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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 30**

Nina West rolled over and squinted as the sun, streaming through the lattice window, hit her face. She turned and stretched and felt the blankets rubbing over her body, reminding her that she was naked. She had been having a nice dream, of dancing in an elegant ballroom with her fiance, Jim Barb. She was wearing an exquisite gown (even though due to her new twisted existence Jim had only seen her naked). Then Sarah Wickland, the law partner she worked for, had announced herself like the Evil Stepmother and come down the ballroom steps and said it was time to go home now. Nina was glad that at that point she woke up.

And now reality was dawning on her awakening mind. She was in her room in the top floor of Brian Cook's mansion, after being away for a few days. Back to dealing with The Rent. She was glad for the paralegal job, it was a great opportunity, but she had to live in this place, a luxurious house with servants on a big estate, and it was for free, but there still was The Rent. Which was: she had to stay naked whenever she was on the grounds. When coming and going she would go to the room over the garage, where her clothes were kept under the watchful eye of the housekeeper, Mrs. Terry, who was always naked on the grounds too.

It wasn't really so bad. Brian Cook, one of Sarah's partners who had retired, wanted her naked to give him ideas for his sculptures. He worked most of each day in his little studio, puttering around in his bathrobe, and was really quite accomplished at what he did. He made sculptures of various things in nature, but his specialty was naked women who looked surprised and a little embarrassed at being seen naked. In the months Nina had been here, he had made about five of these sculptures which he had sold or given to friends, and a couple of them had faces and bodies like hers. Fortunately Jim had bought one of them. She hoped whoever bought the others didn't ever meet her.

Nina stretched again, enjoying the feel of the fine satin sheets, feeling a little horny thinking of Jim. It seemed to be late morning, a Saturday. A lawnmower outside could be heard over the low hum of the air conditioner set on "Night Cool". Either Will or Wesley, the gardening help, was cutting the grass. She didn't like being stared at by these young men, but she was supposed to not hide herself. One time Mrs. Terry actually made her apologize to Will for distracting him! Such an upside-down existence.

For the moment she would rather be here, though. It had not been a good week, which she had spent with Sarah and her other paralegal, Helen, up in Sacramento, for that Cronenberg trial. Sarah was representing some parents of this weird, exclusive private school for girls (actually, Nina heard, one of several affiliated schools in this country and in England) where punishments were handed out in the form of partial or total nudity. The school had an excellent reputation for turning out well-behaved young ladies, evidently due to the unusual system of discipline. Now the school trustees had softened the policy and the parents had brought suit to make them go back to the old system. Nina was just beginning to get a handle on the legal complexities, but could understand that Sarah was arguing that the school was breaking its contract with the parents. Nina could only shake her head in disbelief. Imagine parents sending their girls to a school which made them take off clothes! And then going to court to make sure it stayed that way!

Nina had visited that Cronenberg place the week before, just before the trial, to get some boxes of documents the trustees' lawyer had been trying to hide from Sarah. It seemed just another fact of Nina's present existence that she was made to take her clothes off before going to the room where the boxes were, and having to fight with the unpleasant, leering, rude lawyer, Frank Morgenstern. It was a relief when Mr. Dah, one of the parents, walked in and told Morgenstern to stop playing games, even though she hated being seen naked by yet another man. It seemed she was always being made to take her clothes off -- even by Sarah, not only a tough boss but a real sadist, who now had a rule that Nina had to strip at the office before starting the day's work. Nina was getting to really cherish when she was out in public, or in the car, or being anyplace else but work and the estate. At such times she was fully clothed and could pretend there was nothing unusual about her life.

Then the trial itself, which ended yesterday. Sarah had been the trial lawyer, and Nina and Helen had sat at the table next to her, handing her marked documents as she asked for them. Nina and Helen had checked and double-checked the documents many times -- they knew Sarah had no tolerance for screwups. Still, Nina felt important and impressive, sitting in front of the judge and the jury, right in the middle of things, as opposed to the parents sitting in the audience. She watched as witnesses were called to the stand, sworn in, asked questions, and watched as Sarah and that guy Morgenstern broke into one of their frequent arguments.

And being up front Nina could keenly sense the tension and the change of mood as the trial began to go badly. The boxes of documents had statements from students about how they had benefitted from the old nudity policy, and it seemed O.K. when Sarah put these students on the stand and questioned them, but then Morgenstern cross-examined them and they gave some very unexpected testimony. Apparently they had been intimidated into making these statements -- but by whom, Sarah could not pin down. It began to look like the trustees had been correct to change the rules, and though Nina did not understand exactly, they had not broken the contract either. Sarah made a blustering closing argument and Nina had literally crossed her fingers under the table, but by the time the jury came back with its verdict it was not really a surprise. Case dismissed.

Sarah was in a foul mood on the way back to the hotel, and neither Nina nor Helen dared say one word. Then, unexpectedly, she took a taxi to the airport to go to a meeting in New York, leaving Nina and Helen to fly back downstate to put away the documents in the office. She was glad Sarah's office manager Franklin had left -- he was the one who enforced Sarah's standing rule and checked Nina's and Helen's clothes into the closet behind his desk. As Helen mentioned, it was good to actually do work with clothes on. And even better now for it to be Saturday and back in the easygoing atmosphere of Brian Cook's house.

Nina stretched again and sat up in her bed, looking down at her nipples, still a little hard from thinking of Jim and the rubbing from the sheets and blankets. She looked out the window; it must be almost lunchtime. She had slept late. Brian's granddaughter Kelly had shown up at the office at 8 p.m., just as Helen and Nina were finishing up, and with her typical enthusiasm had commandeered them into going out with her and her teenaged friends. Nudity held a place in Kelly's life, too, but in the exact opposite way. Back from school and spending her summer at the estate, she had enjoyed going naked everywhere, at one time setting a record of 32 straight days without clothes. It was so odd, how she got away with it, showing up naked all around town -- given the family connections, Nina assumed the authorities just looked the other way. It was also odd how Kelly seemed so unashamed of her nudity. But after an episode with the police, Brian had made Kelly dress up at all times, in fact in a conservative outfit that looked almost 1950's. Nina didn't want to be naked, but was forced into it. Kelly, by contrast, wanted to be naked, but was not allowed. Again, an upside down existence.

Though Kelly's mood was dampened a bit by her clothes, she could be good company. Nina and Helen felt very much the "older sisters" last night around Kelly and her undergraduate friends at that diner, and a little bit like chaperones as they discouraged some of their wild ideas, such as seeing what they could order that could also be used as clothing -- Kelly jokingly suggested making a bra out of two pancakes tied together with spaghetti.

Nina rubbed the morning sleepiness from her eyes and got up and walked to the window, aware of her nudity, glad she was in the privacy of her room. She lifted the curtain and looked out on the large back yard that went past several gardens and ended in back with the trees and underbrush that covered the rest of the estate, then the public land that went way up into the hills. Probably from there one could get a good view of the ocean, she thought to herself. It looked hot out. Yet another blazing July day. She was glad the room had air conditioning. She thought of waking Helen, also subject to "The Rent", and who normally slept in the room down the hall, then remembered that this morning she was out visiting friends.

The lawnmower got louder and Nina looked down. Her eyes widened as it came into view. It was not Will pushing it, or Wesley. It was a totally naked young girl, maybe Kelly's age, but with a deep all-over tan, and a terrifically in-shape body. The girl had dark red hair, with streaks of what looked like gray that were out of place for her age. Her body was covered with a sheen of sweat from her exertions and the heat of the midday sun. Bits of cut grass stuck to the whole front of her body, and to her hair. The girl turned to mow facing away from the house and Nina saw the grass-stained bare feet, the sweaty, tight butt cheeks, the muscles in her back, the slender but strong-looking shoulders. Nina had seen plenty of naked female skin in her time paying The Rent, but . . . there was something unusual about this girl.

