr. Zipkin got up and cuffed her ankles and wrists on each side, taking time to make sure they were secure.

 When he got back down to the console Tami found herself on an upraised stage facing these inquisitive adults, tied and spread out, feeling the cold air inside her pussy and knowing her lower lips were open, knowing that in the bright lights every little detail of her privates was fully visible.  It was almost like a blow to her when Zipkin flicked on the spotlights, which were set below her as well as up on the ceiling, behind as well as in front.  She could actually feel a little heat from the lights on the sensitive skin of her pussy lips and her asshole.  She averted her eyes, looking down at a point on the stage in front of her, wishing the audience was darkened like in a real theater so that she wouldn't able to see their faces.  But the room was so well lit that she was aware of everyone.  She swallowed again, nerves taut, trying not to show any trace of modesty or shame or any of the mortification she was feeling.  It was obvious, certain, that the Dean's spies would be here of all places, looking for any little trace, any telltale motion with her eyes or anything else that she had any feelings of modesty whatsoever.

 She heard a door open somewhere in front of her and glanced upward for a split second.  Henry Ross, wearing a sweater under his usual business suit, had just entered, and sat in one of the front seats.  McMasters did not introduce him to the others.  Tami dared not look at him but sensed his vigilant gaze.  She loathed this creepy man and hated the idea that she was so brightly lit and spread out right in his face.

 During another quick upward eye-flick Tami saw her own face, on a monitor in the wall in front.  Her own face, on T. V.  She noted the stonelike expression as it showed on the screen and was glad that she wasn't showing any fear or discomfort.  Then she noticed a little red light on the camera front and center, pointed right at her from four feet away.  Lights, camera, action.

 "You can see the camera is on, from the console monitors," McMasters told his audience.  "Let's check if the audial equipment is on. " He walked up to Tami and adjusted the little microphone which hung about two feet above her face.  "Miss Smithers, if you could count to five, in a regular voice."

 Tami inhaled and knew she had no choice but to obey.  Not wanting her voice to crack, she cleared her throat.  Still resolutely looking down, not wanting to look at the microphone, she said in a tiny voice, "One .  .  .  two .  .  .  three .  .  .  four .  .  .  five."  She blushed as she thought that she just as well could be counting the spasms when she came, like Lorinda walking past her with index finger upraised.

 Mr.  Zipkin whispered something to McMasters, whereupon McMasters said, "Miss Smithers, probably during orgasm your, uh, vocalizations would be louder.  We want to get the levels right.  Please count again in a stronger voice."

 Tami tried not to cry.  He said "orgasm" so casually.  And he was really rubbing this in.  Why don't I just fake an orgasm while I'm at it?  But again, in a louder voice, "One .  .  .  two .  .  .  three .  .  .  four .  .  .  five."  Try not to think of Lorinda .  .  .

 "Very good," McMasters said, looking down at the audio dials in front of Mr.  Zipkin.  He then spoke to the audience.  "If there are no questions, I'd like to start with the insertions as soon as our other assistant arrives."

 There was an uneasy silence.  The onlookers, or at least most of them, seemed uncertain as to what they were about to witness.  One woman, sitting in back, raised her hand and said, "I just want to say, Miss, that you are really very brave and, uh, open in agreeing to demonstrate the limits of female orgasmic response like this.  It's hard to believe that a young woman could volunteer so freely."

 "Yes, Miss Smithers is an amazingly uninhibited young adult," Mr.  McMasters said.  "But indeed, yes she did freely agree to this research, in fact enthusiastically so.  She fervently believes that to receive sexual pleasure is a great gift, and she wants others to learn about it so that they can experience it as well.  Right?" he said pleasantly, looking at Tami.

 Tami felt the obligation to look up and saw Ross looking at her with his raised eyebrow.  Further up she saw the woman in the back row.  She seemed kind.  If only she knew!! Tami wanted to scream out her shame, shout, "Help me!! Untie me!! Please!! Get me some clothes!! Take me away from here!!" But she knew she could not.

 She also realized that McMasters was laying it on thick.  She had said none of those things he had attributed to her.  "Enthusiastic?" And what was this about the "limits of female orgasmic response"?  But seeing Ross's eyebrow, she knew what her rejoinder had to be and knew she had to make it sound convincing.  "Yes, that's true," she said with a little smile, and nobody could detect the deep hurt in her pretty eyes as she said it.  Then she cleared her throat and slowly looked down again.

 Just then the door opened and Brendo, that geeky Chalfont student who had been assisting with Dr. Harridance's experiments, came in wearing a lab coat made more bulky by the sweatshirt he had added underneath.  "Hi, Tami," he said affably as he sat down next to Mr.  Zipkin and fiddled with some things on the console.  Tami, hating every second, hoping it was O.K. not to make eye contact with this clammy-handed dweeb, returned the nod.

 McMasters said, "Well, before the full dildos are inserted, we will 'open up' Miss Smithers with smaller objects.  Brendo will do the honors, he helped with the last set of experiments and he has much experience in working with Miss Smithers's vagina and rectum."

 Tami saw Brendo get up with a couple of smaller dildos.  She could see that the tips had been lubricated with clear gel of some kind.  In the cold air she imagined her openings would be constricted and small.  She prayed that the insertions would not hurt, and braced herself for the feel of Brendo's clammy hands, even colder than usual now, feeling up her most private, secret places.  Tami closed her eyes and prayed.  At least Brendo knew her openings well and knew how to put things in without hurting her .  .  .

 "Brendo will work on Miss Smithers's rectal passage first," McMasters announced.  "If you want, you can come around to the rear to see as he points out some features of that orifice.  Go ahead, there's plenty of room behind the stage. " Her eyes still closed, Tami heard the shuffling of men getting up and a general motion around the console and then behind her.  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 6**

 Tami waited for the inevitable, then it came.  The cold, wet feel of the dildo against her anus.  She exhaled and met Brendo's gentle push with a push of her own as if she were trying to shit, so that her muscles would more easily accept the intrusion.  Much as she hated to admit it, the two of them had become very practiced at this little dance from all the times he had inserted that anal monitor thing during those other experiments.  They were a team.

 "Miss Smithers has exception rectal tone," McMasters said, crouching down behind Brendo and pointing.  The men crowded around, bent over a little, though because the stage was set so high up, they didn't have to bend down much.  The two little spotlights trained onto the girl's anal area allowed them to see in minute detail as Brendo pushed the small white dildo through the ring of brown skin.  The dildo was less than an inch wide and only five inches long, but to the cold, scared, naked girl, it felt huge.

 McMasters continued his little lecture on that universally discussed topic, The Anus of Tami Smithers.  "The rectal tone probably accounts for Miss Smithers's unusually strong sexual response.  A major component of orgasm is the contraction of the anal muscles, and if the muscles are strong and well toned, the contractions will be more extensive and numerous."

 Tami wished for a moment that she was one of those women who never had an orgasm.  Why did she have to be so responsive?  Why did she have to come so much during Dr. Harridance's research?  She took conscious breaths in and out as the dildo slowly invaded her gut.  Her ankles shifted in their cuffs and her toes squirmed uneasily.  A chill went through her nipples, hard and stiff in the cold air.

 "Brendo, how is the insertion?" McMasters said, noticing that his assistant had all but one inch of the dildo in and was holding it in place with one finger.

 "Very smooth," Brendo said.  To give his audience a better view he shifted around, changed fingers, and put his clammy, cold hand on Tami's hard little butt cheek to stretch it open to the side.

 "Perhaps one of you would like to hold this dildo in for a moment, to notice the strong rectal tone," McMasters said.  Detecting a little hesitancy, he said, "Go ahead."

 One of the men, an older, distinguished looking man in a trimmed gray beard, crouched forward to put his finger onto the dildo as Brendo withdrew.  Tami felt the man's breath on her butt cheeks.  She kept her gaze glued to the floor, praying silently, wishing she could die.  Then she felt the dildo being gently pushed in and out in little motions.  With each little motion in, she felt pressure such that her eyes would bug out a little.  And she knew this was just the beginning.

 "I can feel a strong push outward," the man said, curious and impressed.  "You see what I mean," McMasters said.

 Then, to Tami's horror, the man absently took his finger off the dildo and she felt it glide out of her butt and drop to the floor with a metallic clank.  It felt to her exactly like she was taking a shit, right in front of these men.

 "Whoops," Brendo said.  "The rectal muscles tend to expel what is inside," McMasters explained.  "That is why when the anal probe was inserted in Miss Smithers during the earlier research, it was flanged so that it could not be spontaneously expelled."

 Tami almost cried with shame.  This was a new extreme in embarrassment.  She closed her eyes as Brendo went around to the console for a tissue and then returned to pick up the dildo and wipe the floor.  She was glad she couldn't see the dildo; she fervently hoped there were no shit stains on it.  Fortunately she had gone to the bathroom just before the appointment and she was pretty sure her bowels were empty.

 "Well, we can't re-insert it now," McMasters mused.  "Though we keep the lab very clean, it must have collected some dust from the floor.  I think it's done its job though.  Time to insert the full dildo."

 As the naked girl kept her eyes closed, praying, Mr.  Zipkin came around with the long piston rod, at the end of which was the big white dildo that had been shown to Tami the week before in Lab 5.  As he put the rod through the hole in the stage and screwed it into the hidden cam below, McMasters said, "I've already explained about the lubrication system, let's see if it works."  Brendo, back at the console, flicked a lever and the men could see gel beginning to emerge from the myriad little holes.  "Excellent.  Let's go."

 As the rod slowly pushed up, Mr.  Zipkin guided it until it was touching Tami's butthole.  "All right, Miss Smithers, push down, please," McMasters said.

 Tami pushed her rectal muscles and felt the huge dildo slowly open up the ring of her asshole.  She could keenly feel every one of the little holes, like little ridges, as they passed through her most sensitive skin, her most sensitive muscle.  She began to breathe deeply, almost hyperventilating, as her sphincter was painfully stretched open, wide, wide, wider.  This thing was huge.  They had assured her it was not much larger than the average penis, but this thing had to be bigger than Rod's dick.  And it was cold and didn't have any give to it.  Rod's dick was warm flesh and blood, but this was hard, unyielding metal.  She opened her eyes and though they were downcast, the people still sitting in front of her could see her eyes open wide in amazement and fear as her insides were slowly filled up.

 "Very good," McMasters said.  "Let's piston it in slowly. " He gave a signal to Brendo, who continued to work the console.  The dildo continued in and when it had gone in about four inches, it was withdrawn an inch, then went in an inch and a half, withdrawn an inch .  .  .  In half inch increments the huge, pinhole-covered metal cylinder was carefully inserted.

 It was fortunate that McMasters and his assistants, whatever their motivations, really did take care that the teenage girl not be injured.  The experience was traumatic enough as it was.  To deal with the intrusion Tami took great breaths in and out.  The two women in the theater seats, and Henry Ross and Homer Winant and the other men who had stayed in front, watched as her concave tummy moved in and out with her breathing and her wide-open, desperate eyes stared at a fixed point on the floor in front of her.  Despite the cold, her naked body was beginning to flush with the exertion.  The innocent onlookers assumed that these were simply signs of arousal from an unusually sexually responsive woman.

