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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 36**

The red Geo zipped happily along the curvy oceanside road, its lights glowing, the top down, radio blaring. The cover of darkness prevented passing cars from seeing the total nudity of the teenager in the front seat, not that she seemed to care one way or the other. She lay back, enjoying the salt air on her breasts which were divided by the shoulder belt, her nipples erect as the wind coursed over them. Smiling, she seemed bemused by Kelly's monologue, somehow being heard over the rushing wind and the radio, talking about the characters in the club and her college, how she liked being naked but wasn't allowed, about how at this club they didn't mind if you walked in without clothes.

In the back seat, Nina and Helen watched this interaction between the younger girls and felt like chaperones. Both were having second thoughts about going to the club. Talking directly with Tami about the topic of nudity was not working. If they were going to get her trust they should hang out with her and do different things. But what if they ran into Katie and she was in one of her "moods"?

Aside from this they also were dealing with their own feelings about this morning's hike. Helen was reminded of it by the bandage around her ankle, right now hidden under her designer jeans. Being carried by Tami down that path, her arms around Tami's neck, feeling her breasts crushed against Tami's strong, bare back, her legs looped around Tami's elbows, and worst of all, her pussy rubbing against Tami's backbone . . . The hot and sweaty embrace of her skin against Tami's, a refuge from the chill morning air. . . Jiggling up and down as Tami navigated the bumpy, brushy terrain with her strong bare feet . . . Feeling that one vertebra in particular, midway down Tami's lower back, hard up against her own pubic bone, with her clit being pressed in between, squeezed up and down over it, up and down, up and down . . . She was shamed to think of how hot she got, and of how Tami surely noticed the quivering of her body, her ragged breaths, maybe even the smell of her female musk as her pussy got wet. . .

When they finally got to the house and Tami let her down, Helen was sure she could see a little blotch of wetness on Tami's lower back. She was pretty sure Nina didn't notice it, thinking Helen's shaking was due to her pain and her hobbling on that bad ankle. But Helen was so bothered that she went right in to take a shower and had to diddle herself there, her first time in two weeks. She thought of Tami's strong, warm, muscular body, always naked, always exposed to the elements, a girl of nature, deeply tanned and strong . . . That was the sexiest thing . . . her strength . . .

Helen lay her head back against the genuine leather seat, letting herself get cooled down by the wind rushing through her hair. This was awful. She had never been attracted to a woman before and didn't want to become one of "them". Not that Tami was, either. Which in a way made it worse. She tried some deep breaths to bring her raging lust under control. Thinking of law school finally did the trick, mostly.

"How's your ankle?" Nina said, seeing her friend apparently in pain.

"It's -- I'm -- O.K.," Helen said, clearing her throat and sitting up again.

Nina had her own thoughts to deal with from that morning's hike. She knew that to be a good lawyer she had to stay focused on the task at hand, which at the moment was getting Tami's trust, and not get distracted or upset. But that was hard to do when she came face to face with the intensity and extremity of this poor girl's need. It was hard to be near this Tami who was longing for clothes, forbidden to wear any, forbidden to even show any sign of modesty -- and positive that Nina and Helen were spies, which made her display herself as if to prove herself, making Nina feel responsible for increasing the poor girl's shame. Nina just couldn't get her mind off that horrid freakish sight, of Tami spreading her legs on that tree and opening and displaying her rectum. Surely for a Catholic girl from a conservative town that must have been the ultimate in debasement. And with that frozen smile on her face, having to act like she was enjoying it. The psychological strain must have been so intense that it was a wonder the poor naked teenager hadn't gone crazy by now. Nina thought of what Dr. Maber said -- extreme tantalization over an extended period -- stress is corrosive -- prisoners denied food and going crazy --

Then there was the getting ready for tonight. In an unusual move, Mrs. Terry had brought Nina's and Helen's going out clothes into the living room and told them to put them on there, right in front of Tami. Nina just had to turn her back while dressing, not wanting to see Tami's face as she took it all in -- seeing up close another girl putting on a bra that Tami wasn't allowed to wear, panties that Tami wasn't allowed to use to cover her bare pussy, the blouse and dress and nylons and boots -- Nina hated to think of the look of longing that must have been on Tami's face. Seeing her formerly naked companions put on clothes that she was denied must have been an exquisite torture. Was Tami imagining how those clothes must feel on her own, long-denied bare skin? Did she even remember what clothes felt like? Why did Mrs. Terry set this up? How much did Mrs. Terry know, anyway? Of course, when Nina and Helen were finally dressed and gingerly turned around to face Tami, the naked girl was sitting on the couch calmly. And then said that the clothes looked nice on them. Indeed! Such torture --

Nina shook her head and got back to the here and now. She saw Tami converse with Kelly in the front seat and was glad that in spite of her nakedness Tami seemed to be enjoying Kelly's company. Maybe she should enlist Kelly's help? But Kelly seemed to see Tami as a hero for being naked. Would Kelly be upset to know the truth? Would she lose respect for Tami, not want to hang out with Tami any more? So many questions!

The club. A discreet, yet elegant bar, one block off the main road in this little upscale town.

The Geo slid into its usual parking space, in the lot across the street cut out from the trees. Kelly hopped out without opening her door and so did Tami. The naked girl strode almost proudly next to Kelly, who was continuing her slow rebellion against her grandfather's rules, this time wearing a peasant blouse with a long denim skirt and boots, looking about 1973, her boots clicking loudly in contrast to the silent tread of Tami's bare feet over the rough concrete. Trying to keep up behind were Nina and Helen, Helen still limping a bit. Carl, the big, tall doorman who doubled as a bouncer, looked with some surprise at the naked teenager. "My friend, Tami," Kelly said. "She's with me."

"I see you have something in common," Carl said with a polite nod to the naked guest. Tami smiled and bowed.

"These two, you know them already," Kelly said. With some more nods everyone went in.

Kelly had entered the club naked so many times that the entrance of a naked girl did not attract stares. Yet, some people did look twice at this naked girl who was not Kelly, and at Kelly's unaccustomed clothes. Leading Tami by the hand, Kelly came up to one such person, a pantsuited blonde woman of about 30 sitting at a table with three other women. "Ryann, this is my new friend Tami. Beautiful, isn't she?" Pivoting Tami's hand, Kelly turned her around in a slow swing dance whirl. The naked girl smiled and seemed to enjoy the attention.

"God! Amen to that! You are gorgeous!" Ryann said, taking Tami's other hand in greeting.

"Yowww!" another woman at the table cried, playfully imitating a cat in heat.

"You'd better get away before my friends eat you alive," Ryann said. Tami chuckled.

They went past a long wooden bar lined with bottles and wine glasses at which several people sat, mostly gay-looking women but a couple of men too. The bartender was a tough-looking woman of about 45 who acknowledged Kelly with a half-smile carved from her rugged red face. Behind the bar was a mirror and lines of whiskey bottles. It looked very much like a saloon from a western movie, except with lesbians instead of cowboys.

