**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here"**

by DonnyLaja

**Part 16**

Once again emerging with a splash, she stood up and threw her head back and massaged her hair as if working in  shampoo.  The water was hip deep and clear and her toes wiggled gratefully in the cool mud at the bottom.  The water coursed off her chin, her nipples, down the sleekness of her tanned concave midriff and the wide V of her hip bones down to the water line just above the top of her pussy hair, the water behind hugging the crack of her butt.

 Now she knelt down again until the water was over her chin and she drank.  And drank again, remembering times when she could find no water.  Feeling the urge, she slowly strode up and out of the little forest pond, steady streams coming off her knees, and climbed over the little crest, tracking rich black soil on the bottoms of her bare feet, and bent down with outspread knees and peed.  She watched the little yellow puddle form and as the stream trickled to an end she got up and, getting a running start, dove back into the pond.

 Some minutes later, as the naked girl lay in the grassy clearing nearby, letting the sun dry her off, eating walnuts she had cracked, contemplating the twigs and spearmint she had gathered to use as toothbrush and toothpaste, she wondered if she really could live permanently as a naked wild woman in the outdoors without clothes or money or shelter, no possessions except her own bare body.  Maybe she could, at least as long as the weather was warm.  When it got cold and snowed, well then, it would be impossible.  Or so it seemed.

 "Unnh -- unhh -- OHH! OHH! OHHH -- God! Ohh .  .  yeah .  .  ."

 The girlish cries rang out through the forest as the naked teenager reached another orgasm on the sunny grass, her fourth, looking at the blue sky with wide-open amazed eyes, her pelvis jolting up at the invisible stars.  Then she relaxed, rested her bare back on the grass, her tummy moving in and out as she caught her breath, holding the thick smooth end of the stick deep in her pussy, feeling the other thick little stick penetrating deeper into her rectum as she rubbed her butt lazily into the grass.

 She had found these sticks yesterday after a quivering search over the soft, pine-needled forest floor.  With the return of abundant food and water came a return of her boundless capacity for sexual release.  Horny as hell, she had looked around the forest for the right size and thickness, then had scraped the ends on a rough rock to get them smooth -- though not too smooth!  She forced herself to have patience as she cut the ridges that would go bump, bump, bump over her clit.  Realizing that without something in her butt she just would not feel full, she was lucky to find the stick for her rectum, which had two knots in it to go on either side of her anal ring so that it would not get sucked in yet not expelled.  Along with her increased sexual capacity, this bit of knowledge was something she owed to her Chalfont experience, but now that those horrible experiments were well in the past, she could use the knowledge without being too reminded of how she got it.  And likewise could enjoy the orgasms.

 She loved the paradise here in these woods but she also knew that she couldn't stay.  She had a goal, and though  she had tolerated solitude better than she had thought possible, she knew she preferred being around other people -- friendly people, of course.  This forest spot was not her home.  Neither was that dry high plain in Texas, where, she thought again with a pang, her companion horse was now roaming, never to meet with her again.  Her home was not that village in Oklahoma either.  She knew now that the bleak land there was an Indian reservation, where they had been kept for generations, after white people had taken all the good land.  The Indians welcomed her, but from their actions she knew she did not belong there, she was merely a visitor passing through to somewhere else.

 Well they certainly helped her with that.  Eating wild plants wherever she found them, she stretched out the bag of food that outlaw guy gave her for three whole days, burying it almost ceremoniously in one of the lush forests she was finding that stretched without end.  She must have gone several hundred miles, moving quickly, or as quickly as she could with a full stomach.  Because here in the Ozarks food was everywhere -- mulberries, blueberries, in fact all kinds of berries, and cherries, apples, wild peanuts, all kinds of tree nuts, even wild lettuce.  She couldn't resist thinking that it was God, and not some blip of the campus computer, who had set it up so that she had gotten put into that "stalking wild plants" course last semester.  She sure was grateful for that now; without knowledge of wild food, hunger would have driven her to seek the first person she saw, which she knew by now was very risky strategy.  She still had a desire for a hamburger, but she felt fine and was obviously getting all her vitamins and protein.

 She was a real nature girl, but also a clever, keen-eyed creature of the night, traveling under cover of darkness to find the right place to go up and ask for clothes.  She knew now she had to be very careful, and with food plentiful she could afford to take her time.  She had to find someone who wasn't crazy or cruel, and who wouldn't notify the  police.  She had deliberately passed around several towns, stalking through the surrounding fields and forests in a wide perimeter, often moving from tree to tree like a monkey, fingers and toes grabbing branch to branch, passing up places or houses that gave her even the slightest suspicion, no matter how vague or irrational.  Tied-up dogs were a red flag.  So was any sign of guns.  Or floodlights.  She had seen any number of little white churches and at first wondered if she should go up to the house next door, the priest's or minister's house, but then considered that despite her protestations clergymen would feel required to report the incident.  Or would consider her a child of the devil.  Either way, police would be called and she knew what that meant.  She remembered that fax in the post office in Arizona.  Notification to that Dr.  Fortescue at Chalfont, commitment to a mental institution.  Expulsion from college, the trauma to her family, the ruination of future prospects -- by now those were the lesser of her worries.  Going into a crowded neighborhood was out; a naked girl walking in would attract the police and maybe the local newspapers as well.

 She had to find a house that was apart, but not isolated.  And she wanted to study the house for several days, observing the habits of the people who lived there.  She knew by now her luck was bad, or so it seemed, and she didn't want to approach another house of crazy people who would shoot at her.

 And now, she believed, she had found it.  She had observed it the past two days, studying it at night before  retreating to this forest spot for the daylight hours and sleep.  A big house with an all-around porch, at the end of a long meadow that began back at the forest.  From nighttime reconnaisances she knew there were other houses a mile or so on the other side of the little hills, and a medium-sized town maybe ten miles away.

 This house was freshly painted yellow.  An artist must live there; sculptures graced the back lawn that was neatly mowed about a hundred feet into the meadow.  The sculptures were white and abstract, and she had seen the man in the evening, fussing over them and cleaning them.  He looked about 35, thin and delicate looking, always dressed in black.  Another man, older and with a slight military air, lived there too, or maybe he just stayed over a lot.  And a  lesbian-looking woman, kind of like an older version of Jen, only white.  Three gay friends, Tami guessed.  And gentle people.  Last night, she had approached closer than ever before, a mere hundred yards away, squatting in the upper branches of a maple tree, and listened to their soft happy conversation as they sat in lawn chairs and enjoyed the warm night with some beers.  Tami missed beer.  She missed Jen too, of course.  But hearing these folks talk about friends of theirs and goings on at the local college, where the sculptor was apparently an instructor, that clinched it.  These were the folks!

 She had decided that tomorrow morning she would make her approach.  Daytime would be best.  She would add to her sorority prank story a new bit as to how she had been left along a forest road and had spent the past few days making her way here, eating berries along the way.  She had to account for her all-over tan.  Not that the truth was any more believable!

 She tried to sleep, but by now she had been used to using the nighttime for traveling.  Using her two natural dildos, she kept bringing herself to orgasms to get relaxed.  Finally in the wee hours, after orgasm number eleven, she managed to curl up in a ball on the grassy spot and snooze.  She awoke to the sight of the sun rising over the house, a dull orange ball silhouetted by the rooster weather vane.