 "Stop," McMasters said abruptly and the dildo stayed planted about six inches into Tami's rectum.  He reached up to the ceiling and brought down a little camera that was suspended from a retractable stalk, and then demonstrated a feature that he had not told Tami about.  "If you could direct your attention to our MRI screen, you can see a live image of Miss Smithers's pelvic area."

 Tami could not help but look to her side.  On a blank white part of the wall was a three-foot-tall image of what looked like an X-ray of a pelvic area.  Hers!  Yet it didn't quite look like an X-ray.  Tami had never actually seen an MRI, though she had heard of them.  She noticed that she could see not only bones but what looked like internal organs.  And a lot of tubes that she recognized as intestines.  Her insides!  She was morbidly fascinated, though this was mixed with shame at the knowledge that now, even her insides were exposed to the full view of others.

 McMasters went to the screen and pointed to the outline of Tami's butt.  The naked girl involuntarily clenched her inner muscles as she realized that that solid white thing, sticking halfway up and into the pelvis, was the dildo.  But as she did this the image moved and she knew that everyone could see her move her inner muscles.  Would Henry Ross consider this clench as a sign of modesty?  She bit her lip as she realized she must now control even her inner muscles or attract suspicion.  Good thing they couldn't see inside her mind as well!

 "Note that about six inches of the dildo are now inside Miss Smithers's rectum," McMasters said.  "See how it has come to the end of the normal extension of the rectum for a female of her age and size.  Further insertion means negotiating the curve into the sigmoid colon," he continued, sweeping his finger along the easily-seen tracery of the girl's large intestine.  "Some care must be taken in this, though Miss Smithers has considerable experience with anal intercourse and we really don't think there is any danger of rupture."

 Tami felt like he was making it sound like she was a perverted slut who liked being fucked up the ass all the time.  She also winced at the word "rupture".

 "Nevertheless," he continued, "we will make a slight adjustment and continue."  Tami inhaled a bit as she felt the shock of Mr. Zipkin's cold, rough hands grab her firmly on each side of her butt.  He twisted her pelvis slightly one way.  Then Brendo turned a dial on the console and another inch of the dildo went it.  It felt to Tami like her insides had been pushed around to make room for more of the dildo.  This was the same kind of feeling she got when Rod pushed his dick in all the way.  Her sigmoid colon had been "negotiated".

 "Very good," McMasters said.  "You can see it has entered her sigmoid colon."  Despite her distress the naked girl turned to see the solid white object now up into another part of the ghostly tracery of a tube.

 "Now that we are satisfied with an unimpeded insertion, we will proceed," McMasters said.  "Right now, we are at seven inches.  Brendo, please increase the insertion to eight inches."

 Tami felt the dildo push even farther in.  Her breath was shallow now.  She felt like deep breaths were no longer possible.  The dildo felt like it was about to emerge from her tonsils and there was no longer any room for her lungs to draw in air.

 The dildo lurched in another inch and she grunted.

 "We are now at eight inches," McMasters said.  He went up to the stage and pointed to Tami's pelvis.  "Note the slightly tilted pelvis as compared to before.  We are now at full insertion."

 As he went back to the console, the naked girl dropped her head down, her hair hiding her face.  He looked at the dial and then at Mr. Zipkin, who was still standing behind Tami.  "I wonder if we should go to nine inches. "

 Tami prayed silently.  "Please, no more.  I can't take any more.  This thing will tear my poor insides apart.  Please, God, no more. " Her lips moved slightly as she mouthed the words to this prayer, fortunately hidden from view by her hanging hair.

 McMasters said, "Though eight inches' insertion is greater than afforded by the average penis, during the experiment Miss Smithers will jerk violently during orgasm.  To protect her from injury we have restrained her wrists and ankles.  Deeper insertion of the dildos, as the two work together, help as well.  The point is to minimize the danger of mal-insertion during a bodily spasm and possible injury.  Having one dildo inserted as deeply as possible as the other dildo is about to re-enter helps stabilize the pelvis."  Damn these folks, Tami thought, they have a plausible reason for everything.  .  .

 One of the women in the back raised her hand.  "Isn't nine inches rather, uh, extreme?"

 "Actually, no.  It is possible, with much practice, to insert objects such as enema tubes much further in.  But our goal at this point is to go to the limit of Miss Smithers's capacity, not try to expand it."  He rubbed his chin and looked at Mr.  Zipkin, who shrugged.  Finally, McMasters said, "Okay then, let's go to nine inches."

 Tami felt her eyes getting wet behind her mussed up, hanging, slightly damp hair.  Why did she even bother to pray?  Things always went against her.  Good thing her big prayer, that she be given clothes, would be answered in a few weeks.  At least she had that much to comfort her.

 The penetration of nine inches through Tami Smithers's rectum and into her sigmoid colon was achieved, by which time the naked girl felt like a sample butterfly impaled on a pin.

 "We will give her a moment to get acclimated to this insertion, then proceed.  Brendo, get out the little dildo to open up Miss Smithers from the front .  .  . "   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist: Coming to the End, Part 7**

 The men behind Tami took one last look at the dildo planted deeply in her butt, then moved around to the front and sat down in the theater seats.  All eyes now focused on Tami's pussy, the lips open between her widely-spread legs, her ankles splayed out and cuffed to the posts way out to each side.  Brendo knelt in front of her with another little dildo, covered with gel.

 "To make room for the frontal insertion we will withdraw most of the rectal dildo," McMasters said.  Mr. Zipkin, taking Brendo's place behind the console, turned the dial and the dildo in Tami's rear started to withdraw.  Once again, she felt like she was taking a shit as it slipped out of her.  But not all the way!  Mr.  Zipkin had left an inch inside, keeping her anal ring stretched.  It felt to Tami as if she was about to expel a big turd but couldn't quite do it.  This was a very uncomfortable feeling.  She found herself trying to push the thing out, but there was no fighting the sturdy metal rod that kept it in place.   
 As Brendo adjusted the little front spotlights on the floor, McMasters went up to the girl's side and pointed with his finger.  "Note, of course, a typical, well-developed female vulva.  As Brendo spreads the labia, note the engorged and well-developed clitoris.  I'll adjust the camera so everyone can see this on the monitor."  He then hopped back off the stage.

 Actually everyone could see Tami's pussy lips, in sharp relief in the harsh light, just fine.  The only thing that adusting the camera did was afford Tami herself the view of her stretched-open pussy on the big TV monitor that was facing her.  She glanced at it quickly and that was enough.  It only served to remind her of her shame.  She went back to looking at a spot on the floor just to one side of Brendo's greasy black hair.  She suppressed the urge to squirm as his clammy hands parted her inner pussy lips and the little dildo was slowly inserted.  Behind, her anal muscles still fought with the nearly-expelled rear dildo.

 At least this new insertion wasn't so bad as with the dildo in her butt.  Having something in her pussy was more  natural.  And being able to see what was going on put her mind at ease somewhat.  Still, feeling the dildo go almost all the way in, then feeling Brendo accidentally rub her clit and then gently thrust the dildo in and out, forced Tami into a state of arousal that she did not welcome.

 Of course, McMasters was quick to point this out.  "Note the flush of arousal on Miss Smithers's face, responding quite naturally to the stimulation."  Then, as if to increase the dramatic effect, he held up a large box.  "Now, the specially designed stimulator dildo for the vagina."  With the slowness of a magician poking around in his hat for a rabbit, McMasters put his hand in the box and rummaged.  He went up to the stage and then, suddenly, pulled it out right in Tami's face so that she could not help flinching.  Brightly lit under the spolights, this Godzilla dildo looked even bigger than it actually was, glowing light brown, with the collapsible white ridges along the top, which reminded her of Godzilla's back and looked as big as the teeth of a shark.

 Tami was sure that McMasters was presenting it this way to shock her.  As for the audience, having individually examined his invention beforehand and hearing his exhaustive explanation of its features, they took this presentation as a matter of course.  Slowly, as if performing a sacred rite, McMasters fitted it onto the metal rod that Mr.  Zipkin gave him and screwed the assembly into the hidden cam under the floor of the stage.  Brendo took the little dildo out of the girl's pussy and got out of the way.  As Mr.  Zipkin turned the dial, Godzilla, now glistening with the gel from the tiny holes, inched closer to the naked teenager's little spread pussy, looking far too large for it.

 "Ohhhh .  .  . " She could not help moaning, as the Godzilla dildo spread open her lower lips and nudged inside and the ridges rubbed her clit with hard slow flicks as they disappeared into her one by one.  She swallowed and looked up at the wall, at a point somewhere over Henry Ross's head, as if praying to God to deliver her from this ordeal.  "Ohhh .  .  . " Her eyes were opened wide and some drops of sweat appeared on her forehead.  Her pussy lips were stretched wide, wide, wider . . .Dimly she was aware of Henry Ross's sadistic leer and she tried to look higher up, away from his gaze.

 "Note the obvious signs of arousal," McMasters said.  "Because there is no sphincter to negotiate, we can insert this dildo pretty much all at once.  This dildo, by the way, might appear much larger than the average penis, but that is only an illusion caused by the design.  It is actually only slightly larger than average.  Miss Smithers is sexually experienced and it should be no problem for her to accommodate it."

 He looked down at the dial that Mr. Zipkin was adjusting.  "We are now at five inches.  A couple of inches more."  He looked up and everyone watched closely as Tami continued to moan.  Then as the flicks continued she emitted a much harsher, lower moan.  "Uhhhh .  .  ."  In an attempt to stifle the moan, she clenched her teeth, which resulted only in changing her vocalization into an unearthly gasp, almost a choking sound.  "Kchh .  .  .  zhh.  .  .  kcchh .  .  . "  Her eyes widened and the strain of holding in her voice caused veins to stand out on her neck.  The audience could easily see all of this in the bright spotlights.

 "Apparently Miss Smithers is now sensing the ridges on her G-spot inside," McMasters said.  "Maybe we can refocus the camera," he said, moving over, "so that it's on her face to detect the signs of this more intense arousal."  Out of the corner of her eye Tami could see the big image of her contorted face on the TV screen.  She shut her eyes to block it out.

 "Let's proceed further.  I see we are now at six inches. "

 As a few more ridges disappeared into the naked girl, McMasters continued to lecture dispassionately.  "Unlike with the rectal dildo, this dildo can only go in so far.  At some point it will meet the fornix, or the end of the vagina.  Again, through much practice the vagina can be expanded, but that is not our goal here.  We will simply make contact with the fornix and push a bit more, achieving the maximum possible stability.  Mr.  Zipkin, where are we at now?"

 "Seven point three inches," his assistant said, studying the dial.

 "Note again the MRI screen," he said, turning and pointing to the screen.  "You can see here the fornix, it looks like we're almost there. " Fortunately in her state of mind Tami did not think to look.  "The piston rod is equipped with a pressure sensor which causes it to stop automatically when it encounters a certain amount of resistance, consistent with a moderate stretching of the vagina.  In other words," he repeated, "we will meet the fornix, then push a little more, and that will be it."