Kelly led her guests to a small table at the end of the bar. "The usual for me, and for my friend here please Lucy," Kelly said to the bartender. In a moment Kelly and Tami were sipping ginger ales while Nina and Helen were nursing glasses of white wine. They saw Tami and Kelly start to engage in small talk. Tami was talking about how nice Brian Cook's estate was. Kelly shrugged. "Nature is nice, I suppose, but I like action."

Tami looked around and said, "This place is so, like . . . I'm in stranger city."

Kelly smiled. "What would your boyfriend say?"

Tami thought for a moment and then whispered something into Kelly's ear. Kelly laughed. At Nina's puzzled glance, Kelly said, "She said, 'Do I come here often, or do I wait till I get home'!" Tami seemed to blush. "Well I'll tell you," Kelly said to Tami, sipping her ginger ale and putting the glass down loudly. "Sometimes of each!"

"Hello, Kelly." Everyone looked up with a start. Standing in front of them was a brown-haired woman of about Nina's age carrying a serving tray, wearing a French maid's bonnet and hardly anything else. Tami was a little puzzled at the look of concern that shrouded her companions for a moment. But Kelly recovered quickly. "Tami, this is Ashley, one of the . . . how shall I say it? One of the -- help." That last word she hurled at Ashley like a dagger.

Tami nodded her head, and to be polite tried to look Ashley in the face, but could not keep from looking further down. The waitress was wearing nothing except high-heeled sandals and a thong bikini bottom. But this was not an ordinary bottom. The strings, apparently of loose elastic, were stretched way up over her shoulders. They passed over her nipples, which were covered only by virtue of a couple of butterfly pins which the strings were threaded through. The butterflies were obviously clipped directly onto the nipples and served to keep the strings in place. The total nakedness of her entire sides, from head to heel, uninterrupted by a string or strap anywhere, was striking. Bare legs to bare hips to bare sides to bare shoulders.

"I'm glad to see you're here," Ashley said, somehow making Kelly and Nina and Helen ill at ease. After a tense silence, broken only by the chatter from other tables and the k.d. lang music coming from the jukebox, Kelly said, "We're talking. Please go back to what you were doing."

"You and your -- guest -- are being noticed, let me say that," Ashley said cryptically, then turned and walked away.

Tami was not aware of the awkward silence -- she was transfixed by the sight of the receding female body, totally naked except for a little string which came straight up from the butt crack and split in two before going around the neck. Finally she said, "How can she go around -- like that?" Which got everyone laughing and broke the tension.

Kelly and Tami got back to chatting, Nina and Helen watching, sipping their wine.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 37**

Kelly and Tami got back to chatting, Nina and Helen watching, sipping their wine. It was obvious that everyone in the club, though involved in their own conversations, was keeping an eye on this new naked girl. Kelly and Tami seemed oblivious to the attention, getting more and more giggly. Nina and Helen looked at each other, realizing at the same time that the ginger ale must be spiked. Evidently discreetly. Nina and Helen began smiling as they watched the two young girls having such a great time. Then Kelly whispered something to Tami, who gave a quick furtive look up at Ryann's table, then nodded.

At a signal from Kelly, Lucy the bartender cut down the music. And as Nina and Helen watched with surprise, Tami got up and walked to the center of the room, in the middle of all the tables, padding a little nervously on her bare feet like a student walking onstage to give a music recital.

The naked teenager stood in front of Ryann's table and, as if obediently following an order, clasped her hands behind her neck, elbows sticking upward. Then she moved her shoulders back, stuck her firm breasts out and breathed in, contracting her tummy. The women at the table were treated to the sight of one of the most beautiful female bodies in the world, perfectly toned, evenly tanned, 5 feet 5 inches, 34C breasts jutting out over an almost freakishly concave 19-inch waist and tight 32-inch hips . . . They were entranced by her beautiful face, her pretty green eyes made all the more striking by the tanned skin, the straight unstyled dark red hair intriguingly streaked with strands of gray . . .

As the naked girl slowly spread her legs, her pretty bare feet pointing outward, the women looked down at the smoothly-shaven, tanned pubic lips, parted ever so slightly. . . They had seen strippers before, but this was different. The naked teenager, having never seen a stripper in action, did not know a stripper's moves. Her display was more direct, less ostentatious, and utterly unlike anything these women had seen before. There was no makeup, no winking of eyes, no rubbing of hands over breasts, no mincing of legs on high heels or swiveling of hips, simply plain total exposure of every inch of the girl's nakedness . . . A wave of lesbian lust washed over the table, and over the whole room, as all conversation stopped.

Then as if to increase her exposure, the girl turned around and spread her legs apart and bent over, showing her tight slim butt cheeks which opened up naturally to show the bottom of her bare pussy and, bright in the spotlight because she was in the middle of the dance floor, the brown-ringed bareness of her butthole in its wide valley of clear, beautiful skin. The teenager, very limber, kept her legs straight and looked at Ryann and her friends with an upside-down smile. Then she looked up, her butt high in the air, and smiled at the women at the table opposite, then up at Nina and Helen, who were so embarrassed to be seen looking that they almost averted their eyes. A beautiful, naked girl, with no hesitation at bestowing this supreme favor, this view of her heavenly nakedness.

Nina and Helen looked at each other. What was going on here? Tami seemed to be enjoying this!

Their naked teenaged friend went around to each table, clasping her hands behind her head to begin the same exhibition. Finally, after all the tables had been attended to, she went back to the center of the room and bowed. The lusty applause was immediate and furious. It turned into a standing ovation. Some women even yelled, "Encore!" Tami gave a deep bow in each direction, apparently fully aware of the view she was presenting from behind, then went back to her seat as Lucy turned the music up again.

Kelly said, "Tam, that was too much! Why don't we go to the velvet room . . . Back in a while, chicks." As Nina and Helen looked on, Kelly grabbed the naked teenager by the hand and went into the back behind the curtains.

"I gotta pee," Nina said. "Me too."

In the bathroom the two law firm employees had a quick talk.

"What the hell is going on," Nina said.

"She looks as happy to be naked as Kelly was," Helen said. And she sighed, trying hard to conceal her lust. She had taken in every second of the exposure positions. And was remembering once more that hike down from the woods, her clit rubbing against that one bone in Tami's back. She knew she could pick out the exact same vertebra in the middle of Tami's spine during that show just now.

"I hate to say this," Nina said, standing aside as another woman went past her to the stalls, looking down as her booted foot stood to one side of a cigarette butt, "but maybe Donald Bell was right. Maybe she's gotten used to . . . it." By which she meant, "Being naked".

Helen, her mind clearing for a moment, adjusted her jeans and nodded. "It sure looks like it. Think about it. She's gone almost a year without a stitch on. Hundreds of people have seen every part of her. It's no wonder she's lost her inhibitions."

"But with Tami, she's been forced into it." Nina looked down and smoothed her blouse. "This is a tragedy. She's gotten to like it. Stockholm syndrome."

"What?"

"Like a hostage who falls in love with her kidnapper."

Helen said, "So what do we do?"