It was only when the girl turned the lawnmower around and started pushing toward the house, showing a bare, smoothly shaved pussy, that Nina figured out what it was. When Nina and Helen and Mrs. Terry were naked it was temporary; at some point they would get into clothes again; being naked was intentional and special. But this girl looked totally comfortable with her nakedness -- her all-over tan, her tough bare feet pressing against the grass, her body not flinching as the bits of grass hit her -- she looked like she had never worn clothes in her entire life, like nakedness was all she had ever known, not something she did for a while before putting clothes on again. As if clothes would have been something totally foreign to her.

And then the girl looked up at Nina, as if she expected to see her there, and nodded with a tight little smile. Then she turned the lawnmower around and started the other way again.

Nina blushed as if she were the one pushing the lawnmower naked out on the lawn, sweating and covered with bits of grass, and the girl was the one peeking coyly out of an upstairs window. Then Nina smelled what seemed to be an omelet. Mrs. Terry was cooking lunch. She started down the stairs, realizing that she would be meeting this unusual girl in a very short time.

. . . .

Nina sat herself down at the elegant dining room table, feeling the fabric of the chair against her bare butt. Mrs. Terry served the omelets in one big dish in the middle of the table. Mrs. Terry, Brian's original model, was nearing 40 but still in very good shape; her breasts swayed slightly as she turned back to the kitchen with a deadpan expression, seemingly unaware of the clear view they both had through the big window of the naked girl mowing the lawn.

Nina saw the table setting across from her, obviously for this girl because nobody else was around. Then when Mrs. Terry came back to set the pot of coffee down she said, "That's Miss Smithers, she's visiting here for a couple of weeks."

Nina took a piece of toast even though her eyes were still glued on the sweating, laboring girl outside. "She looks like she's filling in for Annabelle and Will and Wesley."

Mrs. Terry allowed a little smile to break her usual blank expression. "She's been here three days. Very nice young girl. This morning she told me she was tired of just sitting around, so she volunteered for anything that needed doing. It happened to be the lawn." Mrs. Terry then disappeared into the kitchen.

Nina absently chewed on her toast, looking at this Miss Smithers. Apparently even visitors had to pay "The Rent" and stay naked here. Still, it looked to her like this girl had been naked for more than just the past three days. There was not a tan line anywhere on her. Not that it was easy to tell, she was so covered with sweat and bits of grass. Nina watched as the girl shut the lawnmower off, her task done, and rolled it over to the supply shed.

Nina was not prepared for what the girl did next. She walked up toward the house as if she were going in the back door, but instead went right up toward the window, and Nina saw something that had not been there before -- a little platform of separated wooden slats like the top of an old-style milk crate, and next to it, a tall freestanding pipe with a shower nozzle on top . . .The girl stepped up onto the platform, and looking right at Nina, smiled again -- then squatted and spread her legs and started peeing into the space between the slats!

Nina stopped chewing, her jaws frozen, her eyes wide in disbelief. This couldn't be happening -- right in front of Brian's bay window! After checking downward, Miss Smithers looked up at her again and smiled, as if to flaunt her lack of shame, hands on her knees as the stream issued from between her bare, grass-stained pussy lips and fell in between the slats. Then, with the last trickle, she stood up and turned the little faucet on the pipe. A strong spray of water hit her, and she rubbed it over her hair and her body, washing away the sweat and the bits of grass.

Nina told herself that this would be a pretty sensual sight if it were not so shocking. Miss Smithers kept looking back at her as she ran a sponge over herself and used her hands to wipe away all traces of dirt, even spreading her legs again to clean off her bare pussy. In a final display that made Nina squirm, Miss Smithers turned around and spread her butt cheeks, helping the water along with her fingers as she rinsed her butthole. Then she turned off the water and strode, dripping wet, out of view.

A few seconds later Miss Smithers came in the back door, her exquisite body all dried off, finishing up her hair with the towel which she quickly folded onto a chair. Then she sat down opposite Nina, and shoveled an omelet onto her plate. "Hi, you must be Nina," she said with a smile. Nina detected a hint of reserve, of over-politeness, odd considering this girl's total lack of shame, and odd for someone her age; Nina was aware first and foremost of being older than this girl who seemed hardly out of high school. Miss Smithers waited until she had finished her first bite and downed half her orange juice before extending her hand in an almost formal gesture. "I'm Tami."

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Nina West followed Helen out of the elevator onto the eleventh floor. Both were entirely mystified as they met up with Donald Bell, one of the partners, and proceeded to the big conference room. What was this big meeting about? All they had gotten was a voice mail from Sarah Wickland saying there was an important new matter and it required the "special attention" of both of them. And to attend the meeting in the firm's main office -- though this meant that they got to wear their regular business suits, instead of having to work naked in Sarah's office down the road. Yet, given the terror that Sarah could be as a boss, they were hoping that they weren't being called on the carpet for something they had done wrong. Did it have to do with the Cronenberg trial?

Nina's mind was a jumble on this Monday afternoon. What a weekend. Helen had come in later Saturday, back in her room down the hall from Nina's, and both had been ill at ease with this new younger girl at the mansion. It was hard to put their finger on it, but they both were flummoxed by this teenager Tami with the all-over tan, who kept on either reading books or helping out around the yard, pleasant and smiling, yet distant. How could someone who seemed so unashamed at being naked be so reserved? Nina had tried to make small talk with her but though polite, Tami gave short answers and was not one to open up. Did she go to college? Was she still in high school? Where was she from? These questions were diplomatically deflected. All she would say was, she enjoyed the peace and quiet and would be leaving for home in the next few days. Where was "home"? "Back East," she said, and that was all. Nina actually found herself getting a little turned off by this mystery girl. So did Helen.

As Nina went down the hall past the secretaries, gratefully looking down at her feet shod in heels and nylons, her mind focused back on this meeting. Donald courteously opened the oak doors for the two young women and they entered the big room, used only for meetings with very big clients. Old legal books lined the side walls, elegant and dusty and but not useful for anything any more except to give a learned appearance. The facing wall, normally hidden by a curtain, was drawn back to show a big screen. Sitting at the front of the table, fiddling with a laptop which was evidently wired to the screen, was Sarah in her best suit. Sitting on one side was old Brian Cook, of all people. Nina knew he had retired from the firm and she had never seen him here. He wore a blazer and unbuttoned sports shirt which was his concession to office wear.

Nina and Helen took seats at the foot of the table as Donald closed the door and, ominously, locked it. Nina looked around the table. There were two other people to whom she was introduced. Normally at a meeting she would note everyone's name, but -- again, oddly -- she had been told not to bring any legal pad today. In fact, nobody had any notes or papers with them.

One of these new people was a 50-ish, overweight, kindly-looking woman in a ruffled blouse and glasses. This was Dr. Maber, a psychologist at the state university who also worked in private practice. She reminded Nina of a kind grandmother. She greeted Nina and Helen with a warm smile.

The other person was a bald, 40-ish man in a floppy cardigan, crew-neck shirt, and jeans with torn loafers. This was Martin Wyzomirski, the partner who did the firm's appeals. Nina had met him only once, and got the sense that he and Sarah didn't like each other. Of course, lots of people didn't like Sarah.

