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

by Donnylaja

**Part 28**

 From The Campbell-Frank Record, vol. 67, issue 14 (May 13, 2001):

"An Interview with the New S. A.  Vice President":

 Today, our fearless reporter was able to spend some time with our new Student Association Vice President and ask some questions about her views and policies.  Unlike her usual custom, the V.P. was actually wearing clothing this day, specifically an itty bitty leather bikini.  We caught up with her between classes, while she was between her eighth and ninth orgasms of the morning:

 RECORD: Good morning, Miss V. P. , are you getting together with President Burns and the other members of the new administration to plan for next year?

 V. P. : Oh, God .  .  .  ohhhhh .  .  .  w - what? .  .  .  ohhh .  .  .

 RECORD: What are your views on the new Activity Fee?

 V. P. : Uhhhh .  .  .  I th - th - think .  .  .  ohhh! G - god! mmmm .  .  . Jesus .  .  .  ohhhh .  .  .

 RECORD: I see you are very religious.  Do you intend to bring a Christian perspective to your job?

 V. P. : J - J - J - Jjj .  .  .  . ohhh .  .  .  tchk .  .  .  tchk .  .  .

 RECORD: Are there any inspiring words you can leave your readers with?

 V. P. : Ga -- OHH! OHH! GOD!! OHH!! OHH!

 RECORD: Um, Miss Vice President? Can you understand what I'm saying?

 V. P. : OHH! OHH!! OHH! Ohhh.  .  . Mmmmmm .  .  . Oh yeah .  .  .

 Make that -- between her ninth and TENTH orgasms .  .  .

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 The last Student Government meeting of the year, but the first of the "new regime", in the main lecture hall, the traditional venue, though because the entire Student Senate consisted of only 30 people, the place looked pretty empty.  In the seats were the members, specifically the reps from every dorm, every student club, and a few chosen at large.  Up in the front row, Mr.  Rod Sykes, representing the B.S.A., or Black Students Association.  Several empty rows behind him, the two sensing each other uneasily, was Lenny Jones, president of the newly-formed Africa Freedom Club, which had drawn off some of the more militant members of the B.S.A.  To one side sat Mandy, cajoled into representing the Jewish Students Association (15 members), who, just to piss them off, was sitting next to and chatting with Abdul of the Arab Students Association (8 members).

 Sitting in front at a long table, facing the crowd, were the new S.G. officers, headed by the tall, dark and soft-spoken Brad Burns, with the new Secretary, Isabel Torelli, and the new Treasurer, Betty Hernandez.  All the officers, that is, except for the new Vice President, Tami Smithers, who stood casually and nakedly behind the lectern, reading off the attendance, pencil behind her left ear, absently tapping the heel of her flexed bare foot against the tile floor.

 "Henry .  .  .  Gail .  .  .  Jeremy .  .  .  Jeffrey.  Hi Jeff," Tami said, finishing the roll call with a nod to Jeffrey Dillon of the Photography Club, slouching good-naturedly way in the back.  "Everyone is here.  Remember the handout on Robert's Rules and address all your remarks to the chair."  She had learned this ritual language from being Recording Secretary the past few months.

 There were some things brought up on minor matters.  Then Lenny Jones asked to speak and was acknowledged by the naked "chair".

 "Miss Chair, I note that we still haven't had a response to our request for funding for the trip to New York that was given to your predecessor."  This was a trip to see a rap concert in September which had been given to Tyrone, Brad's running mate who was then busted for drugs at his parent's house and expelled from the college.

 Tami checked her notes, her left breast jiggling as she absently used her pencil eraser to scratch just below one nipple.  "That was referred to the B.S.A., because your group is new."  It was the rule that no new group could get funding until its second semester of existence.  The naked girl looked up at Rod with a little smile, her breasts swaying a little just so.  "Well?"

 Rod hesitated, then said, "We are, uh, working out a budget."

 "Where is it?"

 "Tami .  .  ."  Brad said softly.  His V.P. was supposed to run the meetings, not make decisions.  But everyone knew this was just Tami being Tami.  After getting over her initial shyness as Recording Secretary, the naked freshman had become more and more assertive and had gotten a reputation as a real pistol.

 "Um, we're working on it," Rod said.  Tami knew the problem.  Lenny was not a bad guy but was hot-headed and a little stupid.  Rod was afraid Lenny's friends would talk him into using the money to buy drugs.  Or if they did go to the rap concert, they'd get wrapped up in trouble there.

 Tami left the podium, prompting another gentle but useless admonition from Brad.  The only sound was her bare feet slapping on the floor as she went up to Rod and looked down.  "Is that it?"  Without waiting for an answer she grabbed the list of numbers from his lap and, to everyone's surprise, hopped up on the wooden armrests of the chair next to him and walked on top of the movie-theater style seats, using the armrests as stepping-stones, until she stood in front of where Lenny was sitting.  Everyone was speechless, except for Brad, who covered his eyes and shook his head, chuckling gently.  "God, Tami .  .  ."

 The beautiful naked girl with the all-over golden tan bent over and handed the sheet to Lenny.  "There.  You can submit it to Betty now."  The young man in the Latrell Sprewell cornrows looked up and then quickly looked down again at the paper, speechless, trying without success to concentrate on it.  Tami knew, as did some others, that one of the things that got Lenny upset with the B.S.A. was the fact that its President was involved with a white girl, and not only that, but a white girl who was always naked, showing as much white skin as it was possible to show.

 "Well?" Tami prodded him, standing with bare feet perched widely on two armrests, looking down at him with her hands on her hips, knowing that Lenny did not want to be seen giving any attention to this white girl's body.

 "Uh .  .  .  I don't know," he said, not wanting to commit himself because he realized that in his state of distraction the numbers in front of him were not registering in his brain at all.   
 "Well, then, get with Rod and work it out," Tami said.  Then she turned around and wiggled and jiggled her way back across the armrests, landing back on the floor in front with a loud slap of her feet and padding back to behind the podium.

 As Brad looked at the assembly and smiled and shrugged tolerantly, his naked Vice President got back to reading the agenda.  "Next," she said, looking at her notebook, "the Spanish Club wanted to talk about next semester's cultural schedule .  .  ."

 And so it went, Tami conscious of being naked but also conscious of having fun running this meeting.  Being naked was shaming, but it was not so bad because her mind was already in the near future.  The very, very near future.  In her mind she was already wearing clothes and did not really feel naked any more.  Only 6 more days .  .  .

 The only time she was stripped naked again, mentally, was when Abdul said, in his stilted, polite manner, "I'd like to bring our attention to the highly offensive article in this week's Record."

 Tami blushed bright red.  Everyone knew what he meant: that fake "interview" with Tami, convulsing in orgasm.  Tami suddenly felt every inch of her nakedness exposed as she faced the assembly, once again felt the intense urge to hide behind the lectern.  She felt a chill and goose-bumps broke out; her nipples became tight and erect, the floor suddenly felt ice cold beneath her bare feet.  Clearing her throat, she said, "Uh, Abdul has brought up the .  .  .  article in the Record."

 Heads turned and everyone saw that the Record's rep had conveniently left and was nowhere to be seen.  Abdul continued, "I would like very much to propose that the Student Government send a letter of protest to the Record with a copy to the Dean."

 The resolution passed unanimously, as acknowledged by the appreciative but cringing, naked V. P.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 29**

Orgasms: 9   
Contractions/Last Orgasm: 11   
Total Contractions: 105   
Time Elapsed: 27:12

 The nerdy young med student looked into the naked girl's eyes with leering fascination, aware of the hardness growing hidden under his dark pants.

 "Ohh - ohh - ohh --"

 As she forced herself to maintain eye contact her eyes were contorted in agony, tears streaming from the corners, her face a mask of misery.  Sweat seeped through hair and shone all over her naked, spread, tied-apart body, her hips slowly heaving forward and back as the invading dildos sawed in and out, in and out, deep into her pussy and deep into her rectum.

 Her eyes narrowed a bit and the strain of keeping them trained on the kid's leering eyes showed itself in deepening furrows between her eyebrows as her teeth clenched and, with a forward heave of her hips, she crested into another orgasm, her eyes bugging out with such urgency that the kid recoiled a bit, but he maintained eye contact, watching her eyes lose focus and the pupils dilate.  The counter switched to "10" and ticked off the contractions.  "1", "2", "3", "4" .  .  . Below that, "106", "107", "108", "109" .  .  .

 As the last contraction died away, the med student exhaled and shook his head, surprised at the intensity of the experience, and stepped away as the next one on line walked up to the little platform and noticed the nude young female catch her breath and emit more drops of sweat.  Then he looked up at her eyes, which were closed for a while but then obediently opened.  .  .

 Even in her dire distress and deep shame Tami was careful to follow instructions, still in her distracted state aware of Mr.  McMasters looking on from the circular console.  She had tried to control her blush when she arrived here in Lab 6 half an hour ago for her last session of the semester and saw a class full of med students in the "spectator" seats, then listened to Mr.  McMasters speak of the purpose of the session -- "research on the physiological process of orgasm" -- while Brendo attached her widely spread legs and hands to the cuffs on the posts. . . and tried not to notice these students -- almost all male, but a couple of females -- crowding around as the dildos were carefully inserted front and rear. . .and listened as McMasters instructed the students to form a line in front of her so they could see the physiological changes first-hand, in particular her eyes as they lost focus and the pupils dilated.

 Her own instructions, which she acknowledged with a defeated nod, were to keep her eyes open during orgasm, if possible -- "or, Miss Smithers, if because of your intensity of feeling you can't, the student will stay for the next orgasm, and so on until the next orgasm comes when you can keep your eyes open".  McMasters then turned to the seated students and said, "It would not be too long a wait.  As you will see, Miss Smithers is unusually responsive and has quite a capacity for orgasm, which she reaches at regular and quick intervals."

 With these instructions fleeting through the back of her mind, Tami once again raised her head and wearily opened her eyes to look at the next student, this one a short guy with very thick glasses that made his eyes look very big .  .  .

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Orgasms: 23   
Contractions/Last Orgasm: 9   
Total Contractions: 255   
Time Elapsed: 50:48

 The girl's voice, now hoarse, rasped airily through the lab.  "Oh -- God -- please -- ohh -- please -- help -- please -- OHH!--uhhhhh -- "  Her body bucked back and forth as her eyes stared out of her gaunt, sweaty, exhausted face at Hilda, a nerdy girl with cat's eyes glasses, the last student in line.

 "Notice the vocalizations," McMasters said loudly so that everyone could hear, even Tami.  "During orgasm, certainly during a extended session like this, ideation of reality becomes problematic.  A person could imagine all sorts of things, say all sorts of things, the cognitive process temporarily unhinged.  That, I think, is why she seems to be praying the last few times as she reaches climax.  Maybe she thinks she's in church.  Religious ecstasy and sexual ecstacy can be two sides of the same coin."

 Her eyebrows pleading at the nerdy female student as if begging her to release her from this agony of endless ecstacy, Miss Tami Smithers once again exploded into orgasm.  The nerdy student's glasses steamed up a little as she beheld the unfocused eyes, the dilated pupils of this amazing girl who she had heard about, this girl who wanted to be always naked, this girl with the tremendous sexual capacity.

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Orgasms: 48   
Contractions/Last Orgasm: 12   
Total Contractions: 522   
Time Elapsed: 1:25:22

 "So the main hormone released during this extended plateau phase is endorphin," Mr. McMasters said, pointing to the large chart on the wall, a schematic of the body's endocrine system.  The students, sitting in the movie seats, obediently wrote this down, trying hard not to notice the console and stage to their left where the sweating girl was still being double-fucked.  They had all had their turns looking into her eyes and now, after twenty minutes of lecture, they were getting a bit uneasy.  Shouldn't the girl be let down now? How much can she take?

 Of course, Tami was not listening to the lecture.  She was in her own little Hell, glad that she could close her eyes and didn't have to open them any more.  Not that her situation was any better now.  An unobstructed view of her face no longer being needed, the suction cups had been drawn down from the ceiling and clamped onto her nipples.  When the suction was turned on it seemed like her breasts were pulled up by the long tubes, supporting her like a bizarre and cruel form of bra, and with the slight sagging of her body in her bonds the effect became more pronounced.

 No longer did she cry out when she came; her voice gone, she kept her eyes closed, her face tilted up as if meditating, her body still sweating but looking thinner now, as if life was being sucked out of her through her nipples, her tummy almost freakishly concave as her breath coursed in and out.

 In fact she was meditating, or trying to, with a mind that was by now almost completely disorganized.  She could put some thoughts together now and then.  She was aware of her surroundings and a little aware of the lecture; McMasters's words to the class bounced around in her head, uncomprehended.  She thought of a word she heard in psychology class -- "hebephrenia" -- the most disorganized and hopeless type of schizophrenia.  Was she headed there?  Was she there already?

 Above all, she was praying for strength, trying to accept these orgasms as they came, one after the other, trying to get used to them.  Please God, make me get used to them.  But it was hopeless -- each time a crest came, she was going over the waterfall again, onto yet another emotional roller-coaster.  She wondered: was Hell like this? She was not coherent enough to ponder how she had done nothing to deserve it.

 The class, of course, could suspect none of these thoughts.  All they saw was a tired, sweaty, meditating teenager who was getting fucked by metal dildos and whose nipples were undergoing constant bristly suction, and whose body, every few minutes, would jerk around limply but crazily like a marionette on strings.

