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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 13**

 Campbell - Frank College at 8:15 a.m. was still just waking up on this sunny spring day.  As the world got green one could best appreciate that the campus landscaping was beautiful.  Grassy hills and lawns gave the effect of pastoral spaciousness even though the campus was actually pretty small.  Abstract sculptures placed here and there added to this effect.  At this time of morning, the long sleepy shadows of bright sun threw every little rise into sharp relief.  With the dew on the grass and the newly sprung flowers here and there and the singing of birds, it seemed like the world itself was new and fresh.  And actually a little chilly, though the sun was warm and in a couple of hours it would be almost hot.

 Only a handful of classes began as early as 8:00, and there were few people walking around at this hour.  Those walking past the Student Union, if they looked up and a little to the left of the academic quad, would see the white abstract metal sculpture of a giant chair, with smooth rounded curves.  And on top of this chair was a naked girl, legs spread and looking down at a small group of students in folding chairs with sketch pads.

 Tami Smithers, her beautiful skin covered with goose bumps, shivered a bit as a slight breeze came out from a shadow somewhere.  Sitting up on the giant chair like a little naked midget, about five feet above the ground, she was obediently following instructions, spreading her legs as far apart as she could, almost a split, on the cold metal, her back leaning against the cold curved back of the chair.  Also per instructions, her hands were on her inner thighs, spreading her bare, shaven pussy lips as far apart as she could, and her gaze was directed right into the faces of her watchers, with a small smile.  Also per instructions.

 The students, heavily clad in sweaters and sweatshirts, looked up intently at the naked girl's gaping-open pussy and then down at their sketchbooks.  Sitting in the very front was a young man with a wide, doofy smile, looking intensely into the reddish darkness of the girl's cavity, then trying to make eye contact with her, but her gaze was resolutely dull and not focused on anyone in particular.  To one side stood Professor Brignon, in a stylish sweater over a flannel shirt, trim jeans, and fluffy moccasins, by turns walking around to look at the sketches, and then standing up next to the model and pointing to her crotch, which was almost at her eye level.  Her thick, melodious French accent was easily heard over the singing birds in the early morning quiet.  "Notice again the standing out of Tami's clitoris, how it forms a shadow over the side of her lips now that they are bare.  .  . "

 Tami tried to keep her thoughts calm.  She could sense the drumbeat now.  What Wanda had told her that time in the Rossland Hall basement after the orgasm demonstration -- those words had made her look anew at the things that were being done to her and now it all made sense.  The Professor, the Chalfont experiments, Mr.  Winant and his devious grounds crew assignments -- there was indeed an accelerating, organized campaign to subject her to ever more extreme forms of shame, to break her will and admit that nudism was not really her religion, that it was merely an excuse to explain that streaking dare her first week here.  The humiliation was almost daily, now.  Having to go naked all the time was of course a given, she had trapped herself into that.  And still could not find a way out.  But the ongoing exposures .  .  .  And it seemed like in the past couple of weeks they had really turned the screws.  It looked like they were determined to break her before the semester ended.  Wanda had told her that if she got her to break by then, the college would give Wanda that exchange student year in France she obviously desperately wanted.  But for some reason the others also seemed to be working with determination toward that deadline.  Steadily they were ratcheting up the shame, ratcheting up the humiliation and the exposure .  .  .

 This class was just the latest example.  All semester long, every weekday at 8:00 a.m., Professor Brignon had made  Tami pose in wide-spread, humiliating poses that exposed every little crevice of her nudity to the figure drawing class -- one of the new open enrollment classes full of not only Campbell - Frank students, but older people from the town, and kids from the community college who looked like they should still be in high school.  And this creepy dweeb who always sat up front and made no attempt to hide his leering, like a 14-year-old seeing his first porn movie.

 Then yesterday, the Professor had announced that today's class would be on drawing of genitals and other private areas, an important skill in many types of portraiture (she said), and she was giving advance notice so that any students who would feel uncomfortable could stay home.  At the time, Tami, standing up on the wooden pedestal with her arms spread out and her breasts on glorious display, cringed inside, wondering what further exposures awaited her, hoping that today few students would show up.  And actually when the class gathered in the classroom today she noticed that some of the older grandmother types were not around, and some others.  But probably two-thirds of everyone else had shown up.

 Then there was the Professor's supposedly last-minute idea at the beginning of today's class to do the drawing  outside.  It is important to be able to draw in natural light, she said.  And then she said that when weather permitted all the rest of this semester's drawing classes would be outdoors.  This way the students could learn more about natural light and also enjoy the weather.  Yeah, right.  Spreading her pussy for the crowd, Tami's genitals were public, but her thoughts were still private, and in her private thoughts she recognized how the Professor simply wanted Tami to pose in front of all the world, increasing her shame.

 An ant suddenly crawled up from nowhere onto Tami's left pussy lip.  She gasped and flicked it away.  Ugh! In a moment she was back assuming her assigned pose.

 I can tough this out, Tami said, though recognizing the intense shame she felt, her shaved pussy making her feel even more naked.  It was a sign of her reduced circumstances that now she longed even for the covering of pussy hair again.  Well, only 20 more days.  I can do it .  .  .  I can survive this.  She knew this whole ordeal had made her stronger.  After this year of being forced to be naked all the time, I can deal with anything.  This summer will be easy.  And after that .  .  .

 In 20 days she would be wearing clothes, working with Ned and Ethel in South Lowell, 30 minutes away by bus.  A full summer in a town where nobody knew her.  And in the fall?  Maybe she didn't have to come back.  Maybe she could work for a year and then enroll at some other college.  She had to get a final spring transcript anyway for Ned and Ethel, she might as well get extra ones to keep.  And then, after a year, she could put them in with her applications to other colleges.  Perfect attendance and straight A's from a prestigious school --- she would be sure to get in somewhere.  And wherever that was, she would be wearing clothes, of course -- once again, a normal college girl.

 Even if the Dean found out about that, by that time there would be nothing he could do to her.  He couldn't expel her, because she'd already be gone.  And the transcript would be final, he couldn't retrospectively void it somehow.  Or could he?  Tami thought he probably couldn't, though she was guessing about it, in fact guessing about all this.  She thought it over, momentarily distracted as a quick breeze blew right into her pussy and chilled her insides.  She shivered for a second, causing one of her bare heels to slip off the side of the sloping chair sculpture.  She put it back up, laying her leg flat against the cold white metal.  In spite of all she had been subjected to she was still only 18 years old, less than a year out of high school, and knew very little about the college application process and things like that.

 Getting a job after the summer.  Hmmm.  Maybe Ned and Ethel would keep her on when September came.  If not, there were probably other jobs she could get.  Surfing the internet the other night, she found out to her surprise that the local newspaper in South Lowell was actually online.  Its web page had ads there from local businesses.  Computer stores, schools, department stores .  .  .  certainly she could get a job at one of them.  She could easily become an employed resident of South Lowell.

 And what about her father? A real stubborn guy, he had insisted that Tami live with the consequences of her actions.  Either that or put clothes on, get expelled, and go back to work with him at his hardware store.  Well, once the summer was over and she was no longer going back to this college, with a job of her own and an apartment of her own, she would be financially independent and he would really have no control over her.

 As for the Student Government, Brad would just have to get a new Vice President.  She really wasn't too thrilled about having volunteered for the job.  She'd be standing behind the lectern, but still the focus of attention at every S.G. meeting.

 The more dicey problem was Rod.  Once she got clothed how could she explain it to him?  Her being naked at all times for religious reasons was one of the things he admired about her.  During the summer they would be apart and she could be evasive, but in September when they visited each other she would have to deal with him.  Would he feel betrayed to see her wearing clothes?  Surely she meant more to him than that by now.  Well .  .  .  she had all summer to figure this out.

 "Oh!" She twitched as she saw an ant crawling over her big toe.  She shook it off with a little kick.  Where were these ants coming from?  As she resumed her position, staring down dully at the students whose eyes were glued to her open pussy, she fervently hoped that no ant would crawl up into her pussy, or try to make its way into her butt crack.  She tilted her pelvis a little backward to keep her butthole solidly on the metal so that it wouldn't happen, even though it meant the coldness was pressing right against her sphincter.  Shit, this sculpture is like sitting on an ice cube .  .  .  Good thing the sun is getting warm!

 Thinking of Rod made her mind turn to more pleasant things.  Such as their first experience with the retainer and bristle bra, a couple of nights ago.  It was very difficult for her to bring it up.  They were at his apartment and were watching TV, grainy transmissions of a Canadian program in French, apparently a soap opera.  She and Rod both knew a little French but they could make out only a few words at a time because these folks on TV talked so fast.  She was sitting her naked self up on the couch while Rod was on the floor, his head between her legs, absently spreading her toes with his fingers as he tried to figure out what was being said.

 During a commercial Rod turned his head and kissed her bare pussy.  She could feel his hot breath and five o'clock shadow.  Her skin down there was still so sensitive.  "Uh .  .  .  Rod?"

 "Yes, Babe. "

 "Maybe you can help me with my .  .  .  assignment. "

 "What, Babe?" he was still looking at her pussy, playing with the lips.

 "The research at the Chalfont Institute .  .  .  They gave me an outfit to wear. "

 This, at last, drew Rod's attention.  He looked up with alarm.  "They can't do that, Babe!"

 "Well I agreed .  .  .  it was for the cause of science. "

 "So this outfit, what about it?"

 "It's supposed to make me .  .  .  come," Tami said, feeling her face burn red, suddenly realizing how tough it was to explain this.

 Rod didn't notice her shame; he was suddenly alert, as any man would be.  An outfit that would make a woman have an orgasm!  He had heard about such a thing, somewhere, or something like it.  "Tell me more!"

 "Well, it's a .  .  .  bra and panties.  .  .  Only the bra has little .  .  . " Tami gathered her breath and forced herself to go on.  "B - bristles to .  .  .  rub my . . .nipples."  She saw Rod's eyes go to her brownish red, weather-toughened, tanned nipples, which seemed always to be hard.  She felt a chill of shame which caused her nipples to get even harder, sticking out like pencil erasers, only quite a bit bigger.

 "And the panties??" Gosh, Rod thought.  This is getting good!

 "The panties have two .  .  .  things in them.  One goes in my .  .  .  my vagina. " She said the work awkwardly.  She never could never force herself to say "pussy".  "And the other goes in my .  .  .  in my butt. " She clenched her buttocks, thinking of that invading white dildo, remembering having to insert it and then shit it out under the close attention of McMasters and his assistants.

 "Wow!" Rod said, so turned on that he didn't notice her discomfiture.  "Where is this outfit?"

 Tami got up and went over to her backpack.  A moment later she was taking the bristle bra and retainer panties out of the little box.  Rod held these items tenderly as if they were long-sought pieces of gold.  "Wow .  .  .  " he said again.  He looked at the twin dildos and was amazed at female capacity.  "These things both fit inside you at the same time?"

 "Yes," Tami said without emotion.

 "And what's this?" Rod said, getting something else out of the box.  It was the remote control McMasters had used.  Surprised at seeing it, Tami said, "That turns on the counter. "

 "Counter?"

 "Yes .  .  .  here," Tami said, pointing to the little dark window on the panties over where her clit would be.

 "Counter?" Rod said again, wanting to hear more.

 Tami tried to force a smile.  "I'm supposed to .  .  .  keep it on until I come .  .  .  come five .  .  . times," she said nervously.

 "Five times?" Rod said, engrossed, feeling the little bump next to the front dildo that was supposed to press against Tami's clitoris.  He chuckled.  "Well, that shouldn't be hard to do for someone like you, Tam.  You come more times than anyone I ever heard of."

 You don't know the half of it, Tami told herself.  She saw Rod look at the apparatus some more and then he looked up at her and said, "Get up and squat on the desk, Babe.  I'll help you put this on!"

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 14**

 Tami was glad that Rod was taking over.  She just could not impale herself on this thing with Rod watching.  But this outfit was a common male fantasy come true and Rod couldn't wait to see what kind of effect it had on his girlfriend.  Trusting his tenderness, the naked girl squatted wide and low on top of his desk as he industriously scurried around and got out some of the lubricant they always kept around for screwing.  She shut her eyes as she slowly sat on the rear dildo, but didn't really mind it so much, or when the front dildo was put in place with the little bump for her clit.  It was like he was fucking her himself with these things.  Or like he was an African prince trying out a new gizmo on his white slave girl, this thing which would make her come for his amusement.  Or like .  .  .  though she almost laughed to see the word pop into her brain, she realized it was appropriate.  The whole process was "romantic".

 Impaled front and rear, shivering with a jolt of pleasure, the teenage girl brought her legs down and the side straps were tightened, and the rear thong that went up her butt crack.  Rod then carefully strapped the bristle bra over her nipples and, being quick to figure out its mechanics, twisted the clamp knobs until the two bristly cups were snug and secure.

 He then stood back as his no-longer-naked girlfriend got up and stood in front of him, extending herself straight up slowly as if in pain, breathing heavily.  She drew her eyes up to his, eyes he recognized as being almost overwhelmed with sexual stimulation.  It was the look she had just before orgasm, a look he knew well.

 "You are beautiful, Babe," he said, going over to her and hugging her and then kissing her.  "Thank God for science," he chuckled.  He looked down at the remote control and pushed a button.  A low beep came out of the panties, then another.  The two lovers looked down at the little window, a little display that said, "0".

 A quick chill and Tami inhaled as her whole body twitched.  Then Rod pressed another button and the beeping went off.  "Good," he said.  "Too distracting.  I like hearing you pant and moan better."

 Tami stood before him, shifting carefully on nervous bare feet, humbly presenting herself to him, his naked white slave girl suffering for his pleasure.  Should she start walking around?  Now what?

