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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 15**

"Nnnh!.  .  ."

Tami grunted ever so softly and tried to keep her writhing at a minimum.  Her butt in the air, her hands grasping the edge of the table under her head, she looked down at the floor, at the shiny black shoes and the dark pants and the nice suits above them.  She swallowed, hoping it would counteract the itch she felt way, way inside, and indeed the motion of her throat did seem to move the probe around a bit.

 She thought of yesterday, of the long ride to this place, looking out across the corn fields, her bare foot out the window, reclining in the front passenger seat of McMasters's Cadillac so as to better make room for the huge dildos inside her and to ease the tugging and scratching of the bristle bra on her nipples, trying not to grit her teeth as yet another orgasm quietly washed over her, causing her whole nude body to shiver.  Going west of St. Louis the land began to change, getting flatter and browner and drier, less trees, more open fields of corn and wheat.  Having spent all her life in New England, she had never seen land like this.  She had always wanted to travel across the country, and now she was trying to enjoy the view.  Trying, except for this overwhelming distraction.  .  .  As the orgasm ran its course and the last irregular spasms caused her outboard foot to jerk and her toes to spread, she closed her eyes and prayed.  Please God .  .  .

 She was trying to pick her date of escape carefully.  McMasters had just said that there was a demonstration of some medical equipment that he was to do in Omaha, then another exhibition of the "Total Lover" in Colorado.  He did not need to add that Tami would be the live model for these.  The morning before the Colorado exhibition would be a good time to give him her spiel: that she was homesick, that her father needed her at the hardware store, that his assistant quit and he was shorthanded (blah blah blah).  .  .  Then to show that she wasn't avoiding public exposure, she would go through with the Colorado thing, and then get on the bus.

 Get on a bus?  Naked?  Where would McMasters drop her off?  Yes, it would have to be at a bus stop.  She wanted to get to an ATM first and get money for clothes, but asking him to drop her off at an ATM would arouse suspicions.  Maybe she could say she wanted money to buy the bus ticket, but that would make no sense, she could pay at the bus station with her credit card.  Maybe renting a car would be a better idea.  But how does one rent a car?  The idea was unfamiliar to the 18-year-old.  Go to a car rental place?  Did she have to reserve a car ahead of time?  Would they require a deposit?  Once her father spoke of renting a car after going on a business trip.  Could one rent a car for personal reasons?  Did she have to be 21?  Did they charge by the mile, did she even have enough money to go across the country in a rented car?  Could she rent only one way?  Would they even let her into the car rental place without any clothes? . . .She still had to figure out exactly how she could take her leave of McMasters without him following her or deducing that she was about to get some clothes.

 "Unnh!.  .  ."   Another soft grunt, another deep itch, another attempt to suppress the urge to scratch it by shimmying around on this table.  .  .

 Then there was Wanda.  Wanda was boiling mad at her now, with good reason.  Tami had tried to torture her last night.  Bunked together in the same motel room, trying to sleep after watching a soft-core porn movie on the motel TV, Tami saw Wanda squirming around in her pajamas under her abundant blankets and knew that Wanda was really, really horny and badly wanted to diddle herself.  That is until Tami decided to stop the show by saying, "Now now now, no unnatural acts!  Not permitted!  ANNNGG!" making a sound like a game show buzzer after someone has given a wrong answer.  "And no hiding in the bathroom either, I'll knock on the door every two seconds!"  Wanda of course was stuck, ashamed to diddle in front of Tami and pissed off that her attempt at secret diddling had been ruined and her mood destroyed, and lay stiffly on her back with her clenched hands over her chest.

 And then Tami, naked on her bare bed, said, "Only I, dear Wanda, am allowed to come.  And I think I'll do that now.  Mmmmm .  .  ."   She spread her legs and then her pussy lips, pulling at her clit.  "Ohh Godddd .  .  .  did you see that guy's dick .  .  .  so long and hard .  .  .  ohhh .  .  .  uhhh .  .  ."   She actually did get herself a little excited.  "C - can't you imagine what it feels like, Wanda?  Uhhh .  .  .  Ohhhh.  .  .  I'm so excited .  .  .  Remember what it's like to come?  Well you can't anymore .  .  .  But I can .  .  .  uhhhh .  .  .  and I'll tell you how GOOD it feels .  .  .  uhhhh .  .  ."

 But Tami just couldn't get over the edge, or even close to it.  As she knew by now, she was not a sadist, she didn't get any sexual thrills from torturing someone, not even Wanda.  She tried to defuse the situation by hopping up and saying with a smile, "Maybe next time, I gotta pee," and going to the bathroom.  But she knew, and Wanda knew that she knew, that Tami just was not capable of having an orgasm out of spite.

 Being stuck together on the road like this was not pleasant for either of them.  The sooner Tami got out of it, the better.  Yet with Wanda's increased viciousness she would be sure to monitor Tami's escape to the extent she could.  This had to be planned v - e - r - y carefully .  .  .

 "Unnnh!  .  .  ."

 They had driven into Omaha, a medium size, clean-looking city, or so it seemed to Tami, who was used to the dingy crowdedness and tired dankness of old factory towns like Pawtucket and Worcester.  The medical center was clean and new too.  They went in a back way and up through a special elevator.  Tami's nakedness was acknowledged only casually by the few doctors and nurses they passed along the way.  McMasters then took Wanda and Tami into a small library where he opened his suitcase on the table.  And then went into a short explanation of these gadgets and how they worked.  In other words, what was to be done to the naked girl.  Upon hearing the explanation she bit her lip and held her breath.

 As she entered the big round room she noticed it was like a more modern version of the upstairs lab at Chalfont.  There was a steel table in the middle and chairs placed around the perimeter.  As always in such medical surroundings the naked girl felt chilly and ill at ease.  Yet it was not entirely antiseptic and clinical; there was a table set up with refreshments.  Doctors strolled in bit by bit and joined McMasters and the two girls near the refreshments table.  Tami was hungry, having been instructed not to eat for the past day, and it was agony to watch everyone else stuffing their faces with pretzels and potato chips.  And wearing clothes.  But she gritted her teeth and had to content herself with a cup of soda.

 "This is Dr. Bishop, head of the urology department," McMasters said, introducing a kindly little bald man in a white lab coat.  Dr. Bishop extended a clammy hand.  "Quite a nice specimen you are, Miss.  You will be demonstrating some very improved equipment which I was hoping we would order, if the residents are suitably impressed."   Holding a soda in one hand, Tami was conscious of his frank stare at her breasts and then down below.  Then she blushed as her stomach growled so loudly that the man certainly heard it, though he pretended not to.  "I'm glad you shave your pudendum, it makes the demonstration much easier.  Your labia majora are nicely tanned, too.  I hear you never wear any clothes, being a radical nudist."

 Looking down in a blush, Tami was also conscious of everyone else looking at her from all around; she almost felt goose bumps on her bare butt cheeks, felt her nipples stiffen.  She saw the contrast of her bare feet on a cold tile floor which was crowded all around with expensive hosiery and shoes.  A naked specimen in a room full of clothed persons, to be stared at and exhibited, like an alien being from a race with no covering.  Like she was the only one there with breasts and genitals and toes and everyone was looking at these strange features with scientific curiosity.

 She looked up again at this kindly little man and said, "I don't have any clothes at all.  I don't own any."   He wrinkled his chin, somehow impressed.  Tami thought: "Radical nudist"; that is a good way to describe me, or what I'm supposed to be.

 A short time later, she suppressed a blush as she followed McMasters's instruction and got up on the table on all fours.  Thus began two hours of display, poking and prodding deep inside the naked girl in ways she had not thus far experienced.

 "Note this improved anoscope," McMasters said from somewhere behind her, as Tami gasped quietly from the feel of Wanda's cold latex-gloved hand smearing lubricant between her spread ass cheeks.  "The shaft is sectioned so as  to allow both greater penetration but, more importantly, a greater aperture upon full distension."   Tami sensed the doctors gathering behind her and leaning closer over her rear end.  Then her flat tummy jerked as she felt the long cold metal instrument inserted into her butthole and begin its journey into her rectum.  "I will now turn on the light attachment," McMasters said, and she could swear she felt some heat up in there.  Her knees did a little jerk as she felt the tip gently press against the upper wall.  "I will now begin to distend .  .  ."   Wanda, of course, had walked around to face Tami.  Tami didn't give her the satisfaction of making eye contact but knew that Wanda was closely watching her wince as the metal cylinder opened her anus wide, wide, wider .  .  .

 She could only imagine what the interior of her rectum looked like in the harsh light, but she heard a voice behind say, "She has fine pinkness inside, a very healthy rectal lining."   "We are now at two and half inches, full extension," McMasters said.  "Naturally with a typical patient this width will not be necessary or even possible, but Miss Smithers is trained to accept large objects and her sphincter is very pliable."

 Indeed.  Two and a half inches!  None of the dildos had been that wide.  Yet this was not really painful, just uncomfortable.  Tami felt more opened up than ever before.  As the doctors leaned closer she could feel their breath curl up inside her most private cavity as they talked.  "Look at the articulation with the sigmoid colon .  .  .  Very good illumination .  .  .Most impressive .  .  ."   A couple of them pushed on her butt cheeks with cold thumbs so as to move the instrument more in their direction, causing McMasters to say, "A healthy rectum like Tami's is fairly hardy.  If you want to see better the anoscope itself can be moved from side to side to some degree."

 "Yes .  .  .  that way the entire proximal surface can be visualized," a stern-sounding female voice said as the tip plowed and circled and pushed around the entire area of Tami's insides.  She was glad that this was a select professional audience, not like the crowd of lewd gawkers at the St.  Louis "Sexpo".  Yet she felt so opened up that it was like her lower half had been turned inside out to create a big wind tunnel.  She was hollow down there, an empty receptacle.

 Suddenly her whole lower body jerked.  Ick!  McMasters had just inserted one of his special specimen swabs, a long thin stick about a foot long with a cotton tip.  "Note how easy it is to get a sample, with her inner rectal field so accessible," he said, and she grimaced as he noodled the swab around and around against her tender inner surface, so sensitive that though he was exerting the merest touch it was almost painful for the naked, opened-up girl.

 After that there were more swabs poked in by various doctors.  Tami buried her face in her hands and tried to control her breathing.  Being poked by these things way up in there made her squirm.  It made her toes flex and unflex individually in a complicated random rhythm.  Then she gasped as one swab was slipped forward up into her colon, as someone said, "A healthy articulation."   What a strange feeling!  Like being butt-fucked within being fucked in an inner butthole!