 McMasters went on with his lecture, the class taking notes, as if Tami were just a wall decoration of some kind, something off to the side not worthy of attention.  Finally he said, "Thank you, class, I know this has been a very memorable and instructive experience for all of you.  You can go now.  Class is over."

 The nerdy girl, the last one to look into Tami's eyes, said, "How long is she going to be .  .  .  like that?"

 "Miss Smithers?" McMasters said, as if there were any doubt who she meant, as if he had temporarily forgotten about her.  "Don't get the idea she doesn't like this.  She has freely consented to this research, and is in fine shape, don't worry.  People in extreme stages of sexual excitement often look like they're suffering, but of course she is not."  Everyone looked as Tami started jerking around again, finally coming to a rest with the last contraction.  Her head dropped.  There was no denying that she had fainted.

 With a quick signal from McMasters, Brendo and Mr.  Zipkin, sitting at the console, moved some levers.  The dildos stopped and the suction cups relaxed and for the first time in an hour and a half the room was in silence.  The naked girl had sloped forward at the part of the cycle when the front dildo was fully buried in her pussy, and the rear dildo was fully withdrawn except for the tip, which kept her anal ring widely stretched, perhaps inducing some interesting dreams.

 "I see she's finished her session," McMasters said, as if the whole thing were under Tami's control and she had simply decided it was time to stop.  "Brendo, start detaching her."  McMasters smiled.  "I'm sure she'll have a nice long sound sleep," he said.  Some of the guys chuckled as the students gathered their notebooks and left.  Brendo and Mr.  Zipkin remained at the console.

 A few seconds after the last student left, McMasters signaled again.  Mr.  Zipkin approached the naked girl with ammonia capsules and placed them under her nose, reviving her wearily but instantly.  Brendo carefully fed her a straw coming from a bottle of water, which she sucked on thirstily.  Then the two assistants went back down to the console and in a few seconds the dildos started sawing away again, the tubes from the ceiling stiffening as the suction cups again drew the girl's breasts upward.

 The girl's eyes opened wide in agony.  "Noooo .  .  .  please .  .  .  noooooooo!" she said in a hoarse voice.  She shook her head violently.  "No morrre .  .  .  don't .  .  . wanna .  .  . c - c - commmmmm.  .  . "  In a few seconds she was grunting rhythmically as she began another journey up to the crest .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist: Coming to the End, Part 30**

Orgasms: 95   
Contractions/Last Orgasm: 15   
Total Contractions: 1087   
Time Elapsed: 2:43:07

 Outside, night was falling, something barely noticeable in the nearly deserted, humid, brightly-lit Lab 6.

 The sterility of the setting only made what was going on more incongruous.  Brendo and Mr.  Zipkin sat idly at the console, McMasters in one of the theater seats, his elegantly shod feet propped up, skimming through a magazine.  Up on stage, the naked girl, gaunt and no longer sweating, barely reacted as the dildos, going a little slower now, plowed in and out of her, the tubes sucking rhythmically on her nipples, which were hidden by the cups but were now an inch and a half long and as thick as a man's finger.  What would have been horrifying to an outside observer was her face -- gaunt, pale, like the face of someone dying of fever, hair plastered to the sides of her head and onto her bare back, her eyes rolled up so that only the whites were visible between her slightly-parted lids.

 But the assistants were not concerned by this; knowing that the girl was tired but in no danger, they were engaged in quiet banter.

 "That was a good one, Brendo," Mr. Zipkin said.  They had developed a schedule.  Brendo would go for ten orgasms, then Mr.  Zipkin would take over for the next ten.  They discussed techniques.  Mr. Zipkin preferred the deep-and-rough method, adjusting the settings so that the dildos went in extra far, plunging in and out extra fast.  This tended to result in shorter orgasms with big, convulsive contractions.  Brendo, on the other hand, had perfected a gentler technique, which resulted in long, rolling orgasms.  He had just gotten the hang of an extra refinement, timing the thrusting of the pussy dildo and the suctioning of the nipples just ahead of each contraction, which made the contractions go longer.  Orgasm #92, a few minutes ago, lasted 22 contractions -- the longest yet -- and caused the naked girl to open her eyes in amazement for the first time in 25 orgasms.  Brendo pointed out that the ridges on the vaginal dildo were key, those ridges that bumped past the girl's clitoris and once inside massaged her G-spot.

 This last orgasm was another long one; hence Mr.  Zipkin's words of congratulation.

 The girl heaved on, staring sightlessly into the recording camera.  McMasters put down his magazine and wondered what condition of mind the girl was in.  They had considered the possibility of psychosis.  Watching the tapes of her last session, studying the facial expression, the readout of the brain waves recorded by a special sensor below the camera, it did seem like her thoughts became deranged as she reached each climax, the more so the longer the session went on.  Now, after almost 100 orgasms, was the psychotic state continuous?  How long would it last, if at all, after the session ended?  That would be a while from now.  .  .

 Though the girl had had to be revived three times so far, McMasters was confident she could go "all the way".  As in, establishing the record for most orgasms in one session, which according to his best sources now stood at 134.  She would reach 135 today.  And it would be entirely verifiable, caught on tape.

 McMasters's thoughts were interrupted by an unusual and quick lurch to one side.  He stood up and saw the problem.  "Her foot, it's cramping," he said.  "Zipkin, go fix it."  His faithful assistant crawled to the side of the stage and carefully grabbed the girl's toes, spreading them and flexing them, then massaged the whole foot and then up into her calf, working around the cuff on her ankle.  Of course it did not occur to him to loosen the cuff; by now they thought of the cuffs as part of her natural endowments, along with the cuffs on her wrists and the dildos in her vagina and rectum and the cups on her nipples, the only clothing she was allowed to wear.

 The crisis passed, Tami's foot relaxed, and McMasters said, "We'd better keep a close lookout for cramping muscles.  Whoever's running the orgasms, the other two of us let's be ready to jump in."  And so the men gave the naked, suffering girl their renewed attention, though all this time the camera had been recording her face, the brain wave sensor below it had been recording her mind .  .  .

 Inside her mind, her thoughts, if they could be called that, were a jumble.  Images passed by.  Were they real?  Middle-aged men taking photos of her in her distress.  Wanda shouting in anger and frustration, "Confess, you stupid bitch!!"  That leering guy from the bank looking right into her eyes as she came.  People congregating around her, looking at every part of her heaving body, commenting on the excellent design of the thrusting dildos.  Jesus, talking to her from the Cross . . .

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Orgasms: 135   
Contractions/Last Orgasm: 10   
Total Contractions: 1502   
Time Elapsed: 4:03:21

 It could have been a painting by Hieronymous Bosch called, "The Martyrdom of St. Tami".

 True, she no longer had the capacity to open her eyes and, in the face of the camera and the closely watching male observers, look up to God, beseeching him to deliver her from this crucifixion of unceasing orgasm, of this grotesque agony in which her tender sense of modesty was being totally smashed, obliterated, wiped out.  Her eyelids slightly parted, nothing but whites showing in between, her gaze was now internal, directed on some spiritual plane, slowly becoming one with the angels, somewhere inside thinking the number 5, 5, which if she had been lucid would recognize as meaning "5 more days".  And there were hands, grabbing her flesh, helping her up to heaven .  .  .

 Back in the external, quotidian world, for McMasters, working the levers as he watched the stretched-out, naked, slightly quivering figure, the number was "134".  As in, he now had proof of a record number of orgasms.  He also admired this amazing female specimen for her stamina.  True, she needed some help, he mused as he watched Brendo and Mr. Zipkin massaging her legs on each side so as to prevent cramping.  Brendo even was encouraging her, saying, "C'mon Tami, you can do it," though they all knew that Miss Smithers was beyond responding to his words and almost certainly could not hear anything.

 Twenty orgasms ago -- they had come to measure time according to Tami's orgasms -- Tami had fainted and the ammonia capsules did not revive her.  The dildos were stopped and retracted, allowing the men to examine her gaping orifices for signs of chafing.  But everything looked O.K.; the constant application of lubricant through the tiny holes in the dildos had made sure of that.  The subject was then doused two or three times with ice water.  This woke her up, though when McMasters asked her how she was feeling, her face contorted and she gave a quiet, agonized, unearthly squeal that was so weird and so deranged that it shook him.  Then she began crying, though her sobs were taken over by tortured moans as the dildos were re-inserted and the stimulation began again.  She seemed to have a second wind, going another ten orgasms before rolling her eyes up again.

 But now, this was it.  McMasters could tell the girl was about to pass out again and it would be pointless, and maybe impossible, to revive her again.  This session had served its purpose.

 Leaving the levers on the settings for medium thrust and speed, McMasters stepped up to the stage and stood face to face with his subject as Brendo and Zipkin continued massaging.  In a loud voice, he said, "Miss Smithers, can you hear me? Miss Smithers?"

 He didn't really expect any response but noticed perhaps a slight turning of her head.  And her mouth, which had been gaping open, closed halfway.  It was probably an autonomic reaction to sound, such as one might see even in brain-dead patients.

 "You will have one more orgasm, then we will stop.  Again, on behalf of the Institute, thank you very much for your participation."  He knew it was important, for his own interests, to mention the Institute.  His words, as well as everything else happening onstage, were being recorded.

 He sat at the console and worked the controls.  It took a few minutes but he did manage to bring Tami Smithers to her one hundred thirty-sixth orgasm, a slow, rolling affair much in the style of Brendo.  By this time the girl's orgasms did not look typical.  There were no moans, her voice having left her, and barely any tensing as she crested.  The nude body lurched slightly forward, heaving back and forth on the dildos, and her hips then spasmed gently, slightly.  There was no other reaction, but McMasters was lucky to time the thrusts and the surges of suction on her nipples so that, as Brendo had showed him, the orgasm was prolonged.

 Indeed, there was something special about this one.  It went on and on and on, and just when McMasters thought it was about to run its course, it went on some more.  Finally after fifteen quiet spasms it began to die down, and in the final jolt McMasters was surprised to see the girl smile, a crazy little smile like from someone who had been driven insane.  Then she fainted.  This orgasm lasted 18 contractions, longer than any except for #22, #61, #92, and #107.  1,520 contractions in all.

 All activity was stopped.  The dildos were carefully detached.  The girl's body fell to the stage.  Brendo poured a pail of ice water over her, a great relief to the girl's external senses.  Then they reverently turned out the lights, like a funeral director closing up a wake, and left.

 The girl slept for ten hours.  She woke up to find herself on the stage and the room dimly lit.  She was hungry and thirsty and through groggy eyes she saw a tray of food in front of her, a big meal, two sandwiches, potato chips, a big glass of juice, pie .  .  .  and a flower in a vase, a big white chrysanthemum, with a card next to it saying, "Thank you.  You will always be remembered," signed by McMasters, Brendo and Mr.  Zipkin.

 She crawled over to it and began to eat slowly and gratefully.  Twenty minutes later, her stomach full, the naked girl staggered through the halls of the Chalfont Institute, her pussy and ass sore, her nipples still grotesquely large, and then out into the dawn chill.  She made it halfway across the field before falling to the wet grass and going off to sleep again.  When she woke up again it was well into the morning and students were looking across at her from the pathways.  She got up, feeling better now even though she was stiff and cold, and walked haltingly to her dorm.  She was in a fog the rest of the day, telling Mandy and Jen that she felt a little under the weather; but as McMasters knew, it was finals week and she had nothing scheduled that day.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 31**

 It was not planned, but the young women just spontaneously congregated on this lilac-scented, post-rain May evening after dinner in the dining hall, in Room 207, Pilgrim Hall, the room of everyone's favorite freshman, Tami Smithers.  And it was a riot of giggling.

 There were -- how many? -- at least ten girls there, sitting on Tami's blanketless bed or on the bunks, a couple sitting on the floor, Mandy and Jen on their bed, somewhat surprisingly holding hands, and Muffy, the new R.A., sitting upright but gaily at their desk, dressed in her preppy clothes, and Mayree and Dawn and a couple of other girls from the wing sitting on beds, and Marisol and Terri, visiting from their off-campus apartments, sitting on the floor.

 Facing all of them with spread legs, sitting on a towel on her chair next to her desk, her pubic area covered with white depilatory cream much as any other teenage girl would chat with her friends with a face full of moisturizing cream, was the always naked Tami Smithers, trying not to spill her cup of juice as she laughed, one bare foot cradled in the lap of Mayree to one side, the other bare foot, flexed as only a limber gymnast could do it with legs spread so wide, resting over on the window sill.

 "Sounds like you have a, uh, LITTLE problem," Tami said between gulps, her concave tummy moving in and out as she laughed.  Terri had been talking about her new boyfriend, a mechanic and part-time wrestler with a tough-guy image who had a, shall we say, shortcoming in a certain department.

 "Well you know what they say," Mayree said, "it's what he does with it, not the size."  This caused another round of laughter, this time sarcastic.

 "It's at least PARTLY the size," Tami said, smiling evilly.  "I can say that from experience."  Which caused everyone to say, "Ooooohh!"

 "Tell us, tell us finally," Terri said.  "How big a rod is Rod, anyway?"  Guffaws at this horrible pun.