 Moving along the branches of the trees that she now knew so well, the naked girl warily wended her way to the meadow.  She waited and then dropped into the meadow a ways out.  Then waited some more.  It was now mid-morning, she judged.  And now she heard talking, and poking her head up the least amount possible above the tops of the tall grass she saw the artist and his military friend sitting on the lawn chairs drinking coffee.

 She bit her lip.  It was now or never.  She knew what a jolt her appearance would make, but there was no getting away from that.  She cleared her throat, rehearsing her lines, then stood up and, arms crossed over her breasts and pussy, moved her bare feet through the tall grass with steps that were shy both by nature and by design.

 She shuffled along, knowing these men must see her by now, but could not bring herself to look up, instead looking down as the long grass catching between her toes with each step.  Finally the mowed lawn came into view.  She looked up and, forcing herself to look the artist in the eye, said, "Please help me.  My sorority friends took my clothes and put me in the woods.  Do you have something for me to put on?"  She was covering herself with her hands and eagerly waited a response.

 The artist looked at her up and down with a noticeable lack of surprise.  "Welcome to our place," he said with a lisp and what seemed to her to be a Southern accent.

 Tami didn't know how to react to this bland welcome.  She fell back on repeating her most urgent, long-denied plea.  "Please do you have something for me to put on?"

 He looked across at his military friend, then got up.  "Of course we do.  Come with us."

 Exhaling with relief, the long-naked girl, who for months had desperately craved covering but had been denied the merest scrap of clothing, looked down as her grass-stained feet followed her new friends into the house.

 As she looked up she saw that she was in a large, immaculate dining room.  There was a big table made out of very nice wood with place mats.  The furnishing was sparse but Tami could tell that this man had money; everything seemed expensive, she remembered from Brian Cook's place the sense of aristocratic restraint, of someone who knew he was wealthy and did not have to show it off.  The only remotely ostentatious thing was a glass sculpture on the table, but that looked like one of this man's own creations.

 "I hope you don't mind my saying so, but I imagine you could use a shower," he said, motioning to a stairway with a finely lacquered banister.  "There's a bathroom upstairs.  Use the extra toothbrush.  Meanwhile we'll find some things for you."

 The bathroom was big and tiled and had an old-style bathtub with feet, upon which a shower head and curtains had been set up.  Tami turned on the water and, feeling the steam rise up into her face, thanked God not only for finally ending her ordeal of nudity but also for this shower.  She made it hotter than she normally liked, but this was the first real shower she had had since Brian Cook's place, and she took it nice and slow, luxuriating in the steam and cleansing wetness.  There was a nice big bottle of shampoo and, she didn't mean to be a bad guest, but she must have used half of it, working gobs of it into her hair, rinsing it three times.  And the soap and the scrub brush.  Though she had bathed often in that forest pond and was not really dirty, it had been so long since she had hot water and soap and a brush and shampoo.  She cleaned and scrubbed every bit of herself, finally opening up her legs to get at her pussy and butthole.  When she was finished she was clean and pink all over.

 And then there was the towel, big and fluffy and white.  It felt so good to have something to dry herself off with.  She looked around for the extra toothbrush and, in the medicine cabinet, found not only a new toothbrush in its store case, but a new comb.  She sighed with delight as she combed her hair, and she worked through those knots and split ends again and again, finally getting the comb to go clear through her dark red hair.  She noticed that her gray hair problem hadn't gotten any worse during her weeks out in nature.  The gray hairs were still there, but at least there weren't any more of them.  Whatever her other concerns, her stress level had gone down since the end of those horrible Chalfont experiments.

 Wrapped in the big white fluffy towel, she sat on the toilet seat and idly continued to comb her hair, looking down at her feet, once again a normal teenage girl.  What a relief.  .  .  She hugged the big towel around her, biting her lip.  It had been so long .  .  .  now she remembered what it felt like to have something covering her.  Fabric against her long-denied skin, something to hide her from the stares of a harsh world.  With this recognition, and the knowledge that she would momentarily have full covering, be fully clothed after almost a year, her whole previous life as a clothed person was coming back to her.  This is how it feels!!

 When she descended the stairs a few minutes later, her entire persona had changed, her sensibilities had returned to those of a normal girl with a normal sense of modesty.  As she considered her bare shoulders and her bare legs and feet, and approached the dining room table at which the man sat with two cups of coffee and toast, she blushed at how uncovered she was here in this strange house, with nothing but a towel around her and him knowing she had nothing underneath.

 "Have some," the man said.  Tami did the thing with the milk and sugar, and grabbed some toast.  Though she was not starving, having eaten well in the wilderness, seeing civilized food again made her very hungry and she tried not to bolt down the toast and gulp down the coffee.

 The man looked at the girl with an air of amusement, it seemed, and looking up at him, Tami wanted something to cover her bare shoulders.  "My name is Jackson Dyle," he said, extending a hand.

 "Tami Smithers," Tami said, shaking his hand, trying to speak through a mouthful of toast.  She sipped the coffee and, even though he couldn't see under the table, she folded her legs up under her so that the towel covered her knees and her bare legs and bare feet.  In a final assertion of her new sense of modesty, she crossed her hands over to cover her bare shoulders.

 "Is that T - A - M - M - Y?" Mr.  Dyle said.

 "No, T - A - M - I," Tami said.

 Jackson Dyle smiled and looked up the stairs, as if waiting for his friend to come down with a set of clothes.

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"So what did you say your situation was?" Jackson Dyle said.

 Tami, glancing upward at the stairs for the set of clothes that would momentarily arrive, said, "I was left without my clothes by this sorority I was trying to join.  It was a prank."

 "That's terrible.  From what college?"

 Tami thought quickly.  "Smith College," she said off the top of her head.

 "Smith College is in Massachusetts," Jackson Dyle said.

 Trying to put an end to this question, Tami cleared her throat and said, "There's another one, a small -- small place not too far from here."

 Jackson Dyle leaned forward, sipping his coffee, and said, "My dear, there is no such college nearby or anywhere in this state.  I should know, I'm a college instructor."  He spoke not as if accusing Tami of lying but as if somehow just playing along with something.

 Tami stared at his reflection in the polished table top, wondering why he was testing her so.

 "Then there's the matter of your tan, very exquisite, with no lines," Jackson Dyle said, with a long lisp through the word "exquisite".  "Obviously you enjoy being nude, you must spend a great deal of time without clothing.  Now tell me the truth."

 Tami was flustered now.  "I AM telling you the truth.  I -- I was left a few days ago.  I've been walking through the woods, trying to find a house.  That's why I -- have my tan."

 "Really? It takes more than a few days to make tan lines totally disappear.  For one thing, you'd be sunburnt over your breasts.  .  .  And what have you been living on?"

 "Nuts and berries and stuff I've found," Tami said, realizing how unlikely this sounded, then adding, "I -- I took a course in edible plants."

 "Mmm - hmmm," Jackson Dyle said cynically.  "I see your spiel now.  May I congratulate you on your entrance.  In our years of play, we have never had someone who was so dramatic and inventive.  Maybe you've noticed our telescope upstairs.  Roberts is much into astronomy," he said, motioning to the military looking man, who was entering with a full set of athletic workout clothes, including sneakers and socks, arrayed on a wooden coat hanger.  "Though last night he got distracted by a heavenly body like none we have seen before.  I'm glad, it allowed us to set things up."