 Rod, giving in to curiosity, turned a little dial on the remote control.

 "OH!!" Tami yelled, crumpling down, holding her arms across her stomach.  Everything was vibrating!  The bristly cups tight around her nipples, both dildos .  .  .  but especially the little knob pressing her clitoris!  "OH .  .  .  GOD!" she said, as she lurched toward the alarmed and surprised Rod.  She tried to straighten up to put her arms around his shoulders and had almost got there when she succumbed to orgasm.  "Oh! .  .  .  Oh! .  .  .  Oh! .  .  . "  Jolt after jolt, wave after wave assaulted her body as she held onto Rod for dear life.  Her amazed boyfriend could only hold her, his body jerking from her powerful pelvic spasms, as the orgasm gradually ran its course.  With the final contraction he brought her limp body over to his bed and laid her down on her back.  She looked at the ceiling with a wide-open stare as she sought and grabbed his hand.  "Ohhh.  .  .  " she said, her body still shaking.  In a moment she was cresting again.  "H - hold me Rod!" were her last words before she moaned into another series of spasms.

 Through her dulled senses Tami knew that Rod was as surprised as she was by her quick capitulation to the gentle buzzing.  Less than a minute after he turned that dial and she was already coming a second time.  She felt his face against hers, his hands running through her hair .  .  .

 Now, in the cold morning out on the metallic abstract chair, shivering a bit again on the cold metal as she readjusted her hands to spread her pussy lips a bit more for the sketching students, the smile that Tami was supposed to exhibit as part of her pose became a little more real as she remembered that night.  It was one of the most intense romantic experiences of her life.  After her quota of five orgasms, Rod had turned off the vibrations and carefully taken off the various stimulating devices.  Then they had a couple of beers and some chips, watched some more TV, and then, with the lights out, they had put the outfit on again.  Before Rod turned the vibrations on, Tami lovingly took his hard dick into her mouth and gave him the best blow job she'd ever given him.  Then it was time for her second session, just as intense, yet quieter in the dim light, with Rod stroking her hair, holding her hand as she lay on the bed.  .  .  Almost like he was trying to comfort her while she was going through some kind of painful medical procedure, which in a way it was, but in another way was anything but.

 Tami, smiling her little smile, lost in her remembrances, at first didn't hear Professor Brignon as the French accent again broke through the stillness of the sunny early morning.  "Please to turn around, Tami," she said.  Enough of romance and intense shared sexual pleasure, back to cold humiliation.

 Without enthusiasm Tami followed the Professor's instructions.  When Tami had assumed her new pose to the Professor's satisfaction the naked girl was showing her asshole to the utmost.  Turned around, left knee down, the right leg up on one flat bare foot, her face turned to look at the sketching students with another little smile, with her right hand pulling on one butt cheek so that the little ring of brown skin winked in the chill morning air at the whole campus.  It was just as shaming as the first pose, maybe more so, and the Professor's commentary made it worse.  "Notice please the wrinkles coming out from Tami's anus, beautiful in their own way.  Take note of her smile, she is happy to show you all her secrets."  Tami put on her little smile and looked at the students, trying not to make eye contact with anyone, trying to numb her mind to what was going on.

 Her eyes shot up momentarily with secret horror as she saw the Dean, of all people, walking up the little hill to them in his usual business suit, his polished black shoes getting wet from the dew, which was starting to evaporate in the sun.  Tami was keenly aware of the sight she presented and dearly wished to turn around and cover herself with her hands.  The urge was so intense that her whole body quivered with the strain of suppressing it, but she knew she had to.  She kept her eyes down but knew that he had a calm, jovial expression on his face and was probably looking right at her blatantly exposed asshole.  Oh God .  .  .  Dear God, get me through this encounter .  .  .  The naked teenager closed her eyes momentarily as she said this prayer.

 "Hello all, Hello Professor," the Dean said, standing behind everyone, sharing their regard of the model posing up on the sculpture.  "No, go ahead with your sketching, I'm just making my rounds.  This is not a sight you see on the typical campus, believe you me."

 There was a little chuckling.  The Professor said, "Yes, we are the most lucky to have Miss Smithers as our model. "

 "The whole college is lucky to have her here, she is a model student, you might say," the Dean said, smiling at his little pun.  "Fortunately Miss Smithers has agreed to continue as your model for the rest of the time she is here until graduation."

 Staring dully down at the back of a student's sketch pad, Tami's smile disappeared for a moment, but then she caught herself and forced the smile back on.  She didn't remember agreeing to any such thing.  Yet why would a committed nudist object?  Particularly when the pay was so good.  He had her trapped again.  Tami shuddered at the thought of doing this every morning for the next six semesters.  At least there was only one more week of classes left, one more week of posing.  Her ruminations caused some internal muscles to move and her asshole winked at the students, at Professor Brignon, and at the Dean.

 Then the Dean said something that made Tami's heart stop.

 "I'll just let you know, you might notice Miss Smithers actually wearing something in the next few days," the Dean said amiably.  "It will look like a bikini.  She has agreed to participate in experiments by the college's physiology research department concerning detection of skin response, and has agreed to, uh, wear this monitoring device.  I just want you to know that this is no way is an attempt to interfere with Miss Smithers's religion, for which the college and all of you probably, have the highest respect.  It is simply the only way to collect the required data, and Miss Smithers has agreed in writing to wear the devices, which are, shall we say, the 'bare' minimum required for the experiment."

 "That is hard to imagine," the Professor said.  "Miss Smithers actually wearing something? I thought for her it was forbidden. "

 "Well, it is O.K. with her, don't worry, right, Miss Smithers?"

 The naked girl, spread out and exposing her asshole from her perch, looked up and nodded weakly, then looked down again.  Having deftly dropped his bombshell, the Dean walked away placidly and with maybe a hint of self-satisfaction, and the class went back to sketching.  The naked girl continued to look numbly down, the little smile frozen to her face, trying to contemplate the enormity of the shame she would soon have to endure.  She blinked and her eyes got red as she prayed silently.  Please God, please dear God, help me through these final days .  .  .

 "Excuse me, Miss Smithers?" said a feminine voice.

 Tami Smithers, the Unintentional Nudist, looked up from the text book she had been reading.  Not being in the mood to sit in her dorm room and be stared at by Jen and Mandy, the nude girl had sought some privacy so she could study. .. and get away from the eyes of her fellow college students.  Walking around naked all the time, Tami was always the center of attention, something the shy 18 year old was certainly not used to and didn't really want.

 Normally she would have gone and hid in the Library, in one of the many study nooks scattered about the building.  But upon stepping outside on this warm sunny day, Tami found she couldn't bring herself to go back indoors just yet.  For she had discovered one of those perverse ironies.  Tami didn't want to be naked, she loathed her forced nudity and every day prayed for some way she could put on clothes without burying herself in the deep, deep hole she had dug for herself over the school year.  Yet, once the good weather had turned up, Tami found that she actually enjoyed the sun on her skin, the warmish air across her bare body.  It was one of those rare benefits of her condition, and as miserable as life was for her at the moment, she was willing to grasp at anything good.  So, instead of hiding in the Library, Tami found a different spot to study where she could enjoy the sun in some privacy.

 She thought she had the spot too, a small courtyard in the middle of three of the Administration and Maintenance buildings.  Not on the way to or from anywhere, few students walked through it and Tami figured that most didn't even know it was there.  But someone had taken the trouble to landscape it, for there were flower beds and grass and a single park bench upon which Tami now sat.  It was a little bit of private heaven for her.  But her solitude wasn't to last.

 "You ARE Tami Smithers, aren't you?" said the voice again.   
With a sigh Tami turned to look up at whoever was speaking to her.  In the back of her mind she knew that yet another person was now going to see her naked, yet she made no attempt to cover up even in this private place.  The Dean's spies were everywhere, and this could have been one of them.

 Tami was surprised to see an older woman, maybe in her mid-forties, dressed in a very expensive business suit and carrying a briefcase.  The woman was well groomed and quite attractive, but Tami only had eyes for her outfit.  Her mouth actually salivated at the thought of what it might be like to wear such clothing.   
The woman smiled.  "Earth to Tami," she said.

 Tami shook herself mentally.  "Hi. .. yes, I'm Tami," she said, wondering how anyone could mistake her for anyone else.  It wasn't like she had to carry ID around anymore, who could fail to recognize the naked Tami Smithers!

 The woman chuckled and moved closer.  "Just making sure, Miss Smithers.  In my line of work it doesn't pay to make assumptions.  Although in your case I doubt there are any more nude students walking around this campus."

 The woman's smile and friendly manner actually made Tami relax a little, but she stayed on her guard.  "I wish there were!" she said.

 The woman blinked and smiled some more.  "My name is Sarah Wickland," she said, holding out her hand, "and I'm an attorney.  May I sit with you for a moment?"

 Tami reached out and shook the offered hand but felt nervous about talking to a lawyer.  After all, Henry Ross was a lawyer.  Still, this lady seemed friendly enough.  "Sure," she said.

 Ms. Wickland smiled and sat down.  "I was hoping to bump into you this trip," she said.

 "You were?" Tami asked, wondering how this lawyer knew of her to want to bump into her.

 "Oh yes.  I've heard stories about you for several months now.  Not very flattering stories either."

 "Excuse me, but am I supposed to know you?" said Tami, getting worried.

 "No, you don't know me.  But you do know my ex-brother in law, Henry Ross," Sarah said with a smile.

 "Oh," Tami said with a precious mixture of darkness and wounded innocence, thinking she understood things now.  This lawyer was one of THEM, the group determined to break her.  Tami just wasn't in the mood to play those games at the moment.  But to her surprise the lady started to laugh.

 "What's so funny?" Tami asked her.

 "Never have I heard a more appropriate reaction to that asshole's name expressed in one word.  You nailed him completely!"

 Now Tami was confused.  "I don't understand."

 "Henry Ross IS an asshole, a bigot, and probably one of the slimiest people I know.  He gives my profession a bad name, but unfortunately those same attributes also make him a good lawyer.  The only reason I still talk to him after I divorced his brother is because we handle a mutual client.  But if I hadn't been talking to him I wouldn't have found out about you."   Ms. Wickland stared directly at Tami, making the nude young woman nervous.  Tami thought she had the woman pegged, but now she wasn't so sure.

 "What do you know about me?" Tami asked slowly.

 "Only what Henry has told me, and I have no doubt that most of it is inaccurate, colored the way he wants it.  He tells me that you have been walking around the campus nude almost since the beginning of school, that you claim to be a religious nudist, and because of that claim the school can't do anything to stop you.  Legally that is.  He also tells me that you're faking it.  That you're only doing this to avoid being expelled.  That you're taking advantage of your condition to bring down the moral code of the college and promote subversive living."  The lady paused for a moment.  "Personally, knowing the man I doubt he even knows what a moral code is.  But while he has never admitted it outright I get the idea he has been taking steps to find out the truth about you."  The lady looked directly into the naked girl's and held her gaze.  "So, what IS the truth?"

 For just a brief second, Tami was tempted to tell all.  But she still had no idea who this woman really was.  "I'm a nudist," she forced herself to say, "and my nudity is my religion."   
The well-dressed lawyer looked at her for a minute longer.  "Young lady, I know about religious nudists, I represent some.  In fact, given my client base, you are hardly unusual."

 Tami wondered what Sarah meant by that but the lawyer continued to speak.  "Henry mentioned that you are doing a lot of work for the college, medical studies?"

 Tami paled, reminded of the awful sexual experiments she had to endure once a week.  She nodded.

 "Somehow, I don't think you look too thrilled about them," the lady said.

 "They're. .. okay.  I don't mind them," Tami replied, trying to sound neutral.  But she didn't think she was fooling this woman at all.

 "I see.  Well, being the religious nudist that you are, I have no doubt that you wouldn't mind such invasive procedures.  Henry described a few of them to me.  Yes, any nudist would go for that."  Her tone suggested that Tami was a fool to do what she did, but Tami felt she had no choice.  This lawyer didn't know the full story.

 "Still.  I wanted to meet you all the same," the lady continued, "and when I saw you sitting down here I knew I had to come down."

 "Come down?" Tami asked.

 The lady pointed up at one of the buildings surrounding the courtyard.  "I was in Henry's office going over some business with him, there is a clear view of this bench from his window.  He was watching you when I got there, and I suspect he's watching us now."

 Tami's bare shoulders slumped almost imperceptibly, knowing that another private place had just been taken away from her.  The world of Tami Smithers's privacy was growing smaller and smaller every day and she hated it.

 "I think you've become something of an obsession with him to be honest.  He sees his job as protecting the school and you aren't making it easy for him.  But he isn't all bad."

 "Are you sure?" Tami asked, unable to think of anything good about him herself.

 "Well, it's good for you simply because even Henry Ross can't let things go TOO far.  Haven't you ever thought about how unusual it is for you to have been walking around this campus naked without being bothered by the media?  I would think that a nude and attractive young woman such as yourself would have made national headlines by now.  Didn't you ever wonder about that?"

 Tami frowned.  It actually hadn't occurred to the 18-year-old, naive still in many ways.

 "Well, Miss Smithers, your relative anonymity has been protected by Henry Ross.  I suspect that as much as he would love to see you paraded around the nation as you are, he can't risk the bad publicity it would bring to the college.  So he told me that he and the Dean have made arrangements with the local Media not to cover your story.  But who knows how long that will last."  The woman attorney looked at her watch and stood up.  "I have a plane to catch, a long flight home.  Here's my card.  If you need anything, help with anything.  If you find yourself in a fix, give me a call.  You can't count on Henry for help unless the college is in danger, but I have a feeling you're going to need a good lawyer sometime, and I'm good.  Very good.  I'm also used to taking . . . unusual cases as well," she said with a smile.