 Tami looked down at her pubic area and saw the little nub of her clit, formerly always hooded but more recently usually out to greet the world.  It poked like a tiny pink mountain peak through the thick white fog of the cream.  "Well, he's bigger than my clit," she said.  She no longer had any shame in front of these good friends, in her own dorm room, clothed by their good will and the private femaleness of the dorm wing.  And by the knowledge that she would be in fact clothed in three days.

 "C'mon," everyone said.  "At least tell me what you spy," Dawn said, referring to the childhood game.

 Tami looked up, now beginning to blush as she imagined Rod's hard dick in front of her face.  Yummm.  .  .  Looking around, she said in the singsong of the childhood game, "I spy with my own eye .  .  .  something as big as Rod .  .  .  and it's .  .  .  GREEN!"

 Female heads turned this way and that, looking for something green.  "My god, THIS?" Muffy said, picking up a green pencil from the desk.

 Tami's tummy jiggled in and out as she laughed.  "Hell, no!"

 More giggling and looking about.  Suddenly Marisol said, "Oh .  .  .  my .  .  .  God!!! Dios mio!!", holding up her retracted green umbrella, telescoped in and tied up, maybe nine inches long and two inches across.

 Tami raised one eyebrow and nodded.  It seemed to her that Rod really was that big.  "Jesus, you must really get plowed!" someone said.  Tami looked out the window into the darkness of the campus, and grinned in a complicated way, nodding.

 For the naked girl it had been a weird couple of days.  After that horrible final ordeal with the dildo machine in Lab 6 two days ago, she had spent the next day in a fog, doing hardly anything but eating and sleeping, getting her energy back.  Today she was feeling somewhat back to normal, at least normal enough to start feeling horny for Rod again.  She thought to herself: I've gotten insatiable.  She remembered that meal McMasters and his crew had left her on the stage, eating it alone in the wee hours in the dim light, and looking up at the "scoreboard".  Did I really come 136 times?  Over 1500 contractions?  That explained why her "pee muscle" had been so sore.  The first time she peed yesterday, when she stopped the flow the muscle in there hurt so much she doubled over on the toilet, head against her knees.  Now her little muscle was almost back to normal.  An awfully quick recovery, it seemed.

 Tonight was her last night with Rod.  Tomorrow he was going to Boston for his summer job, unaware, of course, that Tami had resolved never to come back.  The parting would be more poignant than he would suspect.  Tami determined that she would find a way to get back with Rod.  Maybe, during the summer, tell him that she had changed her religion and was now wearing clothes, and working for a year before going back to college (i.e., some OTHER college).  How would he take that?  Well, she had time to think about it.

 Certainly feeling her horniness come back was welcome.  And this burning, itching cream aggravated it.  As Tami squirmed a little on her bare buns, Terri took notice of it.  "That must be agony," she said.  "That stuff stings like hell on my legs, but to put it on your .  .  .  you know .  .  ."

 Tami grimaced.  "You're right.  But of course," she added brightly, "it's worth it," not meaning it in the slightest, realizing that once back in clothes in three days she would let her pubic bush grow back, it being even more covering for her poor covering-starved body.  "It's about time, I think," she said, taking a wet washcloth from her desk and starting to wipe the cream off.

 Three more days .  .  .  As she blushed, thinking of her friends watching her wipe herself, she felt bad about leaving behind such a fine group.  She had never felt so loved and "belonging to" in her life, but in three days these girls would all be gone for the summer, and for her it would be for good.

 A few minutes ago they had talked about their summer plans.  Jen was going to take some summer courses in California and Mandy was going to work in a clothing store in New York City, she already knew that.  Muffy was going to help her father set up a new summer bungalow in Maine, a typically preppie thing to do.  Marisol had a job back home in the Bronx working for the same lingerie shop where she had gotten fitted for that spectacular bra, the first time she had found one to do justice to her 36FF breasts.  "I'm muy qualified for that trabajo," was how she put it, and of course everyone could not help but agree.  Dawn was going to work in an organic food store in her home town of Wellesley, Massachusetts, Mayree was going to shack up with Brad at her friend's house in Boston .  .  .

 When they asked Tami, she gave her cover story.  "I'm going home and probably working with my dad in his store," she said, though everyone wondered how a naked girl would fit in at a hardware store.  "Doing the books," she said, by way of explanation.  "Not that he knows it yet.  I haven't had any time to think about the summer, I've working hard all semester" -- that, of course, they all knew, she being a straight A student in a hard major, and having seen her shoveling snow, raking leaves, and doing all kinds of sweaty naked tasks around campus -- "when I get home I just want to lie on my bed without a thought in my head."

 Meanwhile, she was thinking: three more days .  .  .  She had refined her escape plan.  Her old plan was to buy clothes in the middle of the night at Tommy's in town and then go to the bus station to catch the 1:30 a.m. bus which stopped at Ned and Ethel's town, South Lowell.  But a spy might see her at Tommy's.  Her plan now was to walk into town in broad daylight and go to the bus station to buy a ticket to Providence.  There was a 2:00 a.m. bus that she would take that night, certainly with hardly anybody on it.  Then as the bus approached Putney, about an hour down, she would tell the bus driver she was sick and ask to be let off so she could lay down at the station there and take up with a later bus.  The bus driver would be glad to get rid of a naked passenger anyway.

 She had found out through the internet that Tommy's, a regional chain of 24-hour stores, had a web page, and it listed a store in Putney.  She would buy her clothes there, then buy a ticket to go west, through Albany, N.Y., then up north to South Lowell.  She would put the clothes on on the bus and then when she got there she'd get a motel room and the next day, rested and clothed, show up as expected at Ned and Ethel's.  A few days later she would call her parents and say she'd gotten a summer job up near the college, but not leave a number because the phone was always out.  She would then get an apartment with her own phone, and call them every week or two and chat and they wouldn't worry.

 With this plan her disappearance would be untraceable.  She was so proud of herself and so glad that she had outwitted and toughed it out so as to defeat the Dean, Wanda, Henry Ross, the whole evil crowd, now that she had passed that last test, the Ordeal of the 136 Orgasms.  Now all she had in front of her was her geometry final tomorrow morning, which she could do in her sleep, and that "physiology" demonstration that Dr.  Harridance had set up with Professor Isadore tomorrow afternoon, just a demonstration of her muscle groups which should be a piece of cake, and finally her last assignment for Homer Winant of the grounds crew, pruning trees, the day after that.  Then that night, onto the bus.  .  . Her heart was laughing as she finished wiping the last of the cream away and pushed the skin on her pubic area this way and that to make sure all the stubble was gone.

 Seeing her do this, Mandy and Jen almost fainted with lust, and Muffy and a couple of the other girls, not being able to watch, shielded their eyes and turned away.  "Oh, God, Tami, you have no shame .  .  . "

 "That's right," Tami said, smiling, looking down.  She was feeling brave and unashamed at the moment, enjoying the company.  She pushed her hips forward a bit and her lower lips parted a little bit.  "Watch this. " Folding her arms up behind her head, she flexed her muscles, spreading her toes, little bulges appearing on her inner thighs as tendons and muscles stretched -- and causing her lower lips to open about an inch.

 "Nema!" Marisol said.  "Tami, how did you do that? No hands!"

 "Practice," the naked girl said.  Relaxing and flexing a couple more times, her pussy slowly opened and closed like the mouth of a goldfish.  Still looking down, Tami cleared her throat and gave a dead-on impersonation of Dean Jorgon's voice in time with the opening and closing of her pussy lips.  "Welcome to the college, students.  Have some donuts.  And coffee.  And more donuts."  More slowly than the Dean would talk, but Tami couldn't move her muscles any faster and anyway, it caused such a riot that Tami had to wait for the hysterical laugher to die down before she continued her bravura performance: "I value you very much.  And these words come from deep inside.  .  . And I'm not just talking out my ass, either."  More hysterical laughter.  Tami, her muscles exhausted by this little show, leaned back in her chair, massaging around her pussy lips and then the insides of her thighs, smiling broadly.

 "Sounds like you don't like the Dean too much," Mandy said.

 Tami trusted Mandy by now and felt she could be a little bit freer with what she said.  Still, it was hard to keep her anger down and her words were a little choked.  "I don't.  He's such a stupid .  .  .  mediocre bureaucrat.  He's scared of me."

 "You're obviously not too scared of HIM," Muffy said appreciatively.

 Tami shrugged and grinned.  "Hell no," she said triumphantly.

 A knock on the door and Rod found himself in a room full of girls, looking right at the spread crotch of his naked girlfriend.  He chuckled.  "Hi Babe. " He looked puzzled as Marisol waved her wadded-up umbrella at him and said, "Hi Rod!" to the sound of feminine laughter.

 Tami put her hands behind her head again.  Her pussy spoke.  "Rod Sykes .  .  .  I want to .  .  .  SUCK .  .  .  your dick!"

 Everyone doubled up in laughter and surprise and sweet disbelief.

.  .  .

 She didn't want to.  She wanted only the warm, fleshy hardness of Rod's dick inside her.  But knowing he wanted it badly, Tami squatted on Rod's desk as he inserted the lubricated dildos of the retainer panties, then the bristle bra.  A few minutes later Rod was slow-dancing with his nearly naked girlfriend to the sounds of Luther Vandross, the lovers holding each other tight, so tight that Rod could feel the vibration of the dildos inside his girlfriend through her flesh and against his hard dick.  "Oh .  .  .  ohhh Rod .  .  . " she said lovingly, sadly, as she crested the first time.  "I'm g - going to .  .  .  miss you .  .  .  Ohhh!"  She looked up and her cry of orgasm was swallowed up in a deep, throaty kiss.

 "We'll see each other in September, Babe," Rod said as his quivering girlfriend stroked his shiny, shaved, black scalp.  "Three months, twelve days.  A hundred days, about."

 Tami quivered again, familiar now with the feeling of descending from the last spasm of one orgasm to the plateau and then starting the journey up again.  "I knowww .  .  . " she moaned.  The two lovers danced slowly, and Rod hugged her tightly every time she climaxed.  He enjoyed the slow rhythm as his insatiable girlfriend quivered softly at regular intervals.

 Orgasm.

 Orgasm.

 Orgasm.

 Orgasm.

 Orgasm.

 Orgasm.

 Finally he felt it was time; in spite of his self-control his dick felt about to burst.  He gently put her on all fours on his bed and removed the dildos, then undressed and gently guided his aching hard dick into the tight but well-lubricated asshole.  "Oh, Rod," Tami Smithers moaned lovingly, holding his hand, as the naked girl felt her lover shoot his seed deep up into her, tears rolling down her face.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 32**

 Two more days.

 "Oh Tami, oh Tami, oh oh oh -- Tami!" Lorinda's voice, accompanied by giggles from her friends, followed Naked Tami as she scampered out of the Student Union into the bright sunshine.  Tami would normally have just kept walking without breaking her stride at this all-too-frequent taunting, but with time so short she no longer had any patience for looking cool and just wanted to get away.

 The naked girl shut her eyes as her bare feet trod the warm concrete, Lorinda's sounds of mimicked orgasm resounding in her head, aware that that silly immature crowd still had a fine view of her bare butt in the sun.  Enduring their teasing was, in its way, the worst humiliation she had had to endure this entire awful school year.  It was the only time anyone actually out-loud made fun of her nudity.  Hopefully Lorinda and her bratty friends will be gone today.

 Which in fact was very possible.  Only one more day of finals left.  Many students had already gone and the campus seemed pretty empty.  Tami herself had just come out of her last final, geometry, which was so easy that she even thought of deliberately getting some answers wrong to wake the professor up.  Once again, she was headed for a semester of straight A's, and perfect attendance too.  She technically had one more final scheduled in two days, in social psychology, but she had gotten exempted from that because she had aced all her tests during the semester.  The only reason she didn't try to get out of her last day of work for the grounds crew, tomorrow afternoon, was to avoid attracting any suspicion.  She had already told Mr.  Winant to send her last paycheck to her parents' address.

 She alone knew that last paycheck would gather dust there all summer.  She had no intention whatsoever of going back to her hometown, where she was now known as The Girl Who Walked Naked Into Midnight Mass, and where Wanda and her friends would be distributing pictures of her dancing nude and drunk at that Christmas party, and pictures showing God knows what else .  .  .  She dare not show her face (let alone any other body part) in her home town, at least for the immediate future.

 No, by the time that last paycheck got to her parents' house she would be clothed and working as an accountant's assistant for Ned and Ethel.  In the meantime she had plenty of money from the Chalfont experiments and the art classes.  Money for clothes .  .  .

 For the last miserable time, she stepped up onto the portico at the Chalfont Institute, ignoring the gaze of the students lounging around there.  She had pretty well recovered from the orgasm endurance experiment from a couple of days ago, mostly by doing a lot of eating and sleeping.  Eating, especially.  That ordeal had really taken a lot out of her and she had really pigged out this morning at breakfast, eating about ten pancakes.

 Mr. McMasters had left her a short note to return the retainer panties and bristle bra, and the one remote control she had, to Lab 5.  She found Lab 5 empty, and left the box on the desk.  To have the McMasters experiments end this way was, well, anticlimactic.  She smiled and shook her head, dryly reprimanding herself for thinking of the pun.  As she was about to go out the door she looked back at the box with strange longing.  True, it had been the instrument of so much public humiliation, and being forced into dozens of unwanted orgasms was a form of agony she never wanted to experience again.  Yet she would miss those romantic evenings wearing it for Rod, climaxing in his arms.  She thought of the summer and hoped she could get used to life without such a heavy diet of orgasms.

