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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 6**

Her arms flinched just a bit towards a covering of her breasts, but she got her bearings quickly, suppressing the flinch and continuing to walk to the rear door of her room.  She didn't want him to think she was being impolite by not looking at him; as she got closer she saw he looked about 45, dressed in a hunter's outfit, his orange hat on a little footstool along with some gun paraphernalia and a lit cigarette poking over the edge.  As she looked at his face she realized he was not all that scary.  He had a mustache and mussed black hair and he had the same tooth missing as her Uncle Sean had.  At first he seemed like a psycho, but now his smile seemed friendly.

 "Hi," Tami said, aware of every inch of her nakedness, feeling the chill and her nervousness raising goose-bumps on her breasts and thighs, the wet dew causing pieces of grass to stick to her toes.  She was about to go right to her door when he decided to engage her in conversation.

 "Saying a morning prayer?"  He had a mild kind of mountain accent.  Tami was unfamiliar with such things but it was your standard southern Ohio twang.

 She found herself stopping, and noticed he had ceased looking her up and down and was now making eye contact.  "Yes .  .  ."   She looked at the rifle.  "Going hunting today?"

 "Naw, just a turkey shoot," he said, shining the long barrel in a way which could easily have suggested rubbing a long penis, but didn't.

 "I didn't know there were wild turkeys around here."

 He chuckled.  "We just shoot clay pigeons, there's no real turkeys.  A little sling puts 'em in the air and we shoot 'em."

 Tami looked again at the barrel of the rifle, and saw that it had a tiny hole, too small for a bullet.  Maybe for BB's?  she guessed.

 Looking up from his gun cleaning, he said, "You get up awful early for someone who doesn't hunt."

 Tami shyly waved her hand back toward the field, her breasts bouncing with her motions, and said, "I -- I don't like people watching me."   The smile on her face froze as she realized what she had just said.  If this guy was a spy she had just given the admission that Wanda and the Dean and Henry Ross had been looking for.  She bit her lip, then unbit it.  No, please, God, after all I've been through, please tell me I didn't blow everything just now.

 She was relieved when the man seemed unaware.  But his next words still shook her.  "Are you the girl who was changing that tire east of Binghamton yesterday?"

 "Y - yes.  .  .  How did you know that?"

 "News like that gets around pretty quick on the C.B.," the man said, putting his gun aside and standing it up against the shingles behind him.  "From what I hear you either were in a bad mood, or didn't want to be naked.  Or so it seemed to the guys."   Tami thought: "The guys."   Do all hunters know each other?   "At first they were sure you were a topless dancer or someone trying to drum up business.  But you seemed too, well, innocent, none of that cootchy-cootchy that dancers do.  It sure seemed strange to them."

 Then he said something that caused another involuntary twitch of her hands, this time to cover her pussy.  "And I saw that little run and swim you did last night.  So did half the guys here, I reckon."

 Tami looked at him, frozen facing him in a fully exposed frontal stance, arms stiff at her sides, afraid to cover up, afraid of what he might say next.  During her cavorting last night the windows were all dark, but now it turned out they were filled with watching eyes.  Such a private moment, now violated.

 "You seemed to enjoy it.  Of course, you thought no one was looking."

 Tami smiled defensively.

 "So why are you always going around naked?  Where are your clothes?"

 Tami's throat was dry with nervousness.  She felt sure by now that this guy was one of the Dean's spies.  But he was such an obvious local, such an unlikely character .  .  .  But he had her number, somehow.  She cleared her throat to make her voice clear.  "I don't have any clothes.  I'm a religious .  .  .  nudist."

 The man looked at her with a steady eye.  "Are you SURE you are?  It sounds like a tough religion to follow."

 Tami nodded, smiling, remembering that she was actually on familiar ground, affirming her "religion", something which through much practice she had gotten good at.

 The man seemed to relax and so did Tami.  "My name's McCaig," he said, offering up his hand.  "Ben McCaig."   That it was a friendly handshake suddenly struck Tami as being no surprise.  Odd that he could be so low-keyed after finding a naked teenaged girl frolicking around.

 It was almost unreal, but the sitting hunter and the standing naked girl fell into easy banter, talking about the weather, this part of Ohio, how good the wheat smelled.  All the time McCaig was sitting with his legs crossed at the thighs, hands folded over his lap, puffing his cigarette but being careful to blow it in another direction, looking out at the wheat and only glancing occasionally at his companion.  And the naked eighteen-year-old stood slouching in front of him, her arms casually crossed over her tummy, idly twisting one big toe into the wet grass.

 McCaig was talking about when the various hunting seasons start when the back door to another room creaked open and out shuffled McMasters, half awake in his bathrobe with a coffee in each hand.  "Well look who's an early riser," he said, giving one coffee to Tami.  "This was free at the front desk."

 "You're with her?" McCaig said.

 The friendly conversation continued.  McMasters spoke proudly of Tami, telling McCaig that they were from "a little college back east" where she was a straight-A student, a religious nudist who had been allowed to go naked all year.  And that now they were going across the country on a research project.

 "Researching how to change tires on a highway when you're naked?" McCaig said playfully.  Seeing McMasters's look of surprise, he said, "It got around on the C.B. radio."

 Tami felt herself blush, being talked about this way in front of these two men.  And then she saw a couple of other men walking up from the other rooms.  And behind them, a guy and a lady in biker leathers coming up.  Soon there was a little semi-circle of people around her, looking at her nakedness from front and back and side.  What made it worse was that McMasters and McCaig were talking about her "religion", drawing even more attention to the fact that she was naked.  Their words barked out in the stillness of the morning air.

 "She doesn't even wear clothes in winter.  She goes barefoot in the snow," McMasters said, as everyone looked her up and down.

 "Amazing," McCaig said.  The naked girl shivered a bit as a soft breeze blew around her.  She felt it on her bare butt and her stiff nipples and her bare pussy lips.  It was God, reminding her of her nakedness, as if she needed reminding.  Yet the tone of the watching group was surprisingly respectful.  They were all looking at her but more out of curiosity than ogling.  Unlike, say, some of the guys at Campbell - Frank.  Or Lorinda and her crowd.

 "She does have an outfit she wears," a scratchy female voice interposed.  It was Wanda, emerging in her flannel pajamas and fluffy slippers, her hair messed, actually looking a little cute rather than bitchy.  Extending her arm so that the sleeve drew back, exposing a watch, Wanda pointed at it.  Soon it would be time for Tami's morning session.

 "It's just a scientific monitoring device, a couple of hours each day, a temporary project she agreed to," McMasters said.  Tami breathed out in relief, and hoped Wanda wouldn't add, "It makes her have orgasms like you wouldn't believe!"  Fortunately, she didn't say anything more.

 There was more talking.  Tami noticed that McMasters wouldn't be pinned down on what college they were from or exactly where they were going today.  She knew he wanted to make St. Louis by suppertime, but all he said was, "Well we've got to shower and eat soon."

 "The diner here is pretty good," one of McCaig's hunter friends said.

 "We'll see you there at a little after seven then," McMasters said.  And he went in with Wanda, leaving the naked girl alone with McCaig and the circle of travelers.

 Tami waved and said, "Ten-one hundred," to McCaig.

 This unusual man grinned and took another drag on his cigarette.  "Ten-four."

 Half an hour later Tami, walking stiffly in her skimpy but deeply penetrating and frictioning bikini, followed Wanda and McMasters into the diner where they were met by (of course) everyone who had been talking to them out on the grass.  Tami was conscious not only of all the skin she was exposing but also of her bare feet, as she carefully avoided stepping on the many cigarette butts on the cracked concrete walkway and inside in the little vestibule.

 It was several tables pushed together to make a big long table, set up so that Tami was at the head.  She looked around.  Another diner with animal heads on the walls.  McCaig was to her right, McMasters to her left, with others further away according to how unsuccessful they had been in jockeying for position.  As the waitress passed around the menus, Tami knew she had the "seat of honor" and felt once again like a princess with her royal court.  Though there was an assassin waiting: Wanda, at the other end, holding the remote control under the table.

 Bzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami's whole body jerked and everyone looked at her.  "You O.K.?" McCaig said.

 Tami nodded tightly as she shuddered, causing her menu to shake.  "Y - yes.  It's just -- just the m - monitoring .  .  .ohhh .  .  ."   She was aware of every eye at the table fixed on her.  As they continued to watch she made like she was concentrating on the menu, trying to keep it from shaking.  Within a minute they saw her face flush, her eyes close, and a strangled moan issue through gritted teeth.  "Zhhhh .  .  .  ohhhh .  .  .  zzhhhhh .  .  ."   Then she swallowed and opened her eyes, blinking back the wetness, recovering enough so that by the time the waitress came back nothing could be noticed.

 But it was clear to everyone at the table what this "monitoring" was doing.  They didn't know the exact mechanism but this girl had just had an orgasm.  As Tami gave the menu back to the waitress and held onto the edge of the table with white knuckles, her somewhat distracted subjects robotically ordered the same thing, eggs and toast, as they kept looking at her.

 Conversation continued.  McCaig made sure of that.  Following his example, others chimed in.  Such as:

 "So what's your major?"

 "M - math.  Mathematics."   Despite her difficulty with speech her head was held high, her bearing as dignified and regal as she could make it.

 "Not many girls take that, do they?"

 A crooked smile.  "M - more than did in the old days, they say.  I -- ohhh!  -- I like having such a big selection of guys to ch - choose from."   Some chuckling from around the table.  The crooked smile turned into a bit lip as the princess's body shook.  Then she smiled her gentle regal smile again.

 The princess held court in this way, and conversation ceased as food was served and everyone ate, looking up now and then to see how the princess was holding up.  As if she were a beloved and respected personage who suffered a type of nervous condition which everyone was aware of but was too tactful to mention or take overt notice of.  Meanwhile, her nemesis Wanda worked the remote under the table, trying to make Tami come at the most inopportune moments.  But despite the depths of shame that Wanda was plunging her into, Tami did a pretty good job of hiding what could be hid.  By the time everyone stood up and said their good-byes nobody had guessed the exact number of orgasms their princess had had: four.

 Back in the motel room, Tami lay down on her bare bed, catching her breath, as Wanda tidied up in the bathroom, having left her nudist companion hanging with one more orgasm to go before the session could end.  Fortunately the buzzing was off, for which Tami was grateful.  To get her mind off the giant dildos inside her she got off the bed, laboriously as if she were eight months pregnant, and flicked on the TV.  She lay back down, willing to accept whatever was on.  She managed a smile as she saw it was a rerun of the old, old "Superman" TV show.  Silly and stupid but entertaining.  Then she saw that one of the bad guys looked a bit like Henry Ross.  She wearily shook her head.  Can't even get an escape with this silly TV show.  She dozed off .  .  .

 Half an hour later, having splashed her face with cold water and brushed her teeth, Tami slowly eased into the back seat of the old black Cadillac as the big silent dildos rubbed her insides.  McCaig spoke briefly with McMasters before the three of them drove off toward the west.  The hunter with the missing tooth smile made sure that nobody started off after them for a good twenty minutes.  Nobody did, even then.  Of course, they all had their C.B.'s.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 7**

For Nakedgirl, it was a new ordeal in her glorious/horrible life, ever since that meteor had fallen in front of her that night on the way to the library, glowing with those strange rays that burned off her clothes and gave her super powers.