Nina shrugged. "Play along for now."

"We don't have much time. She leaves when? In two days?"

"I know. We've got to do something fast." But the two women stood there, looking down, and could not think of anything. Sighing glumly, they went to the mirrors to check that their hair was in place and their clothes were o.k. Then they went back out.

It was awkward, sitting at the table waiting for the two kids. Nina and Helen drained their wine glasses and had to ask for more. When Kelly and Tami finally came back the two legal employees were stunned. Tami's hair was disheveled and her face was flushed and shyly trying to hide a smile. Kelly was rubbing her mouth. It was obvious what Kelly had been doing. Worse, everyone had noted the two kids' re-entry and a couple of women actually clapped. When Nina tried to fix a stern look on Kelly she was met with just a smile. And with the response, "Tami here is a Super Woman." To which the naked girl blushed and concentrated on what was left of her ginger ale.

The odd quartet of females sat around for a while, Nina and Helen looking unhappily at their wine, Tami playing with her swizzle stick, Kelly waving and talking with whoever stopped by. Kelly seemed to know every person in the bar.

Tami noticed the down expressions of her two temporary housemates. "Are you o.k.?" she said to Nina.

Nina thought quickly. "Yes, we're just thinking of work."

Helen nodded. "We have a tough boss."

"Bummer," Tami said, casually scratching one large, brown, tanned nipple, causing the breast to bounce and jiggle. Helen bit her lip. Tami added, "You're like, lawyers?"

"She is, I'm just a paralegal," Nina said.

Maybe it was the alcohol, but Tami seemed to be friendlier now toward the two. "I never knew a lawyer before. They make lots of money, right?"

Helen said, "I'm sure our boss does. Sarah Wickland. Big shot attorney."

It seemed to take the name a while to register, and when it did, Tami's face clouded a bit. "Oh. Bingo."

Helen, aware she had made a mistake, avoided Nina's sharp look by rubbing her eyes.

"So that's the connection. I was wondering," the naked teenager said. She sat up and seemed to grind her butt into her chair, then put her shoulders back, sticking her breasts out. Kelly, who wasn't really listening to the conversation, looked at her sideways and said, "Oh baby."

"So she wants you to get me to admit I'm not really a nudist," Tami said, oddly without a trace of resentment.

Nina and Helen looked at each other. The jig was up. They had been utterly unsuccessful in their assignment. They fell back onto their most natural instinct, which, not yet being experienced lawyers, was to be honest. "Yes, but we quit trying," Nina said. "Tami, do what you want to do. We just want to be sure that you're happy."

"Can't you see I like being naked? It's sooo cool!" Tami said with a pleasant smile. A smile which it was painful for Nina and Helen to look at. Yet it seemed sincere and unforced. And then she held up her breasts to them as if presenting a peace offering. Nina was on the verge of tears. As for Helen, she was again biting her lip to contain her lust.

It was clearly in part the alcohol, but also an expression of the naked girl's natural kindness. "Relax!" she said with a new smile, reaching across to where Nina and Helen's clammy hands were parked on the table. She took one hand of each. "I like both of you! You're not at work here!"

"Amen to that," Kelly said, watching intently as one of Tami's breasts, hovering over the table, knocked over her empty glass. "Whoops," Tami said, retracting into her chair, uprighting the glass, wiping off the wetness on her breast. Again the sight of a jiggling, tanned breast caused Helen to quiver.

As for Nina, she heaved a big sigh of relief and gave the relaxed smile the naked girl had asked for. Tami seemed o.k., at least for now. And she realized she was fond of this girl who seemed now like a little sister.

Just then Lucy stopped by with the check. "A refill, girls?"

"O.K., for both of us," Kelly said, putting the check to one side and taking Lucy's pen to sign it. Tami looked over and her eyes widened. After Lucy left she mouthed the words to Kelly -- "Eight dollars for each soda?"

Kelly nodded. "Don't worry, I got it. I have a tab here." She smiled at Tami. "Worth it, though?" Which caused Tami to blush again.

Nina and Helen's attention was now fixed elsewhere, into the middle distance. "Here comes trouble," Nina muttered.

It was a green-eyed, brown-haired woman in her 30's in an exquisite black dress with a scoop neck which revealed a modest but beautiful cleavage. The clicking of her high-heeled black boots could be heard over the music. She was pretty in an evil way, like the Wicked Queen in "Snow White". And she was followed closely by Ashley, the waitress who wore just two vertical strings, holding a serving platter with something on it covered with a white cloth.

"Well hello." Katie's velvet voice, dripping with foreboding and venom, was addressed to all, but her gaze was focused on Tami.

"Uh, have a seat, Katie," Nina said, getting up to grab an empty chair from the next table.

"Thank you," Katie said, accepting the chair as if it were her due, sitting down with the slow gravity of royalty as Ashley stood obediently behind her. "So this is Miss Tami Smithers, the radical nudist?"

Tami smiled and nodded, seeming to blush a bit in the presence of this august personage.

"I see you've become friendly with Miss West and Miss Thomas, employees of the firm I retain?"

The naked teenager nodded again, not quite smiling any more, a little puzzled. "I thought Mrs. Wickland was their boss."

"She is. I RETAIN the firm, child. That means I hire them. Miss West and Miss Thomas have, shall we say, an unusual working arrangement?"

Nina and Helen squirmed. Even Kelly was beginning to seem uncomfortable.

"You see, 'Mrs.' Wickland, as you call her, requires them to be naked at all times when they are in her office." Katie smiled an evil smile and looked with narrowed eyes at Nina and Helen.

Tami looked at her friends. "What? . . . Why?"

Nina cleared her throat and looked sheepishly at her drink. "She makes us. Otherwise she'll fire us."

"Well go work elsewhere then," Tami said, getting excited. Lucy put the new ginger ales down. Tami said "Thank you" and waited till Lucy left. Then she took a big gulp of ginger ale and looked up. Her eyes flashed. "She has no right to make you do that. Tell her to stuff it."

Katie laughed, clearly amused. "My dear child, I like to hear such spirit. I know your background. You simply do not know our ways. A different order prevails here." She snapped her fingers and Ashley came up to her side, holding the serving tray. "Miss West, Miss Thomas, and you too, Miss Cook, I'd like you to remove your blouses and let Ashley adorn you with these exquisite bracelets." Ashley, with just a trace of a smirk, removed the cloth to reveal shiny, expensive-looking pairs of handcuffs.

Tami looked at these with widened eyes. Nina, Helen and Kelly looked at each other for an uncomfortable moment, then cleared their throats and began to unbutton their blouses. Nina and Helen were blushing furiously.

"Wait!" The naked teenager stood up, pushing her chair back with a loud scrape against the floor. She stuck her bare breasts out and, in a voice which suddenly brought all conversation in the bar to a halt, said, "They will do no such thing! Go away!!"

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 38**

All conversation stopped. At a nod from Katie, Lucy turned the music off. The bar was now silent, a fact Katie intended to use to her advantage. In a menacingly quiet voice she said, "WHAT . . . did you say?"