Nina's thoughts were interrupted by the sight of Sarah standing up. "Thank you all for being here," she said. "I've brought you here to talk about a new matter, a potentially very important matter for our firm. At the moment it is pro bono, but if things go well at the outset, we can expect to get the support of several influential organizations. Not only would it be an important case for our firm, but it presents interesting issues of civil rights law, constitutional law, educational law -- It might well result in a legal challenge going to the Supreme Court dealing with the Rhode Island court's decision in the Moonbeam case."

"MoonSTONE," Martin said, with a slight hint of exasperation.

"Right," Sarah continued, unflappable. "That was the case where it was declared that nudism was a religion that Congress could not interfere with."

"That the STATE couldn't interfere with," Martin said again, making a vain effort to be polite. He resented trial attorneys, how they got all the glory, yet couldn't express any legal issue that was halfway complicated. He was always in the appellate courts fixing trial attorneys' mistakes. This Cronenberg disaster, for example. Did Sarah really suppose the Cronenberg people would assume she would just forget about those missing statements? No, they knew she'd charge in to get them, and put those girls on the stand -- where Morgenstern could cross-examine them as hostile witnesses and destroy the case. Another trial attorney set up and undone by her own ego and combativeness. Another Wickland mess he had to try to fix on appeal. But how? The wheels in his head kept turning . . .

"Right. Not only is this matter important, and interesting, but," and here she looked down and raised her eyebrows in a rare expression of sensitivity, "it's the right thing to do." She turned on the blank backlit screen and said, "This matter involves Henry Ross, my brother in law, and the college where he is the corporate counsel, Campbell - Frank College in West Lowell, Vermont."

Sarah paused again (Nina was now smart enough to realize) for effect. "Some of what you are about to see will be shocking, I must warn you. ALL of what you see, and all of what you hear, must be kept secret. I can't tell you how I've obtained some of these pictures or this information, and that's because I don't want even you to know. Deniability, you know."

She cleared her throat and walked over to dim the lights. Then she pushed a button on her laptop. "This is Tami Smithers."

It took a while for Nina to recognize the picture on the screen. A smiling girl in a white high school graduation gown, being hugged on both sides by what must be her parents. Fully clothed, a white face, much paler than Nina had seen, red hair unstreaked by gray -- this young, innocent girl seemed so different, but after looking a moment, Nina could see some resemblance to the tanned naked girl who was staying at Brian Cook's mansion.

"Corliss High School, Providence, Rhode Island, Class of 2000," Sarah continued. Now, a picture of an oldish, drab school with graffiti on the side. "This is her father John Smithers, an engineer with a local electronics firm." A close-up of the man hugging the graduating girl. "He has an associate's degree from the community college." Now, a close-up of the mother. "Her mother, Martha. She never" -- Sarah decided to rephrase this -- "she is a high school graduate. There is also a brother, Joseph, one year younger."

The next slide showed a line of girls in modest gymnastics leotards and tights, smiling at the camera, with a circle drawn around the third girl from the left. "Miss Smithers was on the gymnastics team, and also on the swim team. Because of her high intelligence and work habits, she was accepted to Campbell - Frank on a gymnastics scholarship, the first person in her family ever to go to a four-year college. Needless to say, her entire family was very proud."

Another picture of the girl in her graduation gown, this time in the middle of about ten people who appeared to be uncles, aunts, cousins.

A picture of a wedding party in front of a worn-down church, the maids of honor in matching pink dresses. The bride, dressed in white in the middle, has a suspiciously large tummy. There is a circle drawn around the second girl from the left. "Miss Smithers comes from a working class, conservative Catholic background. This is her in front of her home parish, as they call it, St. Ann's, at what we think was her cousin's wedding."

A picture of an ivy-covered building, very old and distinguished-looking. "Campbell - Frank College. One of the best, most prized schools in the Northeast, with a strong program in mathematics, which Miss Smithers decided to choose as her major. It would be an Ivy League school except for its small size and Baptist origins. Obviously quite a step up for a working class girl from Providence." Some more pictures of the beautifully landscaped campus grounds. And now, a picture of a grand-looking portico ornate, Greek-themed entrance. "Also, home to the Chalfont Institute. Though not a household word, it's one of the oldest and most distinguished centers for biophysical research, dominated in the past couple of generations by German biologists who had escaped the Hitler regime, and more recently by accomplished biologists from Asia and Africa."

A picture of three girls sitting at desks busily filling out forms. A circle around the middle one, red hair flung back over her shoulder, dressed in a T-shirt, long jeans, white socks and sneakers. "This picture found its way into the college yearbook. Miss Smithers and some classmates at freshman orientation."

Sarah paused. "I'm afraid that after this, my presentation gets a bit . . .darker."

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Nina West looked at Helen and Helen looked back at her. What was going on here? Why had Tami changed so much from that ordinary girl in the graduation gown? One of the things that turned them off about their guest was how she seemed so ostentatious about displaying her lack of shame. This morning, for example, when Nina and Helen came down to the living room getting ready to go to the office, they found Tami sitting cross-legged on the couch, reading a magazine. The teenage girl nodded at them in acknowledgement, then went back to reading. And then, slowly and almost casually, she leaned back and unfolded her legs, and then extended them widely out to each side. Still reading, she extended them with trained limberness -- she must be a gymnast or something, the two young women thought simultaneously -- until each bare foot lay on top of the armrests on the ends of the couch, toes flexed and pointing up. Her bare, tanned pussy was thrust forward, the inner lips opened just a bit, showing the pink inside, her little teenaged clit poking out above. And she kept on reading like it was nothing. Nina and Helen almost felt like rolling their eyes before going to the garage to put on their clothes.

Nina's thoughts were interrupted by a picture on the screen of a line of a dozen or so undergraduate girls in matching blue skirts with yellow blouses. They seemed snooty. A circle around one of the girls on the right, a thin girl with dark hair. "This," Sarah said, "is the Alpha Omicron sorority at Campbell - Frank. Every year, of course, they initiate new freshmen, with what we would think of as pretty innocent dares. Such as streaking past the Student Union building late at night. All perfectly ordinary. The young woman in the circle is Wanda Percival, in charge of initiations. Last September, one of the freshmen who signed up as initiates was Miss Smithers.

"This, perhaps, is where the seeds of disaster begin. This man is Robert Burdick, who had just been promoted to Chief of Security at the college, after three years as Acting Chief. The, uh, previous chief," Sarah said in an aside, "had run off with his male dispatcher. The college relies mostly on fundamentalist Baptist benefactors and, as you can imagine, it was lucky that the incident was not publicized." Nina looked at the picture of the stern-looking man in a pressed brown uniform and mirror sunglasses.

"Chief Burdock was brought in to crack down on any weakening of morality, and one of his goals was to make sure any hazing was done behind closed doors. He had gotten a tip on when the sorority hazing would be, so he had his two officers patrol the area. And they caught Miss Smithers, who had gotten separated from her fellow initiates and had hopped out from behind a bush, wearing only her sneakers.

"She was taken to Dean Percy Jorgon," Sarah continued. A picture of an impeccably dressed, pale-faced man of about 50 with rimless glasses. "Mr. Jorgon has been a college administrator for many years. He has been Dean of Campbell - Frank for five years, his first job running a whole college. Not an easy job, because he has to deal with a board of trustees filled with headstrong religious types, and benefactors of much the same stripe, from old Puritan families. To return to our story, Miss Smithers, like all freshmen, had been carefully lectured on the college's strict rules of conduct during orientation and surely knew that to be caught streaking was an expellable offense. When Dean Jorgon asked her why she was without clothing, she answered, apparently in desperation on the spur of the moment, that it was her religion.

"Now we get to Henry," Sarah said, shaking her head with practiced exasperation. "I'm not going to show you a picture of him, but let me tell you, he is a good man to have as your lawyer, but he is also a sadist. And he doesn't mind seeing naked women, in chains if possible, but unfettered is also o.k. with him."

