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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 41**

It was here, in the sunny, balmy paradise of Brian Cook's southern California estate, that Tami's sense of modesty, besieged and assaulted and pummeled on a daily basis for almost a year, finally and gently gave up the ghost and left her.

 She didn't realize it at first.  But on the second day, sitting in the sun with Nina and Helen, she noticed that they were intensely conscious of being naked, and she was not.  Nor was she shy when mowing the lawn in front of people, when saying hi to Mr. Cook or his guests at that party he kindly threw for her, or when going out to Kelly's club.  She realized that she no longer woke up every morning on her uncovered bed with a desire for clothing, with an awareness that today was another day to be exposed to the world's gaze.  She was just Naked Tami.  Her skin was her clothes, and there was nothing special about it, just another personal characteristic like having red hair or being left-handed.  She no longer cringed at the idea of going someplace new where more people would see her nakedness.  No big deal, in fact not any deal at all.

 It made her sad.  She felt like a part of her had gone dead inside, a part of her that caused her much distress but she still valued and treasured.  It was a part of her former self, from that bygone era when she was a normal teenager who wore clothes.  To have it disappear was a kind of capitulation to Ross and the Dean and the whole web of people who had been abusing and humiliating her.  Her former self was gone.  They had destroyed it.

 With her return to clothes imminent she fervently hoped she could get this former self back.  What would clothes feel like?  The memory of the feeling of fabric over her body, she was forced to admit, had disappeared.  She had summoned that memory again and again during her ordeal, but as the months went by it became more and more vague and abstract.  Now it was gone.  All she had now was the memory of having a memory.  She began to fear that when she finally got into clothes she would hate it.  That would be the ultimate, horrifying capitulation.

 With her sense of modesty gone she no longer had the intense longing for clothing, the sense of counting the minutes like she did at the end of the spring semester, before her original plan was suddenly and crushingly destroyed at the last minute.  On the good side, losing that intense desire had the effect of giving her a clearer head as to her escape.  Now, wandering idly over the grassy lawn in the early afternoon, looking down at its soft plushness like a natural carpet under her tanned, bare feet, she thought of the fact that today was the day.  The day of her escape.  Today at three o'clock she would take her leave of Mr. Cook and get on the 3:15 bus.  The bus stop, consisting of a bench and a sign outside a convenience store, was about half a mile's walk down a balmy sunny oceanfront street.  Unfortunately, she had grown so accustomed to being naked, and had enjoyed the last few days here so much, that her escape would be a jolt, like being jerked awake from a pleasant dream.

 This estate and the whole crowd here had not impressed her much at first.  The surrounding were luxurious and beautiful, and it was good to be in warm sun all the time, but she just felt out of place.  The houses!  And the names!  Cook.  West.  Wickland.  Terry.  Bell.  She missed seeing brown skin, Rod, Jen, Marisol.  There might have been snow, cold, and Ross and the Dean and Wanda hovering nearby, yet she preferred that old environment to this Anglo whiteworld of rich lawyers, self-satisfied people who were oh so kinky and artistic.  But then after the second day she realized she was being prejudiced.  Having been abused and condemned so much for her naked appearance, she pledged that she would never criticize people for externals.

 And this crowd had grown on her.  Mr. Cook's sculptures didn't seem as good as everyone thought they were, but he was not too conceited about it, and he was a nice old guy.  So he made a pile of money and decided to retire and enjoy it, spending his time doing his sculpting hobby, selling his works to rich friends -- what was wrong with that?  And was it his fault that his friends were rich as he was?  She thought of her father, after thirty years of work he only had a little house in Providence with not enough money to pay for much else.  He certainly worked hard.  Maybe Mr. Cook had too, and maybe Mr. Cook would be the first to admit that he had simply been luckier.

 As for Nina and Helen, they were nice, though a little nervous and afraid to open up.  It was weird being unashamed of being naked next to them, they clearly were embarrassed by their nakedness, yet a little ambivalent about it too.  It was even weirder when Nina came upon her this morning when she was pooping behind that bush, such an odd and surprising predicament that Tami couldn't help but emit a weird little giggle.

 Then there was the place where Nina and Helen worked.  McMasters had told her that Mr. Cook had a "connection" with the college, and it was easy to figure out what was going on after she found that Nina and Helen worked for Mr. Cook's old firm and Sarah Wickland was a big shot there.  She still didn't like Mrs. Wickland, not after she had shown up last spring with Tami stretched out and tied up in that awful jail cell and taunted her about not having any clothes.  Tami didn't believe for one minute that business about "having a legal strategy to help her".  And here, even way across the country, there was still the hand of Ross and the Dean, trying to trip her into an admission that she wasn't really a nudist, her ticket to expulsion from the college and a ruined life.  Nina and Helen had been sent to get on Tami's good side but were too nice to deceive her.  Thank God the big conspiracy for once couldn't find evil, devious people at the right time.

 And that meeting at Mrs. Wickland's law firm, just two hours ago.  With her sense of modesty gone it was easy to sit there naked in front of all those lawyers, but she was still terrified.  She had never known any lawyers, just heard her father's occasional fulminations about how mean they were, and remembered the real fear on his face the couple of times he had gotten letters from law firms.  She was glad she passed through whatever minefield Mrs. Wickland had set up for her and rejected their offers of "help".  The fact they had a copy of that icky contract Tami had been forced to sign, and a photo from those Chalfont experiments, that just proved that they were "in" with the Dean.  How else would they have gotten them?  By stealing them?  Tami almost laughed at the thought of Sarah Wickland, in blacked-out camoflauge, breaking in to Rossland Hall or the Chalfont Institute in the middle of the night.

 Now she was back at Mr. Cook's estate.  Nina had taken her back here, where they were going to hang out for a few hours, but then Nina got a call from work and was told that she had to go up to Fresno, about four hundred miles to the north, to help out on an important trial.  So Nina had said he good-bye.  Tami had put Nina's work number in her book, next to those for Seth and Sunny and the other friends she had met on her travels.

 Four hundred miles!  Tami looked at a map on the internet, on the computer Mr. Cook had let her use in the, what did he call it, then den?  Four hundred miles to Fresno, and it was only half a state away.  California was a big, huge state.  ALL the states out here in the West were big.  A big, big country to hide in once she got on that bus.

 And finally, there was Kelly.  Kelly was great, a lot of fun to be with.  Tami realized at once why: this perky lesbian who idolized Tami's nakedness reminded her of Jen, so much so that in that private booth in that weird club Tami had let her lick her pussy like Jen would always love to do.  God, I miss Jen.  I miss my old friends.

 Tami came inside and went up to her room and began to gather her things, few though they were.  Basically only a toothbrush and comb and a few books, and her ankle pouch on the night table.  She looked at that dreaded box sitting on the floor next to the foot of the bed.  With the retainer panties and bristle bra.  That, at least, was the one thing which still caused her shame -- being brought to orgasm by these horrid things while people were around.  Nakedness she had gotten used to, it was just an external, but having an orgasm was showing a window into your soul.  You were being shaken to the core with intense feelings and everyone could see it.  Not that she could let on, of course.  She was supposed to not care if anyone saw.  She closed her eyes, thinking of the one shaming experience during this visit, coming over and over in front of Nina and Helen and having to make believe that she was casual about it.  Ugghh!  At least it was better to come in front of them than in front of some evil person like Henry Ross.

 She was due for one more session, at one o'clock, any minute from now.  She had missed the seven a.m. session, preferring to cruise the internet looking at bus routes, so she had to double up for this one.  Ten orgasms.  Well, I can do it, one more time, she told herself, and began dabbing the ends of the dildos with lubricant, performing this degrading act for the last time.  Fortunately no one was around.  The house was empty as far as she knew; even Mrs. Terry had gone to town on errands.

 McMasters had asked her to do the sessions right up to this one before she got on the bus.  Of course she had no reason to say no, and with the computer chip recording her sessions, she had to go through with it.  That episode, when he and Wanda came by to take their leave this morning, was strange.  The two had not hung around at all during these past days -- they were apparently visiting various places around southern California.  McMasters was polite and amiable as usual, talking about how well his marketing was going and about how he looked forward to seeing Tami in the fall (ha!).  He told her to just leave the box with Mr.  Cook after she took off and he would pick it up next week.  Wanda, however, didn't seem like Wanda any more.  She was white as a sheet as if she had seen a ghost, and seemed distracted.  She explained it by saying she had just gotten over a stomach virus, but still, it was weird to see her like that.