 "You've got this all wrong," the towel-clad teenager said, wondering why he was messing with her head, though now she was fixated on those wonderful clothes on the hanger and impatiently waiting for him to offer them to her.

 As if she had said nothing, Jackson Dyle said perfunctorily, "Tell me, do you know how to hum the 'Star Spangled Banner'?"

 Tami was too fixated on the clothes to notice how odd this question was.  "Of course I do .  .  .  Can I have those clothes now?"

 "And how old are you?"

 "Nineteen."

 "Very good.  Pray tell, how did you hear of us? We usually work only through the college."

 "I don't know what you're talking about!" Tami said.  She was starting to get a little pissed off at this screwing around.  "Can I have some clothes to put on, please!"

 Jackson Dyle shrugged.  "O.K., if that's how you want to play it."  He got up from the table.  "At this point, you may start calling me 'Master Jack'.  Now, I must ask you to remove that towel."

 Tami said nervously, "So I can put on those?", looking at what was on the hanger in Roberts's hand.

 Jackson Dyle said, "Of course not, you silly fool."  He assumed a lower, more stentorian tone of voice, without a lisp.  "You will have to earn the right to wear clothes!  Roberts, please."

 Roberts put down the hanger and started around to Tami's side of the table.  Clutching the towel to her chest, the shocked and terrified teenager got up and made for the door.  Roberts went after her.  There was a quick slapping of bare feet and clomping of military boots.  The boots were faster.  He grabbed the towel as it flew away from the girl's now exposed butt.  Tami struggled to hold on to it while pressing the towel against her breasts.  There was a brief tug back and forth.  Finally with a mighty jerk Roberts ripped the fluffy covering from the teenage girl.  She spun to the floor and cowered on her knees in anguish.  "Noooooo!!"

 The two men watched as the naked teenager crossed her arms over her breasts and quaked.  "W - why are you doing this to me??  P - please -- let me have the towel!"  Then, in a pleading tone, "Please?  Just the towel?  I've wanted it so long!!"

 One second of seeing the stony faces of the men was enough.  Tami had to get the hell away from these weirdos.  She sprang to her feet and ran for the door.  Roberts grabbed her hand just as she reached the doorway.

 "HELP!! HELP!!" she yelled.  As Roberts dragged her in, Jackson Dyle said, "It's no use, there's no one around for miles."  It was hard for Roberts to handle the wildly struggling girl, but after a few seconds he had pushed her bare bottom back into the chair.  The two men looked down at her.  Roberts leaned back to lock the door.

 The naked teenager, legs pressed together, leaned forward into her crossed arms.  "P - please let me go."  She was shaking and tearful.

 She sensed Jackson Dyle and Roberts looking at each other.  In a moment Dyle was back with a cell phone.  "If you don't like it, then call the police.  Just dial 911.  My name is Jackson Dyle, the address here is 9548 Bowditch Road, Farmington, Arkansas.  Just tell them we won't give you any clothes, and charge us with false imprisonment and harassment."

 Tami looked at the phone and froze.  Once again, she thought of that fax in the post office, that headline she saw in the newspaper box.  The "Nude Girl Alert".  Seconds went by.

 Seeing her failure to respond, Dyle concluded, "Just so we're clear."  Tami squirmed as he put his hand on her bare shoulder.  "This, my dear, promises to be a lot of fun."

 .  .  .  .

 "Shoulders further back, my dear.  Twist and stretch like a cat.  That's it."  The sound of scratching pencil on canvas echoed through the unfurnished upstairs studio.  Jackson Dyle worked steadily, sitting at his easel, glancing up at the naked girl standing on the pedestal, hands behind her head, elbows out, her breasts thrust out over hips turned just so.  Track lights and flood lights on the floor lit up every curve and crevice in sharp relief.  Dyle briefly pointed to the hanger of clothes on the wall behind him.  "Earn your clothes, honey, keep posing," he said absently, scratching away.

 The naked girl bit her lip, dying with shame.  She hated this man and hated being totally exposed to him.  Yet she was afraid to disobey his commands.  Her mouth went dry with longing as her eyes devoured the hanging clothes.  She almost wished she hasn't had that towel around her those few precious minutes, it reminded her of how good it felt to be covered.  She could still feel the soft terry cloth caressing her skin, and now deprivation was so much sharper, every square inch of her longed for the clothes with a terrible hunger.  She shut her eyes.  Why torture herself by looking? Yet it was hard not to look, they were right in front of her.  How could she convince Dyle that this was not some kind of sado-masochistic game, that she really did want and need clothes?

 Once again they went through the same refrain.  "This is not pretend," she said in a tiny voice, holding her pose.  "I HATE being -- the way I am.  Give me clothes."

 "No.  Not till you've earned them," Dyle said, his mind on his drawing.

 "You have no right to keep me here," she said.

 "Then call the police.  Do you want the phone?"

 Then there was silence and the end of the conversation.  No doubt Dyle thought it was part of the game.

 Another muffled report and Tami again looked out the window to where Roberts was practicing his shooting.  It looked like a rifle with a muzzle on the end.  Or at least so Tami guessed.  She had only a vague idea about guns and had never known anyone who owned one.  Roberts was shooting at a bull's eye set up in front of the meadow.  Tami looked beyond.  If only she was back there again.  If only she could go back in time twelve hours and go past this place!

 She wanted to bolt this house, but had been told that all the doors were locked.  Then there was Roberts and his gun, which scared her.  She wanted to at least stop having to pose like this, run into a corner and cover herself with her hands, but whenever she hesitated at obeying commands, Dyle would say, "I suppose we should report this sorority incident to the police, shouldn't we?"  And again she could do nothing but remain silent and acquiesce.

 "O.K., break time, sweetie," Dyle lisped.  The naked girl crumpled down into a cross-legged ball, sitting on the pedestal, leaning forward, arms crossed over her breasts, head forward to hide herself as much as possible.  She tried to suppress a sniffle but failed.  Besides her overwhelming shame and hopelessness she was petrified.  What would Dyle do to her next?

 After two minutes it was back up displaying her breasts and pussy to Dyle.  And to Roberts, and to that woman she had seen, who entered with him.

 "Oh Jack, she's gorgeous!"  The woman ran up to the posing nude and, to Tami's horror, actually started fondling her bare breasts and pulling on her nipples.  "I just want to eat her up!"  She walked around Tami and with both hands felt up every part of her, squeezing her butt cheeks, even playing with her pussy hair and digging in to find her clit and give it a gentle pull.  The naked girl was afraid to make the slightest move.  She blinked back tears.  This woman's short hair, her lesbian looking clothes, her enthusiasm and worship of her naked body, reminded her so much of Jen.  And, like Jen, this lady probably thought Tami actually enjoyed the attention.  But now it was so loathsome!  The naked girl's concave tummy lurched a bit with the feeling of revulsion.

 "Don't damage the merchandise, Treena," Dyle said, pausing in his drawing.

 And now two more women came in, gay looking like Treena.  One was carrying a laptop case.  They circled the posing girl as well and paid tribute to her beauty by copping a few feels.

 "Tami Smithers," Dyle said as if proudly.  "A fine addition to our site."

 "I've already uploaded the script," the lady with the laptop said.  She pulled a little table over and what ensued was a well-rehearsed production.  Chairs were pulled in from other rooms, a video projector set up, wires were attached, and now the laptop was opened up and Dyle said, "Smile, darling."

