**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape**

by DonnyLaja

**Part 1**

"Some people get older and smarter, and some people get older and stupider," Rebecca had said last spring during one of her impromptu sermons on the campus quad.  Like so many others, Tami had been drawn to her voice, though this time she was making sure her friend couldn't see her so that she wouldn't be introduced one more time as Rebecca's "inspiration".  "Make sure you are in the first group," Rebecca continued.  "So many people go through bad experiences and then say, 'Well, I've learned from that,' and it fools a lot of people, even themselves.  Because they are actually not one whit smarter -- in fact they're stupider, because now they THINK they know more.  After something bad happens to you, ask yourself: what can I learn from this that I didn't before?  Was it partly my fault?  Where did I go wrong?  And then make it right the next time."

 Tami Smithers, age 18, just done with her first year in college, remembered these words as she looked out the driver's window of the big black Cadillac and felt the hot wind in her face, the chrome gleaming even through her sunglasses.  The gently rolling hills in the distance were a backdrop to her bare leg and foot stretched up out next to the side view mirror.  She was slouched down on the black vinyl; only her head could be seen, making people think she was merely barefoot, though that was but the least of it.

 She squirmed a bit in her seat, feeling the wind playing around her nipples and even against her bare, shaved, tanned pussy, aware of unwanted arousal.  She looked down at her lower lips, slightly parted.  By now they were accustomed to the air and the sun and the wind and to the world's gaze.  Tami's other lips, as public as the lips on her face.  Her pubic face was her public face.  She looked back outside, spreading her outboard foot and feeling the hot wind currents between her toes.

 McMasters was to her right, looking at a passing dairy farm, in his dorky shorts and plaid shirt and sneakers with gray socks, folded map in his hand.  He turned to her without gawking and said, "Careful around Binghamton.  I'm told there's a speed trap here."

 On a long trip it was just a good idea to be friendly.  "New York is a big state," she said.  "What?" McMasters had his window opened too; the air conditioning in his old Caddie was more theoretical than real.  "I said New York is a big state", she yelled into the wind.  McMasters smiled.   Of course, to Tami, having grown up in Rhode Island and never having been outside New England, even Massachusetts seemed like a big state.

 Her brow furrowed as she looked out at the open interstate ahead.   Here I am, going across country like I always wanted.   It was a cruel joke that she had to do it naked.   She hadn't worn a scrap of clothing since last September.  Not that it was her idea.  She hated being naked, desperately wanted clothes, but had been forced into nakedness since that first week of school.  Acting on a dare from a sorority girl, Wanda Percival, Tami had gone streaking across part of campus that night.  Caught by campus police, aware that streaking was an expellable offense at that strict but prestigious college, desperate not to lose the scholarship that had made her parents so proud, she had said off the top of her head that nudism was her religion.  Dean Jorgon consulted with the college attorney, Henry Ross, who said that nudism had been recognized as a religion by the girl's home state and she could not be expelled for her religious beliefs -- but, skeptical of her claim, the Dean told Tami that she would be monitored for her compliance with this "religion".

 And so she was trapped.  All her clothes were taken away, even all her shoes and the blankets on her bed, by Wanda no less, who was her R.A. but also a sadist.  Tami soon found out that she was just one of the Dean's campus-wide network of spies who would be quick to report any sign of modesty, the merest attempt to cover her breasts or her pussy with her hands, any sign that Miss Tami Smithers was anything less than comfortable with total nudity.  Any such sign would be taken as proof that the religion story was just an excuse and that she in fact had just been streaking, and she would be immediately expelled, her scholarship revoked, her parents and her whole family crushed.  Her father was upset with his daughter for jeopardizing her future by such a stupid prank as streaking, and was adamant that Tami live with the consequences of her foolishness, so there was no hope for support there.

 Meanwhile, the Dean and Ross, aware that the college's conservative benefactors were very upset at having a naked girl walking around campus, tried to devise ways of humiliating and exposing Tami in ways that no real nudist would ever have to endure, trying to make her say "Uncle!" and admit that nudity was not really her religion.  The teenage girl had been cajoled or intimidated into agreeing to serve as a model for art classes, work on the grounds crew, perform gymnastics in the nude, and finally and most crushingly, be a subject for sexual experiments at the Chalfont Institute, a medical research center on the college grounds.  That horrible "Lab 6".  Through it all Tami hung on, having secretly found a summer job in another town as an accountant's assistant, planning on putting clothes on the bus on the way there and returning to living a normal, clothed life, quitting college for a year or two, then applying to another college to resume her education normally.

 A nice plan, it had sustained her throughout the humiliations of the last few weeks of the spring semester, only to be blasted to hell a few hours before she was to board the bus.  She had been pruning a maple tree on her last day at work for the grounds crew when the Dean came over to tell her that he had found out about the summer job and, as a precaution naturally, told her prospective employers that this was a naked student, whereupon they revoked their job offer.  Tami was left naked and alone in the top of that maple tree as the Dean and Henry Ross walked away, having given Tami the option of working for this Chalfont "instructor", Nevada McMasters, as he went around the country demonstrating the various devices he'd been trying out on Tami.

 And McMasters was to be assisted by Wanda, who was out for revenge.  Wanda had been promised an exchange student year in France, where her latest submissive, Janice, had gotten a job working the dance circuit -- if she could get Tami to admit on tape that her nudism claim was a hoax.  But even though Wanda had walked into Tami's most humiliating moments with the tape machine, Tami had refused to confess, surprising everyone.  So now Wanda, who had lusted after that exchange student deal as much as Tami had pined for that summer job with clothes, was angry and frustrated and boiling mad at Tami, forced to take a summer job, and deciding on this as a way to vent her frustration and anger all summer.

 Poor naked Tami, sitting a tree, looking down past her windblown nipples and her tanned, bare pussy and her rough bare toes to the ground .  .  .the naked teenager had cried and cried and wept, tears running between her breasts and soaking her pussy and dripping way down to the grass.  She stayed up there till the sun went down, watching the fireflies come out, and lucidity gradually returned.  She thought of her options.  One thing she couldn't do was go back to her home town.  The college had intimidated her into walking naked into Midnight Mass at her home church, and going to a friend's Christmas party where she had gotten drunk and danced around with ornaments tied to her nipples as pictures were taken.  Pictures that Wanda promised to post all over town if she returned.  And pictures of her strapped into those experiments at Chalfont.  No, the college's network of sadists had closed that avenue off to her, for the time being at least.

 As the sky turned black and the cooling air raised goose-bumps on her tight, bare butt, Tami devised a new plan.  Yes, she would agree to work for McMasters -- but only tentatively.  She spent that night at the apartment of her old roommate Terri.  Then the next morning she told McMasters, "I guess I'll do it, but I was hoping to do something non-college related this summer.  As you know, I had something planned but it fell through at the last second."

 "Well, we're both helping each other for a while then," McMasters said, packing up various things from Lab 6 into little suitcases.  Both were aware of Wanda's sullen presence as the former R.A. arrived with her two duffel bags of clothes and shoes.  "I had this little tour set up already," McMasters explained, "but having you around would be an added bonus."   Actually, a BIG bonus, as he well knew.  Having a live model to demonstrate these things would draw such big crowds that several planned venues would have to be rearranged.

 Tami was well aware that McMasters was not in a position to complain as she shook his hand and said, "I can't commit to the whole summer then, I'm sorry."   Not owning any clothes or shoes, the naked girl's luggage consisted of one little bookbag, containing her I.D. and bank cards and some notebooks, plus a couple of textbooks so she could do some reading ahead for fall classes in her major, mathematics.  Or at least give that impression.