 Tami winced and thought of the old, mean Wanda as the large, thick dildo spread her asshole apart and penetrated deep into her gut.  This is it, my last unwanted piercing.  The next thing going up there will be Rod's beautiful, silky dick, in a couple of months after I've established myself in a clothed life in another town and come by his folks' house in Boston to visit.  Maybe during a long weekend during the fall semester.  Hopefully as early as October -- she had to check the college schedule.  Umphh!  The dildo hit bottom and she started on the Godzilla dildo in front, feeling the unwanted thrills as each bump went past her clit.  Ohh Rod .  .  .  surely he will understand and love me as a clothed person .  .  .  ohhh .  .  .

 With the bristly cups fastened over her nipples she lay back on the bed and contemplated the ceiling.  In a few moments, at one o'clock, the vibrations would start.  This thing was on an automatic timer these days, no remote control in sight.  On at 7 a.m. and 1 p.m. (provided the sensor registered body warmth showing that she had the apparatus on), then off when the desired number of orgasms was achieved.  Tami lay there and waited.

 She looked at the clock and saw she actually had five minutes left.  She could keep calm for now so long as she stayed motionless.  Her mind wandered.  What about this bus business?  With her sense of modesty gone, being able to look at her escape with a cooler head, she thought of the logistics.  Wasn't it dangerous for a naked girl to go on a public bus?  True, she had done it once, coming home for Thanksgiving, but that was a single route, just on and off, a short trip of a hundred miles or so.  A long distance in New England but a short hop out here in the big states.  She thought of that dusty, forbidding bus stop in Colorado which McMasters was about to drop her off at until she changed her mind and decided to continue to California.  Escaping from this place would involve three changeovers or rest stops before she even got out of the state.  Would she be assaulted?  Raped?

 The thought of rape was chilling.  Her good friend Charlene had been raped, in tenth grade.  Tami never learned all the details, but she remembered her friend's going to pieces, in tears, trying to accept Tami's kind words and hugs but still shaking and sobbing.  It was a couple of months before Charlene was really o.k. again, but Tami was sure the bad memories were still forcing themselves on her now and then.

 Bus stops.  Sitting around in bus stations naked, being leered at by all kinds of creeps and possible psychopaths.  What do I do?  Now that Tami's escape was at hand, now that she had planned it well and it was about to really happen, with no last-minute moves by Ross or the Dean to ruin it -- now at the moment of her escape she was getting cold feet.

 Wait.  Wait.

 All I have to do is take ONE bus ride, get off at any stop, find an ATM, walk into the first store that has clothes and then walk out wearing my purchases.  She looked over at her ankle pouch.  Inside was her bank card, her ticket to clothes.  Still -- I would have to walk around naked in a strange town trying to find an ATM.  What if there weren't any?  What if she saw an ATM from the bus and decided to get off there, but after the bus left she discovered it was broken?  And if when she got to an ATM and it worked, she would still have to walk around naked in a strange town looking for a store that sold clothes.  .  .

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Science abruptly put an end to her unsettling ruminations.  Time to ride McMasters's invention, one last time.  As always her eyes popped open and she felt her insides quivering into jelly, her teeth rattling, her whole body shaking.  She closed her eyes and tried to think of Rod, but it was always difficult to imagine that the apparatus was him.  It was actually Chalfont and Ross and the Dean that were inside her, filling and stuffing her rectum and her pussy to the deepest, buzzing her clit, squeezing and scraping and buzzing her nipples, forcing her into a hell of pleasure that she didn't want.  Her eyes squeezed shut now, she grimaced.  Then, when the crest came and she realized she was alone in the house, she decided not to exert the extra effort it required to smother her moans.

 "Ohh -- ohh -- OHHHHH!  Unhh, unhh.  .  .  OHHHHH!!"

 Her pelvis jerked up from the bed with each spasm.  When it was finally over she lay there, momentarily more lucid in spite of the continued buzzing.  With a wild thought she decided to go downstairs and play with the computer in the den.  Surfing the internet while orgasming.  Maybe it would take her mind off Chalfont, Ross, the Dean.  Why not?  No one was around .  .  .

 With jerking steps she descended the stairs, and then turned to go in to the den -- only to be met by Brian Cook who had apparently heard the footsteps and was coming to meet her.

 The old man was in his bathrobe and slippers as usual, with a coffee mug in one hand.  "Hello, Miss Smithers, I was -- oh sorry -- "

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 42**

The old man in his bathrobe and slippers, and the barefoot teenage girl strapped into her ridiculously tiny bikini, huge dildos buzzing silently inside her pussy and rectum, tight scratchy bristly cuplets buzzing silently over her nipples, stood facing each other for a moment as if at an impasse.  The teenager didn't know what to say; as she fought the furious titillations that imprisoned her, her bare thighs quivered slightly, her concave tummy moved in and out with each ragged shallow breath.

 Bzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 "I'm sorry for being sorry," Brian Cook caught himself amiably.  "I forgot about your little regimen, and I forgot that you would have no shame about it."

 "It's -- O.K.," Tami gasped.

 Mr. Cook took a sip of coffee and looked down at the teenager's leather-bound crotch, not with lust but with curiosity.  "Science is amazing.  I've been told about this contraption."   He shook his head.  Then he looked at her face again.  "I've got something for you."

 He turned and walked and the teenager, automatically respectful of her elders, followed.  They went toward the front room -- the "sun room", Mrs. Terry called it -- then turned left down a little hallway, toward the exit to the garage.  When they came to a side window Mr. Cook drew back the curtain and said, "Look."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami, trying to smother the slow rising tide of arousal, managed to bend forward with only one or two little gasps.  Outside, parked on the driveway, was a brand-new tiny subcompact car, a cute little red Japanese model with some forms and brochures on the dashboard.

 "That, my dear, is for you," Brian said with a smile.

 "What?"

 "A rental.  It's on me."   As he let the curtain fall back, Brian sipped and explained.  "I know you're a dedicated nudist, dear, and I respect you for it, and I don't want you to think I'm condescending, you are very mature for someone your age.  But I'm worried about you making your way back to Rhode Island in your .  .  .  in your lifestyle choice.  You've been around friends until now, but going across the country alone is not something that a naked young woman should do without her own means of transportation."

 Tami looked again at the car through the translucent curtain.  "B - but .  .  .  I'm not t - twenty-one."

 "That's O.K., you can drive, that's all you need.  Mr.  McMasters told me you helped drive his old Cadillac across the country, and even were handy in fixing it.  I assume then that you have your license with you."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami nodded, still looking at the car.  "B - but I'm n - not on business.  It's just .  .  .personal."

 Brian couldn't help but chuckle at the teenager's naivete.  "Dear, you don't have to be on a business trip to rent a car."

 "W - what if something happens?"

 "You mean an accident?  Don't worry, I bought insurance on it.  It was only a few dollars."

 Seeing Tami's continued interest, Brian drew back the curtain again so that the quivering girl could have another unobstructed view.  "It's yours for two weeks.  You can spend all that time getting back to Providence if you want.  Stop by some other places.  I hear you've made some friends on the way.  Well, you can look them up again on the way back.  Or go a totally different route.  I recommend the Grand Canyon.  See, I also bought you a U.S. road map so you can plan your trip."

 Tami looked harder.  Yes, there was a big new Rand McNally road atlas on the front seat, the kind her father had.  Brian continued, "You can even turn the car in in another city and continue to Providence some other way.  Zippy Car Rental, it's a national chain.  There's just one favor I'd ask."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami shook her head in wonder.  This old man was so kind to her.  Maybe it was the flush of happiness that made her crest so quickly.  She crumpled forward a bit, resting one hand on the sill, and shut her eyes, her toes curling against the carpet.  "Ohhhh .  .  .  ohh -- ohh --"  Brian pretended not to look as she went over that waterfall and then her body, led by her pelvis, began jerking forward.

 The teenage girl was determined not to be so impolite as to let an orgasm interrupt the old man's discussion.  She laboriously straightened up and looked up at Brian with wet, tortured eyes.  Gasping through the last few spasms, she said, "What -- is -- it -- ohhhh .  .  ."