 Tami took the card.  "Er. .. thanks."

 Ms. Wickland chuckled.  "You should meet my paralegal, you both have a lot in common.  It was good to meet you, Tami Smithers, I'm happy to see that a lot of what Henry told me is not true."

 Tami was startled when the well-dressed lady suddenly bent over her to whisper in her ear.  "Be strong, girl.  I don't know why you're really doing what you're doing, but you're going to need your strength.  Don't let Henry, or the Dean bring you down.  You can do it."  She stood up again.  "I really am on your side, and I'd like to help.  Just call if you need me."

 With that, Ms. Sarah Wickland smiled and walked away.  Tami watched her go until she was out of sight, then looked at the card in her hand.  Tami wasn't sure what to make of Sarah Wickland, was she really on her side or was she in league with the Dean and Henry Ross?  The naked girl pondered this for a moment before bending over and tucking the card into her ankle pouch.  She was no closer to a solution, but she figured there was no harm in keeping the card.

 With a sigh Tami gathered her things together and stood up.  She glanced up to where she thought Henry Ross's office might be, and wondered if the man really was watching her.  But it didn't really matter.  Just the chance that he MIGHT be watching had ruined this spot for her.  So the naked Tami Smithers was forced to walk away.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 15**

 On this warm dark morning in Room 207, Pilgrim Hall, the bunks of Mandy Rabinowitz and Jen McIntyre were in disarray, blankets and sheets strewn all over, and on Mandy's bunk (the lower one) various books were laid here and there, opened and closed, along with the red T-shirt she had worn the day before, turned inside out.  Under Mandy's bunk were a pair of dirty sneakers and a pair of high leather boots.  And a discarded pair of pantyhose.  Her heavy blanket was half sliding off onto the floor.

 The top bunk was a little more orderly.  There was some attempt at arranging the blankets, but the three pillows Jen always slept on were at opposite corners, one standing up on its side against the wall.  Jen's footwear tended to cluster around the desk she shared with Mandy.  Around the chair next to the desk there was a pair of loafers, a pair of leather sandals, and big clunky platform shoes she had worn a couple of nights ago while she was out with her old friend Leisha, who had visited again from New York City.  And a discarded pair of white socks.

 The closet on their side was half-open and overstuffed with clothes, mostly cold weather things that they no longer had to wear now that the weather was finally warm.  Scarfs and gloves and coats were half-spilling out.  They had thought of putting these things in boxes, but now that the semester was almost over there would be no point in separating them out.  They would be stuffing everything in big cardboard boxes soon anyway for storage in the dorm basement, minus of course the things they were going to take with them for the summer.  Both of them had signed up for the dorms again in September, though these days their minds were on their summer plans.  Jen was going to summer in California, having signed up for some courses at a small private college there.  Mandy was going to be working at her friend's trendy clothing store in Greenwich Village.

 At the moment both these young women were in class.  But on the other side of the room, the bare side, where there were no clothes or blankets or shoes, the naked, beautiful form of Tami Smithers lay asleep on her bed, a mattress covered with nothing except a slipcover.  She was on her side and splayed out, one hard bare foot sticking out into the room, arms stretched out over her head, semi-erect nipples pointing up at the ceiling, her other leg stretched straight, her hairless pussy now sharing the same golden, all-over tan as the rest of her body, her concave tummy rising and falling gently with her breathing.

 She had been asleep for ten hours, truly exhausted.  Last night she had another session with her outfit at Rod's apartment.  After her five orgasms, Rod had done something he had never done before -- he fucked her in the pussy, coming within a minute in thick, hard spurts, then turned her over and fucked her in the ass, filling her up with the somewhat thinner spurts of his second ejaculation.  Both her holes had been well-opened and lubricated by the dildos in the retainer panties and it was easy for him to enter each one.  It was as if he was possessed and wouldn't finish until he had filled her in both places.  To the naked girl, tortured with unwanted orgasms, each load was a gentle lotion that soothed her insides, front and back, and with the reception of each load she had responded with a slow, gentle orgasm of her own.  Afterwards he had walked her back to her room and gently kissed her, and she had dropped onto the bed and fallen asleep instantly, oblivious to the later entrance of her roommates, who had to suppress some good-natured giggling when they noticed a few things about her.

 As in the fact that from her shaved pussy was a very visible little stream of white fluid dripping from between her bare lower lips, a stream that wouldn't have been visible back when she benefited from the covering of pubic hair.  And that there was a separate little wet spot under Tami's butt, whitish but also a little bit tan.  Their naked roommate was leaking semen from both holes!  Jen and Mandy got a big kick out of this, amazed and lost in admiration of their fearless, shameless, sexy roommate, who had so much sex and enjoyed it so much and was totally uninhibited about it .  .  .

 A clap of thunder and the naked girl groggily opened here eyes.  In a minute she jerked her sleepy body up, sitting up, rubbing her hair.  "Shit," she said.  She was going to be late for her calculus class.  She must have slept right through her alarm.

 One nice thing about not having any clothes was that she didn't have to spend any time getting ready.  Still half asleep, she decided just to go straight to class.  She grabbed her bookbag and went out the door.

 At the front entrance she paused and looked at the depressing scene outside.  It was raining like hell.  Driving rain, drenching everyone within seconds.  A girl heavily laden with raincoat and backpack pushed by her and started running to class.  Outside Tami could see others frantically scurrying to where they had to be, getting out of the rain as quickly as possible.

 Tami grimaced and pushed the door open and started running.  The concrete path was almost one solid puddle.  The sound of raindrops was all she could hear.  As she looked up and wiped a heavy bout of water off her brow, she could barely make out her destination, the math building, through the thick shower.  Finally fully awake, she suddenly realized the slippery feeling down below as her pussy lips slid against each other and a wet feeling around her asshole.  Damn, Rod's sperm!! I forgot to clean it up!!  She knew she would be horrified if anyone saw the seepage and was grateful that it was raining cats and dogs.  She would have to scoot into a bathroom before class and wipe herself with toilet paper.  This day was starting out badly .  .  .

 A girl passed Tami, dressed in a long-sleeved shirt, jeans and sneakers, trying to negotiate a bookbag over her shoulder while trying to keep open an umbrella that was about to collapse.  Tami noticed that the girl was sweating.  Tami prided herself on being a fast runner and remarked to herself how unusual it was to be passed by someone.  I gotta get going, she told herself, and she sped forward faster, looking down and watching her bare feet splash through the deep warm puddles.  I wish I had an umbrella .  .  .  Good thing my backpack is waterproof .  .  .

 Then she slowed down and stopped.

 What the hell am I doing? she asked herself.  She looked around, suddenly calm in the middle of the pouring rain.  These people running around.  Why?  To keep their clothes from getting wet.  But I don't own any clothes.  I'm naked all the time.  To me, this is just like a nice pleasant warm shower .  .  .

 The naked girl, her body glistening with rain cascading down her beautiful, tanned skin, slowly turned her face to the heavens, feeling the drops on her closed eyelids, and smiled a gentle smile.  This rain was warm.  It wasn't like those freezing, bone-chilling rains she had had to dash through during the fall and winter.  These gentle drops caressed her poor, abused, naked body.  They felt good.

 She looked out across the field to her right, blinking as water ran from her hair over her eyes.  The rain was so heavy that it was hard to see the buildings -- that was probably San Beneuo Hall out there -- on the other side.  Tami had often wondered how it would feel to strip down to her bra and panties during warm rains like this and just run across a field.  A modest girl, she had never actually dared it.  But that was in a past life.  In her new life she was forbidden to wear clothes, in fact clothes were getting to be a dim memory.  Why not . . . ?

 Her backpack flung on the grass, the naked girl pranced across the field, twirling around, arms extended, skipping,  even doing a couple of cartwheels.  She stood straight up, arms extended, looking up at the rain through closed eyes, as if praying to God, thanking Him for giving her this gentle rain, thanking Him for being alive, thanking Him for being allowed these wonderful sensations.

 Yes, she was aware of the stares, the fact that people on covered paths and inside the buildings were watching her, this naked girl running out in the rain, but she also knew that they wished they could do the same thing.  But only I can do this.  Ha ha, I get to be naked, everyone! It was an unusual and wonderful feeling.

 "Wooo! Wooo!" she found herself yelling, in a kind of orgasm of sensuality, flopping down on her belly, feeling the wet grass against her crushed breasts, her hard nipples poking into it, feeling the grass rubbing her tummy and thighs, wiggling her toes in it.  Then she turned over, and felt the wet rubbing of the grass against her bare back, against her butt.  She parted her legs and arched her pelvis up, as if accepting this gift of warm rain right into her pussy.

 The girl who had been denied clothes or covering now celebrated her total exposure to nature.  These are my clothes, the grass, the rain, the warm air.  This is my shower, too, provided by Mother Nature.  Finding a puddle in a low spot, she squatted down on both bare feet, wiggling her toes in the mushy submerged grass, then cupped some water to her lips and rinsed out her mouth.  Then she opened her legs and cupped water into her open pussy, rinsing out Rod's sperm.  Finally she reached back and washed out her butthole, even sticking a finger inside up to the first knuckle.  No shampoo, no toothpaste, but fresh rain water, and she felt totally cleaned out.  And she didn't care if anyone was looking!

 After some more running and prancing and praying in the rain, the naked girl returned to her bookbag and skipped to class, skiffing water ahead with her toes.  She knew she would be a little late, but she didn't care.  In fact, when she got to the classroom she deliberately entered from the front door, next to the lectern, so that the professor and the students could look on in surprise as this naked girl, her wet skin glistening and bits of grass all over her and on her hair, proudly and boldly strode in with the slap of wet bare feet and took her seat, dropping her bare wet butt into the plastic cupped seat with a loud plop, and fished her text and notebook out of the wet bookbag, a few drops falling onto her notes from her erect nipples as she looked up with pen poised for today's lecture.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 16**

 If, during this gently breezy, spring afternoon, one climbed halfway up one of the many flowering dogwood trees that ringed the campus, and looked into a dark, curtainless window on the second floor of Pilgrim Hall, one could get a pretty good sideways view of a naked girl, sitting back from her desk, arms flung back behind her wood chair, looking downward, apparently lost in thought.  In fact it was Tami Smithers, looking down at the tanned expanse of her denuded pubic area, and the prominent pussy lips and clit that seemed to have almost gotten a little tan of their own.  The naked girl breathed in a long, ragged breath, then forced herself to look up at her neglected math textbook, which had been opened to the same page for twenty minutes.

 She knew she was torturing herself, but she looked back down again.  Her pubic skin was now soft and silky, thanks to some lotion that Jen had given her, normally used on shaven legs.  Tami had also been using depilatory cream down there.  It was better than that scary razor which she was always afraid would cut into her sensitive parts if she made a slight false move.  At the moment, her lower lips were slightly parted, and she could see the slight wetness --

 She was horny as hell, and trying like hell to resist diddling herself.  She reflected on her circumstances and realized why she was so resistant.  It was not just the fear of being caught; she didn't know where her roommates were and they might walk in any second.  But she could always go to the shower and do it there.  It was, rather, the sex with Rod, and those dildos at Chalfont, and those retaining panties and the bristle bra -- all those things which had combined to give her more orgasms than she ever thought possible.  Once again, she didn't want to, but she found herself counting.  Over the last week she had had over 70 orgasms.  She shook her head, thinking of the number.  Probably more than she had had her entire life, before she began her sentence of total, mandatory public nudity.

 These orgasms, most of them unwanted, had awakened in her a ferocious libido, a hungry need that she walked around with.  If she didn't have a bunch of orgasms every day, she would get antsy.  Though she had had no problem in her past life with diddling herself -- she used to do it maybe every couple of weeks -- to give in to the urge now would be admitting to defeat, admitting to the effectiveness of the college's organized campaign to turn her into a sex monster of some kind as a way of humiliating and shaming her.  God, what am I turning into?  She wanted to stay the way she was before .  .  .  a modest, ordinary girl who wore clothes like everyone else .  .  .  She knew that seeing her pussy lips on full view, unhidden by any pubic hair, prominent and proud and seemingly always a little bit open -- only served to make her hornier.  And with no clothes in the way, that horniness was so much easier to take care of.  Please God, give me clothes .  .  .  I know it's just 17 days but I can't wait .  .  . with clothes on I could take my mind off this .  .  . The naked girl closed her eyes and turned her face up to the ceiling, taking another ragged breath, her toes gripping and ungripping the hard tile floor, her hands grabbing the back of the chair with white knuckles.  She even wished she was tied up so that her hands could not go to her pussy.

 The door opened and Tami shifted forward and quickly brought her hands up to her textbook as if she actually had been caught masturbating.  It was Mandy and Jen, overdressed in long clothing, which they immediately started peeling off.  "Christ, we must have thought it was February again," Jen said.  "That sun is H, O, T, hot!"  Off went her long jeans and her flannel shirt, leaving her in bra, panties and socks.  "Let's go up," she said to Mandy, who was stripping off her black skirt and then her black tights to reveal pale, pasty skin.

 As the naked girl looked on with curious eyes, Jen got a bikini out from the dresser on Tami's side that she had let her use, Tami having no need of a dresser, then went across to hide behind her bunk to remove her underwear and put on the bikini.  Tami couldn't help but smile at the irony at seeing Jen, who was actually a bolder person than she was, showing such modesty, especially in front of her permanently naked roommate.  Mandy put her skirt back on and took off her shirt, revealing a red tank undershirt with no bra underneath.

 "Where are you going?" Tami said.