 "Eight point one inches," Mr.  Zipkin reported.  The naked girl's brow furrowed as if in excruciating agony.  Actually it was the assault of excruciating shame, and the strain of holding in the expression of her mounting arousal.  And the stress of having this huge thing plowing so deeply into her.  She felt totally stuffed as the back of her pussy was stretched, and it made the rear dildo's stretching of her anal ring more acute and uncomfortable.

 The hum of the machinery beneath the rod stopped.  "We've reached the limit," Mr.  Zipkin said.  "Nine point two inches. "

 "Very good," McMasters said.  "Now, we begin. " He gave a little signal and Mr. Zipkin pushed a button.  From under the stage came a weird soft whirring sound, a little like a blender.  The Godzilla dildo started to withdraw and the rear dildo slowly began pushing back in.

 It was slow, rhythmic, laborious.  Taking into account the large size of the dildos and the concern about avoiding injury, it could hardly have been otherwise.  The audience was transfixed and silent now, even McMasters and Henry Ross had looks of awe on their faces.  Sawing in, sawing out, the dildos pushed the naked girl's bound body forward, then back, as much as allowed by the cuffs holding her wrists and ankles in place.  Some people glanced from time to time at the MRI image on the wall, each big, thick white cylinder plunging more than halfway into the slender pelvis, then withdrawing to make room for the other one.

 The naked girl breathed in and then exhaled with each thrust as if the wind were being knocked out of her.  Her breathy grunts were in rhythm with the thrusts.  "Huh! .  .  .  Huh! .  .  .  Huh! .  .  ."  Her eyes, looking up at the ceiling, alternated between being squeezed shut and staring bug-eyed in a gripping combination of surprise, fear, desperation, and what looked like agony.  Of course the audience knew that she was in no physical pain, and she wasn't.  They looked down at her shaking legs, and at her wildly flexing toes, and the sweat that was beginning to pour down her face, and then her concave, laboring tummy .  .  . A couple of them could swear they could see slight bulges appearing as the head of each dildo pushed to its greatest penetration and then withdrew.

 Tami's tortured mind was trying to pray.  She felt an orgasm begin to crest.  These dildos were in control of her body now, they were dragging her over the waterfall and there was nothing she could do about it.  In front of these bright lights, this audience, including Ross and Winant, every aspect of her body being recorded, minutely observed .  .  .  In her life of exposure and shame, this was the most extreme yet.

 Sensing the imminent orgasm, McMasters moved to the wall and said, "I almost forgot," then reached over to pull the cover off the electronic counter.

 The first space -- "orgasms" -- flipped to "1" as Miss Tami Smithers lunged up toward the ceiling, to the extent allowed by her bonds, and grunted in a hoarse voice, "P - p - please -- GOD!!!"

 As her body wildly jerked like it was on a string, each spasm was delivered with a wordless shout.  "G - gaah!! .  .  .  Gaah!! .  .  .  Gaah!! .  .  .  Gaah!! .  .  .  Ohhhh!! .  .  . " Fortunately the lab was soundproofed.  .  .

 The second slot on the counter kept track at each shout.  "1" changed to "2" and then to "3' .  .  .

 A little while later, a final, somewhat delayed flick to "12".  Then the naked girl slumped.  A sheen of sweat appeared over her whole body as her skin flushed from head to bare toes.  Her flat tummy heaved in and out as she caught her breath.  But her limp body continued to lurch to and fro as the dildos kept on pistoning and in a few seconds she was quivering again.

.  .  .

Orgasms: 8   
Contractions/Last Orgasm: 10   
Total Contractions: 73   
Time Elapsed: 0:26:13

 "Notice that in the interorgasmic periods Miss Smithers has never quite descended from the plateau phase," McMasters said to his audience, most of whom after almost half an hour were still furiously scribbling notes, trying to take account not only of the sweating, spasming body in front of them but the readouts that flashed on the monitors, the electronic counter, and the movements on the MRI screen.  They briefly rested from their notetaking to listen to these comments by McMasters, his first in several minutes.  "This makes it easy to start the orgasmic cycle all over again.  One can see also that Miss Smithers's expression changes and gives almost as reliable a gauge to the stages of the cycle as do the readouts.  Notice the crying and tortured expressions, typical of many women during sexual excitement.  Mr. Zipkin, what are the insertion parallaxes?"

 Checking his dials and some graphic indicators, Mr.  Zipkin reported, "Vaginal averages about 8.5 inches, with standard deviations to 8.3 and 8.7.  Shallow mark of 7.9 inches, deep mark of 9.4 inches.  .  .  Rectal averages about 8.9 inches, standard deviations to 8.2 and 9.6, shallow mark of 7.4 inches, deep mark of 10.6 inches. "

 "Very good," McMasters said.  "What this means is that we have been successful at controlling the depth of penetration within narrow parameters.  Her body is pretty well stabilized and the cuffs don't need to be tightened.  Notice also that the rectal figures vary more widely than the vaginal.  This is to be expected, given the open-ended nature of the digestive tract, whereas with the vagina we are limited by the existence of the fornix."

 Tami, her face beet red, was recovering from another orgasm.  Her whole body was shining with sweat, which dripped from her chin and in rivers down her tummy.  Her nipples, big and permanently erect, poked out over quivering, drenched breasts.  Her wet hair was plastered to her forehead.  Her heavy-lidded eyes, out of focus, looked dully out to the wall.

 "Can I ask the subject something?" one of the women said.

 McMasters looked at the naked girl's face and then said, "She might not be able to answer, but go ahead.  You'd better come up and speak loudly. "

 The woman made her way up to Tami, crinkling her nose as she encountered the intense smell of sweat and female secretions.  The room was no longer cold; the naked girl's metabolism had heated it up.  The woman brought her face up near Tami's.  "Dear? Miss?"

 Tami, barely conscious of her, turned her head slightly, her eyelids raising the slightest bit.

 "Are you trying to achieve these climaxes, or are you letting the machine do the work for you?" She craned her neck closer, listening for a response.

 Tami tried to form words but could only say, "Uhhhh .  .  .  "

 "Excuse me? What did you say?"

 After a couple of seconds, the naked girl repeated, "Uhhhhhh .  .  . "

 "It seems like she is not in a condition to speak," McMasters said.  "At a later stage of these experiments we will research her mental state during arousal and orgasm and to what extent she can mentally function."  The woman raised her eyebrows a bit and went back to her seat.

 After a few more seconds McMasters said, "As Miss Smithers ascends to another orgasm we will add the other component .  .  . "

 Brendo got up and reached up to the ceiling and retracted the suction tubes, the ones with the bristly caps to fit over Tami's nipples.  Feeling another orgasm beginning to build, the naked girl looked up to see what was about to be attached to her and her eyes gently closed in an admission of defeat.

 As Brendo fitted the bristly caps onto her nipples one by one with a twisting motion, McMasters said, "We can expect Miss Smithers's ninth orgasm to be more prolonged.  .  . "   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to an End, Part 8**

Orgasms: 15   
Contractions/Last Orgasm: 8   
Total Contractions: 151   
Time Elapsed: 0:48:22

 The naked girl, lying in a fetal position on the bare stage, snored loudly.  Her skin was clammy and pale and covered with dried sweat.  The only other person in the room, Brendo, was putting away some things at the console.  He went over and shut off the electronic counter, then buttoned his lab coat as he went to look at the thermostat on the wall.  61 degrees.  He shut off the air conditioner.  The lab was silent except for the snoring.

 The girl lurched a little bit and her eyes opened.  "Oh," she said, as if being awakened from a dream, and got up and looked around for a second as if surprised to find herself there.  She looked up at Brendo.  She felt cold.

 The nerdy assistant went up to the stage and took her hand to help her up.  "Good show, Tami.  Take a shower and Mr.  McMasters will see you in Lab 5."

 Experiment, sleep, shower.  This was a routine from the Harridance experiments.  Tami listlessly, a little unsteadily, got up and walked out of the lab, her pussy and ass sore, trying to ignore her shame at the fart sounds as air escaped from her well-opened pussy and rectum.  Out in the hall she was almost oblivious to the students passing by gazing at her naked body.  She entered the large bathroom and planted herself under the shower, feeling the welcome hot water as it hit her scalp and ran down her body.  As she became more alert she started crying, sucking water into her mouth with her sobs, then crouching down into a ball under the hot cascade, hands over her mouth, eyes staring out with horror at what she remembered in her mind's eye, thinking of what she had been through, what people had seen.  After a few moments she calmed down and stood up, shut off the shower, dried herself with the little rough towel hanging nearby, and after clutching the towel to her breasts for a moment with longing, dropped it onto the sink and walked out.

 Lab 5 now contained a gynecologist's table, complete with extended stirrups.  McMasters was waiting for her there, along with an older man who looked more like a dentist than a doctor, wearing a short white shirt.  To one side sat Mr.  Zipkin.  Tami sighed.  Weren't there any women working here?  Just men.  Not that it would make it any less shaming.

 "Hope you had a good rest, Tami," McMasters said.  "Everyone was very impressed, and of course we owe it all to you."

 Tami ignored the irony of being thanked, and stood naked in front of these men, resisting the urge to cover herself with her hands, an urge which she hoped by now would have been suppressed.  She could think of several sarcastic remarks but knew she had to play it straight.  "You're welcome," she said deadpan.

 "We still have an hour left on your schedule for today, so we are going to try on the retainer and the bristle bra," McMasters said, taking a large box from Mr. Zipkin and putting it on the rear of the gyno table.  Tami wanted to clench her buttocks and close her legs; she didn't want anything else being shoved into her today.  And what did this guy want to do, wear me out? She tried to remember what the electronic counter said.  What was it?  14 orgasms?  Are they trying to make me come to death?  Was that possible?

 Tami's thoughts were stopped cold when McMasters then said, "Of course, to prevent chafing, your pubic hair will have to be removed."

 Tami's hand automatically went to her pubic bush and she touched some of her lower curls.  "W - what?"

 "Your hair will just get in the way.  Mr. Redl here is a surgery prep assistant.  It's his job to shave people about to go in for surgery.  Don't worry, he's an expert.  Just get up on the table and put your feet in the stirrups.  It will only take about five minutes."

 Tami looked at the gyno table with alarm, then glanced at Mr. Redl's kindly, wrinkled face, then back at the table.  What had already been done to her today had been bad, but she at least had been told about it in advance.  This was a total surprise.  Shaving off all her pussy hair?  She had read of such a thing, maybe in a magazine somewhere, and remembered it sounded grotesque.  Even when Jen talked her into having her pubic hair trimmed before the Black Formal last winter, it was strange and a shocking suggestion.  Then Tami thought: can they do this to me? She remembered the agreement she had signed.  It didn't say anything about shaving my pussy hair off .  .  .

 "Miss Smithers, please, get up on the table," McMasters said, a little impatient.  Then, detecting Tami's hesitation, he said, "Is there a problem?"