 Every day the modest girl was filled with a bitter longing for covering, but it was impossible.  She had superpowers only when she was totally naked.  Once, she tried putting on a bracelet, but even with that minimal covering she found it impossible to fly, she could not see past the horizon, she could not lift even an ordinary cinder block.  Even after taking the bracelet off it was several hours before her super powers returned.  She got the same results with putting on a ring, even a cheap pair of flip-flops.  So with Ross-man and his henchmen seeming to appear out of nowhere causing crime and mayhem all over Clothingtown, she had to be totally naked at all times to be ready for them.  Known worldwide for its fashion industry and textile mills, the city was trying to survive this latest crime wave and could only do it with the daily help of Nakedgirl.  Only her boyfriend, Rod, a mild-mannered reporter for the Clothingtown Planet, knew her secret self, the shy, modest, quiet librarian from Smallburg.

 Now she had fallen into Ross-man's trap, and an exquisite torture it was.  She hadn't been looking when his sidekick "Dean the Suit" threw a sheet over her head, reducing her strength and making it easy for Ross-man to strap her into his new invention, the Orgasm Panties.  Now, tied spread-eagled to the dirty brick wall, she was about to crest yet again as Ross-man stood in front of her with the remote control, controlling her response by turning the little dial from "low" to "high" and back again, watching her unwanted pleasure with sadistic glee.

 "How much more do you think you can take, Nakedgirl??" he cackled, turning the dial up to force her into another orgasm.  "This will be your tenth!  Now come again for me, baby!"

 "Y - y - you'll .  .  .  never .  .  .  ohh!  .  .  .  g - g - get away .  .  .  with .  .  .  thisssss .  .  .  OHHH!"  Her eyes wide with anger and strain, Nakedgirl tried to spit the words out through clenched teeth, but could not help gasping in surprise as another orgasm overtook her.

 Her bare backside thudded against the wall as she jerked with the spasms.  But as Ross-man looked down at the controls Nakedgirl realized, with the tiny part of her mind that could still think, that her jerking had loosened the ropes around her wrists.  .  .  Pretending she was still tightly bound, she did nothing as the spasms spent themselves and her body drooped and she caught her breath.  Then, picking her moment carefully, she lurched forward, flexing her bare toes against the bottom of the wall, and grabbed the gun on the floor.

 "Hold it!" she looked up at Ross-man, steadying herself on one hand, her bare butt cheeks, dirty from the brick, sticking up in the air and her feet braced against the wall, her hard-nippled breasts pointing down.  She aimed the gun at Ross-man's head.  "Turn it off and put that thing down or I'll blow your head off!!"

 Ross-man, his glee suddenly gone, meekly obeyed, then placed the remote on the floor.  The awful intruders inside the panties stopped vibrating.  As she breathed deeply with relief, her body finally calm, Nakedgirl untied her bare feet and stood upright in front of her nemesis.  She wished she could take the intruders out but the panties were locked on and the key was back at Ross-man's hideaway.  She sidled over to the phone on the beaten-up desk and dialed 911.  "Police!  This is .  .  .  Nakedgirl" -- she still hated saying that word aloud -- "I've got Ross-man at the old Campbell warehouse.  I'm locked into clothes and I can't fly.  Come get us!"

 "Thank God, Nakedgirl.  .  .  We thought you were done for!" said a staticky Irish voice.  "But traffic is backed up for miles.  It'll be an hour or more.  Will you be O.K.?"

 Nakedgirl smiled.  She thought of those big black Packards and Oldsmobiles (this was 1938) waiting in a motionless line along the Dixon Mill Highway.  And with those bumbling police always making wrong turns.  But that was O.K.  "Yes, take your time.  Ross-man and I have some things to talk about."   She hung up and looked at him.  Finally she had him.  With a gun to his head she could finally get information about his operation, including this mystery weapon he supposedly was developing.  They'll lock him up and throw away the key.  And then she could finally put something on!

 "So .  .  .  you were about to blow up the City, you say.  With what?"

 Ross-man was sweating in his business suit, staring at the barrel of the gun, his courage suddenly gone.  "Please don't kill me, Nakedgirl.  .  .  It's called .  .  .  a nuclear bomb.  I use uranium."

 Nakedgirl's forehead went slack.  "You know what you're saying??   A uranium bomb would destroy all life for miles around!   Or at least that's the theory."

 Ross-man nodded.  "Well, it's not theory any more, it's fact.  It's set to go off in six hours unless I defuse it.  I'll drop it from a plane I have waiting and I'll be gone."   Still staring at the gun, he looked up with a weak smile as if to curry favor.  "You've got to admit, I'm pretty smart."

 Nakedgirl slowly shook her head.  "If only you'd used your genius for good, instead of evil."   She sighed, then looked down.  "A little thing to take care of before I make you talk."   With her gun she motioned Ross-man away from the remote, and then with a quick motion she shot it, shattering it to pieces.

 "AIEEEE!!!" Nakedgirl suddenly crouched as if in agony.  She tried to stand up but her body jerked around.  The panties were now vibrating at full power!  And now there was no way to turn them off!  "NOOOOOOO!!" she shrieked as a powerful orgasm suddenly overtook her.  Her body lurched with spasm after spasm as Ross-man looked on in amazement.

 The spasms did not stop!!   This orgasm was not going to end!!   She wiped the sweat from her unfocused eyes and with all her willpower kept the shaking gun aimed in Ross-man's direction.  Her nemesis was now gloating as he glared into the spasming girl's tortured eyes.  "So, Nakedgirl!  The tables have turned again!   If you kill me there goes your last chance at defusing the bomb!   How long do you think you can hold on?"

 HOLD ON, Nakedgirl told her shaking hands as her slender but muscular hips bucked violently again and again.  H - h - hold onnn --

.  .  .  .

 "OHH!" Tami sat up, eyes suddenly opened, as if waking from a bad dream.  "OHH!.  .  .  OHH!"  As her eyes focused she saw the setting sun glaring through the windshield and felt the black vinyl under her thighs and butt as her pelvis jerked again.  "OHH!  OHH!" Wave after wave jolted her body.  Through her wide-open eyes she saw Wanda looking around from the front seat, aiming the remote at her with a little devilish grin, turning her on, waking her up.

 Tami had never been awakened by orgasm before.  It was not a good feeling to be jolted awake, especially not like this.  Wanda had reached into her dream and pulled her out of it into the waking world.  It was a new kind of violation which Tami resented keenly.  The spasms finally, blessedly subsided and Tami caught her breath.  Try as she might to be strong, she could not help giving in to the enormity of her shame, and began to sob, tears rolling down her cheeks as she covered her face with her hands, finally after a few minutes winding down to sniffles.  McMasters, at the wheel, seemed about to turn around, but of course everyone knew that this was how Tami often reacted to a really powerful orgasm.  He then returned his attention to the big arch of St.  Louis looming in the distance.  Gateway to the West.

 Tami Smithers was tough enough by now that she could bounce back from almost anything.  That was her fifth orgasm (finally!), and the session was over.  After she regained her composure she squatted up on the vinyl seat and began to expel the dildos.  Wanda watched intently, of course, always seeking to increase her shame.  The naked girl spread her legs and leaned back against the seat.  Her pointed-out toes grasped the vinyl near both doors as she held the base of the Godzilla dildo with both hands and began to pull it out, her concave tummy quivering with her gasps of unwanted thrills as the big ridges of the emerging monster bumped one by one against her clit.  Then, she leaned forward, holding onto the headrests of the front seats, Wanda's eyes about five inches from her face, as she shit out the rectal dildo with a suppressed grunt.  She was trying like hell to ignore Wanda's presence, but could not control her intense blush.

 Taking off the bristle bra, she was done.  Tami had already made putting the equipment away a quick and clean procedure, assisted by some scented wet towelettes from the glove compartment.  Glad to have her body back, she curled up against the door, squeezing her thighs together so as to quickly close those spaces that had been rudely created within her.  She gently caressed her big, irritated nipples, cupping her left breast in her left hand, her right breast in her right hand, for a moment almost looking like she was trying to cover them from view.  Then she wiped away the marks of dried tears and looked at the big golden arch.  It made her want french fries.

 "I used to live here," McMasters said.  "Our first engagement is tomorrow afternoon.  It's called Sexpo 2001."

 Tami almost rolled her eyes.  She was hoping that wherever she was being exhibited it would have a more tactful name.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 8**

The annual Veiled Prophet fair, a St.  Louis tradition.  Gathered like little huts around the immensely tall arch, like a medieval market at the base of a Gothic cathedral, carnival games, fried dough, Cardinals in their baseball uniforms signing autographs.  With most of the booths sporting mosque-like canopies.  And now, a growing bunch of people gawking at this totally nude young woman walking up to the base of the arch.  Obviously a stunt, yet she seemed unconcerned with the sight she was presenting, occupied with her own thoughts.  Heads turned as they looked for the police officers who surely must be coming.  Fortunately for the naked girl the crowds were so thick that no one could see her from a distance, including the police, who were clustered around the doughnut booth a ways away.

 It was a hot day, and as Tami reached out to touch the base of the arch the metal felt hot too.  She looked up its immense length, over 600 feet.  She concentrated on it, trying to block out awareness of the stares.  She spoke to McMasters, who was a few feet away with a camera.  "At first this looked to me like half of McDonald's," she said.  "But seeing this up close I'm pretty impressed."   Glad to have math thoughts to occupy her brain, she was speculating what kind of curve this arch was.  Probably a parabola.  .  .

 "It was either build this, or a 200-foot statue of August Busch," McMasters said, clicking the camera as Tami made a show of holding the arch up with her arms.  This even brought a smile to Wanda, who was standing around looking for something non-greasy to eat.

 After lollygagging around the motel all morning, it was McMasters who had said, "Let's go to the V.P.," and Tami had gone along without knowing what he was talking about.  When she saw that it was a big fair she wanted to stay in the car, but that would have been too suspicious.  So she gamely walked from the car along with McMasters and Wanda, along that long, long parking lot, passing people who glanced quickly at her and then looked away.  There were no comments shouted out; people probably didn't quite believe what they were seeing.  Meanwhile Tami's feet got oily and gritty from the warm, soft asphalt.  It was a really hot day, and though she wasn't sweating as much as her clothed companions, she soon worked up a light sheen which served only to attract the dust.  By the time they got to the arch she was dusky with stuck-on dust from her sweaty, messy red hair to her bare, dirty toes.

 Looking up at the arch again, Tami wondered if she could crawl up to the top.  Being just a far-up speck in people's eyes, that would be good.  She resolutely kept her attention divorced from the prying eyes around her, trying with all her might to pretend that she was wearing clothes like everyone else, just another person taking in the V.P. Fair.  Realizing she couldn't look up at the arch forever, she shifted her gaze to the wide, slow-moving river, her first ever view of the Mississippi.  She licked sweat from her lips and wished she could jump in and swim away, the water hiding her from everyone's gaze.  The water could be my clothes, she thought.