"You seem to gravitate to those kinds of people," Brian Cook said with a smirk. Donald Bell rubbed his eyes and nodded.

"Let's not get into that now, gentlemen," Sarah said, a little peeved by the comment. "Let's get back to Henry. Anything involving naked people grabs his attention, and he was certainly aware of the Moonbeam decision -- "

"MoonSTONE," Martin interrupted, not irritated this time because he saw it coming.

"Right," Sarah said, "and he advised Dean Jorgon that nudism was a protected religion under the United States Constitution. Which was almost true. Martin?"

Martin finally disengaged his mind from how to undo the Cronenberg disaster and sat up. "Just because Rhode Island says so doesn't mean Vermont has to follow suit. If this were litigated in Vermont, the Vermont Supreme Court would be free to hold that nudism is not protected."

"Exactly," Sarah said. "But still, Henry told the Dean that nudism was protected and Miss Smithers had the right to be naked. I might also add that the previous year the college had settled a sexual harassment suit for a large sum, alerting the sensitive noses of civil rights attorneys, and the Dean was wary of any further civil rights claims. So Henry hatched his devious idea. The only way to fix the situation, if they could not expel Miss Smithers, would be to make it impossible for her to stay. On the advice of Henry, Dean Jorgon told Miss Smithers that she would not be penalized, but she would be monitored to make sure that this recently acquired religion was authentic and not just an excuse to avoid expulsion. In other words, Miss Smithers was expected to go naked at all times, and any putting on of clothing would be taken as a sign that her claim of religion was false. And she would be expelled."

Nina and Helen sat there in horrified disbelief -- horror that grew upon seeing the next picture. "This is a candid shot of Miss Smithers on her way to class the next week." A girl, naked but for sneakers and the bookbag slung across her back, walking stiffly across a sunlit leafy path, passing other students who are staring in shock. The expression on the girl's face is of pure fright and mortification. "Miss Percival, who was also her R.A. in the dorm, was put in charge of monitoring Miss Smithers's 'religion'. A cruel twist of fate, and one that matched Miss Percival's temperament exactly. You see, we have found that despite her youth she has been an active dominant in the S & M scene, fully as sadistic as Henry. She had all Miss Smithers's clothes taken away, leaving this petrified girl to go through her freshman college semester totally naked."

"Why didn't she just go put on clothes and appeal to the Dean for a little leniency, maybe a lesser penalty?" Donald Bell asked.

Dr. Maber spoke up in a warm but troubled voice. "Because she was afraid to. You must understand, to a young girl from her background the workings of the college environment are alien and intimidating. And she, and her parents, felt very lucky and full of pride at her being able to go to such an elite school. To be expelled would be a crushing blow, and a bitter disappointment for her family. This poor girl had no choice but to do exactly as she was told."

"It might be added," Sarah said, "that she had no clue as to how to defend herself legally. She didn't know of any Moonbeam decision -- "

"MoonSTONE," Martin said.

"-- or of any rights she had. Probably not even her father knows any lawyers, at least not any who could handle a civil rights suit. All she knew was she had to stay naked until graduation or her life would be ruined."

Donald Bell seemed to enjoy playing the skeptic. "What about when she came home for holidays? Did she have to be naked then too? Would her parents put up with such a thing?"

Dr. Maber spoke up again. "From what we can gather, her father was contacted by the Dean and knew the religion claim was a lie. But he was very upset that the girl broke a disciplinary rule and insisted that she face the consequences of her behavior."

"He sounds almost too dumb to live."

Dr. Maber shrugged. "We know he's headstrong. It's pretty clear, though, that Miss Smithers has kept from her parents any knowledge of the more . . . extreme details of her ordeals."

"More about that in a minute," Sarah said. "Also, Miss Smithers knows that whenever she's home she's being watched. One of the trustees went down to visit during Christmas intercession and intimidated her into making her usual attendance at midnight mass."

"Midnight mass?" Nina said, intrigued.

"It's a big deal for Catholics," Brian Cook said. "Almost a hangout for the teenagers."

"I'm sure after seeing a naked girl walk in, those Catholics went home and started producing even more babies," Donald Bell said jovially. A couple of people chuckled.

Dr. Maber was not amused. "Let's spare the cultural stereotyping, shall we?" Donald shut up and nodded obediently.

Sarah said, "Henry has his own network of spies, too. He has worked closely with Miss Percival on certain, um, aspects of this. And it gets worse, much worse."

A picture of the totally naked Miss Smithers, this time barefoot with a little pouch around her ankle, walking through autumn leaves with a thin black girl in tights and a sweater. "After Thanksgiving a further stripping of Miss Smithers took place. They took away all her footwear, any large towels, the blankets and sheets on her bed. The college maneuvered dorm arrangements so that she had two new roommates so that her nakedness would always be on display in front of someone. Fortunately for her, these roommates were not 'in' on Henry's plan and became good friends, though, and this is another terrible irony, they were under the impression that her 'religion' was real and they admire her for sticking with it."

Brian Cook shook his head. "And she still held on."

"Indeed. Even when the weather got cold. Look at this."

Another picture, and this time gasps and shudders from everyone. The naked girl was standing in front of a supermarket on an icy cold day, bare feet planted in snow, heavily-clothed people walking by her, stockboys staring at her from the supermarket window. The girl's eyes are closed, her arms are straight down at her sides, her hands clenched. "Here she is waiting for friends in front of the local supermarket."

Another picture: the girl on a campus path, walking toward the camera, behind a couple of other girls in bright coats and heavy pants and boots. The extreme cold is clear from the fogging breaths from the two girls, who are cheerful and talking to each other. "Jesus," Donald said softly. Nina felt herself whimpering, "Oh . . . God . . ."

"January in Vermont," Sarah said. "The temperature on this day was one degree below zero Fahrenheit. Yet Miss Smithers walks nakedly on."

"Isn't she getting frostbite? Or hypothermia?" Donald asked.

Dr. Maber said, "Walking a few minutes between buildings would be safe. But that is not to mention the intense feeling of cold, which is like pure pain."

"I don't think I've ever BEEN in zero degree weather," Donald, a California native, said.

"I have," Nina said dully. "I grew up in Kansas. It feels like your face is cracking because the ice gets into your pores."

"Well then," Dr. Maber said, "imagine how it must feel with your whole body exposed like that, including all those parts that have never gotten used to being cold." A collective shudder went through the room.

Sarah let the silence sink in. Then she pointed to the coat on one of the girls, and the miserable, longing look on the naked girl's face. "When Miss Percival took away Miss Smithers's clothes she distributed them to her friends. This is -- or used to be -- Miss Smithers's coat. Notice her look of longing, almost agony."

Another picture, surreal and hardly more comforting. A full-figured Mexican-looking girl and the black girl from before, both bundled up, walking along casually with the naked Miss Smithers in between. They are chatting and smiling, the naked girl playfully kicking up the snow with her toes. "Miss Smithers does have a circle of close friends, and when she's with them she seems o.k. with being naked." Another picture, this time walking hand in hand with a young black man with a shaved head and glasses. "This is her boyfriend, Rod Sykes, an engineering major."

"She seems like Little Miss Diversity", Donald said.

Dr. Maber exhaled, obviously trying to control her irritation. "That may be related to her plight, we don't know. Probably she's merely unprejudiced," she added pointedly.