 "Well, I .  .  . "

 McMasters said in a dark tone that was unusual for him, "Is it that you want to stay .  .  .  covered?"

 Could she take a chance and say no?  Of course McMasters would report her refusal to the Dean.  Was this a sign of modesty?

 "Miss Smithers, if you want your vaginal area to remain outside of people's view, I will of course coordinate with the Dean."  McMasters was speaking in code, maybe so Mr. Redl wouldn't detect anything odd.  But to Tami his message was very clear.  She gulped and got onto the table, saying in a quivering voice, "It -- I just forgot, that's all."

 Mr. Redl had gentle, soft hands, and it was hard to object even though he was extending Tami's legs wide, wide, wider, finally inserting each bare foot into its respective stirrup.  The stirrups were set at maximum spread, far more than would be necessary for a normal gynecological exam.  Tami was almost doing a split, like that time in the dorm lounge, helping Professor Congi with that workshop on sexual health.  Then Mr. Zipkin took out a little backrest, like part of a chair, from under the table and pushed it against Tami's back.  It fastened to the sides of the table.  Tami was now sitting almost straight up, her legs up and out, each stirrup just two feet or so to each side of her face, a limber position possible only for trained gymnasts like her.  She tried not to look down but couldn't help it, as Mr. Redl got out scissors and a cup of water and shaving cream.  And a little plastic razor, like she used to use to shave her legs, back when she had such amenities.

 For a second the only sound in the room was the snipping of scissors.  Tami watched with desolation as her lush curls fell away bit by bit.  At least they would grow back.

 McMasters was back to his old, courtly self.  "Miss Smithers, can I get you a coffee? You could probably use one, after what you've experienced."

 Now that he mentioned it, coffee was exactly what Tami wanted.  Also, it was something normal.  She wanted to do something normal.  "Yes, please," she said, looking forward to a few minutes from now, when she could come down from this spread-open position and drink coffee like a normal person, or at least like a normal naked person.

 But in a minute McMasters returned with coffee and gave it to her as she remained extended up on the table.  She looked uncertainly down at Mr. Redl, who had clipped her hair down to a buzz cut and was applying the shaving cream, the hot wetness of which made Tami flinch.  McMasters told her, "Go ahead."  Tami found herself sipping coffee casually while her pubic hair was being shaved off.

 "Hi, I thought you'd be here," a familiar old voice said.  It was Dr.  Harridance, coming in with a coffee of his own.  "Good to see you, Tami.  How are things?"

 The three men, Harridance, McMasters and Zipkin, were standing casually in front of Tami, chatting with her as if the three were co-workers on a coffee break instead of one of them being naked, spread wide on a gyno table as her pussy was being shaved.  Tami was so disoriented by the unreality of this situation that she said the first thing that popped into her head.  "Well, for someone who's just had fourteen orgasms, I'm all right."  Which caused all the men, even Mr. Redl, to laugh, and Tami to blush.  Did I really say that?

 "I'm afraid you'll have a few more today, I hope you won't mind," McMasters responded jovially.

 Tami took a sip and shook her head.  Then Dr. Harridance asked about her classes, and Tami found herself actually engaging in small talk.  She chatted with Harridance and McMasters about the weather, they told her about the great impression she had made at the Chalfont Banquet, about the article by Harridance that was about to be published, then she talked about the academic format of citing articles she had learned in her extra credit math research .  .  .  all the while the men stood facing her, idly glancing at her spread pussy as shaving cream disappeared under the gentle scraping of the razor.  Finally Mr.  Redl wiped the excess cream away and Tami was completely bare.  Well, almost.

 As she put her coffee cup down she followed Mr. Redl's instructions to get up on all fours and spread her butt cheeks.  The feeling of camaraderie quickly went away as shame took over.  It was always horrible to show her butthole to everyone like this, and the coffee sippers looked at it, front and center in the bright light of the lab, as Mr.  Redl applied one more bit of shaving cream to remove the few remaining hairs at the bottom of Tami's pussy, next to her perineum.

 After a he finished there he got Tami's feet back into the stirrups for the final once-over with a wet cloth.  Miss Tami Smithers now had a totally smooth, hairless pussy.  She looked down in spite of trying not to.  It looked like she was eight years old again.  This was an uncomfortable, creepy feeling.  The newly uncovered skin was very sensitive and she could feel tiny drafts in the room.  As well as the stares of the three men, and then of Mr. Redl, who got up and stood right in front of Tami, hands in his pockets, looking at her pussy appraisingly.

 Satisfied with his work, Mr. Redl acknowledged McMasters's thanks and gathered his equipment and left.  For a moment there was an air of expectation as the naked girl continued to sit up there with her legs stretched up and out.  Tami figured it was time to get down but she knew she had to wait for someone to tell her.

 Instead, Dr. Harridance said, "Fine specimen, Zipkin.  Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

 Zipkin nodded, and said, "I think they're in now. "

 Then, to Tami's horror, McMasters got behind the table and let loose some kind of brake.  The table was on wheels, and he was pushing it outside into the hall!  Zipkin opened the big double doors and Dr. Harridance, leading the way, said in his amiable voice, "Tami, if you don't mind, we'd like the ob-gyn committee to see this.  You would make a great demonstration model."

 As the table went out into the light and hustle and bustle of the hall, displaying the naked girl with her legs splayed out and up, the students passing by turned and froze into a sea of staring eyes.  The gyno table was big and the hall was narrow, so students had to move out of the way, which they did reluctantly.  It was certainly one of the oddest sights ever seen in the Chalfont Institute, as Harridance walked alongside, telling people to make way, and Zipkin and McMasters pushed from behind.

 The naked girl's mouth was open in shock and she couldn't breathe.  She couldn't believe this.  The urge to cover her pussy with her hands was intense, but she knew to do that would be sudden death.  Instead she grabbed the sides of the table next to her hips with a white-knuckled grip, her eyes unable to completely hide her feelings of shame and shock.  To the newly naked sensitive skin of her pussy the drafts of the hall felt like arctic blasts, and she knew without looking that her lower lips were widely parted as she felt the drafts shoot inside her and curl around, chilling her most secret place.

 The strange convoy turned a corner into another hall and Tami met with the astonished looks of more students, white-coated geeks all, who quickly trained their eyes right at her gaping hole, looking right up inside her.  Then the naked girl was rolled out into the main lobby, and for a horrible moment she thought they were going to roll her outside and parade her around campus.  She had an image of her leading a parade down a main street, people cheering her opened pussy, taking snapshots of it, with a big picture of it on the front page of the next day's newspaper .  .  .

 Thank God for small favors.  They weren't going outside, just turning into another hall.  As Tami blinked back tears of shame, she found herself being rolled through an open door into a small meeting room, where six men in suits were sitting.  They looked up in amazement and Tami saw them staring, of course directly into her pussy.  One of them, an older man with a gray handlebar mustache, finally caught his breath to speak.  "Harridance!" he said, at first with outrage, then turning to a smile and finally laughter, "what are you -- Good God -- this -- this must be Miss Tami Smithers!"

 There were smiles all around the table.  Dr. Harridance moved away a chair and Tami was rolled up to the edge of the table as if the gyno table was her seat.  The men stood up and reached over to greet her, saying they were glad and honored to finally meet her, and Tami finally extended a bewildered hand crossing in front of her upraised leg to shake their hands, certainly the oddest entrance she had ever made into a room.

 The men were nice and made genuine, affectionate eye contact, but also quite naturally looked down at the obvious center of attention.  When they were all seated again, Dr.  Harridance said, "Tami, this is Dr.  Haufenstedt, chairman of the ob-gyn department, and this is the faculty ob-gyn committee.  Doctor," he said, addressing the man with the handlebar mustache, "you were talking about the need for better illustrations for your classes, and here you have it.  We just shaved Tami as part of our experiments, and it's amazing how easily you can see the external anatomy without pubic hair."  Bracing himself by grabbing the naked girl's bare, upturned foot, he leaned around her leg and pointed to the little bare mound above her pussy, and up and down her lips.  Tami didn't want to look down.  She just kept a neutral expression focused on the opposite wall.

 The doctors looked appraisingly at her opened pussy.  "This is very impressive," Dr.  Haufenstedt said.  "I never saw the mons venus in such a way.  Dr.  Isadore should be told about this too, this girl has excellent musculature.  .  .

 Dr.  Haufenstedt then looked up at Tami's face.  "Miss Smithers, I wonder if you could be available for a demonstration at our ob-gyn class.  Of course, you would be compensated, and we'll work it around your schedule.  Also, Dr.  Isadore teaches a class in kinesthiology and would like to point out various muscle groups.  You would be ideal."

 Tami felt her face blush red.  After all the shame she had been through she thought she had forgotten how to blush.  "Well .  .  . "  More exposure, more being put on display so that more guys could look at her private parts .  .  .  will it ever end?

 Dr.  Haufenstaudt nodded with a kindly, old-man air.  "I know, this is abrupt.  Think about it.  I know you are a busy young woman and an exceptional student.  I don't want us to interfere with your studies or your other work with the Institute.  Let me know, though."

 Tami said softly, "O.K.," being aware once again of carrying on a conversation with her legs spread out and her pussy open and in full view.  She knew, though, that any refusal would get back to the Dean .  .  .

 "Thank you, doctor, and thanks, Tami, sorry about this little jaunt," Dr.  Harridance said, and turning the table around he and his assistants rolled Tami back out into the hall .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 9**

 The ride back to Lab 5 was even more shaming -- classes were changing and lots more students were walking around.  Professors too, most of whom seemed to know Tami, and in fact she remembered some faces from the banquet.  She heard "Hello, Miss Smithers" about ten times as smiling, courteous faces greeted her as she rolled by, only momentarily glancing down to her spread, wide-open, bare pussy.  Hands clutched behind each hip onto the edge of the table, the spread-out naked girl managed a diplomatic smile and nod as she returned the greetings, trying to preserve her dignity by imagining she was a nude princess on a royal procession, even as she felt the cold drafts blowing around inside her gaping lower cavity, so recently opened for almost an hour by the Godzilla dildo, and now so cruelly stretched and put on display.

 Dr.  Schnitzler, a distinguished and imposing figure in a three-piece suit, walked by.  "How are you, Miss Smithers?" he asked, extending his hand.  Tami crossed her hand up over her leg and found her hand being kissed in the doctor's elegant, Old World style.  "I must say, I'm surprised to see you like this," he said, briefly glancing down, "but I know you are very busy here.  Are they treating you well?" he said jovially.

 McMasters coughed absently.

 "Y - yes, very well," Tami said quickly, bringing her hand back to clutch the table behind her, leaving her pussy achingly open and exposed.  "Everyone is very nice," she added bravely.

 "Well then, I hope not to detain you, but, well .  .  . " The Director's voice lowered a bit.  "You remember Herr Remmler from the banquet? He is, shall we say, not very well.  He lives in an old house just outside of town.  A few of us were hoping to visit him to cheer him up.  We thought in light of the high regard in which he holds you, you might join us."