 In fact she had decided to travel even lighter than necessary.  Those college transcripts she had ordered a few days ago, which included glowing remarks by her teachers, and her perfect grades and attendance -- she had left them at Terri's, to be faxed wherever and whenever they were needed.  McMasters might be taking her on a series of further shaming experiences, but he was also taking her far away from Campbell - Frank college, away from the network of spies.  Her plan now was to go along with McMasters for a couple of weeks, then in a suitably remote location, tell him that she missed home and wanted to go back to Rhode Island.  As she boarded a bus there would be no spies to follow her and notice that she was getting off at the very next stop.  She would quickly hit an ATM and then walk into a clothes store and walk out wearing her purchases.

 Then she would get a motel room and look for a job.  With her transcript to be faxed to put in with her job applications.  Not that Terri, who like all of Tami's college friends took Tami for an authentic, brave nudist, would ever know that Tami had put on clothes.  But Terri didn't have to know that.  All Terri knew was that Tami was planning on getting "bored" with her job with McMasters and was going to try to get a summer job somewhere else.  For all Terri knew, Tami was going to return to Campbell - Frank in the fall, naked as always.

 Tami reflected on her new plan as she looked into the rear-view mirror to see Wanda asleep in the back, in her shorts and sleeveless blouse.  Wanda, of course, would have to be watched.  Tami had decided to leave her diary in the zipped-up bag of books she had left with Terri.  In that diary, she had expressed her deepest thoughts about her shame and frustration throughout that horrible freshman year.  Someday when she was again living a life in clothes like the rest of humanity she would give that diary a ceremonial burning.  But obviously if it fell into Wanda's hands during this trip she would be expelled, the transcripts worthless.  So she left the diary with Terri, who had no idea about it either.

 Looking again at Wanda, Tami noticed that her sneakers were off and her stockinged foot was up against the rear window.  Socks .  .  .  Tami's mouth went dry as she looked over at her gritty bare foot out in the wind and longed for the feeling of socks.  Then she sighed deeply.  No.  She thought about what Rebecca had said that day on the quad.  She was going to get older and smarter, not older and stupider.  It was a mistake to put so much hope in that summer accountant job, and to lust so strongly for it as the days counted down so that having it fall through at the last minute was so much more crushing.

 No more mistakes like that.  My plan has to be more foolproof, better thought out, less desperate.  Tami was reminded of those Chinese finger traps where the harder you try to get out the tighter the trap becomes, and resolved to be more cool about her escape.  Shaming as it was to travel this big wide country in the nude, it was out here, away from the network of tormentors, that she would jump into the sea of anonymity and finally effect her escape.  Jumping into it naked, of course, but when she emerged, she would be in a swimsuit, one-piece of course, very covered up!

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 2**

Tami looked lazily out the window.  The tree-covered hills were still and hot in the midday sun.  Looking ahead, she noticed a police car had stopped someone.  She eased her bare foot off the gas so that she was going 55.  McMasters was right; there was a speed trap here.

 A lazy, hot, dusty day.  There hadn't been much rain lately.  She licked her lips.  Only coffee and a doughnut for breakfast, she was getting hungry.

 The moron in front of her in the BMW, seeing the police car, suddenly slowed from 75 to 45, and as Tami veered into the left lane to avoid him she heard something metallic shift in the trunk.  She thought of all that equipment back there, the dildos, the steel shafts, the wide flat box that McMasters had cobbled together to take the place of the stage in Lab 6, designed to hold the little motor which pistoned the shafts.  And then there were the retainer panties and bristle bra, waiting back there in their little white plastic box, once again a part of her life.

 That damned computer chip .  .  .  McMasters had told her that she would continue with her daily "sessions" of five orgasms each on a strict schedule, twice a day now to take account of her increased sexual capacity, so that her metabolic reactions (or some such b.s.) could be recorded on the chip in the panties.  And e-mailed from his laptop to the computer at Chalfont, where Henry Ross could probably access them and jerk off to the numbers.  .  .The naked girl clenched her butt cheeks, as if to expel the dildo that would be shoved way up there twice a day, then released them with a sigh.  Got to keep patient.  She would have to decide very carefully when she would quit this traveling sex show.  In the meantime, she would just have to go along with whatever was asked of her as if she really was a religious nudist who did not believe in any display of personal modesty.

 The Cadillac rounded a curve and started up a long hill.  Tami had to keep the pedal floored.  This engine had a lot of power but no pickup.  A big, glorious car in disrepair.  Tami couldn't help noting the contrast between the refitted lab at Chalfont, where no expense had been spared, and McMasters's lonely, shoestring operation.  Obviously this marketing trip was his own deal, not the college's.

 She got onto a long uphill straightaway and then the car started to fall away to the left.  The rough rumbling from behind could only mean one thing.  Tami slowed down and pulled over onto the gravelly shoulder, which fortunately was pretty wide.  As she came to a stop McMasters looked up from his map and said, "What's wrong?"

 "Flat tire, I think.  Left rear."   Tami straightened up in her seat, feeling her bare back unstick from the vinyl.  Cars were passing quickly from behind, and the eastbound side of the interstate was a ways away.  She was glad that her bare breasts were not visible to them.  She said, "Flat tire", to Wanda as her nemesis roused herself in the back seat.  Wanda put on her sneakers and got out to stand around in back as McMasters popped the trunk.  This was one of the older models where the spare tire was fitted into a bulge in the center of the trunk.  Tami thought she could get away with staying nice and hidden in the car, not getting out.  As the car was jacked up a hundred pounds or so of extra weight wouldn't matter.

 As the minutes dragged by Tami drummed her fingers on the steering wheel.  What was taking him so long?  She didn't want a curious patrolman stopping by.  Finally she heard McMasters's sheepish voice.  "Tami, can you give us a hand?"

 Fearing the worst, she scooted over and emerged from the car on the passenger's side, then, keeping her head low, crept along the rough gravel.  She saw that there were no cars coming, then darted over to the roadward side.  Her bare shoulders drooped and she covered her eyes in exasperation.

 It was one of those old-style cylinder jacks, undoubtedly bought from a junkyard, and the klutz had put it under the quarterpanel, not under the jack point.  It was a wonder the chrome wasn't bent.  "Where's the lug wrench?" the naked girl said.

 "I -- I don't know."   As McMasters and Wanda stood behind Tami, fortunately hiding her from the view of a car that whizzed by, she realized that this guy had no idea what he was doing and she was going to have to take charge.  She had always liked working on cars; in high school she was the only girl to take the class in auto repair, the future career for many of her male classmates, and had worked on the family car with her father.  But now that she was naked it seemed she was doomed to work on cars in public because the guys around her were all thumbs.  She thought of her ordeal on Christmas Day back home, when she had to get out in the freezing slush in front of all those churchgoers to attach the jumper cables on the old family car because her brother didn't know how.

 And here was McMasters, who besides jacking the car up on an unstable surface didn't even know to loosen the lug nuts first.  Tami decided the quickest thing was to just do this whole thing herself.  Shaming, but it would get them out of here faster.  Squatting down, she lowered the jack, an arduous task because it was rusty and the crank stick was hard to turn.  Then she stood up with a sigh and rummaged through the open trunk to find the lug wrench, trying to ignore the boxes there and the knowledge of what they contained.

