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

by Donnylaja

**Part 23**

The six of them were glad to get away, on this last weekend before classes ended and finals began. Not really sure of where they were going, Marisol nevertheless had navigated the Ark of Doom up into the mountains and found a secluded spot, and walking in a ways through a grassy area they found some big wide rocks and a stream. Odd how college had changed their perspective. Being raised in urban or at least suburban settings, to them the clean, bucolic campus itself had at first seemed to be "getting away from it all", but by now it just reminded them of classes and people. Now they wanted to get away from getting away from it all. They had brought a little lunch, and they were lounging around on the warm rocks on this beautiful, sunny, warm day. The stream, surprisingly deep and wonderfully clear, ran in a little crevice a few feet down below. Mayree, Brad, Rod, Mandy, and Marisol, sitting on soft towels, all in states of partial undress, short pants, short sleeves, Mayree and Brad and Marisol with their shoes off, Mandy in a black tank top, as they munched on their fried chicken and apples and sipped from cups of water, looked up at the blue sky, listened to the gentle current of the creek, enjoying this paradise, contemplating stepping in the water but convinced that it was ice cold . . . The sixth person, a little downstream and out of sight, having wandered from the rest, lay stretched out on the rough, flat rock, enjoying the feel of its warmth even as it poked and scraped her bare back, her bare butt cheeks. Eyes closed, she enjoyed the feel of the sun warming her nipples, her exposed pussy skin, she could even feel the rays in the little space between the pussy lips at the junction of her widely spread legs. This was Tami Smithers, whose clothes had all been taken away from her, who was to be kept naked at all times, denied any type of clothing or covering, and right now, rather enjoying it. Listening to the running brook, and being in the habit of praying the past couple of months, she thanked God for this paradise, though it was also kind of a bittersweet farewell. In 10 days she would be rejoining the ranks of clothed humanity, no doubt for good. Being naked was unavoidably connected to being abused and humiliated and exposed in a dozen horrible ways, and she would be glad to say good-bye to that. But if only she could be just naked, not having to endure any humiliations, well . . . Half- dozing as she basked in the bright sun, the naked girl wondered if that would really be so bad. She took stock of all the sensations she was feeling. The sun against my bare skin, the rock against my back . . . feeling the gentle breeze play on my nipples . . . Only I am allowed to feel all these sensations, only I am allowed to be naked in this paradise. In a way, the naked girl considered herself lucky, and thanked God for being naked, at least for now. Feeling like it was the right thing to do, the girl, eyes still closed, got herself up and, standing on the rough rock with legs slightly apart on tough bare feet, turned her face sunward and raised her arms up, then spread her arms wide apart. As would be clear to anyone looking, she was praying to the sun. Rod, having gone to look for his girlfriend, stopped and watched from a distance. He saw her sweep her arms down gracefully and crouch down on her haunches, head down, her bare buttocks almost touching the rock. He could not help but be touched, almost to the point of tears, at this beautiful vision of grace and prayer and naked female beauty. After a tactful interval he stepped forward, being sure to make a noise with his sneaker on some weeds to give warning of his approach. He cleared his throat and Tami's head turned. "Hi, Babe," he said. "You sure are gorgeous. " Tami woke up a little from her semi-intoxicated state. "Hi, lover," she said. She was always glad to see him. "What were you doing?" Tami, still crouched over, her back to Rod, looked down and said, "Praying. " This was the answer Rod expected. He was curious. "What do you pray about?" Tami thought for a moment. "I don't pray in words. I pray for strength, guidance . . . and also thanking God for such a beautiful day. " Rod was as pensive as Tami. "Did you pray before, when you wore clothes?" Tami thought again. "Not like I meant it. " She looked up at Rod and got a feeling like she never had before. The both of them seemed so much more . . . grown up. Her, especially. It was a nice feeling. Crouching naked on the rock in the warm sun, her toes bracing against the rough rock, looking up at him, she began to think that, whatever happened, she and Rod would somehow make it through together. Rod stepped up onto the rock and held out his hand. Tami stood up and the lovers softly embraced, his shirt against her nipples, his cut-off jeans against her silky, exposed pussy skin . . . she rubbed her soles over the laces of his sneakers. . . Rod's large, dark hand rested on the small of her back, the other gently molding her left butt cheek. . . They hugged tighter and Tami felt like the two of them had never been so close. Tami decided to give him a little show. She turned and crept down, one unsteady foot at a time, to the stream. There was a little round spot that looked kind of deep. She slowly lowered herself into it, taking in breath between her teeth. This water was COLD . . . of course, she had been through far worse. Only one way to do this -- with a quick plunge she immersed herself all the way, finding that the little pool was about four feet deep, her toes buried in rough gravel as she crouched in this wet, cold netherworld. Then, trying to look like Venus rising, she slowly stood up, looking at Rod with sexy eyes as her head emerged. She looked down at her skin, tight and goose-bumped from the icy water, noticed her nipples, shrunken but hard, and sensuously lifted her breasts, offering them to Rod. Rod, standing up on the rock, took in the view hungrily, his dick getting so hard that it advanced the leg of his knee-length shorts out, making his dick look two feet long. Tami stretched her arms up as if yawning, causing her breasts to ride high up on her chest, then, looking around for a toehold, climbed out of the pool, water streaming off her nipples as she leaned forward, and planted her feet to stand straight up in front of her boyfriend. Softly she swayed from side to side, like a harem girl offering her body to her master, then danced gently (and carefully, with bare feet on rough rocks). In a final display of submission and invitation, she turned around and bent over, spreading her butt cheeks and displaying her wet, stretched asshole in the bright sun, winking at him with her brown ring while turning her face to him and giving him an air kiss with her mouth . . . then she turned to face him with her whole