The naked girl betrayed a quick eye-flick of fear down towards her companions. She seemed to close her legs a bit, and crossed her arms over her bare breasts as if to cover them, the toes of one bare foot twisting into the dusty floor. Then she took a quick ragged breath and planted her feet firmly, a little apart, and threw back her shoulders. Her crossed arms rose up, no longer a shield but a battering ram. "We're just chilling out. You have no right to order my friends to do -- that. Go away!" Then the naked teenager put her arms down stiffly to her sides and tried to match the steely gaze of the exquisitely dressed older woman.

Katie shook her head with a little smile. "My dear, they have agreed to take their clothes off and be bound whenever I say so."

Tami knitted her brow. "That's the stupidest thing I ever heard! Like who would want to do that!" She looked at her companions and then up at Katie. "I don't believe you!"

Katie looked down at Nina, Helen and Kelly again. "Don't disobey me, ladies. Take those blouses off."

"NO!" Tami said to them before they had a chance to reach for their buttons again. "Don't do it! Why do you listen to this lady??!" She looked up at Katie, her voice taking on a fervent, emotional tone. "They don't have to take their clothes off if they don't want to!!" Her body quivered with emotion, causing her breasts to wiggle tightly back and forth.

Katie sighed in exasperation. "My dear child, where we come from we don't question orders."

"Well where \*I\* come from we DO!" Tami, her breasts thrust out, stood right up to Katie.

Katie was taller than Tami -- or was it just her high heeled boots? -- and looked down at the naked girl with disdain. Then she turned away. "I have no patience with you, you naked little tart." She motioned to Ashley. "Cuff 'em. We'll take off the blouses later."

Ashley began to set the serving tray down. And then Tami made her move. She hopped over to the table and shoved the tray out of Ashley's hands. The tray fell to the floor with a clang, the handcuffs tinkling as they scattered on the floor. All three women sitting there turned white as sheets and held their breath.

Katie quickly regained her composure and looked at the naked girl. Her eyes slowly went downward. In a measured voice barely containing her rage, she said, "That is a lovely pair of lower lips you have, child. How would you like to have them, shall we say, adorned?"

Katie snapped her fingers. Tami found herself backing up against the bar as Ashley advanced on her from the left and another waitress in a French maid's outfit came in from the right. At first the naked girl seemed unsure what to do. But then, with all her limberness and all her strength, using her elbows to prop herself up on the bar behind her, she hefted her bent legs up and apart, so wide that everyone could see her bare, tanned pussy lips slightly parted and the little puckered asterisk below. She planted a bare foot into the chest of each advancing waitress and with her body's strongest muscles propelled them away across the bar. The waitresses skidded on their high heels and then fell over and rolled away on the floor. They picked themselves up and meekly slunk away to the back room.

Katie waved her hand furiously and a more formidable opponent was now on the scene. "YOUNG LADY!" It was the thundering voice of Carl, the bouncer. Katie took out a ring that Tami guessed was for the labia, and menacingly brandished it in her direction.

To Tami's friends back at the college, who had seen her beat up Jamal Washington in the snow, it would not have been a surprise. But to Nina and Helen, and all the lesbians at the other tables, it was so quick and unbelievable as to seem like a dream. Big and strong as Carl was, no man could defend himself against what happened in the next split second. The lightning-quick blur of bare female flesh shooting right at him, then alternate knees in the crotch, four within one second, completed before he had a chance to flinch or move his hands to protect himself.

It so happened that Tami's guess as to the location of the man's testicles was absolutely correct. After one such knee-stomp any man would double over in pain. After two he would be rolling on the floor. After three he would worry about permanent damage to his most tender and most valuable possessions. And after four powerful hammer-like blows, Carl, stunned, bent over and crumpled to the floor, lying motionless on his side, tears coming from his eyes, unable to breathe, so much in pain that he dare not even make any move that would exert the merest touch on his crushed testicles.

Katie, seeing her regular troops defeated, looked around the table for reserves. "WELL?" she said furiously, looking at Nina and Helen and Kelly. The three were so stunned by events that they didn't know what to do. But they could not bring themselves to get up and help this evil lady against their naked young friend. Indeed, despite Katie's preeminent position in this place, no one rose from any of the tables to help. They, too, were transfixed by this brave and strong naked teenager.

Katie deigned to bend down to the floor to get a pair of the scattered handcuffs. She rose upright and fixed the panting naked girl, standing in the middle of the floor, with eyes ablaze with anger. "YOU will pay for this, you stupid child!" She advanced slowly, gingerly perhaps, aware of the possibility of attack. "DON'T you DARE lay a HAND on me, or you will suffer!"

Tami, still panting, put her hands on her bare hips and saucily jutted her pelvis to one side. "What are you going to do? Ask me to take my blouse off??!"

"No," Katie said, opening one handcuff and extending it. "I will ask you to put your wrists in these. Think about the consequences of resisting, child. I can make you -- uncomfortable for the rest of your life!"

Katie really was surprised; the onlookers would later concede that much. To them it seemed like they were watching a scene from an old western, though none where this was done by a naked teenage girl. The beautiful, evil dominatrix's eyes and mouth opened wide with outrage and shock as she found herself lifted up by the front of her tight dress and hefted face down onto the bar, and then in the same motion pitched forward with great force along its length. Bottles and glasses were bowled over by her surprised visage as she slid along the bar until near the end she fell over the other side, causing Lucy, who had been standing amazed with her back to the whiskey rack, to jump out of the way.

The naked girl, sweating, panting, standing under the dance floor light, looked around slowly at the watching crowd like the winner of a heavyweight fight. Or like an invader in a hive who had just killed the queen bee. Her hand was grabbed by Kelly, who led her and Nina and Helen quickly out the back door. They did not linger to see it, but when the people at the tables finally began to recover from their shock, some were so brave as to smirk with pleasure and silently clap their hands under the table, careful to make their palms miss each other so that there would be no sound.

. . . .

After speeding along the first few blocks, turning this way and that, Kelly had quieted her nerves well enough to drive the Geo tolerably well out of town. She seemed to wander along country roads for a few minutes. All the young women, including the naked one, were shaking and speechless at what had happened. Finally Nina asked, "So where are we going?"

Kelly stopped at a light. They all considered. They were in no mood to go back to Brian Cook's. Too much to explain should the old man or Mrs. Terry get curious at their ragged state. And you never knew who would show up. "I have an idea," Kelly said, blinking right and turning. "The Art Park gallery."

No one asked, they just observed. Kelly almost backtracked but took another turn into a parallel highway along the shore. Then another turn, inland about five miles, and suddenly they were going through a rest area for truckers and then underpassed what looked like an interstate highway. On the other side it was another country -- trees, hills, and one block up, what looked like a small modern art gallery.

Kelly parked the Geo in the back and the others wordlessly followed her as she walked up the back steps and fished a key out of her purse. In a moment they were in a small kitchenette with a refrigerator, a coffee machine and a sink. "This is the gallery Grandpa built," she said, opening the refrigerator. "I helped out here last summer and I still have the key. Go ahead, take your pick." She popped open an orange soda.