 Now, her final performance at Chalfont, the physiology demonstration.  She was told to be up in Room L-204.  Padding up the steps and along the hallway upstairs, she saw that she was about to enter what looked like a little gymnasium, judging from the shiny wood floor and the big windows, half-opened in the warm sunshine, and the big skylight.  A very brightly lit room, mostly by natural light, though there were lights along the ceiling as well.  As she stood in the doorway she saw that there were four groups of folding chairs, maybe 100 in all, facing inward, like a "theater in the round".  In the center was a big low table on which was a curious apparatus, a series of widely spaced metal bars that looked like part of a scaffold, or maybe a reconfigured parallel bars, such as she had practiced and performed countless times on as a gymnast.

 More noticeably, there were lab-coated students in those chairs, almost all male, though a few females here and there, whose gaze had understandably just fastened on the naked girl in the doorway.  She cringed, one last time, at being on view, and once again fought the urge to cover her breasts and her bare, clean-shaven pussy with her hands.

 "And here she is," said Dr. Isadore, a short, benevolent-looking old man in a dark business suit, who had been using a pointer on a big unrolled diagram of a human body showing muscle groups.  "Miss Tami Smithers, who has graciously agreed to be our demonstration model.  Miss Smithers, we will be ready for you in a few minutes.  Please wait next door and I'll call you.  Thanks again."

 Tami smiled politely and withdrew from the doorway.  She headed for the next door, thinking of how good it was that at least her last ordeal at Chalfont would be so relatively harmless with such a nice old professor.  Then she opened the door and found a bare little room with no windows and no furniture except for a couple of folding chairs.  And standing in the middle was Mr.  Anthony Noyes, big and tall and in his usual three-piece suit, looking down at her with the stern expression she knew so well.

 "Hello, Miss Smithers," he said with a little polite nod.  "Come in."

 Tami walked in, suddenly feeling a little nervous.  Had this man somehow discovered her summer plans?  "H - hello."

 Noyes gave a bitter little grin.  "I know you don't want to see me, but unfortunately the way things have worked out there is no getting away from it.  I, uh .  .  . --" he briefly looked down and tapped at some dust with his elegant shoe -- "I do want to give you credit for toughing it out all year.  I admire you, in a way.  But it doesn't change my opinion that you are getting jollies out of displaying yourself, especially sexually, which means that all these sexually oriented exhibitions --" he waved his hand dismissively in the air -- "though others might consider them, uh, appropriate for their own reasons or motivations, they don't cut any ice with me.  I want to ask you, once again, and be honest --" he looked Tami right in the eye now -- "are you really a religious nudist?  Do you really believe that modesty is against your religion?"

 Tami had little trouble telling the lie one more time.  Only one day left, she wasn't going to blow the whole thing now.  "Yes, I am."

 Noyes looked at her for a silent moment, fixing her with his steady gaze.  Tami resolved to meet his stare, not to turn away.  At least it was good that, unlike some others, Noyes never ogled her nipples and bare pussy.  "Your, uh, nakedness has been a great trial to many who have been with the college for a long time and who care a lot about it.  Some want to expel you because of your 'religion'.  I think that would be for the wrong reason.  The RIGHT reason is because you've been lying to us.  And every time you lie to us, every day you stay naked, the dishonesty gets worse and worse."

 Tami didn't like listening to this.  For the first time she felt some kind of respect for this overbearing, headstrong man.  He wasn't a creep, he just cared about the college and the effect of having a girl walking around naked all the time.  Of course, now that she thought about it, she was headstrong too.  With Mr.  Noyes it had been Stubborn versus Stubborn, a more honorable contest than with the Dean and Henry Ross and Wanda, which had been Stubborn versus Slimy, or Sadistic, or just Creepy.

 Noyes went to open the door and three other men came in, all dressed in business suits.  One she recognized from the scholarship committee.  They stationed themselves all around her, and the naked girl felt very vulnerable standing in the center of their attention, fighting the urge to cover herself and run.

 "This is Mr. Comstock from your scholarship committee, I'm sure you remember him," Mr.  Noyes said.  "And this here is Mr.  Griffin and Mr. Jonas, from our foundation committee.

 "We've come to monitor you.  I still don't believe you, Miss Smithers."  Noyes stood up straight and tall and huge in his three-piece suit, looking powerful and armed with clothing in front of the helpless, naked girl.  Mr. Comstock, the reptilian smaller man, stood to one side, devouring her with his eyes.

 Tami was intensely conscious of Noyes's gaze but at least he was looking at her face.  Comstock was another matter.  She tried not to look at him but his beady little eyes were gleaming with lust.  He had a sort of half-smile which partly revealed what looked like sharp little teeth.  One more time, she felt the urge to close her legs and cross her arms over her breasts but knew she dare not.

 In her mind Tami was exasperated and pissed off.  Trial after trial, this man Mr.  Noyes and his friends put me through trial after trial.  She thought back to the confrontation with Mr.  Noyes last winter, when he forced to her stand outside naked in the bitter cold as he scolded her.  With a flickering glance upward at him, the toes of her foot twisting nervously into the cold tile floor, Tami said, "I -- I don't know what you want from me.  I went to my friend's party at Christmas.  I went to midnight mass."

 "Yes, you did," Noyes said.  "But this is not supposed to be an obstacle course.  If clothing and modesty are against your religion, going to that party and going to that mass are just all a matter of everyday life for you.  So is this seminar.  And the art classes.  And the research at the Chalfont Institute."  Tami cringed inwardly upon hearing this cataloguing of the ways she had been forced to intimately expose herself.  Noyes exhaled.  "In fact we've been giving you the benefit of the doubt."

 Tami remembered something.  "After Midnight Mass . . .Did your friend call the Dean to spring me from jail?"

 "Yes, we did. " Noyes glanced over to Comstock and then hooked his thumbs into his vest pockets as he turned back to Tami.  "Ordinarily, being arrested for moral turpitude would get you expelled from the college.  But when we found out the only charge they were going to bring was for indecent exposure, well, because your tiny little home state has declared that nudity is a religion, we obviously couldn't use that as an expellable offense.  So we pointed out the law to them and talked them into releasing you."  He wrinkled his chin.  "Once again, the college acts to protect your right to remain naked.  And once again, if you ask me, you play us for fools."

 Tami looked down at her bare feet, sharing the same floor with the men's elegant polished shoes, and shook her head slowly at the craziness of the year she had been through.  The college had been forcing her to stay naked, yet Noyes was twisting it around to make it look like they were doing her a favor.

 Noyes cleared his throat and said, "Miss Smithers, I'm still determined to, uh, expose your whole charade.  You are about to serve as an exhibit for Dr.  Isadore's physiology seminar.  I've spoken with him and what he has planned has no sexual aspects to it, but it is, once again, something which a person who does not believe in modesty would not have any problem with.  But not you.  I think this time you'll fold.  What he has planned will break you."

 There might be only two days left, but the way Mr. Noyes said "break you" gave Tami a scary chill.  Noyes continued.  "It will so totally mortify anyone who has even a shred of modesty that you will be certain to cover up, or try to, or at least show hesitation in your face.  At least that's what I expect.  I'll be sitting in the back, watching you like a hawk.  So will Mr. Comstock and Mr. Jonas and Mr. Griffin here.  If we see the slightest sign that you are uncomfortable with exposing yourself thus -- the slightest motion, the slightest hint of a facial expression -- I will report it to the Dean.  And he will be all too happy to oblige and expel you, saving this college" -- here he looked up and exhaled, as if in relief -- "any further consternation."

 Tami looked up at Noyes with a sullen glare.  She had a feeling of deja vu which reflected how her situation had gotten increasingly harsh during the year.  In December the Dean had offered to allow her to wear clothes if she "proved herself" by enduring Dr.  Congi's sexual awareness workshop.  Now the offer was merely not to expel her.  Good thing this seminar would just be a simple exposure of her body to a crowd of male students, perhaps mortifying and shaming, but she had been through far worse.  At least she wouldn't' be spread open with a speculum, or made to endure orgasm after orgasm in front of them.  This was not Lab 6.  Still, as the end of the year was upon her and she reflected back upon it, it seemed that as she had been exposing herself more and more, she had been getting less and less credit for it in the eyes of the administration.

 Her anger gave her a measure of boldness.  She looked up and said, "I think you'll report it anyway."

 Noyes's expression relaxed and he exhaled.  "Miss Smithers, I am an honest man.  I will not report things I don't see.  Neither will my colleagues, I assure you."

 Well, he was probably right about that, Tami conceded.  She didn't know for sure about the others, but Noyes, who seemed to be in charge of this little committee, didn't seem to be a total creep like Henry Ross, who had lied about her performance at Dr.  Congi's workshop.

 Dr. Isadore poked his head in.  "We're ready to start, Miss Smithers."

 "Remember, Miss Smithers," Noyes said softly, as she began to follow Dr.  Isadore out the door, "We'll be watching you like a hawk.  Like a hawk!"

 Tami went to the gym and left her backpack and ankle pouch by the door.  Totally unaccessoried, just her bare naked self, the teenage girl quietly strode to the table in the middle of the room, her face expressionless, as Dr. Isadore said, "We will now see, in the flesh so to speak, the various muscle groups we have been discussing in action.  We have here Miss Tami Smithers, well known and respected here at the Institute for her help in various projects.  A committed nudist, she has been a great boon to us all semester.  Please, Miss Smithers, get up on the table and form an 'X', with your hands on the upper bars and your legs apart where the lower bars are situated.  This will give us a good view of the muscles of the extremities in full flexion."

 Tami got up on the table and did as she was told.  Stretched out into an 'X', arms and legs apart, she was fully exposed to the view of the students from all sides.  She looked up at the wall, realizing that her ordeals were not over yet.  She could not suppress the feeling of mortification as the professor pointed out her thigh muscles, then pointed to the corresponding muscles on the diagram, and as she felt a little breeze on her bare pussy skin and which then caressed her exposed butthole, she was aware of Noyes and Comstock taking seats on each side, and knew that the other two men were doing likewise at points behind her.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 33**

 "Notice the striated musculature of the femoral region," Dr.  Isadore said, his long pointer almost touching Tami's inner thigh, intending to draw attention to her stretched muscle.  Tami, looking up at the wall, knew everyone was actually looking at her hairless pussy and the lips which were parted ever so slightly.  As the professor pointed to the muscles in her upper arms and across her concave tummy, she realized how this simple exposure could be so shaming.  No gizmos, no orgasms, no being poked and prodded open, no sweating -- just close, intense staring at every inch of her naked body.  All the while, she felt the attentive gazes of Noyes and his colleagues, leaning forward in their chairs, looking for the slightest sign of hesitation or shame in her facial expression.  Tami resolved to be absolutely stonefaced, trying to numb herself to what was happening, aware especially of the fact that acute feelings of shame might cause her eyes to get wet, a dead giveaway.

 "Please put your left foot up on the second bar, Miss Smithers, so we can see the flexing of these muscles," the professor said.  Tami saw that there were two bars on each side, the first ones about three feet up, the second ones, where her hands were, way up over her head.  Keeping her hands on the second bars on both sides, she planted her right foot directly below her and hoisted her left foot up so that the heel hooked up over the second bar, right in front of where she was gripping with her hand.  Not a big strain for a trained gymnast such as herself, but cruelly shaming as she felt her lower lips twist and open.  She kept her gaze straight forward and up.  The last thing she wanted was to accidentally make eye contact with any of these students or with Noyes and the other observers.

 After pointing out various tendons in his old professorly way, Dr. Isadore said, "Thanks to Miss Smithers's flexibility we can show these tendons at full flexion.  Please, if you could, loop your knees over the first bar on each side.  You can balance yourself by keeping your hands on the second bars."

 Tami brought her left foot down and had to stretch her thighs way, way apart, the bars were almost too far apart for her knees to reach and it was a bit of a strain even for her, but she soon found herself with thighs stretched directly apart from each other in a perfect split, knees looped over each bar to the side, her feet dangling, her arms still spread as her hands maintained their grip on the upper bars.  An even more brutally exposed position than before.  Her lower lips were totally open now, and she felt like she was in a perfect position to accept a dildo thrusting from a pole directly below her.  Thank God there was to be no more of that!

 Dr.  Isadore then said, "Please loop your feet up over the upper bars, Miss Smithers.  I have to point out," he then said, addressing the class, "that Miss Smithers has the ability to open her vagina by using only the muscles of her pubococcygeal area and inner thigh.  Please, Miss Smithers, if you will.  .  ."

 Tami felt a creeping chill.  How did the professor know that?  She thought of being in her dorm room, giving that hilarious impersonation of the Dean's voice while opening her pussy to the words.  There were girls there from her wing she didn't know too well .  .  .  Shit!  Spies were everywhere!

 Numbly, she looped her heels over the upper bars with her skilled gymnastic technique.  Her butt hanging down, her face still facing the wall, she now was giving the class a perfect dead-on view of her pussy.  She could feel the air all around her, the coldness of the bars on her hands and on her Achilles tendons.  Figuring that closing her eyes would be taken not as a sign of shame but as a sign that she was concentrating, she tried to imagine she was elsewhere as she worked her internal muscles and got her pussy lips to open.