body and, crouching down slightly, spread her legs, ran her hands down past her breasts and her concave tummy, past the tanned, silky skin around her pussy lips, then spread her lower lips as wide as she could, the sun glinting on the pinkness inside, the little dark narrow cave visible in between. The naked girl rolled her hips, keeping her pussy stretched open. Rod turned behind him, making sure no one was around, then gazed again at his beautiful, sexy, naked girlfriend. "Babe, you're torturing me!" Tami was feeling a bit sadistic, perhaps, but the mosquitos were attracted to her wet skin. Time to end this quickly with one final display. She approached Rod slowly, crablike on widely spread legs, keeping her pussy lips stretched open with her fingers, opening up as much of her dark pink cave as she could. "CHRIST! OUCH!!" A mosquito had bit her on one of her inner lips! The naked girl jumped up and down, closing her legs, then opening them, reaching in with a finger to scoop out the offending insect, finding it dead and crumpled on her fingertip, shaking her finger and flicking it to the ground. All the while jumping, jumping . . . laughing to herself as she said "Shit! Shit! Shit!", realizing how funny it was, while realizing that it hurt like hell. Rod watched helplessly as his girlfriend hopped up and down, first bringing her legs together, then opening them again. Tami was helpless too. She wanted to close her legs to keep the mosquitos away, and she swatted them as they lit on her legs or her shoulder. She even flicked one off her nipple. But the bite stung more with her legs closed and the inner lips touching each other. Rod helped her back to their friends. Mayree donated her towel and they watched as their naked friend quickly dried herself off. Brad offered some insect repellent, which Tami spritzed liberally all over. "Thanks, guys." When they asked what happened and Rod said, "Tami got bit in a private place," the three other girls reflexively closed their legs, saying "ouch!" "This bite is really irritated," Tami said. "Let me see," Marisol said, having just taken a course in first aid and being eager to help, though insect bites in the vagina had not been one of the studied topics. Marisol had Tami sit up on a rock, resting each bare foot on a rock to the side, spreading her legs as wide as possible so Marisol could see. Marisol knelt on the flat rock and peered into Tami's pussy. "That's quite a mordido. You need some lotion, here, I've got some aloe." With concern, Brad said, "Can you put that stuff on a, uh, sensitive area like that?" Marisol hesitated, bottle in hand. "Yes, I think so . . . You've got to, uh, open more, Tam," she said, and Tami obediently used her fingers to stretch her inner lips as far apart and out as she could. Marisol deftly reached in and dabbed the sore area. "Ahhh . . . that feels cool," Tami said. The bite area went numb immediately. "Better keep it open until the swelling goes down," Marisol said, putting the lotion away and sitting down again. Thus the crisis was over. They had brought a little lunch, and they were lounging around on the warm rocks on this beautiful, sunny, warm day, except for Tami, who sat nakedly on a rock facing them, her legs spread and her hands holding her inner pussy lips apart. The stream, surprisingly deep and wonderfully clear, ran below. The six of them quietly spoke about the weather, about classes, about little things. They nibbled between words on apples and fried chicken and biscuits. Tami's hands being occupied, Mandy sat up next to her and held up an apple that she took bite after bite out of. This was another one of those unusual scenes one found oneself in as a friend of Tami Smithers. Tami was aware of her bashful pose, chatting about this and that while her friends had a clear view of her inner cave, but except for Mandy nobody looked at it much. The bug repellent, which made Tami's skin a little sticky and smelled like rubbing alcohol, was very effective; there was no danger of any more mosquitos flying into her. "Good apple," Tami said, as Mandy wiped her mouth with a napkin after the last bite. After a moment of silence Mayree said, "So Tami, what's around here that we can eat?" This was a reference to the elective course Tami had been taking, "Stalking Wild Plants", taught by a young hippie-ish instructor, Dabby Sommers. It hadn't been her choice of an elective; she had wanted another course but then this course had appeared on her schedule, and she never bothered to change it. The same thing had just happened to Tami again; pre-registering for the Fall Semester, she had put in for Small Engine Repair as an elective, but instead she was put into Basics of Clothing Design, obviously someone's idea of a joke. The plant course, though, had turned out really great. Mr. Sommers was very engaging (and kind of cute, with his long blond beard), and to her surprise Tami found the topic fascinating. She rapidly absorbed all this wonderful information on what plants were edible, which were medicinal, and watched with interest at Dabby's slide shows and the plant samples he brought into class. Plus, he seemed very respectful of her nakedness. She looked forward to the field trip which Dabby kept promising he would take the class on, though by now there were only two classes left and she felt like it might not happen. Now, looking around, she suddenly recognized some plants. "That's a Jerusalem artichoke," she said, motioning with her head (because she wasn't able to point) to some tall weeds next to the stream. "The root is edible." Marisol got up, fascinated, and started toward it. "Let me try." "It's probably not ripe yet. . . That other grassy thing there, that's a groundroot. You can probably eat that." Marisol walked unsteadily over the rocks with tender bare feet, looking down as she went along, her huge breasts swaying ponderously from within her baggy T-shirt. When she got to the grassy plant she pulled it up. The root was all muddy. "I think I'll pass on this," she said, putting it down. Tami turned slightly, ignoring the scraping of the rock on her bare butt, still keeping her lower lips pulled open. By now the swelling had gone down and she could have closed herself up, but it hadn't occurred to her. She was too engrossed in plant life. "Over there, those are edible," she said, indicating some tall thistles. As Marisol reached to grab them, Tami said, "Good Lord, no! Those are stinging nettles!" "You told me there's edible!" "Only after they're cut down and dried. The irritant evaporates and they're crunchy, like potato chips. . . And over there, that tree's a mountain ash. You can make a tea out of the berries, or dry them and eat them, to use as a laxative . . . " Her friends were amused and also found themselves getting interested too, listening to this naked girl with the wide open pussy educate them on the outdoors . . .