"Because she is so unassuming and apparently dedicated to her 'religion', Miss Smithers is one of the most popular, admired even, freshmen on the campus. As you put it, Brian, she 'held on'. So Henry and the Dean intimidated her into signing a statement that modesty was against her religion too. Not only must she be naked, she must never show any sign of wanting to cover herself. That is why her arms were down at her sides in front of that supermarket, instead of clutching herself for warmth. And they plotted to put her in increasingly exposed and humiliating situations."

A dramatic silent beat went by. Finally Donald said, "Situations? Like what?"

"Like THIS," Sarah said, switching to the next picture. And everyone gasped. Helen put her hand to her mouth and whispered, "Oh my god!"

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 33**

They couldn't see her face, but of course they knew it was her. What they did see was a brown-ringed anus practically leaping out at the camera -- between butt cheeks spread by the naked girl's hands. She was standing on top of a gyno table, bent over, bare toes curled over each side. Below her and around her, students crowded around, watching intently. Next to her, a long-haired, brown-skinned woman, obviously an instructor of some type, was pointing and explaining something.

"Miss Percival 'volunteered' Miss Smithers to be a demonstration model for what she thought would be a short lecture on breast self examination by this well-intentioned but clueless professor, Dr. Vanessa Congi. Henry got the Dean to tell Miss Smithers that she could prove her genuineness, and therefore put the whole nudity thing in the past, if she went through it without flinching. In other words, she would have the right to wear clothes again. She accepted eagerly, or maybe I should say desperately. Of course, Henry graciously offered to do the monitoring," Sarah added mordantly. "When the breast part was done Dr. Congi went on with her planned segments on sexual health which she had been told Miss Smithers had agreed to. Miss Smithers had no choice but to do as she was told and expose herself in the most intimate ways. Such as this."

In this picture the naked girl lay on her back, her legs spread almost impossibly wide, her bare feet in the stirrups. Under the professor's supervision a young man was using his hands to insert something into her widely spread pussy. A line of students, male and female, waited behind him. "Here the students are getting a hands-on demonstration on how to insert a diaphragm." The naked girl's eyes are looking up at the ceiling in what could have been a look of slight pain or mild sexual arousal, but which everyone sitting at the table recognized as an agony of shame.

"Jesus," Brain shook his head. "Where does this end?"

Donald said, "Who took these pictures? Did Henry have a hidden camera?"

"Could have been," Sarah said cryptically.

Nina, being just a new paralegal, felt like she shouldn't be doing too much talking, but she couldn't stand the suspense. "So, did she 'flinch'?"

Sarah sighed. "Apparently she did. When the Dean next met with her he told her Henry's findings. She denied it, which I suppose was a strategic mistake, because it made her look like she wanted to wear clothes again. You must remember, this is an 18-year-old girl with no access to legal advice. The Dean increased the monitoring, and afterwards assigned Henry ways of humiliating her further to break her will. Which was really throwing red meat at Henry."

"You make it sound like she's a prisoner being interrogated," Brian said.

"That's exactly what it is," Sarah said. "Henry has a morbid fascination with psychological torture. He used to be a prosecutor for a particularly vicious district attorney. So using the threat of expulsion, he got Miss Smithers to agree to things like -- "

A picture of the naked girl standing on a platform, legs and arms stretched out into an 'X', in the middle of an art class. "Five mornings a week posing for art classes. The art professor is as bad a sadist as Henry is. She does not like demure poses." The naked girl's upward gaze is of hopelessness. Her nipples are erect, and everyone else is heavily clothed in sweaters and coats; it is obvious that the air in the room is freezing.

"Or this." The sweaty girl, legs spread, working a double treadmill with each bare foot in front of a wooden wall. The sweat has plastered her hair to her head. More sweat trickles down between her breasts, into her pubic bush, down her thighs. A couple of men in dirty grounds crew uniforms are standing around watching intently as they sip their coffee.

"And now this." A platform in a little lab with huge dildos sticking out of the base. Everyone suddenly shifted in their chairs. "And this." The naked girl, sitting over the dildos planted deep within her, surrounded by three men in lab coats. Her wide eyes are screaming right into the camera. "Orgasm research at the Chalfont Institute."

This horrible picture caused a muttered chorus of "God!" and "Good Lord!" Most shielded their eyes. Sarah watched their reactions, then changed to an equally horrible picture of a man being zapped in the electric chair. His eyes are bugged out at the camera in the exact same expression.

Donald, who was not being affected by this presentation as much as the others, said, "What the hell is this?"

"This is a picture of a political prisoner being executed in an African country. Who it is is not important. Note the similarity in facial expressions." She shifted back to the girl in orgasm and then to the prisoner again.

"Oh come on Sarah, you can't compare this to getting executed."

"My point is, this is clearly 'cruel and unusual punishment'. Without due process. It hardly needs saying that it is also actionable harassment. Which she agreed to, but only under duress."

Sarah hit a key on her laptop and the screen went blank. She turned the lights up. The sense of shock was pervasive and palpable. Nina and Helen were actually in tears; Nina let out a sniffle and then tried to suppress it. Everyone pretended not to notice. But then she said in a broken voice, "We've got to do something . . . get that girl some clothes . . . that poor girl . . ."

Sarah continued, "This summer Miss Smithers was intimidated into serving as a demonstration model for this, um, orgasm machine on a cross-country itinerary. She got homesick and now she's staying at Brian's for a few days before going back home to Rhode Island. What awaits her next semester, what she's agreed to, is even more shaming than what I've shown you.

"This girl has obvious legal arguments to get her back into clothes. She's under duress, she didn't know what she was agreeing to, the college has grossly violated its duty of parens patriae, and most importantly for the potential publicity for this firm, she can get the local court to declare that nudity is NOT a religion with Constitutional protection. In short, she can wear clothes again. But we must have her consent to proceed, to get a statement from her to begin with. I've tried on two occasions to get her trust, but she thinks I'm just an agent of Henry's and trying to trap her. We need another approach. Now is our chance."

Some more silence except for Nina and Helen sniffling and wiping their noses with tissues from a little box on the table. Then Brian said to his two boarders, "How does she seem to you? Is she o.k.?"

Nina took a deep breath, her head clearing. "She seems so. Though she's pretty standoffish. No shame, though -- she's always spreading her legs like it's nothing, or peeing on the lawn right in front of us." Helen nodded in agreement.

Dr. Maber said, "That's just her effort to prove herself as a dedicated nudist who does not believe in modesty. She thinks everyone is a spy of Mr. Ross's. You can't really call it paranoia, in light of the fact that there IS a network of spies and she HAS fallen into their traps in the past."

Donald said, "I hate to say this, but maybe she's gotten used to it. She's been naked for what -- almost a year now?"

Sarah looked at Dr. Maber. The psychologist then said, "She's done a good job of hiding her feelings of shame, but the stress is corrosive. That she seems standoffish is a bad sign. If she were naked in a world full of naked people, it would be a different story. But she is forced to be naked when everyone around her is clothed, in a society that celebrates and constantly mentions clothes. I'm sure she's a typical teenage girl who obsesses about clothes constantly anyway. The extreme tantalization, over an extended period of time . . ." She shook her head. "It reminds me of people who were starved to death in the middle ages. They were chained to a wall and every day a hot meal was placed on the floor just out of their reach."

"Oh come on," Donald said. "This is not starvation. You can't die from being naked."

"That's not my point. The extreme frustration caused most of those people to lose their minds long before they actually died." At this everyone cringed.

No one said anything for a while. Then Brian said, "So what do we do? How do we get her trust?"

Donald grunted. "Why don't we get this over with one-two-three? Trap her in a room with fine clothes, run them right over her body until she says 'uncle'. Make her crack. It's for her own good."

"I already tried that," Sarah said. "I recited her various shames and she did seem to get agitated. But that would be . . cruel."

