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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 23**

"I left my car
In San Francisco
High on a hill
It stalled on me .  .  ."

-- Lalo Guerrero (Tune: "I Left My Heart in San Francisco")

 Tami took her finger out of the venturi and exhaled in exasperation, trying to keep her nipples clear of the air filter.  Realizing her bare butt and asshole were exposed to the world, she almost wanted to stay under the hood as long as she could, facing just the engine, like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

 "Well -- ?" McMasters said, standing on the sidewalk, glancing up the steep hill and the row of little houses.  After cutting out all day, the Cadillac finally wouldn't start again.  Inside the car, the bored Wanda stared out the window.

 The naked girl stood up and shut the hood, glancing around quickly.  It seemed a miracle but nobody was walking by.  She knew that people must be looking out the windows at this totally naked teenager working on a car, something one didn't see every day, not even in San Francisco.  "The carb's totally clogged.  You need an air hose to blow it out."   It was her fault, of course.  She had set it to run rich back in the high altitudes and then forgot to reset it when the car descended.

 Partly she had been distracted by the scenery.  She just couldn't stop looking at it.  Coming out of the mountains, turning into that gigantic canyon that opened up to Salt Lake City, sitting very low in the back seat as McMasters seemed to take his sweet time driving right through downtown.  That big white church.  Respectable people walking to work.  And she sitting there totally naked.  Fortunately it was not time for her "session".  She would rather be totally naked than be in that tiny mechanical bikini driven to orgasm after orgasm, in front of this stern Mormon monument.

 Then as the Cadillac boomed out onto the desert, past the mounds of mined salt .  .  .  she was amazed to see the scrub getting sparser and sparser until there was just sand.  No plants, like that burdock she had seen in that gully in Nebraska.  No, there was no way that a naked girl could survive here.  -- Then into the Sierras, over the pass, that great round Lake Tahoe -- she wondered if she could swim from one end to the other?  She remembered how good it felt to swim naked in that motel pool in Ohio, feeling the currents sliding past every bit of her.  Then down into the redwoods, red dirt, that clean tree-scented air.  She noticed plenty of edible things, and pictured herself living in a treehouse made of vines and branches.  A naked woods girl, eating what grew around her.

 At that point she realized that even though she was always fantasizing about escape, she still assumed she'd be naked.  When she got back into clothes again she would have to remind herself that THIS would be her real self, clothed like everybody else.  That would be two weeks from now, after staying at Brian Cook's place.  She pictured a big beach house, like on MTV, or like those she had seen down in Newport when her father had decided to drive by "where the hoity toity live".

 And now, San Francisco.  Amazing how streets ran right up and down such steep hills.  McMasters and his assistants had gotten there the night before, and were staying with his friend, Regina Wickelshaus.  From what Tami gathered, she owned some kind of sex toy store.  Tami had never been in a sex toy store, though she had seen them.  They seemed sleazy, like dirty old men would go in there to jerk off under their coats.  Ughh!  Yet Dr. Wickelshaus (she was also a psychologist or something like that) had a manner like a high school health teacher, smiling gently at Tami, looking only occasionally at her naked body, as they settled in on her couch and chatted.  And the house, modest and clean, was not at all sleazy.  Regina (she made Tami call her that, even though Tami still felt like she should be calling her "Dr.  Wickelshaus") had referred briefly to Tami's "religion" but didn't ask her about it.  Which was good.  Dr. Wickelshaus was the kind of person it would be very hard to lie to.

 The nicest thing about the visit was Regina's daughter Sunny, who like Tami had also just finished her first year of college.  Sunny was tall and dark-skinned -- her father, apparently divorced from her mother but still present in photographs in her room, was Mexican.  In Sunny's room the two girls played with her new computer and listened to radio stations from around the world, while looking up websites from their favorite stars.  Sunny liked Leonardo DiCaprio, Tami was fond of Enrique Iglesias.  Just two teenage girls acting like teenage girls, oohing and aahing at the pictures on the monitor, criticizing or praising the clothes.  Sitting next to the sweatshirt-and-pants-clad Sunny, Tami totally forgot that she was naked as she hung out with her new friend.

 What reminded her of her nudity was a photo of Sunny on her desk.  Sunny was standing on the beach with a couple of her friends in bikinis -- and Sunny and one of her friends were topless!  Tami admired Sunny for being so brave; she herself wouldn't have taken off her top, way back when.  And to have a picture like this out, it being apparently o.k. with her mom -- this open, tolerant, liberal house was worlds away from the conservative atmosphere back home.  Tami retreated once again into thinking of her nakedness, and how she would give anything to wear just that little bikini bottom that Sunny had on in the photo.

 Back to being a normal teenage girl.  On a whim Tami clicked onto a picture of Carmen Electra in a thong.  Sunny straightened up.  Then Tami clicked onto a picture of President Bush.  Sunny slouched.  Click onto Tyra Banks.  Up.  Click onto an ad for Kotex.  Down.

 They both giggled as they realized they both knew this game.  Penis man!  "Pamela Anderson!" Sunny said.  Tami hopped up, breasts bouncing, and stood straight up, arms at her side.  "Pamela Anderson naked!" Tami stood up straighter, stretching toward the ceiling, eyes wide open.  "Social studies homework."   Tami slouching a bit.  "Studying with Alyssa Milano!"  Back up straight.

 Tami's turn.  By turns she got Sunny to stand, slouch, act pained, put on a wide lascivious grin.  With "Alyssa Milano kissing Pamela Anderson on top of you!" Sunny reached the ultimate in upright stretching.  Time for the kill.  Tami went over and rubbed Sunny's sweatshirt up and down.  Sunny shook all over, then said, "Spurt!  Spurt!  Spurt!  Spurt!  Thhhbbb!!"

 In a moment Sunny was lying the floor, limp.  "Pamela Anderson!" Tami whispered into her ear.  No response.  "Naked!"  No response.  "I'm sticking you with a pin!  Doink, doink!" she said, jabbing her finger into Sunny's shoulder.  No response.  Then Sunny giggled and both girls fell into a pile on the floor.

 As they sat cross-legged, Sunny said, "Stop me if you've heard this.  There are three women waiting to see the obstetrician, all about twelve months pregnant.  One says, 'The doctor says I'm going to have a boy, because my husband and I did it, he was on top.' The second one says, 'I'm going to have a girl, because I was the one on top.'  The third one starts crying.  The other two say, 'What's wrong'.  She says" -- Sunny in a tearful voice -- "'Oh no, I'm going to have a puppy!'"

 Tami was puzzled, then got the joke.  Riotous giggling.  And now back to the internet.

 "So, my naked friend," Sunny said with a sly twinkle, both girls getting bored now that they couldn't find any naked photos of Leonardo or Enrique, "I see you .  .  .  shave."   The winked down toward Tami's bare pussy.

 Tami could not believe herself, but she stood up right in front of Sunny to give her a clear view of her bare, shaven pussy lips.  Both girls looked down at it as Tami rubbed her fingers over the little cleft.  "Go ahead," she said, seeing Sunny's curiosity.  As Sunny ran a timid finger on one side she said, "It's as smooth as it looks.  I try that once in a while but it scrapes like hell when it starts to grow back."

 Still looking down, Tami said, "You have to use cream.  Every day."

 Sunny recoiled.  "Ewww .  .  .Doesn't it sting?"

 Tami nodded ruefully.  "No getting away from it."

 Sunny went up to close the door, then stood in front of Tami.  "I suppose someone like you wouldn't mind," she said with a smile.  Then she pulled down her sweatpants and her flowered white panties.  A ring pierced into one pussy lip, which she showed with a mixture of pride and shyness.

 Tami immediately doubled over, covering her pussy, and started jumping around.  "Akkk!  Godd!  Ouch!!  Oooo!!"  She squinted back at the ring again, a gold-colored thing with a little blue jewel.  "Doesn't it hurt?"

 "At first it did," Sunny said, hands on her hips as she turned to and fro to display her labial ring.  "A lot of my girlfriends have them.  There's lots of stores in the Castro that do it.  They dip everything in alcohol, it's safe."

 "The where?"  Tami had a fleeting image of Cuba.

 "The Castro.  The coolest place -- especially if you're a gay guy," she whispered.  "I wish there was time to take you there."

 Hopefully someday, Tami told herself.  On another visit, when I'm back in clothes.  She made up her mind to write down Sunny's address and phone for future reference.

 Now, standing naked on the street next to a stalled car, she wished she were back in Sunny's room again.  A man walked past on the other side of the street.  And now here comes an older woman, walking right past her, with a quick disapproving look.  As for the man, he glanced and then went on, then kept glancing back.

 McMasters exhaled.  "Too bad there's a taxi strike."   He looked at Tami's blank face.  "Didn't you hear the radio coming into town yesterday?"  Actually, Tami had been busy looking at the Golden Gate Bridge.  Finally McMasters said, "Tami, I've got to find a phone and get this car fixed.  Meanwhile, you go and do the errand."

 "The what?"

 He quickly wrote something down.  "Go to the Hot Spot, on 19th Street."   He quickly looked up and down.  "Looks like there's no bus route on this street.  Here's the exact address and phone."  He put it in Tami's slowly more and more horrified hands.  "Tell them I sent you, ask for Cecille, and say you want the anal clit buzzer."   The naked girl looked at him in pure shock.  "You'll have to walk to the nearest BART station."

 "The what?"

 "The subway here, it's called BART.  Bay Area Rapid Transit, I think.  Just walk up over this hill and then down to Market Street.  Probably take you twenty minutes or so.  Take the BART south, toward Daly City, and get off at Mission Street - 16th Street.  You can find it from there.  When you're done call Regina.  I'll ask her to pick you up at the Embarcadero station.  Better get your ankle pouch on."

 Tami looked at the crest of the hill, apparently the way downtown, then back at McMasters.  "You mean walk there -- naked?"