 "We're going to catch some rays up on the roof," Jen explained, getting some large towels from the bottom drawer.  "Come with us," Mandy said.  Jen added, "We used to do this last year.  A great place to get a tan, nobody knows about the way to get there, and the place is deserted.  No guys around gawking."  Jen looked at Tami up and down.  "You don't need any rays, but you might enjoy it.  And I got to admit, WE want to gawk at YOU."  "Amen," Mandy rejoined.  "Here, you can use my extra pair of sunglasses."

 Tami chuckled.  She didn't really mind being gawked at by her roommates anymore.  And why not go up with them?  If the roof is deserted, she could enjoy the outdoors without anyone else to see her nakedness.  It could turn out to be a good place to run and hide these last few days before she got all dressed up to meet Ned and Ethel.

 With towels and sunglasses in hand, the three girls were closing the door on the way out, but then Mandy went back in.  "Wait, I gotta have my SPF-900 sunscreen," she said, which did not seem like much of an overstatement to Tami, given how pale Mandy skin was.  Tami was also pretty fair-skinned and had memories of using SPF-15, but that was long, long ago, when she led a clothed life and showed skin only at the beach.  Going around outdoors in total nudity, Tami had tanned gradually over the space of months without even a slight sunburn, and now even the idea of sunscreen was quite foreign to her.  "Wait, me too," Jen said.  "Africans get burned too, you know."  Actually, Tami hadn't known that.

 They went down the hall into what looked like a janitor's closet, which Tami had always assumed was locked, and then started up a straight-up metal ladder with corrugated steps.  Tami made sure she went last, so no one could look straight up at her butthole.

 The roof of Pilgrim Hall was covered with little white stones which reflected the sun and were almost blinding.  Sunglasses were obviously necessary, and Tami put hers on as she strode comfortably over the warm stones behind her roommates, whose tender feet made the progress across the roof slow and halting.  After passing what looked like a wide chimney Jen and Mandy spread their towels onto the stones, leaving a space of three feet or so in between for Tami.  It was unspoken that their naked roommate would not have a towel, so as Jen and Mandy lay down on their backs on the soft towels, Tami lay down on the stones, which impressed themselves warmly and surprisingly gently into her shoulders, her bare back, and her bare buttocks.

 Women, it seems, have almost an imprinted genetic behavior when lying down to take in rays.  The three settled silently into position with synchronized uniformity and then just as silently lay with faces up, motionless, their eyes closed under their sunglasses as they absorbed the sun.

 Tami wished she had a towel, but enjoyed the feeling of the sun on her body, especially her pussy lips.  She was still a little horny.  She had the urge to spread her legs and let the sun right into her pussy, but knew this urge was caused by her horniness and she suppressed it.

 After a few minutes Mandy sat up on one elbow to start squirting sunscreen onto her thighs.  Through her super-dark sunglasses she looked over across the lip of the roof, past which she could see the top parts of the dogwood trees on the edge of campus.  No one saw her raised eyebrow as she spied a man in a short plaid shirt and dorky dress pants trying to climb up the top branch of one of the trees while carrying a bulky zoom camera and camera case.  Suddenly there was the cracking of wood and the branch gave way, send him flying down headfirst and out of sight.   
 Mandy burst out laughing, which she immediately tried to stifle but couldn't control.  "What's so funny?" Jen said.  Tami was curious too.  As they looked over at their roommate, they saw tears flowing from under her sunglasses as she snorted and turned red.  Finally she quieted down and shook her head.  "Long story," she said.  A moment later she said, "I was thinking about a rave I was at last year.  An XTC flashback."

 Jen and Tami shrugged and went back to their worship of the sun as Mandy put on her sunscreen.

 Feeling the warm stones from below, the hot rays from above, Tami could not help but return to contemplating her horniness.  It was unbearable.  She started regretting coming up here and wanted to go to the showers and finish herself off.  At least to give herself one orgasm, which should keep her for the next couple of hours or so.  She desperately wanted to hide this horniness from the girls on either side of her and was horrified when, shifting her shoulders a bit to scratch an itch with the stones, she grunted in a way that one only hears from women during passion.  She immediately froze and tried not to move a muscle.

 She was sure not only that Mandy and Jen were aware of her horniness, but were horny themselves too.  And it was the special kind of horniness which they had around Tami -- not the desire to have an orgasm themselves, but the desire to give one to their naked roommate.  Tami suspected she was right, because she was.  The three of them, lying in the sun, cooked themselves together to a higher and higher degree of desire and frustration.

 Finally Tami sensed Mandy sitting up.  She squinted to one side and saw that she was propping herself up on one elbow, looking Tami's naked, tanned body up and down slowly, biting her lip.

 Yes, Mandy was in some ways a sadist.  Yes, she knew the whole truth about the joys and sorrows of Tami's predicament, probably the only person who did.  But after rooming with her all semester Tami decided that Mandy was more friend than enemy.  After all, she had disapproved of Wanda's brand of sadism that wintry day when Wanda had stuffed snow against Tami's stretched butthole.  So therefore it was as a friendly, kind gesture, as well as an expression of her need, when Tami arched her pelvis, then brought it down and bent her right leg toward Mandy, turning and spreading her pussy in her direction, and said, "Mandy .  .  . "

 The naked girl had her eyes closed but felt the movement to her right and then gasped as she felt the soft tongue sweeping down her pussy lips.  Some more movements and then she felt gentle hands on each thigh.  Tami's legs shook and she moaned.  Mandy's technique was softer than Jen's but just as effective.  Tami's hips undulated as Mandy's tonguing got more and more intense.  The naked girl knew that Jen had to be watching and gasped when she felt a warm mouth fasten itself around her nipple.  A hand from somewhere squeezed and rubbed the other nipple and Tami was on her way over the waterfall.

 "Oh -- oh -- oh -- oh -- " Her spasms came in long rolling waves, a nice, gentle, long come, as her pussy arched up again and again into Mandy's mouth, while Mandy's black lipstick made licorice smears onto Tami's bare pussy skin and the insides of her thighs.

 With the last spasm, Tami's butt gently eased back onto the stones and she caressed Mandy's hair as if in love with her.  Tami smiled a deeply felt smile.  Ahhh .  .  .

 Her roommates knew that with Naked Tami the first orgasm was always just the beginning.  Above Tami's closed eyes signals were exchanged and Tami found her body gently prompted to turn over until she was on all fours, her hands and knees and the ends of her toes on the stones.  Someone smoothed the remains of dirt and stones off her bare back.

 For her roommates, the stones were uncomfortable.  Neither one was a tough creature of the outdoors as Tami was by now.  Mandy bunched up her towel and used it as a tall pillow as she put her head, face up, under Tami's crotch.  Jen arranged her own towel so that she could kneel behind.  Jen gently spread the naked girl's butt cheeks and planted her flat, wet tongue against the naked girl's asshole, as Mandy's tongue reached up and reunited itself with Tami's clit.

 This was the first time Tami had felt tongues in both her lower holes, and it was soft, warm, loving, wet, not at all like the other double penetrations she had been subject to.  A few seconds later, immersed in the hot sun, feeling it in every pore, drugged on it, Tami lifted up her face and cried up with joy into the blue sky as she came again, bucking back and forth like a mare, her clothed friends holding onto her from both above and below.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 17**

 Fortunately there was a hook on the inside of the stall she could hang it from.  Tami sat on the toilet, looking up glumly at the retainer, its two dildos flopped to the side so that they were pointed right down at her, like fingers of fate.  Also on the hook was the bristle bra, and the little pouch that held the lubricant.

 She looked down at her toes, flexing against the bathroom tile.  It was quarter to ten and she had to get on with it.  This must be the hardest thing she had had to do to herself during this year of having to be naked all the time.  Maybe that time in the dining hall back in December, when Henry Ross had intimidated her into asking Jen to keep licking her under the table .  .  .  No, this was worse.  There were 15 days left and they were really trying to break her now.  Well, she was strong enough to tough it out.  Or so she hoped.

 Good thing Jen and Mandy were already out at classes.  But that would delay the public shame for only a few seconds.  Besides, they already knew.  The day before, Jen, with her usual boldness, said, "So Tam, I hear you'll be actually wearing something tomorrow!"

 Tami, hiding most of her body behind her desk, looking down steadily at her psychology text, tried to make it sound like nothing.  She didn't even look up, making like she was too engrossed in the reading.  "Yeah, it's an experiment."

 "Something about skin response, I hear?"

 Tami wondered what exactly Jen had heard, and from whom, but didn't want to ask.  It was probably vague word of mouth, like the Dean was trying to spread the other morning when he "happened" to stop by during her posing for the art class on that outdoor sculpture.

 "Hmm - hmm .  .  .  " Tami said.

 "Well this I've got to see," Jen said.  "I imagine they'd be interested in your skin response, being that you could walk around naked in the snow all winter."  This comment brought back memories which gave Tami goosebumps, but she successfully hid her reaction.  Seeing that Tami was intensely concentrating on her text, no doubt preparing for an end-of-the-semester quiz, Jen dropped the subject.  At least it appeared that Jen didn't know about the dildos and the bristles.

 Tami had gotten a note by intercampus mail the day before from McMasters, with very explicit instructions.  Apologizing for not being able to explain to her in person due to the press of time at the end of the semester, he wrote that she was to put on the outfit before 10 a.m. and go about her normal daily activities, keeping the little window counter on.  She was to remove the retainer only if there was a pressing need to urinate or "defecate", as he put it, and to minimize this possibility, she was to eat and drink as little as possible during the day.  And then at 10 p.m. she was to go to Lab 6 so that the outfit could be removed and the data downloaded from the computer chip inside.

 McMasters mentioned that the outfit had a little timer to record the hours and minutes it was in contact with her skin.  This seemingly off-hand remark was a not-so-subtle way of telling Tami that if she did not wear this thing for the whole 12 hours they would know about it.  And, of course, report it to the Dean.  Fortunately McMasters didn't mention the beeper, which Tami took as a sign that she could keep that damned thing turned off.  She flicked the button on the remote control and stuck it back into the pouch.

 Tami looked up at the ceiling.  Please, God, give me the strength for today, of all days.  Then she put her feet up onto the sides of the toilet seat and squirted some lubricant onto the rear dildo.  She looked up, trying to think of other things, but she could keenly feel the cold flanged cylinder slide through her stretching asshole .  .  .

 She tried to ignore her reflection in the mirror as she left the bathroom, but knew that she looked like a swimsuit model in a very, very tiny bikini, though with panties that looked a little thick.  As she walked down the hallway and down the stairs she could feel her face flush with the constant stimulation, the bristly teasing of her nipples, the dildos moving up and down inside her, the little friction pad rubbing her clit .  .  . every little motion caused friction on several sensitive spots at once.  She bravely tried to control her breathing, tried to control her walking so that she was walking normally, tried to control the swaying of her bookback flung over her shoulder.  It was hard to walk normally because it seemed like she suddenly forgot what her normal gait was.  Also, with those dildos in her, the only way she was able to walk was with a sway of the hips, like a model walking down a runway.

 Fortunately, she made it out of the dorm without seeing anyone.  She knew she was destined to have an orgasm sooner or later.  In the jumble of her distracted thoughts she decided that when she felt about to go over the brink she would hide in a stairwell or a bathroom and do a little dance and get the orgasm over with so she could get on with the next class.

 Tami Smithers was not unmindful of the momentous occasion as, for the first time all year, she stepped out in public actually wearing something, slight though it was.  But there was no joy in this, only the awareness of the stimulation.  It felt like what she was "wearing" was a bikini of bees that were stinging her nipples and her lower parts.  That it was a beautiful day only made it worse.  It meant more people would be out lounging about.  And lo and behold, there were students flipping a frisbee around outside the dorm, who stopped and stared at Tami as she walked down the concrete path with halting barefoot steps.

 "Tami .  .  . ?" one of the guys said.  She was intensely conscious of their gaze and smiled and waved as if nothing was unusual.  Then went on.

 She turned the corner of a building and there, sitting on top of a picnic bench, was Wanda, wearing a cut-off T-shirt, shorts and sneakers, holding a pocketbook in front of her.

 "Well hello Miss Smithers," she said, with an evil smile.  "Can I talk to you for a second?"

 Tami hated Wanda seeing her like this; no doubt Wanda had been told about the dildos and bristles and knew what Tami was experiencing.  She had a mind to just ignore her and pass by.  But something made her stop.  "What."

 "I have been told that there are, quote, several dozen of these, unquote, that have been distributed."

 Tami looked at her in puzzlement.  Then her eyes widened in fright as she saw Wanda take a remote control out of her pocketbook, identical to the one Tami had to go with the outfit.

 Wanda turned the dial and the nearly naked girl's mouth opened, then she gasped as if choking.  Tami's legs turned inward and her knees bent, her whole body quivering.

 "Don't be late for class," Wanda said.  Then without touching it again she put the remote control back into her pocketbook.

 Tami just wanted to get away from this evil bitch.  She tried to run but found it physically impossible.  Instead she walked as fast as she could given her limited capabilities.  Wanda watched with sadistic glee as the tortured girl staggered on to the Student Union, hoping that she would pass someone and have to speak to them while in the throes of orgasm.  Fortunately for Tami nobody passed her by.  Also fortunately for Tami -- though the naked girl did not know this -- the remote control had a range of only a couple hundred feet.  But before Tami was that far away Wanda had the pleasure of seeing evidence of orgasm from the suddenly spastic, labored steps which caused the bookbag to slide down one arm.  She could not see the expression on Tami's face, which after the last spasm had shaken her body and she began walking almost normally again, took on an expression of total mortification and fear in the contemplation of the kind of day that lay in store for her.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 18**

 During the morning the appearance of Miss Smithers walking around in a tiny, dark bikini was well noticed around campus.  Most people were cool about it, doing a double-take but then going about their classes.  There were some prolonged stares and a few offhand remarks.  A couple of guys said, "Wow, Tami, you really covered up today," which she tried to ignore.  Her unaccustomed clothing, scant though it was, tended to distract people from the fact that she did not appear well.  Her movements were jerky, her walking was labored, and she always seemed flushed.  Even sitting and taking notes in class, she seemed to twitch occasionally, as if scratching an unseen itch.  Also, the few people who tried to engage her in conversation were rebuffed, as their nearly naked, barefoot friend politely explained in a whisper that she had laryngitis.  Aha.  So that explained why she wasn't looking well .  .  . ?