Brian snorted and hid his face, chuckling. "Cruel? . . .Sarah Wickland, you are a real piece of work."

Sarah rolled her eyes. "Let's keep to the subject, shall we?"

Dr. Maber, her eyes big blue pools of kindheartedness, turned to Nina and Helen. "What she needs is for someone her own age to get her trust."

Nina and Helen knew themselves to be on the spot. The purpose of this meeting was suddenly clear. Defensively Helen said, "She's not our age. She's quite a bit younger." But this was obviously a lame excuse.

Sarah said, "Given the, uh, atmosphere where you are staying, you two would have a lot in common with her." In other words: at Brian's all three of you are naked against your will. That much was undeniable. "And you have several days to work on her. Just be friendly."

"And be honest," Dr. Maber said. "Say you want to help. That's true isn't it?"

Nina nodded her head wearily, thinking of those pictures. "There's nothing I want to do more than find a way to get that poor kid into clothes and out of that awful . . . situation." She thought of the naked girl in the snow and hugged her arms across her chest, shivering. "She was so . . . cold . . ."

"Then you see the moral imperative," Dr. Maber said.

Brian cleared his throat and shifted in his chair. "Excuse me, and I do want to support whatever Nina and Helen do at my place, but I just don't see how this is going to work. This," he pointed at the screen, "is a very unusual young girl, very strong. She's got a will of iron. If all that . . . torture . . . didn't break her will, I don't see how a couple of days of make-nice will suddenly make her cave in and admit to everything."

Sarah said, "Well, what do you suggest?"

Brian thought for a moment, then said, "I don't know." He shrugged. "This is a tough nut to crack. I just don't know."

Sarah said, "Nina, Helen, I want you to hang out with Tami Smithers for the next few days. Take her out to places, try to get her to open up. You can even tell her the, uh, particulars of your own situation. Maybe that will form a bond that will lead her to trust you . . . and us."

The meeting broke up soon afterwards. Nina and Helen, walking together to the elevator, kept exchanging looks. This was going to be some assignment. But Dr. Maber was right -- this was a "moral imperative". That poor girl! She probably prayed every day to God begging for clothes. They absolutely, positively, had to help her. Here we come, poor naked girl. We're coming to rescue you. . .

It was in this frame of mind that Nina and Helen stepped onto the elevator and watched the doors close.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 34**

Nina West lay on the reclined lawn chair, feeling the sun's rays caress her naked body, her eyes closed behind her sunglasses. She was getting to enjoy sunning out here on the back patio of Brian Cook's estate, especially when the yard help -- Annabelle and her brothers Wesley and Will -- were not around to gawk. And she had gotten Helen, who was newer to "The Rent" and more hesitant about venturing outside, to join her too. The two young women in their early 20's lay there motionless, tanning from head to toe. And taking advantage of the fact that they were given work to bring home and didn't have to report to the office for a few days.

Not that their minds were on the sun. They were still thinking about that meeting yesterday. Both were a little embarrassed by the emotions they had let out -- crying at meetings was not a good idea if you were a new employee at a law firm. Still, the power of that presentation could not be denied. Their attitude toward their teenage visitor had turned 180 degrees. The wheels in their heads were spinning furiously, trying to think of how to penetrate the heavy invisible armor that the teenager wore over her nakedness. Early this morning, they had been awakened by the opening of the door downstairs, and saw Tami go out on what was evidently her daily predawn jog around the estate. Nina and Helen, seeing their chance, got together immediately and went down to the living room. Treating this as the work assignment it was, with a sense of organization they formed a plan.

Perhaps wiser than their boss, they recognized their limitations; they knew that they did not have the inventiveness or the deviousness to somehow trick Tami or trip her up. The best approach was to be honest. But not too abrupt. No, they would open up to Tami gradually, and then after some trust had been earned, they would tell her of the firm's plan and make the direct plea for her consent.

At that point the flushed, nude teenager returned, the rising sun making a beautiful silhouette of her slim, toned body in front of the glass doors, the bottoms of her feet stained with grass and dirt. With a quick nod she scampered up to her room, where she stayed until after breakfast.

Now, as Nina and Helen lay thinking in the midday sun, they heard the sliding door click shut and felt the soft sandpaper-like sounds of Tami's tough bare feet against the concrete. They were in luck. The naked teenager lay down in the third lawn chair which they had set up next to them.

"Good morning," Nina said. "Or actually afternoon." It was a little before 1 o'clock.

"Hi," Helen said, shifting very slightly to scratch a little itch on her right butt cheek.

"Good afternoon, Miss West, and you, I forgot your name -- "

"Tami, you've GOT to call us by our first names. Just Nina and Helen," Nina said.

They heard the third lawn chair creak as Tami settled back into it. Then, "O.K. It's just that you're like so older."

Nina felt a pang of pity. This young girl was barely out of high school -- to be tortured on and on for months -- but then Nina suppressed her feelings in light of the job at hand. "We're not THAT old," she said.

Helen said, "I'm twenty-four, and Nina, you're what -- twenty-one?"

"Twenty-two," Nina said. After a suitable pause she said, "How old are you? Nineteen?" It was a good guess, she hoped.

After a moment Tami said, "I'll be nineteen in two days."

"Congratulations," Nina said. "Happy birthday."

Helen said, "Happy birthday."

"Thanks."

Some more time went by. Then Nina said, "Nice day. Nice house, too, don't you think? Mr. Cook is nice too. Everything is -- to use just one word -- nice."

Tami shifted in her chair. Nina turned her head just enough to see her. The teenager was not lying legs together like her and Helen, but cross-legged, her bare, shaven pussy open to the sun. Then she intertwined her fingers with the toes of one foot and straightened the leg and stretched it straight up, up and over her head. She did the same with the other leg.

Nina decided it was o.k. if Tami knew she was looking. "You're pretty limber," Nina said.

"Gymnastics team," Tami said.

Some more time went by as the three young women sat taking in rays. Then Helen said, "This rent is really something."

Nina was afraid Helen was going too fast, but Tami was unexpectedly verbose in her response. "You must be paying a lot here. I've never been in a mansion like this. Well, almost never."

"No, we pay nothing, except. . ." Helen let these words dangle, prompting Tami to say, "Except what?"

Helen cleared her throat. "Except we have to stay naked whenever we're here. We keep our clothes in the garage for when we go out."

Again the teenager was surprisingly verbal. "I sort of figured that it was a kind of rule. I see Mr. Cook's sculptures. He must use you as, like, inspiration." Tami cleared her throat as if it were dry. "You keep your clothes in the garage?"

"Yes," Nina said. "We don't like being naked. In fact we hate it." Which was actually a bit of an overstatement for her.

"Yes, I hate it," Helen said. No an overstatement for her.

With a deadpan expression, Tami said, "You seem all right with it now."

"That's because we're alone," Nina said. "I hate it when people look at me. Especially men."

"Don't you hate it too?" Helen said, moving too fast, making Nina want to secretly kick her.

Tami did some more stretching with her legs. "No."

Nina said to herself: if this Miss Smithers was really a dedicated nudist, she would have said, "I love being naked, I believe in it." Instead, all she gave was a simple "No".

"So where do you keep YOUR clothes?" Helen said.

"I don't own any," Tami said.

"You go naked everywhere?"

"Yes." Helen sensed that Tami was beginning to close up, so she said nothing more. Then after a few minutes the teenager got up and left. "I think I went too fast," Helen said. Nina agreed, though she was too tactful to say so.

Fortunately Tami returned, this time with what looked like a large shoe box. She squatted down on the concrete and opened it up. Nina's and Helen's casual glances quickly turned into open-mouthed amazement as they saw what the teenager was taking out of the box. They lifted their sunglasses from their eyes and propped themselves up on their elbows.