Holding their sodas, the four walked down the steps of the silent, deserted building, three pairs of clumping boots drowning out the soft padding of one pair of bare feet. They got to a landing and Kelly flicked on a light.

"Wow." Helen said it, but they all felt it. They were in an exhibition room. The walls were white and sterile-looking. So was the ceiling. There were about six big wide blocks on the floor, obviously pedestals for sculptures. The fluorescent lights overhead buzzed quietly in the dead silence. It was almost midnight. There were occasional faint whispers from outside, the trucks rushing past on the interstate. Almost spooky.

"Look at this," Kelly said, and put on another switch. The wall panels lit up in blank whiteness. "They can project pictures from behind the walls. . . Looks like nothing's in the projector right now." Tami was impressed. "So cool!" she said.

Kelly casually sat on a block and sipped. "I come here to chill. This seems like a good time."

"I'll say," Nina said. They each picked a block to sit on. The nude girl decided to sit on hers cross-legged. Nina continued. "What a scene that was."

The teenager smoothed back her hair, but it sprung back, having been permed into a disheveled state by dried sweat. She held the can against her bare sole as if wanting to feel the sensation of cold. "What is it with that lady and that place? Why do you do anything she says?"

Nina and Helen looked at each other and then down. "It has to do with our boss."

"You mean Mrs. Wickland is wrapped up in this?"

Nina explained, "Katie pays Sarah to do legal work, but there's something more than that to it. Katie has some kind of hold on her."

Helen said, "Maybe some blackmail thing."

Tami sat upright and stared at them accusingly, her erect nipples pointing at them with seemingly the same expression. Nipples of accusation. "But why do YOU do it? Why do you take your clothes off if you don't want to?"

Nina felt like biting her tongue. Helen chimed in instead. "It's our job."

Without clothes, without the benefits of having lived 20 years, Tami could still pose wise questions. "Do you . . . WANT to take your clothes off? Or like, be controlled?" She seemed to search her memory. "What they call being a 'sub'?"

"No," Nina said quickly.

"It seems so weird. A boss who makes you work naked." Tami shook her head and took another sip. She uncrossed her legs, pivoting on the bones of her slim butt, and recrossed her legs the other way. "You should just get another job."

Wise advice, Nina thought for a moment. Certainly she could work elsewhere. She felt the urge to argue that Tami, also, was forced to be naked. Certainly Tami could go to college elsewhere -- But then she realized that statement was entirely false. She thought of Sarah's slide show at the law firm, that worn-down high school, the proud working-class parents, the scholarship to that prestigious college . . .Tami's life would be ruined . . . And Nina found herself stupidly beginning to push back tears again. . .

"Are you o.k.?" Tami asked.

Nina nodded and took another sip. She cleared her throat.

"And what about staying at Mr. Cook's? Why do you do it if he makes you be naked all the time and you don't want it?"

Nina stuttered, "Because . . . the house . . . was pretty . . ." And realized how lame that response was. She put her soda can to her forehead. Damn! She felt so lame and inadequate around this girl!!

Then Tami stood up, set her soda down, and began stretching in front of the three of them. Nina felt it was time to speak up. "Tami," Nina said. "I still think you were forced to be naked. And tell me the truth. Have you gotten used to it? Or do you still feel . . .shame?"

Tami stretched her leg up, up, up, holding her bare foot over her head, seeming to almost dare Nina to look down at her bare, widely-split pussy. Gymnast that she was, standing in that position on one foot, her other arm hanging at her side, she looked Nina in the eye. "I wasn't forced. Naked is cool. I decided that a year ago."

Nina tried to persist. "Sarah told me they forced you to pose for art classes and you didn't look happy."

Tami kept stretching. After a moment she said, "That must be because the professor told me to look like that. The face is part of the pose. Like any model knows that."

Kelly, entranced once again by Tami's splendid nakedness, said, "You look like an ideal subject for Grandpa's sculptures. I'm surprised he hasn't done you yet."

Tami put her leg down and gave Kelly a weird, crazy smile. This was a rare time when Kelly blushed. "No, I didn't mean THAT." Everyone suddenly laughed out loud, the laughter echoing off the white walls in the silent, deserted gallery. "I mean, he hasn't done a SCULPTURE of you yet."

"He hasn't asked me," Tami said, putting her hand on her hip.

"Let me show you one of his," Kelly said and got up. They followed her through a dark hallway of framed paintings and into another gallery. Again she flicked on a light.

This gallery was as white and deserted and antiseptic as the other one. But there was one life-sized sculpture in the middle, of a naked young woman. She looked like she had been caught naked and was embarrassed about it, yet also a little intrigued, maybe even turned on. Her legs were together, but seemed in the middle of squirming. Her hand had flown up to cover her breasts, but not all the way. Her other hand was draped decorously over her navel. Her mouth was a soft little "O" of surprise and wonder. "This is his specialty," Kelly said. "Is this you, Nina?"

Nina found herself blushing. Then she looked closer. "No. It must be someone before me."

Tami seemed oddly uninterested in this sculpture. Instead, she hopped on one of the empty pedestal blocks. "This was one of my poses," she said. She stretched her arms and legs out and looked up at the ceiling with an expression of pure misery. Nina suddenly felt very sad. This was indeed the exact pose she had seen in that slide show.

"If I was ashamed," Tami continued, "I'd be like" -- she clutched her arms around her breasts -- "akkk! I don't want them to see my boobs!" -- she bent forward and slid her hands down to cover her pussy -- "ohmigod! ohmigod! They can see my -- vagina!" -- she finally squatted to cover her toes with her fingers -- "ewww! They can see my toes! Turn away! Turn away!"

The other three couldn't help it. They were reduced to helpless giggling, this girl was so funny. They found their own blocks and sat down on them, sipping from their sodas as their giggling wound down. Tami hopped forward and sat on the floor, leaning back against her block, legs straight out in a "V", toes flexing as she sipped.

Kelly said, "Tam, you are a funny chick."

After a moment Helen added, "Strong, too!"

Nina grunted. "I'll say. I think Carl might never have children." She shook her head. "I can't believe you actually threw Katie over the bar." She repeated it slowly as if it were a newspaper headline. "Tami Smithers throws Katie over the bar."

Helen giggled. "Serves her right."

Kelly giggled too. "The bitch."

Nina said, "There might be hell to pay."

Helen said, with uncharacteristic gusto, "Well, that's tomorrow, not tonight."

Led by Kelly, the four girls raised a hand to the center and gave a group high-five, then went back to sipping and having a good time.

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 39**

Nina West looked up from her reading, a legal memo she had been asked to proofread, and shifted a bit in her lounge chair. She set her sunglasses a bit down her nose so she could look out across the lawn. It was only 10:30 a.m. and it was already very hot today, and lying here nude in the sun she was sweaty all over. The sweat had made her bare skin stick to the plastic tubes of the chair, but Mrs. Terry, apparently knowing the problem from her own experience, had wordlessly given her a big towel to lie on.

