**The Unintentional Nudist (Conclusion): Butterfly**

by DonnyLaja

**Part 1**

“Hey guys,” Tami said.

 The girl who stood naked in the doorway of her dorm room felt a warmth come over her like she had not known during that long ordeal of a summer.  She knew now that, whatever her plans might have been, plans that were continually thwarted, leaving her naked and alone, her heart had only one goal: to be once again here in this room, surrounded by the love of her friends.

 She presented a different appearance now.  Her tan had deepened to copper, making her green eyes all the more striking.  Her hair was wild, and her body was more wiry and muscular -- more “definition”, as the body builders put it -- hardly an ounce of body fat, emphasized by the hard concavity of her tummy.  Her dark red pubic bush was fluffy and abundant.  Her feet were brown and hard, toes widely spread.  Her breasts seemed bigger.  But most remarkably, her nipples and areolas were now big and hard and dark chocolate brown.  She was an animal, a beautiful creature of the outdoors, on whom any bit of clothing would seem totally out of place and cheap, like a fine thoroughbred horse wearing a cardboard hat.

 For a long moment nobody moved or said anything.  Tami knew herself stared at and, though over the spring semester she had gotten comfortable with being naked in front of her friends, she now had the urge to cover herself, an urge she knew she had to suppress because she was back to being the Campus Nudist, if only for another day or two.  And then, of course, she would do what she had decided on that beach in Florida, announce that ceremony where she would declare that she had decided to put on clothes again, something she had decided the Dean could hardly object to.

 The first to move was Jen, who hopped off her bed and knelt in front of her naked friend, hugging the side of her face against Tami’s pubic bush as she reached around to cradle Tami’s butt cheeks in her hands.  “Ohh baby,” she purred.  “You are ever more beautiful.”

 “Killer tan,” said Dawn, who had quite a tan herself.

 “Here’s your key,” Muffy, the R.A., said, tossing it to Tami, who, as was her habit, tied it into a lock of hair behind her left ear.  Everyone smiled because this was such a Tami thing to do.  The naked girl’s breasts jiggled gently as her fingers looped and knotted the strands of hair.

 Tami noticed something.  No bunk!

 “Sorry, it’s just you and Jen now,” Mandy pouted.  “I got put down the hall.”

 “Mmmmmmm .  .  .”  Jen said, still hugging Tami’s crotch.  Looking down, Tami noticed Jen had gotten a really short hair cut.  Tami good-naturedly cleared her throat.  Jen then hopped up with her usual gracefulness and looked right at her friend with a sad smile across her pretty African-American face.  “I must admit I’m compromised.”  She showed Tami a little ring on her finger which held what looked to be a small diamond.  “I’m engaged!”

 Tami looked with amazement, then at everyone else.  They evidently already knew.  Jen?  The dedicated lesbian?  Engaged?  “Wha -- “

 “Leisha and I made up, and then she visited me in Mendocino and popped the question,” Jen said happily.  “As soon as we get organized we’ll get married up here.”

 Tami was confused.  Lesbians?  Married?  And even as a lesbian, “marriage” seemed so un-Jen.  She fell back on her first impulse.  “Congratulations,” she said.

 Noting the naked girl’s confusion, Jen laughed and hugged her.  “Oh Tam, you’re so naive, so many places you haven’t been!  This is Vermont, women can get married to each other!  Rebecca’s going to do the honors!”

 “Rebecca?”

 Muffy, sitting on the window sill, was dressed in her usual preppy clothes, this time a white nautical tank top over a red plaid skirt, flip-flops dangling loosely from her toes.  “She finished minister school, or whatever they call it, and got certified.  You should see her in her collar.  She looks ten years older.”

 Marisol pulled the chair out from Tami’s desk, inviting Tami to sit down.  And so Princess Tami the Nude once more took her place in her court, as her friends began chatting easily and naturally about this and that, the Princess maintaining her dignified bearing while sitting cross-legged, sipping the iced tea Dawn gave her, listening and being happy.

 “Ready for the new year, V.P.?”  Brad asked in his quiet, deep voice.  He was sitting at Jen’s desk, Mayree sitting on the floor between his knees.  “The next meeting’s Friday.”