 It was Hell on earth for the nearly naked, sexually tortured girl.  She kept her movements to a minimum, trying to decrease the friction that accompanied walking.  When she and the other students had to wait around for her 10:00 advanced calculus class because the 9:00 class was running overtime, ordinarily she would have paced, if only to look at the bulletin board or go to some corner where she would not be on display.  But today she stood straight and still waiting at the door, along with all the other students.  She tried not to look at them but couldn't help darting her eyes furtively at one, then another of these guys (there were only two other girls in the class), hoping not to catch them in eye contact, trying to determine if any of them had a remote control, one of the "several dozen" that Wanda referred to.

 Bzzzz!! No sound, just vibrations.

 Tami's legs shook and her eyes opened wide.  In a blessed second the vibrating stopped as quickly as it started.  She put her hand over her eyes to hide her expression, trying to make it look she had a headache.  She longed to search the faces of the guys in front of her.  Who did that? Was it one of them?  Or somebody in another part of the building? Could the signal from the remote go through concrete walls? So much she didn't know, longed to know, and also was glad she DIDN'T know.  Thank God it lasted only a second.  While her eyes were still covered she said a quick, fervent prayer.  Please God, if I have to -- to come today, let it be at a time when I can hide, in a bathroom or someplace.  Please not in front of anyone! Please .  .  . !

 She swallowed and tried to force her arousal back down to a manageable level.  Thinking about math might do it .  .  .The early class let out and with halting steps, accompanied by a couple of silent gasps, she entered the classroom and sat down in her usual place, near the back.  Once she had parked her nearly naked butt into the seat, feeling the cold plastic against her exposed cheeks, she realized she should have gone up to Professor Hinton, a middle-aged nerd who was dense about everything except math, and asked him not to call on her today because she had laryngitis.  But now that would mean getting up and walking up to the professor in front of the class, a shaming experience on a normal day, and definitely out of the question today.

 With another quiver she brought her legs together and opened to her notes.  Think about math .  .  .  think about math .  .  .  Fortunately as always she had done the work ahead of time and knew today's topic.  She looked at her notes and then looked up at the professor, trying to keep her mind off the dildo filling up her pussy, and the other one, the one she was sitting on, filling up her butt, both of them so far in that she could almost feel them touching each other, making her feel stuffed and immobilized .  .  .  Think about math .  .  .

 In a moment of relative calm she looked around at the backs of everyone's heads.  Then she looked out the window.  Was there somebody out there .  .  .  ?  That guy right in front of her who kept glancing back at her, was he just doing the usual gawking of Tami Smithers (a constant sport for Campbell - Frank males), or was there something else to his glance .  .  . ?

 Realizing she was obsessing on paranoid thoughts, though with good reason, Tami looked up and tried to pay attention.  Her eyes met the professor's as he was in the middle of a sentence about third level integrals.

 Bzzz .  .  .  zzz .  .  .

 The onset of the attack caused Tami's eyes to bulge out a bit, something which the professor seemed to notice and that Tami quickly acted to correct.  She started shaking and tried to correct that too, but all she could manage was to relax her bare shoulders and confine the shaking to her lower regions, which caused the chair to shift and her face to flush and her mouth to open, taking in a gasp of breath as she tried to keep the air away from her vocal chords.

 The professor stopped and said, "Miss Smithers, are you all right?" Heads turned.

 "Y - yes," she said, remembering to keep her voice in a loud whisper in case someone here had overheard her before when she said she had laryngitis.

 After a pause, the professor said, "Okay, then -- " and continued his discussion.  Heads slowly, slowly turned back to the front.  Tami's lids grew heavy as she prayed the buzzing to stop.  But it didn't!  Her pelvis was getting heavy and flushed.  Her nipples felt like someone was rubbing, rubbing, rubbing them with rough fingers.  Her clit was hard, alive, throbbing, engorged, pushing against the vibrating bristly friction pad, making the friction rougher, more intense .  .  . Her toes squirmed against the floor, wiggling, wiggling, acting like a barometer of her arousal.

 Tami took a deep, ragged breath and closed her eyes.  Please God.  Please God.  Make this buzzing stop.  Please God.  But God wasn't listening, and the girl became more and more bereft of hope as she realized with horror that orgasm, never far away, was approaching for sure.

 She passed the point of no return and was gripping the edges of her desk with her fingers when she heard her name called.  Looking up dully, she heard the professor say, "Miss Smithers?"  Pointing to an equation on the board, he said, "what would be the level of this integral then?"

 With desperate eyes she focused on the equation, and in the back of her mind knew the answer.  Then her eyes opened wide and went out of focus and everything became a blur as she went over the crest.

 Tami Smithers's first in-class orgasm began as her mouth tried to form the answer, which fortunately was one word.  "F - f - four," she said, with eyes that might have been those of a girl with a cold trying to suppress a sneeze but were actually pools of bottomless shame.  The end of the one-word answer was clipped short as her lower body shot forward, causing the chair to shift and people to turn around.  It was the first contraction.  The second and third contractions took place as she bent over to one side and made it look like she was itching her foot.  With superhuman control she exerted an iron grip on her body so that the fourth, fifth and sixth spasms were reflected only in a shaking of her legs and twitches of her foot.  During the seventh, eighth, ninth and -- oh God, let it finish please -- tenth spasms, she looked to the window, still bent over, scratching the heel of her bare foot.  The final, weaker spasms found the girl slowly sitting up again, her whole body flushed, starting to sweat.

 Then the buzzing stopped.

 Tami closed her eyes thankfully, then in her calm post-orgasmic mood opened them and looked around.  Did she fool everyone?  Did she fool ANYone?  The professor had gone back to his integrals, and now was asking questions of someone else.  She detected the odor of female musk emanating from her and felt herself blush a deep red.  Surely these guys can smell that.  They mostly seemed as nerdy as the professor, maybe a lot of them were even virgins.  It would have been obvious to any experienced person that Tami Smithers had just come.  How about these guys?

 With a start Tami realized that the buzzing had stopped right after she was finished coming.  This must mean that whoever had the remote control that caused it must be in this room.  Or does it?

 In this jumble of agonized thoughts, Tami Smithers endured the rest of the fifty-minute class, thankful that at least there was no more buzzing.

.  .  .

 It was with relief that she settled into one of the fabricky movie-style seats near the back of the big lecture hall for her next class, Intro to Anthropology.  She liked this class, not the least because her exposure could be kept at a minimum.  The hall was too big for the class, and there were always plenty of empty seats.  Tami would pick a seat near the back several seats away from the nearest person.  And the lights were pretty low too.  Putting her feet up, clasping the empty seat in front of her with her toes, Tami breathed in and out gratefully.  Her butt was forward of the chair bottom so she didn't have to sit right on the rectal dildo, which when she was sitting on that hard seat in calculus class made it feel like it was about to push up into her stomach.  Now she was kind of in a position to shit it out and she wished she could do so, just give a loud grunt and the whole outfit would pop off her like she was Wonder Woman bursting out of the ropes of her nemesis.  She smiled at the image.

 Fortunately too, the professor for this class was a very interesting speaker, and there was less wandering of eyes in her direction than in the more boring classes.  Tami didn't have to take notes, everything the professor said was in the handouts.  She just closed her eyes and listened, living one moment at a time.  Please God, no buzzing for the next ten seconds.  Good.  Thank you.  Please God, no buzzing for the next ten seconds.  Good.  Thank you.  Please God .  .  .

 Toward the end of the class she felt a hair go into her eye and just pulled it out.  Looking at it, she realized it was gray.  These gray hairs were scary.  Only 15 days .  .  .  there were only two classes in this course after this, then the final, which she would be exempt from because she had gotten 100's in all her quizzes.  In fact, she only had two finals this semester, having been exempted from all the rest.  She kind of figured that the Ross-Chalfont-Wanda conspiracy knew all this, and would put her to some exquisitely shaming torture during that time .  .  .

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Her head bolted up and she opened her eyes.  Shit!  She had gotten her arousal down to almost a tolerable level and now this!  Well, fortunately the lights were low and the room was big and there wasn't anyone right near her.  She kept her head down, not wanting to guess about who her tormentor was this time, and though she hated to, she tried to hurry the orgasm up, getting it over with.  In a corner of her brain she heard the professor's words that sounded like he was nearing the end of the lecture.  Damn!!  I've got to come fast!  She didn't want everyone to be getting up and passing her by in the middle of her orgasm.  Hating every aspect of it, she undulated her hips a little, trying to increase the friction.

 The vibrations, plus the friction that she exerted all at once against her clit, on both nipples, all along the length and depth of her pussy, all through her rectum, combined in a dynamite shot to propel her to orgasm within seconds.  And it was a big one.  She permitted only one gasp, then slouched down even further, her bare butt cheeks almost touching the floor, as wave after wave jerked her entire body in great heaves up and down, up and down, up and down .  .  .  Fortunately she was so far below the line of sight that the only hint of the wracking spasms came from her bare toes, which grasped and ungrasped the lip of the chair in front of her.

 After what seemed like endless spasms, the buzzing stopped and the girl quieted down, her body sagging, feeling her bare cheeks touch the floor, which was sticky with dried soda and who knows what else.  Her body flushed hot and she emitted a sheen of sweat.  Catching her breath, she brushed off her butt cheeks and scooted back up in her chair, smoothing back her damp hair, clearing her throat, and looking up to the front with thankful clear-eyed attention.

 In front of her, about half a dozen students around the lecture hall gave her a thumbs-up sign behind their backs.

 In a minute class was over and Tami Smithers went quickly into the bathroom next to the class.  She looked briefly up into the mirror and saw disheveled hair, a sweaty face, hollowed-out, haggard eyes.  It was then that she softly wept.  Fortunately no one else was there to see.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 19**

 A few minutes later, having splashed her face with cold water and gone over her hair with a comb she had in her backpack, Tami felt presentable again and walked out of the bathroom, her steps a little less uncertain, feeling that for the moment if she walked slowly and nobody started buzzing her she could deal with the foreseeable future.  As in, the next five minutes.

 Her destination was Pilgrim Hall.  Ordinarily she would eat lunch now at the snack bar or the dining hall, but she wasn't supposed to eat or drink much today.  Plus, she wanted to get the hell out of public view.  It was clear to her by now that dozens of people all over campus had those damned remote controls and could buzz her into orgasm whenever they wanted.  At least they couldn't control her whereabouts.  She could rest in Pilgrim Hall -- or suffer there if that's what people wanted! -- but at least she would be out of sight.  She knew that Jen and Mandy had classes for the next couple of hours.  Tami's next class wasn't until two o'clock.  That would give her two hours of solitude.

 She sidled out of the humanities building and was turning her bare feet toward the dorms when she was intercepted by Rebecca.

 "Hi Tam," she said, in her usual cheerful way.  It was a fairly warm day, but Rebecca was in her usual uniform of flannel shirt, long jeans, and hiking boots.  "Let's have a snack."  She took Tami by the hand.

 "No, I'm -- not hungry," Tami said.  But Rebecca's grip on her wrist was surprisingly firm and she found herself being pulled along toward the Student Union.

 "It's O. K. , you don't have to eat, I just want to talk," Rebecca said.  Tami felt she owed it to her friend to at least hear what she wanted to say.  It sounded important.  Her body flushed as her feet slapped jerkily behind Rebecca's, every motion bringing unwelcome jolts of stimulation to her poor pussy, her poor clit, her butthole, her overworked nipples .  .  . Fortunately after two orgasms and that cooling-off period in the bathroom her level of arousal was down a bit, but she didn't welcome the reawakening caused by walking.

 Waiting for Rebecca on line to get a soda, Tami stood absolutely still, her bookbag flung over her shoulder, as people milled around her, many of them giving her "bikini" two or three looks before they passed.  Finally the two young women were sitting in one of Tami's favorite corners of the snack bar, back by the water fountain, where there usually wasn't a crowd.  Today nobody was near.  Tami sat on the bare plastic seat and watched Rebecca take a few thoughtful sips as she felt the rectal dildo jabbing up into her gut.  Did Rebecca know about this harsh intruder? Or the rest of the hidden stimulators?

 "Tami, today you are actually wearing clothes," Rebecca said by way of introduction.

 Tami looked up, waiting for her friend to continue.  There was something about Rebecca that gripped one's attention, that made you want to listen to every word she said, and then when it was your turn to talk, made you want to give the best response you could.

 "Let me be honest.  Are you .  .  .  is the college forcing you into doing things?"

 Tami, thinking of the dildos stuffing her insides, felt for sure that Rebecca knew about them.  She tried her best to think of a response.  But all she could manage was, "What?"

 "Well, this outfit, this .  .  .  bikini it looks like.  It's part of some kind of research?"

 "Y - yes. "

 Rebecca looked her friend in the eye.  "You don't look comfortable."

 "I'm -- I've got a little cold. " Tami was intensely aware that she was lying to her good friend and her mouth felt dry.  With a little signal of asking permission she took a couple of sips from Rebecca's soda.  McMasters had asked her to keep her eating and drinking to a minimum but a couple of sips should be O.K.