 The swab siege was then lifted.  Though Tami didn't want to look, she couldn't help notice the TV monitor placed to one side.  "Now the colonoscope," McMasters said.  After some fussing around back there, during which Tami felt breaths and lights being bounced around inside her rectum, she gasped again as another intrusion, smaller and pointier this time, slipped into her -- should she call it her "inner butthole"?  Was she truly unique now in having such a vocabulary for herself?  -- and wiggled and squirmed its way in and in and around and around.

 She remembered one time back home, when she was a little girl, the kitchen sink was clogged up and her father had called the plumber in who used a long stiff metal wire to push into the pipe.  It was real long, maybe ten feet, yet the plumber got it all down there, then he began to rotate it around and around with a handle on the end.  He told Tami this tool was called a "snake" and it was meant to unclog the part of the pipe down in the basement.  Now she felt exactly like McMasters was using another "snake" and it was turning around and around way inside her .  .  .

 "You can see that we have reached the end of the large intestine, over forty inches of penetration," McMasters said.  Tami's eyes widened.  Forty inches inside me!  And the camera on the end, the eyes of the snake.  She bit her lip at the unpleasant thought.  "Note the improved camera angle," McMasters continued, "and the resolution on the image."   "Remarkable!" said one of the doctors, an old guy with an English accent.

 Tami could not resist looking at the TV monitor.  The image was like someone shining a flashlight into a cave, a cave that was mostly gray but also strangely tinged with red.  And the cave had rough walls, like little pebbles were embedded in them.  Tami momentarily forgot the feeling of the snake inside her and raised her head in wonder.  Her words were spontaneous.  "Wow.  .  .  That's me!"

 A sprinkle of laughter and the naked, invaded girl blushed and smiled and bent her head down again.  In her shame she involuntarily clenched her butt muscles, a degraded and vestigial effort to cover herself, and that caused the anoscope to shift and the camera at the end of the long snake, forty inches up, to move and rub her insides.

 "Now," McMasters said from behind, with a voice that indicated he was some distance away, "we will crook the lead segment and proceed further."   Tami's eyes popped open as she felt something under her stomach get prodded to the side and the snake's little head pushed up even further.  Its movements were slower and much more subtle now.

 "Nnnh!"  The first of many tiny grunts during this yet deeper stage of her penetration.  And her mind began to wander.  She thought of yesterday, of the long ride to this place, looking out across the corn fields .  .  .

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 Burdock!

The naked girl smiled as she spied the big purple flowers and broad leaves in the little gully way down below.  The sparse brown grass crunching under her bare feet, she walked over to the concrete bench and sat her butt cheeks down onto its rough coolness.  Actually quite a soothing relief; only a few moments ago, when the car stopped, she had taken out the retainer and the dildos.  Sitting in the cool shade on this lower outcropping at the "scenic overlook", the Cadillac out of sight back up on the parking lot, Tami crossed her legs and tried to imagine she was on one of those benches outside the Student Union at Campbell - Frank, with Rod by her side.  She closed her eyes and leaned back .  .  .

 It was amazing, seeing the land change.  As they went west from Omaha the land got drier, more hilly, big and more expansive.  She half expected to see cowboys on horses.  Now they were on the verge of entering the big red mountains, the Rockies.  Or at least it seemed so.  The mountains had been looming ahead for hours, yet they kept going and going and they hadn't gotten there yet.  Seeing something from a couple of hundred miles away, that was another new experience for the 18-year-old from Rhode Island.  Incredible.

 She looked out again to the vista in front of her.  Past the gully there was a long stretch of dry tan-colored range, then a few hills further in the distance she could make out what must be grazing cows.  Or were they buffalo?  Probably a couple of miles away.  In this desolate area she felt like a naked prisoner of a chain gang, suddenly free of her chains.  Now was her chance to make a break for it.  Run naked over those hills.  Could she survive, a naked girl left alone out here?  She thought of the burdock again, a plant she had learned about in that "Stalking Wild Plants" course.  The leaves could be used in a salad -- or as toilet paper!  She smiled.  At least those bare necessities would be taken care of.

 She recognized a smaller green plant growing there -- it looked like a regular weed, but it was called orphine, or "live-forever".  Another plant to make salad out of.  "Live forever".  What a name.  A breeze blew and she hugged her arms over her stiffening nipples.  Up here in the high country it seemed cold, even in June, especially in the shade.

 "Beautiful, isn't it?" McMasters's voice almost made her jump.  He was looking down from the guardrail, and perhaps referring to the beautiful naked girl, not to the landscape.

 Tami smiled, trying to look sad.  It worked.  "What's wrong?" She sighed.  "Just homesick, I guess."   She was setting him up for her spiel.  McMasters didn't say anything.

 Up, up, up the Cadillac went.  Finally they were at the bottom of the giant red mountains.  In the back seat now, Tami couldn't help looking from side to side, curious as a little girl, much to the amusement of McMasters and Wanda in front, as the car went into a narrow pass and started up a winding road in total shadow, even though it was early afternoon.  The sun seemed especially bright here, the shadows especially dark.  The naked teenager turned around on her knees and bent over so she could see out the back window, unaware that she was sticking her bare butt cheeks out almost in between the two front seats, Wanda and McMasters not being able to help looking.  Tami saw the bright hilly land they were leaving.  Somewhere way back there, she thought, was St. Louis and the Arch.  And further back, Ohio and Mr. McCaig and the hunters at that motel.  And further back, Providence and her family.  A little past that, Rod was no doubt hard at work at his summer engineering internship in Boston.  Tami wished he could see these sights, wished that she and Rod could make this trip alone, even if she was still naked.  She sighed and turned around to face the front and sit down, only to see Wanda smirking.  Tami blushed as she realized she had shown her butthole to her nemesis one more time.

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 Time to get out of the phone booth and expose herself once again.  Fortunately there was no one in this dingy little room near the restrooms, but the floor, scattered with cigarette butts and what looked like the dried remains of spat tobacco, was an obstacle course for bare feet.

 Of course, the naked girl's entrance into the bar was well noticed.  It was quiet, a country ballad playing softly from the jukebox, but everyone wore cowboy hats and that made the turning of heads more obvious.  No words were  spoken as Tami took her place on the stool next to Wanda and McMasters, but the bartender, apparently the owner of the place, had something to say.

 "We don't do that stuff here," he said sternly, looking at Tami's face, not her nipples, but with a reproachful glare that made the shamed girl wish he was in fact looking further down and not making eye contact.

 "She's a nudist, that's all," McMasters said, taking a second sip out of his bourbon and coke, which was practically the only mixed drink they knew how to make out here.  He looked sideways at the other people in the bar, all of whom were staring at the nude young girl.

 The bartender's face did not change expression.  "She should go down the road to Jessie's.  They have a permit.  Folks pay pretty good for a look at titty and pussy like that."

 Tami almost wrinkled her nose in distaste.  She didn't like being spoken of in such gross terms.  "What'll you have?" McMasters said.  "Just a coke," she said, hoping they'd finish up here soon and go up to their rooms.  "It's O.K., you can order anything.  The drinking age here is eighteen."

 "IS she eighteen?" the bartender said.  "Looks more like fifteen or sixteen to me."

 "She is."   Tami wondered if the bartender would ask her for I.D., and where he supposed she would keep it -- in her rectum?  She had been so opened up down there, especially at that equipment demonstration in Omaha, that she imagined she could carry all sorts of things in there by now.  A little pocketbook, maybe, with pens, combs, money .  .  .  But the bartender seemed to let it pass.  "What the hell," he said, "we've seen lots of stranger things in here.  You do improve the scenery.  Just don't hang out too long, O.K.?"

 She saw the tap for Coors beer and thought of those Coors T-shirts she had seen for sale in St.  Louis.  She ordered a Coors, liking the idea of doing something associated with clothing, no matter how pitifully attenuated that association was.

 The ballad ended and the jukebox started on another.  Apparently Monday nights were quiet here, even more quiet  now that conversation had all but ceased with this naked girl on view sitting up at the bar.  Self-conscious as she was in front of the twenty or so watching westerners, she was grateful to be drinking a cold beer.  It had been a while.  After half a glass she was ready for her speech.  She had prepared her words carefully.

 "I just spoke to my dad," she said.

 "How is he?"

 "His bookkeeper quit.  He didn't want to say so but I think he needs me there."   Another sip.  "Also, I'm kind of homesick."   She looked at McMasters's intent face.  He did not look surprised.  "Mr.  McMasters, I've .  .  .  enjoyed working with you and coming across the country like this -- " now that she was speaking these words aloud she heard this pun and suppressed a blush -- "but I think I want to go home.  I hope I don't mess your plans up but you know this was only, uh, tentative."

 McMasters looked steadily into Tami's eyes and then took another sip of his drink.  "I could tell you haven't been, um, very happy during this trip."

 Tami briefly looked past McMasters to glance at Wanda, who was looking at her with narrow-eyed suspicion.  McMasters was evidently acknowledging the friction between them.  "But," Tami hastened to add, "I'll do the demonstration Wednesday.  After that, though .  .  .  just put me on the bus."

 "On the bus?  Okay."   He took another sip.  "After Wednesday we're headed to southern California.  They're looking forward to seeing you.  A man named Brian Cook, who, uh, has a connection with the college, he has a beautiful piece of land near the ocean that you'd enjoy a great deal.  He's invited you to stay a couple of weeks if you want.  We'll be doing things in the area in the meantime."

 Tami wrinkled her chin.  She had always wanted to see California and the Pacific Ocean, but it would have to be some other time.  She had to be firm now.  She absolutely could not go through any more shaming public demonstrations.  "I'm sorry, but no."

 McMasters had apparently been half-expecting this.  "Tami, I can't thank you enough for what you've done this trip.  It's been a resounding commercial and educational success."   He thought some more.  "This being your last fling, so to speak, we'll have to change Wednesday's presentation a bit.  It's at a progressive school w - a - y up in the mountains, very nice folks, Unitarians, I think."   This made Tami think of Rebecca, now in Unitarian minister school.  Rebecca was so smart and such an obvious future minister, Tami was sure that the next time she saw her she'd be wearing a collar.  Or did Unitarians wear collars?  Having grown up Catholic with not much exposure to Protestants, Tami had only a vague idea of such things.