 As cars whizzed by Tami wordlessly went through her task.  She fitted the tire iron over the first lug and pressed a tough bare foot on it.  To extract that first reluctant squeak she had hold onto the roof and jump up and down on the iron.  To her chagrin McMasters and Wanda retreated to lean on the guard to give her room to work, exposing her bouncing breasts and heaving stomach muscles as one car and then another passed and then stopped short, dangerously backtracking to park in front of them.  Both were driven by men who walked behind the Cadillac to watch in amazement at this naked girl changing a tire on the highway, wondering if this was a kind of stunt.  Was this a nude dancer trying to drum up business for a bar?  They half-expected to be handed a handbill for a free lap dance.  Their hesitant query, "Do you need any help, Miss?", was answered by a curt, "No."

 Each of the eight lug nuts was just as tight and rusted.  At least this tire had no hubcap to deal with.  Tami realized that it would be less shaming to face away from traffic as she hopped on the iron, and the watching men were treated to the sight of the flexing muscles of her bare butt cheeks and toned calves.  Finally the lugs were all loose.  She looked around for something to chock the wheel, noticing finally a large rock on the far side of the guard rail fifty feet back.  A couple of passing cars honked and a couple more stopped to park behind the Cadillac as her tough bare feet made their way comfortably but glumly over clumps of asphalt and broken glass to get the rock.  The occupants of the new cars got out and soon there was a circle of about ten men watching every nuance of the naked girl's motions as she went up to chock the front wheel and then came back to start jacking up the car.  By now the heat and exertions had created a dust-stained sweaty sheen over her perfectly conditioned body, putting into sharp relief the motions of the muscles in her legs, back and shoulders.  Her breasts jiggled tightly as the continued her labors, the large, brown, suntanned nipples poking out.

 Fortunately the watching men and the cars parked behind them all but hid her nakedness from the passing cars and trucks, but having a closer, more intensely observant audience was all the more shaming.  To the side, leaning on the guard rail, McMasters looked at the girl and at the crowd with a neutral expression, but Wanda was hard put to contain her glee at Tami's plight.

 Bolt upright again, her sweaty, concave tummy heaving with each heavy breath, Tami walked to the trunk and spread her arms to heft the big spare tire.  As she dropped it next to the jack everyone could see the dark streaks of grime the dirty rubber had left on her shoulders, breasts and tummy.  She took off the lug nuts and lurched the flat tire off the car, then positioned the spare.  Putting the flat tire under her to sit on it, she winced as she felt the hot, dirty tire under her butt cheeks, knowing that it would create a round, black area around her butthole.  In fact she could feel that ring of brown skin making contact with the hot rubber.  Ouch .  .  .

 Tami spread her legs for leverage, pointing her toes out, and lifted the spare onto the bolts.  The men sighed with lust at the grunt, the soft, high grunt of a teenaged girl exerting herself, which sounded like a moan of orgasm.  More jiggling breasts and flexing butt muscles as she got the lug nuts on and tightened them.  The naked girl, now sweating so much that her hair was beginning to stick to her forehead, heaved up the flat tire with a great effort and staggered over to the trunk, grimacing as the hot dirty tire rubbed against her chest.  As she dropped the bad tire into place she could see that it was wet with her sweat.  When she turned to face the watchers she was fully aware of her black, greasy hands, and the grease and grit all over her front.  One of her nipples was totally black.  A tractor trailer sped by and blew dust and little grains which stuck to her sweaty nakedness from head to bare toes.

 Squatting again, she lowered the jack and got up to walk over and throw it into the trunk, then tightened the lug nuts on the spare, her breasts bouncing again as she hopped up and down on the iron with rough curled toes, this time clockwise.  Finally she threw the tire iron into the trunk, leaning onto it as if waiting for a policeman to give her a pat-down, breathing heavily now that her task was done, flat bare feet on the rough gravel, her butt and bare back shiny with sweat as they faced the men, her clean brown butthole fully in view between her tight cheeks, winking at them.

 She turned around and said, "O.K."   to McMasters.  She made up her mind not to act shamed.  Standing upright, she faced her audience, hands at her sides, legs a little bit apart, as if entirely unconcerned with her nudity, a proud, strong, intelligent naked girl who was naturally dirty after a hard job done well, looking up at the hills with what she hoped was a deadpan gaze.  She wiped the hair off her face with a dirty hand and realized that by now her face was streaked with grime.

 She glanced over to McMasters and Wanda.  This was so unfair.  Here she was, naked and dirty and shamed, having to do all the work.  She desperately wanted to get into the car.  But they were hesitating.  What .  .  .

 Wanda held up her watch, and with a tight little smile, announced, "It's one o'clock, Tam."

 Tami shut her eyes and permitted herself a soft, low groan.  Oh no .  .  .please, not here .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 3**

One o'clock.  .  .  Time for her "session".  In front of all these gawking men on out on a public highway.  Another devastating assault on her sense of modesty, but of course that sense was supposed to not exist and Tami knew she could not be seen to object.  Her first session, which began at 7 a.m., had been different.  She had put the equipment on at Chalfont just before they got in the car.  It wasn't so bad to endure those orgasms sitting in the front seat while McMasters drove.  Wanda herself was still half asleep in the back.  But now .  .  .

 "You get it, Tami, you're closer," McMasters said.  The sweaty, grease-stained naked girl paused a moment and then, with the fear-tinged resignation of someone being led to the gallows, popped open the trunk again, leaning over the flat tire, still wet with her rubbed-on sweat, and got the plastic white box.  About the size of a shoebox, she mused.  She looked down at her gritty, dirty, rough feet and longed for shoes, but then forced this thought from her mind.

 Her audience of strangers, mostly beer-drinking hunter types, who had been standing around amazed at watching this beautiful naked girl changing a tire, paused in their panting lust and were puzzled.  What was going on?

 Tami thought of putting the equipment on in the front seat, but McMasters was thinking in other terms.  "Why don't you do this on top of the trunk.  Doing it on the ground might get dust in the works."

 "Doing it on the ground.  .  ."   Like an animal.  Yet Tami knew that McMasters was right.  And to put the retainer panties on required a hard, flat surface big enough for her to squat on.  She shut the trunk and opened the box, squinting with distaste as she saw the dildos attached to the panties.  These were bigger ones now.  McMasters had explained that he wanted to get deeper contractions for a better readout on her metabolism, or some such mumbo jumbo.  Standing up with these huge things inside her wasn't so bad, but sitting was very uncomfortable.  During this morning's session she had felt so totally stuffed that she had to raise her pelvis up and put her feet under her butt cheeks as they drove along.  As if to punish her more he had told her the measurements, numbers which she could not blot from her mind.  "The vaginal dildo is now six and a half inches long, an inch and a half in diameter.  The rectal dildo is now seven inches long, one and three-quarters inches in diameter."   Not quite as big as the dildos on the piston machine, but still .  .  .

 Tami hopped up on the trunk, slim and agile like the gymnast she was.  Wanda quickly moved over to get the remote control from the box.  "Now don't think of turning your back on us, Tam," she said quietly.

 The naked girl knew what the men's reaction would be, but it was still mortifying.  As she spread her legs wide, wide, wider, and took out the twin dildos which totally dominated the little leather strap that connected them, she sensed the men's eyes widening and heard one of them say, "Jesus .  .  ."