 Brian paused, allowing the tempest to spend itself, before saying, "My friends are having an exhibition in my gallery tonight and wanted to know if you could pose as a, well, a model.  I have a gallery near here, you know."

 Taking deep breaths as some measure of calm and clearheadedness returned, Tami remembered the gallery very well -- that nice, elegant place where she and Kelly and Nina and Helen had escaped to after the big scene at the club.  She had felt so experienced and familiar clowning around and posing on those little pedestals -- true, her experience had been the humiliating poses dictated by Professor Brignon, but she discovered it kind of comfortable to pose in front of friends in this nice old man's gallery, far away from the grubby abusive manipulations of Ross and Professor Brignon.

 "I've done posing before," she said helpfully.

 "You would be the centerpiece of a multimedia collage of sorts.  It's sort of a B and D theme, but nothing too straining for someone like you.  It starts at seven o'clock.  George will pick you up at six.  He's running the exhibition."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami experienced a tiny jerk, a thrill from the vibrating knob on her clit.  What did "B and D" mean?  Well, it couldn't be as bad as Chalfont or Professor Brignon or the Dixon Mill or any of those other degrading ordeals.

 "Of -- course I'll do it."

 Brian seemed about to say something and then hesitated.  He fished some keys out of his bathrobe pocket.  "I won't take so quick an answer.  Here, go down and sit behind the wheel and think about it.  Then come up and tell me.  I'll be in my studio."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami's hand quivered and she almost dropped the keys.  "Ohhh -- O.K.," she said.

 She made her way down the concrete stairs and then felt the warm, sun-drenched asphalt of the driveway under her bare feet.  The sun's sheen off the new car was so bright as to be almost blinding.  As she made her last step she was overcome with orgasm number three.  She reached forward to break her fall, bracing against the hot roof which almost burned her hands as she leaned there, cresting, spasming, face down, her toes spreading on the asphalt as if to better anchor her.

 When this latest crisis was over she took a breath and got in, planting her bare butt into the driver's seat.  Fortunately the vinyl was not black; it was white and did not burn.  She looked at the spanking new interior, the 373 miles on the odometer, and decided that she was lucky indeed.  She looked through the brochure.  Yes, it was true; though this thing was scheduled to be turned in at Providence she could also turn it in at any Zippy location, 87 locations in the 50 states.  There was a national map with 87 dots on it.

 This solved so many problems at once.  No waiting around in bus stations.  No walking to find an ATM; she could just drive up to one.  And then drive to a deserted-looking place and dash into any store that had clothes -- and feel the long-denied feeling of blessed covering again.  Then drive to one of those 87 dots, turn the car in, and start with the rest of her plan: find a motel, look for ads, call Terri in Vermont to fax her her resume, get a job, start a new clothed life, send a letter withdrawing honorably from Campbell - Frank, go back to another school in a year or two.  Hooray!!

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Another jolt deep in her rectum and her whole life as a naked person started flashing before her.  So here it all ends.  As she staggered up the stairs, her feet slapping on the concrete, another explosion occurred within her and she had to pause, leaning on the railing.  Then it was over and she breathed in and started up again.  If only I could have been naked here, in this place, among these folks, without these horrible things in me, it wouldn't have been so bad.  But trudging naked through that snow, tortured by machines, those art classes, the Dixon Mill, Chalfont, humiliated and exposed in so many cruel ways -- and now it will be over.  Her life of nudity will ease out of existence, ending so comfortably, in this sunny estate and then in the privacy and comfort of a new rented car.  At least the final hours of her ordeal would be pleasant.

 She tried to stem another tide as she made it up to the second floor and to the doorway of Brian's studio.  The old man was sitting on a high stool in front of a tall rough cylinder of marble, gently marking it here and there with a grease pencil.  He looked up.  "Well?"

 "Thank you s - so very much, Mr.  C - cook.  I'll b - be ready at ssssix."

 Brian nodded and then paused.  He looked down.  "I like to make sculptures of naked women, as I'm sure you have seen.  I always ask permission from the subject first.  But I decided not to do any sculptures of you.  I hope you're not insulted."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 Tami bit her lip but a gasp forced itself out awkwardly through her nose as a snort.  She could not control the moans that interspersed her words.  "OH!  Th - thank y - you.  Ohhh!  .  .  .  I ap - p - p - preciate it.  OH!"  She looked down momentarily as her eyes crossed.  But she was good at controlling this orgasm, looking up to face Brian with pretty green eyes determined to make eye contact, though set off with tortured, twitching eyebrows, among her jumbled thoughts the fleeting idea that this old man understood her and they were speaking in code just now.  The following spasms were voiceless, accompanied only by sharp, heavy pants.

 Brian politely continued to look the teenager in the eye until the spasms were over.  Then he said, "I hope you enjoyed your time around here, where there is other nudity besides just you."

 Tami, recovering, exhaled.  But then realized that she was not going down to a plateau but about to be driven right away into another explosion.  "Th - this -- is -- n - not -- n - nnnude.  .  .  ohhh .  .  ."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 "Really?"

 "N - no."   Tami took furious deep breaths as if to make sure her sentence would be completed before the next cresting.  "H - here.  .  .n - naked is .  .  .ohhh .  .  eeeasy.  .  .  F - for me.  .  .  ohh!  .  .  It's -- h - hard .  .  ."   -- she crested -- "OHH!  .  .  .  OH!  .  .  .  OH!  .  .  ."

 The old man and the suffering teenager continued to maintain eye contact as she spasmed and moaned yet another time.

 Brian looked down in contemplation.  "Indeed."

 Bzzz -- zzz -- zzz --

 For Tami there was no relief in sight.  As soon as this latest orgasm was spent, another orgasm approached.  With great effort she stood up straight, shoulders back, her whole body quivering.  "M - mister C - c - cook," she managed to gasp out.

 "Yes?"

 Her pretty green tortured eyes danced crazily but managed to focus on the old man.  "I - I w - want to th - thank you .  .  .f - for y - your .  .  .chhhkkkk!"  A choking sound was all that could issue from her throat as her body bent forward with a lurch, but with a superhuman effort she kept her head up.  "F - for your .  .  .  hospit - tali - ality these p - past f - few .  .  .  d - days .  .  .OHH!"  Her eyes popped open at Brian as another orgasm hit her with the first hammerlike spasm to her gut, then another, then another.

 Maybe it was an old man's failing, who no longer had to be a tough lawyer and keep his feelings hidden.  But there was a wetness in his eyes, a lump in his throat, which the suffering distracted teenager was not able to detect.  In a soft voice he said, "You're welcome, my dear child."

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 43**

The modest teenager's final release from her sentence of constant public nudity was not to be easy.

 This was apparent fairly early on.  True, George, Mr.  Cook's friend, was a pleasant man and was very polite when he picked Tami up at the estate at six o'clock as arranged.  Yet there was something odd about him.  His black leather attire and pointy chained boots seemed too warm for the weather, and made a sharp contrast with Tami's skin.  She was absolutely bare; she was to be used as a nude model of some kind and felt it appropriate and polite, even, to present herself in her natural state when he cruised into the driveway, leaving her ankle pouch inside.  Yet as they spoke his eyes did not roam downward but stayed gallantly fastened on hers.

 And the trip to the gallery was uneventful, he asking her affably about her college career and her major.  It turned out he used to be a math major himself, some fifteen years ago, before pursuing his present career of artistic photography.  And the gallery itself was pretty much as she remembered it in those early morning hours with Kelly and her friends, in fact it seemed more welcoming now that it was a reasonable hour.  In the yellow light of the fading sun streaming through the iron-rimmed windows Tami could see that this was a high-priced, elegant place.  The walls and floors were finely polished, the doors and decorations looking very expensive, fresh flowers on every landing.  She felt insolent and rude padding through this elegance naked in her bare feet, but then again this was an art gallery where maybe nude figures were common.

 Then they went to where George said his exhibition would be.  The same gallery room that Kelly and Tami and Helen and Nina had sat around in, except now it wasn't quite empty.  There were small figurines on the little pedestals here and there, about half life size, all of nude men and women standing with chained hands behind their backs.  "As Brian probably told you, this will have a kind of 'Bondage and Discipline' theme."   It then registered in Tami's mind what Mr.  Cook's reference to "B and D" stood for.