 Rebecca kept looking at Tami without speaking, a look that seemed to penetrate right through her, a look that told Tami she knew she was lying.  Tami wondered what Rebecca knew.  .  .

 "I think you're not feeling well because of wearing that bikini," Rebecca said firmly.  "From what I hear, they asked you to put it on to test your skin response, or whatever.  Maybe they figured because you go around in the snow with no clothes on, your metabolism is somehow special.  Well then, why didn't they have you wear this thing when it was cold out?"

 Tami was confused.  "What are you getting at?"

 After a moment of hesitation, Rebecca said, "I think they had you wear this as a back-door way of getting you into clothes.  I've been watching you today.  You don't look comfortable, you looked flushed and tired, in fact even going around with that thing on seems like a big effort for you.  At times you can barely walk.  You clearly are suffering."

 Tami exhaled, relieved that Rebecca didn't know the everything, but having to admit that what she did say was absolutely true.  And the reference to "back door" caused a twinge in her butt muscles as they tried to deal with the deep intrusion of the rectal dildo she was sitting on.

 "I hate to psychoanalyze you, but it seems to me that because you have such a basic conviction to be naked, even though your conscious mind might agree to the bikini, the rest of you is rebelling at this .  .  .  violation.  Deep down, you feel violated, right?"

 Tami cleared her throat, looking down, feeling the dildos.  Umm .  .  .  Finally she thought of something to say.  "I -- agreed to it."

 "I'm sure you did.  But sometimes I think you are too -- well, you agree to things too quickly.  The college is very nervous about having a naked student walking around, and I bet they were kind of .  .  .  well, I bet they really bugged you to get you to do this."

 Tami felt Rebecca's steady gaze and decided to meet it with her own eyes, which had a more sheepish look than she wanted to display.

 "I know I've said this a zillion times, but your religion is a big inspiration to me," Rebecca said.  "I've been talking about it in this prayer group I've started, and I don't think anyone's going to start taking off their clothes over there, but they think the world of you, and so do a lot of other people.  The other day, during that rainstorm, when you danced around and bathed yourself and prayed out on the grass, that was an absolute triumph."

 Tami remembered that day, though in her present uneasy state she felt more shame than joy at the thought of having been so on display then. Right now, she just wanted to hide somewhere.  "You saw that?"

 "EVERYONE saw you, Tami," Rebecca said with a smile.  "In the class I was in, everyone stopped, even the teacher, and we all went to the windows.  We saw people looking from other buildings, and from the covered paths.  Everyone was watching Naked Tami, the naked girl of nature, taking a shower" -- Rebecca happily fluttered her fingers up and down -- "in God's shower of the outdoors, with a big smile on her face, totally unashamed.  I know I'm getting corny here, but that moment had to be one of the historic high points of your religion."

 This description of her naked rain dance made Tami feel better about it.  A part of her mind wished once again she could be the brave girl that Rebecca took her to be.  But mostly her mind was preoccupied with that damned rectal dildo, poking up into her, invading her gut .  .  .  In spite of sitting absolutely still she was aware of all the other stimulators fastened on her and in her.  .  . It was damnably hard to carry on a serious conversation like this .  .  .

 "Tami, I hate to criticize, but I think you need more backbone.  You need some kind of extra stiffness inside you, that would have made you say no to this outfit.  I know you're basically a modest person, but observing you, you also seem kind of .  .  .  lonely."

 Tami once again met Rebecca's gaze, wanting to shake her head at all these unintended puns.  How could this intelligent, concerned, perceptive friend be so totally right and so totally wrong at the same time?

 "I think you need someone else who shares your religion," Rebecca said.  "I did some research on the internet.  You're from Rhode Island, right?"

 Tami nodded.

 "There was a court case there a couple of years ago where a group of nudists won the right to be naked on the beach, saying nudism was their religion.  They turned it into a Constitutional, First Amendment issue, and it worked.  They still have a web sight for their legal fund.  I got this name and phone number off it."

 Rebecca gave Tami a piece of paper on which was neatly written a name that Tami recognized at once.  It was the same name given her by Father George last Christmas, after that traumatic experience at Midnight Mass.  She still had that slip from Father George somewhere.  That whole episode, of course, was something that Tami had never told Rebecca about, or anyone else at the college.  So she had to pretend that she never saw this guy's name before.

 "Try calling this guy.  I try to give you support, but I think you really need someone else in your life who understands the conviction that you have deep within you about being naked."

 Tami looked at the note, her mind a blur.  She decided to fixate on the fact that Rebecca's handwriting was beautifully clear.

 "I love you, Tami, I care very much about you.  I want you to be happy.  Right now you don't look happy.  I can't tell you what to do, but I wish you'd just take that stupid outfit off right now and tell the college that their so-called skin response experiment can go to -- to Heck!" Which, for Rebecca, amounted to strong language.

 Tami smiled wanly, though as she shifted a bit her body flinched as she felt scraping against her clit.

 "Well I gotta go.  Think about it, Tam," Rebecca said.  Then after she got up she gave Tami a hug around the neck and she was gone.  Tami was left to look at the guy's name on the piece of paper, wondering what to make of the conversation.

 For now, though, the problem was to get back to her room before she got buzzed again.  As soon as Rebecca was out of sight Tami got up and walked quickly outside.  The quick friction caused by the brisk walking caused her to flush again and her whole body to shake.  No matter -- the sooner she got out of the public view the better.

 Her walk back to the dorm was so nightmarish that part of her felt like it was a bad horror movie that she was watching.  Feeling an orgasm approaching, she quickened her steps, which only served to stimulate her more.  Then, to her surprise, the low beeping started, the beeping she hadn't heard since Rod turned it off the other night.  Someone had turned it on again!  Her head dashed quickly from right to left, wondering who .  .  .   
 Up ahead, sitting on a bench, watching Tami approach, was Lorinda.  Dressed in her nerdy clothes, looking even more like a bratty fourth grader than usual, she held up a remote control.  As Tami watched in helpless horror she turned a dial --

 Bzzz --- zzz --- zzz ---

 Tami passed Lorinda in a crazy trot, like a drunk person trying to run.  "Oh! God! Oh! God! .  .  . " she prayed under her breath as she made for the dorm entrance.  As she reached for the door her eyes went out of focus.  Spasms of stabbing pleasure shot through her as she staggered up the steps.  She was in no condition to count but the contractions lasted all the way until she was up on her wing.  Fortunately nobody was around.  In the hot flush of the heavy breathing post-orgasm she dropped down to the floor to fish her dorm key from her ankle pouch.

 The buzzing would not stop.

 The tortured girl shut the door and flung herself full length onto her bare bed, face down, arms across her breasts, her whole body shaking.  In a moment she began to sob.  Please God, make this stop .  .  .  Was it Lorinda still doing this? Or someone else? .  .  .

 The buzzing kept on.

 The girl's fourth orgasm of the day overtook her as she lay on her side, face to the wall, clutching herself, trying like hell to push the dildos out, knowing she couldn't .  .  .  Please .  .  .  only 15 more days .  .  .  I can tough this out .  .  .

 It was the strangest agony one can know, an agony that continued as the buzzing went on and on and the girl went from one orgasm to the other, crying and praying in between.  They were intense, deep, bone-shattering orgasms, the greatest physical pleasure a person can know, but Tami did not want them.  She dearly wished the buzzing would stop after each orgasm so that she could rest, catch her breath, have some relief.  But no, as soon as she was finished with one orgasm she was dragged up on the way to another.  And the beeping turned into a steady tone during the orgasms, mocking her in the crisis of her pleasure.  She gritted her teeth, vowing to endure and endure and endure.  .  .

 Blessedly, the buzzing stopped.  So did the beeping.  The girl exhaled.  She turned over and wiped the wet hair from her eyes, then rubbed the sweat away so she could see.  Thank God.  She looked at the clock radio.  The buzzing had lasted almost half an hour without a break.  How much could she take?

 The phone rang.   
 

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 20**

 Tami, sweating and catching her breath, grateful that the buzzing was finally over, was glad to hear the phone ring.  One of her friends, maybe, calling to chat.  Something mundane.  Wondering who it was, hoping nobody would decide to buzz her for the next few minutes, she got up, a little groggy and stiff from all the strain in her muscles, and went over to the wall next to Jen's and Mandy's bunk where the phone was.  In a motion well-practiced by any teenaged girl, though done now a little wearier than usual, she picked the phone up and slid down cross-legged onto the floor with a slap of her bare butt on the hard tile.  "Tami here," she said.

 Her bare shoulders drooped when she found out who it was.

 "Good mor -- I mean good afternoon, Miss Smithers, I hope all is well. " It was the mellifluous voice of the Dean.

 Tami rested her head in her hand, her elbow propped on one knee.  She felt like cursing him out.  Certainly he knew about today's awful humiliation -- he probably directed it!  She felt like a prisoner who hated the warden who kept torturing her, but knew that expressing this hatred would only make things worse.  So she restricted herself to saying, "Hello."

 "I'd like to meet with you today, Miss Smithers.  Please be at my office at three o'clock."

 Tami closed her eyes.  She didn't feel like going to Rossland Hall and walking into the Dean's office, not on today of all days.  "I - I'm not feeling well."

 "I happen to know that you are not sick, you were at both your morning classes today," said the firm voice on the other end.

 "C - can we make it some other day?" Tami said, though she immediately knew making this suggestion was a mistake.

 The Dean's voice took on an insinuating tone.  "Is there some reason why you don't want to make the trip to my office? Is it because you are too modest to be seen in public?"

 Right though he was, she couldn't admit it.  And it was unusual for the Dean to make such a direct accusation.  This was a red flag.  She had to show up or else .  .  . The tired, shamed teenage girl knew she had to give in.  Only 15 more days .  .  . I can't blow it now, having come so far.  She ran these words through her mind and was embarrassed at hearing the pun.  Having "come" so far . . . If it was a serious meeting at least she wouldn't be buzzed during it.  Clearing her throat again, she said, "No, I thought I had another commitment.  I'll be there."

 "Fine then.  Thank you and good luck with your two o'clock class." Then he hung up.

 The nearly naked teenager sat there with the receiver still against her ear, trying to stay calm amidst the rubbings and frictions of the dildo deep up her butt, the dildo in her pussy, the hard rough knob against her clit, the bristly clamps on her nipples .  .  . The Dean was right on top of things.  He knew she was at both her morning classes, and that she had a two o'clock class, a class she knew she had to be at.  A perverse way of ensuring that she would maintain her record of perfect attendance, still unbroken in spite of everything.

 She couldn't decide if it was he or Henry Ross who was orchestrating today's ordeal.  But between the two of them they were doubtlessly in touch with their spies, probably coordinating who would be buzzing her and when.  With gallows humor she imagined a "Tami Orgasm Control Center" behind a fake bookcase in the Dean's office, with blips on a screen showing the location of each remote control, rows of buttons and dials, with Ross in a headset in contact with each person, getting reports and instructing as to each buzz .  .  .

 Praying not to be pierced on the crucible of another orgasm Tami set the alarm for her next class and lay down for a 45-minute nap.  The girl, wearied from so many forced orgasms, fell right to sleep.

.  .  .

 The annual parade was the year's biggest event for the little town.  Everyone was there.  Marching bands, scouts, the fire department, the police, all marching in splendid formation .  .  .  and all led by the color guard.  The five flagpoles were held up by five strong men.  The flagpole in the center did not have a flag, however.  Extra long and high, everyone's attention was directed to the top of the pole.  There, leading the parade, waving at the crowd with a decidedly strained smile, was the naked girl, propped up by the flagpole inserted far up her butt, her butt cheeks resting on a little cross-bar, an extra extension in front lodged up her pussy to stabilize her.  Flashbulbs popped, cameras whirred, she would be on the front page of tomorrow's paper, and a feature on tonight's local news. . .

.  .  .

 They were very nice as they gathered around the seated naked girl, the teachers and the teacher's aides.  This was a student always to be humored.  Miss Tami Smithers, a perpetual student at the college, loved by all, pitied by all, delayed in graduation because of her .  .  .  disability.  With sad smiles they presented the final exam to her as she tried to make it out through her blurred vision.  "Here is your grade, Tami," a kindly matronly voice said.

 It was the same as always.  A 60, five points below failing.  She would have to take this course over again, would have to stay at the college yet another semester.  She frowned and, as usual, could not force out a complete sentence.  "That's .  .  .  ohhh .  .  .  God .  .  .  not ag - gain .  .  .  not an - nother .  .  .  s - s - semesterrr .  .  . Ohhh .  .  . " A few seconds later her face raised up and her teeth gritted as her hands reached out, hands that were held by supportive teachers and friends as she crested into yet another orgasm as if it were a seizure.  Her toes curled around the wheels of her wheelchair, onto the seat of which were mounted hard, vibrating dildos that were always in residence deep in her pussy and her asshole, with a stiff knob pressing up into her clit, and the slender metal braces that came up from the arms to hold the bristly vibrating cups against her nipples.  One of the teachers said, "That's her twenty-seventh orgasm of the day. " She heard a younger voice saying, "Can't anything be done?" "I'm afraid not .  .  . "

 The wheelchair-bound girl continued spasming -- in her wheelchair, which she was required to be strapped into during all waking hours.  Because of the constant stimulation poor Tami could not pay close attention in class, and no matter how hard she tried to concentrate she could make only incomplete answers on her final exam, her life being a constant series of orgasms, one after the other .  .  .  Tami Smithers, at age twenty-seven, who now had no choice but to start her tenth year at Campbell - Frank.  .  .