 She positioned the anal dildo on top of the spare tire hump and took the tube of lubricant from the box.  Another tractor-trailer, whose driver could not see her because of the men standing in the way, boomed by, causing a dusty wind which almost blew the dildo over.  Tami spread lubricant over the top of the dildo.  It looked huge, like she was about to sit down on a baseball bat.  Better to this as quickly as possible and get it over with, she told herself.  With these larger dildos it might hurt, but so what.  The important thing is to get this apparatus strapped on and get out of here as soon as possible.

 She forced herself down on the big white dildo, faster than she should have, causing a degree of pain from her forcibly stretched anal ring that was unusual in her ordeals.  She grimaced, keeping her eyes closed, not wanting to see her watchers, above all not wanting to make eye contact.  Soon it was in enough so that she didn't need to steady it with her hand, and she put her hands on her knees as she continued to sit on it, going lower and lower as it went into her gut, her concave tummy heaving with the strain, her breasts, smeared with grease with one nipple totally covered with black grime, jiggling unevenly as she took short ragged breasts.

 Finally she felt the leather against her bottom and knew it was all the way in.  As she opened her eyes to look up at the hills the naked girl realized that the pain of her too-fast insertion had made her exude another sheen of sweat which she felt hot on her face.  A gust of warm wind cooled her off somewhat, then she looked down to twist the apparatus around to position the dildo for her pussy.  Some more lubricant, and it began its journey into her.  Her toes grasped and ungrasped the metal of the trunk hood as she worked it in.  She tried not to notice the little bump on the top, that extra feature which would protrude to massage her G-spot if the right button on the remote was pushed.  Finally the dildo mated with her widely-spread, shaved, tanned pussy lips, the bristly pad was positioned over her clit, and she tied the straps together over each hip.  Someone said under his breath, "What a slut!" The only sign of the deep hurt this caused was a slight knitting of her brow.

 She took the bristle bra out of the box and stood up on the trunk, almost falling over from the uncomfortable shifting and rubbing of the large objects inside her as she rose.  The bristles felt sharper than ever as they were positioned over her nipples.  After she connected the straps in back she stood upright, fists at her sides, taking a deep breath, and looked up at the hills.  "Ohhhh .  .  ."   Her groan was caused partly by the intense stimulation that now attacked her nipples and her clit, and partly by deep shame.

 Slowly she climbed off the car and down onto the gravel and closed the box, putting it back in the trunk.  As she did so she noticed a police car slowing down.  It parked in front of the series of cars and everyone watched with concern as a young, tall trooper walked back to them.

 Wanda hit the remote control.  Bzzz --- zzz --- zzz --- The nearly naked girl stiffened and gritted her teeth.

 "What is going on here?" the trooper said, looking at the dirty, sweaty barefoot girl in the odd-looking tiny bikini, the top covering just the nipples, leaving the rest of her firm mounds exposed, the bottom a super-low-rise thong which left her butt cheeks bare.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 "Nothing, just fixing a flat," McMasters said calmly, knowing the trooper had no basis for arresting anyone or giving anyone a ticket.  "We're all done now."

 The trooper looked suspiciously at the circle of watching men, who were recovering from the weakness of their lust and were looking sheepish.  Then he looked at Tami.  "Miss, how old are you?"

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Her head jerked slightly and she tried to control her breath.  With these bigger dildos deeper inside her the vibrations were almost making her teeth rattle.  "Eighteennn .  .  ."

 The trooper looked at McMasters.  "This isn't another stunt from Dangerous Curves, isn't it?"

 This was a local topless bar, notorious for pumping up business with its bikini-clad hot dog vendors and open-topped limousine fly-bys through town, but McMasters didn't know that.  "No," he said, puzzled.

 Bzz -- zzz -- zzz -- Tami gasped.

 The trooper noticed the minimally clothed girl's heavy breathing and walked right up to her, looked her up and down from head to toe, noticing her sweat and the grime all over her.  She seemed like she was in terrible pain and trying to hide it.  "Look at me, Miss," he said, and then when he had eye contact, he said, "Are you all right?"

 Tami's eyebrows twitched as she looked into the handsome blue eyes of this strong, good-looking young man, probably a real stud, someone who was being stern now, but probably was a sweetheart deep down, someone who could rescue her and love her.  She dearly wished she could tell him exactly how she was.  Help me!   Rescue me!   Please!!   Tami's eyes got red as she looked down briefly and blinked these thoughts away.  Now was not the time, not like this.  If she told the truth right in front of McMasters and Wanda all would be lost.  Looking up again into the handsome eyes, she said, "Yes.  I'm just -- j - just tired, that's all."   Her hand went out to the trunk to steady herself as her pelvis gave an involuntary jerk.  She glanced toward the front of the car.

 After looking at her a moment longer, the trooper said, "Well, then get going."   He looked at the watching men.  "Show's over.  Move on."   He watched as they got back to their cars, then marched back to the squad car.  In a moment the black Cadillac was back on the road, McMasters driving, Wanda in the back, using the remote to turn the buzzing on and off and then on and off, watching the motions of the suffering girl in the front seat.

.  .  .  .

 It took a while to lose them, those men who had seen Tami's roadside doings and then kept following the black Cadillac, hoping for more.  McMasters got off an exit, then drove around some back roads, then got on the interstate, fortunately not getting lost.  "I'm hungry," Wanda said, putting the remote control down and stretching with insolent laziness.  McMasters was hungry too.  Time to eat.  "Tami, you hungry?" he said, looking over to the squirming, dirty girl in her vibrating bikini prison.

 Tami looked out the window, her head jerking slightly.  She couldn't deny that she was starving, though she wondered if these dildos would leave any room inside her for food.  "Y - yes.  Ohhh .  .  ."   She had a craving for a hamburger and fries.  Anything was better than sitting here with nothing to distract her from .  .  .  Wanda had been cruel.  After Tami's first orgasm, shortly after they got back in the car, Wanda had kept the buzzing low and then turned it off and on and intervals.  Right now it was off.  The result was that Tami was suspended in a state just short of orgasm, a very uncomfortable feeling.

 Tami thought of saying, "Mr. McMasters, Wanda has been keeping me frustrated.  Can you tell her to make me come four more times so we can end this session?"  Bizarre.  But if they were going to be in the car away from watching eyes, she would much rather have the five orgasms over with so she could take these horrid things off and sit again in simple nakedness.

 "Daisy & John's Diner".  A safe choice, McMasters thought.  As the old Cadillac pulled up besides the pickup trucks the girls saw a couple of tractor trailers parked out back.  As if Tami were dressed perfectly normally, McMasters got out and chivalrously opened the door for her as Wanda went on ahead.

 Tami, too, tried to act normal as she walked in behind the others into what was a pretty big diner, with a long counter, the usual Formica tables, and stuffed animal heads hung on almost every available wall.  Obviously a place where hunters ate; during hunting season this place must be crammed.  Today, though, there were only a few tables occupied.

 As she followed McMasters and Wanda to a table in the back, Tami's brave deadpan facade was shattered by the looks she got from the other diners.  She was instantly aware again of the kind of appearance she presented -- barefoot, filthy with grease and grime, and wearing a freakishly small bikini.  And if they only knew what was inside me -- !   She glanced at a teenage girl in jeans, T-shirt and sneakers, sitting at a near table and some kind of bell rang in her mind.  Then she realized it -- the girl looked a lot like Tami Smithers.  And was about her age.  And was wearing a T-shirt, jeans and tennis shoes, the kind of clothes that Tami herself used to wear.  What was so horrifying was the look on the girl's face -- a look of shock and disgust.  Tami blinked back a tear, thinking of how she used to be, trying to remember how it felt to wear those clothes .  .  .