 Tami didn't smile.  Instead she looked with horror at what was being projected on the blank white wall.  Evidently the laptop must have had a hidden camera on it.  On the wall was the image of a web page.  And an image of her posing just as she was now, in all her naked glory.  She was on the web! But the most horrible thing was the lettering on the window.  "Tami Smithers Gallery -- #1".  She was posted on the internet! Under her own name!

 She immediately brought her arms down and covered herself.  "No!" she shouted, stamping her bare foot on the pedestal.  "You can't do this!!"

 The three women and two men watched her as the sound of her stamping foot echoed and died away in the unfurnished room.  She was conscious once again of being naked in front of these clothed tormentors.  Finally Dyle said, "It's our game, darling.  Want to call the police?  No?  Now get back to your pose.  Or should I go with your story and report this unfortunate sorority prank?"

 Crouched in front of these people, the naked teenager thought quickly.  Certainly they couldn't put naked pictures of her on the internet without her consent.  That had to be illegal.  Yet they had already done it.  They had her coming and going.  And to do anything about it she would have to go to the police .  .  .

 The more immediate problem was the telephone.  Dyle had his cell phone out and seemed about to dial.  If the police found out she would be dead for sure.  The nationwide manhunt.  Commitment to a mental institution.

 Yet somehow she believed that if she did all that was asked Dyle would give her those clothes.  As she glanced down at her erect nipples, soon to be poking out all over the internet, she told herself that this little game couldn't go on forever.  Maybe Dyle would give her clothes at the end of the day.  Maybe there was no web page, the projection was just for effect.  All that would be consistent with Dyle's game.  She wished she was back in the woods, naked and happy, and not suffering like this for the promise of clothes.

 Her mind confused by the possibilities, all of them bad, the naked teenager decided to focus on one goal: getting out of this place.  The pictures on the internet, she couldn't do anything about that now.  She resumed her pose, eyes looking up at the ceiling, trying not to notice as more pictures were taken and more photos were added to Tami Smithers's internet gallery and flashed onto the wall bigger than life.

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Jackson Dyle was drawing in charcoal now, as was Treena.  From their easels they concentrated on an accurate rendering of the eight wrinkles of the rear asterisk and the ring of brown skin.

 They were looking, of course, at the spread anus of Tami Smithers, wide open to their gaze due to their subject's posture on outpointed toes on two uneven pedestals set four feet apart, the left pedestal two feet higher than the right.  Per instructions of course, her hands were on her butt cheeks, pulling them apart.  Between the artists was the laptop.  On the wall was the Tami Smithers web page, now up to gallery # 15, 322 pictures in all so far.

 Facing the projected images, the naked girl's face was an anguished mask of shame and extreme mortification.  Anyone in the world could just enter "Tami Smithers" into a search engine and find these images.  She could kick herself for having given Dyle her full name.  If she had just called herself "Tami" it wouldn't nearly be so bad.  Then she would have been just one of dozens of anonymous Tami's, she imagined, who had naked pictures on the internet.

 The set of clothes had been hung from the track lighting not three feet from her face.  They mocked her, taunted her, tantalized her.  The urge to grab them was intense.  She almost shook with the strain of suppressing it.  Yet she knew she must resist.  Otherwise Dyle would make good on his threat to call the police.

 Nor could she just run, not with all the doors locked and Roberts lurking around.  Him and his rifle.

 So she stood there, spreading open up her most secret and shameful crevice to her tormentors, thinking of the rest of the Tami Smithers gallery, the spread pussy shots, the on all fours shots, the high kick shots -- she was amazingly limber and beautiful and well-toned, they kept telling her, as they commanded her into poses as bad as from Professor Brignon's art class, only this time for a worldwide audience of millions.  She had been asked to pull her nipples outward so hard that it hurt, mash her breasts together, hold her heel up behind her head, bend over backwards, stick her butt in the air, and say an upside down "hi" between her legs.  Tami thought of all this and the images of her anus on the wall and the clothes within arm's reach and closed her eyes and prayed.  Please God, give me strength.

 "Okay, darling, take a break," Dyle said, wiping his hands on some nice clean cloth, cloth which Tami would have given anything to tie over her pussy with some string.  He and Treena started putting away their things.  "You can have the run of the house.  Dinner is in half an hour.  Oh hi, guys."

 As Tami came down from the pedestals, two amiable dobermans panted into the room.  They eagerly hopped over to the naked teenager as Treena went over to take away the hanger of clothes.  "This is Pablo and Georges," Dyle said affably.  "Don't worry, they won't bite.  They just want to see what you smell like.  Rub their bellies and they'll be yours forever."

 Tami, covering herself with her hands, overcame her initial nervousness and watched as the two dogs sniffed her feet, her legs, and around her butt and hips.  She loved dogs, animals in general.  And recently it seemed they liked her too.  Maybe it was her nakedness, but in the woods she had often approached birds and squirrels and on one occasion a woodchuck, and was surprised to see how close they would let her get.  Even a squirrel, one of a skittish and suspicious race, had let her reach up to a tree branch and rub it on the head before running off.  She was just another animal, apparently, and they somehow knew that she was not a predator but a plant-eater and posed no threat.

 Dyle and Treena left with their equipment.  The naked girl was alone in the bare room with Pablo and Georges.  She smiled and dropped to her knees and scratched the tops of their heads and their necks.  She was glad to be around friendly, affectionate creatures.  After a couple of minutes, as if suddenly realizing they were late for an appointment, the dogs turned and trotted out of the room.

 So Tami had "the run of the house".  Obviously they did not want her to have clothes, but in poking around the search for clothes was her first priority.  There were three rooms upstairs that were locked.  Probably the bedrooms of Dyle and Roberts and Treena, full of clothes and out of bounds for her.  She poised at the top of the stairs, listening to talking and activity going on in the kitchen.  She figured she had the right to eavesdrop.  Yet the three of them were talking about classes at the college, the weather, trivial stuff in light of the humiliations they were contriving for her.  Realizing they probably knew she was up there overhearing them, she padded away.

 In the hallway she passed a window and saw the dogs running around on the lawn, happy and careless in the sun.  She found another stairway that she followed down.  These stairs seemed like they had never been finished, the wood was rough under her bare feet, the walls were concrete.  Even odder, they bypassed the main floor and led directly to the basement.  The naked girl, figuring she should find out as much as possible about these people, continued downward, feeling the cooler air envelope her.  Finally she reached the bottom, a dank, cold concrete floor in a little bare room.

 There was a door and she had to open it.  And her eyes widened at the sight.  This room had a cage, a big one taller than she was.  It was open, and inside leather cuffs were attached to the bars.  On the other side were devices she had never seen before.  To the teenager the world of sadomasochism was weird and icky and unknown and creepy, and she could not identify these structures of wood and metal and leather, but they would have been turnoffs in any event and in her present naked predicament they were suddenly horrifying.  Though there was no one to see her, she covered herself with her hands and felt the coldness of the air and the floor chilling her to the bone.  With a flash she recognized that here was a wooden cross upon which a person could be spread-eagled and cuffed.  And over there, that table with wheels at each end, was a rack, to be stretched out on!  She imagined laid out on it, Dyle and Treena fondling every inch of her and taking pictures.

 Was Dyle planning on putting her on these things?  Keeping her in the cage?  The naked teenage girl shut her eyes, clutched her hands closer to her breasts and pussy.  She didn't think he would actually cause physical damage to her.  And he played these games with other people, apparently, and maybe didn't have these things in mind for her.  But the possibility was still terrifying.  She absolutely had to get out of here.