 As McMasters nursed his drink Tami's mind continued to wander.  She looked through the little window at the end of the bar.  It was ten o'clock at night.  Outside in the parking lot, guys in cowboy hats were getting out of a pickup truck.  They were wearing heavy coats and blowing on their hands.  This place was so high up that it got freezing cold at night even in June.  Tami looked idly at the T.V. over the bar, playing with the sound off.  A model in a miniskirt waiting at a train station, a commuter line, the platform was above a highway.  People driving below honking horns, guys on the platform moving closer to the model.  Apparently a perfume ad.

 "Look," the bartender broke in softly but firmly, "this girl's catching too many eyes.  Why don't the three of you sit in that corner?"

 Two minutes later, sitting at the little corner table, the naked teenager, sitting cross-legged on her little wooden chair and grateful for being relatively out of view, downed the rest of her beer as she heard McMasters describe what he wanted for Wednesday.  Tami ordered the strongest drink she could think of, a straight bourbon, then as McMasters continued to talk and she realized what was in store for her she ordered another.

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 A blustery winter morning in busy downtown Denver.  The Campbell Street station platform was crowded with commuters waiting for the 8:15 a.m. train.  Sky: sunny.  Wind: out of the north at 15 mph.  Temperature: 17 degrees Fahrenheit.  Used to equipping for the cold in this mile-high mountain city, the commuters made the platform even more crowded by being heavily bundled in coats, boots, hats, scarves and gloves.  Some looked to their left, waiting for the train, which was a few minutes late.  Some looked down past the tracks, to the highway which ran under the platform at right angles, cars and trucks whooshing loudly underneath, making the platform vibrate slightly.

 But increasingly the commuters' astonished attention was directed toward the young girl, about college age, waiting with them in the center of the platform.  Absolutely naked.

 No, not naked.  Those close to her could see the little black string of silk that crossed her hips a few inches below her navel, and the little string that ran down from it to cut in between her shaved, tanned pussy lips.  Those behind her could see the little string as it emerged from the sensuous cleft of her butt crack to join the hip string just under the little "Y" of her tailbone dimple.  And they could see the strappy backless high-heeled sandals she wore on her feet.  A pocketbook was slung over her bare shoulder.

 As people passed she stared ahead with the poker face of the average commuter.  Sometimes she acknowledged people with a little polite smile.  Except for her lack of clothes she was in every other way just one of the commuters.  A serious girl on her way to work.  Perceptive observers would have noted the lipstick, the slight trace of makeup, the carefully set hair, the glossy polish on her fingernails and toenails, the fact that the stringy thong was made of fine silk, the sandals were black with patent leather straps, and the pocketbook looked new.  She was actually in her full formal office attire, on her way to work.  But mostly the people on the platform noticed her pale skin, her nipples, tiny and hard and gray, and the goose bumps on her bare butt cheeks and thighs.  As a gust sliced through the heavily bundled crowd, they cringed at the thought of the icy wind attacking the girl's nipples, blasting her bare pussy lips, her bare toes.  Surely she must be freezing and going numb, courting frostbite and hypothermia.

 Yet the girl stood still, remarkably not shivering, not seeming to take any notice of the cold or the fact that she was totally naked except for the tiny string around her hips and the two thin straps crossing each foot.  Instead, she looked down the tracks occasionally like everyone else, wondering what was happening with the train, and showed no especial disappointment when the announcement came over on screechy loudspeakers that it would be ten minutes late.  Ten minutes extra she waited there with everyone else.

 Then when the train finally came, she walked on, perhaps a bit more stiffly than the rest, and stood in the middle of the car, holding her pocketbook against her shoulder with one hand, holding the strap above her with the other, as everyone looked speechlessly at her perfectly toned body, the concave sweep of her tummy, her breasts jutting out firmly, her bare skin in the harsh light front and center making a bright contrast with the dark coats and heavy clothing of everyone else.  When the train came to the downtown stop she filed out with the rest, walking into a tall building to her job as a secretary on the 27th floor.  Glad to have the stringy thong bottom and the sandals.  She had fought for a long, long time for the string and something to put on her feet, and though these skimpy items did nothing to protect her from the cold or to cover even as much as a square inch of her skin, she was grateful for them every minute of every day .  .  .

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 Tami woke up, having dozed in the back of the Cadillac with a mild hangover, and thought she was still dreaming as the car, having climbed through winding roads for hours, the engine running rough because of the high altitude, crested onto a valley surrounded by snow-capped peaks, a valley where there was a little town and the fields lay covered with snow even though the trees were green and the houses and buildings had no snow on them and the air was warm.  Tami felt like she was still dreaming and she rubbed her eyes.

 "This is it.  Quaker Lake," McMasters said as the Cadillac slowly descended into the valley.

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Tami took in the surroundings as the Cadillac cruised along with main street of this town in the middle of the valley.  It reminded her a little of towns in New England, or maybe anyplace else.  Little stores, a supermarket, nicely kept houses.  A big school, she couldn't tell if it was a high school or a college.  A lot of the houses were unpainted, and there were a lot of flowery banners flying from porches.  The people on the streets seemed all grungily dressed.  A little hippy-dippy, as her friends would put it.  The Cadillac turned onto a side street and wound around and around through tree-lined slushy curbless roads.  Through the trees she could see the surrounding mountains looming large; they were near one end of the valley.  They stopped in the driveway of a little cottage.

 The old familiar feel of ankle-deep slush on her bare feet greeted Tami as she stepped out onto the muddy, slushy driveway.  It reminded her of this past winter at Campbell - Frank College.  Yet the air was warm and the midday sun was almost hot on her breasts.  The slush itself wasn't that cold.  To have her feet in icy slush, and the rest of her bathed in balmy sunny warmth, was an odd feeling.

 A tall, thin man with a shaved head and a professorly-looking tweed jacket had come out and anticipated her comment.  "I bet that feels odd, doesn't it?  That's called 'corn snow'.  It's here almost year round.  Meanwhile the air is hot.  People can ski up here wearing nothing but bathing suits.  Or less, of course," he said with a smile.

 "Professor, this is Miss Tami Smithers," McMasters said, as if introducing a visiting dignitary.  "Miss Smithers, this is Professor Langley, Coordinator of the Maslow Mountain School.  .  .  And Professor, here is Wanda Percival, who has been helping us out."

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 The naked girl tried not to cringe or cover herself as she sat in the front seat of the Professor's jeep.  After a quick lunch of very good, home-cooked lasagna, the Professor wanted to introduce Tami to the school before the day was out.  McMasters and Wanda had stayed at the cottage, leaving Tami feeling even more naked as she went to this strange place with this man she had just met, away from her things and not even wearing her ankle pouch.

 The Professor led her down a long empty hallway, his hard-soled shoes tapping on the floor, drowning out the soft whisper of her bare feet.  They approached a door with a window, through which Tami could see a big field with benches, little covered pagodas, and what could only be described as playground equipment for adults.  Several dozen young people were out there; apparently there were no classes right now for some reason, a reason which immediately became apparent.  As Tami died a thousand deaths, the Professor opened the door and said, "Go ahead, Miss Smithers.  They're very eager to meet you.  Thanks again for honoring us with your visit.  I'll see you later."

 Tami stepped outside onto the wet concrete and winced as she heard the door close with a loud final-sounding thud, leaving her outside, naked and alone.  A breeze blew up, a cold one because it was blowing up from the snow, and played with her stiffening nipples and across her bare pussy lips.  It also played across her beautiful face and updrafted her red hair with its streaks of gray which glistened in the sun.  She bit her lip as she walked forward slowly, seeing the young people's heads turn as they saw her.  The naked girl's hands were stiffly at her sides as she resisted the urge to cover herself and run back into the school.  Her toes squirmed as she slowly walked onto the slush.

 Some were walking, the more distant ones were running.  They came from every direction and within a minute were crowded around her.  All healthy-looking and fresh-faced, mostly white but a few black, all seemingly around her age.  There were sprinkles of "hi" and "welcome".  A cute guy with glasses stepped forward and was the first to offer his hand.  "Tami Smithers, the nudist.  Hi, I'm Seth."   She put her hand to his and found herself clasping its warmth.  In spite of her all-over blush she smiled.

 After the first welcoming comments they began with the inevitable questions.  "Are you naked all the time?"  "What did you do with your clothes?"  "Are you going to be naked all your life?"  "Don't you get hypothermia?"

 A little while later they were sitting in the little dining hall.  Aduare, a native of Senegal, said in Oxford-educated English, "We had one guy here who liked to go naked once in a while."

 Tami was glad she had to wait to swallow her mouthful of burrito; it gave her time to think before speaking.  She was sitting in the middle of the table, like Jesus at the Last Supper, feeling like royalty.  When her response finally came it was diplomatic and dignified.  And maybe a bit wistful.  "It's good that this school allows you to have freedom like that."

 "Amen," someone said.

 "Then there was Zahira," someone said.  Eyes rolled and faces smiled.

 At Tami's puzzled look Seth explained, "She went barefoot for the whole four years.  She came here in flip-flops which she threw in the trash as soon as her parents left.  It was almost a religion with her.  Now she's in Micronesia, where they never wear shoes anyway."

 This turned conversation to other recent graduates and what they were doing now.  Tami learned that the main purpose of this college was to prepare young people for overseas work as missionaries, or as technicians in service programs run by churches.  She liked sitting here, even in spite of her nudity; it reminded her of the many times she had sat with her dorm friends in the dining hall at Campbell - Frank.  And she thought: Rebecca would love it here.  These folks are all like her, intelligent and agreeable.  So unlike Lorinda and all the other creeps.

 Curious, Tami said, "Is this a religious college?"

 "Well, yes and no," Seth said, and some chuckled.  "It's named after a touchy feely psychologist.  He wanted people to 'self-actualize'."

 Tami had heard the name in her intro to psych class.  "'Self-actualize' means .  .  .  'be all you can be'."

 More chuckling.  "Not exactly an Army place, but the phrase fits."

 "Herbert is going into the Army," someone reminded Seth.  "Oh, right.  Well, the Army needs peaceful people."

 Then Tami remembered the town was called Quaker Lake.  "Is this place run by the Quakers?" She had never met any Quakers, but knew it was a denomination of some kind.

 "No, Unitarians," Seth said.

 Kathy spoke up.  She wore a leather jacket and had her hair tied back, and spoke in a familiar accent.  "Unitarians are like Quakers, except they know how to party," she said.  This got a laugh.