 And then George pressed a button and Tami became aware that descending from the ceiling were a collection of leather straps dangling from two ropes.  As she looked up she saw two more ropes with straps, situated way to each side of the ceiling.  They descended and George walked over to take one, then the other, drawing them to the center of the room in front of her.  The naked girl felt a little dryness in the pit of her stomach as he said, "These are what you will be strapped into."   He kept pushing the button until the straps were hanging at waist level.  "Let me help you.  .  .  You don't know what a relief it was to find someone with no sense of modesty for this .  .  ."   He hoisted her from behind and she obediently lifted her feet to loop them through the wide, soft, comfortable straps that came from the sides.  Then her legs were spread wide and threaded through a second set of loops until the straps rested within the crooks of her knees, her calves and feet hanging down, pointing out at about a forty-five degree angle to each side.  The straps from directly above were looped around her shoulders so that her elbows were crooked out to each side.  Her hands were brought up to ear level to grasp the wide, soft nylon of the supporting ropes, between which was stretched a six-inch-wide strap that supported her head.

 The loops around her legs and shoulders were secured with shiny padlocks that were ostentatiously oversized.  More padlocks were set onto soft cuffs around her wrists that were tied to the ropes.  Then, for the first time, George made a comment about her body.  "Such an exceptional and well-toned figure, Miss Smithers, as well as such a beautiful face, if you don't mind my saying so.  It adds a very memorable touch to this exhibit."

 Tami wanted to ask so many questions.  Was this exhibit open to the public?  Would anything be "done" to her?  How long would she be up here?  But she dared not ask.  George might be a spy.  In a couple of hours she would be driving that new red car to a life of clothes.  Too late to jeopardize things now with silly questions.  .  .

 With another press of the button Tami found her suspended body going up, up, up and then it stopped.  As she swayed slightly she looked down.  Her legs were spread wide.  George, looking up to adjust the straps here and there, was eye level with her bare pussy and with her open exposed butthole.  She could feel his breath down there on her most sensitive ring of brown skin.  And inside her pussy, which told her that her lower lips were slightly open.  Her most private secrets were totally exposed to anyone who might come in.  With mixed emotions of dread and welcoming, she felt her old sense of modesty slowly returning, creeping into the back of her mind, not quite enough to make her feel embarrassed, but enough to make her aware of the possibility.

 Yet physically she was very comfortable.  She was suspended by four ropes, two under her knees and two under her shoulders.  But the straps were wide and soft.  Her legs, though spread apart, were not in a split as in some of her previous ordeals, and they were comfortably bent as if draped over the arms of a couch.  The straps under her shoulders were comfortable too, and her head was leaning back as if on an easy chair.  She could stay here for hours.  Not that --

 George had reappeared and was pushing big mirrors on wheels into the room.  They were really big, about six feet high and four feet wide.  Positioned in front and a little to each side, they gave the naked suspended girl a direct view of herself.  Tami looked and felt the old sense of shame beginning to return to the forefront.  To be spread wide and put on display was an old familiar experience to her -- but not while being afforded a direct view of her shame.  Here was this totally naked girl, tied up and spread apart, with this heavily clothed man fussing about around her.  And the naked girl was her!  She decided to keep her gaze down, or frozen straight ahead, but could not help noticing her doubled image in her peripheral vision.  Finally she just closed her eyes.

 "Are you all right?" George asked.

 She opened her eyes and answered without emotion, "Yes, I'm fine."   In an excess of caution she said, "Don't worry, I've done modeling before."

 "I've heard that your experience in that line is substantial and very accomplished.  I can't thank you enough for volunteering for this.  I just want to make sure that you are comfortable."

 "I'm fine."

 George left.  After he shut the door Tami heard what sounded like another door shutting behind the first one and then the sound of air suctioning, as if the room was being hermetically sealed.

 There followed fifteen minutes of silence and solitude.  The naked, suspended teenager had time for contemplation.  She looked down at her concave tummy, rounding forward toward her hips, then her bare, tanned pussy.  .  .  Her muscular thighs disappearing into the looped straps, then her calves and feet hanging to each side.  She couldn't help but look into the mirrors.  Here she was, a naked girl stretched wide and suspended, on display.  What a fitting final summary of her life of nakedness.  She tried to use the solitude to give a pep talk to herself.  Yes, Tam, you've come through this all in one piece.  Other girls would have been driven crazy.  But not me!  After this, everything in life will be easy.

 Yet, she could not deny the cringing shame collecting in her stomach.  She knew she was naked, but the mirrors emphasized it.  Yes, I'm naked, and the world knows it.  This is how I appear to the world.  And they know that I know.  And I know that they know that I know .  .  .  She found herself wishing that this exhibition would be over soon.

 More time passed.  She looked at this naked girl in the mirror, this shameful display, and tried to think of the times when nakedness was really not so bad.  Like when her friends made her up for her date with Rod at the Black Formal.  Or lounging around in Pilgrim Hall 207 with her roommates.  Most of all, being admired by Rod.  How she loved him and missed making love to him.  She missed it so bad .  .  .  She shut her eyes and wanted to press her legs together as if to hide from the world the altar of his love, the sign of their private lovemaking.  Maybe press her legs together to create pressure on her clit.  But her bonds denied her this relief; she could only get her knees within about a foot of each other.  Her legs quivered, setting all the ropes into sympathetic motion so that her entire body swayed according to the physics of the pendulum, back and forth, back and forth in constant intervals but decreasing distances until she was again motionless.  And naked and tied and suspended and spread.

 The exhibit began with the hissing of air, the parting of doors, and sounds of classical music coming from the hallway.  And then the guests began drifting in, evidently from some kind of cocktail party.  First a couple of lesbian-looking women walked in, then a man, then two other men, perhaps gay.  They were all dressed in black, some with pierced eyebrows or noses, some with tattoos.  All of them wore some kind of chain somewhere.  Some had drinks in their hands.

 Tami now became aware of the wall panels.  They were suddenly lit up with pictures and words.  It looked like reprints from old, old newspapers or magazines.  She looked at the panel behind the mirror on her left.  From what she could see there was a picture of a couple of teenaged girls from what looked like around 1900, dressed head to toe in black in a style she had seen on TV in historical dramas.  Big printed words in old ragged typeface, apparently from an article of some kind, said, "Every decent young lady must be covered.  Even the glimpse of an ankle might give a young man --" The rest of the words were behind the mirror, behind the reflection of her bare foot.  Tami looked to her right.  The other panels were to the same effect.  Pictures of well-covered people, mostly women, mostly around her age.  And words on fashion, on the importance of being covered up.

 Then she looked at herself in the mirror.  The contrast with her insolent nudity, her bare feet and spread pussy and bare nipples, was like a loud shout.  She shouldn't show an ankle.  Indeed!  And here she was showing not only ankles but everything else.  She caught another quote out of the corner of her eye.  "It is indecent for a woman of culture to let her husband see her in the 'altogether'."   Then on another panel was a picture of a nun, looking like one of those nuns who had taught her catechism class when she was little.  And pictures of dark-garbed people standing in a group, all with stares that were stern and hard and disapproving as if passing judgment on the naked exhibit in front of them.

 The guests wandered around the room, reading the panels, looking at the figurines.  But Tami was up front, the live centerpiece, and naturally they were all drawn to her.  Few acknowledged her to her face.  Instead they looked with curiosity at her open pussy lips and well-lit asshole, mere inches from their faces, frankly discussing the charms of this young girl as they circled around.  That the comments were all complimentary did not help a bit.  To the few who looked up at her she gave a brave little nod of acknowledgement which did not betray her mounting shame.

 Shame!  It was coming back to her like a gale force wind now.  She felt the wrath of her conservative Catholic upbringing, condemnation beating against her in waves from the panels, and felt an intense desire to be covered up.  It felt like she was sticking her pussy into the face of the entire nineteenth century, and the twentieth too, something that maybe some of these "B and D" people might have been into, but the naked modest teenager certainly wasn't.  She felt awful, disgusting, dirty.  Try as she might she couldn't resist the morbid urge to look at herself in the mirrors.  Here I am, sticking my grubby bare toes out into everyone's face.  And you can clearly see my butthole.  Ewww!  She closed her eyes and prayed for shoes, prayed for socks, prayed for clothing to cover every bit of her shameful, sinful nakedness .  .  .