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 24**

Finally, the field trip. Dabby Sommers, in his usual, mellow, semi-stoned way, announced that today, the last day of classes, would be devoted to a visit to the woods to look at some of the plants the students had been studying all semester. The ten of them had crowded into one of the college's vans. All were in shorts, this being a nice warm day, except for Tami, of course. All, on the advice of Dabby, were in hiking boots and thick socks, to protect their feet from the rough brush. Again except for Tami, of course, whose tough feet could walk through anything. The naked girl was in a pensive mood as she sat next to the window in the back, the van cruising along the winding back road. Dabby was in no hurry to get there, apparently, and he kept checking a map -- oddly, thought Tami; you'd think he'd know where these plants could be found. It also was odd that they had to go so far. They must already be ten miles out of town. The campus itself was bordered on two sides by woods; why not go there? Looking at the budding trees going by, Tami remembered passing by the same trees when they were bare and icy, on that trip to Jeremiah's house. She thought of the cycle of life, how the leaves fell and turned to dust only to be replaced with new leaves. This unavoidably led her thoughts to Herr Remmler, who was obviously more toward the death side of the cycle. She had accepted Dr. Schnitzler's invitation to go see him and the day before he and some of his old Chalfont colleagues had picked her up in their big, old Cadillac and driven to a house about a mile away from town. It was a charming little house, like something out of a fairy tale, with a nice big back yard. They were led inside by a middle-aged German woman who was apparently a round-the-clock nurse and, no doubt having been warned, tried hard to take no notice of Tami's nakedness. Yet Tami blushed at feeling her feet on the paisley rug and walking naked through these cozy surroundings, past the paintings on the wall, old black and white photos of various guys in suits, and yellowed framed documents in German, possibly diplomas. A lot of photos of an cute old woman who must have been Herr Remmler's late wife. Then they went into the kitchen and the scene was depressing. They saw the wheelchair, the plate of soft food, the pills on the counter -- and this pale shrunken old man, eyes glazed, sitting in his bathrobe at the end of the table. Tami could tell that, despite their forced cheerfulness, Dr. Schnitzler and the others were as depressed by this sight as she was. They tried to engage the old man in conversation but he only looked at them with no sign of recognition in his face. But then he saw Tami and his eyes brightened. The others could not help smiling, and Tami did too. Nothing like a naked girl to put some color into an old man's cheeks. But it was more than that. "How are you -- Miss Smithers?" he said, in his scratchy voice, not a very robust voice but not the voice of someone about to die either. He slowly and painfully extended his hand up to her, which she clasped. She could not help her eyes from getting wet as he felt her squeezing with what she knew was the most force he could summon, a man sliding toward death trying to hold on to life. He turned slowly to Dr. Schnitzler and the man next to him. "Ah, Heinz, Fritz, how are you? Sit down, please." Chairs scraped and in a few minutes these old doctors were chatting about the Institute and old friends, occasionally in German, with Tami sitting nakedly and smilingly at the other end, once again a guest of honor. Now, sitting in the van passing the budding trees, she thought of life and death, then life and death . . . She was glad she was just 18. So much ahead of her. I'm going to get out in the world and make the most of my cycle of life, she pledged. Time, time, time . . .This made her think of the number "8". As in only 8 days left until she put on clothes, hop on the bus, and become a normal person again working for Ned and Ethel. Clothes, clothes, clothes. . . She looked down at her bare feet. Shoes, shoes, shoes. . . She was glad she had been keeping a daily track of the countdown. She thought of when she first started it, back in December, crying in the bathroom in the Student Union during the Black Formal, having just been forced to pass up the chance to put on that wonderful pretty dress she had won in the raffle. The count then was 151 days. Now she was down to 8! Just eight days!! The van slowed down and they found themselves parked on the side of the road. Dabby, checking the map one more time, announced this was the place and the students tumbled out. Dabby had told them exactly what plants to look for and the students branched out, each carrying a little collection bag. This was not one your easy hiking trails. The brush was thick and there was hardly a clear spot to step on anywhere. Trudging through this was painfully slow for the clothed students, but not for Naked Tami, who, holding her collection bag over her head, strode through more quickly than the rest, bushes scraping her bare legs, being careful not to head into anything that might stick into the pussy, only slightly aware that thorns and nettles were flattening under her tough soles. She was the most knowledgeable of the students by now, and the knowledge was her clothes. She knew what poison ivy and poison sumac looked like. She also knew about the dangers of ticks; they spread no disease until they had been attached to the skin for at least two hours. All her skin being exposed, it was actually easier for her to check for ticks periodically than it was for people whose skin was hidden under clothing. "Tami! Tami!" The naked girl heard Dabby call and waited as he caught up with her, a hobble bush scraping against her left calf, her toes entwined in some moss, part of a mountain laurel sticking out to caress her right butt cheek. Dabby, breathless, came up to her and said, "Tami, I'd like you to go over that rise. There's some ash berries I'd like you to collect." Tami, puzzled, looked over the rise, some two hundred feet up to their right, and then with the collection bag over her head signaled to a nearby stand of trees to their left. "But there's some right there." "The ones over there are better, and have some, uh, artichokes near them." Dabby was still breathless. Thinking it odd that Jerusalem artichokes, which grow near marshes, would be on high ground, Tami shrugged her bare shoulders and said, "Okay." And up she strode, bushes cracking under her bare feet, as Dabby rejoined the rest of his class in their slow lumberings. Tami realized once again the benefit of being naked and was really starting to like it, at least walking alone through the forest like this, a real Nature Girl. Once on top of the rise she looked back; she could hardly make out the rest of the class through the thick foliage. She looked to the other side, still holding the collection bag over her head, enjoying the feel of the gentle breeze on her nipples and her bare pubic skin, the soft whooshing the wind made as it went through the trees. Down the other side she started. Down, down, down. She didn't see any ashes yet. Where are they? She wondered if she could get seriously lost. Partly in relief, partly in disappointment she saw a two-lane road come into view. If she got lost she would be able to hitch-hike a ride back to the college, but that was something she didn't want to do. You never know who you might meet. . . The naked girl emerged from the brush at the side of the road. Looking up, she finally saw a stand of ash trees, up on a rise on the other side. She looked both ways. Nobody around. She crossed the road on silent bare feet. A short blast from a police whistle made Tami freeze in the middle of the road, her toes straddling the single yellow line, still holding the collection bag over her head, her firm breasts and semi-erect nipples shamelessly and rudely and inconveniently sticking out. From behind a large rock that had blocked her view, a police car crept out. A very fat, very bald man in a uniform climbed out the open door. "Miss? . . . Miss, what are you doin' here with no clothes on, may I ask?"