It was two gigantic dildos, one with a ridge of bumps along the top, fitted onto what looked like a leather thong bikini bottom. There was also a little bra thing and a tube of lubricant and a little towel. "Excuse me while I do my thing for science," the naked teenager said. Nina and Helen cringed and clenched their butt muscles as they saw the poker-faced young girl dab lubricant on the larger of the two dildos and squat onto it. Impossibly large, and thick too . . . yet it went steadily up into the girl. When her widely spread butt cheeks finally made contact with the concrete and the dildo was fully inserted Nina judged the tip to be up as high as the girl's navel, maybe higher. Then the girl performed a similar insertion up front with the dildo with the ridge. With well-practiced hands she quickly tied the thong bottom around her, imprisoning the dildos within, then stood up and tied on the top, which was just a couple of strings with knob-like things that covered her nipples and nothing more. She turned the knobs and then adjusted the strings again.

Nina and Helen had not been told about -- this!

The naked teenager stood in front of them. Nina couldn't help but blurt out, "What on earth is that -- those things??"

"I volunteered for research into -- you know . . . Coming. Um, orgasms. I have a session at seven in the morning, and another at one o'clock." Tami bent over, a little stiffly, and gathered the lubricant and the towel into the box. "Skin and blood pressure and stuff is -- is recorded on a computer chip in here somewhere."

"Doesn't that -- thing in your -- rear -- ?" Helen said, not knowing how to finish.

"Hurt? No, I'm used to it," Tami said, looking down and checking her straps almost ostentatiously, as if showing off the latest fashion.

Helen and Nina looked at each other in horror. Neither had ever had anything up their butts in their lives. To have something so large up in there was just unimaginable.

As the young women looked up Tami took a step toward her chair and then her whole body jerked. "Ohh!" she said softly. "M - must be one o'clock."

Watching her shake as she carefully turned around and lay down on her lawn chair, Nina said, "Are you o.k.? What's going on?"

"The -- ohh -- apparatus vibrates. I used to have a remote c - control but now it s - starts automatically at seven and at one. Ohhh!" Nina and Helen both sat up with a start, watching the teenager's whole body shake, her hips arching up, her fists clench.

Nina just had to say it. "You don't have to do this, Tami."

Tami looked over with an odd look. Maybe it was because she was trying to speak while so obviously ascending to orgasm. "It's o.k. I v - volunteered. Ohh!"

As Nina and Helen looked on, their teenage companion crested into orgasm, her teeth clenched. Then her body convulsed with spasm after spasm, causing the chair to scrape and shift across the concrete. The younger girl looked like she was in intense agony -- a typical appearance of a woman in orgasm, but Nina and Helen knew that in terms of intensity of shame this agony was real. They sat there watching, totally unaware for once of their own nudity, and found tears coming into their eyes. This poor girl!

The orgasm spent itself with a couple of ragged jolts, then Tami straightened out her shaking legs and heaved a deep sigh. "Ohhh . . . God . . ."

Now that the shame was over Nina could not help but express her outrage. "Tami, this is horrible! Take those -- those things out of you. I can't believe you agreed to such torture!"

Tami, her eyes narrowed with strain, looked over at Nina. "It's not -- ohhh -- excuse me -- I'm -- g - going to -- c - come -- again -- ohhh!" No, the shame was not over. As the horrified Nina and Helen watched, she crested into her second orgasm within a minute of the first.

Nina and Helen looked at each other. Finally Helen said, "Tami, when is this -- session -- over?"

"When I -- when I c - come five times," Tami answered breathily. "If I'm not strapped in on time I double up for -- the -- ohh -- n - n - next session." She put her head down and covered her face with her hands and quivered silently.

Nina got up and put her hand on Tami's bare shoulder. "Please, Tami, take this outfit off."

Tami said nothing for a few moments. She seemed to be almost sobbing as she said, "No, I -- I c - can't." Nina took her hand off and stood looking down. Then Tami apologized again. "P - please excuse me -- ohhhh!" Head still in her hands, she seemed to be trying to smother her reactions as she once again moaned and spasmed.

Helen stood up and went to the other side of the suffering girl. "Please let us help you," she said. She and Nina no longer were thinking of whether what they were saying was in line with their plan -- they were thinking only of the teenager's intense shame and wanting desperately to help her escape it.

That having two women watching over her might have only increased her humiliation did not occur to them. They simply watched this horrific scene with morbid curiosity. When the fifth orgasm had spent itself they realized how useless and ridiculous they looked standing around her, and they sat back down in their chairs. They watched, immobilized and speechless, as Tami took a few deep breaths and then got up and squatted down next to the box. With the same neutral expression as before, though this time exuding residual sweat and still catching her breath, Tami expelled the huge intruders from her pussy and ass, went over to the hose to rinse things off, wiped everything up with the towel, then put everything back in the box. And then she went to the makeshift shower on the slats and rinsed herself off. Then back to her lawn chair and lay down with a hefty sigh.

Nina and Helen looked at each other. They knew to carry out their plan they had to keep cool heads. Something which was going to be more difficult than they thought.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 35**

This was one steep path. Hoisting herself up by grabbing saplings on either side, Nina West looked down at her sneakers, and then up, realizing she couldn't avoid seeing Helen's sweating, bare butt right in her face. Helen was even slower than she was, and several times she almost found herself bumping into her friend's behind.

Quite a workout for six thirty in the morning. Keeping up with Tami was important, especially after yesterday's debacle on the sunny patio, but also turning out to be a chore. Nina and Helen had managed to strike up a conversation with Tami over dinner, and got themselves invited to accompany her on her morning jog. But this was not just a gentle trot on soft grass. The teenager acted like she was in training for the Olympics, albeit the nude Olympics of antiquity. After sprinting across the lawn she had continued on up into the hilly brush, darting up the narrow path. Nina and Helen were thankful that Mrs. Terry was prevailed upon to allow them sneakers and socks for this outing, and it was sensual to feel the little branches and weeds hitting and tickling them on their breasts and thighs, but they just could not keep up with the barefoot teenager.

After some minutes of slow, laborious climbing they looked up to see a clearing ahead, and the silhouette in the morning sky of the totally nude Tami jogging in place, her breasts tightly bouncing, waiting impatiently. When they finally dragged themselves onto the clearing, panting heavily, Tami sped off up into the next hill. Helen started to say "Wait -- " but was shushed by Nina, and the two sneaker-shod girls staggered onward. This next hill had no path; the girls imagined this Tami must have skin and soles of leather as they watched her stride on, unaffected by the bushes scraping past her or the branches crackling under her bare feet. Nina and Helen squirmed as they struggled onward, hands in front of them to push away anything pointy, eyes squinting, their legs together, mincing helplessly like dumb blondes in an old movie.

The two young women were beginning to get a little scared. At this hour the slope was still in shadow, and they could not even see some of the brush they were forcing their naked bodies through. It was no longer sensuous, it was now painful and dangerous as they felt thorns and sharp branches and God knows what else scratching and scraping their delicate naked skin. Worse, through the thick brush it was getting hard to see the ghostly form of the naked teenager receding up in the distance.

Finally they reached another clearing and collapsed on the welcome patch of grass. Tami awaited them, only slightly winded, arms akimbo, standing straight and tall as if flaunting her concave tummy, the tanned slope of her bare pussy lips, her firm, jutting breasts. She turned to her left and as the young women's gaze followed hers they saw that they were overlooking a panoramic view of the surrounding low hills, the estate down below, and the Pacific Ocean beyond. Tami's words were not snotty but full of guarded wonder. "I love it up here," she said. "You feel like you can almost jump right into the ocean."