 Tami looked at Kathy with a quickly growing sense of recognition.  That accent.  She took a chance and looked right at her.  "Craaauhnnston," she said in a drawn-out whine.

 Kathy's face broke into a big smile.  "You're psychic.  .  .  What's a quahog?"

 "I'd know that accent anywhere."   The naked girl pointed at herself.  "Pwovidince," she said in an exaggerated imitation of the accent of her uncles, an accent she had for some reason largely lost when she went away to college.  "I'll have a grinder and a vanilla cabinet."

 "With shrees meat thrown in," Kathy said.

 "Ewwww," Tami wrinkled her nose as they both laughed.

 All this foreign language was getting everyone confused.  "What is going on here?" Seth said.

 "Just talking Swamp Yankee," Tami said.  "Hi," she said to Kathy, extending her hand.  Friendly as these people were, it was so nice, way out here, to find someone from home.  Tami could easily picture Kathy in a monkey suit, her face smudged with grease, as she rolled out from under a T-bird to sip a can of Narragansett.  "When you opened your mouth, I -- well, that old Cranston whine.  It's unique."

 "Actually I'm from Olneyville," Kathy said.

 "Close enough.  I live off of Chalkstone," the naked girl said.

 Then she stopped herself.  This girl Kathy might run into me someday.  Is she about to ask my address and phone?  Then I'll have to give it or look like a total creep.  She'll visit some day, or call.  She's seen me out here, and will see me tomorrow during that .  .  .  demonstration.  Tami took a breath.  Well, my parents know I'm supposed to be a nudist.  And so do my friends.  She thought of that shameful party at Charlene's over Christmas.  I suppose no real damage has been done, she decided.  Still, she should be more careful about telling things about herself.  .  .The fact that she was totally naked once more came to the forefront of her consciousness.  Here she was, a being apart from these clothed people.  While craving clothes desperately.

 People got done with their lunches and Tami found herself walking out into the main hallway, intensely conscious of her nakedness and her bare feet slapping against the floor in the midst of all the sneakers and hiking boots and work shoes, yet glad to be with this crowd.  Her shyness kept her near the back, and Seth lagged behind to walk next to her.  He was obviously attracted to her, and Tami felt herself wanting to be with him as well.

 In fact, it was a bit stronger than that.  She wanted to grab this cute guy, sort of a white version of Rod, and suck his face and hug him and hungrily feel his rough sweater scraping against her nipples, his jeans against her poor deprived bare thighs, rubbing her bare feet longingly against his sneakers.

 Tami felt her face flush hot and shook her head.  What a hot flash.  How weird.  It shows how long it's been since I've had Rod in my arms.  She reflected pungently on how the Chalfont devices had changed her.  No wonder I'm getting horny, it's been a whole four hours since my last orgasm.

 "Want to go to the slope with us after classes are done at 5?" he said.

 The naked girl wondered what he meant, and looked out a window at the warm sun on the bright snow outside.  She found herself saying "Yes."

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 18**

As she walked next to Seth in the middle of a bunch of a dozen friends, slapping through the wet slush at the far end of the school's athletic field, the naked girl looked up and saw "the slope" -- the first foothill of the surrounding mountains, in shadow now that it was late afternoon, dotted by trees but with a clear path down the middle.

Everyone else strode sturdily up the side with their hiking boots but the naked girl's bare feet slipped and slid, making it necessary for her to cling to Seth's shoulder.  The others were talking about this and that but only Tami and Seth were silent, sharing this romantic moment, the man gallantly helping the naked woman up the hill as if rescuing a damsel in distress.

 As they got to the top Tami looked down and saw the snow on the plain below, still in the bright sun and glistening.  It was mottled in a regular pattern, like kernels on an ear of corn, making her realize why it was called "corn snow."   She looked upward the other way and saw a tiny furrow beyond, then the steep wall of a much bigger hill that led straight up to a point way up high, hidden by trees, where it gave way to the wall of red bare rock, the side of the mountain, and that went up and up to a place far and cold and perpetually covered with snow.  At the very top she could see a gleam of snow, evidence of the sun which shone on the other side.  What a big, thrilling, expansive place.

 Expansive was the word.  Tami had whiled away the past two hours in the school library, taking some books and curling up in the overstuffed chair in the corner, glad that there were only a few students around and that all they could really see of her were her bare breasts.  What got her attention was all the books about other countries, many written in other languages.  She skimmed through a book, an old novel by Sinclair Lewis, attracted by the title.  "World So Wide".  That summed it up.  What a big world this is.  She imagined having to travel the world naked, her body on display in front of peoples of all races and cultures, the International Nude.  Then she caught herself.  No, I'll be snugly in clothes in a few days.  Heh heh heh .  .  .

 It was a little bit chilly on top of the slope, but really not too bad.  Tami hugged her arms to her chest as Kathy said, "Me first," and grabbed a snow wing which had been lying against a tree.  "Are you O.K.?" Seth said, as if noticing for the first time that here was a naked girl standing in the snow.  Tami nodded.

 Tami's eyes widened as Kathy lay prone on the snow wing and paddled herself to a start with her hands.  This was a higher slope than Tami realized.  As Kathy picked up speed and started shooting down and far away, Tami felt concern, which was quickly allayed by the whoops of encouragement from the others.  Kathy bumped up and down, the snow wing entirely leaving the ground at points, as she steered it straight down the path.  With a final bump she hit bottom and shot out across the flatness of the sunny white field, coming to rest after about a hundred feet.

 There were three other snow wings lying against the tree.  Aduare was next.  As she started off down the slope, Seth grabbed a snow wing and offered it to Tami.  She shook her head, still hugging her chest, rubbing her shin with her other foot.  With a shrug Seth took his place and, after Aduare hit bottom, started down.

 These folks are having a great time, Tami told herself.  Good clean fun.  She remembered sledding down the hill at a local park back home -- a tiny, tiny hill compared to this one -- and after watching Seth and his friends go a few go-rounds, moving on to tricks like going feet first and swerving from side to side, the naked girl was getting jealous.  The others were protected from injury by clothes and boots.  Could a naked, barefoot girl do this?  If Seth offered then it must be O.K.  Still .  .  .

 She didn't wait for Seth to offer; he was down at the bottom anyway with some of the others.  Instead, she boldly grabbed a snow wing and shouted down, "MY turn!!"

 Suddenly nervous again, she placed her bare body on top of the cold painted metal, feeling it against her stiff nipples and crushed breasts.  Then she decided that feet first would be better.  Placing her bare butt on the snow wing, she grabbed the sides  with clenched hands and, spreading her legs, pushed herself forward with two bare feet.  She put her feet in front of her and her heart went into her mouth as she felt herself sliding forward, too late to stop, a victim of gravity as she sped forward and down faster and faster, her eyes wide, her mouth opening as she started shouting, "Whoa, whoa, whoaaaaa .  .  ."

 It bounced up and down, jolting her butt.  She tried to keep her feet in front so that she was looking at the bottom through her toes but the jolting was just too much.  Then it happened -- she had been pushing the snow wing too far forward and it bounced out from under her, flying off to the side and away from her grasp.  The naked girl, terrified, slid down the rest of the slope feet first on her bare butt, her back down against the icy slush, her head propped up so that she could see where she was headed.

 No!  A tree ahead!  She stuck one leg out to the other side, so that she turned.  It was a matter of life and death.  Swerving to and fro like this, one leg out then the other, her arms flinging wildly behind her, the naked girl bumped and bounced down the slope, screaming the whole time.

 Her bare butt hit the final bump and she slid out onto the field.  When she came to a rest she lay flat, her head resting against the snow, legs slightly parted, arms extended up past her ears.  Seth and the others gathered around, concerned.  Due to her extended posture her ribs stuck out, under which her concave tummy moved in and out in the warm sun as she caught her breath.  Her eyes closed and then opened as she regained her senses.

 To everyone's relief she seemed to be fine.  With a helping hand from Seth she got up and placed her feet unsteadily on the slush.  She looked down and noticed what everyone else did: her pussy was stuffed with wet snow.  It was COLD, chilling her to the core; she was glad for the warm sun on the rest of her.  Slowly, her tummy quivering as she continued to catch her breath, the naked girl went into a semi-squat to separate her legs.  As everyone watched with wonder and curiosity, she opened her bare pussy lips and scooped out the little chunks of snow with her fingers.  The last little bits were extracted by her putting her entire finger in.

All the snow out of her, she stood up again and looked at Seth.  They hugged, both glad to be alive.  Then Tami stood apart and slowly a weird, crazy smile spread across her face.  She raised a fist in the air and shouted, "Woooo - woooo!  Again!  Woooo - wooooo!!"  As she began sprinting up the side of the slope, her bare toes kicking up slush behind her, her relieved and happy friends cheered her on.

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 Thousands of stars on this Rocky Mountain night, over the pine trees and the little cottage.  Windows were lit, people inside were chatting after dinner.  And outside, along the driveway, a girl was taking the Professor's terrier out for a little walk.

 It was cold now, though still above freezing, and the girl was totally naked.  An unusual sight, of course.  But the  road was deserted and nobody was around to see it.  The girl had volunteered to walk the dog; it gave her some time alone to think and gird herself for tomorrow's assignment.  Her feet crunching in the snow, she looked up at the nighttime sky as Spinney (short for "Spinoza") lifted a leg and baptized the side of a pine tree.  The girl had never seen so many stars.  What clear, fresh air.

 It was a happy day with new friends, and that would make tomorrow easier to take, but it would still be an ordeal.  It would be videotaped.  Being her last demonstration, McMasters said that this way the Total Lover could be shown at his other venues this summer now that she was going back home.  Of course she could not be seen to object.  It was all voluntary, right?  McMasters had very meticulously gone over what she was to say and do; she had memorized it and rehearsed it in her mind.  And now she squeezed her eyes shut as she thought of it.

 Spinney tugged her along with his leash and went to examine another tree.  The naked girl decided to pray.  She knelt down onto the snow and, holding the leash with one hand, held her head up and back, her eyes closed, her face tranquil.  Praying to the stars.

 Please God, you have seen me through so much.  I will shortly be done with this ordeal of awful nakedness.

 Please give me the strength to get through tomorrow.

 Perhaps others have prayed naked in the snow.  Martyrs, perhaps.  Tami was no martyr; she wanted to survive and had a plan to do so.  Yet there was something sacred, something of a ritual, about praying thus.  Something for the ages.  Opening her eyes, the naked girl found herself snatching up a little chunk of wet snow and slowly rubbing it up and down along her bare pussy lips -- her lower lips that were exposed to the world, being denied not only clothing but also the covering of her natural fur.  An odd thing to do, rubbing the snow on her lips like this, but somehow symbolic of her ordeal.