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 25 Tami froze.**

She didn't know what to do. She knew what every smart person knows, that when spoken to by the police be polite and do exactly what they say. She didn't move; staying still in the middle of the road, feeling the warm asphalt under her feet, conscious of this gross man's staring at her breasts, she answered his question. "I -- I don't have any clothes." The cop looked at her suspiciously. "Get to the side of the road, Miss," he said. "Can't get run over." Tami slowly walked over to him, carefully bringing her bag down so that she was holding it in front of her navel. She was careful not to make like she was covering her breasts or her pussy. This man appeared not to know who she was, but it might be a trick. He might be one of the Dean's spies. "Where did you leave them then? Your clothes," he said. "I don't own any clothes." "You mean you're naked all the time??" His eyes were wide in mock disbelief. Tami nodded. The cop said, "Well, miss, I'm afraid I'll have to take you in for indecent exposure. I don't know what you're up to, but you can't go walking around on a public highway with no clothes on. Give me that bag. Now turn around, this won't hurt." Tami found herself, for the first time in a long time, handcuffed and naked in the back of a police car. Her first thought, being the good student she was, was of her class. Dabby would go frantic looking for her. Then she realized how odd this was. The police hadn't bothered her in town before; they had cruised alongside her as she walked, no doubt enjoying the side view of her bouncing breasts, but they'd never given her any trouble. Now this . . . ? As the car sped on into a town Tami had never been in, the cop said, "So what were you doin' out there?" "I was on a class field trip," Tami said, shifting uncomfortably against her cuffed hands behind her. The sun had been beating on the black vinyl of the seat and it felt hot against her bare butt. She saw the cop's face in the rear view mirror and made sure her legs were opened just so. Can't show modesty . . . "From the college?" "Yes. " "Uh - huh," he said, as if to say, "a likely story." The cop got on his radio and said, "Vic, I'm on South Grafton, girl here from the college, found her walking around naked. Call them and see what's up." This made Tami feel a little better. At least with the college involved she'd know who she was dealing with. And they couldn't say she had been doing anything wrong. Still, their arrival at the police station was upsetting. This was not the college town Tami had gotten used to. She realized that this part of the state was actually a depressed area. The whole town was maybe half a mile of stores on one block, and some of the stores were abandoned. Halfway up the block was a little square with a statue in the middle -- kind of like Tami's home town, except for Esek Hopkins, whom Tami had grown up seeing pointing with a rolled-up Declaration of Independence in the direction of what turned out to be the local donut shop, there was another anonymous Revolutionary War hero, this one on a horse. With one front hoof raised, which Tami remembered meant that this guy was wounded in battle and died of his wounds later. Behind the statue was the courthouse, a small, run-down building, and next to the courthouse was the police station, even smaller and even more run-down. A depressed area, and it seemed that the town's entire unemployed population was hanging out, sitting on benches around the statue, smoking cigarettes. Mostly younger men, but some older ones, and some twenty-something women who looked like they'd had hard lives. So it was with amazement that this crowd saw Sergeant Stanton get out of his car and extract a beautiful, naked, handcuffed girl from the back seat. Her head down, face hidden by her long dark red hair, the girl obediently went along as the officer led her by the shoulder up the steps and into the station. After they disappeared behind the dirty glass doors, people started getting up and walking slowly to the steps, hoping to see more. Tami was forced to stand in front of the big desk while the sergeant bellied up behind it and booked her. Looking down, cringing at the disgusting floor, littered with cigarette butts and dark spots caused by unknown dried liquids, edging her bare feet to the cleanest spot in the vicinity, the naked girl obediently answered questions about her name, address, date of birth . . .A couple of other officers were there and they stood in amazement, looking the girl up and down, from her bare shoulders down past her bare back and butt, her slim but toned legs, down to her heels. All perfectly, evenly tanned. Neither of these men had ever seen any female body so perfect outside of a magazine. The sergeant finished his paperwork and said, "We'll have to keep you for a while until we find out what to do with you. Vic, show her down." One of the officers regained his presence of mind and escorted her down some broken, dirty concrete steps, to a basement with a row of open, barred cells. The room was cool and dank and smelled nauseatingly of cigarette smoke and sweat, with a little urine mixed in. There were three cells, and in the one on the right a tall, drunk-looking man in an overcoat and ratty jeans was sitting on a wood bench. Upon seeing Tami he immediately shot up. "Holy shit! A naked girl! Hot damn! . . . Put her in with me, Vic!" "Shut up, Cal," Vic said. "Here you go, Miss," he said, unlocking the handcuffs and pushing her gently into the cell in the middle. He clanked the gate shut and said, "Stay here while I get something to cover you with." Tami stood, legs slightly apart, arms resolutely at her sides, watching Vic go back up the stairs. She shut her eyes as she was bitterly aware of the profile she was presenting to the drunk man as he continued his commentary on her assets. "Man, what gorgeous tits! Can I have some? No tan lines! You don't wear a bikini, right?" She turned away and looked at the cell. There was a little bunk on the far side, just a bare mattress. And a sink and a toilet. And that was all. The floor was dirty and she cringed, then exhaled. No point in escaping it, my feet will get black and disgusting. Vic had told her he was getting something for her to put on, but she didn't believe it for a second. So many times she had been about to have the chance to put something on, so many times it had been snatched away from her at the last second. She wasn't going to let her hopes get up again. Feeling like she was in an old movie, she turned to face the bars and stood there, holding a bar with each hand. Cal babbled on. "Nice pussy, girl! I see you like to be naked all over! Nice suntanned pussy lips, that's what I like