 "There.  .  . " Dr. Isadore said helpfully, pointing at the gaping oblate hole as it opened and then closed.  "Once again, if you please."  The naked girl obliged and for the second time the class saw the inside of her pink little cave.  The professor then said, "Thank you, Miss Smithers, you can get down now."

 She unhooked one leg and then the other and then brought her hands down, until she was standing simply and nakedly on flat bare feet.  Dr.  Isadore started talking about other things without giving Tami any other instructions so she just kind of stood there, hands at her sides, aware that the students were paying more attention to her than to what the professor was saying.  She thought of casually crossing one leg in front of the other, or casually crossing her arms in front of her breasts.  Natural motions for an ordinary, clothed person who was waiting around, but not permissible for the naked Tami, who realized it would look too much like she was trying to cover herself.  So she remained standing as she was, hands awkwardly at her sides, legs separated just so.

 "Please turn around, Miss Smithers," the professor said, and he had her once again extend herself into an "X" as he lectured on her butt muscles and the muscles of her back.  She recognized the term "gluteus maximus".  Then she had to bend down, touching the platform with her hands, and flex one butt cheek and then the other.

 "Miss Smithers also has the ability to relax her anal sphincter through flexing of the rectal muscles," the professor said.  Tami thought she was no longer prone to blushing, having shame and humiliation piled onto her for months and months, but as she stared at the platform, actually the top of the long table, she found her face getting red.  How did the professor know that?  She had experimented in the privacy of her bedroom during Christmas break, and sometimes in her room, and had gotten it so she could open her butthole about an inch.  It was one of her most private things, a secret she shared only with herself.  But the brave naked girl exhaled and simply did as she was told.

 "There.  .  . " the professor said again, pointing to Tami's anal ring as it opened and the class saw a dark round hole about an inch across.  Tami's face burned further as she felt a little breeze flow around deep into her which left no doubt that these guys were looking right up into her gut.

 "Thank you, Miss Smithers, you are very talented," the professor said.  Not exactly appreciating the compliment, Tami stood back up in her awkward casual pose as the professor fussed around with some things on the other side of the table.  When he returned he said he would discuss the muscles of the throat.  "I would like Miss Smithers to demonstrate," he said, and Tami found herself taking a big glass of water that he was handing up at her.  Actually there was a little brownish tinge to it.  At his instruction she started drinking it, and as she did so he commented on her muscles, pointing to her face, throat and down to her tummy, using Latin-sounding names to describe the muscles involved.  The class saw the naked girl's muscles move as the liquid went down her throat and into her stomach.  Tami recognized it as iced tea and it tasted pretty good.  She had a dim memory of way back in November, drinking water in the dorm lounge while everybody watched, how elemental a sight this was: a naked female drinking water.

 Next Dr. Isadore went into a description of her hand muscles, or rather the muscles of the forearm which move the hand via tendons.  Because these were pretty small muscles the professor asked the class to get out of their seats and come up close.  They surrounded the professor and crowded around the table, though some of them were not very interested in Tami's hand and forearm because they took up positions right behind her butt which blocked their view of her hands.  Tami tried not to think of the intense scrutiny her butt was getting and tried to get interested in what the professor was saying.  She looked at the way her fingers were pulled by the tendons.  She briefly glanced up and saw that Noyes and the other men had stayed in their seats.

 Next were her feet.  The professor took hold of Tami's right bare foot and began manipulating it, spreading the toes, asking her to flex and relax, noting the motions of the little muscles in her calf.

 Next, the professor asked everyone to return to their seats and he had Tami turn around and face the students on the other side.  He began by asking her to spread herself into a big "X" and Tami realized to her dismay that she would have to go through the series of spread poses all over again, with the students now behind her getting a good view of her bare back and her butt cheeks.  Once again, all over again, Tami had to loop her knees around the lower bars to do a stretched-out split, then loop her feet up to show how she could open her pussy, then get down and bend over to show how she could open her asshole.  Then another drink of water, or iced tea rather, to show her throat muscles, then the display of her hand, and her foot .  .  .

 This demonstration was exhaustive.  It seemed as if the professor was determined to display every little aspect of Tami's body, every little muscle group.  The students' stares were direct and intense; in the bright light Tami's body was totally exposed as perhaps never before, and she dearly wished she could somehow shield herself or cover herself from the feeling of those stares shooting like a cold shower or like needles into every square inch of her skin; but she knew she could not.  This was the final test, in front of Noyes and his assistants, the most demanding judges yet, and she was determined to not show any sign of modesty at all, even as the strain of resisting covering up nearly caused her to grit her teeth.

 Tami caught a glance at the clock and saw that almost an hour had passed.  She was getting a little tired and wanted to sit down.  Also, now that break time was coming she realized she had to pee -- those glasses of water must have been a pint each, and it all now seemed to be in her bladder.  Fortunately, it was just at that moment that the professor said, "Thank you very much, Miss Smithers, you can sit down and relax for a moment."

 Tami was glad to sit down cross-legged, resting her leg muscles, but it was hard to sit upright because of the pressure on her bladder, so she leaned back on her hands, her erect nipples standing up on her slim chest as if begging for attention.  This was really getting uncomfortable.  It was almost on the hour; wasn't the professor about to take a break?  Yet he stood there in silence, going over his notes.  She couldn't just let him go right ahead into the second hour without giving her a chance to go to the bathroom.  Desperate, Tami whispered, "Professor? Dr. Isadore?"

 The old professor looked over and said quietly, "Yes?"

 The naked girl whispered, "I really have to .  .  .  pee. "

 The professor smiled and nodded.  "Of course.  Thanks for reminding me. " In a louder voice he said, "For our next segment, Miss Smithers, if you could hook your knees around the lower bars again, please."  Tami sat motionless, puzzled.  "Please," he said, more insistently.  Feeling bloated from her bladder, Tami got a strange funny feeling as she hefted herself up and, trying to be obedient, strained mightily against her squeezed bladder as she once more squatted in a wide split with her arms spread up to the upper bars, her thighs spread wide onto the lower bars.

 She happened to be facing downward and it was fortunate that Noyes and his assistants did not see her eyes widen in horror as Dr. Isadore said, "Let me get the basin.  Miss Smithers will now demonstrate the muscles used in urination."

 In her peripheral vision the naked girl saw the professor get a large, deep pink plastic bowl and place it directly under her.  Suddenly she felt as if she couldn't breathe.  She kept looking down, deep hurt and anguish in her pretty eyes, as she contemplated the pink bowl and then saw the professor's pointer next to her flat tummy as he said, "Miss Smithers is an excellent choice to demonstrate the muscles used in urination because of her decision to shave off her pubic hair.  This allows us to see the muscles involved, and also because there is no hair to disrupt the flow, she does not need to use her hands to make a clear path from the urethra and so her hands will not block our view either.

 "Now, Miss Smithers, if you please .  .  . "

 Tami closed her eyes.  Please God, help me.  I'm being subjected to a horrible shame, having to pee in front of everyone.  And I can't protest.  I can't even be seen to be hesitant.  A "bashful kidney", someone who can't urinate in a public rest room -- is that a sign of modesty?  How much worse it is for me now!  Please, God .  .  .

 The naked girl, eyes closed, turned her face up to the ceiling.  God gave her the ability to relax her bladder muscles .  .  .  Everyone watched closely in the bright light as first a few drops, then a steady stream issued from between the top of her pussy lips, getting stronger and stronger.  The urine splattered into the pink basin with a staccato sound that echoed through the room, which the empty basin only served to amplify.  The students could also see the flexing and relaxing of her lithe, toned abs, and the curling of her toes.  They could not see the intense agony behind the upturned face.

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 34**

 The pee was endless.  Tami's shame competed with her sense of relief as her bladder slowly emptied.  As the stream died down she opened her eyes and saw that the students who were behind her had moved around to be in front of her.  This made sense; she might have been expected to demonstrate everything else twice, once for each side of her audience, but not "the urination process", as Dr. Isadore might have put it.  Still, it took all of the naked girl's self-control to keep the anguish out of her eyes as she beheld students crowded around the back, standing, and more students sitting down in the aisle and up in front.  She closed her eyes again, feeling a little bit silly as she flexed out the last little squirts, dimly sensing the close stares of Mr. Noyes and his friends.

 Thoughtfully, Dr. Isadore came over with a tissue.  Everyone watched as Tami wiped the last little drops off her pubic area and then dropped the tissue into the basin.

 Standing up right under her, Dr. Isadore pointed upward with his long pointer at Tami's concave tummy.  "Note how the abdominal muscles flexed, and also" -- sweeping downward to the insides of her thighs -- "the flexing and relaxing of many of the same muscles that Miss Smithers used in opening her vagina earlier.  Of course, to stop the flow, she used her pubococcygeus muscle, which also contracts rhythmically during orgasm.  In Miss Smithers's case, it would really grab" -- he clenched his fist vigorously, as if reining in a horse -- "because this young woman's orgasmic capacity is extraordinary.  Could you tell us, Miss Smithers, your performance at the last experimental session down in the lab?"

 Tami tried to control her blush.  She also resisted any quick eye-flicks at Mr.  Noyes.  She knew she had to tell the truth, which Noyes and his friends surely knew, and do it in a straightforward, totally unshy way.  She cleared her throat so that her voice would come out loud and clear.  "I -- came -- reached orgasm -- one hundred and thirty-six times."

 There were a couple of quiet gasps, noticeably female, and some guys felt their erections growing and had to shift in their chairs.  Someone whispered, "Jesus!"

 "Amazing, isn't it?" Dr. Isadore said in wonderment and admiration.

 It was then that Tami felt these humiliations give way to the foreboding of a horrible, ultimate, nightmarish shame.  It took the form of the heavy fullness of her bowels, those pancakes from breakfast weighing down.  .  . In short, having peed she realized that she had to take a terrific shit.  It was suddenly urgent, especially with her thighs spread out, in almost the same position as sitting on a toilet, though in mid-air.

 No .  .  . Please God.  Not .  .  .  But she knew by now that her worst fears were always realized in this place.  Still up on her perch, her thighs spread out, her hands grabbing the upper bars far up each side with white knuckles now, she felt it a hopeless cause but managed to whisper, "Professor?  Please?  I have to .  .  .  "  She didn't want to say "poop", or "shit", and it took her a minute to find the properly formal word, a word that rolled awkward and ugly off her tongue.  " .  .  . defecate."

 "Ah, yes, I see the solution you drank is having its effect.  Let me get another basin for you."  As Dr.  Isadore did this he announced, "As we discussed before Miss Smithers arrived, she will now illustrate the muscles involved in defecation.  Hopefully none of you will be too, uh, put off by this, but of course it is a normal bodily function which you future doctors should not shy away from."  As he moved away from the new basin under the suffering naked girl he took out his pointer and pointed to her tummy, her thighs, then up to her chest and even her face, describing the flexing of muscles, the slight flush in her expression consistent with both flexing and relief.  .  .

 Mr.  Noyes's words came back to her: "This will so totally mortify anyone who has even a shred of modesty that you will be certain to cover up, or try to, or at least show hesitation in your face.  .  .  It will break you."  One more day.  .  .

 The sound of the distant church bell striking five resounded in the background of the strangest tableau ever seen in the brightly lit gymnasium of the Chalfont Institute.  Attentive students in lab coats over nerdy clothes, almost all male, sitting in circular rows, some sitting on the floor surrounding the stage, some standing between the seats, their attention guided by the impeccably dressed Dr. Isadore.  Sitting at the four corners, four well-dressed men leaning forward with extreme attentiveness, their eyes sharply trained.

 And on stage, a being apart, totally naked, her legs spread wide, totally on display and observed intently by the crowd, the freshman girl perched with legs spread apart, hooked over the bars on each side, in a mid-air squat, knowing that every eye was fixed on the straining muscles of her tummy, on her facial expression .  .  .  and on the thick brown rope of turd that emerged and then dangled from her wide-stretched anus.  As the rope extended to about a foot it separated and fell with a loud, obscene wet plop into the waiting basin, and then everyone's attention was focused on the second piece of rope as it proceeded downward.

 Those close up could hear little grunts in a tiny, girlish voice as the girl's eyes lifted to the heavens, an impassive, numb look absolutely frozen on her face, hiding her awareness that she was living any girl's worst nightmare, the most extreme humiliation possible, something she previously could not have imagined.  Those little grunts were taken as signs of her efforts in moving her bowels.  Actually they were little cries of pure emotional agony; it was only because of the vise-like grip in which the girl held her emotions that she did not explode into tearful, heartrending howls.

.  .  .

 Fifteen minutes later, her butthole having been cleaned with wet paper towels, the demonstration concluded and the class dismissed, Tami Smithers slouched, pale and drained and still in a state of shock, on one of the metal folding chairs in the adjoining room, her legs straight out in front of her, her hands clasped over her navel.  She looked up blankly as Dr. Isadore walked in, followed by Noyes.

 "Thank you very much, Miss Smithers," the old professor said.  "I think our class got a lot out of today's demonstration, getting a much better understanding than would have been possible without a live model.  See you next time."

 Tami outwardly kept her numb expression but, in the small part of her deep inside that was conscious and thinking, Dr.  Isadore's words caused a twinge of concern.  "Next time?" she said listlessly.