 "Oh. " Tami indeed remembered the bent old man, his little speech that flattered her and Rod so much, that amazing painting of her that was unveiled .  .  .  She was sorry he was ill.  He was very old.  Was he dying? Clearing her throat, momentarily almost forgetting her bashful pose, Tami said, "I'd be glad to."

 "Thank you very much Miss, we'll pick you up.  I'll let you know when," Dr.  Schnitzler said, then with a wave to Dr.  Harridance and the rest, he went on his slow, benevolent, distinguished way.

 Tami quickly drew air between clenched teeth as the table rolled on, past the gazes of students and professors.  It was almost a relief to be back in Lab 5, a relief tempered by the knowledge that the retainer and bristle bra were waiting.  Tami's feet were finally taken down from the stirrups and she was allowed to work out the kinks in her muscles.  This meant hopping down onto the cold tile floor with the slap of bare feet and waving her arms and legs around, crouching and standing up again, knowing the men were intently watching every inch of her skin and muscle.

 McMasters got the box from off the back of the gyno table and said, "Insertion of the retainer is something that you are best off doing yourself.  There's a tube of lubricant in here.  Probably the best way is to sit onto the rectal dildo and then wrap the retainer around and insert the front one."

 Intensely conscious of the men's close attention, the naked girl squatted on top of the table and laid the retainer panties out so that the white rectal dildo was standing straight up from its reinforced base, with the tan vaginal dildo flopped forward.  She carefully positioned her butthole over the lubricated dildo head.  Not wanting to look down, she looked forward at the wall with a frozen expression.  Her breathing was nervous and shallow as she crouched lower, lower, then felt the cold tip against her butt.  She reached down and held the dildo with one hand as she gently and carefully guided it to her wrinkled brown asterisk, then slowly lowered herself onto it.  It slid in, inch by inch, opening her ass ring.  Because she had been so recently reamed with a larger object, it was not painful, merely uncomfortable.

 And of course, very shaming.  The men crouched down in front of her, with Mr. Zipkin behind, watching intently as the white plastic slid through and stretched open her brown ring.  To voluntarily insert a dildo in her butt while others were watching was a shame that she had not experienced before.  Every time Tami thought she had reached the ultimate in exposure and humiliation, something new happened which shamed her anew.

 Tami closed her eyes and gulped as her bottom met the panties.  The dildo was all the way in, with that strange invasion feeling she got whenever something was in her butt, feeling like it was about to pop out of her throat, though she knew it was not as big as the dildo on the machine.  Then she dutifully brought up the front dildo, the one with the little bump at the base which was supposed to press against her clit.  She could not avoid looking down now, and gazed at the weird sight of her plump cleft, white and tender, so recently denuded.  Hidden from the sun all this time, the skin there did not have the all-over tan glow of the rest of her, and its paleness made her cleft stand out even more.  Hating every second, Tami spread her pussy lips with one hand as she pointed the dildo inward and upward.  The men leaned closer to look at her red inner membranes and the tan dildo that was beginning to enter and separate them.  Angled out over the edges of the table, her toes twitched nervously.

 That she could not control her gasps made it even worse.  But as the dildo slid in, inch by inch, she could not hide the little chills of pleasure.  With her rectum already filled with one dildo she had to shift and squirm, her butt cheeks rubbing against the table, to make room for the second one.  Finally she got to the base and pressed it up against herself, breathing in suddenly as the knob pressed against her clit.  Her legs shook momentarily, then she carefully put her legs down.

 McMasters was very helpful with the next step.  "Here, let me show you," he said, as he brought together the velcro straps on one hip.  Tami tightened them on the other side.  Then McMasters took her hand and helped her down.

 Tami was not unaware of the significance of this event.  She felt straps around her hips, like the long-ago feel of bikini panties, and her pussy and butthole were covered.  For the first time in months, she was actually wearing a scrap of clothing! Not very much, of course -- little straps across her hips, a thong-like strap running into her butt crack, and the panties stopped way below her navel, showing her hip bones, covering just her clit and not much more.  Still, it was like clothes.

 But she was not able to enjoy this moment as she had hoped.  Because as soon as she stood up she felt weak in the knees.  The twin dildos filling up her pelvis were almost debilitating her with sexual stimulation.  Especially the knob on her clit.  And there was that rough gritty material between her pussy and her asshole.  She couldn't help it.  She moaned and bent down, hands on her knees.  "Ohhhh .  .  .  Oh God .  .  . "

 This was not worth it, she quickly decided.  These panties might be clothes but they were worse than being naked.  She was thinking, "Take these off!! Get me out of these!!"  They were horrid.  Every little movement was like getting fucked in both holes, like being stimulated all over.  To stand there wearing this thing, with people looking at her and knowing she had a dildo up her butt and another in her pussy and was being turned on against her will .  .  .  she closed her eyes and longed for being simply naked and left alone.

 She exhaled and stood up, her body jerking slightly with unwelcome pleasure as the knob shifted a fraction of an inch over her clit.  She looked with fear in her eyes as McMasters brought over the bristle bra.  "Now this," he said.

 She had almost forgotten those once-familiar movements of her arms, bringing bra straps up around her shoulders, around her back.  This bra attached in the front.  She clasped it on, the bristles scraping over her nipples, and told herself: For the first time in months I'm wearing a bra.  Not much of a bra -- the little black cups, with strange little protruding knobs, were only about three inches across, covering only her nipples and the brown areolas and very little more.

 "Now let's adjust the cups," McMasters said, and he slowly twisted the little knob over each nipple.  They were clamps of some kind.  The no-longer-naked girl inhaled and gasped as the bristles tightened over her nipples, squeezing them.  Finally when the bristles were almost at the point of poking into her, McMasters pulled on each cup, stretching the nipple a bit away from the breast, and decided they were on tight enough.

 Tami felt about to cry.  This bra was even more horrid than the panties.  It felt like her nipples were being encased in steel wool, some horrid itchy rough material that she couldn't get away from.  She gulped and began taking deep breaths, her face flushed.

 Dr.  Harridance, who had been watching the attachment of these devices from afar, looked at his watch.  "Well Tami, it looks like this invention is having its desired effect.  All in the name of science, you know.  Have a good time.  Getting paid for it, too!" he said in his amiable way.  "Gotta go.  Remember, watch out for this guy!" he said with a smile, pointing to McMasters as he left.  Tami didn't want Harridance to leave.  She trusted him and his easy manner and was uneasy and afraid with McMasters.  She watched the door close and then looked at him with trepidation.

 "Well," McMasters said, "how does it feel?"

 Tami didn't know what to say.  Finally, she said, "Weird."

 "That's what we expected.  You really are a most fortunate young woman," he said, which made her want to scream.  Then, to her surprise, he took what looked like a remote control out of his pocket and pressed a button.  Tami heard a quick, low beep.  It reminded her of when she had a hearing test in high school and she had to put on headphones and there was a low note in one ear, then the other.  Then she heard another low beep.

 "A new refinement, put in only a few days ago," McMasters said.  "The beeps reflect your level of arousal.  Orgasm is a steady tone.  And here -- " he pointed down to a spot in the middle of the panties, "is a counter."

 Tami looked down.  There was a little electronic display at the top of the panties, right over where it covered her clit.  The lit number was clearly visible.  "0".  She knew what it meant immediately.  Another orgasm counter, in full view for everyone to see.  She closed her eyes and prayed.  Please God, get me through this .  .  .

 "Now, Miss Smithers," McMasters said in a strong voice, "let's try this out. " He opened up another door and Tami saw sunlight and felt fresh air.  The door led out to a long garden-like area with a path down the center and a small fountain at the end, maybe a hundred feet away.  A very pleasant place, with benches here and there, to relax between classes, at least for a person in average circumstances.

 Gasping with each step, trying hard to smother her arousal, Tami followed McMasters's lead until they were out on the beginning of the concrete path.  Mr. Zipkin stood behind.  Tami took a deep breath of the fresh air.  It was good at least to be out of that antiseptic lab environment, but .  .  .

 "I'd like you to walk out to that fountain, go around it, and then come back.  Try to keep a steady, relaxed pace.  No matter what you're feeling," McMasters said with an air of firmness.

 Her eyes wet, knowing what was bound to happen, Tami took a breath and started with uneasy barefoot steps down the path.  And was immediately attacked by a swarm of horrid sensations.  It was like being stung by bees, licked by tongues, sucked, fucked .  .  .  her clit, her pussy, her nipples, the dildo in her butt like a huge prod pushing her into a rasping noisy riot of intense stimulation she could not escape.  The little beeps came at quicker intervals.  She tried to hold her breath, holding in her gasps, but after about twenty feet breath exploded from her in a load moan.  She looked back for a second, her face etched with fear, and saw that McMasters and Zipkin were staying at the doorway.  Glad she was getting farther away from them, she turned ahead and permitted her moans to build, until they were rhythmically pulsing with each tortured step.  "Ohhh .  .  .  oh - ohhh .  .  .  oh - ohhh .  .  ."  The beeps, getting faster and faster, only served to remind her of her increasing arousal and spurred her on, in the best tradition of biofeedback.

 Finally as she approached the fountain she cried out, trying to pray in the crisis of orgasm.  "Oh God please -- p - please -- pleease -- .  .  ."  Her steps faltered but she remembered what her instructions were and kept going.  The beeps were now an unbroken tone, just like McMasters said.  As she rounded the fountain she had to lean onto it a couple of times to keep from falling over.  The orgasm spent itself and the beeps slowed down and she longed to take this horrid outfit off, lie down and rest, but knew she could not.

 The walk back was worse because she had to face her tormentors.  With a superhuman effort that turned her face red and caused the veins to bulge out on her neck she kept her arousal down until she was two-thirds of the way back.  But the quickening beeps gave lie to her efforts.  The second orgasm announced itself to her audience by the bugging out of her eyes as the girl gazed forward with an unearthly stare, rhythmic spasms causing her legs to splay to the side, pitch forward, then bend over, arms swinging wildly, her ragged gait bringing her closer and closer to the watching men, who listened as the steady low tone got nearer and nearer.  Wave after wave assaulted her body and then she found herself standing right in front of McMasters and Zipkin, sweating, her eyes crazy, jolting again and again with the last spasms, until she caught her breath and wailed, covering her eyes, tears running down her cheeks, crumpling down on the concrete.  "Oh God .  .  .  oh please .  .  .  no .  .  .  no more .  .  . "   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 10**

 Tami knelt on her haunches, arms around her knees, trying in a useless effort to expel the horrid intruders in her pussy and ass, escape from the bristles torturing her poor nipples.  "Please .  .  .  please .  .  .  "

 McMasters coldly offered a hand and helped her up.  "Very good," he said, pointing to the little indicator over her clit.  Tami looked down at it, defeated.  It now said "2".

 A minute later, gasping and feeling weak, the girl was squatting on the gyno table, looking at the red nipples on her bare breasts, and blushing in shame as the men watched her shitting the rectal dildo out.  In a moment all the devices had been removed from her and she lay stretched out on the table, groaning, saying, "Oh God .  .  .  Jesus .  .  . " She was glad nothing was in her or on her.  She was glad to be naked again.  And she wanted to be alone.