 Tami sighed.  Well, back to the real world.  Hearing the cascading sounds of Spinney's peeing gave her the urge to do it as well.  Also, being out in the cold tends to shrink the bladder.  Picking a place off in the bushes, she squatted and looked down as the hot yellow stream hit the snow, melting it in a little hot mist.  Her hands were on her knees; as she knew by now, with no hair down there the pee would shoot out unimpeded without her having to spread her lips.

 The last drops trickled out and the girl stood up.  The cold was starting to get to her.  She tugged the leash toward the house.  Spinney followed her, but not before sniffing the yellow hole in the snow and lifting his leg to claim the spot as his own.

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 She had dreams.

 A doctor's waiting room.  All the seats were taken.  As she came in she knew she had to sit on the coffee table in  the middle.  People went in for their appointments, new ones walked in, and all the while the naked girl was sitting cross-legged on the coffee table.  Would they ever get to her?  She read magazines, the same ones over and over, looked up at the clock.  She sat on the edge, crossed her legs, uncrossed them, fidgeted.  Just a naked girl in the middle of the waiting room, clothed patients all around her, the girl beginning to feel more and more naked, vulnerable, on display.  . .  When were they going to call her name?

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 "This way," the Prefect said.  "The testing room."   The visitor followed.  Another dark room with a black door.  Then another.  Finally, a black door with a devil's head.  It opened.

 It was Sister Elizabeth, known in the convent by her childhood nickname, Tami.

 That seemed so long ago.  They had planned the capture well and it proved quite easy.  Dragged her into this place gagged and blindfolded.  Then the fright on the 18-year-old novitiate's face as she saw her tormentors in their black robes and sinister cowls.  Being held down as her habit and underclothes and shoes were taken off, piece by piece.  Her agonized whimpering as her clothes were put into a pile and doused with kerosene and burned in front of her eyes.

 The room was painted black, including the table, around which the men sat, dressed in black and barely visible, watching intently.  The young nun went through her paces as the spotlight shone on her pale, white, naked body, so bright that the visitor was almost blinded and could not see anything else in the room until his eyes got used to the light.  Slowly, tremblingly, the naked novitiate lay back and spread her legs wide, holding her feet apart so that she could spread wider, right on the edge so that she could give the men a closer view of her pinkness.  Then parting her lower lips wide with nervous fingers so they could see deep inside her.  Gulping, she moved over and did the same for the men on the other side.  Her eyes were filled with fear, her face an agonized mask of shame and mortification.  Somewhere in the darkness, she knew, was a man with a gun.  If she flinched or shrank from offering anything less than full exposure.  .  .

 She went into the next position, getting on all fours, spreading her buttocks to give the men a clear view of her most secret orifice.  How long had she been doing this?  Men left and were replaced by others.  She was to keep going through these poses until -- when?  Had she been here for hours?  Days?  Why wasn't she getting sleepy or hungry?  It went on and on and on .  .  .

 Showing her anus to the men on the other side, she looked up and prayed with anguished eyes.  Please deliver me, Lord.  .  .  Was she being tested?  Shouldn't she just cover herself with her hands and die protecting her virtue?  By continuing to pose was she showing weakness, digging herself in deeper?  The internal mental torment was intense.  She lifted her breasts for the men and then spread her legs again.  Was this Hell?

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 At the nod of the elegantly attired doorman the naked peasant girl gingerly walked through the big open door and into the Great Hall of the Palace .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 19**

"Good morning.  My name is Tami Smithers, and I am a radical nudist."

 The naked girl stood in the middle of the classroom, hands at her sides.  Behind her was a folded-out table, empty but for a little cushion, and a large teacher's desk with some kind of apparatus hidden under a canvas.  She smiled out at the twenty or so students sitting in the rows of chairs, the half a dozen professors behind them.  And Wanda, looking from the side, and McMasters, in the rear, both standing behind tripods, getting the video cameras ready.

 It was a little after nine o'clock and the windows were open on this warm sunny day.  The students listened attentively, though because they already knew her by now, the presentation was a little formal as to them.  A chill breeze blew in from the corn snow outside.  People who were in short sleeves rubbed their forearms.  On the naked girl, front and center, everyone could see the stiffening of her nipples, the goose bumps rising on her thighs and buttocks.  Not seeming to notice the chill, she continued.

 "I've decided to live totally without covering or clothing or shoes of any kind.  I gave away all my clothes and go naked all the time, even in winter, even up in Vermont where I go to school.  When it's below zero," she shrugged with a smile, "I just run fast to where I'm going.  I sleep on a bare bed without blankets or sheets.  As you can, see," she said, looking down, "I've even shaved off my pubic hair so that my lower lips can be exposed as well.

 "Even after spending months walking naked through the snow, I haven't caught any colds, or been ill at all.  Being naked has increased my body's resistance."   She walked a couple of steps to the left, then looked up again, absently putting her arms behind her, holding an elbow with the other hand.  "I've also made some good friends, friends who are true and honest.  I can see into their souls, I think.  I know it sounds corny.  This morning, you will see inside me as well, and while I am in orgasm I think you will see my soul too.

 "Now .  .  .  the man this school is named after, he talked about 'self-actualization', meeting your full potential.  I'm not anywhere near full potential, nobody is, but I want to show you what a person's body and maybe their soul is capable of.  I've gotten to know and like you" -- a quick eye-flick toward Seth, sitting in the second row -- "and you've seen my outsides, of course, because I never wear any clothes.  Now I want you to see the rest.  I brought a flashlight so you can see up inside me."

 The naked girl reached under the canvas and pulled out the little flashlight, shining it into her face for a second to make sure the batteries were O.K.  Then she hopped up onto the table.  The students and teachers leaned forward with intense curiosity.  They had been told their visitor would give an "anatomical demonstration", and this was evidently it.

 The naked girl lay on her back and then spread her legs up and then out, intertwining her fingers through her spread toes on each side, flexing her legs straight with the flexibility of a trained gymnast so that the legs were brought back even with her shoulders.  This caused her crotch to push out toward the class.  Her head propped up by the cushion, she continued to make eye contact with the class as she spoke.

 "I invite you all to see inside my vaginal cavity.  I've taught myself how to keep it open by flexing the muscles inside and in my thighs.  Come on," she smiled, flexing her concave tummy and causing her tanned, smooth lower lips to separate about an inch and a half.  Aduare, the first person in the first row, decided to be bold and got up right away.  As she got the flashlight, others got in line behind her.  Aduare crouched down a bit and shone a flashlight into the naked girl's interior.  With a little grunt, the naked girl said, "If you women would like to do this, open your vagina without using your hands, you do it by pushing out with your thigh muscles, and at the same time flex the muscle inside like you're stopping in the middle of peeing.

 "Notice my cervix, it's way inside, a lighter color than my inner walls.  You can go ahead and touch it if you want; I'm sure your hands are clean.  .  .  Oh!" she said with a surprised whimsical smile, as Aduare, somewhat faster than expected, stuck her finger in and rubbed the naked girl's cervix.  "N - notice how it feels like the end of your nose."

 Aduare nodded, then withdrew her hand and peered inside with the flashlight again before giving way to the next person.  The naked girl did not jerk with the next touching of her cervix, done several students later by Jonas, a tall blond-haired muscular guy who looked like a football player.  "When I come, my cervix will reaches down farther into the center of my vagina.  That's so it will be closer to any sperm that has come in.  In that way, ohh, the female orgasm is related to, like, procreation."   After Jones got done feeling her cervix, he withdrew his finger and rubbed his nose, nodding with a jokey smile.  After he was done, the naked girl, who had been spread for ten minutes, brought her legs together and down.  "Excuse me, I have to relax a bit.  .  .  Maybe if a couple of you could hold my legs open.  .  ."

 Aduare and Jonas were the volunteers, each taking one bare foot and holding the naked girl's legs wide apart, up and back.  As the next person wielded the flashlight the naked girl looked down to what she could see of her lower lips and said, "I think my clitoris is out now.  'The man in the boat.'" With her hands now free, she brought one hand forward over her concave tummy and opened the little hood.  "There, you can see it.  It's a little erect now because all this touching is a little exciting.  I'm also getting a little wet."   Indeed the smell of female musk was now detectable, mixing in with the fresh cool breeze from outside as it wafted out toward the people still seated.

 "With practice," the naked girl continued, quivering a little now that it was Seth looking inside, "the capacity of my vaginal cavity is now about ten inches depth, at maybe two and one-quarter inches width.  Yet my muscles are developed enough so that slackness is not a problem.  Here, see," she said, closing and then opening her lower mouth gently and slowly like a fish.  "Seth, put your finger in.  I'll close in around it."   Seth, so curious and amazed that his arousal was almost secondary, inserted his index finger in all the way and the naked girl's vagina closed in on it.  She grimaced a bit and everyone could see the muscles in her concave tummy flexing.  As she concentrated, her toes, up near the faces of Aduare and Jonas, spread and flexed in a complicated pattern.

 "Wow," Seth said, smiling.  "You've got some grip."   It was actually an effort for him to pull his finger out.  Then he made way for the next person; as he did so he sucked on his finger to clean it off with a naughty expression as the naked girl smiled at him.

 Others put their finger in and were also impressed by the tightness of her vagina.  Everyone did the same thing: look inside with the flashlight, rub the cervix, put one finger in to get squeezed.  After the last student was done the professors looked at each other and then, with very little hesitation, formed their own line.  Their examinations were a bit more deliberate, shining the flashlight longer, rubbing the cervix more, putting in a finger twice or three times, fingers that were mostly fatter and rougher than the fingers of the students.

 "Now for my other opening," the naked girl said as Aduare and Jonas let go of her feet and sat down.  She got up and turned around on the table with her back to the class, then got on all fours, then lowered her shoulders down to the table, resting her head down sideways on the cushion.  "My rectum is the other cavity which I like to share with people.  I can relax the sphincter so that it opens up and you can see inside.  Unnhh--"  The class saw a dark hole open up about two inches between the tanned butt cheeks.  "Wow," someone said softly, echoing the amazement of the others.