 Of course the other two worked it so that Tami was sitting on the outside, so that anyone walking in could get a nice side view of her near-nakedness from down the aisle.  A hard-faced, 40-ish waitress gave them menus, looking at Tami and saying sternly, "I don't know if the manager will let you stay here dressed like that, Miss."

 "Well, that's how she wants to dress," McMasters said evenly.  The waitress shrugged and walked away.

 Tami was reading the menu, trying to think of the pleasures of eating, when --

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami's head shot up and she glared at Wanda, who had one hand under the counter, obviously working the remote.  Tami succumbed to one second of giving a pleading look at Wanda and then, realizing that it was pointless and not wanting to give Wanda the pleasure of begging, she looked back down at the menu again, moaning softly under her breath.  "Zhhhh .  .  .  uhhhh .  .  ."   Her legs jerked apart and then together as her arousal level leapt up from its plateau and quickly ascended --

 "What'll you have, folks?" The waitress was back, looking at McMasters.  He ordered a tuna melt.  As Wanda gave her order, speaking very slowly, Tami blinked and shook.  She was about to go over the waterfall again -- gotta hold it down -- a quick jab from one of the bristles in the bra caused her to involuntarily grab one of the tiny nipple cups, the one over the nipple that was black with grime, as if she were about to rip the infernal torturing thing off --

 "And you, Miss?" the waitress said with a sigh, looking at Tami.

 The menu became a blur as Tami's eyes crossed.  With her first contraction her knees jerked up and hit the bottom of the table, causing silverware to clatter and people to stare.  And it was while experiencing an orgasm that Miss Tami Smithers gave her order through gritted teeth.  "A b - burger de - LUXE .  .  .  with .  .  .  oh .  .  .  w - with f - fries .  .  .  oh!  oh!  .  .  .  Well .  .  .  DONE .  .  .  c - .  .  .  coke .  .  .  please.  .  .  OH!  .  .  .  God .  .  ."

 The waitress stopped writing and looked at the girl, whose spasms were tightly controlled but disconcerting, with a mixture of distaste and concern.  "Is she O.K.?" she asked McMasters.

 "Nerves," he said quietly.  "We try to ignore it.  She'll be O.K."

 The waitress, having seen many strange things in her life and knowing that some things just should be left alone, nodded and finished writing and then was gone.

 Tami closed her eyes and took some deep breaths as the orgasm subsided.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 McMasters got out his little datebook and started chatting idly about the next few days.  "We have a trade show in St.  Louis on Wednesday," he said.  "And then .  .  .  ever been out west before?" He looked up affably at Tami, expecting an answer.

 "N - no.  Never been outside .  .  .  ohh .  .  .  N - New England."

 Wanda allowed that she had been to California a few times to see relatives, and also went to the Grand Canyon during a family vacation.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 "Lots of animals in here," he said, looking around at the walls.

 Was Tami going out of her mind?  As she crested into another orgasm she crazily decided to join in the banter.  "That -- moose -- MUST -- have been .  .  .  ohhh .  .  .  hard to .  .  .  c - c - catch .  .  .  ohhh .  .  ."   There was a purpose to this: she was trying to take her mind off her orgasm.  Could she put her mind somewhere else and leave her spasming body behind?

 "No, that must be an elk," McMasters said, looking along with Tami at the big antlered head, though his gaze was even, while Tami's head jerked from side to side.  "An elk's bigger than a moose, right?"

 "No .  .  .the moose -- IS -- uhhh .  .  .the .  .  .  b - b - b - .  .  ."   she gulped and breathed quickly, planning to space her words between the spasms.  "Biggest member .  .  .  of the .  .  .DEER .  .  .  f - family .  .  .  ohhh .  .  ."

 She just couldn't do it.  She couldn't get used to these orgasms.  Each one wrung her heart and emotions to the core.  As her second orgasm in as many minutes ended she bowed down as if praying, covering wet eyes with one trembling hand, and stayed like that as the food was served.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 She made it through the meal, careful to stop chewing when another orgasm came.  Her third Daisy & John's orgasm came in the middle of the fries.  Finally, blessedly, her next orgasm, the fifth and last of the session, arrived when she was in the middle of the pickle.  As the buzzing stopped and the last spasm spent itself, the sweating girl put her head in her hand and sighed thankfully.  When she removed her hand tears could be seen going down her face, tears which she quickly wiped away with a napkin.  Her body now quiet and still, she sensed now that the burger and fries had "hit the spot".  She also became aware of the stares she had attracted from almost everyone in the diner.

 The waitress silently came by and left the check.  As McMasters got out his wallet he said quietly, "Tami, why don't you remove the apparatus in the bathroom."

 Feeling the sweat drying all over her, Tami walked up, stiff from having to endure all those spasms in a seated position, and like a robot padded stiffly on dirty bare feet to the little rest room.  She mechanically got up on the toilet seat and undid the panties and shitted out the big rectal dildo, then withdrew the pussy dildo.  She sighed gratefully at feeling her inner cavities close, then realized she had to pee.  She took off the bristle bra and, doing the best with a dirty mirror and a soap dispenser that was reluctant to give up any soap, managed to wipe away the worst outrages of the grease and grit from the tire-changing job, her breasts jiggling as she scrubbed and scraped them with the rough paper towels.

 She found herself standing in the bathroom totally naked, holding these huge dildos in her hand.  She couldn't just walk out there like this.  Or could she?   She shook her head, cursing fate for the predicaments it put her into.  Glumly plunging into what she could not avoid, she walked out to McMasters and Wanda, who were finishing up at the cash register, as everyone stared at the totally nude girl carrying the big dildos.

 The manager was out like a shot.  "Hey Miss -- what the hell -- "  But of course "that greasy naked slut", as  everyone would refer to her in wonderment around the diner when the story was told again and again for months, was already out the door.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 4**

The teenaged girl was doing what teenaged girls like to do, gab on the phone.  With her boyfriend, asking how his summer job in Boston was going, exchanging gossip about the people they knew from school.

 This teenaged girl had just gotten out of the shower and was still naked, all scrubbed and pink and clean, sitting at the desk in the motel room.  She hadn't put on clothes yet and wasn't about to, because she didn't own any.  This was Miss Tami Smithers.

 As she talked she idly glanced at the room.  A cheap motel, but at least it was clean.  For some reason McMasters had gotten off the Interstate and driven along the old U.S.  highway that was parallel to it, while his female passengers looked at the passing cornfields of southern Ohio, finally stopping at this old place.  He had made reservations, even though it didn't seem like the kind of place that was ever full.  The motel was just a little office and a row of about fifteen rooms with a little swimming pool in front and a diner next door.  Tami had stayed behind in the car while McMasters and Wanda checked in, getting the rooms at the end of the row.  It was dark by then and no one could see her as she strode in behind them carrying more than her share of suitcases, none of them hers of course.

 Now she had gratefully showered, properly scrubbing all that grease off her, wincing as the stiff soapy brush went over that left nipple again and again until every speck of grime was gone and it stood brown and stiff and big and proud from her slim bare chest.  Wanda and McMasters had gone to eat at the diner while Tami had stayed behind, saying she wanted to call home and asking them to bring something for her "to go".  They'd probably be gone for another half hour at least.