 Maybe there was an exit through the cellar.  She decided to check all the doors.  She found the room with the oil burner.  There was a small window near the ceiling, above an oily, rusty tank.  At this point it might be worth it to break it and slide through.  But Dyle would hear the sound and she would have to remove all the shards first to avoid cutting herself to death.

 She opened another door into darkness and this time her bare feet rested on clean tile.  The walls were painted black and so was the ceiling.  Very artsy.  And -- hanging from the ceiling were clothes!

 It was an unusual arrangement.  The ceiling was very high.  There was no light, Tami figured out that the clothes had all been dyed so that they glowed in the dark.  Each article of clothing was suspended from a string, each in a different corner of the room.  Sneakers.  Socks.  T-shirt.  Sweatpants.  And, in the middle, a sweatshirt.  All hung in their ghostly greenish-white phosphorescence from white strings which seemed to disappear into the ceiling.

 It was practically a reflex.  The naked girl jumped up to grab the sweatshirt.

 It retracted to the ceiling.  It was now too high for her to reach, despite trying again, jumping as high as she could.  What the hell was this? she wondered, her arms crossed in puzzlement, her toes tapping on the floor.  She went over toward a corner and jumped for the pants.  They shot up too.  Turning around, she saw that with the same motion the sweatshirt had descended to where it was again reachable.  Using a move from basketball, she jumped out and back -- only to see it retract up again.

 Her eyes shot to the walls, flashed with anger.  This was some kind of stupid trick, some exquisite torture, part of Dyle's game.  And they must be watching it!  She felt positive there was a hidden camera somewhere in these black walls.  A camera that could take pictures in the dark.  And she realized how she must have looked, jumping up, breasts bouncing, every muscle straining, arms reaching.

 Intensely shamed at the show she had just given, determined not to give Dyle any more satisfaction, Tami went for the door.  And found it had locked behind her.

 She stamped her foot, looking around, arms crossed to hide her breasts.  "Let me out!!" she said.  "LET ME OUT!!"

 Nothing happened.  "LET ME OUT!!  YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO LOCK ME UP DOWN HERE!!" Minutes went by.  Still nothing.

 Well, she was just going to wait this out.  She couldn't believe Dyle would just let her stay down here, not when he had announced dinner, not when he must know she wasn't going to jump around any more for his perverted viewing pleasure.  She knew she would hate the feel of cold concrete against her bare skin, but she sat back in a corner, bare butt on the cold tile floor, arms crossed over her breasts, legs together, knees up to hide her pussy.

 She waited.  She was under the cotton socks, clean and white and looking very big against the black background.  She felt the coldness of the floor under her bare feet, shivered with the intense desire for shoes, socks, anything to make her feet warm and snuggly.  Her toes flexed and squirmed.  Those socks looked so close!  She closed her eyes, refusing to go for the bait again.

 Minutes went by.  She got up and tried the door again.  Still locked.  Now she sat into the corner again.  She tried to think of other things, but the socks loomed big and warm in her mind.  They were so close --

 She hated herself but she found herself lunging up again.  The socks retracted.  She landed on her feet and tried to act nonchalant, like a cat who has missed a pounce and looks around as if to say, "I MEANT to miss that bird!"  Inside she was thinking furiously.  These strings must be hand-operated somehow.  The trick was to have reflexes quicker than Dyle's.  Or whoever was working them.

 She lunged sideways up to the sneakers.  Now to another side up to the sweatshirt again.  Now over to the T-shirt.  The next few seconds found the naked girl twirling and jumping and feinting like a power forward making her way to the basket to execute a back lay-up.  Except that she had an increasing air of desperation and felt more and more ridiculous and pathetic.  Meanwhile her breasts spun and bounced and jiggled in every direction and her beautifully-toned body twisted and stretched and rebounded enough to satisfy any voyeur.

 Finally she squatted, drying her tearful eyes on pressed-together knees.  This was degrading, more so because she was causing her own embarrassment.  She studied her toes.  She felt like someone she had read about in mythology, dying of thirst and tied to a tree, up to his neck in water, but every time he bent his head down to drink, the water receded.  And then came up again when he raised his head.

 As the tears got rubbed away and her vision cleared, she looked around.  Now that her eyes were used to the blackness she saw little lines in the far wall.  Another door!  She knew it looked ridiculous but she duck-waddled over, not wanting to expose more of herself than was absolutely necessary.  She reached up for the knob.  It opened.

 On the other side of the door, looking at another flight of stairs that led upwards, she took a long ragged breath.  Using this door she could have walked out of that tantalization room at any time.  And then, as it closed behind her, she heard it lock.  She was glad to be out of that room with those unreachable clothes.  With weary feet she ascended the dusty, rough concrete steps.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 19**

The naked teenager was sullen and very pissed-off looking as she followed Dyle's motion to sit at the head of the white-tableclothed dining room table, set up abundantly with place settings and covered dishes and glasses of wine.  Dyle and Treena and Roberts sat to the sides.  Tami, her arms crossed over her breasts, her legs tightly crossed, glared at her plate.

 "Glad you could make it, darling," Dyle said.

 Tami just couldn't hold it in.  "You are very mean.  You are not a nice man!  Let me out of here!"

 Dyle opened a covered roasting dish.  Inside was a telephone.  Treena giggled at this droll touch.  Dyle set it in front of Tami.  The words were so obvious that no one bothered to speak them.  Tami looked at the telephone with an exasperated sigh.

 "Let me hear you hum 'The Star Spangled Banner'," he said.

 Like hell I will, Tami thought.  No way.  What's next, asking me to bark like a seal?  She fixed him with a steely gaze, or tried her best, considering her vulnerable situation and her nudity.  Her gaze had no effect on Dyle.

 Instead, he opened another covered dish and heaped a steaming glop of lasagna onto Tami's plate.  "Have some, you must be famished."

 Tami refused, though her nostrils flared with the steamy aroma.  Her stomach growled.  Everyone heard it.

 "Oh, good grief," Dyle said, reaching over to cut off a forkful.  "Just so you know it's not poison, or loaded with some super-strong laxative."  He gulped it down.

 Tami wrinkled her chin.  Then, still holding one arm across her breasts, she switched the silverware to the left side, took a fork and started eating.  The three of them ate in silence.  Tami tried not to pig out but she could not deny her hunger, or that the lasagna was very good.

 "Let us have some entertainment," Dyle said.  Tami cringed as Treena opened that stupid laptop.  With a few keystrokes the four diners were treated to a little black and white movie projected onto the wall across from Tami, of her naked self jumping and dancing to get at clothes.  Due to the special camera used it looked like there had been full lighting, everyone muscle and jiggle of the girl's body almost glowing brightly against the grays and blacks.

 "You are so cruel, Jack," Treena said coquettishly.  Dyle smiled.  Roberts, as always, was silent and stonefaced.  The three gamesters watched the movie with an air of cultured appreciation.  It was only a few seconds long but kept repeating.  Tami was livid.  She tried not to watch her repetitive motions.  But she could not help watching this naked girl jump and dance, over and over again, like performing a set series of steps in an endless loop.