 She grimaced as someone's breath flew into her pussy.  She was horrified at the thought that someone might lick her there.  She bit her lip and closed her eyes, dreading the warm wet touch of a tongue.  Fortunately it never came.  But her tummy quivered at the thought.

 With a start she opened her eyes and, looking past the gaze of a middle-aged women carrying a little ornamental whip, focused on the floor.  She realized what this was now: a setup.  George was a spy.  The last attempt by Sarah Wickland and the Dean and Henry Ross to make her crack.  Psychological torture, like Henry Ross made a hobby of.  She shut her eyes again, feeling betrayed by Mr. Cook.  She had taken him to be a nice old man.  How could he have put her up to this?  Did he even know about it?  She imagined that he knew about the exhibit but not that it was a setup.  This thought comforted her somewhat.

 Then the voices began.

 Recorded voices coming from speakers above.  Not very loud, but distinct.  "Shame on you!" in an old schoolteacherish voice.  "Slut!!" in a loud man's voice that sounded too much like her father's.  "How DARE you walk about like that, young lady!" .  .  ."Cover yourself, girl!" .  .  .  "Look at you, showing your -- your you-know-what to the world!" .  .  .

 Tami could not help it.  She had always been a good girl, and being scolded by authority figures was always mortifying.  And now they had good reason.  Because she WAS a bad girl, a VERY bad girl, a loose slut, a --

 She blinked through wet eyes and took a nervous breath, her bare concave tummy quivering.  This is only the work of the Dean, she told herself.  I just won't crack, that's all.  It might make me feel bad and even cry, but it can't really hurt me.  And it will be over soon.  She thought of something Marisol said about her crisis center training at the college, what they would say in the old days to students who were on a bad LSD trip.  "It's not real.  The drugs are doing it.  It will soon pass."   Like a horror movie after which one can go out of the theatre and into the sunshine.  .  .

 The people were thick in the room now, milling around, looking up at her from every angle.  She could hear them discussing the attractiveness of every part of her, her bare back, her buttocks, her pussy, her asshole, her tiny waist, her taut breasts and hard brown nipples, her pretty bare feet and cute toes.  And now they were commenting on her signs of anguish.  "Lovely acting."   .  .  .  "They really found the right person for this."   .  .  .  "Such an accurate depiction of the face of shame."   .  .  .

 Only once did someone show concern.  Tami had her eyes closed when a motherly voice said, "Are you all right, dear?"  When she opened them she saw a woman of maybe 50, dressed in black leather like the rest, with hair dyed green.  The woman's heavily mascara-ed eyes were worried.

 "Of course she is, she's just acting," a young male lisped, mincing past.  "Get real, Doris."

 But Doris's gaze stayed fixed on the naked suspended girl's eyes.  "Do you know how to get out of this, dear?" she asked.

 So this was proof.  A setup.  And this woman was asking if she wanted to end it all by confessing that she was not really a nudist, which was a way of being kind, she supposed.  Tami breathed out and knew what to say.  "Yes, I know how to get out of this."  Not that she was about to confess!

 This response seemed to satisfy the woman and she moved on.  Tami heard her reassure some people behind her who were probably examining the slope of her bare butt cheeks.  "It's O.K., she knows the code," the woman said.  And that was all Tami heard.

 Tami did not know that the guests were members of various B & D groups from this part of the state, and that on the other side of the door was an elegant sign that announced the name of the exhibit.  "The Face of Shame."   Nor did she know that the "code" referred to a rule, standard in such groups, that if a submissive feels that the bondage or torture has gone too far, he or she would start humming the "Star Spangled Banner", something that can be done even through a blindfold.  The purpose is aided by the fact that this tune tends to kill people's desire pretty quick.

 But the naked teenager did not know any of this.  She thought the way to get clothes and escape this spreading exposure was to cry out, "I am not a nudist!" -- even though crying out those words would not have had any effect on things at all.

 And the party and the exhibit went on .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 44**

The panels and the voices and the view in the mirror and the guests continued.  Tami looked down from her crucifixion of exposure like a naked female Jesus.  The worst part of her ordeal was the guests.  Her opened crotch was at their eye level.  The club members, sipping their champagne, fondling their chains and ornamental little whips, closely examined every curve and crevice of her opened bare pussy and asshole in the harsh light.  She could keenly feel every wisp of the cacaphony of hot breaths curling around her sensitive sphincter, into and around and inside her secret feminine lair.  She tried to keep her eyes closed.  Or look up at the ceiling, praying to God for strength.  But she couldn't avoid hearing the chatter as they discussed her.

 "Look how perfectly symmetrical her sphincter is!  Exactly eight wrinkles, like the points of a compass."

 "A very good depilation on her pussy.  It looks so smooth.  And what a tan!"

 "She must spend hours out in the sun.  Look at how brown her nipples are."

 All the while the naked suspended girl, good actress that she was, blinked tears back and whimpered.

 She looked with downcast eyes as a couple of guests produced magnifying glasses.  This attracted a steady line of people who gave her entire crotch a slow once-over.  No doubt a glass held two inches from her body revealed much detail.  "Pretty pores," someone said.  Other guests preferred looking from the rear, or even bending down to look straight up at the stretched skin between her butt cheeks.

 It seemed like hours, but the exhibit finally began to wind down.  People started drifting out.  A few looked up at her and thanked her.  As one tall gay-looking man said, "I know you're not supposed to break character, but I still want to say, you really were exquisite.  Quite a talent you have, dear.  You should go into acting professionally."

 Finally the last of the guests had gone, their chattering fading as they retreated down the hall.  Tami looked at the open door.

 "Slut!"

 "Shameful!  Horribly shameful!"

 Now that the guests were gone she became doubly aware of the voices.  And the ever-changing images on the panels.  And her nude reflection, left and right, her open crotch gaping back at her from the two mirrors.  She shut her eyes.  Now what?

 When she opened them she saw that someone had closed the doors.  Now there was that hissing sound again.  And what sounded like an air conditioner turning on.  She hung there alone in the white, well-lit room.  She looked out to her spread knees, down to her dangling bare feet.  Now up to her hands, cuffed to the suspending ropes above.  She tried to pull her knees together, again without success.  Exhaling, her concave tummy heaving, she gave up the attempt and relaxed back into the spread position, the after-effect of her attempt being the slow swaying on the ropes.  She felt vulnerable, exposed, helpless, unprotected against any attack to any part of her.  And the voices .  .  .

 Well now the exhibit's over, she told herself.  I've been shamed and played the part.  Now when is George or someone going to take me down?

 Her thoughts were interrupted by new images on the panels.  A film, in color, repeated on each panel.  A teenage girl in bra and panties, dressing.  The camera lingered on her bare feet as she slowly pulled on clean cotton socks.  Then a close-up of her sliding into a T-shirt, then a sweatshirt, then pulling on sweat pants.  Tami's mouth suddenly went dry with longing.  In only a few hours.  .  .  Please God .  .  .  give me strength to get through this .  .  .  this psychological torture .  .  .  they're trying to break me .  .  .She felt the air getting colder.  No please .  .  .Not the cold .  .  .

 Now another film.  The same girl getting into nice clothes like going to a party.  The nylons.  Now the slip.  Now the pretty white blouse.  At each step the girl smoothed over the article of clothing with her hands as if to emphasize how it felt.  The feeling long denied the naked girl, who began to sob with frustration.  Now the skirt.  And the heels.  Pretty shoes!  No, please, no .  .  .

 She shut her eyes.  But she could not shut her ears.  "Look at that naked bitch, she has no shame??"  "Whore!  You are a WHORE, you know that!"  "Miss, this is a Catholic school.  You MUST be covered!  This is sinful!  .  .  .  Here, put on this smock so I can march you straight to the principal's office.  .  .  I SAID, put on this smock!  Do it now!!  .  .  .So you refuse??  You know this is a MORTAL sin!!"

 She tried to escape with her thoughts.

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 Finally, after weeks of negotiation, they had been allowed to visit Agent X, who had been captured two months before.

 The gigantic maximum security doors ponderously opened.  The rookie female agent followed Hans and the Professor as they walked through.  Only to be met with another set of doors, as the first set closed behind them with a resounding clank.  Upon their approach the second doors opened too.  And now a third set.  The only sound was of their shoes clopping on the rough concrete floor.  The rookie was very afraid.  Here they were, alone, unarmed, being allowed into the enemy prison like this, what a creepy setting.  Quite a scene for a rookie agent on only her third assignment.  Yet Hans and the Professor seemed so calm, as if all this was expected.  The calm of experience.