 Tami looked at what she could see of herself in the big mirror in front of the desk.  Her clean face with the damp, freshly combed dark red hair with some streaks of gray reaching down to her bare shoulders.  And the bottoms of her feet way over to each side.  Her legs were widely spread, her feet propped up on each far side of the desk.  A position she assumed only when ordered to in front of other people, due to her sense of modesty, still indestructible after all this time, except when she was with Rod.  She loved showing herself off for her nerdy boyfriend, trying to get his eyeglasses steamed up.  He was so cute that way, and so fuckable.  And she pictured him in front of her as she listened to him joking about trying to stay awake with his boss while attending the National Society of Black Engineers meeting.  Soon she realized that her fingers were playing with her bare, shaved pussy lips, lazily spreading them, sticking a finger in, then closing them and rubbing them this way and that.

 She looked up in the mirror at her bed, one of two beds in this room.  She had the one near the windows.  There was also a back door that opened up into what looked in the dark like a large mowed lawn behind the motel, lit with a floodlight.  Of course her bed was bare like her dorm bed had been, having only a slipcover; one of the first things Wanda did when they got in was to make a big show of pulling off the pillow and all the blankets and stuffing them into a big pile on the far side of Wanda's bed.  It was understood that Tami Smithers, the religious nudist, would sleep with her nakedness in full view of Wanda, who would lay in her pajamas all covered up with sheets and blankets.  Tami could hardly be heard to object.

 She glanced at her ankle pouch lying on the desk in front of her, half-opened with her bank card and her credit card spilling out.  The credit card was handy; it was how she was paying for this call, and the call to her parents.  As for her bank account, she had almost three thousand dollars in it now, after earning all that money on campus doing those shaming jobs.  These two cards were her escape route, her lifeline.  When she quit this job and made her escape the first thing she would do would be to use them to buy clothes, get dressed in the store, and get a room somewhere.  Then get the fax from Terri and find a job.

 The call to her parents was planned to be necessary and brief.  She just wanted to assure them that she was O.K.  Her father was a little peeved when she didn't show up at home after finals as expected, but she told them that at the last minute she had gotten a summer job, a job that would take her across the country.  She said it was with a professor and another student, that she would be paid very well, and it would be on things she was working on during the school year.  All of which was true, as far as it went.  It was good to hear her parents' voices and know that they wouldn't be worrying.  So much easier to tell them half the truth on the phone, rather than in person .  .  .

 But the call packed an unexpected emotional punch.  Her father said that her grades had come in, straight A's and glowing recommendations for the second consecutive semester, and he said once again how proud he was of his little girl.  And when her mother came on the phone, almost choked up with pride, Tami almost choked up too.  Hearing their scratchy voices, coming from so far away from that little house in that little town, she wished she were home too, safe in good old Providence.  Of course, even Providence was not safe; Wanda's threats had seen to that.  But Tami was keenly aware that she was her parents' pride and joy.  Taking leave of Campbell - Frank had to be done v - e - r - y carefully, so as not to somehow get retroactively expelled.  Surely once she got away and worked for a while and applied to another college in a year's time, by then it wouldn't matter if the Dean and Henry Ross happened to find out she was wearing clothes again.  But in the meantime she had to be meticulously correct in playing her role as a religious nudist.

 An unconscious brush of a finger across her clit gave the naked girl a thrill and her thoughts returned to her boyfriend.  Far to each side, her toes spread and she sighed deeply.  "Oh Rod .  .  ."   she said, bringing her boyfriend's words to a halt.  "I've .  .  .  got my legs spread for you."

 After a short silence, Rod said, "Oh Babe .  .  .  come for me."

 "Ohhh .  .  ."   Gone was the memory of today's "sessions", the naked girl felt like she was getting stimulated for the first time in days, since the last time they made love, going for the first orgasm in all that time.  She worked her clit with rougher strokes, inserted one and then two and then three fingers into her as far as they would go.  Her legs shook again.  "Take out your big dick, lover .  .  ."

 "I got it, Babe."

 "Is it big and hard?"

 "Like always."

 "Ohh .  .  .fuck me Rod .  .  ."   She was getting there really fast tonight.  "Ohh Rod .  .  .  put your load of come inside me .  .  ."

 "Ohhh .  .  ."   came the deep groan at the other end.

 Tami Smithers and Rod Sykes, almost a thousand miles apart, had a simultaneous orgasm on the phone.  For once she could let her body react to the fullest, and her jerking contractions shook the desk and almost caused her to fall out of the chair.  A few moments later the naked teenager was holding the phone to her heart with a big smile on her face.  "Mmmmmmmm .  .  ."   It was so hard to say good-bye.

 Tami sat there with her eyes closed, feet still on the desk, enjoying the inner calm.  After a few minutes she opened her eyes and looked at her face in the mirror and smiled, looking at her hair, mussed after the long-distance ravishment.  She flexed her toes.  Curious, she braced her hands on the seat of the chair and lifted her butt up, higher and higher, until her tanned pussy lips dominated the mirror.  Flexing the muscles in her concave tummy, spreading her toes, she did her trick of opening her pussy lips without any hands.  She tried to open them as much as possible, imagining she was doing this for Rod, and tried to make out any detail inside the wide oval cavity that gently opened.  From the reflected light of the lamp she did see something of her dark red inner walls.  It was a shame she had never done this for Rod; she pictured herself spread like this facing the door as he came in, totally ready for him.  A shame to waste this view on someone like the Dean, though it was sweet to embarrass him like that in his office, making him finally come in his pants.  A victory she cherished fondly, even though it was temporary.

 The naked gymnast gracefully flipped and twisted, planting her legs and hands the other way around, and found herself facing the floor, butt sticking up at the mirror.  She tried her other trick, relaxing and opening her anal ring with her butt muscles, turning her head to look.  She could get it to about an inch wide now, maybe wider.  This cavity was too dark to see inside, or maybe it was the angle.  She smiled at how weird it looked, and wondered if there was anyone else who could do this.  Maybe some porn actress.  Well, she would gladly be a porn actress for her one-person audience of Rod.  She could wait for Rod in this position too.  He would call her before leaving his job, and give his order.  "Number one today, Babe."   Or, "Number two."   Number two for her rectum.  Of course!

 Tami giggled and almost fell off the chair head-first onto the floor.  She dismounted from her spread, face-down position and turned again to sit relaxed in the chair, arms folded, legs up, smiling, thinking of Rod.  Her smile faded a bit as she thought of how Rod would see her next, fully clothed and not attending Campbell - Frank College any more.  He would be surprised, but .  .  .  he would still be in love with her.  Of that she was becoming absolutely sure.  She smiled again, looking at her toes as they lazily played with the credit card.  She could pick it up, flip it over, and put it down again, all with one foot.  Her toes were becoming pretty skillful.

 She almost didn't mind it when Wanda came in with a styrofoam box.  Opening it up Tami found some fried chicken and mashed potatoes.  In a good mood, she said, "Thanks.  I'm starved."   Wanda went wordlessly to her bed and got the remote control.  The two girls, one clothed and expressionless, one naked and eating, sat watching a game show.  Through stuffed cheeks Tami called out the answers.  By the end of the show it was clear she would have been a millionaire.

 When Tami finished both girls realized it was late.  "Time to get some sleep so we can have the energy to sleep in the car tomorrow," Wanda said.  Tami had to poop and went into the bathroom, followed by Wanda who was sure to keep the door open.  While Tami was obeying the call of nature Wanda returned to brush her teeth.  The naked girl was burning with shame but was determined not to show it.  As Wanda looked down at her she even made a point of looking back, ostentatiously grunting as she expelled each turd.  Tami's steely eyes were like those of a prisoner who wants to show her torturer that she cannot be broken.