 "Oh yes," Dr. Isadore replied.  "I understand it's part of what you have agreed to.  Next semester this will be a weekly event.  We will be giving the same demonstration to premed and biology students in rotation from various schools in the area.  Even some high school advanced placement classes will be here.  By the end of the semester probably every biology student in this part of the state will have seen your demonstration.  And the undergrads here too.  I'm sure you will be seeing some of your friends at some point, that is if you have friends who have bio as a major or a minor.  Miss Smithers, you have my undying thanks.  Good-bye."

 He left, followed by Noyes, who gave her a little tight smile and a nod.

 Tami, naked and alone, feeling the cold metal of the chair against her bare butt cheeks, looked down at her hard bare feet on the tile floor as she listened to the men's footsteps fading down the hall.  After a couple more minutes her mind emerged from the shell she had retreated into and the dam broke.

 The full humiliation, the full horror, of what she had gone through finally sank in.  She had squatted totally naked in the middle of a bunch of boys and men, who then watched her shit.  And they wanted her to do this every week next semester.  In front of guys she knew.  And Lorinda and her crowd.  She buried her face in her hands and felt the tears coursing through her fingers.  Fortunately by now everyone had gone and this whole wing of the building was deserted.  Her howls and sobs resounded up and down the empty halls.

 "Oh God .  .  . oh please .  .  .  " she managed to speak out in juddering breaths, gasping in the middle of her tears.  She wrapped her arms around herself and crossed her legs and suddenly felt very cold.

 After a few moments she quieted down a little.  She looked up and saw that there were a couple of little horizontal windows high up on the wall.  Feeling like a naked prisoner, she got up and walked over to peer out.  Once again, she looked out upon the soccer field and past that at the buildings of the rest of the campus.  She remembered often seeing girls and guys out there in sweatclothes jogging, living a normal life, a life with clothes.  She knew then that she absolutely could not return to this horrible place again.

 She stood straight and faced the ceiling with closed eyes, arms extended, and said a little prayer.  It was a little different from the prayer she had been saying.

 Please God,

 You have given me clothes beginning the day after tomorrow, for which I am truly thankful.  Now please, make me forget the memory of what has happened here today.  Please help me blot it from my mind.

 After a moment of silence the naked girl exhaled, then opened her eyes and wiped them, though by now they were dry.  Then she got her backpack and put her ankle pouch in it and opened the door and walked through the halls of the Chalfont Institute for the last time, her bare feet slapping against these musty cold floors for the last time, being stared at by geeky young men in white lab coats for the last time.  Then she walked out into the bright sunshine.

 Head down, still shaking, she padded off the portico and onto the warm, green grass of the soccer field.  In the middle of the field she stopped.  I've done it, she told herself.  That was IT! My last assignment of humiliation.  I'M FREE!

 Suddenly all her residual feelings of shame left her.  "Wooo-ooo! Wooo-ooo!" she shrieked, holding her arms up like she had just scored a goal, quite a sight if anyone on the deserted campus had been around to see, a naked young woman shouting in the middle of the field.

 Suddenly full of energy, she dropped her backpack and dashed across the field at top speed, her bare breasts tightly bouncing, every curve of her much-looked-at muscles rippling in the bright sun, enjoying the solitude of the empty campus, the delicious thrill of the warm sun and the warm soft grass.  Just short of the far sidewalk she did a multiple cartwheel, a familiar old move from her gymnast days -- though one she had never done totally naked, outdoors -- and ended on her feet facing whence she came with the classic gymnast's finish, chest out, arms out and back, broad smile on her face, as if she had just finished a semester-long performance for the benefit of the Chalfont Institute, now hundreds of yards away.  Then she bugged out her eyes at the old place and stuck out her tongue.

 "THHHHBBBB!!!"

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 35**

 Tami skipped lightheartedly to the dining hall, a naked sprite apparently unaware of her nudity, only to be intercepted by Jen at the entrance.  "This is for you," she said, and then she was gone.  Inside the envelope, in careful hand-drawn calligraphy, was:

 Miss Jennifer McIntyre and Ms.  Amanda Rabinowitz   
 Request the Honor of Your Attendance   
 At a Special Private End-of-Semester Dinner & Dance   
 Pilgrim Hall, Room 207   
 8:00 Post Meridian   
 Formal "Dress" Required! (wink, wink!)   
 P. S.  Don't eat too much at the dining hall! (that stuff  isn't good for you anyway!)

 Tami smiled and when she went up into the dining hall she picked out only a slice of pizza and some yogurt.  Drained as she was by this afternoon's trauma, she needed a little something.  Fortunately most of the students had finished their finals and left, leaving many empty places, and for once Tami was able to get a table in the corner out of general view.

 When she returned to her room she saw tape placed across the doorknob and a message to go to 213, Mayree's room.  There the naked girl found Mayree, all packed up and ready to leave for the semester, but with her set of cosmetics still out.  Tami almost had to wipe a tear from her eye at such kindness; these girls thought the world of her, she was going to miss them very much.  And she couldn't even tell them that she wasn't coming back.  Mayree wondered why Tami was getting so emotional.

 Gracefully, once more like a beautiful proud naked princess, she sat down and watched as Mayree did her fingernails and toenails, applied rouge to her nipples, sparkles to her breasts, and gently slipped on the toe rings.  When Mayree was finished Tami got up and gave her a big hug, or at least as much of a hug as she could give without smearing the rouge, then kissed her good-bye as Mayree packed up her kit and picked up her suitcases and left.

 Slowly, aware of her nakedness but also alive with anticipation, Tami walked down back to 207.  The tape was gone.  She opened the door.

 The room was dark except for the slow rotating specks of light given off by a little glitter ball on the ceiling.  As Tami's eyes adjusted to the darkness she saw the two lit candles on the desks that had been pushed together like a table, on which were settings for three.  And standing to the side, all elegantly dressed up, were Jen and Mandy, looking at their beloved roommate with eyes that were worshipful and lustful at the same time.  Tami noticed soft music in the background.  She couldn't understand the words, they sounded French, obviously one of Jen's foreign CD's.

 The black girl was wearing white, and the white girl was wearing black.  Jen was in a short, white, flapper style dress with white pearls and dressy white thong sandals.  Her hair had been done up into pigtails on which she had fastened little amulets.  Mandy was in a long black evening dress, low-cut in front showing a lot of cleavage and a sparkly necklace, and black pumps.

 The naked princess, smiling broadly, approached Jen with regal, dignified barefoot steps, the toe rings clinking quietly against the floor.  She hugged Jen, then gave equal time to Mandy.  Nobody said a word.  With a signal from Jen Tami sat on a high bar-style chair that Jen had borrowed from somewhere, and with her two ladies-in-waiting sitting down on each side, the princess started on a small but delicious meal consisting of a casserole that Mandy had made, a small salad, and white wine.  Due to the high chair the princess's nudity was on full view.  As she daydreamed once, while being made up in December before the Black Formal, in a faraway country there was a Princess Tami who was required by law to be naked at all times, her body having been declared a national treasure and her subjects never to be denied the sight of its full beauty.

 The three roommates finished and Jen and Mandy took turns dancing with Tami, each holding their naked roommate close, holding one bare royal butt cheek lovingly in each hand, holding the bare hips close, rubbing their dresses against the silky tanned bare skin of the princess's pubic area and against her bare nipples too, smearing the rouge and making the nipples even more erect and hard.  During Jen's dances with Tami she reached up into the Princess's butt cleft and gently poked a middle finger into the receptive royal anus.  Then after a few dances with each, all three girls danced together, arms around each other's shoulders, engaging in a three-way kiss, lips and tongues intertwined.

 Princess Tami the Nude was gently placed on her bed and Jen and Mandy began the slow, celebratory licking of her nipples and pussy.  In a while her attendants shed their clothes so as to be more like royalty, and they gently nibbled and licked and moaned into the night, none of them having uttered one word all evening, just wordless sounds of orgasmic delight.

.  .  .

 Tami woke up, sprawled face-up on her bed, satiated and groggy and a little hung over.  And she felt very sad, looking at the deserted bunk beds across from her, the empty closets.  She had a vague dream of being awakened and kissed good-bye at sunrise, and now she knew it had been real.  She already missed her roommates so much her heart ached.

 Her thoughts were joltingly interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.  It was the Dean.  "Miss Smithers?" he said in his usual mellow voice.  "Did I wake you?"

 Tami looked at her clock radio.  Goodness, it was almost 10:00 already.  Sitting on her bare bed, rubbing her scalp, she said lazily, "Well, yeah. " It didn't really register with her that this was the Dean.

 "Before you go for the semester, there are some important things I have to talk to you about," the voice on the phone said, somewhat more urgently now.

 Tami was now suddenly fully awake.  She dreaded another meeting with the Dean, but then she realized that tonight was the night of her big escape.  One day to clothes! And at least this time she wouldn't have to converse with the Dean while being buzzed and stimulated to orgasm after orgasm.  The retainer panties and bristle bra were things of the past now.  When the Dean said, "Can you be here by eleven o'clock?" she cleared her throat, ready for anything the Dean could throw at her, and said, "O.K."

 All squeaky clean and showered, the naked girl walked out of her dorm, not minding being naked in public so much anymore because there were so few students around.  A nice day, it would have been a nice chance to work on her tan.  She smiled, realizing how out of place that thought was.  She already had the best tan of her life, an all over tan too.  She was glad that at times she still thought like a clothed person, the kind of person she would be -- tomorrow!

 She smiled again when she saw Rebecca walking toward her, wearing shorts for once, her pale white legs almost gleaming in the sun.  The good friends hugged.  "Have a good summer, dear friend," Rebecca said.  "I know you'll have some exciting adventures."

 Tami shrugged her bare shoulders.  "About as many adventures as someone can have in Providence, anyway."

 "Yes, but being off campus, naked all the time, it would be interesting to see how you negotiate that."

 "So, what are YOU doing this summer?"

 Rebecca's eyebrows shot up.  "I'm going to preacher school!  When you see me next I'm going to be a real live minister!  That is, if I pass."

 Tami was surprised.  She didn't know how people got trained to be ministers.  Being raised Catholic, she only had heard about how young men, probably gay, went to seminary and prayed a lot and promised not to have sex or even jerk off for the rest of their lives.  "Wow."

 "After I got kicked out of the Baptists, I hooked up with the Unitarians.  Much more tolerant bunch.  They've got a two-month summer institute that I got accepted to!"  Rebecca was clearly thrilled.

 Tami meant it when she said, "Bec, I know you will make a GREAT minister.  Good luck!" The friends hugged and parted.

 Changes, changes .  .  .  so many changes with the end of the semester.  These thoughts were going through Tami's mind as she almost dreamingly walked across the sun-drenched, deserted campus.  The biggest change, of course, will be my putting on clothes.  She felt like she was high, giddy, and before she knew it she was skipping along the concrete path, her rough soles scratching it quietly like little strokes of sandpaper, then coarser sandpaper as she skipped onto the tiny stones of the courtyard of Rossland Hall.

 She cleared her throat and got ready to be serious as she approached the glass doors.  But she was not prepared to get stopped in the lobby by Wanda, a different Wanda, a Wanda who was somber, worried, and desperate.

 "Tami .  .  .  I have to talk to you .  .  .  Please.  .  ."

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 35**

 Naked Tami stood upright in the Rossland Hall lobby, looking straight at her nemesis, eye to eye, hands on her hips, legs slightly apart, a strong, tanned, beautiful girl looking at a clothed and suddenly vulnerable Wanda in her tank top, short loose skirt, and sneakers.

 Wanda recovered quickly, at least to a point.  "Well Tam," she said with a raised eyebrow, "it looks like I underestimated you.  You toughed it out.  I think part of you actually LIKES being naked."  Seeing Tami's eyes narrow, realizing it was a mistake to say that, Wanda quickly moved on.  "But face it, it's still a charade.  You'll get no relief from this, not this summer, not next semester, maybe not ever.  It's not just me.  I won't be the one slipping pictures of you under your doorstep for your dad to see, or posting pictures of you all over your home town.  There's .  .  .  important people in control of this.  It's not me.  I'm just a .  .  .  a minor .  .  .  a little part of their machine."

 Tami, hands still on her hips, took a deep breath, her bare breasts rising and falling, waiting on Wanda to talk more.

 Wanda took out the little tape recorder from her skirt pocket.  "Tami, I'm out of money.  I need to get with Janice in France, she's set up to perform on the circuit there all year, I'm supposed to be her manager, but I'm broke.  If I don't get approved for that exchange program scholarship .  .  .  Look, I'll convince them not to expel you, I promise I will.  Just say on tape that you're not really a nudist, that you were just streaking on a dare.  Say," Wanda stopped and swallowed for a moment, "say I made you do it.  You'll have nothing to lose.  I'll talk them out of expelling you, I promise.  When I promise something, I mean it."

 Enjoying the feeling of control, the naked girl looked coldly down at the tape recorder and said, "Let me have that."

 Slowly, Wanda handed it over.

 "I just press this red button?" Tami said, even though it was obvious how it worked.  Wanda nodded.  Tami thought of having Wanda admit on tape her part in the various humiliations the naked girl had been put through, but decided against it.  She didn't want to hear those things described out loud so as to bring back the memories in full.  And it could be turned around to show that Tami indeed was a modest girl who hadn't gotten into all those things willingly.  She was not going to risk anything at all with her escape just hours away.