to see. Real pusscake. Come on over here, blow me!" That last comment got the attention of Vic, who was coming down the stairs with a long, not very clean trench coat. "Shut up, Cal! This girl's going to be out of here before tomorrow probably, but one more word out of you and you'll be here an extra week!" Cal nodded, put his hands over his mouth in an exaggerated gesture, and turned to sit down. "Here, put this on," Vic said. He held the coat through the bars. Tami looked at the coat with longing, but shook her head. "I said, Put it on!" Vic said in a raised voice. Tami felt a chill. This must be a trick. They must have called the college by now, the Dean must have told him to do this. She shook her head again, all the time looking at the coat with an anguished look. Dirty as it was, it would at least cover her. She tried to remember what it was like, feeling fabric covering her bare skin, hiding her bare body from the gaze of others. Especially from this drunk asshole Cal. Vic withdrew the coat and stood closer. "Miss, you're in jail now. You have to wear what we say. We can't be keeping naked prisoners." "I'll get naked too, if that means she can stay naked," Cal piped in. At a glaring look from Vic, Cal covered his mouth again. "Now, you put this on, or there will be . . . consequences," Vic said. Finally he lost his patience. "Do it!" He shoved the coat through the bars again. Tami was in agony. She was being ordered to put on clothes. Maybe this wasn't a trick. If she was being ordered then the Dean couldn't hold it against her. But dare she take the chance? God, I want to put something on so bad . . . But no. She had only 8 days left. She was not going to trip herself up now, so close to the finish line. "No!" she said, then turned around and went to sit on the bunk, getting as far away from the coat as possible so as to remove the temptation to grab it. As soon as she felt she scratchy mattress against her pussy lips and her bare butt she regretted sitting down. The mattress was dirty and stained with what had to be urine, or shit, or something else. She immediately shot up and brushed off her bare buns, but stood where she was. In a weaker voice she said, "No. T - take it away." Vic stared at her a little longer, then shrugged and went back up the stairs with the coat. Tami shed a little tear of frustration and wiped it away. In a minute Sergeant Stanton had wattled downstairs, coat in one bunched-up hand, and was looking at the naked girl with a piercing glare. "Miss, you do what we say, or we won't be very nice. This isn't college, this is the real world. And you're in a real world jail. Are you going to put on this coat?" Trembling, Tami resisted every urge she had and shook her head. The sergeant moved closer to the bars. "Miss, I don't take kindly to prisoners disobeying my orders. Do you want to be cuffed to the bars? Or tied up?" He raised up his hand, and flexed his big, chubby fingers. "Maybe give you a body cavity search?" Tami squinted at his clubby fingers. She felt like closing her legs and her buttocks clenched. She guessed he was bluffing, but . . . After a few more seconds of silence from the naked girl the sergeant threaded the coat halfway through the bars and let it hang there. "I'll give you one more chance. I'm coming back in five minutes, and I want to see you wearing this coat or else. Got me? Got me?" he repeated. Tami nodded slowly, and the sergeant was gone. After he left, Cal whispered, "You're in big-ass trouble now, pusscake!" Tami looked at the coat from across the cell and her legs almost trembled with desire and frustration. Then she shut her eyes and tried to block the image of the coat from her mind. Her mind was a confused mess of questions. Was this sergeant a spy? Was the Dean testing her? What if she put the coat on and the Dean found out about it, what would he make of that? Would he blame her for being afraid of a body cavity search? Would someone supposedly without modesty have a reason to object to a body cavity search? If she refused to put on the coat, would the sergeant really stuff his fat fingers into her pussy and up her butt? Or was he just bluffing? Would he injure her? Wasn't she entitled to a phone call and a lawyer? Who would she call? While thinking these questions Tami found herself edging toward the coat in the bars. She was aware of Cal watching intently, probably focused on her nipples. When she was halfway to it suddenly someone upstairs laughed loudly. She jumped back. 8 more days . . . 8 more days . . . The naked teenager was terrified. But in a way she became more calm as she became more and more convinced that this was a test. She remembered what Rebecca said to her back in December after she refused Wethby's mean-spirited request to put on that tiny string bikini, or that sweater. "Like Jesus in Egypt, he tempted you, and you resisted!" Now, the naked girl closed her eyes and decided to pray. And take her eyes off that coat. . . She looked back at the bunk, then up to where there was a tiny, barred window near the ceiling. The naked girl knelt down, her knees scraping against the dirty concrete floor, folded her hands over her concave tummy, and looked up at the window, closing her eyes. She was praying: Please God, give me strength . . . Please God, give me strength to resist this temptation. . . Please God, you've promised me clothes in 8 days, let me get through this. . . And all the while Cal was whispering, "Hey girl, kneel over here in front of me. . . I'll have you speaking in tongues! I'm gonna fuck you, and suck you, till you scream with joy! I'll make you come . . ." Tami thought of the prayer she had done up by the mountain stream, in far more friendly surroundings. She held her arms up to the little window and then separated them, like a bird ready to fly. "And I'm gonna suck those nipples and stroke that nice bare cunt, come here babe, and grab that tight little ass, stick my big thing into you, come here babe, you've never had such a good time! . . . " Please God, please God . . . Ned, Ethel . . . save me . . . Cal's whispering stopped as the sergeant shuffled down the steps. He was angry but, more than that, amazed to see the bare backside of the girl as she knelt. "Saying your prayers?" he said when he recovered himself. Tami calmly put her arms down and got up to her bare feet, which were by now gritty and dirty, and bent over to brush the dirt off her knees, fully aware of the private parts she was exposing to the sergeant by bending over like this. Then she turned around and looked at him solemnly, like a saint ready to be burned at the stake. "Well, Miss, you've disobeyed me, so we'll have to act . . . accordingly. You want to expose yourself, very well." He turned to shout up the stairs. "Vic!!"