 Her eyes shifted to a nearby beer stand, trying to ignore the stares and smiles of the guys there as she thought of how good a beer would taste right now.  Of course, she was underage, so that was out.  As a mere teenager the law protected her tender sensibility from dangerous experiences like alcohol.  She almost laughed at the cruel irony as she studied the leering guys sipping away at the beer stand.  Those guys, they've never been through anything like I've been through .  .  .  She smiled at a long Busch Beer T-shirt being sold there, making fun of Coors's mountain ad campaign.  "If you loved my mountains" -- over the breasts -- "wait till you see my BUSCH" -- above the crotch.  Ah, to be a naughty girl who could wear that.  Of course, for Tami, forced to expose her bare pussy lips to the world, even having her pubic bush again would be a wonderful covering, let alone a T-shirt.  .  .

 "I'm hungry.  Fried dough!" McMasters said jovially, looking around, his car keys jingling from the clip on his belt.  "Come on, let's go."   Tami found herself tagging along as Wanda and McMasters made the rounds.  Hamburgers, ice cream, meatball heroes .  .  .  they finally settled on the fried dough.  All the time people were staring at the naked girl, some guys now making no attempt to hide their outright gawking.  A couple of them went right up to her, making like they were waiting on line.  She shut her eyes as one of them said, low so that only she could hear, "Mmmmm .  .  .  yum .  .  ."   She clenched her fists, straining against the unbearable urge to cover her breasts and pussy and run.

 "Get some sodas, O.K.?" Wanda said as she and McMasters waited for their order.  She pressed a ten dollar bill into the nude girl's hand.  "Diet coke for me, regular for him.  Get what you want for you."

 Tami exchanged a quick angry look but knew she had no choice but go off by herself like Wanda asked.  She scoped out the soda stand across the way.  Bravely, proudly, she strode across the dry, crunchy grass to where a little crowd of surprised people had just turned to see the naked girl.  Determined not to betray any trace of shame, she defiantly threw her shoulders back and thrust out her bare breasts as she placed her order.  The nervous kid behind the counter, probably about to explode in his pants, stared at her nipples, unable to move or speak.  He was told to step aside by an older man, possibly the kid's father, who looked with cold regard at her nudity and then, seeing her put the money on the counter, wordlessly began to pour the sodas.

 As she turned around, balancing her order and the change in her hands, trying to keep the cold soda cups from touching her nipples, she looked up and saw not only McMasters and Wanda, but a row of touristy looking guys with cameras.  When she was left with only her own soda, there was nothing to do but start sipping it, remembering the other times when she had stood naked in a circle of people watching her drink something.  For the twenty or thirty persons watching from close quarters it was a treat to observe the delicate workings of her concave tummy muscles as the soda, in a phrase never so aptly put, "hit the spot".

 "How much are you charging?" one of the touristy guys said.  Upon seeing Tami's eyes flash he quickly clarified, "For taking your picture."

 So this is what they thought she was.  Tami looked at Wanda and wondered if this was a test.  But the naked girl, being stared at from every direction, utterly unable to cover any part of herself, decided to assert her dignity.  "You can't take a picture."

 There were looks of confusion.  Then a painfully shy guy around her own age came forward hesitantly and said, "C - can I take a picture of you?  Just your face?  You're the most beautiful girl I ever saw.  I mean it.  You're .  .  .  b - beautiful."

 Tami was so touched by his stuttering longing, the parched thirst of this earnest virgin.  He was so sweet.  She smiled and held his face alongside hers as McMasters took the boy's camera and snapped a photo of their faces.  The boy was careful not to let his hands touch her, but looking down discreetly, Tami saw the long, thick bulge running down the leg of his pants.  She imagined this reaction was common and probably had caused him much embarrassment, adding to his shyness.

 She gave him a little peck on the cheek and received his profuse thanks.  Then the inevitable happened.  A big cop made his way through the pack of admirers and, looking the nude girl up and down exactly once, said, "Miss, what are you doing here?"

 She was about to explain that she was just a visiting nudist.  "I'm --"

 "Never mind.  I'm taking you in for indecent exposure.  Come with me."

 Tami's quick mind and reflexes came to the rescue.  Before the officer could reach out to grab her, she pulled the keys off McMasters's belt and ran toward the parking lot.  Bumping into people right and left, her bare feet slipping on the occasional discarded hot dog roll or corn cob, she darted through the crowd well ahead of the big, clothed policeman, who fell further and further behind, yelling, "Hey!  Stop!"  His shouts drew attention as people looked with scarcely believing eyes at the naked, scooting girl sprinting past.  When she got to the more open spaces of the long parking lot she broke into the long strides of her old track team sprint, her feet slapping loudly on the asphalt, keys clenched in her fist.  McMasters and Wanda followed the cop, trotting behind him.  By the time the cop reached the parking lot Tami was nowhere to be seen, having slipped into the Cadillac, one of dozens and dozens of cars.  The cop had no idea where she had gone.  After stopping and panting as he surveyed the parking lot, he turned around and went back to his patrol, his mission accomplished.

 McMasters and Wanda took their time getting to the car.  As he opened the door and settled into the driver's seat McMasters looked at Tami, crouched down below eye level in the seat next to him.  He was smiling.  "Good show, Tami.  You're spunky."

 The compliments continued as they drove off.  "Everyone has dreams where they suddenly find themselves naked in public and don't know what to do.  The way you handle it, Tami, well, it does you a lot of credit."   Sitting back up, Tami did not say anything in response but to smile.  Then she looked through the side window at the receding arch and was left alone with her thoughts.

 Yes, he had cheesy salesman clothes, and he was obviously a huckster, with none of the suave charm of, say, Dr.  Harridance or Dr.  Schnitzler back at Chalfont.  And he obviously knew from the beginning that she was not a willing participant, judging from how he continued to show and describe the Lab 6 apparatus in spite of her tearful reaction.  But that was when they first met, now so long ago.  He really seemed to believe in what he was doing, and was acting, well, respectfully, not like Wanda.  She would take her leave of him soon, but she had to admit, this guy was not all that bad.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 9**

It was not one of your more glamorous exhibition halls, a little run down, Tami told herself as they drove up to it.  It reminded her of the auditorium part of her high school, only bigger.  Actually it was a remodeled hockey rink, with a modest front entrance, above which was a little banner that said, "Sexpo 2001".

 The nude girl bit her lip.  She knew McMasters would be demonstrating some of his sex toys, using her as the model, and the exhibition was going to last all afternoon.  Surely she wouldn't be strapped into something the whole time.  And what about during breaks?   Could she come back to the car?   Probably she'd have to stand around and answer fool questions.  She tried to steel herself for what was to come.  Next to her in the back seat, Wanda smiled her evil smile as she noticed Tami's discomfort.

 At least they would have nice digs.  They had just unpacked in the rooms set aside for them in the hotel down the road.  The hotel was nicer than the exhibition hall.  In fact to Tami it seemed downright luxurious, what with old-fashioned chromed faucets and huge, fluffy towels.  She had never been in a true hotel before, merely motels, and it seemed doubly insolent and impolite to move about in such elegant surroundings totally naked.  They'd even set up separate rooms for her and Wanda, though any thought of covering up away from Wanda's view was quickly dashed when Wanda stripped Tami's bed, took all the big towels, and propped open the pass-door between their two rooms.  Still, a nice place, and amazingly discreet.  While walking through the halls she passed a couple of porters and they nodded politely, seeming to take no notice of her nakedness.

 McMasters, clearly excited with anticipation, crept the Cadillac forward as it waited patiently in line behind other cars discharging their cargo into the entrance.  Mostly freaky-looking men carrying big suitcases for women in their 20's and 30's who loudly chewed gum and wore trashy dresses, too much lipstick, and outrageously high heels.  There were a few people who looked "gay", but they seemed humorless and drab, not pretty and graceful like Jen or good-natured and easygoing like Jeffrey.  Thinking of this, Tami realized how much she missed her friends at college, and looked forward to the day when she could return to them as a clothed person.

 These people, part of the exhibition obviously, were greeted and helped through the door by a portly tuxedoed man holding a clipboard.  Finally their turn came and McMasters stopped the car and got out to shake hands and sign the clipboard.  As he went around to pop open the trunk he said, "Tami, Wanda, give me a hand with this please."   With a deep sigh Tami opened the door and put one bare foot on the warm asphalt --

 "Hey!   You!   None of this!   None of this!" the man pointed at her angrily.  "Get some clothes on or stay in the car!"  When McMasters walked up in confusion the man said, "We have a strict dress code here.  We don't want any trouble!"  Tami shot back into the car in shame and shock, feeling like a little girl being scolded by grown-up.  Naked?   How dare she come here naked??!!   She felt like she was being yelled at by a nun during catechism.  Or by Charlene's father at the Christmas party when he found her dancing around with Christmas tree ornaments tied to her nipples.

 "But she's a religious nudist!"

 The man rolled his eyes.  "Yeah right!"  He calmed down a bit and said, "Look, Mr.  -- " he looked at the clipboard -- "Nevada, what goes on in there is our business, but we can't afford any trouble with the authorities.  It was hard enough getting the permit for this place.  Outside, in public view, we've got to be prim and proper.  Capeesh?"

 McMasters thought for a minute, then told Tami to stay in the car.  He and Wanda unloaded the suitcases and boxes and carried them in.  Tami knew it was wise to crouch down out of view, and stayed hidden in the space behind the front seat as McMasters returned and parked the car in the nearest available space.  He then went back in and was gone for a few minutes, while Tami stayed hidden like a nude refugee.  Then McMasters came back and drove the car around to the rear of the hall.  In the middle of vast, bare brickface there was a little metal door without a handle.  "Stay here, I'll go around and open it for you."   Five minutes later, the door was furtively propped open with a stone.  The naked girl parked the Cadillac nearby and then slipped into the exhibition hall.  In her life of public nudity, she had never had to go through such subterfuge in hiding her nakedness as now, trying to get into a sex toy exhibition.

 The place was huge, well lit, and busy, reminding her in a way of the college Job Fair.  Rows and rows of folding tables and folding chairs, and maybe dozens of exhibits, of liquid gels and vibrators and lingerie and books and things that Tami could not identify, the men mostly setting things up, the women, some of them stripped down to sparkly bikinis, clicking around in their high heels.  Standing on the perimeter, Tami's bare shoulders drooped as she realized that not only was she the youngest person here, she was also the only one naked.

 The teenage girl, toughened by months of enforced nudity, chided herself.  What did she expect?   A room full of religious nudists?   Of teenaged Tamis forced to be naked all the time?   No, in all the world she was unique.  And right now, she felt as much on another planet as she did in the banquet hall at Chalfont.  Only that banquet hall was friendly, educated, refined.  This place was tacky, degenerate, glitzy.  She most intensely didn't want to be here.

 Gamely, she straightened her shoulders and went to look for McMasters and Wanda, her bare feet padding silently and gently on the hardwood floor, which fortunately was pretty clean, her firm breasts bouncing ever so slightly with her step.  She felt the stale, cigarette-tinged air hitting and irritating her eyes and her nipples and even creeping between her bare pussy lips.  She immediately attracted stares, astonished faces she had not expected.  Why was it so surprising that there would be a naked girl here?   She did not realize that she was distinguished not only by her total nakedness, but by her youth and air of innocence.  (In fact, she looked so young, like a mere adolescent, that McMasters had had to give the exhibition organizers a copy of her college I.D.  as proof that she was 18.)  Also she was distinguished by the perfection of her body, unmarred by that scratch Wanda had inflicted which had healed quickly.