 "Again, use the flashlight to look inside me," the naked girl said.  Aduare, again the first in line, bent down and shone the light inside.  "There's no .  .  .  odor," she said.  The naked girl replied, "That's because I keep it clean and I took an enema just before this class.  The rectum is always empty, except just before .  .  .  voiding.  People tell me my rectum is actually a more interesting place than my vagina."

 The naked girl said nothing as Aduare finished, and then the next student went up, and then the next.  At that point the naked girl said, "Up to the, um, upper left you can see a little slanty hole, the entrance to my colon.  I call it my 'inner butthole'."   Someone giggled, making the naked girl giggle too.  Kathy had been crouching down with the flashlight, and in her Cranston accent she said, "Wow!  It opened and closed just now, when you laughed!"  The naked girl chuckled.  "What do you know.  .  .  Did it open again just now?"  "No," Kathy said.  "Well, I can't make my inner butthole open at will, at least not yet," the naked girl concluded.

 A couple of other students took their turn, and then the naked girl said, "A dildo or a very long penis can go right into my colon.  That's why my capacity is greater back there.  I can comfortably take twelve inches of depth, and two and a half of width."

 "That would be some penis," someone said.

 "Well, dildo then," the naked girl said.

 Again, the teachers took their turn.  When the last one had explored through her rectum up to the entrance to her colon, the naked girl sat up on the table and shook herself out.  "I hope this was, uh, interesting," she said, looking out affably at the audience, noticing the nodding heads.  "Excuse me, I have to stretch myself out after all that, before I do the next thing."   As everyone watched, she got off the table and bent down to touch her toes and then bent lower, holding her bare feet in her hands, so low that the ends of her hair touched the floor.  Then she stretched herself out into a big "X", facing the class, her legs wide apart, her bare pussy lips opening just a bit, her eyes closed.  Opening her eyes again, she grabbed her right foot and stretched her leg out and up, up, up, until it was higher than her head, anchored on top of the apparatus under the canvas.  She flexed her leg muscles, her bare pussy fully open to everyone's view.  Then she brought her leg down, turned around, and brought her left leg up onto the apparatus, showing everyone a clear view of her anus and her flexing butt muscles.

 Standing in front of the class again, she said, "What follows is a demonstration of a commercial product which is going to be videotaped.  But we're not trying to sell it to you.  I just want you to see what the human body is capable of, and how beautiful the process of sexual arousal and orgasm is.  I want you all to look at me closely, the expression on my face, my muscles, the changes on my skin.

 "Now this," she said, reaching under the canvas and bringing out a dildo, "is what goes into my vagina."   Some of the female students gasped.  Aduare, in front, squeezed her legs shut and hunched over in her chair, saying, "No way!!" A couple of people laughed.

 "Yes, way!" the naked girl said, smiling.  "Not like an inexperienced woman can take something this big, but I can, because I've had a lot of, uh, practice.  They come in much smaller sizes, of course."   Apparently reminding herself to do so, she looked up at McMasters's camera and then at Wanda's, continuing her presentation like she was on TV.  "I call this the 'Godzilla' dildo, because of these bumps."   She ran her finger over them.  "They get pushed in with pressure.  These stimulate my clitoris going in, and once inside me, they rub against my G-spot.  Let me tell you," she said with a smile, "instant orgasm!"  She saw some women smiling back devilishly.  " The clitoris and the G-spot are part of the same structure -- the only organ on the human body whose only function is sexual pleasure."   She saw Kathy, in the back, raising up a fist with a smile, and couldn't help but add, "Women rule!"

 "And then," the naked girl said, getting something else from under the canvas, "this goes into my rectum."   Seeing the large white plastic shaft covered with tiny holes, Aduare clutched her butt and said, "Ow!" This brought more chuckles.

 In a minute the canvas was ripped away and the audience saw the apparatus, the "Total Lover".  As the naked girl screwed the dildos onto the cold metal cams, her big toe twisting idly into the floor, she momentarily pointed up to a console and little motor to the left, from which two black rubber hoses were hung.  "Notice also these suction tubes, they suck on my nipples."   She turned around and put her thumb and index finger next to one nipple.  "After a long session my nipples come out an inch and a half, and as thick as my thumb."   Seeing the looks of shock, she said, "Of course, they go down to normal after about an hour."

 The naked girl climbed on top of the desk and looked down at her audience.  "Time to suit up.  I suppose you can say this is my only article of clothing."   She spread her thighs onto the semi-chair and bent down to strap each ankle against the side support.  "This is for stability."   Then she gently lowered herself onto the lubricated rear dildo, squinting slightly, and turned a knob on a little control console mounted next to the suction motor to her right.  "The rectal dildo is now going in.  .  .  ohhh .  .  .Now the other .  .  ."   With a momentary glance at McMasters's camera, she turned the knob further and everyone could see the Godzilla dildo slowly make its way into her pussy, the bumps disappearing one by one.  With each bump her body lurched slightly.  "Oh.  Oh.  It's hard not to -- uhh -- come just from this.  Oh!  .  .  ."

 She fastened a suction cup onto each nipple and took a breath, her hand poised on a button on the console.  Keeping her eyes on the console, she said, "Why don't you gather around so you can see me from different angles.  Here I go .  .  ."   And she pressed the button .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 20**

It was slow, rhythmic, laborious.  Given the huge size of the dildos and the slight frame of the naked girl, it could hardly be otherwise.  She stared ahead, eyebrows twitching, as her body was pushed forward and back by the dildos sawing in and out from front and rear.  "Huh!  .  .  .  Uhh!  .  .  .  Uhh!  .  .  ."

 The students were slowly drawn up out of their chairs as if possessed.  So were the professors.  They approached the teacher's desk and looked up at the naked girl, who was now beginning to sweat.  They had awe and wonder on their faces.  They spread around the desk so that some were looking at her from the front, some from the side, some from the rear.

 Seth approached her slowly from the front, gaping up at her reddening face with reverence, like a devout priest seeing an exquisite Renaissance crucifix sculpture for the first time.  "You're beautiful," he said softly.  The naked girl evidently heard because she seemed to smile.  Then her eyes opened wide and she said, "I'm -- gonna -- come -- ohhh.  .  ."

 Her head snapped to the right and she strained to keep her eyes open at Wanda's camera.  Then the contractions began, freezing everyone in their tracks as the spasms shook the entire apparatus.  It shifted slightly on the desk, causing a couple of the watchers to hold the bottom of the frame to keep it from possibly falling off.  "Ohh -- Goddddd --" the naked girl continued in a breathy shout, her damp hair flinging wildly.

 They saw her head drop, sniffling, as the last contractions spent themselves.  The dildos kept sawing in and out, the suction tubes kept rising and falling from the cups on each nipple, as if nothing had happened.  The girl grimaced as if in extreme pain, then seemed to sob.  She opened her eyes again, looking up.  She had to concentrate intensely to get any words out, and she spat them out with great effort.  "I'm -- gonna -- ohhh -- come again -- can -- come -- many times -- multiple -- org -- ohhh --"

 She jerked her head back, her gritted teeth showing, again seeming like she was in intense pain.  The people around her looked up with a mix of concern, secret horror, curiosity and yes, arousal.  Kathy shook her head.  "She looks like she's in terrible pain and yet .  .  .  it's beautiful .  .  ."

 As everyone stood, motionless and speechless, the naked girl started working herself up to another orgasm.  Wanda and McMasters took their cameras off the tripods and moved in closer; the others did not block their view of the naked girl because she was so high up.  Five minutes after turning on the machine, she was about to crest again.  Seth shook his head with wonder and said, "You are amazing."

 Her body being sawed back and forth, the naked girl opened her eyes and looked down at Seth as she went over the waterfall again.  "Ohhh -- ohhh -- please --"  She started spasming again but seemed determined to keep her eyes open, looking right at him with what could have been a look of anguish and desperation, but what he could only imagine was intense ecstacy.

 The orgasm spent itself and again there was the look of intense teeth-baring pain as the machine continued on.  A few minutes after that, her face bowed down and hidden by stringy wet hair, the naked girl said, "Come -- one -- more -- time -- ohhh --"

 The third orgasm was as intense as the other two.  The three orgasms had taken a total of twelve minutes.  With what seemed like her last bit of strength the sweat-covered girl reached over to fumble with the console, grabbing it and slipping over it with her sweaty hand before finally hitting the right button.  Then she slumped as the Total Lover stopped into silence, holding her still form.  Everyone wondered what would happen next.

 Slowly, she raised her head and smoothed back the wet hair that was plastered to her forehead.  Taking a deep breath, she detached the suction tubes to reveal two now very large nipples.  Then with another grimace, she eased herself off the Godzilla dildo, then off the dildo in the rear.  People wanted to help her but didn't know how.  Finally, with unsteady, shaking legs, she collapsed sitting on the desk and then got down to stand in front of it.

 And then she crossed her legs and crossed her arms in front of her breasts, and started bawling like a baby.

 Everyone was horrified, until the sweaty, naked girl said through her sobs, "I always cry " -- sniffles -- "after a really good orgasm."   She held her hands over her face, still crying, then lurched over to Seth and said tearfully, "Hold me."   The surprised and puzzled young man took the naked girl in a full-length embrace, feeling her hot, sweaty skin against his T-shirt and jeans and hiking boots.  A few seconds later Kathy wordlessly moved over and hugged the naked girl from the rear, holding her naked back and butt against her leather jacket and jeans.  The naked girl's body was now covered, front and rear.  Then others went over to hold the naked girl's shoulder, her arm, any part of her they could touch.  Feeling love from every direction, the naked girl left Seth's embrace and turned around and hugged Kathy, and then Aduare, and then Jonas, every last student in turn, most of whom found to their surprise that tears were coming from their own eyes, an experience that had touched them like no other and that they were never to forget.

 McMasters and Wanda faded to black and turned off their cameras.  The video, quite literally, would be good as gold.

.  .  .  .

 From the roof of the three-story dorm the view was spectacular.  One could see the entire campus, the corn snow over the whole athletic field, glistening in the warm afternoon sun, the sledding slope to one side, looking very tiny in front of the tall mountains capped with snow.  To the other side, a partly thinned forest of pine trees and little houses, and then further over, the low buildings of the town.  All of it looking like a little toy model next to the big red mountains.

 The nearly naked girl sat in the middle of her new friends, Seth, Aduare, Jonas, Kathy, and Herbert, feeling the rear dildo of the retainer seeming to poke right up into her stomach.  She shifted her bare buttocks on the rough asphalt, enjoying at least its warmth if not its gritty texture.  The others, whose bottoms were well protected by jeans or (in the case of Aduare) a thick flannel dress, leaned back on their hands, all enjoying the warm sun and the view, but mostly thinking the same thing.