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 26**

The dank jail basement was silent except for the sound of breathing. Tired of Cal's constant trash talking, Vic had booted him out with his usual and useless warning to stay out of trouble. This left one prisoner, who presented a most unusual appearance. As one came down the steps one saw, front and center, at eye level, the widely spread pussy and asshole of a teenage girl, pressed right up against the bars, and her legs and bare feet, the soles dark from the grit of the floor, tied widely apart onto the bars near the ceiling. She was lying on her back on a tall, long metal cabinet, her hands tied down the sides to a rope that was looped around the bottom. With her arms pulled back from her chest, her firm breasts jutted out and up, the half-erect nipples pointing up a little to each side. Her eyes were closed. She was trying to pretend she was somewhere else. This was not easy, of course, especially when Vic or Sergeant Stanton or one of the other officers came down to examine their prisoner. She kept her eyes riveted to the ceiling but knew they were there, standing right in front of her pussy and asshole. She could feel their breathing, smell the foul breath of the cigarette smoker, feel the cold metal of the cabinet against her butt and her bare back, the cold bars pressing against the backs of her thighs. . . As she tried to think of the summer and wearing clothes or being with Rod, she found it hard to be calm all the time and her concave tummy rose and fell with her labored breathing. She was glad when her audience left and she was alone again. She tried to find blessings in her blighted condition and count them. At least that jerk Cal was gone. At least the cops didn't poke their fingers into her pussy or her butt. At least there was no body cavity search. She wasn't going to be raped or tortured. But these guys were still not nice men and she wondered how she would get out of here. It was in this extreme distress of shame that the naked teenager was visited a second time by Sarah Wickland. "Good afternoon, Miss Smithers." The quiet but firm voice echoed through the dungeon-like room and caused Tami to jut her head up with a start. She craned her neck and, looking past her breasts and tummy, saw Ms. Wickland's face behind her bare mound of Venus, her nose visible through the cleft of her parted pussy lips. From the naked girl's foreshortened perspective it looked like Ms. Wickland was giving her head. Intensely conscious of the shamed view she was displaying, Tami put her head down with a metallic thud. "Go away, please, go away, I don't want you to see me -- like this!" she said, almost tearfully. Ms. Wickland did not go away. Instead, she said, "I've been sent by the college. " Tami looked up again, and became aware of the lawyer's meticulous dress, the gentle smell of her perfume. How desperately she wanted clothes, wanted freedom. "Then please get me out of here, please! These guys are evil!" Almost as if to flaunt her possession of clothes, the lawyer preened herself, straightening her sleeve. "I'm afraid I can't do that. We're not in Campbell County any more, the college had an arrangement with the town police and the local sheriff, but here we're out of their jurisdiction. In fact, the authorities here would resent it if the college tried to throw its weight around. After all, you were walking naked on their highway, and they think you should be punished." Tami looked at the lawyer through her open pussy lips. She dearly wanted to at least close her legs. "Then at least untie my feet, please?" Ms. Wickland pursed her lips. "Again, I'm afraid I can't. They only agreed to let me down here if I promised not to do a thing to help you. . . Besides, I thought showing your, uh, private parts was O.K. with you," she added with a tight little smile. She looked down and it was obvious she was giving a close look to Tami's asshole and her open pussy. "You've agreed to show this much to many people. In fact you're famous for it. I think your anus, especially, is very attractive." Tami exhaled in anger at this snotty lawyer, jealous of her clothes and freedom. She glared through her pussy lips and said, "I did NOT agree to THIS!" Her voice was iron. "Get me out of here! This is -- " she realized she might be overheard and started whispering -- "this is an outrage!" Ms. Wickland nodded. "True. " The two heard footsteps and saw the sergeant coming down the stairs. He stopped right next to the lawyer and they both looked straight into Tami's open pussy. "We had to punish her because she wouldn't put on anything. She wants to be naked. Well, this is what she gets," the sergeant said. "She is a religious nudist. She has a constitutional right to be naked." "Yeah, right. I don't know nothing about that. It sounds ridiculous to me. Maybe at the college they go for that, but Hank won't buy it for a minute." "Who's Hank?" "The judge. Her hearing's going to be next Tuesday, unless she pays the fine. She'd better wear something then, or Hank'll cite her for contempt and back in here she goes." During this exchange the two of them were looking absently at Tami's private parts. The naked girl shut her eyes in frustration as she heard them discuss her fate. She was nothing but an open pussy and anus. . . Suddenly showing a sense of legal duty in front of this lawyer, the sergeant broke his study of Tami's pussy to look up (slightly) at her face. "Miss, you have a lawyer?" Tami exhaled hopelessly. "No. " "I'll be her lawyer for now, if she doesn't mind," Ms. Wickland said. Tami nodded. "Okay then, you can keep talking," the sergeant said to the lawyer, "but she stays the way she is. I'll make sure no one comes down for the next few minutes." Without saying goodbye the sergeant went back up the stairs. Ms. Wickland watched him go and then turned back to Tami, who had craned her neck again to see the lawyer's face. "Anything you want to say?" Tami thought for a moment. "What about the class field trip? Did they go looking for me?" "As soon as the sergeant called us we got Dabby on his cell phone. He . . . apologizes for what happened." Tami swallowed. Had this arrest been a setup? Would Dabby really do this to her? "Tami," Ms. Wickland said. "What." Tami was not really in a mood to talk unless it concerned getting her out of here. Looking between the cleft of her pussy lips Tami could see the lawyer raise her eyebrow and shift her eyes to Tami's face and then to her open pussy. "You're feeling quite shamed right now, I bet." "I don't like being tied up. . . I didn't agree to this!" Tami repeated. Ms. Wickland fixed the naked teenager with a steady gaze. "Tami, you're spread wide open, I can see right inside your vagina, and also right into your anus. And you're naked. As always. You haven't had a scrap of covering for practically the whole school year. Except, of course, for when you were being driven to orgasm after orgasm right in front of everyone with that outfit the Chalfont crowd designed for you. Is all this O.K. with you?" Tami averted her eyes, then rested her head down. The lawyer started pacing, waxing almost poetic. "Bitter cold, snow, everyone nice and warm in their boots, mittens, coats, all except for Tami Smithers, freezing her bare bum off, her bare feet almost frostbitten