 She tried to smile and nod politely, but was distracted by some of the exhibits.  She had been given a crash course in dildos and stimulators the past few months but still couldn't guess what some of these things were for.  Odd shapes, some motorized, made of plastic, some of wood.  Vibrators -- some of them were huge!   Where did women put them?   With little round things on the end.  "Magic Wand."   What the heck was that?   These people were degenerate and old, too jaded to enjoy simple loving screwing like she and Rod did.  The naked teenager felt soiled just walking by.

 Her eyes tried to look past the staring people near and far as she searched for McMasters and Wanda.  When she saw them way on the other side of the hall she stopped and her eyebrows went up in resignation.  Yes, it was what she dreaded.  They were fussing around their table but the exhibit was already up.  Way, way up, she noticed as she approached.  On top of the table was a little platform, and on top of that the two dildos, the Godzilla dildo for her pussy, and the big white dotted one for her butt, set up on their metal pistons and angled inward so that they were almost touching.  And then, the little half-chair that would support her back and buttocks and thighs.  And metal supports going up maybe six feet on each side, from which hung the tubes and cups for the purpose of nipple suction.  Her throne for the day, her seat.  And so high up that her pussy would be at people's eye level and her sweating, spasming body would be up on display, visible from anywhere in the hall.  On the base of the platform was the word, "Total Lover", written in a florid script logo.

 She cleared her throat as she met Wanda and McMasters, well aware of people behind her staring at her bare butt cheeks, suppressing the ridiculously inadequate urge to clench them and squeeze her legs together.  Wanda raised her eyebrow insolently.  "Almost time for your show, Tam!  Bet you can't wait to come .  .  .  and come and come and come .  .  ."   She patted the Godzilla dildo and then the rectal dildo.  "I've heard this gizmo really turns you on, Tam.  Think of how far inside you this will be, and this .  .  ."   She patted the tip of each dildo.  Tami's glare was like a dagger, but it was defeated by Wanda's evil little smile.  Wanda continued muttering, ".  .  .  and come and come and come .  .  ."

 McMasters was too caught up in things to notice this interaction.  "Sit down, Tam, rest up," he said.  As her bare butt made contact with the cold metal chair Tami couldn't help looking at what he was doing.  He was setting up charts next to the pedestal, one of which she recognized as a chart of her orgasmic response.  The "X" axis was "Time", and the "Y" axis was "orgasmic level", divided up into "plateau", "threshold" and "contractions".  She told herself a nerdy math major joke: I wish the equation of my response was, f(y) = 0.

 There were other charts too, dealing with respiration, contractions .  .  .  And then came the pictures.  Tami's eyes widened with horror as she saw the big color glossies being arranged in order on the other side of the pedestal.

 They were pictures of her face, showing the various stages of arousal!   Taken, obviously, by the camera in Lab 6, they had little captions underneath.  In the first photo, entitled "Level One Arousal", she was looking down to the side, one eye squinting.  The second photo, "Plateau", showed her reddened face and eyes half-closed as if in deep concentration.  The third photo, "Threshold", was filled with her sweating face, her wrinkled forehead strewn with disheveled hair, and anguished eyes looking up as if delivering an urgent prayer.

 And the last photo -- Tami closed her eyes and looked down.  She had caught a quick glimpse and couldn't bear to look, but morbid curiosity got the better of her and she looked again.  "Orgasm."   Her desperate eyes opened wide as if in terrible agony, pleading right at the camera, and also right at anyone passing by this table.  With her mouth opened in mid-scream.  Tami shut her eyes again and looked down, squeezing her butt cheeks together, remembering the feel of the dildos pummeling past her clit, ramrodding her front and rear.  She wanted to bolt out of this hall and run into the street, hiding her breasts and her pussy with her hands, crying tearfully, "Help!  Save me!   I don't want to come for the crowd!   Give me clothes!   Anyone!   Please!   Clothes!!"

 A deep breath and she was O.K. again.  Control.  She had to keep her wants and needs under control for now, and pick her time for escape with a controlled mind.  Escape will be soon.  And certain.

 "All set," McMasters said, as he eased into a chair behind the table.  "The doors open in ten minutes."   He and Wanda would be sitting behind the table, but Tami's seat was in front, leaving her nakedness in full view.  She sullenly conceded that this was the best setup to attract attention.  Then McMasters tapped her on the shoulder and said in a low voice, "Tami, I can't thank you enough.  I know this affair looks a little chintzy.  Most of these ladies are probably strippers, maybe a few porn actresses here and there."   Tami's nose crinkled in distaste.  Stripping and porn films were kinky, yucky things she had only heard about.  What kind of girl would do things like that?   Then McMasters whispered.  "Some hookers too, at least in their spare time."

 Then back to the low voice.  "But think of all the people, all the women, who can't have an orgasm, or who are single, or who have husbands who can't get erections any more.  For them, think of how fulfilling this 'Total Lover' will be.  And it relieves tension, gives them the ultimate pleasure that is everyone's birthright, for many of them, for the first time ever in their lives .  .  .  Think of an older couple, he can't get it up any more, but he sits next to her as she sits on the Total Lover, as they kiss and hug each other as she goes from crest to crest.  .  ."

 Tami glanced up at the "Total Lover" again and found herself actually touched by what McMasters was saying.  And she was indeed lucky to be able to have so many orgasms, when some women couldn't have even one.  This was probably a useful invention, and it could not have been perfected without her.  Still, the shame of it .  .  .  Why did it have to be her?   She looked around at the passing spangled bikinis.  These women would have been much better candidates to test this thing out on, not a shy and unwilling 18-year-old.

 "The first demonstration will be at two o'clock," McMasters said, pointing to a little sign he had put up.  "Until then, I'll answer people's questions.  You might get asked some things too."   He patted her bare shoulder.  "Here they come," he said, motioning to the big entrance doors as the opened.  A depressingly large number of people began milling in, most of them actually looking pretty respectable, some of them yuppies in casual clothes.  Tami closed her eyes and said a little prayer.  Please God, give me the strength to live through this.  Please don't make this very bad .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 10**

And so it went, as McMasters said.  Tami sat upright in the metal chair as people stopped by.  Typically, they would take a long look at her and then up at the Total Lover and then ask, "How exactly does this work?   As if I couldn't guess!"  Whether flippant, sarcastic or genuinely curious, their comments were answered by McMasters in the same earnest tone as he did his spiel.  ".  .  .  Motorized pistons .  .  .  ridges which stimulate her G - spot .  .  .  tiny holes to keep her anal ring lubricated .  .  .  "  Tami tried to tune him out, but couldn't avoid the feeling that whenever he said "her", he meant Tami.  She felt the eyes of the prospective customer shift between the device and her, specifically her nipples and her bare pussy lips.  "Does this thing really work?" someone finally asked her, a middle-aged woman in a prim professional outfit, looking down at the naked teenager with the air of someone who is used to getting quick answers to her questions.

 Tami was proud of how well she handled herself.  She looked this woman right in the eye and smiled, hiding the deep hurt in her eyes.  "Yes, very much."   She thought of adding "You should try it," but somehow that would seem impertinent.

 It was much harder to answer the slimy - looking guy in the greasy hair and ratty sweatshirt who cocked his eyebrow and said, "So how many times did this thing .  .  .  ring your chimes?"

 Tami's eyes darted to McMasters's proud grin.  She cleared her throat but found it hard to meet this guy's eyes.  "One hundred and .  .  .  th - thirty six times."   She tried to manage a smile but just could not do it.

 "Yeah, bullshit!" he muttered, shaking his head and moving on, leaving Tami mortified and McMasters shaking his head in disgust.  As for Wanda, her attention was focused on the clock up on the wall.

 McMasters had put up a little sign that said, "Demonstrations at 2:00, 3:30 and 5:00".  At the first appointed time McMasters told Tami to get up on the table and then, to her horror, he started barking.  "Time for our first demonstration!   Come see the 'Total Lover' in action!   With a live model!   Time for our first demonstration!   Come see the 'Total Lover' in action!   With a live model!"  Though there was hardly any need to bark, because the sight of the naked teenager awkwardly getting up on the table and resting her widely spread thighs on the little half-chair drew enough attention in itself.  People gravitated toward the table.

 When a sufficient crowd had gathered McMasters leaned over from behind the table so as not to obstruct the view, and said, "The first dildo, as you can see, is angled directly into the vagina."   He pointed to the big dildo with ridges on top that looked like the scales on Godzilla's back.  He then pointed to the dildo's target, the teenager's bare spread pussy lips, now slightly opened but seeming far too small for the impending penetration.  "Note the many holes through which lubricant continually seeps via the pump down at the pedestal.  And if some of you could come behind and see the rectal dildo back here."   Tami felt the movement of people behind her.  "We call it a 'rectal dildo' because it penetrates not just the anus but all the way into Tami's rectum, in fact when Tami shifts her hips it will go straight into the colon.  This further stabilizes Tami's body and will increase the force of her contractions."

 Tami wished McMasters wouldn't use her name.  She looked up into the middle distance with a neutral expression, trying not to focus on the fact that she was brightly lit and up high and everyone around her could see every inch of her nakedness and knew what was about to be done to her .  .  .

 The video camera appeared to the lower left of her view.  She determined not to look at it but couldn't help noticing through her peripheral vision: a nerdy guy with a camera.  And a well-dressed woman with dyed green hair with a microphone.  She was saying something into the camera with a perky voice.  "And now what looks like the main attraction, the 'Total Lover'."   Surely they can't be putting her on actual TV, Tami thought.  Maybe it was just a cable TV show.  Still .  .  .   The reporter put her microphone up to McMasters as he continued his description of the many fine features of his invention.

 The equipment got closer, closer to Tami's bare, exposed, brightly lit, displayed body.  She saw the woman stick the microphone up near her face and the cameraman point his lens up from the side.  "Miss Tami Smithers, this is Valerie Johnstone of 'Actual Sex', Cable TV's top rated adult education show.  Tell our audience how it feels!"  Tami was thinking of what she could say to make the microphone go away when her concave tummy flinched at the touch of the cold, lubricated head of the Godzilla dildo pressing against her pussy lips, then parting them and going inside, slowly splitting her open.  She couldn't help but breath faster as she accommodated more and more of Godzilla, then found herself moaning as the ridges got inside and began to flick her G - spot.  Her face was a mask of agonized shame but she answered the reporter's question.  "G - good.  .  ."   The chuckles and cackles this evoked caused her eyebrows to knit in mortification.

 The reporter, realizing the naked girl was not a very good interview right now, returned to McMasters and he described the play-by-play.  " .  .  .  notice how she is feeling the ridges inside .  .  .rectal dildo must be inserted with care .  .  .  longest possible dildos .  .  .  stability .  .  .  important to immobilize .  .  .  tying ankles and thighs .  .  ."   Then there was that uncomfortable feeling as her anal ring was invaded and stretched, wider, wider, wider.  Then Wanda helped to tie the naked girl's ankles and thighs to the half-chair.