 Finally Kathy said it.  "I was surprised to see you come in after lunch with that bikini thing on."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 This time Tami herself had the remote control.  It lay next to the bare feet extended out in front of her, and the little velcro pouch around her left ankle.  "Well -- ohhh -- f - for the c - cause of science -- ohhh -- "  Squeezing her eyes shut her body shook and she crested for the fourth time, clutching Seth's hand.

 Kathy smiled and shook her head.  "What a supergirl you are.  That makes seven times today, right?"

 Tami shook and shuddered, knowing they would allow her to finish her contractions before she answered.  "When -- ohh!"  One last, unexpected contraction.  Then she caught her breath.  "At school during the research I sometimes -- come -- a hundred times a week."

 Everyone joined Kathy now in shaking their heads with wonder.  "A real supergirl," Kathy repeated.  "A naked superhero.  You must have super powers."

 Tami smiled weakly, being known to them by now as a modest girl who was slightly embarrassed by compliments, though more so than they could suspect.  She also was reminded of recurring dreams she had been having, of being a super hero, fighting evil, but having super powers only when totally naked.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 The friends looked at a large bird fly overhead and into the trees.

 "W - what was that?" Tami said.

 "An osprey," said Herbert, a serious-looking guy in sweatshirt and shorts.  "Not a big one, though."

 "B - beautiful.  .  .  I'd love to g - go to school here," Tami said with a wistful look.

 After a moment Seth said, "I imagine you'd be welcome."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Herbert said, "It's hard to believe you don't feel the urge to wear clothes at least once in a while."

 Tami tried to hold down her arousal and think.  "Af - after a y - year, almost -- ohh -- the idea of -- uhhh -- w - wearing c - clothes is.  .  .  something I c - can't even immmmmmmagine.  Ohhh!  .  .  ."   As she jerked slightly from a shot to her clit, she realized this was almost true.  Much as she loved to feel someone else's clothes against her skin, wearing clothes herself was only a dim memory now, a memory that she was trying desperately to hold onto.

 Some more silence.  Then Kathy said, "Well, later.  I've got a class."   Except for Seth, everyone got up, brushing the loose asphalt from their bottoms, and in a moment they were gone.

 The handsome, slightly nerdy young man, clothed in flannel shirt and jeans and boots, sat close to the quivering, nearly naked young woman.  He put her arm around her.  "I really like you," he said.

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami smiled and then looked down.  "Seth, I -- ohh -- I already have -- s - someone."   She reached down to her feet and with quivering hands took a picture out of the ankle pouch and showed it to Seth.

 "H - his name is Rod.  God, I miss him," she said, shaking her head.

Seth looked at the picture and then fished a picture out of his own pocket.  Tami looked at it with blinking, only partly distracted eyes.  A beautiful Japanese girl, smiling out from over a kimono, obviously not her regular attire.  Tami thought: what a beautiful face.

 "Donh Yenn," Seth said.  "But everyone calls her Sukie."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 "B - beautiful," Tami said.  "OHH!  -- "  She grunted sharply, cresting into her fifth and last orgasm of the session.  Her toes curled inward and Seth held her shoulders supportively as her spasms spent themselves.  Tami kept the picture of Sukie in her hand, careful not to damage it in her excitement.

 The enforced pleasure over, Tami turned off the remote and looked at the picture of Sukie again, breathing evenly and enjoying the calm.  "You miss her too?"

 "Real bad," Seth said.  Then he said, "I don't think she'd mind," and showed Tami another picture -- of Sukie, still wearing the kimono, but turned around with it hitched up to show a tight, pretty bare butt, her face looking back at the camera with a saucy smile.  Tami laughed, a relaxed, low-voiced belly laugh.

 Seth watched as Tami took off the bristle bra and squatted to extract the front dildo and then the rear one.  Putting the equipment to the side, she looked at Seth and sat back down, reclining slightly.

 They looked at each other for a moment.

 No words were needed.  He slowly came close and kissed her, at first on the lips, but then more deeply.  Another glance.  Then he brought his head down to his naked friend's still-opened pussy and, positioning himself carefully, gently licked her bare lips up and down, then centered in on her clit.

 After the weeks of cold machines, a loving, warm tongue was a blessed relief.  In spite of her many orgasms that day Tami felt aroused anew and she cried out loud.  This was a better, sweeter passion, a horniness she wanted to have and could claim as her own.  Leaning back on her elbows, she took great heaving breaths with her tummy and turned her face up to the sky.  "Ohh Seth .  .  .  ohhh .  .  .Rod .  .  ."   It was a gentle, rolling orgasm that almost made her cry.

 When it was over she collected herself and then turned around on all fours and presented her undulating butt to him, like a cat in heat.  Seeing the perfectly formed anus, his favorite female orifice, slick from the retainer and still partly open, Seth dropped his jeans down and slid his dick into her, a dick that Tami could feel was long, long, longer, and very thick.  Seemingly rock hard, it slid deep into her rectum, then deeper, finding her inner butthole and gently poking through it.  .  .  Then after a few strokes the hard, thick jets of sperm began to fill up her insides.  "Ohhh --" the young man exhaled, as he shot out what had been building up inside him for two days, eight and nine and ten and then eleven spurts, and then he pushed forward and the nude teenager lay her body down on the rough asphalt, her companion lying on top of her, still fully clothed except with his pants halfway down.  She felt the stones poking into her bare breasts and tummy but she found herself not minding it at all.  Contented, they dozed off.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 21**

At the nod of the elegantly attired doorman the naked peasant girl gingerly walked through the big open door and into the Great Hall of the Palace.

 Her pretty eyes opened wide at the opulent decorations on the ceiling, the candlelit chandeliers; they opened wide again as she looked down at the plushly embroidered carpet that stretched out before her, seemingly endlessly into the long, long hall.  She took her first tentative steps, amazed at the unusual feeling of the carpet under her bare feet.  Until then she had felt only the hard-packed earth of her family's little hut and the stone floors of the little merchant shops in her village.

 Floridly dressed lords and ladies lined the carpet on both sides in their frocks and petticoats and exquisite shoes.  The girl tried not to shrink from their gaze.  She had asked for this audience months ago, in spite of her fear (and her parents' fear) that she would be punished for her impudence.  Everyone in her village had been surprised when the audience was granted.  She had to act exactly right, and was very nervous because she had no experience in how to act before powerful people, let alone in such a shameful state.  Still a modest girl at heart, she fought the intense urge to cover her breasts or cross her legs.  She had been told the king did not like subjects seeking favors to grovel.  She had to walk tall and proud and unashamed.

 Yet she was quivering with longing.  How she wanted clothes again!  It was five long years ago when Noryb, the king's sorcerer, had passed through her village seeking a solution to the years of drought and plague that had almost brought the kingdom to ruin.  The girl had been drawing water at the village well, and in response to his imperious command had humbly lifted the cup up to him on his horse.

 That night Noryb had a powerful vision which commanded that for the good of the kingdom this girl must always be absolutely naked.  Even Noryb admitted it was a difficult vision, but when it returned to him the next night he told the king it must be followed.  So the following day he returned to the village with an armed guard, and to the horror of her family and the villagers, not to mention her own, the girl was stripped in the town square and her few other items of her rough clothing was taken from the hut and burned in front of her.  The edict was read out -- this girl was to live the rest of her days without any scrap of clothing or shoes (though any prohibition of shoes was unnecessary because she was too poor to own any).  Anyone attempting to give her covering would be beheaded.

 A marshal was permanently stationed in the hut to make sure the edict was followed.  Fortunately he was not cruel  and not a burden to the family, but he was vigilant and the girl was always under his gaze, or under the gaze of the assistants he had hired in the village.  She slept on bare straw without blankets and as she went through her normal daily activities -- working in the field, tending the local priest's livestock, learning to spin cloth at her mother's side -- she remained naked, everyone too intimidated to offer her clothing.  In harsh weather, she went out only briefly; her parents arranged it so that she was always near their little fireplace.

 And with her nudity, the droughts and plagues ceased.  For five years now the people had enjoyed good health and abundant crops, something everyone commented on, marveling at Noryb's wisdom.  Yet, strong-willed in spite of her modesty, the girl expressed her shame to her parents.  In spite of praying over and over to God for insight, she still could not believe that this good fortune could have been caused by her suffering.  A local magistrate was prevailed upon to send a petition to the King; when this was denied, another was sent; and so on until an audience was finally granted.

 As the girl looked down at the plush royal carpet she was ashamed to see her bare feet on it.  True, she had been barefoot all her life, even in the snow; she knew there was no danger in doing so as long as she came in to warm her feet over the fire once in a while.  Still, being shoeless was a sign of poverty and it shamed her for everyone to see her exposed feet in the midst of such luxury.

 Onward she walked, not knowing if she was allowed to look at the nobles to each side, yet unavoidably seeing their luxuriant clothing out of the corner of her eye.  Looking down at the carpet, she saw their shoes in particular, a stark contrast to her bare feet.  She heard people whispering and knew that everyone was commenting on her naked body.  "A fine, beautiful girl, 'tis a shame she is low-born," was a typical comment.  Or, "I hear she has developed very well.  Notice the flowering of her pubes."   Or, "Such large teats on such a small maiden."   She could not help blushing in her shame.  To be seen like this!  By a crowd of her betters in the Great Hall itself!  Still she did not move to cover herself, keeping her arms resolutely at her sides.

 Light skin and a soft form were highly prized and fashionable among women; they signified social status because they meant that the woman did not have to work.   As the aristocratic ladies, gathering their petticoats and shifting in their bustles and their expensive hats, looked at the naked peasant girl walking past, her nipples big and brown, her pubic fronds abundant like a wild animal, and saw the over-all deep tan, wiry muscles and hard, bare feet, the result of years spent in hard outdoor labors, they could not help but admit that the girl's body, though unfashionable in every way, had a rough beauty to it.

 The peasant girl saw the large, high throne as she drew closer.  King Richard the Fourth, commanding and gray-bearded in his golden robes.  A much-respected but stern personage.  Standing to one side was Noryb in his black frock, with a sour look on his face.

 She guessed it proper to stop as she came to the stiff-backed man in the uniform.  He turned to the crowd announced her.  "All hear the petition of -- " he checked his scroll -- "Tamarinda of Nottingham."