 "Stop -- a close-up on that titty jiggle," Dyle said with a little snicker.  Treena expertly worked the laptop.  There was now a closeup of Tami's breasts bouncing one way while her body moved the other way.  This too was repeated over and over.  At the head of the table, the naked teenager burned with shame and resentment.

 Another keystroke and now here were the web pages of Tami, switching from upraised arms and outthrust breasts to spread pussy and now the spread anal area.

 "So far there haven't been any hits to our site, but we expect them to start coming in," Dyle said.

 Tami blurted out, "This is illegal! You can't put -- those things on the internet."  She thought back to another horrible experience, of trying to suppress an orgasm in front of Henry Ross in the dining hall while Jen was furiously attacking her clit under the table, and retrieved something useful from it.  "You need my signature."

 "Hmm - mmm," Dyle said, nodding as if impressed, exchanging glances with Treena and Roberts.  This was a trick he played often.  Fake web pages, framed and fonted to make it look for all the world like he was putting the submissive's nude form on the internet.  One of the more exquisite touches in his role playing that made "Master Jack" a person any sub had to experience at least once.

 The projection was turned off, much to Tami's relief.  Roberts left and then came back with coffee.  As he got up Tami saw the end-table behind him, upon which his rifle lay.  She held her breath.  These folks were not only perverted and weird and cruel, but scary.  Once again, she thought of the necessity of getting the hell out of here a.s.a.p.

 "Darling, you have been ever so much fun," Dyle said, stirring his coffee.  "Let me propose a concluding activity to our day."

 Tami looked at him sharply.  A "concluding activity".  After which he'd finally give her clothes and let her leave!

 "When you came out of the meadow grass, it was one of the most striking scenes we've ever witnessed," Dyle said.  "You were a beautiful naked creature coming from the wilderness.  We artists are fond of saying that the human is a funny-looking animal, but in your case, well, you fit right into nature.  I must say, your body is probably the best I've ever seen in all my years of fun.  You are a very lucky young woman."

 Treena nodded.  "I STILL would like to eat you up."  Again, Tami thought of an evil version of Jen.

 "Well, I'm getting to that," Dyle said.  "Miss Smithers, since you are a beautiful animal, we would like to hunt you down, bloodlessly of course.  You might know already, but across the road is state land that goes on for some miles.  We will give you a five minute head start.  Then off we go to find you.  We'll have Pablo and Georges to help us, they know your scent well by now.  If you hide from us until sunset, which is about an hour from now, I suppose, you will return here and you will get your clothes.  After that our game is at an end and everything is above board and consensual.  If, on the other hand, we trap you, well then, you are ours."

 Tami couldn't believe this.  "What??"

 "If we find you, we will 'take' you.  I'll go first, I'm sorry Treena, but you can have sloppy seconds.  As for Roberts, well, he always goes last.  Once you see his endowments, you will see why."

 Tami shrank up into a ball in her chair.  "No!!"  There was no way she could outrun those dogs.  And then she was going to be raped!

 Dyle cleared his throat and again motioned to the telephone.  "Oh, and let me show you one more thing."

 He got up and unlocked the glass doors that opened out on the yard.  Tami watched as he locked the doors behind him and walked over to a picnic table.  There was a coil of rope on it which he unwound and expertly began circling over his head, a lasso like in old cowboy movies, holding the rest of the coil in his other hand.  Narrowing his eyes to take aim, he let fly.  The lasso arched all the way across the yard to catch a cut-off tree trunk.  With a quick jerk the rope was tight around it.

 Ostentatiously dusting off his hands, Dyle came back in.  "Roberts," he said as he sat down, "is rough and direct.  I like to think that my method is more refined."

 Tami was across the room like lightning.  She grabbed the rifle off the end-table, then almost dropped it, surprised at how heavy it was.  She had never held a real gun before.  She gulped and quivered and aimed it at Dyle, half out of her mind with frustration and panic.  "No!! I won't play!! Let me out of here!"

 As the gamesters sat in their chairs their hands slowly went up.  The naked girl held the rifle up, her eyebrows twitching, her voice interrupted by half-mad giggles.  "You will get me those clothes right now and let me go!"  She cleared her throat.  She had them now!!  She was FINALLY GOING TO GET COVERING!!

 "Tell Roberts there to get those clothes and bring them here, put them right in my hand!" she said, the heavy rifle trembling with her stress and nervousness as she tried to keep it aimed at Dyle's head.  Seeing no reaction, she said, "I MEAN it!!"

 For a silent, tense moment the naked girl stood there, legs slightly apart, rifle cocked under her left shoulder, breasts jiggling slightly with her nervousness.  She gulped and put her finger on the trigger.  To show them she meant business, she aimed at the ceiling and, gritting her teeth, not knowing how hard she would have to pull, started slowly pulling more and more with a sweaty left index finger.  She could hardly believe she was doing this, but she was in real danger now.  Her eyes narrowed and she whimpered quietly in panic.  "Ohhh .  .  ."

 Click!

 Her face went slack.  She looked at the three tormentors.  The rifle had no bullets in it.

 So be it -- time to run!  She went to the front door and smashed the lower glass panel open with the rifle.  Then dropping the rifle she worked her way through the opening and ran across the big front lawn and across the road into the woods beyond.

 "Five minutes!" she heard Dyle's voice fading behind her.  "Five minutes darling!"

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 20**

"Five minutes darling!"  Dyle's voice faded behind the naked teenager as she bounded down the wide path into the woods.  She heard one last shout:

 "I have a lasso!"

 At first overcome by stark panic, she reverted to her practiced, organized sprinting gait on hard bare feet, and began to think.  She glanced back at the western sky.  Dyle had said sunset was an hour away.  That seemed about right.  Now she looked ahead again.  She thought she could outrun him and his dogs till it got dark and they gave up the hunt.  After that, according to Dyle, she could come back and claim the promised clothes.

 But she didn't consider that option even for a second.  She didn't trust Dyle.  It was just too great a risk to go back to those weirdos.  The teenager had only a glancing acquaintance with sadomasochism or role-playing, and those contacts had been forced upon her during her torment at the hands of Henry Ross and the Dean.  It was much better to just keep running and continue her search for someone nice.  There was a whole country full of nice and reasonable people, she had met many on her travels, and certainly they would give her clothes if she asked.

 Still she felt a small pang at leaving that house.  The promise of clothes.  And the memory of that warm fluffy towel wrapped around her for those precious few minutes.  Still, as she sped on, she thought of those horrible gadgets in the basement and Roberts and his rifle, and knew she was better off in the woods, naked and alone.  And happy, in a way.

 Best to get off this path.  Or was it? The dogs might not pick up her scent so well if all she touched was the packed ground with her feet.  Then again the path was the first place Dyle would go.  And he probably didn't know how practiced she was at making her way through thick brush.  The naked girl decided at length to leave the path.  When it turned left she kept on heading east, hopping over some mountain laurel bushes and scooting along under a stand of pines, her feet by turns cushioned by the soft pine needle floor and scraped by low hobble bushes and berry vines.

 She imagined she had gone a mile or so, fifteen minutes later, when she stopped to catch her breath, one arm  draped over a maple branch at shoulder level.  She looked down at her legs.  They were not cut up too bad.  She hoped she hadn't gone through any poison oak.  She knew what poison ivy and sumac looked like but was not clear on oak.  No time to worry about that now, of course.