 When the last set of doors opened they saw a narrow bare hallway.  She followed her partner and their boss.  The hallway went one way and then another.  Obviously they were deep into an underground installation of some kind.  The walls and floors were totally bare concrete.  It was a little chilly and the rookie felt goose bumps.  Suddenly the hallway opened into what must be a big room, judging from the echo of their footsteps.  It was hard to tell; the walls must have been painted black.

 In the center of the room was the brightly lit figure of Agent X, stretched out in an X (appropriately) against a short freestanding wall.  And absolutely naked.  The rookie agent drew in her breath.  She was afraid they would find Agent X tortured or mistreated in some way.  She looked at Agent X's beautiful body and saw no marks, but this was horrible anyway.  Next to the wall was a fat man in a business suit and a soldier standing guard.

 As they drew closer they saw Agent X had little dark plastic boxes taped over each nipple and over her crotch.  And that she was quivering, her eyes closed, biting her lip.

 "Welcome Professor," the fat man said.

 The Professor nodded.  Then he and Hans and the rookie looked up to the suffering naked woman as she quivered and moaned.

 "Agent X," the Professor said.  Whereupon the naked woman's eyes opened wearily, dully, with just a trace of recognition.  She gasped again, then shut her eyes and hung her head down.

 The rookie couldn't stay quiet.  "Can't we do anything?" she said.

 The Professor patiently explained.  "No, dear, we are not allowed to intervene.  Those are the terms of this visit."

 "At least she is not harmed physically," Hans observed.

 "No, they would never do that," the Professor said.  "Geneva Convention, you know.  But psychologically is another matter.  Agent X?" he said again, loudly.

 Agent X looked up again, then her eyes bulged out wide as she cried out in the unmistakeable crisis of orgasm.  Her whole body spasmed against her bonds as the orgasm ran its course.

 After she quieted down the fat man said, "That makes twenty-eight for this session.  May I congratulate you, Professor.  You train your agents to be extraordinarily resilient.  Four weeks of this 'conditioning', several sessions a day, and she has not cracked."

 The rookie was even more horrified now.  "This is -- awful!" she whispered.

 "I know, dear," the Professor said, "but Agent X is an experienced operative, and knows that capture and what it entails, are part of a spy's life.  Agent X?" he asked again.

 Agent X opened her eyes, her flat muscular stomach heaving in and out with her deep breaths as she recovered from her latest orgasm.  "P - professor.  .  ."

 "The brown fox and the lazy dog."

 Agent X paused for a moment.  Then she said, "Blue cat."

 The Professor said, "Lazy dog and wild goat."

 Agent X said, "Blue cat.  Blue dog.  No, blue dog."

 The Professor took one long look at his agent, from scattered sweaty hair down to dusty bare feet, and said, "Thank you, Agent X."   Then with a quick nod to the fat man, he turned to leave.  Hans and the rookie followed him.

 The rookie could not help but look back before they entered the hallway.  "Is that all?"

 "I'm sorry dear, Agent X can be no further use to us.  She's forgotten the codes."

 "But you can't just leave her -- "

 "Forget it, dear.  They will find some .  .  .  use for her.  She will crack, eventually.  It doesn't matter what she says, she's been disinformed anyway."   As they left, the rookie caught a last glimpse of Agent X as she heaved and was driven into orgasm number 29, abandoned to the enemy.

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 Tami shook her head, beginning to really feel the cold now.  Goose-bumps appeared all over.  She gritted her teeth, trying to ignore the images and the voices.  Now there were young people playing in the snow, all bundled up.  Later in the film they came in and drank some hot chocolate, enjoying the hot steam in their faces.  And now the voices again.  "Slut!!" "Put some clothes on!" "You are a SHAMEful, NAKed WHORE!!"

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 "Chhkkchkk!" The defendant in the witness stand gasped again, trying with all her might to form a word.

 "Well, Miss?" The judge sternly asked her.  "Is there ANYthing you wish to say?"

 The defendant's naked body heaved forward into yet another orgasm, her erect nipples and firm bare breasts jiggling.  Strapped into the special chair, she had no control over her reactions.  "Chhkk!!"  She shook her head violently, eyes shut.  Everyone in the crowded courtroom listened intently.

 "Well then," the judge said, banging his gavel.  "Since you have not said one word in your defense, the court's ruling is clear.  We find you guilty.  You are sentenced to be kept in the chair you are in, which is to be turned up to maximum power, until you are dead."   Another bang of the gavel.  Then the bailiff went up to undo the floor latch and the defendant was wheeled out of the courtroom, down the middle aisle past everyone, shaking her head wildly and emitting unintelligible gasps, her bare toes squirming against the footboard of the wheelchair, knowing she was being wheeled to the Execution Room.

.  .  .  .

 The slim girl obediently kneeled, the cold cobblestone floor rough against her bare knees, arms at her sides, looking down until spoken to.  Looking past her large breasts, the huge nipples permanently erect in the chilly air.  Now Sister Regina spoke.

 "You have been very good, my dear child."

 She looked up gingerly.  "Sister, why must I be .  .  ."

 Sister Regina finished the question.  "Naked at all times?  When all the other girls in the school must wear their uniforms?  It has to do with your endowments, child.  That is all I can say.  That is why you we have not harmed you physically, and will not."

 She looked down again.  Then swallowed, afraid to ask, but she asked anyway.  "I have been through so many things."

 "Yes, you have.  Now there awaits only the dungeon.  Farewell, my child."

 She looked up again, alarmed.  "Farewell?  What is going to happen to me?  Am I being sent somewhere?"

 "No, no," Sister Regina said.  "You will not be physically harmed.  You are not being sent away."

 "Then why are you saying 'farewell'?"

 Sister Regina spoke carefully.  "Because what will be done to you will be so horrible, so unbearable .  .  .that you will lose your mind.  You will cease to exist, as we know you, or as you know yourself.  When you come out you will be a babbling, incoherent invalid."

 The naked girl began to cry.

 "Don't strain to hold on to your sanity, child.  Let it go.  It is less painful that way."   And with that the Sister ordered the naked girl to stand.

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 It got colder now.  And now there was the sound of dripping water.  And images of waterfalls.  Tami had to pee.  The cold was shrinking her bladder.  And now the sound of rushing water.  .  .  NO, she told herself.  I'm NOT going to pee right here onto the floor of this gallery .  .  .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 45**

"It's COLD!  Give me CLOTHES!  PLEASE!"  The naked prisoner's hoarse voice kept on and on.  Her elbows tied behind her back, she again banged her helmeted head on the bars.  Once again her bare feet slipped on the ice-patched floor.  Behind her the snowy Arctic mountains shone brightly in the sun through the bars on the other side of the wall-less cell, the wind whistling through.

 The two guards, bundled up in their heated glass booth, drinking their hot coffee, stopped their chatter and looked at her.  "Your turn," one said.

 The other lit a cigarette and went out, wrapping his scarf around his neck, then picked up the fat fire hose.  He  braced himself as the cannon shot of icy water hit the prisoner.  Specially salted so that it was still liquid at 24 degrees Fahrenheit.  It bludgeoned the prisoner centered on her pubic hair and almost knocked her over.  She slid still standing on the icy floor until her back was to the rear bars, and as the subfreezing jets pummelled her breasts and legs and tummy and face, she sobbed and wailed and shouted .  .  .

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 Tami couldn't hold it any more.  With a shameful whimper she let go and the yellow stream issued unimpeded from the top of her opened, hairless pussy.  As soon as it started, the images stopped, the sound stopped.  In the sudden silence the dripping of the pee hitting the floor reverberated loudly, clinically, like she was not in a gallery but in an antiseptic lab.  She could not help looking at the mirrors, the view of the yellow arc issuing from her tiny hole.  She shut her eyes, not wishing to look at her shame.

 She looked down as the last few drops came out.  And sobbed again at the sight of the large yellow puddle.  The mess she made in these clean surroundings.  Shameful!  .  .  .  With her bladder empty she began to feel the cold even more.  This was not mere air conditioning .  .  .  It was now like a refrigerator in here.  She began to shiver.