.  .  .

 Tami awoke with a start, then looked at the clock radio.  Twenty minutes before the next class.  She had awakened ahead of the alarm.  She leaned over to turn it off, glad to be back in the real world, not in those horrific dreams, but then realized that she was still "strapped in".  Well, at least this outfit will be off by the end of the day.  And, I'll be out of this nuthouse in two weeks! She thanked God for being in the reasonable, real world, breathing in real air, living in the light of day .  .  .  And would shortly be living a normal, clothed, untortured life again.

 Two weeks . . . two weeks. . . This thought sustained her as she washed her face and went out to make her way to the humanities building.  She walked slowly, keeping the stimulation at a minimum, looking up and seeing clouds come in.  A chill breeze kicked up which she felt on her butt.  She swallowed, feeling confident that she could keep her arousal down during this next class, Intro to Physics, being held in the humanities building because Fellowes Hall, the science building, was closed for repairs .  .  .  something she knew very well about!  Walking naked across campus after cleaning out that boiler, sweating and mud-stained, she couldn't decide if that was worse than her present predicament.  No, this was worse.

 She met one person on the way to class and it was a welcome meeting.

 "Oh, Rod," she said, burying her head in his chest, hugging him, her bare toes rubbing his shin up and down.

 Rod smiled and kissed her on the top of her head, then said, "You're getting a little gray, Babe!"  He picked at some of the hairs.  "I think it's sexy!"  Then he held her apart by her bare shoulders as he looked down at her retainer panties.  Hugging her again, he said, "You're up to nineteen! You must be having a lot of fun today!"

 Tami didn't want to hear about how sexy she was or all the "fun" she was having, she just wanted to lose herself in Rod's arms.  She wanted her orgasms to be for him, not for "science", and if she had to be strapped into this thing, she wanted it to be in his room while in his arms.  She wanted away from this terrible public exposure and humiliation, to go to a secret hidden place with just her and Rod to be alone.

 Tami wanted to cry, but willed herself to be strong.  This day was half over.  "I'd rather be with you," she said, which was certainly a safe thing to say that would not cause Rod to be suspicious.

 "If you're not too wore out, I'd like to see you tonight," Rod said.

 "I don't know, I might just want to sleep," Tami said.

 "How about tomorrow night then?"

 "Okay .  .  . " Tami held Rod tight, not moving a muscle, knowing that any stimulation while in the arms of her lover would only have a result which she must suffer in public.

 As for Rod, he was smiling, wondering again at this sexual super-woman he was involved with.  Wearing this Orgasm Outfit while going to classes!  19 orgasms so far!  And no doubt loving it, shameless as she was!  This was the stuff of a horny young man's science fiction fantasy.  Watching Tami have an orgasm was his favorite thing in the world, aside from squirting inside her himself, and he wished he could accompany her and see her next one.  But he was on the way to an end-of-semester test, and there would certainly be other chances.

 Rod kissed Tami, a deep, French kiss, right in the middle of campus, moving his hands down so that they grabbed her butt cheeks, something the normally shy Rod had never done before, at least not so much in public.  Then they parted.

 Tami, walking on, thought of how much she loved Rod, how hard the summer would be without him.  Then she thought of the summer.  Clothes.  No dildos inside her all day.  Clothes.  She crossed a gravel path and contemplated her bare feet on the rough little rocks.  And shoes.  Always shoes!

 Fortunately, blessedly, she did not get buzzed during her physics class.  Sitting still in her chair, leaning to one side so the dildo up her butt wasn't so insistent on claiming her attention, she actually was close to being single-minded in listening to the professor.  She was asked to give a couple of answers and, as always, she did so correctly.

 At three o'clock she entered the lobby of Rossland Hall, the administration building.  The lobby was fortunately deserted.  She got into the elevator and pressed the button for the top floor, the seventh floor, and cleared her throat and tried to clear her mind, thinking of her meeting with the Dean.  This meeting, she resolved, would not be a disaster like the last one.  She was going to pretend she loved being naked, loved wearing this outfit.  She could do it.  Only two weeks left!

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 21**

 With only slightly jerky steps Tami approached the Dean's office.  She was being rubbed and stimulated in every possible secret place, but she thought she would probably be able to contain the inner fire for the time being.  She knew her face to be a little flushed and her breathing a little ragged, but it wasn't like the Dean would be making her run in place or anything like that.  She could stand perfectly still during this meeting, whatever it was about.

 Still, she felt very uneasy as she walked in to Gwendolyn King's reception area, trying to act as nonchalantly as possible, a teenage girl in a ridiculously tiny bikini, the strange protruding cuplets covering her nipples and nothing else, standing in front of this elegantly dressed, haughty secretary.  Feeling the plush carpet beneath her made Tami aware also of the bareness of her feet, and how insolent she was walking into these well-appointed surroundings barefoot in such skimpy clothing.

 "Ah yes, Miss Smithers," Ms. King said, with the air of having expected her.  She made "Smithers" sound like an alias.  Tami wondered, Does this lady know about what's inside this outfit? .  .  .  "The Dean will meet you in the Conference Room," Ms. King said.  "Third door to the left, dear."

 Something was up.  Why wasn't she meeting the Dean in his office?  Tami walked down the hall with a feeling of deja vu.  Then as she approached the conference room she suddenly remembered this place.  This was where that scholarship interview was, last summer.  It seemed like a hundred years ago.  As she approached the open doorway she saw the eerily familiar sight -- a medium sized room, polished wood floor, cushioned chairs around the sides, and a long table behind which sat eight people -- the same exact people who had been there last July, plus one extra (very unwelcome) one.

 On that day last July Tami, accompanied by her father, had walked in crisply but nervously, feeling the sweat in her sensible white bra, her white linen shirt, her red dressy pants, the clicking of her shiny pumps echoing loudly on the wood floor.  Today Tami, alone, padded into the room silently on toughened bare feet, covered only by her skimpy bikini, bristles and knobs and dildos rubbing her secretly in every sensitive place as she walked to front and center, secretly and sadly and crushingly aware of her reduced circumstances, her far different appearance now.  There was no chair this time.  Tami stood as if at attention and waited for the Dean, sitting in the middle, to speak.

 "Good afternoon, Miss Smithers, I hope you don't mind the unscheduled surroundings," the Dean said.  Tami struggled to hold down the arousal and her shame at standing like this in front of these elegantly dressed personages.  She looked down at her skimpy outfit and her feet.  At least this bikini could have been a brighter color, nicer material.  And I could at least have worn some clear toenail polish .  .  .  She knew these were ridiculous thoughts, but she couldn't help thinking them, worried about her appearance like the normal teenage girl she still was deep down.

Tami looked up and, shaking herself free of these musings, noticed nevertheless that the Dean seemed a little ill at ease.  Running his words over in her mind, she realized it was quite unlike the vaguely threatening tone she had heard on the telephone.

 "This meeting was, uh, unfortunately and unavoidably called in a hurry.  For that I apologize.  You might recognize and remember the people from your scholarship interview, which was held" -- the Dean nervously put on his glasses to read something in front of him, jabbing himself in the eyebrow as he did so -- "on, uh, July 17, 2000".  He took off his glasses again and introduced the others.  "Starting from your left, here is Mrs.  Millicent Lowell, whom you have met since" -- Tami recognized the old lady who had visited her while she was sweaty and smelly, trudging on the treadmills -- "and Mr.  George Comstock" -- a little reptilian man in a three-piece suit, creepily smiling at her with what looked like little sharp teeth -- "Mr.  Anthony Noyes" -- she remembered this big bear of a man all right, another in the three-piece suit crowd, giving her a skeptical but oddly respectful nod -- "and the college corporation counsel, Mr.  Henry Ross, who of course is not on the committee but is here to observe."  And leer.  Tami could barely stand to look at Ross, creep of creeps, and elected to give him a cool, distant look.

 "To your right, starting at the end, we have Brian Ratigan, from the Foundation Committee" -- a middle-aged man with a red face and bad toupee, someone Tami thought she recognized from somewhere, leering at her as if she was the first attractive young woman in a bikini he had ever seen -- "and the Reverend Stipend" -- God, how Tami hated remembering the glare of hellfire condemnation this fundamentalist had given her, looking at her naked and sweating on the treadmill! -- "and sitting next to me, our professor emeritus, Jan Latimer" -- a kindly little old man, artistic looking with a beret, whom she had dealt with since, though not in a way she liked to remember.  Nice though he was, she had been mortally embarrassed to pose for his sculpture out on the campus quad, stretched out over everyone, Jen and her   
other friends looking up right into her private parts.  Now, finally, thankfully, those parts were covered, though at what a price!

 Tami blinked away this catalog of shame and through the veil of unwanted stimulation focused back on the Dean and his strange nervousness.  "The members of the committee have some questions for you, Miss Smithers," he continued.  "I apologize again for surprising you like this, but these people are, uh, curious about .  .  .  well, I'll let them ask the questions.  Let me assure you, Miss Smithers, that your scholarship is not in question.  You are not being tested.  Nothing that you can say here can jeopardize what you have rightly, uh, earned."

 Tami felt slightly reassured, but only slightly.  What exactly was going on here? She licked her lips as she looked at the elegant clothing these people were wearing.  Such fine shoes, suits, dresses .  .  .  15 days was too long to wait.  She wanted clothing now, right now, this minute .  .  .

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Oh Christ! Tami couldn't believe it.  No, please God, not now! not here!!  She gasped and lurched forward a little, her eyes staring down, opened wide.  Then she recovered somewhat and looked up toward the ceiling as her innards vibrated with the silent buzzing.  Please God, not now, please -- ohhh --

 "Miss Smithers," Mr.  Noyes began, "is it true that you have totally given up wearing clothes for the rest of your life?"

 "Y - yes," Tami answered, suppressing a quiver in her legs.  Her toes scrunched nervously against the wood floor.  She cleared her throat, trying to keep a steady gaze on the big man.  With a shock of recognition and deep hatred she saw out of the corner of her eye that Ross had his hand inside his jacket.  She knew he was looking right at her, as if to emphasize that he was turning the knob on a hidden remote control.

 "Well what plans have you for the summer then?  Are you going to find a job somewhere .  .  .  being naked?" Noyes asked forcefully.  He made it sound like Tami was going to find work as a stripper.  Ugh!  But more importantly, Tami sensed a red flag.  Putting aside her hatred of Ross and her increasing arousal for a moment, she realized she couldn't give any clue that might lead them to Ned and Ethel and her accounting job.  Never mind what the Dean had said.  She was walking her bare feet through a minefield right now and had to not betray anything.  Even while being driven to orgasm!

 "I'd like for you all to note that the Career Development Center has no record of Miss Smithers using the summer job board," the Dean said.  In her quivering mind Tami felt a little breath of relief.  The Dean had checked up on her everywhere, including the job board -- and he didn't know about her job!  So far so good.

 Fighting the rising tide of arousal, Tami thought quickly and said what she had been telling friends.  "I d - don't know yet about this s - summer.  P - probab - b - bly" (that word was so hard to pronounce now!) "w - with my Dad at his store."  She added, "L - like last summerrr."  Sensing they might call her father to check this out, she concluded, "H - he doesn't know yet. " She tried a weak smile, though her mouth muscles refused to fully cooperate.

 Thankfully, her answer seemed to satisfy Noyes.  Mr.  Ratigan, in a loud voice, asked, "Miss Smithers, I trust you've been benefiting from the education afforded to you here.  I see you have certain .  .  .  distractions."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 "Y - yes, very much.  I mean .  .  .  I've benefited very much.  .  .  From the education .  .  . Ohhh! .  . " Tami was sorry she let the moan out, but by now she was simply incapable of holding it in.  She felt her face getting hot.  She gritted her teeth.  Crisis time was approaching.  She was trying to resign herself to the fact that she would be having an orgasm right in front of these people, right in front of her scholarship committee, but the idea was just too horrifying.  Yet it was approaching .  .  . She had to make it look like she didn't mind this at all, that she had no feelings of modesty whatsoever .  .  .  only 15 more days .  .  .

 Then Mr.  Comstock, in his slithery way, pushed Tami right into the topic she least wanted to talk about.

 "Miss Smithers," he said, practically hissing the S's, "I notice that you have consented to a slight, uh, modification of your religion for the sake of science.  I understand that this device you are wearing is designed, to, uh, stimulate your, uh, responses."

 Bzzz --- zzzz --- zzzz -- The nearly naked, suffering girl was in a thick trance of arousal and, though the man's words bounced around in a recess of her mind, she did not really understand them.

 "Miss Smithers?" Comstock said, as if unaware of what the girl was experiencing.  "Is this true?"

 Tami gulped and looked up, then down again.  She just couldn't look this creep in the eye!  "Y - y - yesss," she said, the word ending in a ragged exhale.  She was intensely aware that these people must know exactly what was happening.  The vibrating was silent, but the effect on her was certainly visible.

 Suddenly her whole body jerked with a thrill of pleasure.  "Ohhh .  .  . " Tami said, moaning as she exhaled.  She didn't want the moan to escape but it was too late.

 Speaking in a slightly louder voice, recognizing that it was necessary to do so, Comstock said, "Can you describe what it is about this, uh, outfit that stimulates you? Be specific and itemize, please."

 Tami felt the wave about to crest, and with a grunt held it down.  "Uh! W - what?"

 "Please describe the features of your outfit, Miss Smithers," Comstock said.  Though Tami could not notice it, Mrs.  Lowell and Mr.  Latimer seemed a little irritated by Comstock's insistence.  Meanwhile, Ross reached into his jacket and turned the knob further.  The buzzing increased.