 "Well how else would Tami Smithers do it?"

 He had a point there.

 "B - but.  .  .  what about Wanda?"

 "Believe me, you're the best person to go.  I need Wanda to help me move my things from the car.  Besides, they want to meet you."   McMasters noticed Tami's hesitation and cocked an eyebrow.  "Something -- wrong?"  That old look.  Why indeed would she object to going on this errand, if not out of -- modesty?

 Almost tearfully, Tami fished out her ankle pouch and bent over to put it on, giving a good show to a surprised older man who had stepped outside his front door to take out garbage.  As the naked girl started walking he just stood there on his front step, bag of garbage in his hands, until she was out of view.

 It was horrible, awful.  Tami got to the crest of the hill and saw that at the bottom of the other side, in the distance, were the big buildings of downtown.  As she started down this steep hill her bare feet started slapping on the sidewalk to keep her from falling forward.  She saw a lot of people walking around just a few blocks down.  To walk stark naked into a city .  .  .  she had done it long ago, during that awful class trip before Thanksgiving, but at least then she had the protection of other students around her.  And shoes, and a pocketbook over her shoulder.  Now, she had just the stupid ankle pouch.  Nothing to occupy her hands.  McMasters was nuts.  Surely she'd get arrested for indecent exposure.

 The slapping of her feet got slower as she realized something.  Yes, I'll get arrested.  Put in a cop car and brought to jail.  And they'll give me something -- to put on!!  Surely Ross and the college couldn't blame me for putting something on if I was in jail and the police ordered me to.  She remembered refusing covering in that jail in Vermont, thinking the police chief was a spy.  How stupid.  No, she wasn't going to make that mistake again.  She was going to put something on, an overcoat or blanket or maybe a full set of clothes!!  -- just as ordered.

 She closed her eyes and braced herself.  Yes, here I go naked into the city of San Francisco.  But soon I'll get stopped and arrested -- and in a few hours, maybe in a few minutes, I'll be wearing something!!  She started down again, both nervous and hopeful .  .  .

.  .  .  .

 Two days before this:

 Marisa McBride, Miss Totally Naked 2001, tottering on 6-inch heels at the podium at the World Famous Farrell Brothers Theatre, issued her challenge to the reporters from the skin magazines and local cable channels.  "I'll be naked, right in your face, San Francisco.  You don't know where, you don't know when.  Freedom of expression.  That's me!!"  She twiddled the little tiara on her head and shook her siliconed breasts.

 Around headquarters you could almost hear the commissioner groaning.  Not again.  This happened every year.  With the inevitable arrest, and the publicity, the protests, all kinds of First Amendment nuts coming out, more publicity.  It's the only thing keeping that stupid pageant going.

 The order quietly went out to all precincts: Let's not give this year's Nudie Queen any publicity.  If she shows up, don't arrest her, just let her be.  Repeat: if you see a naked female, early 20's, dark red hair, about 5'5", DO NOT arrest her, just ignore her.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 24**

Looking up Hickory Street from Van Ness on this sunny summer afternoon, one could see a slight, tan-colored figure walking down the hill.  One must assume that it was someone in an all-over body stocking, not very remarkable in a city where all kinds of outfits are worn in public.  But then as the figure drew closer one could see two dark spots, obviously nipples.  And the spreading of toes indicating bare feet.  And then a little cleft in between the legs.  She was walking bolt upright, a little stiffly, head up, eyes straight forward as if looking into the far distance.  Yes!  It was a naked girl!

 As she came down from the residential area and into the streets of little shops, where the traffic was heavier, her  presence began to have an effect.  Heads turned.  Cars slowed down to look.  Some people glanced and then went by, perhaps not really believing what they were seeing.  Others looked around for cameras.  Surely this was a movie shoot of some kind.  Some cars honked, and there were one or two wolf whistles.  Many people walking on the sidewalk just stopped and looked at her.  And what a sight.  What a body.  Evenly, perfectly tanned, perfectly toned.  Look at that tight stomach, it's actually concave.  She must work out and go to tanning parlors.  A cleanly shaven pussy!  Look how her breasts bounce as she walks .  .  .  Was this really happening?

 If one wanted to look really close, one could see the red-rimmed eyes, the biting of the lip.  Inside, the naked teenage girl was terrified with shame and about to go to pieces.  She was forced to stop at a traffic light, and people gathered around her, waiting with her, most looking straight forward with the deadpan, unruffled expression of city folk, but some, both men and women, stepping back to take a long, appreciative look at her nude form.  The naked girl's concave tummy heaved in and out as she suppressed the urge to sob.  She held her hand to her eyes as if to rub them, her bare toes squirming on the increasingly dirty concrete.  Actually she was praying.

 Please God.  .  .  Help me through this.  I'm walking naked through a big city where crowds of people can see every bit of me.  Please make a police car go by and arrest me so that I can be hidden in the police car and then given something to put on, in the car, or maybe at the police station.  Even jail would be fine.  In fact, please let me go to jail, where only a few people would see me.  And I'll have covering.  .  .

 She took her hand away from her face, blinked her eyes, and then seeing the light turn green she walked on bravely, her bare feet sticking to the tar on the road that was a little soft in the hot sun.

 She heard the clicking of heels rushing behind her and decided to try and ignore them.  But the two short-haired women in black leather pants and flowery blouses overtook her and stood in front of her.  She forced herself to look at them.  They were holding hands like lovers do.  One looked a little older than her, the other looked maybe 35.  Each had piercings on the eyebrow, nose and ear.  They had odd colored lipstick on.  Their faces were actually rather pretty.  As the younger one spoke Tami noticed a pierced tongue.

 "Exthcuth me, but we jutht can't help notithing how beautiful you are.  And very brave to go out like thith.  We jutht want to compliment you."   She was sincere, at least.  The older one looked Tami's body slowly up and down with a broad, silent smile.

 "Th - thank you," Tami said, then with a nod walked past them.

 As McMasters knew, though Tami was too mortified and distracted to contemplate it, there is no safer person on the planet than a nude female walking into the heart of a city in broad daylight.  She was causing a traffic jam.  A mass of congestion, both of cars and people, centered on her and moved slowly down with her as she went past older, grittier buildings, trying not to think of how dirty the bottoms of her feet were getting as she stepped past greasy spots and cigarette butts.

 Nobody was going to try to rape her or assault her when she was such a center of attention.  The wolf whistles were the closest thing to any harassment.  The hundreds of staring, astonished eyes were her protection -- and also her shame.  Never before had every secret of her exposed, naked body been so widely on display before so many people in such a public place.  Though she avoided eye contact, looking ahead with a stony gaze, she was especially aware of her breasts, bouncing with each slap of her feet on the dirty concrete, and her bare pussy, denied even its natural covering of hair, tanned and smooth and nakedly in full view.  The only good thing was the fact that the sun was behind her.  She felt it on her bare butt cheeks and was grateful at least that her front was in shadow.

 Her eyes quickly flashed as she saw a police car cross a side street.  Damn.  Evidently they didn't see her.

 Market Street lay before her, wide and ugly under the lattice of heavy black wires that powered the electric buses.  Just before she turned onto it she stopped and took a deep breath, and saw the people across the wide thoroughfare stopping to stare at her with amazed eyes.  Her eyebrows knitted with shame and worry as she detected the harsh looks of disapproval of so many, mostly older women.  As she turned onto Market she suddenly faced another crowd of people and their shocked stares.  Please God .  .  .  Where are the police??  .  .  .  The strain of suppressing the urge to cover her breasts, or crouch down and cross her legs, was so intense that her hands, clenched and swingly stiffly at her sides, began to shake.  And there was the urge to turn and run.  But no, if she turned there would be just more people, and she felt the eyes on her bare butt and back as keenly as those on her frontal features.  She was immersed in a sea of staring eyes and there was nothing she could do about it.

 The little yellow "BART" sign was ahead.  Descending the cold metal staircase to the subway at least cut down on  the angles from which she was displayed.  People were going up and down but almost all of them stopped as she went through.  "Hot damn!" somebody, probably an out-of-towner, muttered.  The naked girl went down to the landing next to the ticket booth and decided to study the big map on the wall.  In a second she had figured out where she was going, but she kept standing in front of the map, glad to be looking at something other than shocked faces.  Of course a couple of people came up next to her to ask if she needed help.  One was a middle-aged man in a business suit and a waxed handlebar mustache.  The other was a young African-American girl with a soft voice who could have been a twin sister to her college roommate Jen.

 The naked girl told them that she was o.k. and thank you.  But after the man left, the girl whispered into Tami's ear.  "You are so brave and beautiful!"  Then she clasped Tami's hand and went up the stairs.

 Indeed.  Brave.  Tami now remembered how to act in public.  Act like there's nothing wrong with being naked.  Keep your chin up.  Ignore the stares, don't let them get to you.  It worked on the campus of Campbell - Frank College.  .  .

 Coolly, she went to the ticket booth.  Bravely, she bent down to her ankle pouch, trying not to notice her gritty toes, aware that her bare butt and asshole were sticking out practically in the faces of the people behind her.  She bought the little computerized card and went through the turnstile.  Waiting on the platform next to clothed people, she felt like she was posing for a photo shoot.  She heard once of a series of photos done in another city, Chicago maybe, where a naked woman was posing in front of various landmarks, usually during rush hour.  She didn't know who that model was, but felt a kinship with her.  I wonder where she is now .  .  .  She also half-remembered a dream she had had recently about waiting on a train platform, though in that dream it was bitter cold, and she was at least wearing sandals and a tiny thong.