There was no towel for the chair next to hers, an empty one meant for her teenaged friend. Nina looked down at her dark bush of pubic hair, another covering which was denied her friend. Not that the friend seemed unhappy about it now; she was gaily frolicking out on the lawn, having an orange fight with Will and Wesley, the young gardeners. There were orange trees on the estate and Tami had helped them clean up the oranges that had fallen, uneatable of course but not quite rotten, and that had degenerated into a warm-weather version of the snowball fights Nina remembered from her childhood in Kansas.

What a vision Tami presented, scampering around on the lawn, happily and nakedly running from the two guys, dodging oranges, her breasts bouncing, the sun's shadows showing off her tanned, wiry body in vivid relief, with a playful "Ouch!" as an orange hit a butt cheek, then gathering the oranges from the ground and advancing on her clothed opponents, zapping them over and over with graceful left-handed sidearms. It had to be a working class thing, definitely. That's why Tami got along so well with Will and Wesley, and their sister Annabelle. They were all from the same side of the tracks.

Nina had come to that conclusion yesterday. First there was another of Nina's failed attempts to get Tami to open up. This time her strategy was to take Tami at her word, and relate the joys of being naked. That uncomfortable conversation in the gallery the other night had made Nina realize something, namely, that she actually got a thrill of being naked. She had willingly agreed to it, and got turned on by it at times.

She went with that feeling yesterday morning as she and Tami sat around in the living room after breakfast. Nina related her adventure at work in getting from her office to the executive bathroom without clothing. Tami seemed very unimpressed with that. Then she spoke of her fiance Jim, how he had never seen her with clothes on, yet still managed to have something like a conventional courtship. He had taken her out to the movies, but nobody saw her naked because he had bought out all the seats in the theater, making the evening more romantic. He had taken her to his vacation estate, where she had met his college friends at the cottage and he and Nina had made love in the meadow. He had taken her out to this expensive restaurant, but had arranged it so that they were in a separate room and no one else could see her nakedness. These revelations seemed to turn Tami off more and more, and Nina decided to stop before she got to the part about that expensive private beach and the dress designed by IO which cost five thousand dollars.

Then there was that party last night at which she had introduced Tami to Jim and his parents. Nina was wearing one of IO's creations, translucent filmy material through which her breasts and pussy could be seen clearly. She had felt doubly exposed next to the dinner jackets and elegant clothes that Brian Cook and Jim and his folks were wearing. But Nina became a clothed person like all the others when Brian introduced Tami in her totally uncovered nakedness at the top of the stairs in the dining room.

There the naked young girl stood, shoulders back, her hair tied back in a long braid, hard brown nipples erect as always, bare feet planted firmly on the top marble stair, smiling politely down at the crowd like royalty. Brian's introduction was sweet. "Let me introduce my honored guest, a fine young lady and probably THE most popular and respected and accomplished student at Campbell - Frank College in Vermont, and someone who I might add is celebrating her nineteenth birthday today, Miss Tami Smithers!"

Nina could only wonder at Tami's thoughts as she walked down the stairs, one bare footstep after the other, aware that every eye was on her nakedness. Was she used to being looked at by now? Nina decided that after all these months of forced nudity the answer had to be "yes". Otherwise all the shame would have driven her crazy. It was just an adaptation mechanism. Still, she thought of what Dr. Maber had said . . .

Tami had blushed at the party but it was the normal blushing of a shy teenager being spoken to and praised in a room full of adults. She was fawned over and gushed over and any number of people complimented her on her body. Her response was always the same. "Thanks." And a blush. At dinner, everyone sitting at that long table with the white embroidered tablecloth, her bare breasts were a stark contrast to the elegant finery on everyone else. She didn't know how to eat an artichoke, or which spoon to use for soup, and did not recognize caviar. Fortunately Jim's mother, sitting next to her, showed her how to work the spoons and the artichoke, though after two tentative little bites of caviar Tami decided that it was not for her. Discreetly Brian had his Mexican waiter pour ginger ale into Tami's glass while pouring champagne for everyone else.

After the party wound down and it got late Tami had excused herself to go upstairs and call her parents. And then she was down again and took the cell phone out to the lawn, where she was smiling and talking to someone, happily kicking up the dew with playful bare feet. Nina guessed she was talking to Rod, her boyfriend.

And then, when Nina was about to go up to bed, Tami casually mentioned, "I'm taking off tomorrow." Nina then went downstairs and called the office to leave a terse message to that effect on Sarah's answering machine.

So Nina had failed. And so had Helen, though Helen could be partly excused because she was helping one of the other partners at a trial in Fresno and was out of the picture for now. Nina had not carried out her assignment to get Tami's consent to mount the legal challenge Sarah Wickland wanted. Yet upon thinking further, Nina did not blame herself too much for failing. Tami was just too different for her to reach out to. It was as if Nina and Brian's estate and Sarah's law firm belonged to one story, and Tami to another. The stories intersected for a while, but Tami just didn't belong in this one.

Still, Nina was glad that Tami would now call her a friend. In a way Tami really was like her little sister. Upon realizing last night that the waiter was pouring Tami ginger ale, Nina and Tami had exchanged devilish smiles, thinking of that spiked ginger ale Tami and Kelly had been drinking at the club.

Getting up the next day, Nina had worried about having hell to pay with Sarah. Her big client had gotten thrown over the bar by a naked teenager -- yet Sarah seemed to be suffering no consequences. The next day in the office, Sarah mentioned, "I heard about the scene at the club last night." Nina expected a tirade but that was all she said. The relationship between Sarah and Katie seemed to be as mysterious as ever.

Oops, Will and Wesley now have to go, having stopped the orange fight and, with Tami's help, finished the business of putting the oranges in a basket near the tool shed. They certainly made a point of hugging their sweaty naked friend before they left. Now here comes Tami, but instead of lying on the lounge chair she goes past and inside to get a drink of water. In a minute she comes out again, eating an apple and striding past Nina. "Where are you going?" "Out for a walk," Tami said.

Nina watched Tami saunter nakedly away toward the woods, casually taking bites from the apple like an Eve who was perfectly happy to eat the serpent's gift all by herself and not bother to share it with Adam, wherever he was. She didn't go up into the bushes this time; she turned left to where a little ways down there was a stream.

Nina hated long good-byes. After Tami disappeared from view she decided she wanted to hang out for a few minutes and say her good-bye and then go to the office. All this work she had been given to do here, at this point she'd might as well finish it there. Nina got up and walked across the lawn. She followed the path to the left and looked all the way down and saw none of Tami. That girl moved fast.

Continuing along the path the came to the stream, a little clear brook with a silty bottom. Nina hopped across over the stones, imagining that Tami probably had just sloshed through it, not minding if her feet got muddy. Looking around, Nina saw a flash of bare skin behind a bush and walked around it. "Tami, I --"

And then Nina froze, her mouth open with shock.