 The naked girl tried to contain her nervousness and fright.  Do not grovel, she told herself.  She curtsied meekly to the King, her hands moving to stretch her nonexistent skirt to the sides.  Speak slow and loud, she had been advised.  Clearing her throat, she said, "My Lord, I beg to be heard."

 After a moment King Richard said, "We see that ye have grown into a beautiful young maiden."

 Her face blushed hotly.  "Thank you, M'Lord."

 "State your plea."

 She had rehearsed the words carefully.  "Sire, I pray that the edict that stripped me be withdrawn."

 The King, who of course expected this, said, "What ye ask is not to be done lightly, my child.  I understand your plight, it must be deeply shaming to ye.  Yet your nakedness has brought good fortune to the land."

 She had anticipated this comment and hoped that her carefully rehearsed responses would not be seen as impertinent.  "I am not well lettered, Sire, and I would do nothing to bring back the former pestilence, but 'tis a mystery to me how my shame could have banished it.  I have suffered much, M'Lord.  My modesty and -- maidenhead are known to all.  And the snows are very cruel."

 "Yet ye have survived.  The Almighty has somehow protected ye."

 "Yes, M'Lord."

 The King thought for a moment.  "Did not our Lord and Savior suffer for the good of all?"

The girl was ready for this.  "True, I pray to him every day and am thankful he did so, but I am not the Son of God.  I am merely a simple peasant girl, upon whom this edict weighs most heavily."

 There was some murmuring from the watching courtiers.  This uneducated girl had a wisdom in spite of her youth and station.  The King let the murmuring go on for a moment and then, quietly, said, "Silence."   He looked at the girl who stood before him, naked and with her eyes averted.  "Child, do ye truly wish to possess coverings again?"

 Her voice was almost tearful.  She extended her arms out, palms up in supplication.  "My Lord, with all my heart, with all my soul.  I ache for covering.  Please let me be clothed."

 The King stood up and said, "I grant thy application, with conditions."   He gave a stern glance to Noryb, who stood there sullenly, having been overruled.  Then he said: "Child, have ye heard of the lower dungeon?"

 It sounded ominous.  "N - no, Sire."

 "It is a bare room with a rough floor.  The air is dank and cold.  It is reserved for the most despised prisoners."   He clapped his hands and looked to the side.  The poor girl's mouth gaped open in amazement and longing as a large table was brought in front of her upon which lay the most exquisite wardrobe -- a long dress made of heavy, shiny fabric, a fur-lined serape, elegant gloves . . .and just as luxurious, shoes and underthings, which the girl had never worn, even before she had been stripped.  The naked peasant girl's lip quivered and she almost cried.  Everyone could see goose-bumps all over her as she suddenly felt so much more naked in front of this abundant finery.

 "This pleases ye?" the King asked.

 The girl was almost babbling.  "Oh -- I -- what --"

 The King smiled.  "It is yours, child, but ye must first live and sleep in the lower dungeon for forty days and forty nights.  Alone and naked on the cold rough floor, with these wrappings nearby.  Touch them or make any move toward them and your right to them will be forfeit.  We shall have spies secreted to make sure ye don't cheat.  Forty days and forty nights of temptation, just as Our Lord endured in Egypt.  Our trust is that He shall protect you, and if you survive and be not tempted, this shall be a sign to us that you may be again covered, and the Kingdom protected."

 The girl cringed, knowing what was ahead of her.  Overwhelmed at last, she blacked out and fainted -- then felt the rough floor of the dungeon beneath her.  Then the floor became warm, and a serpent approached her prone body and entered her in the most sinful nether region .  .  .

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 Tami awoke, groggy.  What a dream.  .  .  She lay on the warm rough asphalt of the roof, breasts and tummy crushed onto the gravel.  Tender arms held her shoulders and she felt Seth's partly clothed body on top of her -- and his long, soft dick still deep in her rectum.  He was still dozing, after the longest, heaviest ejaculation of his life.

 Tami had had some strange dreams during her sentence of public nudity.  In the few moments before it left her memory she realized that this dream, at least, had a meaning for her future.  For she had gone through not just forty days, but ten months of temptation and, like the peasant girl Tamarinda, had resisted it.  Basking in warmth and love, she was about to be rewarded.  She fell asleep again, and dreamed of slow, lazy anal sex with Rod.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 22**

Kickball!

Another joy the naked teenager hadn't outgrown.  Not that she could do much to resist the invitation.  A bunch of students bolted out of class at 5 p.m. and swept her along as she was walking along the main hall, heading for the library again.  No, no cloistering herself now.  Hardly conscious of her nudity, she walked and then ran with everyone else out to the big slush-covered diamond where Herbert was waiting, having signed out the bases and the ball.

 It was the bottom of the second, and Tami was "at bat".  She and Herbert had taken charge and they had split up into the "Tamis" and the "Herberts", ignoring someone's suggestion that they go with "shirts" vs.  "skins", the latter team of course being Tami's.  Tami's team was behind by one run; with two out and Jonas on second, the pressure was on.  Much infield chatter.  From the bench, Kathy yelled, "C'mon Tami, hit it with your cervix!" which caused the batter, shaking the slush off her toes as she waited for the pitch, to make a good-natured face.

 Aduare, the pitcher, rolled a fast one which skidded over the snow.  It met Tami's left big toe and lined into right field.  Jonas slopped toward third in his galoshes.  Much cheering as Tami, slipping only occasionally, rounded first.  Pow!  Zena, a big Mexican girl playing right, had scooped up the ball and shot it right at the naked girl's butt.  Inning over.

 The Tamis took the field, their captain returning to shortstop with a big round red mark on the upper part of her bare right butt  cheek.  As the third inning wore on spectators started arriving, other students and a couple of professors.  And Wanda and McMasters.  Except for the sulking Wanda, it was a lively crowd.  Finally when the third out was made and as she ran in, Tami, who at that moment seemed the most popular girl on the planet, scooped up a slushy snowball and got Wanda right in the front of her sweater.  "Sourpuss!" the naked girl taunted.  Wanda turned away and started to curse, only to be met by more slushballs from her naked nemesis.  Finally Wanda decided to counterattack, and the two of them ran around shooting at each other.  Play suspended as everyone's attention was drawn to them, and then to the unexpected smile on Wanda's face as she started enjoying the fight.

 In being pursued Wanda circled back toward home plate and was overtaken there by Tami, who tackled her and then stood her up and said, "Pinch hitter.  Go!"  Wanda turned to see Seth rolling the ball from the pitcher's mound.  There was no time to think.  Wanda kicked it into left field and in a minute was standing on first base, face flushed -- and smiling.

.  .  .  .

 Sitting in the back seat, Tami propped her foot up and played with the zipper of her ankle pouch.  Inside were Seth's phone number at the school and the number of his parents' house in Madison, Wisconsin.  She looked back at the valley as it disappeared behind the high walls of the narrow mountain pass, the Cadillac running better now that she and Kathy had adjusted the carburetor to run richer.  The two motorhead girls had done this half an hour ago at Professor Langley's as their friends from the school watched, Kathy in her monkey suit.  How many girls had a monkey suit?  Tami used to have one, long ago .  .  .  Now, all she had were grease smudges on her thighs and arms and on one breast, smudges that hadn't quite come off even after scrubbing.  She realized she hadn't minded it when she was bent over the car and everyone could see her butt cheeks and her butthole, her breasts hanging down and rubbing against the gritty engine parts, the greasy soles of her feet, and who knows what else.

 When the Caddy was running better Kathy said, "Wish I had a Naragansett right now," and Tami agreed, missing that cheap regional beer from their home state.  Afterwards Tami and Seth had said a long, private good-bye.  If she wasn't with Rod, Seth would be her man.  .  .  She would miss this place.

 She looked to the mountains ahead.  There were even more mountains ahead of those, she was sure.  McMasters had said that they would have to drive straight through to California, a long haul.

 But not with Tami.

 She was finally at the end.  Time to take her leave of McMasters and Wanda and get on a bus.  "Next exit," McMasters said.  He had told her the next bus station was half an hour away, and this was it.  She closed her eyes.  Clothes, blessed clothes.  Fondling the ankle pouch, she thought of the bank card and credit card inside, her means to the clothes she would be wearing later that day.  If they wanted to, McMasters and Wanda could follow her into the station and see she was buying a ticket to Providence, but of course once on the bus she could get off anywhere.

 What kind of town would she stop in?  Once into clothes, what kind of motel would she find?  How long would it take to get a job?  These were great unknowns for an 18-year-old, only one year out of high school.  A whole summer wearing clothes.  .  .  She tried to remember what clothes felt like.  She thought of what she had said on the roof, quivering on the edge of orgasm, and how true it was.  She could barely remember clothes.  "Barely" .  .  .  !

 This was desolate high country they were traveling through.  Bleak.  Getting out naked and waiting for the bus would be rough.  Maybe the next bus would be in a few minutes.

 The Cadillac stopped in a cloud of dust.  When it cleared Tami saw that they were outside a little gas station.  There was nothing else around except for a little diner and what looked like an abandoned general store.  All around was desert.  Two guys in cowboy hats sat outside next to the soda machine, fiddling with toothpicks.  They looked at the Cadillac with a deadpan expression and then looked at Tami.  They couldn't know she was naked; she was crouched down in her seat and all they could see was her head and neck.  These guys didn't look nice.

 McMasters, turning from the driver's seat, was earnest.  "Tami, I hope to see you in the fall back at the college.  I hear you'll have a lot of research projects you've signed up for.  I can't thank you enough for helping us these few weeks."   "Yeah, Tam, see you," Wanda said quietly, as if preoccupied, with a hint of affection that had not been noticeable thus far.

 Tami saw the handwritten sign in the window about the bus to Denver.  That would be the one going east to New York and then Providence.  "Buss to Denver, 11 a.m., 1 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 11:45 p.m."   It was now 1:30.  She would have to wait here almost four hours.  The naked girl sat in silence.

 Finally McMasters turned around again and said, "Tami.  Come with us to California.  Just a quick stop in San Francisco, then we're off to Brian Cook's place.  It's a nice estate, beautiful weather.  Think of the warm sun and the beach.  It's only two weeks and then you can go home.  .  .Of course, it's up to you."

 Tami bit her lip.  She always wanted to go to California.  She had an idea of California, of nude beaches filled with naked people, where she finally wouldn't be the only one.  And then, after two weeks, surely there would be a more pleasant place in California to catch a bus.  Only two weeks.

 "O.K., California," she said.