 She had a better idea.  "Take off your clothes."

 Wanda's eyes flashed.  "What!" she whispered loudly.

 Tami motioned with her head to a little alcove where the vending machines were and a little sofa.  "Put them there and walk back to me."

 Wanda's eyes darted to the sides.  There was nobody around, finals being over, even the faculty and staff seeming to have taken off.  "Tami -- !"

 "Oh, it's O.K. if it's ME, right? NOT you?" The naked girl put her finger on the red button as if about to record her confession.  "Do you want this or not?"

 Wanda blinked and her eyes got red.  After a quick glance of fear and hatred and desperation, she looked down and started walking to the alcove.  Midway she stopped and said, "Tami, please --"

 "Remember you had me walking through the snow?" Tami interrupted, extending one bare foot in front of her as if stepping forward, her toes spread.  She also remembered the two workshops with Dr. Congi, the flaunting of her old clothes by Wanda and Lorinda, the squatting in front of the sprinkler in full view of the dorm to clean the burning mud out of her private areas .  .  . and knew that Wanda remembered these things too.  "You have it easy, it's nice and warm now."

 She saw Wanda turn away from her to stand in front of the sofa, bury her head in her hands, and then, slowly, cross her arms to pull up her tank top.  It slid, with a great hesitation as if momentarily stuck, over her shoulders.  Then, with even more hesitation, she reached back to undo the clasp of her little bra.  She gathered it in front of her breasts, hating to let go, then dropped it to the sofa.  It seemed as if she wanted to turn to beg for mercy, but in mid-turn she stopped, realizing it would be futile.

 Wanda Percival cleared her throat and unbuttoned her skirt, letting it fall to reveal tiny black thong panties.  It was an easy matter to extract this piece of string from her pussy and butt crack, yet she did it as if it were painful.  She stood with her bare backside to Tami, hands clutched in front of her chest, legs crossed.

 "Over here," Tami said.

 Wanda slowly turned and, looking quickly around and seeing the lobby still deserted except for the two of them, shuffled forward, one arm over her breasts, the other over her pussy, her sneakers squeaking on the clean hard floor.

 "You don't look naked to me," Tami said, again putting a bare foot forward and wiggling her toes.

 Wanda hesitantly edged one sneaker off and then the other, kicking them backward toward the sofa.

 It was truly heart-rending to see a once-proud person brought so low, and it might have affected Tami, who was a kind-hearted girl without the deep reserves of sadism that some people had.  But Wanda was no more naked than Tami was (and had been for months), and it was only natural that Tami now had a hunger for revenge which was not nearly sated.  She spoke in a tone like the Dean's.  "You are showing a lot of modesty, Miss Percival."

 Hating every second, Wanda forced herself to put her hands down to her sides and stand up straight, head up.  She kept her gaze averted to the side, albeit with a little spark of resentment and defiance.

 Tami looked her former R.A. up and down.  "I've got a better body than you," she said, knowing it was very painful for Wanda to hear.  But it was almost too obvious to say as the two naked young women stood there in the Rossland lobby face to face, one strong, muscular, shapely, tanned, unashamed, the other pale, weak, cowering, looking scrawny where she was not flabby, her tanned thighs and calves and face only serving to emphasize the paleness of the rest of her.

 "Tami .  .  .  please .  .  . "

 "I'm going to see the Dean.  You probably know that.  Want to come along?"

 "Tami, no!" Wanda whispered, looking Tami in the face for a change.

 Tami took a deep breath.  "Well," she said, looking at the tape recorder, "I've changed my mind."  Her next moves were like lightning.  She smashed the tape recorder down to the floor, shattering it instantly, flew to the sofa, grabbed all of Wanda's things and stuffed them into the nearby garbage canister, then ran to shove open the stairway door.  In a split second nothing was left except the distant sound of hard bare feet disappearing up stairs and a cowering, naked girl shouting "NO! NOOO!", making a quick motion to pound on the stairway door, then shuffling to the canister to desperately pick through wet garbage to retrieve what she could of her clothes, muttering "Fuck you, Tami, fuck you bitch .  .  . "

 For a girl in Tami's condition jogging up six flights of stairs was no big deal.  She exploded through the heavy metal door onto the seventh floor and, breathing heavily but sweating just a little, walked quickly and unceremoniously right past an offended Gwendolyn King and into the Dean's office.

 She stood proudly and nakedly in front of them, the Dean and Henry Ross, two abundantly and luxuriously clothed middle-aged men, the Dean behind his big oak desk in front of the big scenic window so that the bright vista of distant mountains almost made him look like a mere silhouette, Henry Ross in his big cushioned chair to one side.  The naked girl, her skin flushed from exertion, fought back the flood of shame from her nakedness and stood before these men almost as if a soldier at attention, in fact kind of like she was ready to attack, totally unlike the quivering, frightened, powerless figure she had presented the last time she stood in this spot.

 As her eyes got used to the light from the window and she could make out the expressions on the men she noticed that they seemed ill at ease.  The naked girl knew by now how to strip the minds of others, and had figured out that they had expected her to crack over the last, most extreme horrors -- the interview before the committee, the marathon orgasm session, the public voiding of her bladder and bowels -- and now they were on the defensive, stuck with a naked student who hadn't cracked and who they couldn't expel.  A very satisfying end to this terrible year.

 "M - miss Smithers, welcome," the Dean said, shifting uneasily in his chair.

 "Yes?"  She stood upright and stuck her chest out.  Her nipples were tanned and weathered and toughened by the sun and the rain and the wind and the snow, and enlarged by the hours being bristled and suctioned.  They pointed at him accusingly from the depths of her shame and now her angry resentment.

 "Sit down, please," he said, motioning to a chair in front of his desk, an elegant chair with leather upholstery and carved wooden arms.  Finally, she was allowed the dignity of a chair instead of having to stand in front of these men.  Tami slowly and with great pleasure rested her bare bottom on the cool, smooth leather.  Realizing she shouldn't cross her legs in a ladylike gesture, she slouched back and insolently and casually draped one crooked knee over one of the wooden arms, as if daring the Dean to look at her bare pussy.  Her toes idly wiggled as her foot dangled down the side.

 The Dean was noticeably trying not to look, straining to keep his eyes on her face, and cleared his throat.  "We at the college have, uh, monitored your progress and have been very impressed.  We thank you again for your help in various projects.  Your declared, uh, absolute, total .  .  .  absolute, total lack of modesty, as set forth by your religion, has enabled various, uh, projects to go forward."

 In the past the Dean might have said this in an insinuating way.  But now he seemed like a beaten boxer who was flailing a few final wild punches, hoping against hope that one of them would land.  With nervous hands he opened a folder and took out some papers.  "I hope you have a good summer back home, Miss Smithers.  I do want to present some proposals for next semester.  For someone with your beliefs, these should be no problem."

 Tami looked to the side and saw that Henry Ross did not share his boss's discomfiture.  Mr. Ross had a smirk on his face and as the Dean handed a sheet of paper to Tami, he looked over to Ross, caught the twinkle in his eye, and looked back up at Tami with renewed confidence.  All of this was noticed by the teenaged girl, whom nudity had made wise and perceptive.

 The Dean spoke now with the unctuous, grave voice that Tami was familiar with.  "This is an agreement for further work at the Chalfont Institute measuring various bodily functions.  You can expect the experiments to be more -- intense -- than previously."

 Tami looked at the agreement.  It was basically the same as what she had signed before, but included a list of dates, a "retainer and bristle schedule".  Every Thursday during the fall semester was spelled out -- the nights when the Student Government met, where as Vice President she would be running the meetings.  And all of Parent's Weekend, which was noted as such.  They wanted her to wear that horrid bristle bra and retainer panties during the most exposed times possible.

 Tami knew at once how to exact her revenge.  The Dean didn't know she wasn't coming back.  Time to make HIM uncomfortable for a change.  "Sure, I'll do it," she said, then without asking she grabbed the elegant silver pen from the pen holder on his desk and proudly signed her name in big letters.

 She handed it back to the Dean, who seemed a bit disappointed.  Hardly missing a beat, he took out another page and said, "Some months ago there was an unfortunate case over in New Hampshire where a prisoner undergoing a, uh, body cavity search was injured because it was done, uh, incorrectly.  Our health department, in conjunction with our political science department, has therefore proposed a training on how to do such searches, and of course a live model that everyone can practice on would be ideal.  Your availability, of course, was foremost in their minds.  Now, note that this is an agreement to --"

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 37**

 Tami, feeling increasingly giddy, grabbed the sheet and after a quick perfunctory skim, was about to sign it when the Dean said -- "Wait! . . .This training, Miss Smithers, will be given to all the police departments in this part of the state, including Campbell County, where I understand you unfortunately were temporarily detained.  It will be hands-on.  All police personnel will participate.  By 'body cavity search' I hope you understand that means full vaginal and rectal searches.  All police personnel, I say, even those in command."

 Tami fought the urge to giggle.  It was so obvious.  He was trying to remind her of Sergeant Stanton in that jail, that fat disgusting man with the big fat fingers, and shake her with the thought of him shoving them roughly and deeply into her pussy and into her butt.  Yeah, like that will ever happen.  I'll be long gone by then, you bastard!  Clothed and living a normal life with Ned and Ethel.  But just to rattle this stupid Dean, and Ross and the rest of their network of creepy sadists, Tami looked up with a mixture of innocence, defiance and insinuation and said, "Mr.  Dean, I know what body cavity searches are.  What makes you think any of this would make a difference to someone like me?"  And she signed this sheet too, with strokes of the pen that seemed like stabs to the Dean's heart.

 The Dean was clearly surprised and shaken when the naked girl shoved the signed agreement back at him.  He exchanged a concerned look with Henry Ross.  Another sheet.  "The psychology department is doing research the stages of sleep.  They propose to install a 24-hour camera in your dorm, and it will record you whenever you are there, which includes of course your sleeping hours.  This would be a burden on your roommates, so it would be best for your bed to be moved to the main lounge in the dormitory.  Without doors or walls, Miss Smithers.  Without .  .  .  privacy .  .  . "  His words trailed off as Tami grabbed this sheet and signed it also.

 The Dean straightened up in his chair and valiantly and sternly produced another one-page agreement, his ace in the hole.  "The agriculture department is researching the use of solid waste as fertilizer, specifically the use of human, uh, solid waste as a growing agent for certain plants.  They propose to use you to, uh, supply it.  Of course, every step of the, uh, process will be closely scrutinized, both by the faculty but also the students and probably visitors from various, uh, foundations interested in providing funding, including at various locations around the state."

 Tami brought her leg down off the arm of the chair and sat up straight as if in mock concern.  "You want me to poop in front of people?  All semester?"  After a cruelly playful pause she attacked this agreement with the pen also.  "Sure!"

 A moment after she gave the paper back Tami tilted her head in mock concern.  "Are you O.K.?"

 The Dean was slouching in his chair and, glasses off, was rubbing his eyes.  "Yes .  .  .  It's just been a long day and a long semester.  A man in my position has to deal with many, uh, concerns."

 "I can imagine," Tami said puckishly.

 The Dean exchanged a long look with Henry Ross.  Then he put on his glasses and looked at Tami again.  "Miss Smithers .  .  . You .  .  .  you believe in a .  .  . "  Not satisfied with the way he started, he began again, talking as if he were walking on eggs.  "You are a religious nudist.  We respect that religion, in fact we are required to do so by the United States Constitution, which is the fountainhead of our liberty and the free exchange of ideas without which this institution of higher learning could not function.  Our student body is drawn from many religions and for them the college years are a time to explore, question, study, sometimes try new things.  It is one of the nice things about being young and without much in the way of worldly commitments that one is free to look at the world from different viewpoints.  This is not a sign of weakness by any means, but a sign of wisdom.  As an ancient Chinese philosopher, a very old man, once said, 'I regret that I am not as wise as I was when I was first born.'  Or as a song that was popular a number of years goes, 'I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.' .  .  . "

 As this heap of sanctimonious horseshit passed through Tami's ears, a inspired display which made even the Dean's performances before the alumni association seem like tepid halfhearted efforts, the naked girl wondered what he was trying to say.  The next few sentences just plainly did not register (an experience shared by some of those alumni).  But then the girl's mind began to find a common theme buried in all this fine verbiage.

 " .  .  . Diversity of opinion, even within one's lifetime, is a sign of wisdom and careful intelligence and something we are pleased to see and see often.  Religious convictions are none the less valid and strong and true if they are modified in the light of experience and new information.  .  ."

 "Are you trying to convince me to change my religion?" Tami interrupted.

 "Uh, no, it's just .  .  . you should feel free to choose, without fear of reprisal."  The Dean gulped, though he tried to hide it.

 For a long moment the man and the naked girl looked at each other.  He was offering her the chance to change her religion -- and wear clothes -- and not get expelled.  Or was this a trick?

Tami didn't have to worry herself about this long.  She was NEVER coming back to this place run by creeps and sadists.  Tami, who alone knew that she was never coming back and that she would be wearing clothes in a few hours, knew exactly how to deliver the final blow.  She stood up, looking down at the seated Dean, shoulders back, daring him to look at her firm bare breasts that looked larger in the light from the window and stuck out at him like cannons.  She remembered his self-righteous words back in December when he hinted that she was using religion as an excuse to cover the fact that she was merely streaking, and tried to quote those words exactly.