as she walks through the tundra. Is this O.K. with you? "Poked and prodded, attacked by dildos, sawing in and out of both your front and your rear, bringing you to orgasm in front of a bunch of leering men. And put on tape. Remember that photo that was up on the bulletin board the other day?" Tami's face burned with shame. She had gone up to the math building board, wondering what all the commotion was about, and then froze in utter shock. Right up there, a xerox of a grainy black-and-white photo of her face, obviously taken from the camera in Lab 6. Her eyes were bulging right out at the camera in surprise and horror. Above, someone had hand-written, "Tami comes for the 12th time!" Below, someone had written, "Go Tami!" She had quickly retreated in shame, wondering why the "powers that be" hadn't taken that horrid photo down immediately. Later, during a class, she excused herself to go to the bathroom and ripped it down. That night, she found it hard to sleep, realizing that practically everyone in that building had seen that picture, knowing they would be thinking of it the next time they saw her. "And then there are the daily art classes, there goes Tami spreading her legs again, see her pussy, see her butthole, 'see how she the very much likes to show her most private parts most pretty'," the lawyer continued, mimicking Professor Brignon's French accent. "And Congi, who doesn't know any better, having you demonstrate oral sex for her trainings! "Teased by bio majors, forbidden to even put blankets on your bed -- face it Tami, this is all a scheme. The college is trying to break you. See this?" Ms. Wickland took off her black high heel pump and brought it up to where Tami could see it. "Isn't this a pretty shoe? Wouldn't you love to wear it? Wear nice pretty shoes and nice clothes? But no, Tami is a nudist, Naked Tami, Tami with the bare pussy on full view at all times, Tami with dirty bare feet, sweating on the treadmills like a beast of burden in front of grubby workers and all sorts of visitors, no clothes, no covering, no modesty at all." The naked girl was filled with terrible longing for covering by this little speech and was now close to tears. Ms. Wickland knew everything and knew the truth about it as well. "Why are you saying this?" she said in a quivering voice. Ms. Wickland put her shoe on and said calmly, "Because I know the truth, Tami. I know you got trapped into declaring you're a nudist. In fact you're not. You're very modest. I just can't comprehend the tremendous amount of shame and humiliation you've experienced the past few months. Look at you, even your hair is getting gray. You can't take it much longer. You'd LOVE to put on any little thing, you CRAVE the tiniest bit of covering, you'd KILL for it by now!" Tami started sobbing. "Please stop." The lawyer cleared her throat. "Some friends and I have decided to help. We are developing a legal strategy that would allow you to wear clothes again, and not get expelled." Tami quickly swallowed her tears and held her breath, suddenly hanging on every word. "What?" "Just what I said. Call it the 'Give Tami Clothes Coalition'. We know the truth and we know the tremendous suffering you've gone through. We want it to end. BUT . . . we need your help." Tami looked guardedly at the lawyer, who had now cocked her head downward so that only her eyes showed above the naked girl's smooth, bare pussy lips. This, too, might be a trap. Only 8 more days. . . She decided to take a little chance and say, "What are you talking about?" "We need testimony. We need you to give us statements under oath. Details about what they've done to you. Basically the whole story of how you got trapped and how they've been abusing you." Tami remembered what Wanda had said: the college wanted an admission on tape that she had been streaking that first week of school as a lark, so that they could expel her. This sounded like more of the same. Tami rested her head down again on the metal cabinet and looked at the ceiling. "No. I -- I'm a nudist. It's not true." "Tami, we care about you. Here's my card again," the lawyer said, getting out her card and, realizing Tami had nowhere to put it, reaching through the bars and placing it on the cabinet near her butt. "We'll keep track of you. We can get you clothes, Miss Smithers, but only if you cooperate." After a few seconds of silence Ms. Wickland said, "I'll call my office and make arrangements to get you out of here." Tami exhaled. "Thanks." And in a moment the lawyer was gone and the naked girl, lying on the cold metal cabinet with her legs stretched out and her bare feet tied to the bars, was left alone to think.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 27**

"Hi dearie," the firm voice echoed through the dank jail basement. The naked girl knew that voice at once. Lying on her back on the cold metal cabinet, blushingly aware that her nemesis was staring right into her open pussy and butthole, looking right up inside her, she stared at the ceiling with anger and said, "Go away! How did you find me here! Go away!" "Not a good idea to be impolite, dear, I've come to pay your fine," Wanda said. As Tami craned her neck and looked past her open pussy lips she saw the top half of Wanda's face, one eyebrow raised, a somewhat stern look on her face. "You disappoint me, Tam. You haven't cracked yet. Don't you see how things are getting worse and worse for you? Don't you wish you had clothes?" She held up a little tape recorder so that the naked, spread-legged prisoner could see it. "Save us all a lot of trouble, especially yourself. Tell us you're not really a nudist, that the little streak you did that first week of school was just a prank." Tami expressed her frustration the only way she could, by banging her head back against the cabinet. "That YOU made me do." "Oh I'll deny that. What's not in question is that you were running around naked. We've gone over this before." After some moments of silence, Wanda suddenly got angry. "You stupid little cunt! Don't you see what you're in for? From what I hear you're going back to your folks' for summer. Well we know where you live, and we're going to trip you up in a hundred different ways. Do you remember a certain, uh, Christmas party that you got drunk at? Remember someone taking pictures?" Tami's eyes, still fastened on the ceiling, opened slowly in half-remembered horror. "There are pictures of you dancing with bulbs tied to your tits and a heart painted around your navel. And another one of naked little you sitting on the toilet peeing. So maybe we'll post these pictures around town. Or under the door of that church you go to. Or slip them under the door of your house. How exactly will your dad react to that?" Tami said, reflexively, "NO, you wouldn't . . . " "And think of when you come back. Next semester, I can't tell you what they've got planned, but it will drive you running and screaming from that Chalfont Institute, half out of your mind. And do you think it will all end when you graduate? No no no no!" she concluded with a cruel singsong. "You are in this for life!" Tami held back her tears of shame and frustration. She was getting firmer and firmer in her conviction that after the semester ended she could never come back to the college and these threats made it more certain. Find a permanent