 She listened hard but heard no dogs barking or any sound of movement from whence she had come.  She looked up through the branches at the blue sky, some clouds skidding across.  She said a short prayer, for God to guide her through this wilderness and away from her tormentors.  She couldn't help but think that Dyle had stacked the deck somehow, knew hidden paths, would find a way to get her.  He obviously too much relished the idea of screwing her to set himself up to fail.  And would think screwing was O.K., not really rape, given that she kept on declining to call the police.

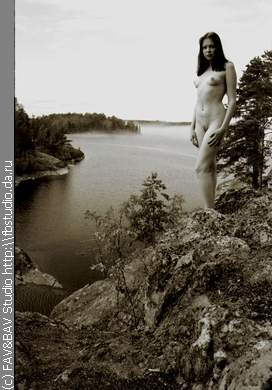
 The prospect of being raped by Dyle, then licked (ugh!) by Treena, then ramrodded by whatever monstrosity  Roberts had in his pants -- this horrified the naked teenager anew and she began running again.  She noticed a hill up ahead to the right.  Getting over that hill she would be out of sight for sure.  Branches cracked under her feet as she laboriously trotted upward.  Up, up, up .  .  .  She had to catch her breath again, but then kept going.  .  .

 She reached the top and tried to look ahead.  She couldn't; the woods were too thick.  She started downhill, catching tree trunks in each hand to keep from stumbling.  The far side of this hill was steeper than the approach had been.  A couple of times her heel slid forward on a bed of wet leaves and her bare butt landed in the mulchy goo.

 Now she came upon a clearing, similar to that heavenly grassy spot she had enjoyed the past few days.  She wished she could somehow return there, backtracking in a wide arc around Dyle and his friends, but that would be ridiculously risky.  For starters, she did not know where they were and she might run smack into them.

 Should she run through this clearing or go around it?  Running through it was quicker but it would expose her to their view if they were close.  She decided to run through it, the late afternoon sun on her bare back and butt cheeks, her dark tough soles kicking up behind her, bent arms pumping in true track team style.

 The sound of a distant gunshot echoed through the woods and stopped her cold.  Roberts had evidently taken the muzzle off his rifle.  She couldn't believe they would actually threaten to shoot her.  Yet what else could it mean?  As if poked from behind by a sharp stick she jolted onward.

 By the time she realized her predicament she was too far along to go back.  Water appeared to her left, then to her  right, then drew closer on each side.  She was running on a narrowing piece of land.  She hoped it wouldn't come to a point.  But her bare shoulders slumped as she came to a stop, leaning against the last tree, a wide blue lake in front of her.  She looked back.  There had been no more gunshot sounds but as far as she knew, not being an experienced judge of such things, that one shot could have been pretty close.  She couldn't risk turning back to try to go around the lake.

 Again she had to make a snap decision.  The other side of the lake didn't look so far away.  She found herself diving in.  She had a good head start, and even if they saw her swimming, she could probably swim faster than Roberts.  After all, she had been on the swim team.

 The lake water was cool and soothing as its currents flew past the girl's naked breasts and erect nipples, her thighs, tickled her pussy hair.  Swimming was the best thing to do naked, she knew, though pleasure was not on her mind now.  Still, as she did her front crawl and stroked and kicked, she felt the water buoying her up, supporting her in her escape.  She knew she could not hear anything, so she concentrated solely on swimming, turning her head to breathe  and flippering her arms and kicking furiously, hoping they hadn't gotten to the lake, hoping Roberts wouldn't shoot her in the butt.  Ten minutes took her halfway across the lake.  She stopped, treading water, catching her breath, and looked back.  There was no one there.  With a more relaxed stroke she made it the rest of the way across.

 The naked exhausted girl emerged onto the muddy, stick-strewn shore, falling to her knees, then onto all fours,  water dripping in steady streams from each firmly trembling breast and from the hair hanging in front of her.  Her concave tummy heaved in and out with her gulping breaths.  Again, she said a prayer.

 And then the wet, naked teenager was off again in this strange triathlon, darting into the cover of the woods, then up the next hill, walking in long strides because she could no longer run, leaves sticking to her wet feet and legs and a few to her bare hips as she penetrated the flora.

 She came to the crest of this hill and found herself in higher country.  She liked this area, it was dryer, though there was less brush and trees and she was afraid she would be more easily seen.  She sat cross-legged, her bare butt on the dry dirt, and rested and listened.  Silence.

 Then, away to her rear, the barking of a dog.

 She jumped up and ran, making better time on the harder ground.  But the barking kept on, somehow sounding nearer.  She ran faster, starting to panic.  The sun was getting very low now, and she could see the long shadow in front of her as she kept sprinting, not caring of she stepped on a pointy rock here, a knobby tree root there --

 "NO!" she said to herself, stopping just in time, nearly skidding on her heels.  She was on the edge of a deep gorge, looking down at a stream that must be fifty feet down.  A tiny, choppy, rushing creek with large stones in it.  She very carefully squatted and peered over the lip of the last bit of turf.  There was no way she could climb down; the rock face went inward and there was a clear drop all the way down to a large rock on the side of the creek.

 In a panic she looked both ways and decided to run to her right, in the downstream direction.  Maybe the land would descend.  But no, it kept at the same height.  Worse, the barking and rustling sounds kept getting closer.  She was sure she could be seen by now.

 Up ahead she saw what looked like a footbridge!  She sped toward it.  But no -- it was merely a thick rope tied to a tree, connected to another tree across the way.  The distance across was maybe forty feet.  This is crazy, she told herself.  But she ran up to the tree and tested the rope and, finding it apparently strong and easy to grab, she started to move along it, suspended over the creek below.  Her feet left the security of the lip and she moved hand over hand as fast as she could, legs jerking wildly, determined not to look down past her bare feet to the rocks and rushing water so far below.

 She saw them appear when she was a third of the way across.  Dyle, carrying a lasso, and one of the dogs, moving quickly to the tree with the rope.

 The naked teenage girl closed her eyes and tried to think of monkey bars in a playground.  She methodically but quickly moved hand past hand, holding her legs stiff and straight down so as not to impede the pace.  She heard Treena's voice and knew she was now joining Dyle and the dog next to the tree.  The naked girl concentrated on reaching the tree on the other side, her passport to safety, and getting away for good from these weird, bad people and a horrible fate.  When she judged herself more than half way across she opened her eyes to look at it.

 Standing next to it were Roberts and the other dog!  Tami stopped.  Roberts, for the first time, gave a faint smile, and aimed his rifle into the sky.  The loud gunshot made Tami's body jerk.

 Tami looked back at Dyle and Treena, both grinning lasciviously.  The dogs stopped barking.  Both were panting happily.

 "Got you, darling," Dyle shouted.  "You didn't know about the service roads, I see.  Take your pick.  'Taken' first by us or by Roberts."

 The naked suspended teenage girl looked back at Roberts and back at Dyle again, then up at her hands gripping the rope.  Then she looked down past her firm breasts and erect nipples, past her downward-pointing toes, to the rushing creek and the rocks, fifty feet down.  She was intensely aware of the sight she presented.  Her nipples cast long shadows in the dying sunlight.  In her suspended state her muscles were stretched all along her thin, strong body, her tummy now almost freakishly concave and narrow below her rib cage.  She desperately wished she could cover herself with her hands, but that was impossible.  The watching gamesters found themselves almost weak with lust at the sight.

 "Which way, darling?" Dyle said again.