 Tami had been strapped in and hooked up many times, but not in so public a place.  Lab 6, in spite of its little complement of theater-style seats, seemed like a private cubbyhole compared to this big exhibition hall.  And now she was on national TV!

 She now keenly felt the two big dildos way up inside her.  McMasters carefully fitted the suction cups over her nipples.  Though she kept her eyes on the far wall, she could not avoid noticing the continued movement of people toward her, the probing lens of the video camera.  It seemed like everyone in the hall was crowding around the table now, looking up at her.  Even some of the jaded spangled bikinis stopped chewing their gum as they looked up at this beautiful naked teenager, high enough up on her pedestal so that no one's view was blocked by anyone in front.  The other exhibitors, with no one at their tables, sat and watched intently from afar.

 The machinery went into motion and Tami grunted, prompting the reporter to once more put the microphone up near her face.  The suction cups drew up her nipples harshly and rhythmically, sending a direct jolt to her pleasure center.  The camera man crept around behind to take a close-up of the rectal dildo plowing in, its immensity stretching her rear ring wide and piercing her deep into her guts.  Though he had his "game face" on, the camera man was amazed at such a sight, and in his job he had seen a lot of things!   In front, the Godzilla dildo repeatedly stuffed her pussy, its ridges driving her crazy as they bumped past her clit and inside past her G - spot.  The slim naked body heaved back and forth within its bonds as each dildo pushed her forward and back, forward and back.  The girl's skin flushed and she began to sweat.  Her eyes closed as if savoring the pleasure.  Actually she was praying.  Please God, please God, help me, help me through this torture .  .  .  I am being tortured in public now, I'm about to have my most public orgasm ever, on TV, people I know will probably see this someday, this is my worst shame yet, please help me be strong .  .  .

 "Go Tami!"

 The naked girl's eyes opened but she refused to look down.  But below the center of her vision she sensed it to be  Wanda, enjoying her first view of Tami on the machine, cheering her on, letting her know she was watching.  Tami thought she sensed Wanda's hand moving to a pocket as if to remind her of her little tape recorder.  Want to confess now, Tam?   The naked girl shut her eyes again, then grimaced as she heard the reporter take up the cheer.  Soon several people were chanting, "Go Tami!  Go Tami!"

 Tami was dimly aware of strangled screams echoing in the big hall, of the reporter straining to stretch up higher to get the microphone closer.  She gritted her teeth and opened her eyes as she gave up the ghost of her orgasm.  With widened eyes beseeching above, in the harsh light of the exhibition hall, the flash of camera bulbs, a female Jesus dying on the cross.  My Lord, why hast thou forsaken me??!!  .  .  .

 Of course one orgasm was not enough.  The undoubted authenticity of the naked teenager's response surprised her audience, who were used to fake porn-style female orgasms.  But they were even more astonished when the demonstration continued.  A second orgasm!   And then a third!   "This really is amazing, this machine really works!" the reporter said loudly into her microphone, as McMasters beamed.  The people with their little cameras quickly reset them, and another series of flashes began.  The air around the table was humid with the girl's sweat, her heavy breathing and gasps clearly audible because the audience was completely silent, they themselves hardly breathing, they were so transfixed.  Then they saw the tears begin to run from the girl's eyes.  "This is a .  .  .sacred .  .  .  moment," the reporter enthused.  Deep inside her thoughts, Tami survived by thinking of being under the covers, alone with her dear Rod, tenderly making love in a freezing room in a ratty apartment in the dead of winter in a place far away and long ago, six months ago a thousand miles from here .  .  .

 When McMasters finally turned off the machine and the naked girl's sweaty body slumped, her tummy heaving in and out with catching her breath, there was a moment of silence.  Then applause.  A few minutes later, with the naked, zoned - out teenager accepting compliments on sweaty, unsteady bare feet as she stood to one side of the table, holding onto it for support, McMasters began taking the first of many orders.

 It was a bizarre post-game interview with a star athlete.  "You've just had three powerful orgasms on the 'Total Lover'.  How did it feel?" Valerie Johnstone said, putting her microphone in front of the dazed naked girl.

 Tami was still catching her breath.  "Uhhhh .  .  .  g - good .  .  ."   She desperately wanted the reporter to go away, but of course she had to look eager.  Some people around chuckled at the understatement.  She noticed Wanda to the side, minutely observing how the naked girl comported herself.

 "Those .  .  .  things .  .  .  looked kind of big.  Weren't they uncomfortable going into you?"

 Tami imagined for a moment that they were both Rod's dicks, Rod somehow fucking her in both places at the same time.  She wearily shook her head with a little smile.  "N - not at all."

 Valerie Johnstone and her cameraman stepped back a moment.  "You don't usually see an absolutely naked woman at these shows .  .  .  Let me say, Miss Smithers, you have an outstanding body."   Tami tried not to look at the camera man as he made a long, slow sweep of her evenly tanned body, from her sweaty hair down past her erect nipples and sweaty flat tummy, past her bare, tanned pussy lips, down her long, toned legs, ending at her pretty bare feet.  "Do you work out often?"

 Tami thought for a second, remembering how the ordeals of the past months had been true workouts of her body as well as her mind.  She blinked as she began to become fully alert again.  "Yes."

 "Let's see those muscles," Wanda said.  Knowing it was required of her, Tami stretched her arms and legs out in an "X" so that the camera could get a good view of her stretched muscles.  The camera man zeroed in on her slightly opened pussy lips, which the reporter thought was tacky.  "No, no, Sam, get her scooped-out tummy, look at those abs.  .  .  Men!"  she said in exasperation.  Sam did as he was told, as every inch of Tami's body made it onto cable TV.  "Show them your backside, Tam," Wanda said.  Tami turned around.  "Look at those tight buns!  I hate you, I hate you!", Valerie Johnstone said playfully.

 Then the reporter cleared her throat and spoke in a lower voice.  "They might cut this from the show," she said, "but I'm just curious.  That rear dildo was huge.  Are you still 'opened up' back there?   If you could bend over .  .  ."   Glad at least that she was facing away from them, the naked girl dutifully bent over and spread her butt cheeks.  She sensed people crowding around back there to look.  Sam turned on the light over his camera as it zoomed in, recording the brightly illuminated ring of Tami's stretched anus, still slightly open, in fact the light showed a little of the pinkness of the upper part of her rectum deep inside .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 11**

Back at the hotel, Tami slumped on her bare bed, listlessly watching TV, as Wanda and McMasters, next door in Wanda's room, got ready for dinner, a buffet and bar set up downstairs for the exhibitors to get together, swap business cards, chat.  It was in the "Rainbow Room", which Tami had passed before when getting settled.  A nice little room, then the "Disco Den", a dance floor with a stand for a live band or a DJ.  Tami had felt terribly self-conscious walking by these places naked, and had no wish to go down there now.

 "I'm too wiped out, I think I'll nap.  Bring me up something," Tami said.  McMasters was disappointed but he understood.  After that first session for cable TV, there had been two more sessions on the Total Lover.  Tami had come a total of ten times.  Actually not an exhausting afternoon for the naked girl, who had developed the endurance for suffering unwanted public orgasms and then going on with her day, but she grabbed the chance to use any plausible excuse to stay out of public view.

 McMasters and Wanda went downstairs to eat, leaving the naked girl alone.  She wanted to sleep but couldn't help noticing the room was hot and stuffy.  Not wanting to move any more than necessary, she angled her leg back over to the vent under the window and hit one of the buttons with her big toe, then felt cool air on her foot.

 She smiled as she took notice for the first time of what was on TV.  One of her favorite old movies, Ice Station Zebra.  Patrick McGoohan.  Rock Hudson.  Americans and Russians trying to retrieve a crashed spy satellite in the arctic.  There's Rock Hudson smoking in a submarine.  Smoking!   How funny.  She watched this movie at home a few years ago with her father, and enjoyed figuring out the intricate plot.  At the last plot twist, Tami had laughed, as her father said, "Huh?"

 The unintentional nudist felt herself beginning to doze off, staying awake just long enough to turn off her lamp and the TV .  .  .

.  .  .  .

COLD!!

 Nakedgirl climbed up the face of the snowy cliff, her bare feet getting toeholds in the rocky white powder.  The frigid wind whipped around her nipples.  When she got to the right spot her hands wiped away the little broken crater of snow, half - filled now with the windblown powder in the bluish pallor of the Antarctic night.  Dr. Montana's crew knew the satellite had come down here somewhere, and as she flew over this area her X-ray vision had picked it up in this cliff.  It was so weird to fly over those bleak valleys here in the middle of the continent, deep in August, winter down here, the sun below the horizon for months now.  It was hard to believe this was still planet Earth.  It seemed more like Pluto.

 She dug some more as she spread her legs to get a firmer grasp with her toes.  She gasped through her teeth as she felt wind hitting her exposed asshole.  Thanks to her super powers she was in no danger, but she could feel every degree of the cold.  A normal person, left naked here, would be dead within seconds.  As would she, if Ross-man or his henchmen were around to try to put something on her to cover her nakedness, taking away her super powers.  But no normal human would dare venture out here.  No person had ever seen this valley, probably no living thing had been here at all for millions of years.

 Nakedgirl's super-strong fingers broke off another piece of white ice to reveal a dull blinking red light through some snow.  Finally, the satellite!   She looked up at the thermometer/ammeter Dr.  Montana had given her; while she was out in these unexplored regions they wanted her to record the temperature and wind chill for scientific purposes.  Putting it on her wrist as a bracelet would of course have been fatal, so it took the form of a little spike which she stuck in the snow a few feet up the cliff.

 No person has ever felt such cold, she told herself as her fingernails chipped away at the hard snow and the red light got brighter.  Due to her powers she did not have the bittersweet relief of going numb before dying, she felt the intense cold all around her, on her nipples, her pussy, her asshole, her toes.  It was beyond cold, it was pure pain, but of course, being Nakedgirl, she could withstand it.  At these temperatures odd things happened.  The icy fog from her breath crystallized to encrust her eyebrows and hair with thick frost.  Her lush pubic bush was frosted too.  Thin, transparent films of ice formed in her eyes which cracked every time she blinked.  The ice in her pores crinkled every time she moved a muscle.  Even the snow was weird, like sand except for parts of it that were like breaking rock.  But all stray thoughts left her as the basketball - sized satellite emerged into her grasp.  She put it under her arm and snatched the thermometer and flew gracefully and frigidly up into the night.

 A few minutes later she was in the welcome warmth of the research station, carefully placing the 600-pound satellite onto a table where it was rolled away by the heavily gloved hands of the decoding crew.  Dr.  Montana looked at the thermometer.  "Just like I thought, Nakedgirl.  A record."   She almost expected it when she saw what it recorded -- minus 142 degrees Fahrenheit, wind chill minus 255 degrees.  Then the sound of a jet rushing overhead as the decoding crew took off for Vermont .  .  .

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 Tami woke up in the freezing darkness to the sound of the loud fan.  God!   This air conditioning is COLD!   Turning on the lamp, she hopped over to turn it off, discovering in the process that she had turned it to "Max Cold".  They really meant it!   She hugged her goose-bumped body, rubbing her rock-hard nipples.