 She dozed.  A few minutes later she rubbed her eyes and got up.  To her disappointment McMasters and Zipkin were still there, waiting near the doorway, McMasters holding the box.  "Long workout today, Miss Smithers.  Thank you for your time."  He handed the box to her.  "Today was excellent, Miss Smithers.  Excellent.  .  . The retainer has sensors which monitor your reactions, as I'm sure you can now tell.  This is your assignment.  Put the apparatus on at your convenience until you have had five orgasms.  Do this for three sessions during the next week, at any time and place at your convenience.  Maybe you can make a romantic event of it with your boyfriend around.  The information on your arousal will be recorded on the computer chip that's embedded in the retainer.  We can read out the information when you come back for your next appointment."

 McMasters opened the door and he and Zipkin went out.  "We've got to get going.  You can see yourself out.  Again, Miss Smithers, I can't thank you enough.  The research you are helping with will be to the benefit of many, many people."  He gave his usual smarmy, salesman-like smile.

 And then he was gone.  Tami looked at the box in desolation.  She was too wiped out by today's orgasms to feel any intensity of despair.  She went back to the waiting room of Lab 6 to get her backpack and found that she could stuff the box inside.  Good.  She didn't want people seeing the box and asking questions about it.

 She made her way to the side exit, the exit she had used that night before going to the Student Union and finding the ad for the summer job.  She longed to get back to her dorm, to the normal world, even if she was always naked in it.  And she looked ahead once again with longing to four weeks from now, when she would be in another town and swaddled in clothes, clothes, clothes .  .  .

 There was a full-length mirror just before the doorway.  She caught a glance and then stopped, looking at her reflection in shock.  With her pussy now shaved smooth she looked like some kind of freak.  The lower lips, slightly parted, red and flushed, looked like they were announcing themselves to the world.  Anyone who saw her would be arrested by the sight.  They were so prominent with no hair to hide them!  It was like she was asking the world to look at her lower lips and her clit, which stood out prominently above them.  And her nipples were drawing attention to themselves too -- rubbed raw, red, puffed out.

 And what was this?

 She moved closer.  It was true.  Scattered through her long, dark red hair were a few little strands of gray.  Gray hairs!! What was happening to her? The naked, shaven girl recoiled in alarm.  She remembered what Wanda had told her.  She knew for a fact now that there was an organized conspiracy to break her will, to shame her into admitting that nudism was not really her religion.  Wanda had only 28 days to do it.  Could she make it through those 28 days? Or would she go crazy first?

.  .  .

 The walk back across campus might have been, under different circumstances, rather pleasant.  It was late  afternoon, sunny and pleasant, and she looked up around at the budding trees, her bare feet caressed by the soft green grass of the soccer field, and tried to get into a favorite fantasy of hers since the weather turned warm, that she was Eve in the Garden of Eden, a naked woman walking through this beautiful spring paradise.  But she felt every little draft and shadow on her bare pussy skin and knew that every eye would be on her prominent pussy lips, sticking into everyone's face.

 And it was true.  People noticed it just as much as they did her nude figure the first time she had to walk outside  naked, so long ago, back in September.  As she made her way along the paths by the academic buildings she overheard people saying, "Look at that!" "Jesus!" "She's all shaved now!" "You can see her -- you know what!"  The students on this campus, who had grown accustomed to seeing her naked body, suddenly were taking a close look all over again.   The teenager, still so sensitive at her age to vicious remarks, had to blink back tears of shame as she heard one gutless jerk yell, "Nice pussy!!" just before he ducked into a building.  Even worse were the reactions of her friends.  "Tami?!?" was heard more than once.  She waved and passed by, as if in simple acknowledgement.  Inside she felt the same cringing mortification that she felt in September.

 There was one friend she could not avoid giving an explanation to.  It was Marisol, coming her way past the Student  Union, and Tami saw her astonished eyes looking straight down at her denuded pussy.  "Caramba!" Marisol said, stopping about six feet in front of her naked friend.  "What a difference! You look like a walking pair of -- labios!"

 Tami blushed but smiled bravely.  "How do you like it? I thought I'd give it a try."

 Marisol kept staring and finally shook her head, smiling.  "Tami, you are the bravest mujer on this whole planet!" And she hugged Tami and then went on.

 In the dorm, people stopped and stared as Tami went by.  She ignored them and then, with a pause and a deep breath, opened the door to her room.

 Jen and Mandy, sitting on their bunks, looked up and their mouths dropped open.  After a second Jen scampered up to Tami and got down on her knees, overcome with lust.  "Oh baby, oh Jesus, oh my, oh thank you God .  .  . " she said, hugging her arms around Tami's hips, one hand on each bare butt cheek, by turns kissing Tami's exposed pussy lips and resting her head against it with the smile of a child hugging her favorite teddy bear.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 11**

 On this pleasant, sunny, gentle spring day in the academic quad of Campbell - Frank College, right after lunch time,  students were passing here and there on the way to classes.  To one side, Rockley Hall, the social sciences building, a modernistic white marble geometric shape with clean lines and dark recesses which on closer inspection turn out to be windows; to another side, Ashley Hall, the humanities building, a much older brick and ivy affair with a small statue of Shakespeare in front; on the third side, Bergland Hall, the undergraduate biology building, a four-story glass structure with windows that perhaps needed a bit of cleaning, though the bottom floor, open on all sides between huge concrete pillars, was a good idea, a meeting and chatting place for the biology students, at least in warm weather like this.

 The quad had a grassy area in the middle and benches all around, and some dogwood trees that were alive with fragrant white blossoms.  The scene, accompanied by the passing murmurs of students and professors talking, was your typical New England college in the fresh flower of spring.  Except, of course .  .  .   
 The fourth side was taken up by Fellowes Hall, a gnarled concrete monstrosity that had seemed futuristic when it was first built (in 1956) but had not aged well.  The home of the physics and chemistry departments, it was always under repair in some way, and classes often had to be moved elsewhere.  The front facing the quad was a wide shallow stair area that had been roughed up and partly destroyed in preparation for total replacement.  It was a mess of rough gravel and broken stones, with a narrow path of chipped pebbles cleared through the middle so that people could pass.  At the moment the entire building was shut down, evidenced by a handwritten sign on the front door, way up at the end of the sloping pebble path.

 What made this quad scene different from any other in the world was the naked girl, looking even more naked  because of her cleanly shaven pussy, standing barefoot on the broken concrete to one side of the path, waiting.  She bravely faced out into the quad, squinting in the sunlight which made a bright white beacon of her perfectly toned, lightly tanned body, standing shoulders back with legs slightly apart, like a statue making a strange counterpoint to Mr. Shakespeare across the quad, stiffly acknowledging with a little nod of her head passing friends who said hi.  To those who weren't personal friends, she was "Naked Tami", though in the last few days many had started referring to her as "Pussylips Tami" because of her shaven pussy which emphasized her lower lips to such prominent advantage.  She tried to ignore the stares and comments and strange counting chants from the students near the pillars at the biology building as she stood waiting, waiting, exhaling finally with impatience and anguish .  .  .

 Where the hell was he? Tami asked herself.  Mr.  Winant had told her to be here, he had another task for her.  She was at least grateful that she wouldn't be thrusting and heaving on the treadmills at the Dixon Mill again.  She must have had a dozen sessions on that thing, and it seemed like half the administration had been by at one time or another to view her sweating, straining nakedness, as Mr. Winant and a couple of physics professors had shown the apparatus to various people who were, as far as she could guess from overhearing their conversations, from places that were funding that crazy research, or might fund it in the future.  All the time, she had to keep pushing up with her spread arms, pushing down with her wide-spread legs, bare feet pushing down on blade after blade.  With the onset of warm weather it was now like a hothouse in there, and sweat constantly ran down her back, down her butt and down her legs, dripped from her chin and her nipples and into the sopping wet nest of her pubic bush (which she no longer had), wet hair plastered to her head, while people walked around and viewed her from every angle.  She would keep looking straight ahead, trying to ignore them, but she could feel their stares aimed right at her breasts, at her pussy, then behind her at her bare butt cheeks and her spread, exposed butthole.  .  .

 Now, naked in the bright sun of the quad, Tami closed her eyes for a moment.  24 days .  .  .  24 days .  .  .  24 days to clothes.  .  .  She looked down and shifted her feet to some less pointy rocks, even though her bare feet were toughened from months of walking on every kind of surface.  At she looked at her gritty toes, whitened with concrete powder, she could see almost as a mirage big, leather hiking boots and thick gray socks, knowing that in only a little more than three weeks her feet would be covered and protected and snuggly, as would all the rest of her poor exposed body.

 She was feeling the intense urge to cross her legs, cover her breasts, turn around so that everyone could see only her bare back and butt, but she glanced up at Rossland Hall, looming over Ashley, and she knew, just knew, that Henry Ross or one of his many accomplices was watching her naked body, clearly visible and shining prominently in the bright sun, for any sign of modesty.  Of course, among the older people walking around in front of her there were probably some spies as well.

 Where was Winant??  Tami exhaled and closed her eyes as she heard a taunting voice from under the bio building.  "Five! .  .  .  Six! .  .  .  Seven! .  .  . " Fortunately there was no one behind her to see as she clenched her buttocks.

 Her mind wandered to the past few days.  Worn out as she was after those orgasms at Chalfont, she had submitted to Jen later on that night.  Jen was intoxicated with Tami's bare lower lips and kept licking until the exhausted girl came three more times, the last time in the middle of sobs of anguish but also of joy that for once she was being given an orgasm with love and tenderness, even as her thighs locked open in the death-grip of Jen's elbows.  Then Tami immediately fell into a deep, deep sleep, so deep that she hardly moved, and the next morning she found herself waking up in the exact same position, legs splayed to each side, feet flat on the floor, as she looked at the cheerful faces of Dawn and Mayree and Mandy and Jen, reminding her it was time to go to class.  Thank God, after the initial surprise her friends in the dorm didn't comment too much on her bare pussy lips, not even Jen, though Jen couldn't stop looking at them.

 Still, this morning was torture.  She knew that when she got back to Chalfont on Thursday they would expect her pussy to be clean shaven again, and she noticed that with each day she had been growing a "stubble".  And the stubble was even more embarrassing than being nude down there.  Finally this morning she had had to bite the bullet and shave it.

 It was a bizarre scene, at least to Tami, though her friends took it in stride.  Mayree, Dawn and Mandy were chatting at the sinks in the dorm bathroom, talking girl talk, in their bathrobes and fluffy slippers.  And there was Tami, the naked girl, at the sink on the end, watching herself intently in the mirror as she carefully scraped the little plastic razor she had borrowed from Jen around her opened pussy lips, catching the shaving cream.  It was necessary of course to spread her legs, and she did this by extending her right foot way over past the sink next to her, the one Mayree was at, and over to the one Dawn was at.  Dawn had to lean over Tami's toes as she spat out her toothpaste.  Though no one mentioned it, Tami knew that they were all aware that Tami's pussy was open, and in the mirror she could see the light reflecting up from the shiny white sink so that the dark pink cave, maybe half an inch across, was not totally black, but she (and her friends as they glanced over) could see the dull red shadows of her inner pussy walls.