 Please God, make this train come soon .  .  .  People kept looking down the track for the train, the naked girl more insistently than most.  Others had pocketbooks or newspapers or packages to occupy their hands, but the naked girl had nothing.  She decided to primly clasp her hands over her navel as she waited.  She almost lost her composure when some guy on the other side yelled, "Hey you're naked!!!" and laughed.  She kept looking down the track so she wouldn't see him.  She didn't realize it but the guy was a creep and got angry stares from the people around him.  Again, the protection of the crowd.

 The train swiftly and silently came to a halt and Tami walked in with everyone else.  Of course it was crowded and she had to stand.  She grabbed one of the overhanging bars, aware that this displayed her breasts and concave tummy to best advantage, and steadily looked down to avoid eye contact, contemplating her dirty bare feet next to everyone else's shoes.  She wrinkled her chin with determination.  I WILL get through this, she told herself.  She tried to get into a combative mood, ready to say "Hey!" if anyone tried to rub against her.  But everyone was keeping a few feet of distance, the better to get a good view.  Some of the people looked down, pretending there wasn't a naked girl standing right in front of them.  Others spent the ride watching intently, with a small smile.

 A young man sitting near her got halfway up and offered his seat to her as if she were pregnant.  Had she been watching the scene she might have laughed, it was actually pretty cute.  But she smiled tightly and mouthed, "No thank you."

 Past one stop.  Still she steadily looked down.

 She finally couldn't resist the urge to look up again, meaning to stare at the ceiling of what was actually a pretty clean, new subway car.  In doing so she saw a policeman standing on the other end.  She looked at him, then looked at him again.  He was looking somewhere else but finally their eyes made contact.

 Amazingly, he did nothing.  The interplay between the policeman and the naked girl was complicated and intense.  The girl hated to do it, she felt like she was abandoning her "game face", but she tried to say with her eyes, "Hey, I'm naked."   Yet the policeman's stare did not move beyond deadpan.

 Tami tried to send a mental signal to this obtuse cop.  "HEY, I'M NAKED!  CAN'T YOU SEE??"

 Still, the cop did nothing.

 Tami looked down at her bare feet, then looked up at the cop again with what she hoped was an insolent look.  She exhaled and sloped her bare shoulders just so.  "I'm naked, you know it and I know it, everyone knows it.  What are you going to do about it?"

 Still, nothing.  Then the cop gave a little nod of acknowledgement as anyone would in making eye contact with someone he doesn't know.

 What kind of cop is this, who won't arrest someone who steps onto a subway car totally naked?  To Tami this made her plight doubly unreal.  Maybe he's waiting for the car to stop so he can escort me off.  Not much he can do here in between stops.  The train came to its second stop, the one where Tami was to get off.  She walked off, trying to avoid rubbing against anyone.  But the cop stayed on the train.  Was he off duty?  What was going on here?

 The naked girl, her stony expression hiding her jumbled thoughts, ascended the stairway up onto the street.  By the names on the shops she knew she was in the Castro, the area Sunny had told her about.  "Nipples pierced -- with or without pain," one sign said.  She shook her head as she padded past, suppressing the urge to protect her nipples with her hands.  Do people actually go in there and say, "I'll have pain, please?"

 But there were an awful lot of guys walking by with what looked like S & M gear on, or at least what she supposed as being.  Chains, lots of leather, one guy actually had a coiled whip hanging from his belt.  And other guys in shorts and tank tops, holding hands.  Some were kissing.  Tami winced.  She didn't have anything against gay men, but she just didn't want it so much in her face.  She remembered her reaction (and that of her friends) seeing Jeffrey kiss his latest boyfriend in the dorm lounge.  Dear old Jeffrey.  He would be in heaven here.  Looking at all these guys who, though they might look icky or weird, seemed to be in good shape, like they all worked out.

 And they took notice of this naked girl too.  So did the women walking past.  And of course, the occasional hetero couple.  As she bravely walked on, her eyes on the street signs, looking for the "Hot Spot", she was scoped and stared at and appraised.  "Nice!" and "Wow!" were typical comments she could not help overhearing.

 "Can I have your handbill?" a man asked, about McMasters's age, one of the few dressed in a business suit.

 "What?"

 "Where do you dance?"

 Tami tried not to be offended.  "I -- I'm not a dancer."

 The man looked her up and down for a moment.  "Well you should be!" he said.  It sounded rude.  Tami decided to just continue on without any more comment.

 She tried not to stop and stare, but her eyes grew wide as she passed sex shop after sex shop.  Good grief.  What a neighborhood, she told herself.  This was so out in the open.  She passed windows displaying dildos the size of fireplugs, gold-plated nipple clamps, entire windows full of condoms.  In spite of her own nudity this Rhode Island Swamp Yankee, who had grown up in a conservative town and gone to a conservative college, blushed as she walked past.

 And now, ahead, the Hot Spot.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 25**

She wished she hadn't left her diary with the rest of her things at Terri's place in Vermont; she wanted to look forward to having a private place tonight where she could write down and vent the shame she was feeling now.  Dragging a gaggle of gawkers behind her, being stared at from every direction, occasionally complimented and once in a while whistled at, the naked girl stopped just before reaching for the door of the Hot Spot.  She would be glad to be off the street, away from the gaze of the multitudes.  But who would be inside this place?  A sleazy sex toy shop.  Ewwww.  The 18-year-old girl knew she'd feel like taking a shower just after stepping into this place.  Preparing to meet the stares of filthy old men, she gulped and opened the door.  Fortunately none of the gawkers came in with her.

 And there she stood, just inside the door, motionless as her wondering eyes took in the scene.  The place was well-lit and done  over in beige.  A couple of bookshelves, and a table with a well-organized display of dozens of vibrators on it.  Some affluent-looking women in business suits were picking up a couple of them and holding them against their hands, turning them on to find out how they buzzed.  It looked like the perfume counter at a classy department store.  Trolling the bookshelves were a couple of college-age kids, maybe a few years older than her.  Not a man in sight.  Soft new age-y type music was being piped in.  Behind the counter, a smiling girl with a shaved head and an eyebrow ring was ringing up a book for a woman who looked like someone's grandmother.

 In a moment all of the customers were looking with wonder and admiration at the naked girl who had just come in.  Tami stood there, her toes sinking into the plush black carpet, not knowing what to do.  She was not prepared for this at all.

 A ruddy-cheeked, jovial woman with quite a few pounds on her came out.  "Tami Smithers!  Miss Tami Smithers!" she said in a raspy, vaguely Irish-sounding voice.  "Look, Marti, she's here!" Marti was evidently the cashier with the shaved head.  "Miss Smithers, I'm Caroline Dewey, coordinator of the Hot Spot collective."   As she took Tami's hand, she said to the customers, "Excuse me, folks, but I can't contain myself.  This is Tami Smithers, radical nudist, surely the most uninhibited woman in the world.  She has helped test and demonstrate some of the world's most advanced sexual aids.  And," she said, still holding Tami's hand but stepping back a little to look Tami up and down, "quite a sight to see, if you don't mind my sayin' so.  I've heard it said, by someone who's seen you, that if I looked like you, I'd go naked all the time as well."   Despite having shame heaped upon shame, Tami found she still had the capacity for a hot blush that spread over her from head to bare toes as her body was appreciated by the women's kind but intent gaze.

 The enthusiastic Caroline Dewey led Tami around the store while the customers paused in their browsing to look.  Tami was shown the sexual aids book section, the gay fiction book section, the history of sex book section, and sections on lesbian lovemaking, X-rated films, and sexual health.  Around the walls were posters that were both artful yet sexually explicit.  One caught a brief glimpse of horror from Tami -- a black and white photo of someone's entire arm, up to the elbow, up inside someone's butt.  She told herself it must be a trick photo.

 Then the counter with the vibrators.  Tami at first hid her distaste -- her only experience with vibrators had been as an unwilling subject for Chalfont and McMasters -- but then found herself getting a little interested.  These were not sleazy; they were well-made.  Most were not dildo-like, and it took a moment before she figured they must be meant to press against the clit.  The naked girl, who had been roughly buzzed and jangled to hundreds of unwanted orgasms in public, saw that there were subtleties to vibrators that she was not aware of.  Part of her longed to be a clothed person who could enjoy these things in the privacy of her home, maybe in bed at night, in the dark, under the covers, a gentle private buzz.  She took a deep breath.  For now she would settle just for being clothed.

 Under Caroline Dewey's cheerful maternal gaze, Tami tentatively grasped a big "Magic Wand" vibrator and held it against her palm.  She turned it on; the soft, gentle buzzing made her smile.  Trying to push aside awareness of being totally naked in this place, Tami said, "Very nice .  .  .Mrs. Dewey."   "Oh!  Don't call me 'Mrs.'," she laughed in her subtle brogue, her whole large body jiggling.  "I used to be a nun, and now in my free life I don't know if I'll ever go that married route.  Call me Caroline."   Still, somehow Tami could only think of this lady as "Mrs."

 Mrs. Dewey led Tami around and carefully picked a book off the shelf.  "This came in just this week," she said, opening it carefully.  It was a hardcover called "Techno Orgasm".  She picked through the crisp, clean pages and pointed out a passage that made Tami's eyes widen.  It said:

 "Another innovator is Nevada McMasters, whose latest device incorporates not only the ridged dildo noted above, but a second dildo designed to penetrate deep into the rectum.  The subject is carefully strapped in to a semi-chair and the dildos are pistoned alternately via a motor-driven cam under the platform.  The rear dildo, aside from providing its own stimulation, acts to stabilize the subject, whose ankles and hands must also be secured to the sides.  As if this were not enough, the diabolical McMasters has devised bristly suction cups to be worn over the nipples; suction is applied through tubes connected to a suction pump driven by the same cam.  The result is a coordinated stimulation of all the female erogenous zones.  With the help of a "radical nudist", Tami Smithers, who has an apparently unbounded sexual capacity, McMasters has refined this machine until it has become the preeminent device of its type.  In one session lasting just over four hours, Smithers achieved 136 verified orgasms, most of them of longer duration than normal.  This writer has seen a tape of that session and it has to be seen to be believed."