 "Hi, Girl Who Comes a Lot in Public," Wanda stuck her head in through the pass-door.  "I heard from Valerie Johnstone that the 'Actual Sex' segment will be on cable sometime in September.  They get that channel on campus, you know.  I'll be sure that there's a party in the dorm lounge to celebrate so everyone can see you on TV!   Of course you'll be there, right?"

 Rubbing her warming nipples, Tami looked daggers at Wanda but of course her nemesis remained cheerful.  "I'm getting ready to go down and dance, come with me if you want."   And then her head was gone.

 The first urge the goose-bumped naked girl had was to grab some warm clothes to put on.  Of course she was not allowed to do that, but there was still the shower.  She set the water for as hot as she could stand and hopped in.  She hugged herself, feeling her skin get all flushed and pink.  It was like the dorm, there seemed to be an endless supply of hot water, she could luxuriate here for as long as she wanted.

 Standing under the warm jets, Tami thought: I can't go through many more days like today.  She closed her eyes as she tried to willfully blot the memory of today from her memory.  Up on a display pedestal, pierced and suctioned, made to come over and over in a public exhibition hall in front of Wanda and all those creeps.  .  .  Never mind the fact that the cable show would be yet another reason not to return to Campbell - Frank in the fall.  As far as this summer goes, this can't go on.

 She would have to find out what McMasters's schedule was and pick a convenient time to tell him she was going home.  A time that wouldn't make it look like she was trying to avoid something particularly shaming.  But he had not said much about the summer's schedule.  Certainly she could ask about it without raising suspicions.  After all, it was a natural thing to be curious about.

 Her brow furrowed in anger.  Damn.  This is so unfair.  Wanda's in the next room changing from one nice outfit to another, about to go down and dance, something I always liked to do, but here I am stuck naked in this room.  She shut her eyes again to blot out the sight of Wanda gloating at her as she suffered up on that pedestal.  She thought of the fight they had had in the other motel the other night, how it ended up with McMasters scolding Wanda.  Tami really had the upper hand here, in a way.  How could she take advantage of it?

 The wheels in her head were turning as she shut the shower off and began drying herself with the tiny cloths Wanda had left her.

 She wandered into Wanda's room as her friend showered.  She wished she could be downstairs, having a soda, enjoying the amenities, but no, not naked.  If only she had clothes like Wanda.  But her experiences were all dominated, were all ruined, by being naked.  Here she was doing what she always wanted to do, go across the country, see the sights.  Like the big arch this morning.  And she was forced to do it naked.  In the future it would be impossible to separate the memory of her nakedness from her memories of the sights.

 As she heard Wanda's shower going she exhaled, pissed off, folding her arms under her nipples, which now seemed to express defiance and anger with their erectness.  It was not fair that Wanda could so abuse her and get to wear clothes at the same time.

 The naked girl knew she was just making it worse, but she opened a couple of the dresser drawers to look at Wanda's clothes.  She felt goose bumps all over her as she touched the soft fabric of a fluffy sweater, felt her throat get dry with longing.  .  .

 What was this?  -- Tami saw them stuck under the sweater and picked them up.  Little lengths of soft nylon rope!   And a little ball with straps -- maybe to gag someone?   She smiled.  It looked like Wanda enjoyed tying people up.  It figures, she was such a sadist.  And she was evidently hoping to "meet someone" during their travels.  Tami looked at the rope.  It was actually more like wide string, and not cut up; the pieces were separately made.  It occurred to her suddenly that these were manufactured especially for that purpose.  And that gag -- was that what it was?   Weird, yet more things that were strange and new to the naked teenager.  Maybe Wanda had bought them at the exhibition during a break.  The wheels in her head started turning.

 A quick look at the tan miniskirt Wanda had laid out to wear, and various lipsticks she found in another drawer, and Tami had another inspiration.  A couple of minutes later, the deed done, she was back in her room, trying to act like a regular (naked) teenage girl watching T.V. as Wanda came out of the shower and got dressed.  Actually Tami was doing a good job of acting nonchalant, lying on her tummy, head propped up as she watched MTV, her bare feet rubbing idly together as they stuck up behind.

 Wanda came in, giving her hair one last brush.  "Sorry you can't .  .  .come," she said with a smirk.

 "I'm too wrung out."   This was not something Tami would normally have admitted so casually.  "I'm going to sleep early."

 Wanda shrugged.  "Well I can see that, after coming for the crowd."   Of course, she was trying to put it in the crudest way possible.  "Bye."

 "Bye."   As Wanda turned to leave Tami smiled at the lipsticked message on the rear of Wanda's miniskirt: "I like it right here -->", with an arrow pointing to an asterisk right over where her butthole would be.

 Tami was surprised that Wanda hadn't seen it.  At some point, probably in a few minutes, she would come storming back up to the room and say "You fucking bitch!!"  And then what?   She couldn't very well strip Tami or do something to humiliate her; Tami was already naked and had already been humiliated in ways even Wanda could not top.  And Wanda couldn't do anything to her physically; McMasters had made that very clear.  Tami could just do as she wanted.  Sweet revenge without fear of payback.  The naked girl smiled as she kept rubbing her soles together like a comic book villain would rub his hands together.  Meanwhile she was idly watching a rap video on MTV.  Then she bit her lip with envy as the rapper was joined by a girl with the tiniest bikini ever seen on MTV.  The naked girl again felt her mouth go dry.  If only I could be allowed to wear even those tiny strings .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 12**

The minutes ticked by.  Lying on her stomach, Tami kept glancing at the door, waiting for Wanda to burst through it and begin to chew her out.  The naked girl quickly figured out how she would react.  She would stick her bare butt in Wanda's face and say, "Kiss my butt!"  No -- she'd spread her butt cheeks and say, "Kiss my ring of brown skin!"

 No -- she'd turn around, put one foot on the desk, spread her legs apart to plant the other foot on the bed, and turn around to see the expression on that bitch's face as Tami did her trick of opening her asshole wide, forcing her to look right into her rectum.  "Put your head in here, Wanda?  Please?"

 The naked girl sprung up on the bed and came to a rest cross-legged, blushing, covering her face, giggling.  I am getting really shameless and silly.  Not that Wanda doesn't deserve it.

 She found herself wandering into Wanda's room.  She opened the dresser drawer again.  So Wanda's into tying and gagging people.  Figures.  The naked girl, denied covering for so long, once again bit her lip as she touched the lush sweater neatly folded in the drawer.  Gee, here they are, whole drawers full of clothes .  .  .  The naked girl got goose bumps and her nipples hardened.  Odd that Wanda hadn't locked her clothes away so Tami couldn't try them on.  Her mind must really be on "scoring" tonight.

 Tami shut her eyes.  No, no, Wanda will be coming in here any minute, enraged.  If she saw me trying clothes on, that would be the end.  Expulsion from college.  Loss of respect from everyone she cared about.  Life ruined.  To avoid temptation Tami went back to her room and watched T.V.  Odd, still no Wanda.  Could she really be going through that party unaware of what everyone surely must be seeing?

 There was a little balcony outside Tami's third-floor room.  Opening the curtain she quickly thought to turn out the light so that she would be less visible.  Then she opened the big sliding door and went out into the night.

 This was quite a luxurious hotel.  On the concrete balcony there was a little wrought iron table with two little chairs.  She rested her bare buns on the cold metal of a chair and crossed her legs, contemplating the city before her, the world before her, as the cars went by on the highway below.  In the distance she could see the Arch, lit by floodlights.  Sometimes it seemed like this was her fate, to go naked through the world.  Everything seemed to conspire to keep her naked.  Whenever she seemed to have a chance to finally wear clothes, or if she made a plan to get into clothes, it always fell through.  Well, this time her plan will work.  She would end the summer far away and in clothes.  Maybe the farther away the better.   McMasters had said something about California the other day.  Maybe she could stick it out until they got there and then quit.  Ask him to drop her off at a nude beach where she could spend the day and then go back to town with someone, explaining that her clothes had washed away in the surf or something.  They'd have an extra sweatshirt and shorts she could wear.  Then when she was dropped off in town she'd find an ATM machine and off she would go, into the anonymity of the world of the clothed.

 It would be odd to be around nudists.  INTENTIONAL nudists.  She supposed in California there would be a lot of them.

 She idly put her legs up on the table, which would have been very uncomfortable for a newly naked girl but not so much so for Tami Smithers.  She didn't like to admit it but she had gotten used to being naked, at least when she was alone.  It seemed so normal to feel the iron grille under her bare butt, the iron flowers pressing against her bare back, the cold iron table under her bare heels.  Leaning back, she spread her legs and absently started playing with her pussy lips, rubbing her clit to and fro.  Mmmmmm .  .  .

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 It had been so easy.  Wanda's anger had quickly turned to utter surprise as Tami, fully clothed with the contents of Wanda's dressers -- panties, bra, jeans, thick socks, sneakers, flannel shirt and that fluffy sweater, mmmm -- jumped her in the doorway and dragged her into the room.  Pinning her down, Tami had ripped her clothes off one by one with the help of the little knife, ignoring the shouted threats that quickly turned to screams of pleading.  The nylons and heels were the hardest, but Tami solved that problem by trapping Wanda's hands under her knees and keeping Wanda's head down with the instep of the sneaker, leaving a print of the sneaker treads on her chin.  Then gagging her with the ball gag, dragging her out to the balcony .  .  .  With the help of the ropes and pulleys and tackle Tami slowly lowered the panicking Wanda down, down .  .  .  Wanda's arms and legs spread into a wide "X", she could imagine Wanda's fright and mortification as her wide-opened pussy descended on the street below.  At the height of the second floor people started to notice.  Crowds began to form.  Down, down, lower, lower .  .  .  Cars were stopped, a traffic jam, horns honking, men in pickup trucks flailing their cowboy hats and hooting at the naked, gagged, spread-eagled girl who now was suspended ten feet over the road, TV cameras, reporters, the local news sticking a microphone into her face, recording her tears, anguished eyes, pitiful babbling behind the gag, she sees her picture on the front page of tomorrow's paper, all night she's there, she's still there in the morning, she has to pee and can't hold it any more, to her utter shame the pee sprinkles down from her legs as people cheer and flashbulbs pop, then her eyes widen with fright at the cement mixer truck approaching with the long corkscrew dildo aimed at her opened pussy, designed to make her come and come and come for national TV .  .  .

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 Whew!  Tami shook her head, stretched her legs, spread her toes, caught her breath.  What an imagination I have.  She chuckled, her flat tummy jerking, as she noticed her pussy was now wet.  Maybe I'm a sadist too.  How nice it would be to really turn the tables like that.  She took a deep breath, then stretched out some more.  The gentle warm night breeze washed over her, playing with her nipples, caressing her bare wet pussy lips.  Thoughts of Rod came to her.  If only he were here.  Mmmmm .  .  .