 BZZZ -- ZZZ -- ZZZ --

 Deep in the shell of her mind Tami knew that she had no choice but to recite the list.  "Th - th - there's b - bristles th - that .  .  .  ssstim .  .  .  stimulate my .  .  .  n - nipples .  .  .  Ohhh! God!" Tami bent over, then with a forced lurch straightened herself out again.  This was the end, now.  She had forced the wave down twice but knew she couldn't again.  She felt about to go over the waterfall and was going to have to complete her answer while suffering through an orgasm.

 BZZZ -- ZZZ -- ZZZ --

 Her eyes went out of focus, staring dully at her questioners as the first spasms began.  "Oh! G - god!" Her pelvis heaved forward as she spoke, or tried to.  "A dil - do .  .  . oh! .  .  . in my .  .  .  oh! oh! God!"  She spasmed and spasmed, barely able to keep standing, spitting out the grunts and words as she tried to keep her head up.  "Ohhh .  .  .  my v - vagina .  .  .  ohhh!"  The spasms began to die down as she began to catch her breath.  "Oooo .  .  .  and .  .  .  another dildo .  .  .  oh .  .  .  in my .  .  . " Her face burned red, especially, at having to say this.  "In my .  .  .  b - butt .  .  . "

 The Reverend was astonished.  "Child, you mean to say as you are speaking to us now there is .  .  .  something .  .  .  in your rectum??"

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 22**

 Tami, standing straight again in the aftermath of orgasm, face flushed, sweating all over, said, "Y - yes, sir. " She closed her eyes, realizing the magnitude of shame she had just experienced, which shamed her all over again just thinking about it.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Mr.  Ratigan, leering like a teenage boy in a dream where he gets to speak to a real live naked lady, said, "And this is O.K. with you? You aren't ashamed?"

 Shaking her head slowly, eyes downcast, Tami said, "No. "

 Mr.  Noyes pounded home the point.  "And going to class today, like that, was O.K. with you?"

 Tami had signed the agreement, she had declared that modesty was alien to her beliefs, she couldn't give lie to it now.  Not so close to the finish line.  She looked up at the big man.  Remembering his confrontation with her when she was standing shivering outside her house during Christmas break, she willed herself to look at him with determination.  "This is O.K.  I don't believe in modesty."  Once again, very hard for this innocent, modest girl to say.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 With a quick chill running through her legs Tami realized the feeling of another orgasm beginning its career deep within her.

 "Miss Smithers, this, uh, device, didn't affect your schoolwork today?" Comstock asked.

 Her face still burned red from knowledge of the shame of what she had been through.  To those at the table who didn't know any better it looked like a post-orgasmic flush.  The nearly naked girl took a deep breath and answered, "N - no."

 "Well let's see," Noyes said, holding some notes in front of him.  "Your advanced calculus teacher, Professor Hinton, said you answered one question in class today, and that correctly.  Do you remember what the class today was about?"

 Shutting her eyes, realizing the next orgasm was arriving far too soon, Tami said, "Th - third level integrals.  Ohhh .  .  .  "

 "And your class in anthropology, what was being discussed?"

 "Tchk.  .  .  Khh .  .  . " Tami tried to smother her arousal, a hopeless effort, but one she did automatically.  To freely give in to orgasm was unthinkable.  As a result her attempts at uttering each syllable sounded like someone choking.  "Khh -- Crete.  Ssss .  .  .  civilizzzation of Crete.  Ancient .  .  .  c - crete.  .  . "  She half-remembered a weird dream of flunking a test because she couldn't answer questions while in the throes of orgasm.  .  .

 Several heads at the table nodded to themselves, impressed.  Then the Dean spoke up.  "Miss Smithers, that counter on the, uh, lower part of the apparatus, it says '20'.  What does that mean?"

 "OH!" Tami doubled over, then clumsily spread her legs, her bare feet slapping on the wood floor, using her inner muscles in a vain attempt to expel the horrible vibrating intruders in her pussy and ass.  Her legs and whole body quivered like a leaf shaking in the wind.  She breathed through clenched teeth.  "Zhhh .  .  .  zhhh .  .  .  " She caught her breath and, unable to look up, said, "It means .  .  .  I've .  .  .  c - c - come .  .  .  twenty .  .  .

 "TIMES!!" she shouted, shooting bolt upright, her eyes bugged out in fear, fright, and the crisis of impending orgasm.  Her damp hair shot back.  Her entire body glistened with sweat.  "Ohhh .  .  ."  She was determined to look her questioners in the eye.  She felt like this was the final test -- after this, she will have earned the right to wear clothes again and end this life of exquisite, horrible torture.

 The suffering teenager looked at each of the people in turn.  First Noyes, then Comstock, then Mrs.  Lowell -- the naked girl's head shook and her breath was ragged -- her eyes narrowed somewhat as she felt herself going over the waterfall again -- in a flash of fevered insight, she looked the Dean right in the eye, and seeing his nervous expression knew that she was the stronger and braver of the two of them --

 Inside his jacket, Henry Ross's hand pressed a recently activated button which turned on a feature of the retainer that had not been used thus far, a little knob which now began to protrude from the inner shaft of the vaginal dildo to press against and rub against the girl's G-spot --

 "OH! JESUS!!" the girl shouted hoarsely, her head jutting forward, her eyes an explosion of amazement.  Her body jerked forward again, then again, and as the spasms continued her feet slapped on the wood floor and she did a strange, frantic dance, turning this way and that as the convulsions overtook her.

 It so happened she had been looking directly at Reverend Stipend as she shouted his Lord's name at the moment of orgasm.  The Reverend, apoplectic with rage, slammed his hands on the table and stormed out of the room, the sound of his shoes thudding loudly across the floor as the girl jiggled and lurched, the number over her clit changing to "21".

 When the spasms were over and Tami looked up, catching her breath and feeling another wave of sweat drenching her hair and running down into her eyes, she saw that most of the committee had left.  Only Noyes, the Dean and Ross remained.  Blessedly, she felt the buzzing decrease, though it still kept on.

 She felt a little more lucid.  As she stood upright again, her feet well apart, firmly braced on the cool wood floor, her concave tummy heaving in and out as her lungs filled her body with oxygen, she noticed that the mood had changed.  The Dean looked shaken and pale.  Ross looked very concerned as well, though whether that concern was real or faked was impossible to tell.  And Noyes was sitting there sternly in icy calm.

 The Dean spoke in a small, quiet voice, unusual for him.  "Miss Smithers, thank you, thank you for your time. "

 Bzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami nodded and then, with calm but slightly jagged steps, walked out.  She held her tummy muscles in as she tried to contain her arousal.  The buzzing, quieter though it was now, was still insistent.  After two intense orgasms, she wanted to rest, but the stimulating devices would not let her.

 She got onto the elevator and absently pushed the button to do down.  Halfway down she realized she had pushed "SUB", for sub-basement, by mistake.  Yet she did nothing about it, looking at the lit button as it took her down, down, down .  .  .  She reflected on that meeting.  Yes, it was terribly shaming.  Yes, she hated Henry Ross for playing her body like a pinball machine while the others watched her come twice.  Yes, she hated being so responsive and having such an apparently endless capacity for multiple orgasms.

 But two things dawned on her.  She had passed that most excruciating test and hadn't cracked, hadn't begged for clothing or for this horrid apparatus to be taken off.  And she had got the better of the Dean, somehow.  After a little more thinking she figured out that he and Ross had tried to get her to crack, trying to shame her by making her come in front of the committee.  But she hadn't caved in.  And because she didn't crack, it had backfired.  The Dean was in trouble now, somehow.  She felt like a prisoner who had been interrogated under torture and refused to squeal.  And now, having shown that she was un-crackable, she was about to be set free.  Finally.

 Bzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 The door opened to the subbasement and Tami decided to step out onto the cold bare concrete.  There was nothing here but cinderblock walls and maintenance equipment.  The cool, damp air and the solitude was a relief to the tired girl.  Quivering, feeling another orgasm coming on, hoping that the buzzing would stop but knowing it was useless to hope, she collapsed into a cross-legged sitting position, her bare butt on the cold concrete, her bare back leaning against the hard cinderblock wall.  Her head bumped against the wall as her face turned up, eyes closed.

 "Ohhh .  .  .  ohhh .  .  .  " The moans echoed through the empty room.  She was alone, thankfully, and could have her next orgasm on her own terms.  She breathed in and out, moaning freely, almost praying, communing with God as she crested into a wave of pleasure once again.  "Ohh -- ohh -- ohh --"  Her hips jerked up rhythmically with the spasms, a little wearily now.  Sitting, she could feel the dildo in her butt sticking right up into her guts, and felt her sphincter grab the hard intruder at regular intervals, grab and release, grab and release .  .  .  She was becoming aware of all the body's reactions of orgasm.  An orgasm expert, having had so many of them.

 As she relaxed in the afterglow, feeling the buzzing continue, knowing she was destined for yet another climax in a few moments, she thought of her victory over the Dean and Ross, of her newfound inner strength, of the fact that her travails would end soon, she started giggling.  Maybe being forced into orgasm after orgasm all day was finally driving her crazy.  Whatever the reason, she giggled and moaned and caught her breath and giggled some more as she leaned over onto her side, her face gratefully feeling the coolness of the floor, as she was dragged up to yet another crest .  .  .

.  .  .

 The full moon lit up the campus with a pallid glow, strong enough to throw faint shadows.  The air was wet, damp, as was the ground, three hours having passed since the rain ended and the clouds began clearing.  Now, at 3:00 a.m., there was no one outside on this ghostly landscape, except for one stark naked girl, walking across the soccer field from the Chalfont Institute, headed toward the main part of campus.

 The air was chilly; warm nights in this north country were restricted to June and July, and it was still May.  Goosebumps were raised on her skin, especially on her bare butt and her breasts.  Her nipples were a little sore but stood out in the cold.  Her breath formed little clouds.  Cold water from the sodden grass squished up between her toes.  And to her it all felt good.

 She gladly took in the fresh air, glad to be fully naked again, glad that she no longer had bristles attacking her nipples and dildos lodged deep inside her pussy and rectum.  Her arousal sated for what seemed like weeks into the future, she was glad to have her head clear.  She stopped once or twice, thanking God the ordeal was over, and knew herself to be happy in a way she hadn't been in a long time.

 Yes, her mind still felt a bit scrambled after all those orgasms.  She had endured orgasm after orgasm in that Rossland Hall sub-basement, going on and on endlessly, an eternal Hell, the buzzing going on and on, then decided out of desperation to stagger to Chalfont, hoping that McMasters would be there to take those things out of her ahead of time.  But no, the exhausted, spasming girl was told by one of the other doctors that McMasters wasn't there yet, and she had been directed to the faculty lounge to wait it out until the appointed hour.

 She had stumbled and practically dragged herself to the lounge, unsure whether she remembered the directions she had been given, but there it was, a nicely-appointed room with a carpet and soft chairs, deserted at this hour.  She had sat on the floor, head between her knees, looking up at the clock over the door from time to time, but mostly looking down and weeping as another orgasm crested, then another, then another.  .  .  At eight o'clock the buzzing finally stopped and she keeled over, falling asleep immediately.

 At nine o'clock the buzzing started again as she awoke and wailed in anguish, but the whole building was empty by then and nobody heard her.  Holding herself tight in her vibrating little prison, she endured another series of orgasms.  By then they had become weak little bunches of quivers, and she stared ahead without emotion, perhaps in shock, perhaps in fatigue, perhaps with the demented look of someone who had been driven insane.  Finally the buzzing stopped and she looked up and saw that it was five minutes to ten.  She weakly got up, holding her head in her hands and noticed the portraits on the wall and, just before she turned out to the hall, noticed the portrait of herself that had been presented at the banquet, Tami the proud and unashamed, the Tami she had wanted to be, mounted in a place of honor over a fine oak credenza.

 She lurched into Lab 6 and saw McMasters and Mr.  Zipkin there and flung herself onto the exam table.  She was barely conscious as they removed the bristle bra and, with great care, the retaining panties.  Did she hear Zipkin say "68"?  What did that mean? The number of orgasms? No matter, she fell asleep immediately, lying on her side on the table, her asshole, still stretched wide open, fully in view.

 She had awakened at 2:45 a.m., still a little groggy, in a darkened room.  In fact as she made her way out to the hall she saw the whole place was dark and nobody was around.  It was creepy, and the weary girl was relieved to feel the cold air filling her lungs as she stepped outside.  Now, in fact, walking across the wet field, she felt a little giddy in her weariness.  She had won a victory over the Dean.  And had only 14 days left to freedom and clothes.  She thought of Ned and Ethel, doubtless fast asleep at this hour.

 Weary though she was, the naked teenager began to skip and then limply run across the grass.  Attempting a cartwheel, she slipped on the wet grass and fell on her butt, feeling the cold textured rubbery wetness under her bare back.  She giggled, looking up at the moon.  She enjoyed these natural sensations, she wished she could be naked only at times like now when there was nobody to see.  Grinning at herself for having this thought, she got on all fours and stuck her butt up at the moon and, using muscles she was just becoming aware of, without using her hands she managed to open her asshole, which had been closed for only a few hours anyway, with the idea that beams of moonlight could go right into her butt.  She shook her head.  I've really gone crazy.  But it feels good anyway!

 She stumbled back up to her feet, and looked back at Chalfont, and then up to the darkened height of Rossland Hall, and knew she had defeated them both.  Ha ha.  She was also aware of being very, very hungry.  As she happily, wearily walked back to her dorm, feeling grass and then concrete and then gravel under her bare feet, she thought ahead to the dining hall and how she would be really pigging out in a few hours at breakfast.  Mmmm .  .  .  eggs.  .  .  toast .  .  . juice .  .  .