The naked teenager was squatting, her legs widely apart, over a little hole. And shitting. A large brown turd was emerging. Tami looked up as if it was nothing. "Hi, Nina," she said pleasantly. Then she looked down and grunted. "Unh. Feels like a real big one."

"Oh I'm sorry -- " Nina said, wanting to run away, but somehow unable to move.

"For what?" Tami said, looking up at Nina again. Her face was relaxed and casual as if discussing the weather. "All that -- unhh -- food last night made me full. Unhh. Oh," she said, looking down as one turd separated and plopped into the hole and another began to emerge, "Here comes another one." From the dirty toenails Nina could guess that Tami had dug the hole with her foot. Like a dog.

Nina closed her eyes and could not look. Then she couldn't resist opening them. This sight was grotesque, horrific, obscene. She hated herself for looking and for staying. But her bare soles were frozen to the rocky soil. She cleared her throat and halfway came to her senses. "Do you -- should I get some paper?"

"No," Tami said, looking up at her, shifting the position of her bare feet. She was really widely spread, her knees were almost 180 degrees apart. "I rinse off in the stream."

As if it were her habit. So this is how she -- relieves herself? Outside like an animal? Nina's racing thoughts were arrested by something else, downright scary. Tami looked up at her with a little smile and giggled, forcing the turd out a little faster. There was a little maniac gleam in her eye.

Nina turned and ran.

So this was what Dr. Maber had been afraid of. The poor naked girl had finally snapped. She rushed to the phone and dialed the office with shaking fingers. "Sarah," she said, "I think -- I think Tami's finally been driven off her rocker."

Sarah's voice was impatient. "Why do you say that?"

"She -- relieved herself outside in the woods."

There was a pause. "And that's all?"

Nina realized the way she explained it it didn't sound too bad. "But -- well --" How could she describe it?

Sarah interrupted her thoughts. "Your message says she's leaving later today. Get her over here. We've got to talk to her. Plan B is in effect."

Uh oh. I'm in trouble, Nina thought. "Um, when?"

"As soon as you can. One hour."

"But what do I tell her?"

"YOU figure that out. Just get her over here. Good-bye."

Hanging up the phone, it was clear Sarah had been about to call her anyway. So now what? And what was "Plan B", anyway?

Nina put her hand to her head, went to the kitchen and poured herself some milk to calm down. She hoped like hell Tami didn't walk back in. Fortunately ten minutes went by and she had time to feel better. Maybe that maniac gleam was just something she imagined.

The nude, tanned teenager came in through the sliding doors and went to the refrigerator. "Sounds like a good idea," she said, and poured her own glass of milk. Nina hoped she wouldn't see any evidence of Tami's wet behind, such as a stream of water going down a leg. But then she told herself, Tami probably got on all fours and did her trick of opening up her butthole, letting the sun dry her off. Still, bizarre.

No time to lose. Get right to the point. "Tami, I've been told to get you to the office. They want to talk to you."

Tami absently scratched a nipple. With a shared mordancy she said, "As if I totally can't guess what for."

"Exactly. They want to present their whole case to you. Like I should have done at the beginning, but I was too clumsy and . . . sneaky," she finally admitted.

"Don't worry, you're pretty together," the teenager reassured her. Then she sighed and knitted her brow. "Do I have to? Are they going to sue me or something if I don't go?"

"Of course not." Tami's concern was real; Nina had to suppress a smile at how naive this teenager was and what ideas she had about lawyers. "You don't have to go at all. But . . .could you do it as a favor to me?"

Tami looked at her and then looked down. Sitting on the high stool next to Nina, as she sipped the milk she opened her legs and brought one rough bare foot up to rest next to her tanned pussy lips. Nina couldn't resist a quick eye-flick down. Whew. She was all dry and clean down there. And once again, what a beautiful, tanned body . . .

"I promise they will be nice," Nina said. "They just want to explain their plan. They want to help you, Tami."

"I don't want any help."

"Then it should be a painless matter. Just listen to them and say no thank you. I'll drive you there, and as soon as you want to go I'll take you back here. When were you thinking of leaving?"

"About four o'clock or so."

"We'll be back in plenty of time."

Tami stood up and, once again right in front of Nina's face, stretched her whole body as if tired, fists up and arms extended, breasts stuck out, legs apart, toes flexed and spread, pussy lips slightly parted below the concave tummy. "Okay."

"Great," Nina said. "I'll get dressed. Meet you at the garage."

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 40**

The main meeting room of the firm of Cook, Richardson, Wickland, Bell & Wyzomirski. Six people seated at the lacquered oak table. At the head, Sarah Wickland, age 38, sitting in front of an open laptop and a telephone, wearing a smart gray business dress, white laced shirt with ruffles at the neck, nylons and heels. To her left, Donald Bell, age 41, in a three-piece suit, blue shirt, red tie, elegant black socks and shiny black shoes. To her right, Dr. Miriam Maber, age 53, in a pink blouse under a beige blazer, flowing green velvet dress, knee socks, and low black heels. To the right of Dr. Maber, Martin Wyzomirski, age 45, in a flannel shirt unbuttoned at the top, houndstooth jacket, black corduroys, white socks and black sneakers. To his right, Nina West, age 22, in a long-sleeved white blouse under a yellow blazer, burgundy knee-length skirt, nylons, and loafers. Next to Ms. West, at the foot of the table, Tami Smithers, age 19, no clothes.

The naked teenage girl sat nervously and primly, her bare buttocks sticking to the soft leather chair, her taut breasts with their hard brown nipples reflected almost like a mirror by the table. Her hands were down below, rubbing the sides of her bare thighs. She apparently thought better and brought her hands up to the table, clasping them in front of her like she had been taught to do long ago in catechism class.

Nina looked at the naked girl and then across the table at Sarah Wickland. She noticed how much more nervous her naked friend got once she entered these elegant surroundings. Nina was nervous too.

"Miss Smithers, my name is Sarah Wickland. I trust you remember me."

"Y - yes," the teenager said, clearing her throat.

"Welcome to my firm. We have spoken a couple of times. To use the lingo of campus politics with which you might be familiar, this is the steering committee of the 'Give Tami Clothes' coalition. You have been denied clothing for almost a year now due to circumstance and due to the misguided strictures of Campbell - Frank College. You have been forced into . . . extreme physical exposure and public display of various intimate functions which would cause any normal person an extreme, if not excruciating, degree of shame and humiliation. Isn't this true?"

The naked teenager, almost quaking at not knowing how to respond, looked briefly at Nina. Then she said in a little voice, "I -- I don't mind it."

Nina could tell that Sarah was about to say something like "Really now??" but resisted the urge. Instead, Sarah said, "My young friend, the administration at Campbell - Frank is under pressure to expel any religious nudist but they are afraid of the Constitutional consequences. What you have been subjected to is an ever-escalating program of humiliation, a deliberate attempt to get you to crack, to admit that nudity is not really your religion so that you can be expelled for the streaking episode."

"But . . . it is my . . religion," Tami said softly, shifting in her chair, which caused a slight ripping sound as her bare skin unstuck from the leather before settling into a new spot.