 Under this text was a black-and-white picture showing the slender body of a nude female on a little platform, jerking forward while on the machine.  Standing close around, looking up at her, were three men in lab coats, whom Tami recognized as McMasters, Brendo and Mr.  Zipkin.  The photo was taken from the side and, thankfully, her face could not be clearly seen, hidden by swinging sweaty hair.  A sheen of sweat was visible all over her body, her suctioned nipples thrusting up and forward, her arms straining in their bonds, one bare foot visible showing the toes flexed and spread against the platform.  Obviously she was in the middle of a volcanic orgasm.

 Tami closed her eyes in shame.  She couldn't really be recognized in the photo but her name was mentioned in the text.  Now she was in print.  Forever.  And there was a tape of that long session which was being shown to others.  When she got back into clothes again, she wouldn't be able to pretend this year of nudity and shame never happened, no matter where she went.  Maybe this book wouldn't sell well and nobody would remember her name .  .  .

 An elegant, old-fashioned fountain pen was placed in front of her.  "Tami, I hope you don't mind if I call you that.  .  .  I can see what they say is true, you're very modest.  But we are all very much honored that you are here.  We'll keep this copy in the back in our book museum.  Could you .  .  .  please .  .  .?"  Shown the frontispiece of the book, Tami realized that she was being asked to sign it.  Being asked for her autograph, an autograph that would turn this book into a display item, an heirloom of the Hot Spot.

 The naked girl's eyes became wet in a welter of emotions that were too complicated to sort out.  She switched hands and poised the pen above the paper, trying to think of how to sign.  She felt nothing but kind regard for this affectionate woman, and part of her longed to be the uninhibited, strong girl she took her to be.  Though an undeserving one, she was a hero to these folks.  Finally she decided to write, "Love, Tami Smithers".  Yes, "Love" was the right word.  She was full of love and had gotten much love in return, albeit from people who did not understand.  She wrote carefully.  She had tried a fountain pen once in high school and quickly gave it up; for a left-handed person smearing the ink seemed impossible to avoid.  She arched her hand carefully over the page.  Fortunately the signature came out fine.

 Mrs.  Dewey said, "Thank you dear," in a warm motherly voice, then carrying the book open so that the ink could dry, she led Tami to the back of the store.

 It was warm, tiny, cozy, reminding her of the coffeehouse Terri had taken her to on campus last winter, or maybe Professor Congi's office.  A little stove supported a teapot.  Off to the side were jars of flavored instant coffee.  Soft, ancient, comfy couches.  Pictures of friends, posters of concerts.  A bulletin board with various notices of nearby concerts, parties -- what is a "Jack and Jill" party, Tami wondered -- and people needing apartment-mates.  Sitting cross-legged on the couch was a barefoot girl in ripped jeans and a halter top, reading a book called "Tales of the Tail" which had a picture of a woman's bare butt on the cover.  She wore thick-rimmed glasses and had long, green-tinted hair and blue lipstick.  She looked up and broke into a wide smile.  "Wow!"

 Standing practically on top of her in the tiny room, Tami felt every inch of her nakedness as this girl looked her over.  Soon, it seemed, everybody on the planet would know every inch of her body.  "Tami, this is also Tami.  This is our manager and one of your biggest fans."

 "Call me Tamara, to avoid confusion," the green-haired girl said, taking Tami's hand in hers.  "It is so -- I just can't -- " She was finding it hard to get words out in the midst of her worshipful babbling.

 Mrs. Dewey smiled.  "Well Tami, to get business out of the way, what did Nev want?  He called a few minutes ago and said he was sending you alone because he's having trouble with that old jalopy of his."

 Yet another shameful thing to do.  The naked girl wished she had forgotten but the memory was too clear in her mind.  "I need -- a -- anal -- clit buzzer."   She regretted her choice of words immediately.  It sounded like, here she was, walking naked into a sex toy shop with the desire to be buzzed in the butthole and clit.

 "Right," Mrs. Dewey said.  She gave Tami a little plastic bag, for which Tami found herself thankful.  Finally her hands had something to do.  In a way it was a kind of covering -- once again, the naked girl was pathetically trying to conjure the idea of "covering" from the slightest of connotations.

 "Wow," Tamara said again.  She closed her book and brought her knees together as if bashful.  "One hundred and thirty six orgasms.  .  ."   She shook her head.  "That must be the most pleasure any person ever got, physically, I mean.  You are so lucky!"

 Tami smiled, not knowing how to respond.  Mrs. Dewey rescued this awkward moment of silence.  "She autographed 'Techno Orgasm' for us."

 "Yes, we have to give it pride of place," Tamara said, hopping up and placing the book, still open to Tami's signature, on a shelf next to some pictures.  "Tami -- can we take your picture?"  Of course Tami couldn't refuse, in fact she was flattered and a little proud of being held in such high regard by kind-hearted and open-minded people, such a different world from the closed, conservative atmosphere she had grown up in.  Professor Congi had once told Tami that she was "the woman of the future" -- to Tami, it was people like Mrs. Dewey, a former nun no less, who were the true brave pioneers.

 The self-actuated camera flashed in the faces of the three women, the naked one in the center, and they all saw purple dots for a few seconds until Mrs. Dewey said, "Tami, I'd like to show you something."   She took Tami by the hand to a door in the back.  Inside was a small black room, apparently soundproofed with all the surfaces carpeted.  There was a couch and a little recessed shelf but it was hard to tell at first, the room was so dark.  Some of the soft music from the front of the store was piped in here too.  When Mrs.  Dewey turned on the light Tami saw, to her utter dismay, a little saddle-looking thing on the floor, with two dildos sticking up from it and a couple of dials mounted to the side.  "This is called the Saddle Mate, it was the most advanced sexual aid before Nevada came up with his 'Total Lover' that you know so well.  We keep this one for sentimental reasons; we've had it almost since the store was opened in 1988."   Tami knew where this conversation was going.  Mrs.  Dewey bent down to the dials.  "I'm sure you know where these two things go .  .  .  there's also a little knob in front for, well, you know where."

 Mrs.  Dewey's back was turned as she twisted the dials; she didn't see Tami's legs flinch as the front dildo started vibrating and the rear dildo rotated quickly in a tight little circle.  "We have a nickname for it.  The obvious one.  'Flicka.'" In spite of herself Tami smiled when she got the pun.  Then Mrs.  Dewey put a hand on Tami's bare shoulder and said, "People probably think you're always horny, because of who you are and what you've accomplished.  So you can just relax here if you want, or maybe try some of these items on the shelf."   Tami could see a line of ten or so vibrators of various shapes and types on the inlaid shelf, next to a carved wooden box holding tissues, a few tubes of lubricant, and a bottle of rubbing alcohol.  "But we felt the best hospitality we could give you was to offer you a ride on Flicka.  If you want.  Take your time.  Relax afterwards if you want.  We're open until 7 o'clock."

 Tami watched her close the door and say good-bye.  The naked girl sat down cross-legged on the floor, feeling the black carpet tickle her butthole and bare pussy lips, and contemplated the Saddle Mate.  The leather was well-worn, so were the dials, but the dildos were new and clean, no doubt recently gone over with the alcohol.  She found herself fiddling with them; they could be detached by being unscrewed.  Then she looked back at the door.  Closed.  No one watching.  She was alone in this still, private room.

 With a sigh she realized she was a little horny.  It had been six hours or so since her last "session" with that awful retainer and bristle bra; the experiments done on her had increased her sexual metabolism such that she was ready again.  Yet here was a chance to treat herself to unharassed, gentle, private orgasms.

 Though she would have recoiled at the idea a year ago -- along with the idea of being naked -- Tami found herself grateful as she applied the lubricant and gently lowered herself onto the twin dildos.  As she turned the dials to the lowest setting she said, "Mmmmm .  .  .  " It felt so good.  She found herself praying:

 Thank you God, for this chance to enjoy my body for myself alone.

 She didn't know it, but she was repeating the saying of an early feminist which was posted up front in the store.  She turned up the dial and was cresting within seconds.  "Oh .  .  .yes .  .  ."   she murmured.  "Yes .  .  .  God.  .  .  th - thank you .  .  .  mmmmm .  .  .  yes .  .  .  oh God .  .  . oh Rod .  .  ."  She turned the dials down and relaxed, catching her breath, sweating a little.  Then, being Tami, she cranked the dials and starting working up to another orgasm.  Then she did it again.  And again .  .  .

 The light hitting her face finally woke her up.  She was spread out on the couch, one bare foot way up on top, the other touching the floor.  The air caused by the swinging door curled up way inside her and she knew her pussy lips were wide open.  Standing in front of her were Mrs. Dewey, Tamara, and a couple of other women.  "Wake up, sleepy head," Mrs.  Dewey said, as if talking sweetly to her own daughter.

 Tami stretched like a cat and smiled and deep, contented smile.  "Mmmmm.  .  .  that was good."   She felt no need to close her legs, feeling content to be open and on display before her admirers.  It was just her station in life, a princess whose role in her kingdom was to be always naked and brought to orgasms, nice work if you can get it.  Mmmmmm .  .  .  Stretching again, she said, "Closing time already?"