 It was when Wanda was sitting on her bed in her pajamas and Tami, having brushed her teeth, was about to lie her nakedness down on her bare bed, that the confrontation occurred.

 Wanda fixed Tami with a stern gaze.  "Have a good time today?   Did you like changing a tire in front of those lower life forms?   Did you like ordering in the restaurant while everyone could see you were in the middle of an orgasm?"

 Tami lay down on her side and turned her bare back to Wanda.  "Go to sleep."

 "The whole summer is going to be like this, you know."

 Tami smiled, knowing Wanda couldn't see.  The whole summer?   No no no no!  .  .  Ha ha ha!  .  .  .

 "And you know what awaits you when you get back in September.  .  .  Do you think you can take it?   Naked Tami, orgasming Tami, always on display.  These pajamas are s - o - o - o comfy.  Flannel.  Ever feel flannel?   Of course you have.  All soft and warm.  Do you still remember?   Mmmmm .  .  .  "   Tami heard the sound of hands rubbing the arms of the pajamas.

 Finally Tami turned over and said, "Shut up.  Go to sleep --"  Her words were cut off at the sight of a little tape recorder.  Tami smiled and shook her head in exasperated wonderment.

 "Face it, Tam, you're fucked.  Hell awaits you in September.  Just admit the truth.  You have nothing to lose."   Wanda's eyes got a little less hard and she tried a softer, wiser tone of voice.  "Get back into clothes.  Go back home and work for a year or two.  You're a smart girl, you can easily get into another college someday."

"Wanda, I can't believe you!" Tami said.  "This is so over.  This is so lame.  You're not going to France, face it!"

 Wanda raised one eyebrow.  "So you won that round.  You staying naked kept me from France.  O.K.  I have my reasons for doing this now, but let's not get into that.  This isn't about me, it's about you.  Get back into clothes.  Get your normal life back again.  Admit you're not a nudist."   She held out the tape recorder again.

 Wanda's offer might have sounded reasonable to a girl condemned to nakedness, but knowing that her escape was imminent Tami had no patience for this.  She got up and stood right in front of her sitting nemesis, hands on her hips, her bare, tanned pussy almost in Wanda's face.  "Get this clear.  I .  .  am .  .  .  a .  .  .  nudist!"  Feeling cruelly giddy, Tami put her hands to her pussy.  "Listen to me."   Working her pussy lips open and closed with her hands in time with the words, she said in a gutteral voice, "I .  .  .  am .  .  .  a .  .  .  nudist!"

 Being mocked like this was too much for the girl in the flannel pajamas.  She pushed Tami so that the naked girl fell onto the bed.  Tami rebounded and lunged onto Wanda, grabbing her hair and sitting on her.  What bounce there was in the old mattress allowed Wanda to tumble over on top of Tami.  Soon the two girls were rolling around on the floor.

 It was hardly a fair fight.  Tami was so much stronger, and took advantage of Wanda's mortification when she tore at her pajamas, a tactic that of course could not be reciprocated.  But Wanda got in a few good hits and had the advantage of long fingernails which she swiped at Tami again and again, forcing Tami to dodge and keep her distance.  Tami then body-blocked Wanda and rammed her back-first into the wall next to the mirror with a loud thud.  Holding her ripped pajama top to her chest with one hand, Wanda then reached over Tami's head and dug her fingernails into the bare back and scraped.  Finally Tami pinned Wanda to the floor, her triumphant, slightly open pussy almost in Wanda's face.  Tami would have shoved her pussy right into her, something she knew would gross Wanda out, but didn't want Wanda to bite her.

 They were at this impasse when they heard a loud knock on the door.  Looking at the door they waited, hoping whoever it was would go away, but then there was a second knock.  "Girls!" It was McMasters, whispering loudly.

 Wanda got up and, quickly changing into her shirt, opened the door.  McMasters was in shorts and an undershirt and black socks.  "What the hell is going on here!"  Looking at the naked girl kneeling on the floor, he saw something and knitted his eyebrows.

 Tami suddenly felt very naked and very shamed, sitting on the floor in such an unladylike position, her knees apart on the carpet, her breasts sticking out.  As McMasters looked intently at her with concern, she had to suppress the urge to cover her breasts.

 "What is this?" McMasters said, putting his hand on Tami's bare shoulder and pushing to one side.  "Get up, Tami."

 "Look at this, Wanda," he said as they stood behind the blushing naked girl, pointing to a thin blood-colored scratch that extended from the middle of the back down to one side almost to the butt cheek.  He glared at Wanda and faced her.  "Wanda, Tami will be displaying products dealing with .  .  .  sexual function.  She's a willing participant, and that is priceless.  We're trying to restore integrity to an industry which has a history of abusing women.  Taking in vulnerable girls and forcing them to perform.  Remember Linda Lovelace?"  He noticed the blank look on Wanda's face.

 "Let's say we have this teenage girl on stage and she's scratched up.  Or has bruises.  Do you know what that looks like?   Do you know what people might think?   Do you know how a prosecutor will react?   Especially if he wants to make headlines?"

 He sighed, realizing maybe he had scolded Wanda too much.  Then he spoke more calmly.  "We're running a clean operation and I don't want any hint that it's otherwise.  If this scratch is still showing the day after tomorrow it's your job, Wanda, to get it covered up with makeup or something so it doesn't show for the presentation."   Tami felt like an animal on display as she stood there with McMasters and Wanda looking down the length of her bare backside, but also felt the flush of a small but important victory.  "Meanwhile, I don't care who started the fight, I don't care who's right or who's wrong, but Tami's skin," he concluded, speaking now very slowly, "MUST remain clear of any bruises.  Her body is very important to this trip.  I don't want her even TOUCHED.  Get marks on your own body if you want, but leave Tami's alone.  O.K.?"

Wanda nodded solemnly, strangely showing a little fear.  After McMasters left, the two girls went to bed silently and turned off the light.  Tami got to sleep much more easily than she expected, both girls aware of the unspoken change in the atmosphere.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 5**

The girl was awakened by the light of the full moon through the little window in the back door.  Lying on her straightened out arm on the blanket-less, pillow-less bed, blinking into the pale glow, feeling her bare nipples rub against the sheet, her groggy mind formed questions.  Here I am, a naked girl on a bare bed.  How long must I be naked, Lord?   Will I ever have clothes again?   Will I go through life like this?   A dream was leaving her, of standing on a hill overlooking a beachfront village and talking to a kind, bearded man in a long white robe, whom she knew to be Jesus.  In the dream she was naked, ashamed to be seen thus by her Lord, but he didn't seem to notice, instead extending his hand out to the village below.  Then he disappeared in a flash of light and she was naked and alone and knew what she had to do.  She turned her bare feet to trudge downhill through the gravelly sand toward the village .  .  .

 Tami blinked again and shook her head.  Fully awake now, she sat up slowly until she was sitting on the side of the bed, her bare shoulders a little slouched, her toes flexing on the thin carpet.  Another weird dream.  When I get into clothes in a couple of weeks or so these dreams will be over.  When her life got normal again, so would her dreams.

 She looked back at Wanda, heavily clad in pajamas in a bed stuffed with pillows and blankets.  Then she turned to look at the moonlight again.  She got up on silent bare feet and went to the little back door of the motel room.  She raised up on her toes and looked through one of the little windows in the door, and saw a beautiful, ghostly big mowed lawn.  With what looked like a field of wheat in the distance.  Through the half-opened window she could hear crickets, smell the grassy dew.  She loved that smell, newly mowed grass.  And it smelled somehow heavier, fuller here.