 Then she realized: the sounds stopped just when she was beginning to pee.  She was being watched!

 The doors opened.  With dulled eyes she looked up and tried to stop her shivering.

 No one there.

 But now a figure appeared in the doorway --

 Henry Ross.

 Henry Ross, whom she hadn't seen in months.  Dressed not in his business suit but in a flannel shirt and sweater and corduroy pants.  And sneakers, of all things.  He carried a large paper bag.

 The middle-aged lawyer approached the naked, shivering, suspended, spread-legged teenager.  When his face was about a foot away from her opened bare pussy he looked by turns up at her face, and then down at her crotch.  He was smiling pleasantly.  "Good evening, Miss Smithers.  I see you're looking especially .  .  .  religious .  .  .  tonight?"

 Though exhausted and freezing and dizzy from the psychological torture, Tami drew upon her strength.  "G - go away."

 Henry Ross looked down at the puddle of urine as if noticing it for the first time.  "Oh dear.  I see we have had a little accident," he said, as if talking to a recently toilet-trained toddler.  "Excuse me."   In a minute he was back pushing a wheeled pail with a mop in it.  Tami closed her eyes as he noisily went through the motions of mopping, then heard the sound of the pail being wheeled away.  When she opened them he was standing below her again.

 Under her glare he took a good hard look between her legs.  "My, what a sight.  Are you aware, Miss Smithers, that I can see directly into your vaginal opening?  And that I can count the wrinkles in your anal sphincter, let's see" -- he brought his index finger close up and in to count -- "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight?  Eight wrinkles?"  He looked up again into her eyes.  "Are you aware that hundreds of people have seen your charms?  And that every inch of you has been recorded on videotape?"

 The naked teenager turned away, only to see the mirror which afforded a third person's view of Henry Ross looking close in to the spread physical attributes of the naked Tami Smithers.  She couldn't help but say, "Ugh!"  She loathed, HATED this man, who had put her through so much abuse, and now he was making a sport of sticking his nose right into her most private parts.  She looked down at the man at her crotch.  "Go away," she said, trying hard to summon a glare from the depths of her shame and exposure and the cold.

 Henry Ross drew his sweater closed and hugged himself.  "My, it's chilly in here.  Wouldn't you say?  I'm sure you feel the cold more than I do."

 Tami closed her eyes to draw strength.  She flexed and unflexed her toes.  In a shivering voice she said, "Y - you are a b - bad mann."

 Henry Ross shrugged lazily, with an insolent smile that was infuriating.  Then he went to the buttons on the wall.  "This was on May 3, I believe."   Sound and images again.  Tami's eyes opened wide.  There she was, a closeup of her face, cresting into orgasm in that awful machine in Lab 6.  Every panel had the same image.  With sounds of her grunts and moans and sobs.  Tami shut her eyes, but she couldn't shut her ears.  She was reliving that very orgasm again, unbearable and excruciating in its shame.

 The orgasm went on and on, its unnatural length seeming endless.  As a viewer now, she realized for the first time how long her artificially induced orgasms were.  Then the last spasms spent themselves and the panels were blank again and silent.

 "Do you want to see and hear yourself again?" Henry Ross said, finger poised over a button.

 Tami wanted to slug him.  No, she wanted to KILL him.  In a weird expression of this desire her arms and legs flailed for a second in intense and extreme frustration.  The tugging on the ropes above caused her naked form to swing back and forth.  The man and the naked girl waited for a ridiculous moment for the swinging to cease.

 After another silence Tami said again, "Go away."

 "Aren't you cold?"

 "I said GO AWAY."   She tried not to shiver, but did anyway, causing her spread nakedness to sway slightly.

 Henry Ross suddenly spoke in a louder, sterner tone.  "No, I WON'T go away!" He started pacing in a circle around the suspended girl.  "You have a nice butt, Miss Smithers.  Nice breasts.  All on public view.  This is your life, Miss Smithers.  To be naked all the time and always be stared at.  Is this the life you want?"  He went to the buttons and again the room was filled with the sights and sounds of Tami's orgasm from May 3, louder now.  When it was finished he said, "Orgasm after orgasm.  Do you know that if don't tell me the truth, these tapes might, shall we say accidentally, fall into the wrong hands?  Do you WANT these tapes to be seen by hundreds of people, leering boys in dorms, maybe posted on the internet, guys on street corners, then they see you walking by, naked on a public sidewalk, look, there she is, the naked whore who comes on tape, she WANTS it, she ALWAYS wants it, she's INSATIABLE."   He looked up into her face.  "Let's DO her!"

 He resumed pacing around the naked girl, his rubber sneakers squeaking on the antiseptic floor.  "Do you look forward to the fall semester?  Think about it.  In only a month or so you will be sleeping in the dorm lounge, in full view of everyone.  Excreting in public in front of hundreds.  Your life will be destroyed, Miss Smithers.  Your dignity, destroyed.  Your sense of self, destroyed.  And then the winter.  Feel this cold in this room, feel this cold, chilling you to the bone.  It will be NOTHING compared to the shivering, freezing, PAIN of your bare skin against the elements!"

 Tami hung on.  She gritted her teeth, shut her eyes, tried to control the shivering.  It was only a couple of hours.  Must.  .  .  hold .  .  .  on .  .  .  Don't .  .  .  give .  .  .  in .  .  .It was like she was hanging onto a rock cliff with her fingers, the tendons of her wrists quivering and tensed and hard and strained .  .

 And then Henry Ross cut through those tendons with the slice of a sharp knife.

 "I know your plans," he said.  "Do you really think you can get away in that rented car that Brian Cook got for you?  HE doesn't know, but I do!  I have HUNDREDS of connections, Miss Smithers.  I will know.  No, you will not escape being naked.  You will be WATCHED!!"

 The naked girl gasped and sobbed and shivered, her nipples rock hard and erect in the cold, her bare thighs goose-bumped right in to the wide valley in which lay her eight-wrinkled anus surrounded by a ring of brown skin.  "Pretty anus you have, Miss Smithers," Henry Ross said, peering up at it, suddenly in a gentle tone.  "Everyone says so."

 Tami suddenly relaxed in her bonds.  There were dark circles under her eyes.  She was exhausted, depleted.  In a low voice, creaky with defeat, she said,

 "I give up.  You win."

 Henry Ross let those words echo in the silence.

 "Come again?" he said.  With a puckish smile.

 Tami sobbed, letting out a torrent of feelings that had been penned up for so long.  "I give up.  I give up.  Expel me, I don't care.  I'll go work in a shit job somewhere, I don't care.  Just let me go.  I'll go live somewhere where my folks won't have to see me or think about me, I don't care.  Expel me.  I'll be a waitress.  Or work at a supermarket.  I'll be poor, get pregnant, go on welfare.  Just let me be normal."   Tears were streaming from her eyes.  In her pleading she seemed suddenly like a child.  "PLEASE, God, please, mister, let me be normal.  I give up.  I give up."

 Henry Ross watched the sobbing naked girl as she cried and sobbed and tears ran from her face and dropped onto her breasts and ran over her nipples.  A few drops fell from her nipples onto the insides of her thighs, running over the goose bumps.

 Then Henry Ross got some things out of his bag.  He presented them to her, looking up to get her attention.  "I have some things here that you might enjoy, Miss Smithers."

 Tami blinked back the tears, trying to focus.  Then she gave a pitiful moan.  "Ohh.  .  ."   A sweat shirt and sweat pants.  And white cotton socks.  Henry Ross then took out some sneakers, red stylish ones in her size.  Then a bra and panties.  "Your bra size is eminently easy to guess," he added.

 Her mouth was now very dry.  Her whole body quivered and a chill went through it as Henry Ross brought up a sock and stretched it open.  He brought it near to her left foot.  She lifted her lower leg to meet it.  He held back, forcing her to stretch outward.  Her rough bare toes spread and strained, trying to touch the fabric, the warm cotton that would feel so good on her wretched bare feet.  Yet Henry Ross held back some more.  Try as she might the freezing naked suspended girl just could not stretch her toes far enough.  He playfully brought the sock closer, then pulled it away again.