 Mrs. Dewey laughed gently.  "It's been five hours, child."   Tami groggily got up, then teetered on her feet as if drunk, much to everyone's amusement.  "Whoops .  .  ."   With a hug to each, the naked girl staggered out of the room.  "Don't forget this, hero," Tamara said, giving her the anal clit buzzer in its discreet plastic bag.  Happy and relaxed and giddy from the relief of eight long, private, beautiful orgasms, the naked girl strolled through the darkened store and went out into the street.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 26**

"The coldest winter I ever spent
Was a summer in San Francisco."
--Mark Twain

 She didn't really notice it at first, so calm and relaxed and happy she was, padding naked down the street, humming a little sleepy tune, ignoring the stares, watching her bare feet treading the sidewalk.  But then she took a deep breath and looked up.  It was cloudy now, and a wind was beginning to kick up.  Before long it would be dark.  The cold air woke her up, and her permanently erect nipples, which had flagged a little after all those luscious orgasms, got harder and pointier, her breasts tightening as they jiggled less and less with each step on the hard pavement.

 As she walked on her mind started to wander.  I wouldn't mind being naked around those women in the store, she thought to herself.  They're nice.  A nice neighborhood too.  She thought of the two lesbians who had stopped her and complimented her bravery and her fine body.  The nicest thing is that nobody here knows me.  Being naked in front of friends and family, or people you know who are not nice -- that's much worse.

 And then she realized she was lost.  Evidently in her hazy state of mind she had taken a different turn, and instead of getting back onto Market Street, she was nowhere near it.  Worse, she wasn't sure how to retrace her steps.  And of course she was not unnoticed.  As her mind returned to the here and now she was aware of the gasps and stares, the occasional muttered, "Jesus!"  This was a different neighborhood now, residential.  And not so "gay" as the Castro.  Guys and men were staring at her with hetero lust now as she walked along, and a few were starting to follow her.  Where the hell are the police .  .  .  !

 She turned as she walked, looking for the tall buildings downtown or where the sun had just set, but the three-story houses blocked her view and it was too cloudy to see any sign of the sun.  It was stupid, she knew, but she walked along at a faster clip possibly getting more lost, partly to get away from the men following her, though that was a hopeless task.  She was starting to get a little scared.

 A police car!  -- no, it just passed her by and went on ahead, turning onto another street.  Are the police in this city blind?  Can't they see there's a totally nude girl walking a public sidewalk??

 Why don't I just ask someone how to get back to Market?  she told herself as her feet slapped louder the faster she walked.  Asking a guy was obviously out.  She didn't like the guys here.  In fact she didn't like the neighborhood at all.  It looked unfriendly, and also conservative, not the place for a naked girl.  And a little sleazy.  As she crossed a street she looked to her side and saw a man standing in between two parked cars, arms crossed, and with his dick out, peeing onto the street, no doubt thinking all people would see was his upper body, standing there casually with arms crossed.  Ewww!  The teenage girl turned away with distaste and padded on.

 She saw an older woman carrying a bag of groceries in her direction.  Good.  Trying to forget she was naked, Tami stood up politely and cleared her throat.  As the woman approached she said, "Excuse me, Ma'am, can you tell -- "

 The older woman, her face deadpan frozen, just walked right by like she wasn't there.  Tami stood there, watching her go, a circle of men starting to form around her, and almost started to cry.  The older woman's reaction should have been no surprise -- after all, a naked girl on the street, obviously a slut or a prostitute.  She wanted to run after her and shake her and say no no, I'm just Tami Smithers, a math major, a modest girl at heart -- but of course the words would have sounded so ridiculous that there was no point in trying.

 She said a short prayer -- Please God, I'm naked and alone and lost.  Help me find my way.  Then she went on.

 Two teenage girls were walking down the other side of the street.  They looked like they were Tami's age, wearing the kind of clothes Tami used to like to wear, no doubt talking about boys.  Tami was getting desperate.  She ran across the street and started to say, "Can you tell me -- ", but the girls, with suspicious sidelong glances, suddenly ran past her and down the street.  Leaving her once again with the leering men following her.  Once again Tami was crushed.  Naked and alone.  With these men looking at every inch of her.

 It was stupid, it was stupid, she kept telling herself, but she refused to ask any of these guys directions.  Engaging one of them in conversation, facing them and being devoured with their eyes, was just too painful a thought.  Please God .  .  .

 A short, bald, kindly-looking man was walking her way.  Maybe I can ask him.  Once again she screwed up her courage and stood there politely, as politely as possible given the insolent nudity of her bare nipples and bare, shaved pussy lips staring him in the face.  "Excuse me, sir, do you know how to get to Market Street?"

 He looked her up and down and then said in a slightly whiny voice, "Do you have any handbills?"

 No, not again!  Hoping she had misheard, she said, "What?"

 "Handbills.  Where do you dance?"

 Tami felt her insides being torn out of her once again.  "I -- I don't dance.  Market Street?"

 She didn't know that in this man's generation Market Street was famous for its "burlesque" houses and hookers.  He thought she was speaking to her in code.  He looked her up and down, then at her pussy lips, which Tami resisted the urge to cover.  Then up at her face again.  "You do anal?"

 Tami looked at him in horror and shock, then quickly walked past him.  Ridiculously, she felt obliged to be polite enough to drop a quickly-said "Bye" to this creepy little man.

 "Bisexual?" he said as she put distance between them.

 It was getting colder and windier as she strode up the hill.  The wind stung her hard nipples, whistled past her bare pussy lips, chilled her bare shoulders.  Her bare feet were cold too.  On an impulse she turned the corner, toward the crest of another hill

 -- And there, parked facing up the slope, just before the corner, was a police car with its headlights on.  With two cops in it.  Tami stopped and looked up to God in thanks.  Then walked up the street with a determined look.  Time to get arrested.  Time to get taken to the station house and given a coat or something to put on.  Clothes, covering .  .  .  she was desperate to feel that almost-forgotten sensation.  Plus, she had to pee, and looked forward to using the station house bathroom.

 Evidently there was a bar nearby, a loud one.  Tami heard band music and there were some guys standing on the corner talking.  When they saw her coming up the sidewalk all conversation stopped.  They were so surprised they stared and stood there like statues.  They all thought the same thing: Is this a dream?

 Tami stopped in the middle of the block, a bunch of guys up in front of her and another following behind, a cold lonely naked girl with dirty feet wearing nothing but a little pouch around her ankle and holding a little plastic bag.  But inside she was modest, shy Tami Smithers, a good girl, not a bad girl.  Getting herself arrested was going to be harder than she thought.  She was the niece of a cop and the granddaughter of a cop.  Deliberately getting arrested went against her grain.

 She steeled herself and then went up the sidewalk, walking slowly past the police car, then up to the corner.

 No reaction.

 Feeling an air of unreality she stood at the corner, looking down the street as if waiting to see if it was safe to cross, briefly glimpsing down to see the poker faces of the cops, sitting in the front seat.  What's going on?  she asked herself.  Can't they see I'm naked?  As if to rub it in, she slowly sauntered across the street, right into the glare of the headlights, right in front of them.  Reaching the other corner, she slowly sauntered back.  It was now dark out, and the headlights on her bare skin made her so bright that one could see this naked girl for blocks from down the hill.  Maybe now they can see me.  Tami once again slowly walked across the street.  Now that she was unabashedly giving a show, the ogling men lost their inhibitions and started wolf whistling as if she were a stripper strutting in the stage lights.

 Tami was back at the corner, having developed a very low opinion of the competence of the San Francisco Police Force.  Men were crowding closer.  This was getting ridiculous.  She hugged herself, feeling her nipples poking against her folded hands, then decided to -- you might say -- take the bull by the horns.  She walked up to the driver's side and tapped on the window.  The cop obligingly rolled it down.  "Can't you see I'm -- naked?"  It was now so cold the words came out in a fog.  Then she spread her arms out as if to showcase her breasts.

 The cop shrugged, gave a quick glance down at her body, then rolled the window back up.  He sipped from a coffee.  His partner was in the middle of a doughnut.  Tami longed to be in the warmth of the car.  Though seeing the coffee was making her want to pee more badly; the cold air was shrinking her bladder.  Tami was starting to shiver.  This was horrible, unreal, a bad dream.  And these men around her -- she was desperate --

 The naked teenager walked right in front of the car and put her bare foot up on the cold metal of the hood.  She stretched her other leg to the side so that her bare pussy lips were opened.  Then she reached down with her fingers and opened them up further.  Guys were shouting now at her inner cave, bright and pink and moist in the headlights.  "Wooo - woooo!"  Tami looked at the cops with a mixture of anger and pleading.  Aren't you going to arrest me for THIS?

 No?

 She walked up to the crosswalk, at the crest of the hill, where the road surface was about at the cops' eye level, and turned around and squatted, pointing her toes outward as she braced her feet against the greasy asphalt.  Then arched her butt up and spread her butt cheeks with her hands.  The headlights illuminated every crevice and wrinkle of her sphincter, the pretty ring of brown skin that Jen and others had admired so much.  She turned around in a mixture of shame and anger.  Aren't you going to arrest me for THIS?

 No!

 Once again she felt about to cry.  She stood in front of the police car as if not caring that her slouching, dejected bare body was so brightly lit and on display.  She gulped.  Dare she?  She was cold, these guys around her were scary, it was dark, she was lost and alone .  .  .

 She squatted in front of the car, her thighs resting on her bare heels, her hands on her knees, and closed her eyes.  And started peeing.

 Suddenly there was no howling -- just shocked silence.  Then awed comments.  "Jesus!"  "Holy shit!"  "What a cunt!"  The yellow stream, sparkling in the headlights, shot in a clear stream from the top of her bare pussy lips, steaming in the cold air.  She could not open her eyes at first.  But as the yellow stream ran down the street and under the police car, she forced herself to look at these two cops, the headlights magnifying the terrified deep well of shame in her pretty eyes.  SURELY they'd arrest me for this.

 But the cops did nothing.  They had been told to ignore provocations.

 She didn't wait for the last tinkle.  Survival instincts took over.  In a flash she ran past the bunch of guys and hopped over a short fence into an alley.  They tried to follow her but when they got into the alley she was nowhere to be found.