 She felt drawn to it, just had to do it.  Sneaking a careful look at Wanda she s - l - o - w - l - y turned the knob.  Fortunately the door did not creak and, swiftly putting it behind her, she carefully closed it and found herself standing outside naked, her feet bathed with the cool dew as they sank into the grass.  She felt devilish and naughty doing this, even though it was nothing compared to the crass exposures to gawkers that were the constant theme of her life.  But this felt precious, poetic, because this was the kind of thing she often wanted to do back when she wore clothes, walk outside naked in the middle of the night, but she had never dared to do it, until now.

 Smiling, she walked gently out onto the lawn, breathing in the wet cool air.  A breeze caused her to look up.  That smell .  .  .  it was like .  .  .  what?   Bread?   She realized it was the field of wheat she was smelling.  Not being a country girl, it was a new experience for her.  The sweet smell made her happy, gave her energy, privileged to find out another secret about God's creation.  She crept down to her knees and then went all the way down, rolling around in the wet grass, all over her breasts and tummy and butt, squatting down on the grass like an animal, spreading her legs to rub her pussy in it, then spreading her butt cheeks to sit on it, rubbing it around on her most sensitive skin.

 Then she ran toward the wheat like a sprinter, arms and thighs pumping.  She remembered running around during that rainstorm at college but this was much better, no one around to see.  Just her and nature.  She loved feeling the grass and dew and air on her skin, all over, caressing her nipples, prying inside her pussy lips, massaging and scraping her bare feet.  In a few seconds she was at the edge.

 Now what?   The wheat was about as high as her waist.  Not really considering the question, she plunged in, running  into the wheat, feeling the long grassy stalks tickle her thighs and pussy lips and tummy, feeling it get stuck between her toes as she progressed, even bending forward so she could feel it brush her breasts.  When she had gone about a minute she stopped, winded, and turned around to see the motel in the distance, all the lights out except for the little floodlight on the grass.  She looked the other way, and saw that they were on a rise; in the moonlit valley below she could see a road and an occasional house.  Why don't I just escape now?   Make my way to those houses.  Surely someone there would give clothes to a girl who appeared naked on  the doorstep in the middle of the night.  She smiled at this idea, knowing it was not possible.  No, running away would be the end, a red flag, a bad idea.  Better to escape with my credit card and bank card, making it look like I'm just going back home.

 She decided to sit down.  She almost squealed with pleasure as she felt some of the stalks poke into her pussy and against her anal ring.  She sat cross-legged, then fell backward, then flipped full length onto her belly, enjoying the wheat, rubbing and scraping and massaging it into her skin.  She lay on her back again, arms and legs extended, and looked up at the starry sky.  Thank you God, thank you for this wonderful creation, thank you for my nakedness and being able to feel nature touching me all over, against me and around me and through me .  .  .

 After a few minutes of reverent, almost giddy meditation she was reminded of another aspect of creation, namely bugs.  A swarm of black gnats had gathered around her tummy, with another one swarming over her face.  She got up, brushing them away, and with a sigh began stomping through the wheat back to the motel.

 When she emerged from the wheat she looked back.  She could barely make out the path she had forged, as if she was a friend to the wheat and could pass through it without harming it.  She wondered if a clothed person with rugged-terrain boots would make a wider path, causing damage.  Probably.

 While looking back she caught another gust of wind from the direction of the field, which chilled her now-wet skin and raised goosebumps.  As it passed over the wheat she got another strong whiff of the bread smell and with a giggle realized that it also smelled like semen.  Rod's semen, to be exact.  She smiled and stretched herself out into an 'X', trying to absorb the smell into her body.  A naked nymph, being ravaged by the gods through the smell of the wheat.  No .  .  .  being ravaged by Rod.  Fertile, impregnated.  She briefly thought of the beautiful tan-colored child they would have someday and it brought a tear to her eye.

 What?   A child?   Hell yes.  .  .  Rod was her man, she would gladly spend a life with him, have children.  In the future when she was wearing clothes, of course.  Not only that, but just like in bed, she would be the one to take charge.  SHE would propose to HIM.  By way of a short poem maybe, pressed into his hand on the way to class, letting him react to it after she'd gone.

 Shaking her head, realizing the smell of the wheat was intoxicating her and fogging her thinking, the naked girl slowly walked back to the motel, dew and little bits of grass and wheat sticking to her hair, to her wet skin, between her toes.  It would be good to wash this off.  In the corner of her eye she saw the little swimming pool .  .  .

It took only a second to decide.  With a quick look around at the row of dark rooms, she stealthily walked around the side of the motel and onto the concrete perimeter.  The whir of the little chlorine pump was broken occasionally by the lapping of the water at the edges.  The naked girl sat down and then slid in.

Glorious, sensual, delicious.  As Tami darted around underwater she realized in all her time being naked she'd never swum.  A long-time swimmer, on the swim team at high school, she'd never had a chance to swim naked.  This was heaven, she thought.  I've finally found the very best thing about being naked.  Feeling the cool water all around her, feeling the currents swish past her nipples and her butt and her pussy, she stayed down as long as she could and then, slowly so as not to make a splashing sound, she emerged.  With a quick look around at the dark cabins she held her breath and went down again.

 The pool was not that small; she could have done some mini-laps.  But doing a front crawl or butterfly would be too noisy.  She confined herself to swimming underwater, undulating, spreading and closing her legs, slithering along the bottom like an eel.  She wished Rod was around to share this.  The currents caressing her body were making her horny again.  She backtracked and leaned her head back against the side, arms extended up, her feet flat on the bottom, looking up at the stars.  Her legs were squirming with desire and finally she gave in and put a hand down there.  It took only a few rubs on her clit and a finger inside before she was at the crest.  She tried not to moan, but her voiceless breaths got heavier and heavier and finally she gave a low groan as her legs jerked and her whole body shook, making ripples that spread out in circles across the pool, finally a long moment later hitting the other side.  "Oh, God .  .  ."   she whispered, partly in relief, partly in prayer.

 She couldn't avoid the sound of dripping from her body as she got out, but otherwise was silent as she made her way back to the back door of their room.  With her body totally wet the bugs were all over her, so she opened and closed the door behind her as fast as she could.  With a start she realized Wanda had turned on the lamp between the beds.  Her erstwhile tormenter was lying there, eyes groggily open.  "Have fun?" she said.

 "Just a little dip," Tami said, feeling especial shame now at having her nakedness on view.  She quickly dried herself off with some little cloths in the bathroom and when she got back to the bed Wanda had turned the lamp off again.  As she turned her back toward Wanda and began to drift off to sleep she couldn't help but think that her roommate was a little jealous.

.  .  .  .

 Please God, I love the feel of nature on my skin, but I don't want to be naked any more.  Please give me clothes.

 Please God, help me plan my escape well.  And let it be soon.

 Arms stretched out to the rising sun, the naked teenage girl prayed thus, her bare feet planted in the dewy grass, nipples stiff in the cool air, eyes closed, face raised to the blue sky, aware only of the chirping birds.

 She put her arms down and opened her eyes, looking at the rising orange ball with a sigh.  Time to walk naked through another day.  I hope it won't be as bad as yesterday --

 She turned to the motel and froze.  There was a guy sitting on the back step of the next room, smiling at her with a missing-tooth smile and polishing a rifle.