 "Please.  .  ."   Tami said in a tiny voice.  Her concave tummy heaved.  Henry Ross put the sock down and brought the sweatpants up to her thigh.  He draped one leg across her inner thigh and pulled it up across so that she could feel the fabric pass over her.  Her anguished eyes looked upward.  "Oh God please please.  .  .  God.  .  .  please .  .  ."   Then he took it away.

 Henry Ross cleared his throat and waited for the sobbing to die down.  After a moment he got what he wanted, which was to have her calm and looking at his face.

 "Miss Smithers, is there something you want to say?"

 Tami closed her eyes in an admission of defeat.  Then opened them.  Fighting back the urge to shiver, she said what was required.  "I am not a nudist.  Th - that time I was n - naked, it was a prank.  I was streaking.  The n - nudist thing was just an excuse."   She looked down and gathered her thoughts, fully aware of what she was doing in spite of her exhaustion and frazzled mental state.  "Nudism is not my religion."   She looked up again.  "It is NOT my religion."

 Henry Ross, as if thinking of something, patted the pockets on his shirt and down on his pants.  "Oh dear.  .  .  I'm afraid I don't have my tape recorder with me.  It's necessary because you've disputed my word in the past."   He looked up affably.  "Sorry, Miss Smithers, I can't take a statement at this time."

 As the girl looked on terrified, he gathered the clothes and shoes into the bag.  "I don't see how you'd need these at this point."   Then he went to the door.  Turning up a dial, he said, "Come to think of it, it's rather warm in here.  I'll turn the temperature down for you, Miss Smithers.  Hmmm.  .  .  55 should be about right."   With a touch of the button he turned on the voices of condemnation and the images of girls getting dressed.  Then he looked at her through closing doors.  He spoke loudly to be heard over the voices.  "I shall see you in the fall, Miss Smithers."

 "NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

 And the door shut and the girl saw clothes being put on and more clothes and people getting warm and heard voices calling her slut and shameless and naked whore and she felt a blast of cold air into her pussy chilling her to the bone and felt the freezing force at her back throwing her into Hell --

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: The Long Escape, Part 46 (Conclusion)**

Silence.  Darkness.

 The abused girl had blacked out and suffered through dreams even more horrible than before.  Now she awoke and saw nothing but blackness.  She heard a steady rain pouring on some distant roof.

 For a moment she wondered where she was.  Then she felt the spread openness of her legs and the soft leather and her heart sank.  I'm still in that awful gallery.  She was thankful at least that there were no images, no voices, not even the sound of the air conditioner, just darkness.  What do I do now?  As her eyes got used to the darkness she saw the dull shapes of her spread legs, and her faint image in the mirrors.

 Impulsively she pulled and yanked at the straps.  Then she stopped.  This is stupid.  I can't get free.  I just have to wait here.  They just can't leave me here for hours and hours.  But she could not control her impulses.  Again she found herself pulling and yanking.

 R - r - rip!

 It was the strap on her left wrist.  She brought it down and, now that her eyes were getting used to the darkness, looked at the dull shape in front of her.  Wow.  My hand's free.

 She reached over to the cuff on her right hand but then realized it was a better idea to work on her legs first.  But how --?  To her relief she felt the padlocks and found they were only ornamental.  What actually held her were knotted leather strings.  At first uselessly frantic, she took deep breaths and made herself patient and worked the knots free.  She started to work on her right knee, then decided it was better to work her on the right hand.  She relieved the tension on that knot by pushing down with her right leg.  When her right hand was freed she found herself thudding onto the floor on her left foot, her right leg suspended in a high kick.  With more patience she got that free too.  She stood now on the floor, and rubbed and stretched her muscles that had been in one position for so long.

 She looked around.  The buttons next to the door.  She stayed away from the ones punched by Henry Ross.  Through trial and error she found the one that unlocked it.  Out she ran.

 The rain was louder now out in the hallway.  She had to get the fuck out of here.  She didn't care where.  Just away from here.  She pushed open a door and was out in the rain.

 Somehow, she felt mounting panic.  She ran faster and faster down the road, her hair and bare skin getting quickly soaked, her feet splashing through puddles.  She ran under an overpass and saw some trucks parked ahead.  I've got to hide.  They're coming after me.  .  .  Some of the trucks had big tarps on the back.  Looking up and down the row there must have been about ten of them.  It seemed weird, like in a dream, but she was possessed with the idea of hiding.  She had to hide.  She picked one at random, the first one she came to, and saw that under the tarp were some big concrete tubes like for a water main.  She climbed in, then peeked out, and saw right away that the panic was prescient and had saved her.  Because, way up the road, several hundred yards up, she could see the dim white shape of the gallery building.  And a car was pulling up to it.

 She quickly ducked back in to the tube.  Curling up in the tight space, she began to cry.  The horror of what she had just been through was sinking in.  She lay down in the tube, hardly caring about the rough concrete scraping her butt and her shoulders and her arms.  She was exhausted.  She fell asleep, the rain pattering its rat-tat-tat onto the tarp.

.  .  .  .

 It was the mosquitoes which woke her.  They love damp, warm, dark places.  Rubbing her eyes, Tami found herself in a big concrete tube and remembered what happened.  Where was she?  Looking down the end of the tube, she saw sunlight penetrating the tarp.  Gingerly she crept forward and peeked.  In her limited range of sight she saw a large bush.  She just had to get out; the bugs were driving her nuts.  Before she knew it she had jumped out and scurried behind the bush.

 It was maybe late morning.  She was at a rest stop on a highway.  In a desert, or close to it.  Looking across the highway she saw a bleak sandy expanse with brown scrub and cactuses.  Still crouched behind the bush, she looked up at the sun, grateful for its warmth.  In fact it was actually hot.  After that freezing gallery, she wanted to hoard this heat.

 But where was she?  Definitely not anywhere near where she had been.  She puzzled over it, hardly noticing that the driver had returned to his truck and the truck then started up and left, leaving her alone.  Was she still in California?  Or somewhere else?

 She edged out from behind the bush.  She saw the back of a brick building, no doubt containing rest rooms and soda machines.  And a map.  Looking around, she saw there was no one in the parking lot.  She darted out to the building, her bare feet grateful for the warmth of the sun-drenched pavement.  There was a road map on a board.  Arizona.  "You are here."   An arrow pointing to a dot on an interstate.

 She looked around and found herself reflexively running back to behind the bush.  She waited for a few minutes.  A car stopped in, a big white Continental.  An old couple got out.  They went to the building and in a few minutes were back in the car and took off.

 Another few minutes.  Then a little beat-up Honda Civic, loaded with bags of clothes.  A girl got out, about her own age, in shorts, T-shirt and sneakers.  In a few minutes she was gone too.

 Revelation came to Tami Smithers.  She looked up at the sun, and at God, big lights going on over her head.  She was far away from Henry Ross and Sarah Wickland and everyone else.  No one knew she was here!!  She was --

 FREE!!

 No more clutches of people out to humiliate her.  And no more having to be modest.

 No more Unintentional Nudist.

 She couldn't help but say it out loud.  "Thank you, God."   Her prayer finally, really answered.  Her Long Escape had been achieved.  Maybe not the way she had planned -- but she was FREE!

 She looked down with blinking, wettened eyes as her hands awkwardly, as if out of practice, did something long forbidden, something so automatic yet almost forgotten.  One hand went across to cover her breasts.  The other went down to hide her pussy.  The gallery had re-instilled her modesty, in fact made her more modest than ever, but she was glad to have her sense of modesty back, the sense of her former personhood.  Yes, she was just a typical modest girl.  Who didn't want to be naked.  She pressed her legs together, looked with disapproval at her bare feet in the crusty dry grass, needing shoes.

 She had simply been left here naked as part of a sorority prank.  Which was true, though magnified a million times by what it had snowballed into.  But just a girl who was stuck without clothes, no more.

 That girl in the Civic would have been perfect.  But there would be others soon.  There was nothing to stop her from asking the next kind-looking person who came by and mentioning a sorority prank, and getting something to wear.  And then the phone call to Terri to fax her her resume.

 There was nothing to stop her now.  That was exactly what she was going to do.  Ask for clothes and get them.  Thank God.  Thank GOD!!!

[end]

Leviticus Note:

This is not the end of Tami's adventures, just the end of this particular one.  As we speak, DonnyLaja is deep into writing about Tami's attempts to get home and get some clothes on.  Of course, for her it isn't as simple as that!  :)