 A moment later, the band music from the bar got suddenly louder, as if the front door had opened.  A new crowd of men approached the corner from the other side -- led by a brassy 25-year-old redhead wearing a little tiara, high heels and nothing else.  Her pubic hair was trimmed to a mohawk.  Her siliconed breasts jerked with each step.

 "Hiya," she said, standing in the police car's headlights, one hand on an outthrust hip.  Following her was someone with a microphone attached to a headset, and another toting a camera.  She went over to the cop in the driver's seat.  "Mind if I walk by here -- NAKED?"

 The cops looked at each other.  They finally had an expression on their faces, one of total confusion.  "Wha -- ?"

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 27**

For Tami Smithers, who because of bad luck upon bad luck had been forced to go naked through the last ten months of her life, it seemed she finally had good luck for once.  The dark alley she had hopped into opened up onto another passageway to the right, so dark that her pursuers could not see it.  She hid there, hearing them talk.  Someone said, "We can't, right in front of the cops."   And then the talking faded into the distance.

 She didn't realize it but, callous though the police officers seemed, they would have protected her from any actual danger.  Now she was away from their gaze but also away from their protection.  She tried not to think of the gritty, dirty things she was stepping on and looked upward.  Please God .  .  .  and was met with a few sprinkles of rain.

 She wanted to stay hidden here, out of view from the world.  But she had to get back to Dr.  Wickelshaus's.  And though it was well above freezing, not nearly as cold as back in Vermont, she knew a naked girl had to keep moving or risk hypothermia.  As soon as the headlights of that police car had faded from her retinas and she could see in the dark, she started hesitantly walking, picking her way through.  The alley was between two houses.  Ahead she saw the next street.  She bit her lip, preparing for her latest entrance into public view, tiptoeing past trashcans and all kinds of unidentifiable old boxes and other junk.

 She reached the end of the alley and peered out into the street.  This was a more main-looking street than the other ones she had been on, though no cars were on it.  A bus!  It was about to stop a block away on the other side.  Without bothering to think she charged for it, the wet slap of her feet across the street suddenly set off by the sound of distant thunder.  As she ran up the side of the bus, seeing the last person get on, she formed her plan.  Get on and ask how to get back to the subway.  Take whatever connections are necessary, just stay on buses and off the street.  And hope she had the exact change in her ankle pouch.  But --

 "You're not getting on this bus," the driver said, looking down at the naked girl with disgust.  "Go back to your bar."   And he shut the door in her face.  Puzzled and crushed and mortified by yet another rejection, the naked girl watched the bus go away, her bare shoulders slumping with dejection as they got shiny and soaked with cold rain.  Now what?  She had to think fast.  She looked at the corner and saw the street sign.  17th Street!  She was on 17th Street!  One of the streets she passed on Market Street to get to the Hot Spot.  .  .  She looked up one way and down the other, then quickly retreated behind a bush to hide as a car whizzed by.  Which way to Market?  The rain was coming down harder now, and it was starting to get foggy, fog made bright and opaque by the streetlights.  It was hard to see past the next couple of blocks.  She knew it was a wild guess, but she decided to go to her left, and started walking.

 A loud burst of thunder shook her, then came the torrent of cold rain, drenching and chilling her to the bone.  Shit.  This has been a bad night.  But she was used to dealing with cold rain.  And she was Tami Smithers, after all -- any other naked girl would have been freezing and cowering totally traumatized by now, but not this toughened teenager.  She got into her Campbell - Frank College mode -- head down, arms crossed over her breasts, watching her tingling bare feet slop on ahead, determined to muddle through.  Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by as she went block after block.  To the few cars who zipped along the wet street, it was an odd and pitiful sight -- the naked teenager walking through the driving rain, head down, hair plastered onto her bare back and dripping down the sides of her hidden face, her thin body glistening, flushed red with the cold.  Some stopped by and rolled down their windows, asking if they could help, or perhaps making obscene propositions.

 She didn't hear them, or if she did the words did not register.  She was alone with her thoughts -- thinking of Rod, the women at the Hot Spot, Seth on the roof in the mountains, even getting licked front and rear by Jen and Mandy -- thinking of the friendly, warm, pleasant things in her life.  These thoughts were her clothes, and they somehow kept her warm as the rain pelted her and pelted her and her bare feet, getting numb now, slopped through deeper and deeper puddles.  She decided to walk in the gutter, letting the rushing water flow past her feet.  At least with the water her feet were now clean again.

 She was getting seriously cold.  At college there never had been a need to walk so far in the cold rain; by now she must have walked a mile.  She found herself shivering, and suppressed the shivers.  She crossed one more street and then saw a grassy hill; no more sidewalk.  Looking up, she saw that 17th Street ended and there was a park of some kind.  Shit!  She had walked the wrong way!

 She fought off tears as she realized there was nothing to do but turn around and backtrack.  She went onto the other side of the street before reversing course.  All she had been looking at was sidewalk and she at least didn't want to look at the exact same sidewalk again.  Slop, slop, slop went her feet through the puddles.  She hugged her breasts tighter.

 "Hello?  HELLO?" She stopped as the voice finally registered and looked to her side.  A young, athletic-looking man in a little car had stopped and rolled down his window.  "Are you O.K.?"

 She stood thinking for a minute, her mind dulled and slowed by the cold and by dejection.  Then she bent down to the window, arms still across her chest, feeling the cold rain run into her butt crack and over her asshole as her butt cheeks separated slightly.  "Can you take me to Market Street?"

 "Sure.  Get in."

 It was blessed warmth in the car as she gratefully settled her bare butt and back against the soft cloth of the front seat.  "Oh, God.  .  .  thanks."   She put her feet under the hot air blower and felt tingling as sensation returned to them.

 After a minute or so he said, "Why are you naked?" One could hardly blame him for asking.  He was a few years older, very clean-cut, wearing just a pair of shorts.  "Are you in trouble?"

 Tami took this to mean, was I raped or something.  "No.  .  ."   Suddenly a thought came to her.  This guy doesn't know me, he's not a spy for the Dean.  Just an anonymous person all the way across the country.  "Do you -- " she stopped herself, wondering if she was paranoid, then told herself it was o.k.  -- "do you have anything for me to put on?"

 "Sorry, there's nothing in the car.  Unless you want my shorts, of course."   Tami glanced down and for the first time noticed that he was almost as naked as she was.  Then she saw the bulge in his crotch, then looked out the window.  Please, God, not another pervert.  .  .  Fortunately he didn't do anything but drive.

 "Here you are," he said.  They were on Market Street, as it happened right near the BART station she had gotten off of.  Tami looked over to thank him and saw him holding his bulge.  "Th - thanks," she said, then bolted out of the car.  As he saw the naked girl leave the man sat there in his car, rubbing himself to climax.  Not the type of guy who would ordinarily do something like that, but a wet, naked girl, walking through the rain, was an extraordinary sight, and this experience he would remember the rest of his life.

 It was almost a relief to the wet, naked girl to be greeted with stares and gasps as she descended the stairs into the warmth of the subway station.  She waited on line for her token, then waited for the train, with the same expression as the other wet people, acting for all the world like she was normal and wearing clothes like the rest of them.  The train arrived and she got on, grunting sardonically as she passed a policeman coming off.  She plopped her bare, wet butt on the seat and sat cross-legged.  The people sitting around her could not help looking in shock and wonder, but she carried on like she did not have any inhibition at all, twisting her wet hair back from her face, rubbing her breasts and nipples to get them warm again, massaging her feet, stretching her toes with her fingers, then finally sitting back, hands on her knees, eyes closed as if meditating.  The perceptive observers noted droplets on the tops of her breasts, other droplets running down from her hair to her forehead, other droplets running down her amazingly flat, toned tummy as if coursing into a hub of highways that led them to the cleft of her tanned, smooth, shaved pussy lips.  This is just the way she was, naked and wet, not ashamed of it at all, maybe even a little proud, and it was all the same to her if people looked or not.  Or so it seemed.

 When the stop for Embarcadero was announced she opened her eyes, her meditation over, and got up and left.  When Dr.  Wickelshaus pulled up on the street, five minutes after the call from the pay phone, she found Miss Tami Smithers, standing calmly on the corner, the rain having stopped, surrounded by people staring at her nakedness, yet seemingly o.k. with all the attention.  As she got into the car Tami said, "Good to see you," as if it were a routine pleasantry.

.  .  .  .

 McMasters and Dr.  Wickelshaus sat chatting around the kitchen table after dinner, with Tami sitting next to the good doctor.  "Regina," he said, "you've got to visit us."

 "Well, maybe next spring, when the snow's gone," she said, stirring her herb tea.  "I hate the cold."

 "Then you'd have to wait till May," McMasters said, smiling but actually quite serious.  Tami, though she was not in the conversation, knew that they were talking mostly about her.  She blushed, grateful that most of her was hidden under the table, and resigned to the fact that her bare breasts and erect nipples were tan, much admired, and on display.

 "Tam -- ?" a little voice poked from around the corner of the stairs.  The voice was Sunny's.  "Can you come up here for a moment?"

 McMasters and Dr.  Wickelshaus winked at each other.  The naked teenager didn't see this, and went up the stairs to Sunny's room.

 Sunny was in a pinafore dress, white tank top, and saddle shoes, very conservative and formal attire for her.  "H - hi," she said with unaccustomed shyness as she stood in the middle of her room.  Her body was shaking slightly and she had a look in her eyes that was slightly pained, slightly embarrassed, slightly -- !

 Tami Smithers was the only person in the world who could instantly recognize that look.  The naked teenager's pretty eyes widened with soft amazement as she looked her quivering friend up and down.  "You're wearing -- "

 Sunny nodded and gulped.  Forcing her eyes up to meet Tami's, she said, "I j - just wanted to try it.  .  .  I'm about to -- ohhh -- explode.  I w - wanted to go downstairs with th-this thing on but I j - just couldn't."   Somehow the naked girl was not surprised when Sunny went forward to hug her bare shoulders.  Through the delicious feel of the fabric of Sunny's clothes Tami could sense the vibrations as they held each other, pelvis to pelvis, a very special sisterhood of two.  Sunny managed to blurt out, "I don't know how you do it, Tami.  Ohhh!"   And now, a little preorgasmic shudder.