Sarah continued as if Tami hadn't said anything. "The administration of Campbell - Frank is in as vicious a circle as you, child. They would rather see you wearing clothes again, but cannot excuse that streaking episode the first week of school. Wouldn't YOU also rather be wearing clothes again?"

"N - no."

Sarah, again, pretended not to hear. "We have developed a legal strategy which will allow you to wear clothes again, while also allowing the college to reverse its policy as to you without expelling you for misconduct or violating the United States Constitution. But we need your consent to proceed. We need an affidavit from you setting forth the true facts. Miss West has been assigned to try to get your trust so you can consent. I see she has failed."

Nina's heart stopped. She was in the doghouse now. But then Tami saved her by saying, "She -- she's been trying very hard." Nina closed her eyes and exhaled. Thank you, Tami.

Sarah hit a key on her laptop and shifted her chair to one side. A picture lit up the screen, of a frigid January day, a snow-packed path between campus buildings, and a naked girl staring with longing at two heavily-bundled students walking in front of her. "You were walking outside naked in zero degrees, Miss. Didn't you want to have some covering then?"

Tami looked down at the table, not saying anything, like a little kid being scolded by her school principal. No one could see it but her bare toes were twisting and squirming against the carpeted floor. There was an uncomfortable silence. Nina was beginning to feel angry that Sarah was browbeating this poor naked girl.

"How about this?" Sarah's next photo was of the naked Tami strapped into the dildo machine surrounded by men in lab coats, her eyes bugged out at the camera. "Brought to orgasm after orgasm in front of leering men? Did you want that?"

Tami looked down quickly, her eyes blinking quickly, and fidgeted with her hands.

Dr. Maber broke in. "Dear, we're only trying to help. Don't you see? You have shown such incredible strength in this ordeal. We all admire you. After this is over and you go back to wearing clothes again, you will be in such good shape to deal with whatever life throws at you. But past a certain point maybe you should look around and realize that not everyone is out to get you. WE are not the administration of that . . . school. ANYONE who knows the truth, as we do, would be willing to help you out of simple decency. Part of being strong is being able to accept help that is offered. Don't be too proud, child."

Tami bit her lip, still looking down. Finally she forced herself to look up. "I -- I -- " She shut her eyes and started over. "I don't think you're -- bad persons. I just want . . . I just want . . ."

"Want what? To be left alone and live a normal clothed life like anyone else?" Dr. Maber said.

Tami chewed on her lips and then shook her head. Then she looked down again.

Martin gave a piece of paper to Nina which she handed to Tami. "Miss Smithers," he said, "I want to know if you recognize this."

In passing it to Tami, Nina took a quick look at it. She saw something of the contents and tried not to act surprised. It was an agreement to basically do anything the college wanted. It started out with a declaration that modesty was against her religion and continued with a consent to be tested "to the limits of my sexual and physical capacities". Scary language that made Nina hold her breath.

"Is that your signature?" Donald Bell said.

Tami nodded. The signature was wild and scratchy and not at all like Nina supposed someone like Tami would write, not even a left-handed person.

Donald Bell continued, "Is it true that when you signed this document, you were on the . . . on the brink of orgasm, someone was performing oral sex on you under the table?"

Tami blinked her eyes a couple of times. "It was because I asked her to keep doing . . . it," she said nervously.

"We think that agreement is not enforceable," Martin said.

Tami looked up at him with alarm. "What does -- enforce -- mean?"

"It means they can't hold you to it. It means you can break it."

Tami looked at the paper again. "B - but I signed it. Jeffrey witnessed it."

"Still," Martin said. "In legal terms you were under duress. In other words, you were forced or intimidated into signing. Isn't that true?"

Tami bit her lip again. The naked teenager was plainly terrified. "Is Jeffrey in trouble? Am I in trouble?"

"No, dear, you're not in trouble," Dr. Maber said quickly. "You are in no danger from us. We're not in cahoots with the administration."

Everyone could tell that Tami was holding her breath because her breasts, which had risen and fallen with her nervous breaths, were now motionless. "Then how did you get this?" She held the paper up. "Or that . . . lab picture?"

Sarah said, "These are copies of copies. I'll be frank: we stole them."

This did not seem to reassure the naked girl. Nor did Sarah do any better when she said, "Miss Smithers -- Tami -- we know the horrible additional things you have been cajoled into agreeing to in the fall. Do you really want to go endure those abuses?"

Tami looked up, a little more steadily now. "You're not going to sue me?"

"No, no, of course not! For what??" Sarah was losing her patience. Then she calmed herself down again and showed another picture -- of Tami the first week of school, just a normal clothed freshman filling out forms. "Tami, don't you want to go back to being normal?"

This getting no response, Sarah said, "Excuse me." She was back in a second with a set of clothes on a hanger. They were exquisitely new -- and complete. Bra, panties, T-shirt, fashion jeans, socks and sneakers, all hung artfully on the hanger so that every item was visible. Sarah hung them on the edge of a shelf just to the naked girl's left.

"Go ahead, look, Miss Smithers," Sarah said, trying to sound tender. "These are yours. You can take them into the bathroom across the hall and put them on. Please."

Tami looked the clothes up and down with a deadpan look, then looked at her hands again. "No thank you."

Dr. Maber spoke up again. "Child, we are offering you dignity. Dignity that you have been denied for so long."

Another moment went by. Then Tami glanced at Nina and pushed her chair back. She stood up, treating them all to a frontal view of her magnificent young body, reflected on the table down to her bare tanned pubic lips. "Can -- can I go now?" Her shoulders were thrown back, she stood before them as if proud and unashamed, wearing her nudity as if it were as exquisite and dignified as Sarah Wickland's formal business dress.

Nina just couldn't stand to see her naked friend tortured any more. "I think -- I think she should go." She realized as soon as she said it how much she was going out on a limb but fortunately Sarah seemed to give up and agreed. "Yes, Miss Smithers, I think we're done now."

Nina escorted Tami out of the meeting room. They went past the rows of secretaries and attorneys, all of them surprised at the sight of a totally naked young female. After the two passed, everyone turned to look at the receding bare shoulders and back and the tight butt, the thin but muscular legs, the bare feet padding on the carpet. Then the naked girl and Nina West popped into the elevator and were gone.

Back in the meeting room, Donald Bell said, "She sure is a tough one. Stubborn."

Dr. Maber said, "A remarkable young lady."

Martin said, "I'd say she is a rare gem."

Everyone couldn't help but agree with that.

"Well, Doctor, we have legal mumbo jumbo to discuss," Sarah said. "Thank you for your help."

"Keep me posted," the kind therapist said.

After she had left, Donald Bell said, "There goes your idea about the Moonrock decision."

"MoonSTONE," Martin said.

Donald Bell continued, "End of Plan B."

Sarah sat down. "Time for Plan C."

Martin said, "Plan C is . . . rough."

"Well what else can we do," Sarah said, picking up the phone.

Martin said, "Leave her alone, that's what."

She stopped and looked at him and said, "I can't. I just can't." And she began dialing.