 "True religion is not a prank," she said solemnly.  "It is something that people believe in deeply and suffer for.  This college was founded by people who had suffered a lot for their religion.  Well, Dean Jorgon, I've suffered a lot for mine.  And you are NOT going to change it."

 The Dean looked up at her with dead calm.  "Suffered?  You mean all those things you agreed to were suffering?  For someone with no modesty --"

 "I mean going without clothing even when it is uncomfortable," the naked girl said, her voice beginning to quiver with emotion.  "Do you know what it is like walking naked through the snow?  When it is below freezing and the wind is blowing right through you while everyone else is all covered up and warm?  Or being teased by -- by immature kids on this campus?  Or teased everywhere else?  No!" She edged a little closer to the desk.  "I am a religious nudist, I've sacrificed a lot for my religion, and you will NOT change that!"

 The man and the naked young woman looked at each other again, wordlessly.  Henry Ross looked at the two of them, amazed and curious.

 Then Tami smiled, a triumphant and slightly evil smile.  "Of course, maybe I should proselytize," she said, looking around casually.  "Maybe invite some people from the media to some of the college's, uh, experiments.  I really do have no sense of modesty, you know.  Of course you know.  YOU of all people should know by now!"  She vaguely remembered what Miss Wickland, that lawyer relative of Henry Ross's, had told her the first time she visited.  "How would you like people from the newspapers and T.V. swarming around here?"

 She sat down and then, bracing her hands on the sturdy wooden arms of the chair, lifted her hips off the seat as she spread her feet wide, wide apart, planting the heel of one bare foot on one corner of the Dean's desk and the other near the opposite corner, where it bumped against a picture which happened to be of the Dean's wife.  She pushed her widespread crotch up and forward until it seemed to be almost in the Dean's quickly reddening face.  "Want to see my cervix? You certainly like me to show it to everyone else.  I can open my pussy without using my hands.  Look!"

 "M - miss Smithers it really isn't necessary --" the Dean sputtered out, but his words trailed off as his gaze was arrested by the sight of the teenager's pussy opening wide like the mouth of a fish.  He had a straight view in and the light from the bay window behind him allowed him to see the inside of Tami's intimate pink cave quite well, indeed right into the little soft round protrusion all the way in, her cervix.

 "I -- I --"

 "Pretty, isn't it? Everyone tells me so."  Tami smiled as she noticed the Dean's face turn crimson and saw the beginnings of sweat.  She had forgotten all about shame by now and cared only for revenge.  She felt like a monster in an old movie, the subject of a mad scientist's experiment who comes back to kill him, saying, "See what you've turned me into!!"  Meanwhile, the middle-aged executive closed his dry mouth to catch his breath.  He wanted to shift in his chair to relieve the strain of his suddenly rampant erection, but that would only cause rubbing --

 "How about the inside of my rectum, want to see that? Here," Tami said, a being possessed, as she dismounted from her spread position with a gymnast's skill and, switching her grip on the wooden arms like they were parallel bars, flipped around so that now her heels were up and she was grabbing the lip of his desk at the corners with her bare toes.  "I don't need hands for this either," she said, sticking her butt at the Dean and, flexing her internal muscles, relaxing her anal ring so that the Dean was looking into a dark cave through a circular portal an inch wide.  With the light at his back he could see the tender pink surfaces inside, the interior of the student's rectum.

 See what you've turned me into?  Tami looked back over her bare shoulder at the suffering Dean, his gaze once again unable to free itself from her dark cavity.  He seemed to be gagging.  "Oh -- Miss -- God --"

 "Mmmm, glad I had that gymnastics experience," Tami said, flipping back around so that her butt slapped back down on the soft leather of the seat.  "I'm getting horny too.  The other day I came one hundred thirty six times.  Can you imagine that?  One hundred thirty six times!"  As the Dean's eyes widened in horror she hooked her legs over the wooden arms and spread the lips of her pussy with her fingers.  "Those experiments increased my, um, metabolism.  I'm used to coming dozens of times a day now.  I need orgasms frequently.  If you don't mind, I'll have one now.  Mmmm.  .  . "  And in a show of play acting that would do any nude dancer proud, she narrowed her eyelids as if in sexual pleasure and drew her clit out, pulling on it and stroking it.  See what you've turned me into?

 "Miss -- ohh -- Miss --"  The Dean's body quivered, his face got even redder, and he quickly took his glasses off and put his head down to cover his eyes with one hand.  .  .  It was perfectly obvious to everyone what had just happened within his trousers.

 Tami, who actually was not horny, looked at the defeated man and sighed.  "Well, maybe not now," she said.  Then she put her legs together and stood up.  "Are we finished?"

 The Dean nodded, his face still hidden.  "Yes .  .  . You may go .  .  .  please .  .  . "

 With a quick nod to the dumbfounded Henry Ross, Tami walked out, then scampered down six flights of stairs with a big grin on her face.  As she got out into the lobby she saw no sign of Wanda.

 She emerged into the sunlight onto the pebbly courtyard and could not resist turning and giving the finger to the whole Rossland Hall.  Then, giggling, she ran back to her dorm, breasts bouncing, feet slapping on the concrete paths, heart laughing.  She was glad she could end her life of nakedness on a triumphant note.  Sometime tonight, she would be back in -- CLOTHES!!

**The Unintentional Nudist X: Coming to the End, Part 38 (Conclusion)**

 Nighttime in the forest.

 Darkness and stillness reigned over the woods.  Actually, not quite stillness; the riot of near and distant animal sounds make the forest in early June a pretty noisy place.  And as for darkness, it was not total.  On this clear, moonless night there was a little fire on the bare rocks next to the stream.

 The pretty teenaged girl in the sweatpants and sweatshirt and sneakers with white socks looked at the fire, watching as the diaries she had just thrown into it slowly burned, black wispy ashes heading up to the star-filled mountain sky.  The girl, an ordinary girl named Tami Smithers, closed her eyes in thankfulness and wished the diary Godspeed into the past.  All her memories of shame and humiliation and frustration, that whole miserable, unbelievable year of being forced to go naked all the time, it all seemed to burn away along with the diaries that had recorded it.

 She was going to hold onto the intangibles that the ordeal had left her with.  Not that she was by any means thankful for it -- she wouldn't wish it on her worst enemy, and she had the largeness of character by now to include even Wanda in that statement, Wanda who was now in her own personal Hell, having gambled that Tami was weak and having lost.  But Tami knew herself to be a stronger, more perceptive, more mature person because of that year-long experience.  She could easily tell this whenever she noticed the other 18-year-olds in town, how like little kids they seemed to her now.  And she had found out who her friends were, true friends, such as one should value for a lifetime.  She would find a way to get back in contact with them, as a normal clothed person this time .  .  .

 She stretched, enjoying the feeling of the fabric rubbing around the length of her body, the feeling of her sneakers bumping dully on the bare rock, in the satisfaction of someone who had reached the Promised Land, someone who had gone through Hell and everything from now on was easy.

.  .  .

 A nice dream, it still comforted her as she walked out to the grassy yard near the psychology building, toting the  long-handled pruning shears in one hand; in her other hand was the backpack which contained all her belongings, which easily fit because she did not yet have any clothes.  She had just checked out of her room and returned her dorm keys to Muffy, the only other student left, who then checked herself out.  The campus was all but deserted this hot May afternoon, finals having ended and the students all gone, not even any faculty or staff walking around.

 Feeling the warm lush grass under her bare feet, the hot sun on her tanned body, nobody around to look, this was the one type of situation, "Eve in the Garden of Eden", she had actually thought she would enjoy being naked in.  This big beautiful campus, all to herself, being naked would have been a delight.  But this afternoon she was quivering, achingly aware of her nakedness, cringing in the pit of her stomach at the thought of being naked even one minute longer.  It was as if she was emerging from the desert and finally about to close her hand around a glass of ice water.  Being so near to her goal made her thirst more intense and more unendurable.  She briefly thought of the performance she put on this morning in the Dean's office and grinned to herself.  Yet now it seemed like that was by a different person.  Right now she was an ordinary clothed, modest girl who was naked on a dare for a few hours and just wanted to get covered up again.  She quivered, not wanting to be naked even one more minute.

Under one of the designated trees she dropped her backpack and then with toughened hands and feet she climbed up, then when she got halfway up she looked down on the little dead branches she was supposed to clip away.  Homer Winant had already placed a wheelbarrow down below; her assignment this last day was to cut the dead branches from the five trees he had marked with red chalk and wheel the branches to the compost area behind the science building.  She could easily do this in the two hours she was scheduled to work today.  Then at 6 p. m.  she would walk to Terri's apartment just off campus and hang out for dinner and maybe watch a movie.  Then Terri would drop her off at the bus station where she would take the late bus to Providence and everyone would assume that that was where she was going to end up.  Ha!

 She thought of leaving Terri's at 7:00 and hopping on the bus that left at 7:20.  It was so hard to wait! Maybe she'd do that .  .  .

 Midway up the tree, she looked around.  A nice looking campus, actually, and it would have been a pretty good college if it were not infested with that network of sadistic creeps that had tormented her all year.  It was a shame the way things turned out here.  She would tell Ned and Ethel, when the time came, that though it was a good school she had decided to quit for a while to go out and explore the world, working for a year or so.

 To get at this next branch she had to steady her bare feet on two widely spread branches and bend down a bit.  One more little shame, as she felt the warm breeze against her asshole and playing into her slightly opened pussy lips, tickling the tanned, silky, bare skin of her crotch; fortunately no one was walking by to see.  She considered the whole arc of this year's ordeal -- starting with that stupid streaking dare back in September, through the whole escalating series of exposures and humiliations as the Dean tried to break her will, and then the tide turning, ending in this morning's confrontation and victory.  The war of nerves was over and she had won.

 Thank God.  Already sweating and dirty from the exertion on this hot, still day, Tami stood up on her widely spread feet, grasping the bark on the branches with her rough toes, and closed her eyes and said another thankful prayer.  Thank you, God.

 As she bent down to clip at another branch she noticed the Dean walking quickly toward her, followed by Henry Ross.  She shook her head in irritated wonderment.  One more desperate attempt, though she gave the Dean credit for recovering so quickly from this morning, and smirked as she noticed that he had changed suits.  She resented this last minute distraction, when she was quiveringly counting the seconds until she put on clothes.  She exhaled and resolved to get rid of these guys as quickly as possible.

 "Miss Smithers," the Dean said, panting a bit as he stopped right below Tami.  "I'm glad we caught you."  Tami didn't want to give them the courtesy of saying hi.  Not with Henry Ross leering once again at her sweating nakedness and in particular her gaping pussy, right in front of him about ten feet up.

 "Don't ask me how, it was a fluke, but we learned about your potential summer employers, a Ned and Ethel Stevenson in South Lowell.  We wanted to make sure they knew about your religion, but when we called them they became very indignant and said they would never hire a naked person and they immediately withdrew their offer of employment.  I'm happy that we spared you the embarrassment and, uh, bad situation had you gone there and been fired on the spot.  They were able to get a replacement, a Miss Lorinda, uh, I don't remember her last name at the moment, a biology major here.

 "Fortunately for you, it appears that Mr. McMasters needs someone to accompany him for the summer and demonstrate the, uh, products he is developing, in line with what he has been working on with you at the Chalfont Institute, and when I told him you may now be available he offered to hire you at a very remunerative rate.  He will be going to, uh, trade shows, seminars, things of that nature, all around the country.  He will be assisted also by Miss Wanda Percival, your former R.A.  She had some plans for overseas next year but they, uh, fell through, and when she found out you may be available, she literally jumped at the chance to accompany you for the summer.

 "I'm sure you'll agree that we have headed off a potentially, uh, uncomfortable situation with these Ned and Ethel people.  They were very rude when they found out about your life of nudity and tore up your application.  Not people you would want to associate with.  Of course, you don't have to accept the offer from Mr. McMasters; you can reject it.  Along with," the Dean said, having caught his breath and cocking an eyebrow, "a statement as to .  .  .  WHY .  .  .  it would be unsuitable for you.  In light of what you've already agreed to for next semester, I can't imagine it would present any problem.  Miss Percival will still strictly monitor you, though that is just a formality at this point in light of your obvious dedication to your religion.  At any rate, Mr.  McMasters is starting off soon, and he wants you and Miss Percival to report to his lab at Chalfont tomorrow at 9 a. m.  He's set up a cot there you can sleep on if you have no place to stay tonight.

 "This is a big and wonderful country, Miss Smithers, and going across it for the first time is a wonderful experience for a young person, one you'll remember the rest of your life.  I know you and Miss Percival will have many adventures.  I'm sure you'll agree this is a big stroke of luck for you, and I'm glad we could do you this favor.  .  .  and we look forward to what will be a busy September.  Have a good summer!" he concluded with a smile, then he and Henry Ross turned and walked away.

 The naked girl, her face ashen, slowly loosened her grip on the shears and they dropped to the ground.  After the men had disappeared from view she wearily climbed to an upper branch and squatted, contemplating her tanned nipples, her rough bare toes, the slightly opened lower lips of her bare, tanned pussy.  And then she wept.  She was up there a long time.

[end]