 Tami looked at Sunny's desk.  There was the remote control, and next to it, a little dildo lying on it, the same shape as the anal dildo she had been using in her retainer but much smaller.  "What's that?"

 Sunny broke the embrace.  "I j - just couldn't do that part.  I just used the one for my p - pussy.  And I used the smallest set.  Ohhh!" She shuddered and gulped.  "Tami, I don't know how you c - can fit all those b - big things inside you."

 Tami's eyes flashed with anger.  Why had McMasters forced her to accept such a big dildo in her pussy, and a second big dildo in her butt, when just one little dildo was enough?  Obviously, to humiliate her more.  Her angry train of thought was broken when Sunny said, "Tami, use the remote .  .  .  Make me c - cum.  Be gentle with me, please?  Ohhh.  .  ."

 As Tami picked up the remote and prepared to turn it up higher, she was touched by the tenderness of the moment.  Only a very special friend would be asked to do this.  "Please be gentle with me."   If only she had been allowed to say this to her many tormentors!  She thought it only proper to give Sunny another hug before turning up the dial.

 Sunny's orgasm was sharp and short, five or six sudden jolts.  Tami stayed with her to the end.  Except for a few times with Jen, the naked girl had never seen a female in orgasm -- she had just had them herself while others watched -- and was struck by how erotic Sunny's girlish gasps were.  She was getting a little turned on herself.  When it was over, Sunny was limp in her arms.  "Oh Tami.  .  .  oh Tami .  .  ."

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 As the Cadillac, tuned up now with its carburetor cleaned, boomed down the sunny coastal highway, AM radio blasting oldies tunes, Tami looked at her bare foot, sticking out the front window.  Knowing she was about to say something risky to McMasters, who was driving, she demonstrated her lack of modesty by pushing her pelvis forward and absently playing with her pussy lips, opening them up and checking the pink insides.  Then she said it.  "Sunny had a good time with the retainer.  She only needed the front -- dildo."   It was absurd, but she still felt shy saying that word.  "And the smallest size.  I don't think the one in the back was needed."

 McMasters in his super-dark sunglasses, grooving to the 1910 Fruitgum Company, was momentarily distracted.  He put his sunglasses partway down his nose and looked across at the naked teenager.  "And -- ?  .  .  .  Are you saying we shouldn't have put the rear dildo on the device?"

 Tami shifted her pelvis forward even more, to show this man that of course her observation was not prompted by any sense of modesty.  "No.  .  .  But when you start selling it, one might be enough."   And that was the end of that.

 Tami returned to enjoying the feel of the wind going through her toes, and the warmth of the sun.  Southern California.  Warmth.  The Pacific Ocean, glistening in the late afternoon sun.  That chilly rain in San Francisco was the last time she would ever have to be naked in the cold.  From now on, just hot sun.  Yummm.  .  .  And then her escape.  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 28**

Tami dug her toes downward and luxuriated in the feel of the hot sand against her naked body, against her breasts, against her tummy, against her pussy lips, against her thighs, feeling the sun's hot warmth against her back and bare butt .  .  .  Ahhhhh.  .  .  Just me and the sand and the sun .  .  .  No more cold, just warmth .  .  .

 Voices dimly registered in her ear, as if filtering in from a distant other world.  Those Mexican girls jabbering in Spanish from about twenty feet away.  McMasters and Wanda, sitting on a nearby towel, critiquing the bathing suits passing by, and trying to talk about those Mexican girls as indirectly as possible, wondering if they were being overheard, wondering if they understood English.  .  .

Tami was apart from her companions, lying on the sand without a towel.  No towel, no bathing suit, no sunglasses, just her bare body on the beach.  With all these tiny bikinis around, like those little thongs on the Mexican girls, she felt like her nudity did not stand out so much.

 But of course it did.  People passing by looked carefully at her butt, wondering if there wasn't actually a little thong string in there.  No, she looked totally naked.  Couldn't possibly be .  .  .  but .  .  .  .  They went on their way, wondering if what they had just seen was for real.  Though being topless was technically legal here, all the women wore tops.  And here was a girl totally nude.

 The Mexican girls kept talking.  Teenagers, about Tami's age, chatting on a huge blanket.  As Tami's soporific mind zoned in and out she could understand the lilt of their voice if not the actual words.  No doubt they were talking about boys, bathing suits, maybe school .  .  .

 McMasters's idea to stop at the beach on the way to Brian Cook's was something that Wanda had enthusiastically agreed to and, of course, not something Tami could object to.  Walking from the car past the concrete walk, she was intensely aware of being the only one actually naked, in spite of the abundant exposure of skin by everyone else.  But she was also in wonder at this strange other world, a world she had seen only on TV.  It seemed like all  the stereotypes were true.  Girls in bikinis were indeed roller-blading down the walk.  So many thongs!  How could they just go out in public like that?  the naked girl wondered in spite of herself.  Back at the beach she and her high school friends used to go to in Warwick, Rhode Island, the only girl who wore anything close to a thong was Elizabeth Apple, that snooty fashion plate.  Elizabeth's bottom piece was only skimpy enough to show about half of each butt cheek, and even so she had been so shy about it that she spent most of the day with a towel around her waist.

 But this was California.  Girls in thongs were indeed out here roller-blading.  And there were indeed incredibly bulked-up guys with deep tans, walking arm-in-arm with girls in bleached hair with impossibly huge, oddly ball-shaped breasts popping out of their tops.  And there really were little open shops along the walk selling bathing suits, with all the sales help wearing bikinis.  And there really was a weight-lifting area, set off with a low metal fence.  Tami felt protected and covered by the watching crowd as guys (and some women) hefted barbells and worked out on exercise equipment that looked quite a bit more shiny and expensive than what she had seen in the gym at college.

 It slowly dawned on people -- that girl hiding behind the other watchers was absolutely naked.  One guy, swabbing himself with a towel on a weight bench, beckoned to her to do a few presses.  Another guy asked her in, then another.  Soon Tami felt herself being encouraged and pushed forward by people around her.  Noticing that it was apparently a rule that people inside the area had to wear sneakers, she protested that she didn't have any shoes on, but was assured that it was o.k.  Finally, feeling somehow that this was her one chance in her life to do this, even though naked, she shrugged and tentatively forded the little fence.  She was helpfully guided to the bench press, attended to by three or four guys who carefully adjusted the weights, though being reminded by people watching not to block their view.  She placed her bare feet on the pads and impressed everyone by pressing 250 pounds.  Next, the shoulder press, which was of course installed so as to face the crowd.  She lifted 160 pounds easily, closing her eyes as if concentrating, though actually it was to avoid eye contact with the people admiring the beauty of her firm, tanned breasts, her lithe arm muscles, the much-envied hard concavity of her tummy, and her tanned bare lower lips, slightly separated as her legs were spread to each side of the bench.

 After a few other machines, she was urged finally onto a machine she had always avoided at college, designed to work the inner thigh muscles.  Facing the crowd, the machine stretched her legs very wide indeed; her pussy lips opened so much that everyone could see into the dark hole in between, under the little understated six-pack of her abdominals that stood out as her muscles pulled the weights to close her legs.  Cameras were taken out, pictures snapped.

 Now, lying on the sand, Tami pressed her legs together and clenched her butt, thinking of that sunny, sweaty exposure.  After she had left the exercise area, to much applause, she walked quickly with McMasters and Wanda to the sand, then as they sat down and spread their towels, she went on and ran into the water.  It was a little cold, but she didn't care -- she wanted to be hidden from everyone's gaze.  Plus, she liked the feeling of the waves swirling around her.  Being in the water was the best thing about being naked, it made her feel so free, like a beautiful animal, a wild naked girl outside of human society.  As she rose up and down with the waves, water up to her neck, feet and hands swirling as she treaded, she looked back at the people on the beach and imagined she was a mermaid, up from her underwater home, looking in with curiosity and puzzlement at these strange land creatures, so much like her, yet so weird, why do they do things like wear those strange things they call clothes, why do they pollute, go to war, fight all the time .  .  .  why do they abuse and intimidate innocent teenage girls who are just trying to get a degree in mathematics .  .  .

 She turned her head to face the other way, resting her other cheek in the sand, trying to get her mind back to positive things,  how warm the sun was, how nice it was in this little spot.  When she finally came out of the water she had walked up to Wanda, feeling everyone's stare on this dripping naked girl who had come out of the ocean, and asked for a towel.  It was understood that Tami would need it only for drying off, and after the naked girl had finished, she had dutifully given the towel back to Wanda, then walked over and plopped her tummy onto the sand.  And now here she was.  Ahhh .  .  .

 Ahhhh .  .  .  She returned to thinking about good, pleasant things.  That orgasm she had seen on Sunny's face kept coming back to her.  It was so sweet.  And to be the one asked to give it to her.  Tami had been determined to be gentle, like Sunny had requested, and had been tender with the remote control.  She would not crank it up all the way, like McMasters or the others did with her, way too intensely, causing her teeth to rattle and her eyes to pop out.  No, she would be kind to Sunny, and she had turned up the power slowly and only a little, just enough to cause that sweet, nice come.  Now there was one other person in the world who had the experience of that retainer, and even though for Tami it had always been against her will, Sunny could not know that.  Tami felt a special bond with Sunny now and missed her.  Fortunately she had kept Sunny's number, along with Seth's.  She even still had the number of that missing-tooth hunter McCaig in Ohio.  An odd network of friendly people across the country.