job in Ned and Ethel's town while working there this summer, final transcript from the college in hand, then get into some other college the year after. Anything but endure another semester of nudity and torment. Wanda held up the tape recorder again. "Let's hear it, Tami." Tami clenched her fists. Only 8 more days. . . "Stupid BITCH!!" Wanda finally cried out. Realizing that it was Wanda who was more frustrated at the moment, Tami smiled, a smile which disappeared when she heard Wanda say, "At least I get to see your lovely pussy and asshole, my, do you always display it this way? Don't you have any modesty? Slut? Whore!!" Tami heard the click of a little camera and sensed the flash. "There, your charms on display in all their glory. If you don't confess right now, I'll post this picture all over campus." Tami looked down at Wanda, in the process getting a good view of her own tan, bare pussy and parted lower lips. Possibly she was getting used to being on display; in spite of her pose she was able to think better now and be assertive. "You didn't get my face. No one will know who it is." "Of course they'll know," Wanda said, her eyes looking down to examine Tami's intimate anatomy. "Everyone recognizes your pussy by now, and that famous brown ring of skin around your butthole. Even if they didn't know who it was, they'd know who it HAD to be." Tami exhaled. "Confess?" Tami looked down through the cleft of her parted lips at her tormenter. With cold conviction she said, "Go to hell." "O.K. . . ." Wanda returned to her usual cheerful sadism. "I'd love to leave you here, but I've got my orders." While this exchange was playing out, the sergeant came down the stairs with a skinny old man in a suit with no tie. Tami's spirits sank further as the three of them started talking among themselves right in front of her spread pussy. "This is the girl who's come to pay her fine, a friend of hers from the college," the sergeant said. "Oh Lord," the old man said, transfixed by the naked girl's open pussy and at the same time embarrassed to look at it. He kept glancing back and forth from it to the sergeant to Wanda to the floor and back to Tami's pussy again. "She didn't want to put on clothes, we had to punish her," the sergeant said. "Probably not cruel and unusual, according to the Supreme Court." He and the old man shared a little chuckle. The sergeant addressed Wanda and Tami, casually looking past Tami's pussy lips up to her face. "Ladies, this is Carson Fripple, he writes the local paper. He visits every week to write up the blotter." Tami craned her head and addressed the sergeant with perfect dignity. "He's not going to put my name in, is he?" "No, I never do that," the old man said, trying to focus on Tami's face, which was extremely difficult given that it was right in the line of sight with her clit. "I have to live here too, you know. Anyway, even if there's no name, most folks usually know who it is. For example, 'intoxicated man held overnight until sober'. Everyone knows that's Cal. You, of course, people know from seeing you taken into the station house." Well in a small town the buzz from that would get around pretty fast, Tami mused. She was relieved that her name wouldn't be used; also, fortunately, the town she was going to in eight days was nowhere near here. "What will you say?" Carson looked down, thinking, then glanced up at Tami's pussy. "Probably, 'woman arrested for indecent exposure on Route 82, released after paid fine'," he said into Tami's open cave. The naked girl could feel his breath hitting way up in there. Tami addressed the sergeant and Carson evenly as if she were fully clothed and standing with them face to face. "I don't like being tied up. I'd like to register a complaint. This is not right, to tie me up . . . like this." The sergeant, a little surprised, said, "You can do that, but you'll have to appear before the judge for a hearing on it." Tami thought for a moment. "Well in that case, no." "Let's go," the sergeant said, getting out his keys. He entered the cell and carefully untied the naked girl. Tami then hopped off the cabinet, bending over to stretch out the kinks in her legs, first to one side, then the other, not caring that she was spreading her legs right in their faces. After what they had already seen, what did it matter? She walked upstairs with the others, and stood with Wanda at the desk while they signed some papers and Wanda handed over the cash. "Good bye, Miss," the sergeant said, almost fondly. "You sure are lucky to have a friend to get you sprung!" Tami grunted ruefully. As Tami followed Wanda down the station house steps, she saw that there was a crowd of maybe fifty people waiting, probably a good part of the town. Tami kept her eyes down, not wanting to make eye contact, watching her dirty feet stepping carefully down the broken steps behind Wanda's stylish black boots. The urge to cover herself with her hands was intense, but Tami was wary of spies, and freely allowed everyone to see her tanned breasts and her bare, tanned pussy lips. Only 8 more days. . . When they got to Wanda's car Wanda said, "I can take you right to campus, get in next to Janice," and Tami found herself in the back seat with a tall, blond girl she remembered from long ago, way back before Thanksgiving. The girl was naked then, and nearly so now. She had on a little handkerchief top that allowed parts of her big breasts to bulge out to each side, and very short low-rise jean shorts that showed a big expanse of bare skin below the navel and long, long legs below, and fashionable flip-flops. The girl was almost totally naked, and Tami realized she had seen her with Wanda last winter too, while Tami was getting made up for the Black Formal. The girl seemed subdued, not at all defiant like before. She acknowledged Tami quietly. "Hello again," she said. During the ride back to campus she said nothing, just looked out the window. Tami looked at her and felt sorry for her. She seemed defeated, cowed by Wanda. Tami realized, much to her pride and satisfaction, that though she lacked even the minimal covering that Janice had, she was unbowed and defiant. Wanda was silent and noticeably pissed-off for the whole ride, and of course when they got to campus she picked the most crowded possible place to drop Tami off, the loop in front of the administration building where there was a group of people in business suits congregating for some reason. Naked and dirty, Tami decided to banish all thought of shame. She walked slowly and straight and tall through the stunned crowd, silently and haughtily, as if she were impeccably dressed, wearing the best and most expensive suit of the whole bunch. It was only after she had passed them and was on the path to her dorm that she started shaking from the intensity of the shame she had experienced that day. She showered herself off completely, scrubbing herself clean all over, and then when she got back to her room there was Mandy to behold and caress her bare, glowing, warm body. Neither spoke as Tami was laid down on the bed and Mandy gently placed her tongue flat against the bare pussy lips. Tami's sense of relief at feeling this loving tenderness was expressed with a loud, "Ahhhhh . . . " as she fondly held Mandy's head to her crotch. Mandy herself was thinking, Poor Tami . . .