 It was the shutting of the door that woke her, somehow audible over the honking cars and street noise.  She walked in to find Wanda back in her room, carrying in a plastic bucket of ice and humming a little tune with a smile on her face.  "Oh hi, naked one," she said merrily, as she went to the far side of her bed and put the ice down on the floor.  As she turned to do this Tami stared openmouthed at her little message, a little smeared but still very visible on the back of her miniskirt.  She STILL didn't know!

 Wanda put a little tube of K-Y on the floor next to the ice then passed Tami and grabbed the pass-door.  "Sorry, you'll have to go.  I have -- business tonight with a couple of fellas."

 Tami smiled and folded her arms.  "Oh really?"

 Wanda cocked an eyebrow.  "I suppose you'll never learn it, you go around naked all the time, but there are subtleties to getting men to do your bidding.  I was a big hit down there.  I kept saying, 'I know what I want and I hope you do too'.  That's how a dom show's she's a dom."

 The 18-year-old was a little lost.  "A what?"  She thought she heard Jen use the term once when talking about one of her friends, but forgot what Jen said it meant.

 "A dom.  Dominant.  I control, and there are a lot of guys who like to BE controlled.  So I say, 'I know what I want'.  And I had them hot for it.  'You certainly let people know what you want'.  All these guys kept saying that.  Especially these two, Hank and Larry.  They'll be up here in a few minutes.  They loved looking at my butt."   She gave her butt a muffled slap through the fabric of the skirt.  "My best feature.  They all loved looking at it and I didn't mind showing it off.  So," Wanda concluded in a singsong, beginning to close the door on Tami, "off you go.  Don't disturb us.  The next sound you hear will be sounds of men begging to be dominated.  Bye."

 Tami's smile grew wider.  How was she going to break this?   The expression on Wanda's face would be delicious.  "Wanda?   Um, do you know what they were looking at?"

 Seeing Wanda's puzzled expression, Tami decided to be aggressive.  She had just had a powerful dream of dominating Wanda, and just maybe, she could afford to turn at least part of that dream into reality!   She knelt down and touched the zipper of Wanda's skirt, which unzipped from the side.  "What are you doing??" Wanda said, brushing away her hand, but then the strong naked girl lifted Wanda up and pushed her back onto the bed.  She turned around and sat on Wanda's stomach as she unzipped the skirt and slid it off Wanda's struggling legs.  "Nice panties," Tami said tartly, looking at the black thong.

 She stood up, bare breasts bouncing, as Wanda sat up on the bed and said lividly, "Are you crazy?  Give those back!  Or else!!"

 Tami simply held up the rear of the skirt -- "I like it here --->", the little circle butthole -- and enjoyed the look on Wanda's face as it turned from surprise to horror to mortification to rage.  "YOU ABSOLUTE SHIT!!" Her face was red both with anger and embarrassment.  Her eyes were red and getting wet with tears.  "How DARE you!!"

 Tami taunted her.  "They want to screw you in the butt.  And they'll be here any minute!"

 Wanda looked down and wildly shook her head.  "Jesus.  Jesus."   She swallowed and gasped.  "I've never .  .  .  no way.  .  .  no dom .  .  ."

 "It's not so bad getting screwed in the butt," Tami said.  "Except for the awful pain.  Pain like you've never felt in your life.  PAIN!"  She widened her eyes to emphasize.  Of course, she was lying.  The naked girl's rectum had been penetrated many times in her ordeals, but it had rarely been all that painful, just uncomfortable.  And feeling Rod's dick in there was actually rather romantic and pleasant.  But now she just wanted to scare Wanda, and she was succeeding.

 "Oh my God .  .  .  " Wanda meditated, then she got up.  "Well," she said, grabbing some pants from her dresser, "when they knock on the door I'LL be somewhere else!  I'm getting out of here!"

 "Oh YEAH!!" Tami said, body-blocking her back onto the bed.  But a soft bed was too good for her, and she dragged Wanda off onto the carpet.  Time for fantasy to become reality, at least a little bit.  Pinning Wanda's arms down with her knees, Tami unbuttoned her blouse, thinking only in the back of her mind of how badly she wanted to wear it herself.  Wanda's eyes widened with fright as she tried to throw Tami off her, but she was no match for Tami's strength.  Off came the blouse, revealing a black lacy push-up bra, probably not easy to find because Wanda's breasts were so small.

 Tami unclasped the front and pulled the straps over the shoulders and around Wanda's protesting arms.  Off it flew across the room.  "Nice tits, Wanda," Tami said, "even though they're a little small."   The pale little nipples made a striking contrast with the big, brown, weather-toughened nipples hanging over them, transformed by all those months of harsh weather and suctioning and bristling.

 Tami turned around, too quickly for Wanda to react, and pinned Wanda's hands down under her knees as she started on Wanda's nylons and heels.  It was like in the dream, except Tami had no sneakers to push onto Wanda's chin.  Still, her tough bare foot did a good job of pushing Wanda's head back so that her protests were no more than strangled grunts.  Off came the heels, then off came the black nylons, starting at the bands at the thighs and working down, down.  .  .  In another frame of mind Tami would have longed to put these on her thighs and the heels on her feet, but her mind was fervid with revenge, greedy to inflict more, more, more .  .  .

 Tami hopped off and stood over her nemesis, now dressed only in the thong, curled up on the floor, arms folded over her breasts.  "Give those back.  I mean it.  I gotta get out of here.  I mean it!" Wanda said in a tiny, pitiful voice.

 Tami looked down at her.  "Look at me.  LOOK AT ME!"  As Wanda's frightened gaze slowly went up, the fully naked girl spread one foot across onto the bed, folded her arms over her head, sucked in her concave, tummy, and made her bare, tanned pussy lips open and close.  In a hoarse voice, in time with her lower lips, Tami said, "Time .  .  .  to .  .  .  get .  .  .  ready!"  And then she turned to the drawer and took out the ball gag and the little straps.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 13**

Wanda jumped up from her crouched position and ran for the door.  As Tami watched, bemused, Wanda paused before opening it, her arm crossed over her breasts, thinking of the prospect of running down the hall in just her thong.  She dodged to the bathroom for a big towel but the naked girl, moving like lightning, intercepted her.  Grabbing her hands behind her back, Tami quickly tied them, realizing in the process that these little ropes were ideal for their purpose.  They stretched a little and made a good secure knot, but they were soft and broad and didn't cut off circulation.

 Tami pushed her captured prey back onto the carpet.  "Tami .  .  .  please .  .  .  Tami .  .  .  I'm warning you .  .  .  I'm gonna scream -- mmmfff!"  Wanda's quiet threat was cut off by the ball gag, cleverly inserted after Tami held her nose and forced Wanda to open her mouth to breathe.  This gag, too, was perfectly designed.  It filled the mouth completely and allowed nothing more than a few muffled grunts.

 Sitting on top of her prone nemesis, the naked girl considered how to tie the legs.  She reached back into the drawer, her breasts jiggling tightly as she kept a lid on Wanda's struggles, and in the process of grabbing more rope found a smooth dildo.  Hmmmm .  .  .  Tami tied Wanda's ankles together, then stood up as Wanda flipped onto her side and looked up helplessly.

 "And what is this?" Tami said with a cruel smile, a look that was unusual on Tami and which scared Wanda.  Tami turned the dildo end up and slowly launched it upwards like a rocket.  "I think I'll leave this out for your friends.  It might help to loosen you up.  Do you how this feels going into your butthole?"

 Wanda slowly and pitifully shook her head.  Tami realized something.  "You don't know how ANYTHING feels going up there, don't you?" Wanda did not react.  Hmmm.  An anal virgin!   "Well let me tell you.  Even with the lube, just one finger will hurt like hell.  And this thing here .  .  .  well, even if they're slow and gentle, you will hurt so much you will wish you were never born.  And I don't think they'll be gentle, no no no!"

 Tami mused .  .  .

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 Mistress Tami, head of the brothel of naked slaves, gathered her robes and looked down from her plush chair at the miserable, quivering girl kneeling painfully on the cold stone floor for her weekly evaluation chat.

 "I know I didn't fully please Mr.  Masterson," the slave said, referring to yesterday's 3 p.m.  appointment in her cell.  "Can I be excused .  .  .  please .  .  .  from servicing him in the future?"

 Mistress Tami flexed one of her exquisitely-shod feet and shook her head wearily.  "Wanda, Wanda, won't you ever learn?  You are to complete your assignments in full and with enthusiasm, or face extra punishments."    She saw the slave quiver and shake her head, obviously wishing she could take back what she had said.  "I know you -- dislike -- what Mr.  Masterson wants, but we simply can't accommodate your whims."

 Almost on the verge of tears, the slave said, "It's not -- a whim, Mistress.  It hurts terribly."   She rubbed her bare butt and winced at the memory.

 Mistress Tami exhaled with exasperation.  Then after a moment's thought she said, "Remember Georgene?"  Seeing the blank look on the slave's face, she said, "She must have been -- sold -- before you began here.  She was our specialist in anal oriented clients, and we assigned her five or six anal appointments a day.  She could adapt to any size penis, it seemed.  Except for Mr. Gunderson.  He was so large, and so rough, that we broke our usual rule and restricted him only to Georgene, fearing he would do the other girls actual physical damage.  Even so, when he visited Georgene her screams of agony could be heard all over the cell block.  She would always need several days to recover.

 "He used to visit once a month.  Recently he contacted us and said that after a hiatus of several years he will be visiting again.  Not monthly this time, but twice a week.  We were about to refuse him, but what you have just told me has caused me to change my mind.  We will accept his business, and you, my dear, will be his exclusive girl whenever he visits."

 "Noooo!!" the naked slave wailed, lurching forward and clutching Mistress Tami's thick clothing in desperation.

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 Now in the hotel room, Tami, looking down at the tied, spread Wanda, shook her head and get back to the here and now.  What a daydream that was!

 One last thing.  With her strong hands she tore Wanda's thong apart and ripped it from her crotch, leaving the bound girl totally nude.  She spread Wanda's knees and looked appraisingly at the sparsely-haired pussy.  "Looks rather delicious," Tami said, licking her lips.  "Maybe I should make you -- come -- would you like that?"  She looked into Wanda's forlorn eyes.

 Tami knew that to licked Wanda to orgasm against her will would be the ultimate in humiliation.  Too bad she just didn't feel like it.  Except for a few times with Jen and Mandy, she didn't really consider herself bisexual, and Wanda's pussy didn't really turn her on.  In fact, everything about Wanda's body pretty much turned her off.

 Still, it might be nice to scare her.  Tami turned to the lamp on top of the dresser and turned the light off, leaving the room in total darkness.  "Here comes my tongue," she said quietly.  Wanda, hobbled, still managed to hump forward like a dolphin as she made her way around to behind the bed, next to the window.

 Both girls froze at the sound of male voices outside the door.  "Room 334, this is it," a gravelly voice said.  A knock, and then the doorknob turned and the door began to open.  "Hello?" A slice of hallway light shone into the room.

 There wasn't time to bolt for Tami's room.  Tami scooted around behind the bed, overtaking Wanda.  There was enough room under the bed for her slim bare body to slip in.  There she lay back by the wall, her head sticking out.  As for Wanda, all she could do was lay crouched down, her head on the carpet, her hands tied behind her, her butt sticking up in the air.  And lay absolutely still and hope that these guys would think she had gone.  They were trapped!