 She listened a little to those Mexican girls, then dozed off .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 29**

"Today Tamicita is wearing:", announced the cardboard sign outside the little open shop along the concrete walk.  Tacked underneath was a tiny orange string centered on a triangle about the size of an eye patch.  It was meant to attract customers, and it did.  In the shade of its canvas roof this shop was stuffed with bikinis of every size and shape and color, hanging in thick array from three racks and tacked all over the three plywood walls.  In back, an old man in shirtsleeves tapped at a cash register, ringing up a big one-piece for a grandmotherly type.  Various kids roamed up and down the racks.  And helping someone along the first aisle (devoted to larger size two-pieces) was Tamicita, the summer sales girl, wearing her stringy orange thong bottom.

 Her body was magnificent.  Deep brown, both by birth and by exposure to the sun, and slim except for the large breasts, way out of proportion to the rest of her, which stood straight out from her thin chest, announcing themselves to the world with gigantic chocolate nipples sticking out from dark ovals three inches across.  The thong was barely more than an orange thread skimming across the brown flatness at the lowest part of her tummy, meeting the little triangle six inches below the navel, a little triangle that only just did cover her carefully shaven pussy lips and nothing  else.  In the rear there was only a thin orange thread coming up between her tight, naked butt cheeks, joining the thread around her hips.  She didn't seem aware of her near nudity; the large melons swayed gently as she held out a black two-piece suit for the heavy-set woman in sweatpants, cheerfully explaining in a thick Mexican accent how it would flatter a "full" figure.  The old man behind the register looked up at his helper at work and smiled.

 Tamicita's cheerful and helpful disposition was successful again; the woman decided to buy the two-piece.  As the girl looked around for someone else to help she saw her two friends from school, Carlos and Dom, stopping in.  "Amigos," she said, "Como estan?"

 "Bien," Dom said.  "You have hunger?"  They were both wearing the local summer uniform of teenage boys, tank tops with baggy shorts, big sneakers and white socks that came up almost to the knee.

 "Senor Sid, could I take a break now?" the Mexican girl said.

 "Back in half an hour," Sid said, in a kind but firm voice.  He watched with an odd mixture of lust and affection as the two boys walked off with his nearly naked employee between them, down the concrete walk to the snack bar at the end of the shops.

 It was a little place she went to every day for lunch.  She ordered her usual, a dish of vanilla ice cream.  Carlos and Dom each ordered a cold soda, and also a hot black coffee.  "That's weird," Tamicita said, looking from side to side at what her friends had ordered, her large breasts swaying slightly.

 "We like caffeine, hot and cold," Carlos said.

 At an open, outdoor place like this everything was either stone or concrete.  The snack bar had several booths with concrete benches.  The three friends went to the farthest one.  Tamicita took the seat facing the ocean.  After sitting down opposite her, the two boys changed their minds and decided to sit on either side of her.  This way they all could have a nice view of the ocean.  Dom and Carlos sipped their sodas, putting their coffees to the side, as Tamicita started on her ice cream.  They all put their feet up on the bench opposite.  Two pairs of big sneakers and socks, and in between, two bare, tanned female feet, crusty with sand.

 Carlos and Dom took sidelong looks at her breasts and then started talking, first about the boys' surfing adventures, then about how things were with their relatives in Mexico.  "I'm so glad I'm here now," Tamicita said thoughtfully.  "It's so poor down there."

 It was mid-July.  "You staying at that trabajo till September?" Dom said.

 "I don't know.  Sid wants me to start wearing a C-string."

 Dom and Carlos looked at each other.  "What's a C-string?"

 Tamicita was ill at ease now.  "The C stands for .  .  .  it ties onto my .  .  .  my little thing .  .  .  It's backless and no sides."

 Carlos said, "Backless?  How does it stay up?"

 As she took another spoonful of ice cream she shifted a bit, her bare butt cheeks scraping against the concrete seat, glancing to the side and then down.  In a low voice, she timidly said, "It's just a little string that goes down in between and .  .  .  a little ball at the end that goes .  .  .  in my .  .  .  "  She whispered now.  "My butthole."   She bit her lip and took another spoonful.  "I don't want to talk about it, okay?"

 This really set the two guys off in their imaginations and left them speechless in spite of their best efforts.  Carlos and Dom knew they were lucky to be so close to Tamicita and tried to keep up the conversation even as they were lustfully taking in her beautiful, all but naked body.  It was a lust that they knew they would have to just live with.  Tamicita defended her virginity ferociously, telling off pushy guys, kicking them in the balls on a couple of occasions, while at the same time wearing the sexiest clothes in the school.  Halter tops with just a couple of strings across the  back, tube tops that barely stretched over her large, bouncing breasts, itty bitty "boy leg" shorts, or super-low jeans that showed the long, flat expanse of her brown belly and the tops of her butt cheeks behind -- Tamicita drove the boys in her school crazy on a daily basis.

 If they knew the details of her summer life, they would go even crazier.  Such as the fact that her entire summer's wardrobe was tied around the doorknob to her bedroom, the thong bottoms that were her only article of clothing.  Barefoot and topless, with only a thin string slung way low around her hips and another one disappearing between her bare butt cheeks -- that was how she hung out with friends, rode in the back of the family van to visit relatives, went to the corner bodega to buy platanos and rice for the house from the worshipful guys behind the counter.  And every morning, after helping make breakfast for her six younger brothers and sisters, she padded down the hill from the three-family house, three blocks to the beach, holding her little purse, wearing whatever thong bottom Sidney had given her the day before, ready to start another day of work at the shop.

 Carlos and Dom thought of her wearing a "C-string".  "Wearing?" Was such a word apt?

 "Hey -- stop you guys -- " she said in her thick Mexican accent, flinching a little.  Carlos and Dom had each raised an ice cube from their sodas and were now applying them to the large, brown nipples.  She always protested, but she always gave in.  It was a game they played.  "Stop -- "  Held by expert fingers, the ice cubes swirled round and round over her nipples and the huge areolas, causing little goose bumps in the big brown ovals, making the big nipples hard and bigger, until they stuck out half an inch from each of the big breasts that stood out from her chest like smooth brown coconuts.  She breathed in through clenched teeth, then exhaled.  "Ohhh .  .  .  you guys .  .  ."   On the bench across from them, her bare feet squirmed, the toes of each foot locking onto and playing with the toes of the other.

 Around and around the ice cubes went, and little rivulets of melted ice ran down each breast and onto her flat belly, finally resting against the low-slung string of her thong.  When the cubes were all melted Carlos and Dom started with two more.  Her nipples were cold and tingly and almost numb by now.  "Oooo -- they're so coold -- guys -- "

 With their free hands Carlos and Dom began sipping their hot coffees.  Then at once they both attacked.

 "OHH!" Her whole body jerked; the nearly naked Mexican teenager shut her eyes.  Both freezing cold nipples were now engulfed by hot mouths, then suddenly suctioned by raspy hot tongues.  Her legs shook, her toes spread.  Though they could not see it, her carefully shaved pussy was getting wet, little spots forming on the tiny triangle of orange cloth.  Tamicita clenched her fists and pressed them down against the table as her big, hard nipples were bitten and stretched by hungry teeth, pulling her nipples out and away from her chest .  .  .

.  .  .  .

 "Whoa .  .  ."   Tami could not help uttering this as she woke up, lifting her head and propping it up with her elbow, looking out with squinting eyes across the bright sand.  What a vivid dream.  She heard the Mexican girls talking again.  She felt like she was Tamicita, one of them.  Sexy to be Mexican.  There's a good pun in there somewhere.

 Still half-awake and squinting, she decided to face the sun.  There would be no hiding her nudity now, everyone would see clearly her bare breasts and her bare pussy lips.  She thought fuzzily: What the heck.  It's just me and my friend the warm sun.  She put her head down and turned over, spreading her legs just a little.  Mmmmm .  .  .  The warmth spread over her and she lay there lazy like a cat, not bothering even to flick off the grains of sand that stuck to her breasts and belly and thighs and even to the edges of her pussy lips.  She fought the urge to stretch sinuously.  That dream had made her horny and she would love to undulate her hips and rub herself right now.  But, though she was only dimly aware of the people around her, a little voice inside told her not to do it.

 She lay there praying, giving thanks for being able to feel all these warm sensations, the sun touching every bit of her and making her body glow.

 "Miss?"

 The stern voice of law enforcement.  Opening her eyes she saw it was actually a cute guy in his 20's, one of those police in shorts.  Next to him was a bleached blond in a high-cut red one-piece suit which barely covered two big artificial-looking boobs.  Tami guessed that this woman thought she was being somehow upstaged.

 "Put your clothes on, Miss."   His voice was firm.  To one side Tami sensed some motion by McMasters and Wanda and faintly overheard their voices.  "She should put on the retainer," Wanda said to him.  "It's not scheduled," he replied.

 Tami looked up to the officer, shading her eyes, and decided to be frank.  "I don't have any clothes."   To her surprise, the police guy walked away.  The blond woman stayed standing over Tami and uttered tightly, "This is MY show, kid."   A guy in black leather shorts and a vest came up to stand next to her, a really ugly guy with tattoos all over and a bulge in his pants which reminded Tami of Rod's, though not as big.

 In a moment the police guy was back with a wrinkly windbreaker and shorts.  "Put these on.  Now."

 Tami got up on her elbows and appraised the looks from the blond and her ugly boyfriend, and the police guy, and the gathering crowd.  Then she quickly glanced at McMasters, who was standing up and fishing for his car keys.

 It ended as noted in the little item on page 17 of the Los Angeles Times.  The naked girl with the buff body and the deep overall tan strode quickly but forcefully over the sand and thudded onto the concrete walk and down the walk to the parking lot, followed by a man and a young woman fiddling with putting on clothes over their suits while trying to catch up.