Indeed. It was a beautiful sight, though it was not surprising that Nina or Helen hadn't taken it in before, given the difficulty in getting up here. Nina looked at the three of them, naked young women out enjoying nature, like three Eves, not missing their Adams in the least.

Helen looked around and crossed her arms over her breasts, partly from the chill air but mostly from feeling so vulnerable up here in the wild. "We must be on state land," she said.

Nina said, "I hope no police are around." Which she knew to be a ridiculous comment as soon as she said it. How would they get up here anyway? Tami smirked and grunted, then, hands still on her hips, clutched a small rock in her toes and pitched it over a ledge into the brush, with all the ease and dexterity of a chimpanzee with opposable big toes.

Nina said affably, "I can see why you're in such good shape. This is a real workout."

Tami smiled. "I like running around through natural things. I like being alone."

Nina saw this as a possible opening. Helen was thinking of something else and was being a little more forward as usual; she said, "You must have some stamina, going through a session with five orgasms. Two sessions a day even! I've never come more than twice, and even that was exhausting." Nina was surprised at this self-disclosure from such a shy person.

"I've gotten used to it. Watch out, that's poison oak," she added, pointing to an innocuous-looking plant near to Helen's left butt cheek.

Helen moved away. Then her curiosity got the best of her. "How many -- how many times have you come at one time?"

Tami gave a sidelong squint and then, looking down to kick something with her bare foot, said, "One hundred thirty six times."

Nina and Helen looked at her with open mouths. Nina's reaction was spontaneous. "Get outta here!!"

Tami nodded, still looking down. "It's for real. They got it on tape." Then she said something very strange. "Imagine coming all those times in a lab, with men in lab coats and cameras watching you every minute."

This was an opening for sure. Nina said, "Tami, I just can't believe you would go through that willingly. Weren't you pressured into it?"

"What do you mean?"

Nina decided she couldn't tell Tami about the firm's plan, not yet. "Who would want to do something like that?"

Helen added, "And who would want to go through a whole year totally naked? Even standing here naked now, I just hate it!"

The teenager looked up, her hard nipples pointing at them. Then she shook her head. "You're not naked. Come over here," She led her two older companions over to a dogwood tree at the edge of the clearing, then hoisted herself up on branches that were about at eye level. "THIS . . . is naked!"

Nina and Helen stared in horrific curiosity as the teenager hooked her bare feet around widespread branches and extended her legs in a ballet dancer's split, then pushed her pussy forward and moved her tummy and thigh muscles somehow so that her pussy lips gently opened, then opened some more, until there was a dark oblong cave about an inch and a half across. "See my cervix? Go ahead, you can see it easy," she said, with a stiff smile. Nina and Helen could not resist the urge to approach hesitantly and peer inside, where indeed within the dark cave they could see a dark red protruberance way up inside, the entrance to the teenager's womb.

Then they thought better of it and quickly turned away, hiding their eyes. "Jesus," Nina said. They heard Tami grunting and branches shaking.

"And THIS . . . is naked," she said again. Nina and Helen sneaked a sidelong peek and were even more horrified to see Tami, turned around now on the same branches, sticking her butt out at them. With a grunt she opened her asshole and the two women found themselves looking at a gaping circular aperture. "God!" Helen said, turning away again. "Oh, Tami -- " Nina said in pity. Without emotion Tami added, "My rectum has been examined and photographed and discussed by many people."

As Tami grunted again and dismounted to the ground, Nina and Helen again found themselves almost near tears. In another spontaneous demonstration of feelings, Nina turned and hugged the teenager, saying, "Poor Tami, we want to help you." In a moment she was joined by Helen, hugging Tami from behind. They lay their heads on each of her shoulders, almost as if it was they who needed the comforting. Through this all the naked teenager did not return any emotion, standing stiffly and nakedly in between them. Though all three could feel the potent warmth of naked female flesh on naked female flesh.

This ridiculous tableau soon broke up as Nina and Helen regained some of their senses. Helen walked back toward the edge of whence they had come. Looking at the view, she did not see the large rock. Her sneakered foot stepped on it, twisting her ankle, and she fell. "Oh -- "

Tami and Nina helped her up but she had really done a job on that ankle. Nina pulled the sock down to reveal a reddish spot, no bleeding, but obviously something was sprained. Helen just could not put any weight on it. How was she going to get back to the house?

"I'll carry you," Tami said, bending and offering Helen her back and shoulders to grab onto. Nina was about to protest that they could both help Helen down, one arm hooked around each of them, but before she knew it the strong teenager had hefted Helen onto her back and was beginning the descent through the thick brush. Nina could do nothing except follow, feeling totally useless, amazed at how Tami's feet were so tough that she could casually walk over branches and rocks and thorns carrying not only her own weight but another person's.

. . . .

Helen and Nina, sitting at the patio table, sipped their after-lunch coffees and looked listlessly out at the lawn.

"Let's face it," Nina said. "We are really screwing this up."

Helen hardly had to utter anything in agreement. It was so obvious. Every time they saw some new evidence of the depths of Tami's degradation, they turned into blubbering idiots. And to get worn out on Tami's regular jog, and to have Tami carry Helen all the way back. What useless bumblers they were. Maybe the best way to get Tami's cooperation really was to spring a trap of some kind.

The commiseration of Nina and Helen at the patio table was interrupted by a chirpy voice emerging from the sliding glass doors. "Hi girls." And then a theatrical sigh. "I WISH I could be naked again." It was Kelly, Brian Cook's granddaughter, who loved to go around naked but recently had been ordered to be fully clothed whenever she was on the estate. Today she was wearing a button-down shirt and a plaid skirt with saddle shoes. Perhaps in creeping rebellion at Brian's decree that she dress in conservative 1950's style, today she looked roughly 1966.

Unwanted clothing could not dampen the college sophomore's natural bouncy spirit. "I made my second entry into the club with my clothing disguise. I think they're getting used to it. You should see what they're making Ashley wear! It gives a new meaning to the word 'minimal'."

Nina and Helen couldn't help but smile. Then the sliding door opened again and it was Tami, just down from her room.

The appearance of the tanned, muscular, naked, pussy-shaven girl had an electric effect on Kelly. "Oh God, oh Jesus, there you are, you're beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!" Kelly ran up to her, then looked her up and down, then walked slowly around her, taking in every inch of her nakedness. "Oh boy oh boy, I've only heard of you, but to finally see you in the flesh! And such beautiful skin!!"

Surprisingly, Tami seemed to enjoy this enthusiastic gawking. Even when Kelly shockingly knelt down in front of her and kissed her on her tanned, smoothly shaven pussy lips! "Oh man, oh man, oh girl, oh beautiful girl, the gates of heaven!!" Tami looked down, as if she were a princess receiving tribute from a subject, and giggled, a soft, low, womanly sound from deep in her belly.

Finally Kelly gave in to convention and stood up, extending her hand by way of introduction and clearing her throat. "I'm Kelly." At this Tami laughed aloud. And then they hugged.

Kelly turned to Nina and Helen, holding Tami's hand like they were lovers. "Tonight, we go to the club! With my special guest!"

With temporary concern Tami said, "Um, I'm underage. I'm not even nineteen."

"Well I'm not twenty-one either," Kelly said. "We'll get sloshed on ginger ales! Are you with me?!"

With a broad, winning smile the naked teenager said, "Amen!" Nina and Helen found themselves smiling too. It seemed an inspired idea. The one and only Tami Smithers, walking into that club, empire of the evil Katie. It was going to be some night!