 Her friends were O.K., but the scene in the math building, where she spent most of each day, was decidedly different.  Most of her math major friends were polite, though they kept looking down at her lower regions.  A few came up to her and said, "Nice, Tami, nice!"  And then there were the new equations that were being put up anonymously on the bulletin board.  She didn't know why she was torturing herself so, but she couldn't help but enter them into her graphing program.  One was a little circle with rays radiating out and then outer curves.  It was her butthole, the little ring of brown skin, the outer curves being the slope of her butt cheeks.  And then what looked on paper like a hyperbola, but which actually was a pretty accurate rendition of her bare pussy lips, complete with a little parabola on top for her clit, and a shaded long ellipse in between, the open cave of her pussy.  She squeezed her eyes shut when she saw this, it shamed her to know that these guys were looking at her most secret spaces so intently, studying them so carefully.  But how could they not? They were guys, and her every intimate crease and hole was on constant public display .  .  .

 24 days .  .  .  24 days .  .  .  Where is that guy?? Did his wheelchair break down? .  .  .

 She thought of Rod.  She hadn't told him about her summer plans yet.  How should she play it? She remembered a dream in which she called him from her apartment, wrapped in clothes from head to toe, and kept telling him that her work number was out of order.  Rod had told her of the job he had gotten for the summer with a research project in Boston, a good opportunity for him.  It was not really a surprise; the two lovers had assumed that they would get summer jobs in different places.  But they promised each other they'd call every day or so.  Certainly their love would survive a short summer apart.  And in the fall .  .  . ?

 Tami was beginning to think about that.  What about September? She would have to come back here and she would have to be naked again.  And with her all-over tan faded and gone, a sure sign that she had spent the summer in clothes.  Was there some way out? She explored the issue in her diary extensively.  She was now halfway through the second book.  Knowing her ordeal was almost ended, she found it cathartic to spill out all her experiences of shame and torture at the hands of Wanda and Henry Ross and all the rest, planning to tie the books together so that the first week of summer, in her first week of clothes, in that faraway little town, she would ceremonially burn them, putting the whole nightmare behind her.

 At least things were going O.K. with Rod.  At first he was weirded out by the sight of her shaved pussy.  But on their weekly Fuck Day, Sunday, after poking around it with his tongue, he decided it wasn't so bad -- "no hair in my teeth!" -- and then, when they were fucking, facing each other on Rod's cleared-away desk, both of them were turned on when they looked down and saw the contrast of his black dick plunging into her bare white pussy.  They fucked and rested and fucked and rested and fucked again, quite a day even for them.  Then in the middle of the night she woke and stroked his cute face pensively.  She loved Rod so much.  .  .

 The naked girl, squinting into the warm spring sun, shifted her feet again and allowed herself a little smile.  Which then turned into a wrinkled-chin frown.  What about that damned box?  She hadn't opened it since McMasters gave it to her when she woke up after Thursday's orgasmathon.  Good thing it fit into her backpack.  She hadn't taken it out since, though it was a bother, working around it in there while putting in and getting out books.  But if she took it out everyone would see it.  There was no place to hide it in her dorm room; she had no clothes and few other belongings, and she would either have to put it into the closet she shared with Jen or put it under her bed, where everyone would see it because she had no blankets.  And then people would ask about it.

 She had been assigned to have three "sessions" with the retainer and bristle bra, five orgasms each, before Thursday, and it was already Monday.  McMasters mentioned having her boyfriend around.  She hated to admit it but McMasters probably had the best idea.  She would take it to Rod's house tonight and show it to him.  He would be freaked out, but he already knew that she was having orgasms at Chalfont, all in the name of science.  Maybe they could make it a romantic event.  The average guy would probably be turned on by the idea.  Maybe --

 Finally, the naked girl looked up and saw Homer Winant scooting toward her in his wheelchair, in his usual mechanic's outfit and baseball-style cap.  This time the cap said, "Camaro".   
 She wondered how the wheelchair would make it up the gravelly path but Winant turned and started going to her right.  "Sorry I'm late, follow me, Miss," he said, and the naked girl slowly walked behind him as they went around the smooth concrete sidewalk to the side entrance, which was just one glass door which he opened with a key.  As they went in, Tami thought, Why didn't he just ask me to wait for him here, instead of out in the quad in front of everyone?  Of course, she knew that the question supplied its own answer.

 As they went down the dusty hall, strangely cold even though the day was warm, Winant said, "This building has been a pain in the ass almost since the day it was built.  One big problem is the boiler.  It's an old model and we have to clean it out every summer, but this year it got so clogged we had to shut if off early.  That's why the building's closed."  They went into a large elevator, obviously designed to carry big machinery, and then descended two floors, into the "lower basement".  The big doors opened slowly and the naked girl found herself stepping over tools and debris strewn on a rough concrete floor in what was obviously a big boiler room.  It wasn't creepy, just dirty and obviously the scene of much neglect.

 The boiler, a big round rusty ugly green thing about ten feet tall, dominated this messy scene.  Winant stopped in front of it and he and the naked girl looked up at it appraisingly.  There were dials on it here and there, big pipes coming out of the sides, a utility ladder welded to it running up to the top, and what looked like a bolted-on trap door on the side near the bottom.  "Cleaning the muck out of this thing is your assignment for today," he said, as Tami's spirits sank, her bare shoulders drooping as she contemplated this giant dirty monstrosity.  "It's been emptied and off for a couple of days, so don't worry, it's not hot anymore.  See those pails?"

 He pointed to four dirty, dented metal pals, bigger than the kitchen cleaning pails Tami was used to seeing, sitting to one side.  Next to them, leaning against the boiler, was a shovel.  "Look inside, there should be a crescent wrench in there," Winant said, and walking over Tami could see there was.

 "What you do is go in through the top hatch, take the buckets and shovel and wrench with you, and put the muck into the buckets.  You don't have to get it all, just enough so that the rest will dry and can be swept out with a broom.  Just get as much out as you can with the shovel.  The pails will be too heavy to lift out the top.  So loosen the nuts on that utility door, and crawl out from there.  Just leave the pails out on the floor for now, we'll clean those away when we clean the rest of this sad sorry mess in June," he said, waving his arm with disgust.

 Tami looked down at the pails, then up at the top hatch, which now seemed about fifty feet up.  Winant turned his wheelchair around and said, "Think about the guys who did this job before you, guys bigger than you, wearing clothes that got all sweaty and mucky.  A skinny naked girl is the perfect person for this job.  Just think about that," he said, making his way out.  Then Tami heard the hydraulic sound of the elevator and he was gone.

 As she pulled up a pail with the shovel and wrench inside and climbed up the utility ladder, she was at least grateful that Winant didn't stay behind to stare at her butthole as the ascended.  She got up onto the big open hatch on top and looked down.  Below her was a wide open mucky tank with a little ladder that ran down in mid-air to a point about three feet above the floor.  Or what she imagined might be where the floor was, because she couldn't see it.  She wrinkled her nose as she contemplated the wet, muddy flat below her.  Brown and red, it smelled a little like the sand at the beach, and also a little like red pepper.  It was very fine and looked like the grounds of espresso coffee.  She didn't know how deep this muck was.  But she would have to find out.  Balancing the pail on one hand, she slowly descended, her toes clasping around each skinny rung of the little ladder.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 12**

 Finally her foot was on the bottom rung.  Tami looked down.  The muck did not look any less threatening closer up.  In dejection she carefully dropped the pail and its contents to the side.  It slopped onto the muck with a quiet plop.  No metallic ring to indicate that the pail had hit the bottom.  This muck was not shallow.

 Her face screwed up in distaste, as if she were saying in the way of the teenaged girl that she was, "Ewwww!", the naked Tami slowly lowered her top foot the bottom rung and slowly, slowly, inched down her other foot.  She took in a ragged breath as her big toe made contact.  Yuck.  Slimy, and cold.  And a little grainy.  Closing her eyes, she pushed her foot down, down, until it hit a cold metallic surface, then put her foot flat with a ghastly squish as it took on her entire weight.  Silently she brought the other foot down.  With resignation she let go of the ladder and looked down.  She was standing in muck that came up a little above her ankles.  She felt it oozing between her toes.  It felt like she was barefoot in mud, a feeling she had never gotten to like in spite of having to walk through the mud many times, but this was worse.  God knows what was in this goo.  The weird smell, the weird color.  Petrochemical.  Maybe toxic waste!  No, Mr.  Winant wouldn't put her to this if it was really toxic.  But still, this goo was industrial and mysterious and horrid.  And that funny seaweed/red pepper smell was especially intense now that she was right down in it.

 With her first mucky sideways step the naked girl realized that the floor was slippery.  Slowly she picked the shovel out of the pail and then the wrench.  With tiny steps she shuffled over to the utility door.  Bending over with her knees straight, she unscrewed each of the six bolts holding it on, something she did easily from her experience working on cars.  Then, bracing herself by reaching back with her hand to push against the downhanging ladder, she pushed with her bare foot.  It took a couple of tries, her toes making ghastly brown smears on the door, because it was on with a rubber seal which was stuck at first, but then the seal gave way with a sucking sound and the door fell out to the floor with a metallic clang.  Gratefully she took in the breeze as a little draft of air came down from the top hatch and out the little door, which was about three feet high.  She calculated.  At the end of her labors she could probably crawl out of this thing without having to go on her hands and knees.

 It was part of her plan to keep her exposure to the muck confined to her feet and ankles.  As she surveyed her surroundings, a circle about ten feet across, she figured that with luck she could get this done in maybe an hour.  The shovel was short and she had to bend over to scoop and plop the first load into the pail.  The wet plop made it sound like she was shoveling soft, mushy cow dung.  Yuck, yuck .  .  .  She knew it would be easier to squat down but did not want to risk touching the muck with her butt.  So she carefully spread her legs and bent her knees in order to get the shovel to lie flat and scoop more efficiently.  She looked down and saw her pussy slips slightly parted, her white bare cleft a big contrast over the dark goo below.  She was aware that she was in a position like she was trying to take a shit, and was thankful that for once there was no one to see her in such an embarrassing pose.  "Thank you, God," she found herself saying aloud, aware of how little a thing it was to be thankful for.

 The naked girl shoveled a small circle around the pail, exposing little streaks of the dull gray metal of the floor.  She thought of grounds crew guys doing this job in past years.  Yes, it would be worse, doing this job in heavy clothes.  Even naked as she was she was working up a sweat.  The ideal outfit, she finally decided, would be to be nude except for tall rubber boots.

 As she grunted with effort she heard her voice echo through the tank.  She stood absolutely still, listening to the echo decay, and was struck by how utterly silent the building was.  She was the only thing moving in it.