 Tami Smithers closed her eyes, listened to the water below, and readjusted her grip on the rope.  Rape was the ultimate horror, something which despite all her other travails had never yet happened to her.  Now it was at hand.  Silent tears began to course down her cheeks.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 21**

Please God,   
I am naked and my -- my everything is exposed for these awful people to see every bit of me,   
All stretched out hanging by my hands from this rope over a tiny stream.   
I can't cover any little bit of myself.   
They are about to rape me.   
I'm just a 19-year-old girl, I haven't done anything wrong,   
I'm modest and shy,   
Yet I have been forced to walk around all bare for almost a whole year,   
In full view of everyone who wants to look.   
I can't take all these feelings of shame and humiliation,   
On and on and over and over,   
Begging and craving for the tiniest scrap of clothing,   
Yet I still am absolutely naked, no one will give me anything to put on.   
You have allowed me to meet some nice people,   
You have given me true friends and a true lover,   
You have allowed me to experience the wonderful feelings of nature on my skin,   
You have given me the ability to live naked in the wilderness.   
But now this really is the end.   
Tell me God, am I going to get raped?   
Or should I end it all and jump?   
Is this how my life will end, never ever having any clothes to wear, ever again?   
Will I never ever see my family and Rod and Jen and Rebecca and all the other people I love and who love me?   
Please tell me God.   
Or make these awful people here stop staring at me and go away.

I HATE being naked, I HATE hanging out here without being able even to cover any little bit of myself with my hands,   
I WANT CLOTHES!! PLEASE GOD, CLOTHES!!   
What will I do now, God?   
Should I go over to the side and get raped?   
Why make me get raped, God? This can't be your plan for me!

 "Come on over here, darling!" Dyle shouted again to the exquisitely stretched-out form of naked teenage girl.

 The girl sniffled.  Her body was breathtaking in the dying sunlight, though Dyle and Treena and Roberts were too far away to see the wetness in her eyes.

 For a long moment there was the silent tableau, the naked girl on the rope, the rushing waters below, gamesters waiting on either side, the dogs panting and now starting to lie down.

 ---

 "Go, Tami, that's it.  Head over heels.  Watch your feet!"

 It was the deep, fatherly voice of Coach Ballister from high school, guiding the leotarded Tami Smithers onto a back flip, proud of her, the star of his gymnastics team.

 Tami's hands felt around the rope and she noticed something familiar about it.

 Blinking back her tears, she looked down, past her erect nipples and her bare feet, down to the little creek.  Ahead of her, maybe about twenty feet out, was a little round area of water with no rocks.  She couldn't make out the bottom, the water was too turbulent.  How deep was it there?

 "Go Tami, that's it.  Head over heels.  Watch your feet!"

 A backflip dismount from the high bar.  That's what she was thinking of!

 Tami looked up at her hands and then down at the creek.  This was crazy.  It had to be forty feet down.  And right below her were rocks.  She couldn't dismount twenty feet out.  Yet so high up maybe she would go out further and further as she went down .  .  .

 Tami knew what she had to do.  It was not suicide, it was faith.  Faith in God who would deliver her from this horrible predicament.  She began to swing back and forth, back and forth.  This was much to the delectation of her watchers but her mind was not focused on them.  Back and forth .  .  .  This rope had more give than a high bar but the important thing was the trajectory --

 With a quick prayer Tami Smithers, star gymnast, swung back one more time and then swung up with pointed toes and executed the best and most important backflip dismount of her young life.  As her tormentors looked on in utter amazement, she twisted and touched her toes and leapt down, down, down, finally feet first into the little deep area of the creek.

 It was always thus -- God would protect her and save her, so long as she was smart and strong and brave.

 .  .  .  .

 It was quite a bump, but one always ends a dismount with slightly bent knees and her body was not that badly jolted as her feet hit stony mud on the bottom.  The water was an icy blast all around her, maybe five feet over her head.  Holding her breath, she jumped ahead and swam forward; fortunately the water was crystal clear below the currents above and she was able to see and avoid the submerged boulders on both left and right.  Following the bottom as it rose up, the water became only two feet deep and she shimmied and writhed, arms held to her sides, like an eel, not wanting to pop up above the water, though maybe once or twice she thought she felt warm air on the tops of her butt cheeks.

 With the current so strong she didn't have to use her arms.  She just kept on shimmying, her nipples occasionally  scraping the gravel on the bottom, and navigated the little stream.  Finally she had to come up for air, which she did as quickly as possible.  She wondered if Dyle and his friends could see her.  It seemed like the creek had turned a bend and maybe she was now out of their line of sight.

 The important thing was to keep going.  After a few minutes of gulping air and hugging the stony bottom she noticed the creek getting wider and deeper, not so many big rocks on the sides.  It was also getting dark out.  She turned  onto her back to do a slow back-stroke.  The river around her -- it was probably a "river" by now -- had low banks and leafy trees, different from the piney high banks where she had jumped.  She must be pretty far away from now.  Still, she looked warily to each side, as her straight arms alternately windmilled back and her breasts bobbed in the shallow water that splashed around on her chest.  No sign of anything but trees.  Good.  Not having to time her breathing any more, she sighed with relief.

 She wondered what Dyle and his friends were thinking now.  She wished she could have seen the looks on their faces as she jumped, a perfectly executed gold medal flip, she told herself with pride.  Good old Mr.  Ballister -- if he only knew how his training helped me!  She looked up at the sky at the stars that were starting to appear.  Thank you, God.  It was a perfect flip, but she had the help also of a lot of luck.

 The water was getting warmer now, with less currents.  Compared to what it was before, it was like floating in a gentle warm bath.  Yet doing a backfloat, she saw the river was propelling her, gracefully, almost musically, as the trees moved past her.  She wondered what river this was.

 To one side of the right bank were some buildings and streets.  And a strange multiple silo (as she thought of it) like  she had seen going with McMasters and Wanda through Illinois -- he told her it was called a "grain elevator", something she had heard about but never seen.  There was no sign of life at this small downtown.  She thought of paddling over to the side and looking for someone.  Then decided against it.  A dripping, naked girl coming out of the river to walk down Main Street at night -- that would certainly be noticed!  Besides, she enjoyed floating downstream.

 The sky got black.  It was hard to see anything now, and there was no sound except the gentle lapping of the water on the banks and occasional animal sounds from the woods.

 Ooh!

 Her foot recoiled as something slid by it.  She realized it must be a fish.  She was glad there were no sharks here.  As her eyes got used to the darkness she thought she saw little light shapes darting past below, schools of fish.  Then she noticed an occasional fish jumping with a low arc over the water here and there.  Much was going on in this river.  She wondered if there was anything that would bite her, but at length felt more comforted by the soft warm river than threatened by it.  She felt like the fish were her friends.  Here we are, all enjoying a quiet warm night.

 She had to pee and just let it go, humming as she did.  Then she giggled, a low, soft giggle from deep in her belly.

 She turned and looked ahead.  There was a bend in the river, and a dark shape.  As she got closer she saw that the dark shape was a large smooth rock, looming a couple of feet above the surface.  She wanted to get out of the water and relax her breathing, and this came along just in time.

 The naked girl lazily clambered out of the water and her dripping form turned to lay down on the flat rock.  She  looked up at the sky, at all the thousands of stars, and thanked God for his creation.  Then she curled up, resting her head on her arm, and went to sleep, glad that she was away from bad people and safe.