 The room was lit with ghostly shadows now, as the door opened wide and the two men stepped in uncertainly.  "Looks like nobody's here, Larry," the gravelly voice said.

 "Fuckin' bitch," Larry said in a high-pitched, military-sounding voice.

 "Odd she'd leave the door open though," Hank said.  They both took a few steps in.

 The girls were afraid to even breathe or make the slightest sound.  But Tami realized that she herself was in no danger; she could just tuck her head under the bed and be totally hidden, something Wanda couldn't do in her bound state.  As Tami's eyes got used to the light, she saw Wanda's butt sticking her practically in the face, the knees widely separated so as to bring her butt cheeks down low as possible and out of the line of sight.

 And Tami saw, not two feet from her eyes, the bucket of ice and the tube of K-Y lying on the carpet.  An idea took root that sounded better and better the more she thought of it, causing Tami to smile the broadest smile in a long, long time.  Silently repositioning her arms, she squirted a little jelly onto her middle finger, coating it nice and thick, then stuck it into the bucket of ice.  As her eyes got even more used to the light she could clearly see the little asterisk of Wanda's virgin butthole within easy striking distance.  It took a bit of shifting but Tami soon was on her tummy, her slim naked body extended under the bed, as her greased middle finger silently noodled through the hole of one of the little machine-made ice donuts, getting colder, colder, she felt the tingling as the finger began to get numb, colder, colder, all nice and slick and greasy .  .  .

 For Wanda it was a life and death matter to keep absolutely quiet, absolutely still.  She prayed these two guys, somewhere on the other side of the bed, would lose interest and go.  But after a few seconds of no motion, she heard footsteps along the side of the bed.  No!  No!  Her cheek forced against the carpet, she looked under the bed and saw their shoes approach toward the corner of the bed.  And then one of them snapped the light on!  Another couple of footsteps and she would be in full view .  .  .

 Tami decided just having a cold tip wasn't enough; her middle finger had to be cold along its whole length.  She slowly stuck her greased middle finger further into the icy water, trying to get it cold up to the second knuckle.  Swirling it around, it got colder, colder .  .  .

 Thankfully the men's shoes stopped.  "No one's here," Larry said, "but it sure looks like she stripped in a hurry.  Look, there's her skirt."

 "And here's a thong, all ripped up.  Man, to put a sign like that on her skirt.  .  .  What a fuckin' slut!!" Hank said.

 "And look at this!" Larry said.  The girls didn't know it but he was holding up the dildo which Tami had left on the dresser.  "Hmm, looks dry."

 Larry then apparently paced toward the pass-door.  "Where is that young cunt?" he said in his tight high voice.  His voice got a little fainter as he went into Tami's room.  "Me first, you know."

 "Fine with me," Hank said, apparently following.  "You know I like that buttered bun."

 Wanda was still afraid to even breathe, or even wipe the drool starting around the ball gag.  That would possibly make a sound.  She wasn't thinking where Tami was; all her attention was on the men.  Meanwhile, Tami's finger swirled around as her eyes focused like a hawk on Wanda's little puckered asterisk .  .  .

 "Looks like no one's booked here," Hank said from the other room.  Sounds of opening and closing drawers.  "No clothes."

 "She must have had the two rooms," Larry said.  "Look, the balcony door's a little open.  And there's stuff in the garbage.  Looks like she ate here."

 "Suppose she was working out of two rooms at the same time?" Hank said.  They both chuckled.

 The room was so silent that the girls could hear their own breathing.  And the could hear the men's footprints crushing the carpet as they walked back into Wanda's room.  Hank cracked his knuckles.  "I don't know."

 The two men walked past the bed and stopped in front of the dresser.  Larry said, "So now what?"

 Tami's eyes narrowed like those of a cat about to pounce.

 POKE!

 "Mmmfff!" A loud strangled grunt!

 WIGGLE!  Tami's freezing cold finger snaked three inches into Wanda's rectum as the strictured girl struggled to avoid it while making no noise, truly a futile endeavor.  The cold snake danced wildly inside her gut, rubbing all around inside the unexplored rectal cavity, the icy finger now driven in all the way, and Wanda couldn't help a long whine -- "mmmmfff -- mmmfff!!" before the snake withdrew and Tami's head and arms shot into hiding under the bed.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 14**

"Holy shit!  Look at this bitch!"  Larry, having shot around the bed when he heard the sound, now stared wide-eyed at the terrified bound naked girl on the carpet.

 "Hot damn!  Oh come to Daddy!"

 Tami, her bare body stretched out of sight face-down under the bed, heard the frantic, useless struggling and whimpering of the bound girl as the men, suddenly energized with horniness, managed to lift her onto the bed and turn her onto her stomach.  Apparently Hank was taking her arms and Larry was pinning her down by the crooks of her knees.  Tami looked back behind her, at the bed springs.  There was going to be a lot of bouncing around up there.  Was she safe?  Probably.  These springs looked pretty strong.  They hardly moved as Wanda's body was thrown onto the mattress.  There was at least six inches of clearance above Tami's bare butt cheeks.

 "That's it, play hard to get," Larry piped up in his high voice.  "Hold her down, Hank."

 "C'mon, bitch," Hank said, trying to pin the bound girl's knee while putting his knee down into her upper back.  "Larry, I don't know what's going on, but I don't think she's acting."

 "Fuck that .  .  .  she was naked and tied up and waiting for us," Larry said, undoing his trousers.

 "Yeah right, we're o.k.," Hank said, chuckling viciously.  He must have been spreading Wanda's butt cheeks because then he said, "Look, she's already greased up!"

 Tami suddenly felt sick.  This was rape.  She had never been raped, but knew a couple of friends.  .  .  The most horrible experience she could think of.  She remembered the somber atmosphere at a rape awareness workshop she had gone to during orientation week at college, back when she was a normal clothes-wearing freshman.  How someone said then, "I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy."   And now Wanda was about to be raped.  And I got her ready for it!

 What to do?  There were two strong men up there.  And she was just an 18-year-old girl, naked and defenseless.  The men said nothing for a while as Wanda continued to struggle.  Then Larry said, "I've got a good one goin'," probably referring to his hard-on.  Anal penetration was seconds away.

 It was crazy, it was impulsive, but it was the only thing to do.  Tami scooted out from under the bed so quickly that the carpet burned her nipples.  She stood up straight and tall over the men as her breasts stopped bouncing, and shouted, "STOP IT!"

 For a second the two men gaped openmouthed at this naked girl with the all-over tan and the gorgeous, perfectly toned body.  Tami swallowed and said, in an earnest voice like she learned at that workshop, "She doesn't want to do this.  Stop!  No means no!"

 It sounded ridiculous, like an addition to Wanda's hard-to-get role play.  Two college girls acting like they're being raped.  The men giggled.  Then Larry, his pants half down around his knees, his small hard dick poised, bounced up off the bed and said, "Hank, I think I'll take THIS one .  .  ."

 A hard bare heel in Larry's crotch told the men that this naked girl was serious.  He cowered for a moment, grunting, "You stupid little cunt," then hitched up his pants and went after her.  But Tami was quicker and anticipated him.  A hammer-like hard fist in his eye, then a split second later another fist in the other eye, and Larry was down, hands over his eyes.  A hard bare foot on the top of his head pushed him back against the dresser.  He got up, trying hard to see through bruised squinting eyes, but Tami was already there and elbowed his nose.  Blood spritzed across his face.

 There was Hank.  Brandishing a switch-blade.  "YOU are asking for real trouble," he said in his gravelly voice.  Tami swallowed and acted scared, slowly allowing him to back her against the corner.  When she had braced her arms against the wall she kicked up like lightning and knocked the knife from his hands.  It flew across Wanda to the floor on the other side of the bed.  Surprised, Hank started to go to retrieve it but Tami kicked him in the crotch.  He grabbed her toes, trying to flip her, but she bent her knee and drew close and fisted him in each eye like with Larry.  Then Larry, trying to approach again, was elbowed in the nose again.  .  .

 Tami was spinning and attacking like the star of a kung fu film, her breasts bouncing in every direction, her thin muscled body beginning to shine with sweat.  She thought of dreams she had been having, of a naked girl with super powers.  She was that girl now.  Wanda, lying on her stomach tied up and motionless on the bed, watched from behind her ball gag with fear turning to amazement.

 In two minutes Hank and Larry were running out the door, Larry holding his pants up.  The girls never saw them again.

 Tami stood next to the bed, looking at the opened door, hair mussed, sweat shining all over her naked body, her concave tummy heaving in and out as she caught her breath.  She looked over to the bound and gagged Wanda and Wanda looked at her.  Tami heard herself saying, "Sorry."

 Neither girl moved a muscle for a long time.

 Now what?

 Tami went to lock the door and then walked listlessly to her room.  She sat on her bed, then went out to the balcony, knowing that Wanda was still motionless on the bed, not trying to get off or crawl around.  She looked out across the city.  Here I am, naked in the world.  And pretty stupid.

 She told herself that she still had to get revenge on Wanda, so she went back to the bound girl.  The strong naked girl lifted her up and took her out to the balcony of Wanda's room.  Wanda was perhaps too much in a state of shock to resist as Tami tied her hands to the back of one of the chairs, then faced the chair to the railing and tied her feet way apart so that anyone looking up from the street could see her widespread pussy.  Tami looked at her handiwork, both girls feeling the night breezes, which had gotten a little cooler, playing across their naked bodies.

 The Unintentional Nudist thought about lying under the covers on Wanda's bed, but not only would that be covering herself, it seemed somehow pointless.  She wandered back to her bare bed and lay down, intending to sleep.

 Her head was a jumble of unpleasant thoughts.  She had saved Wanda from rape, but she had set her up for it in the first place.  Wanda was really mad at her now.  Obviously she wasn't going to tell McMasters about any of this, but she now had a real reason for having it in for Tami.  Yet what could she do?  Wanda seemed more pathetic than threatening.  But why was Tami feeling at all sorry for her?  Yet it was actual rape that was about to happen.  Would Wanda actually go so far as to do the same to Tami?  But was Tami a wimp for even having these thoughts?  Shouldn't she strike back hard in whatever way possible now that she had the chance?

 After an hour of twisting and turning Tami got up and went to Wanda's balcony.  The bound girl, not used to exposure, was shivering and goose-bumped even though the breezes didn't seem all that cold.  Tami untied her feet and led the limping Wanda back to her bed, then pulled the covers over her.  She decided she just wanted to forget about the whole thing, so she untied Wanda's hands and undid the ball gag and went away.

 A few minutes later, the permanently naked girl stood at her balcony, pensively leaning over the railing, her toes clasping and unclasping the bottom rung.  She felt dead and lifeless inside.  She knew now that Wanda was basically a pathetic, weak creature, and also she had found out a truth about herself.  Namely, that she just did not have an appetite for revenge, she might have fun fantasizing about it, but she got no thrill out of acting it out.  Wanda sorely deserved it, Tami had been through months and months of extreme humiliation at her hands, yet to get back at Wanda seemed like a waste of time and energy.  All Tami wanted to do, the only thing that motivated her, was the prospect of escaping to someplace where she could put on clothes and not be naked any more.