 Alone, and relieved to be so, Tami became engrossed in her thoughts.  She daydreamed about Ned and Ethel.  How like grandparents they were!  She missed her own grandparents since they died a few years ago.  She imagined herself being invited over to their house for supper after work, a little grandparent-type house with flowers in the window and home-made doilies on the couches.  And her, dressed primly in corduroy pants, a cotton shirt, sneakers and white socks.  Maybe saddle shoes.  No, now I'm getting hokey, she told herself.  Still, she wanted to escape into a 1950's - style picture of domesticity and bliss.  In which she was modesty and abundantly clothed.

 She felt she could read so much into characters of Ned and Ethel from the few conversations she had had with them on the telephone.  Ned, practical, old-school on time, by the book but kindly.  Crusty but loveable.  Ethel, kindhearted, patient, always able to talk Ned out of being too harsh.  Tami would fit right in.  She knew she would make a fine, smart, hardworking assistant.  One that they would be proud of.  She was so ready for this!

 With her concentration wandering so, disaster was inevitable.  Straining to push the shovel out one more inch, her widely-spread left foot slipped outward and her right foot did the same in the opposite direction.  Both feet shot up, splattering muck on the far wall, as her widely-spread thighs dropped and she landed right on her bottom.  "SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!!" she said, banging her fists down, which only served to plunge her hands into the goo as well.  "Shit!" she said again, defeated, looking down.  She was sitting in the silty muck that came up over the tops of her pussy lips.  She could feel it oozing into her opened pussy, and sitting on it she could feel it grinding up into the sensitive skin of her asshole.  As the silty goo pushed into her private crevices she could feel every vile gritty grain.  She almost cried.

 Hating herself and her stupidity, she put her hands down to steady herself and slowly stood up.  Miserably she looked down.  Mud covered her entire shaved pussy, dripping down the insides of her thighs.  To her horror she realized that she could feel that some of it had gotten inside.  Behind, she couldn't see it, but she could feel mud covering the bottom of her butt cheeks and oozing down between her legs.  The backs of her legs were covered as well, all the way down to the feet.  Taking stock of her situation, she felt sweat about to drop into her eyes and absently rubbed her forehead, getting mud on it, then passed it over her flat, sweaty tummy, leaving a brownish red streak there as well.  Realizing she was making it worse and worse, she closed her eyes to collect her thoughts.

 In a moment she was back at her task, going about it much more comfortably on her knees as she shoveled muck into the pail.  What difference did it make now? she told herself.  Knees muddy, forehead muddy, now even her shins and hips got muddy as she felt no hesitation about wiping away sweat and scratching any itch she had.  She had a few itches on her nipples and soon her breasts were stained as well.  What the heck, she told herself, I'll wash it off anyway.  The important thing is to get this job done a. s. a. p.

 One pail, two pails, then three pails full of muck gradually appeared outside the tank.  Finally Tami scooped the last half-shovelful of muck into the fourth pail.  She stood up and surveyed what she had done.  A pretty good job.  There were streaks of mud still on the floor, but she guessed they would dry as Mr.  Winant said.  She judged it maybe an hour and a half since she had begun.  She looked down and held her arms out.  Practically all of her was either covered with or marked up with muck, especially on her pussy and butt and on her feet.  And the muck was starting to harden and dry and crack, a very unpleasant feeling.  She felt the caking goo inside her pussy lips and against her asshole and knew she couldn't wash this junk off her and out of her a minute too soon.

 She crawled out through the door and emerged into the big boiler room, glad to be out of tank, which had become stuffy and humid with her body heat.  She trudged over to the big utility sink she had seen before.

 She turned the faucet but it mocked her with the breathy sound of air passing through empty plumbing.

 "SHIT!!" she yelled, stamping her bare, caked-up foot against the rough concrete floor.  It was only then that she realized that with the boiler emptied it was no surprise that the water would be turned off in the whole building.  "SHIT!!" she yelled again.  Her voice echoed through the big room.  The mud-covered, naked girl stood in the dank, messy basement for a moment, her mud-caked, concave tummy moving in and out with the deep breaths of her distress.  Then she realized there was only one thing to do.  Run to the dorm as fast as she could and plunge under a shower.

 Once she was out of the s - l - o - w - l - y rising elevator, she dashed down the empty hall, the normal slapping of her feet turned into muffled thumping because of the dried mud.  At the threshold of the door she realized she would be running across campus in full view of dozens of people, and braced herself to try to ignore her shame at being seen like this.  With a deep breath she pushed the door open and ran.

 It was certainly a public spectacle, seeing Naked Tami all covered with mud as she raced her miserable way through the quad.  Watching her steps, Tami looked down and realized to her horror that the brownish-red covering looked just like shit.  She looked like she had shit all over her!  Not only that, but this drying muck was beginning to burn.  As she turned out of the quad and down the path that led to her dorm, she felt it more and more, that burning sensation, the grit scraping in her armpits and between her toes, worst of all in the sensitive tissues inside her pussy, and on the sensitive ring of her asshole.  She ran faster and faster, even though her motions only exacerbated the grinding of the grainy muck in her pussy and ass.  Burning, grinding, who knows what petrochemical acid was corroding her skin and inner tissues!  "Oh -- oh -- oh --" she said under her breath as she ran, desperate to get to the shower before real damage was done, feeling like she was losing her mind.  Please God, get me there quick .  .  .

 She turned the corner so that Pilgrim Hall was immediately in view and her eyes opened wide in horror.  A fire drill!

 It was at the stage where the dorm had been evacuated and everyone was standing around outside the front entrance.  She looked on in anguish, then looked across the way at Rankin Hall, the next dorm.  A fire drill there too.  The naked girl thought quickly.  Was there another place with a shower nearby?  There were other dorms but they were across campus.  Academic buildings had bathrooms and sinks but a simple sink wouldn't be enough.  Her bare shoulders drooped as she realized she best course was to wait until the fire drill was over.  They took only a few minutes and it looked like at this point everyone was just waiting for the word to go back into the dorms.

 She tried to ignore the shocked stares as the crowd on the patio in front of her dorm watched her approaching, stares of people she passed every day in the hall.  There were more shocked stares from the crowd over in front of Rankin.  Aware that she looked like she was covered in shit, she sensed the repulsion as people shied away from her, though still staring.  "Tami?" a couple of people said.  As she stood with dried, caked brown feet in the center of the patio, people looking at her from a safe distance of six feet or so, she decided it was best to tell the truth.  At least that way they'd know it wasn't really shit.  "I was cleaning the boiler at Fellowes," she said, with a faint smile and a shrug of her shoulders, looking at the open front door of the dorm, praying that any second the dorm director would come out and say it was O.K. to go back in.  With the shrug she could feel the cracking of dried mud on her back and her arms.  She could also feel the burning, which was accompanied now by intense itching, all over her body, but especially inside her pussy and over her asshole.

 She turned around and looked away across campus, trying to avoid the glances of her audience, even though she knew she was now giving them a view of her mud-covered butt and legs.  It must look like I took a shit while sitting down and then got up, she mused, unable to banish this disgusting thought from her brain.  Shit over my butthole, running down my legs .  .  .

 Dully in her intense shame and distress the naked girl noticed the sprinkler on the lawn in front of them.  Part of the underground sprinkler system.  Aimed away from them, it shot out water in rhythmic bursts.  Tami licked her lips.  If only I could rinse myself in that.  The water was undoubtedly cold, but that might actually feel good right now.  Impossible, too shaming.  I'm not going to bathe myself in full view of everyone.  Yet even as she rejected the idea she felt the burning, the itching, the grinding of the grains in her pussy and ass .  .  .

 NO! she told herself.  I can wait for the shower! To blot out the idea of a public bathing she turned around again to face the dorm, which meant she had to try to ignore the stares again.  She looked up at the top of the dorm and breathed deeply, hands at her sides, aware that she must make no motion to cover herself.  To relieve the shame she tried to pretend that she in fact had no modesty, that she was a naked Stone Age savage marked up with ceremonial mud, greeting a curious crowd of European explorers.  But she just could not get into the fantasy.  She was hopelessly modest and hopelessly ashamed of her current state.

 The muck ate like fiery sandpaper at her poor inner pussy, at her poor butthole.  It was unbearable.  She glanced back at the sprinkler, then forced herself to look at the dorm.  She peered inside, praying that the dorm director, that old party dude Justin, would appear.  She saw him in there but he was still talking with someone on the phone.  Maybe this "fire drill" was due to a false alarm.  They had had a problem with those last semester.  Burn, burn, itch --

 She turned and dashed as if stung by a force she couldn't control.  Hopping over the little stone curb, she ran onto the grass and placed herself right in front of the sprinkler.  In full view of her surprised dorm mates, and the crowd in front of Rankin Hall, the naked girl faced the sprinkler bursts, which meant that she was facing them too.  She desperately squatted and opened her thighs, then frantically rubbed her hand over her denuded pussy, as the muck ran off in brown rivers over her legs and ran straight down right under her to the wet grass.  Then they saw her actually open her pussy lips and stick her fingers inside and rub them around, as more brown rivers ran down.  All the time she was grunting -- "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" -- and hopping up and down.  It looked for all the world like she was masturbating on the jets of water.

 She then hopped around and presented her bare, brown-covered butt to the sprinkler and to the crowd of astonished faces.  Justin came out and said, "O.K., everyone back in -- what the hell?!" and stood in amazement with everyone else as their naked dorm mate squatted, her legs opened wide, and spread her butt cheeks apart.  As she stuck her hand in between and cleared away the chunks of brown caked muck they squinted in revulsion; it looked exactly like she had had a diarrhea attack and she was cleaning herself off, right in the middle of campus, in front of dozens and dozens of people.  Again the girl grunted.  "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" Finally the rivers of brown running down her legs turned clear.  She stood up straight and seemed to relax a bit.

 When she turned to face them again her face looked like she was crying, but they knew this was just the scrunched-up expression of someone who is being spritzed with jets of water.  There then followed a scene which nobody there would ever forget, and which would fuel masturbatory fantasies of many of the guys (and some of the girls) for years to come.  Slowly, desultorily, she placed first one part, then another part of her perfect naked body in the line of the water bursts and rubbed them with the water until all traces of brown had disappeared.  They watched as she rubbed water over her face, her shoulders, her arms, her concave tummy, down to her knees, then holding up one foot and then the other, spreading her toes so that the cleansing was more complete.  Then she turned around and rubbed her upper back and then caressed her butt cheeks and bent down, exposing her now-clean butthole as she rubbed the backs of her legs up and down.

 As she finished and walked back towards them, head down, they woke themselves and started wandering back into the dorm.  The naked girl, dripping wet and fully aware of the spectacle she had presented, trudged past the lobby and she thought she heard a voice, it sounded like the voice of Wanda, saying "Good show!".  Tami Smithers, the Unintentional Nudist, headed up to her room, leaving behind miserable sloppy wet prints of bare feet on the tile floor.  Fortunately Jen and Mandy were not in.  Drying herself off quickly with the little towels she was allowed, she lay on her side on her bare bed, curled up into a ball, traumatized.  Only then did she make the connection in her mind between Wanda and Winant and the red pepper and the false alarms.  Naked and alone, she rubbed her wet eyes and thought with longing of the summer only 24 days away.