 Tami smiled.  She would be ready, at least by then!  It would be so good to stand at that lectern and face the Student Assembly fully clothed, instead of being naked and in total view of everyone.

 “How’s Tyrone?”  Dawn said, referring to Brad’s erstwhile Vice President.

 “Bad,” he said.  “In jail again.”  “That blows.”

 Mostly, though, they talked about their summers.  Dawn fiddled with her new eyebrow ring as she talked about the health food store she worked at in her home town of Wellesley, Massachusetts.  “Business was terrible,” she said.  “I think we’d do better if the guys there weren’t so pasty looking.  They should at least work out or go to the beach or something.  But they sit home and read their Eastern meditation texts and so people come in think that eating brown rice and tofu makes you skinny and pale.”

 Marisol talked about her job in the corset shop in the Bronx.  “You wouldn’t believe some of those mujeres who come in,” she said.  “So gorda!  Fat, fat, fat!”

 “What was the biggest bra you had to fit?”  Mandy said, intrigued.

 Marisol bent forward as if telling a secret, and her own huge breasts made a deep cleavage peeking out from the top of her T-shirt.  “One girl, we had to get a special cup for.  Twenty-eight I!”

 “‘I’?  She must have been all tit,” Mandy said.

 Marisol nodded.  “She was a tiny girl in high school.  Real short and skinny.  She had to wear floppy sweatshirts all the time.”

 “She should get them reduced,” Mandy said.

 “Si, we give out numbers for surgeons there.”

 Then with a start Tami heard Jen say the words, “Hot Spot”.  “I went to a really cool sex bookstore down in San Francisco, the Hot Spot,” Jen said.  She took a book out of her desk.  Tami held her breath in near panic, then exhaled with relief when she saw that it wasn’t “Techno Orgasm”, but a little book called “Chained Forever”.  “The Hot Spot is a collective run by women, and not sleazy at all.  And a big selection of vibrators.”

 “Jen, you’re not going to get all smutty on us,” Mayree said, half expecting Jen to get out a vibrator too.

 “Listen to this.  .  .  This is the kind of book where you say, God, this is awful, meanwhile fanning yourself because you’re getting so hot.  .  .  ‘She reluctantly spread her nether regions for the artist, looking up at the images on the wall, internet images of her that were being posted worldwide, and could not deny the thrill that seeped out and down that long duct onto her thigh.’“

 “Oh, Jen,” Mayree said, plugging her ears.

 “Or here,” Jen said, flipping the pages.  “There’s another part where the protagonist is sent naked into the woods, given an hour to escape the property, and if he hunts her down she has to ‘submit’ to him.”

 “That sounds like ‘The Most Dangerous Game’,” Dawn said, referring to an old short story.

 Muffy rolled her eyes.  “This sets Women’s Studies back 500 years!”

 “It’s just a fantasy, that’s the point,” Jen said.  “Things like that could never actually happen.  Fantasies rule!”  She gave up trying to read, stuffing the book back into her desk just as Mayree was playfully jumping up to grab it as if to fling it out the window.

 Muffy got talking about her boating trip with her father, who had she hadn’t spent any time with since her parents divorced ten years earlier.  Then she talked about camping in the Adirondacks.  “I tried your Stalking Wild Plants thing, Tami, and I even brought a guide book with me,” she said, “but I couldn’t eat those things.  The supposedly ‘edible’ plants, most of them tasted terrible.”

 “I don’t think a person could really live on wild plants, just pulling them out of the ground,” Dawn said.  “The things in the store were specially cultivated and dried.  What do you think, Tam?”

 Her bare shoulders shrugged.  “It depends on the climate you’re in, I think.”

 “So how was your summer?”  Mayree said.

 Tami had planned her response carefully.  “At first I was going to help my dad at his store, but then I got a summer job doing math work for a professor, just work study, mostly from my home,” she said.  “I had time to think about a lot of things.”  Indeed.  She had to get her friends prepared for the ceremony, two days from now, in front of the Student Union, when she would solemnly put on clothes from Jen’s backpack.

 “We’re glad to have you back for the new regime,” Brad said.

 “A new regime to deal with the new regime in Rossland,” Mandy said.

 “What?”  Tami was puzzled.

 “Jorgon resigned on Friday,” Mandy said.

 “What!!”  The naked girl, who had been leaning back in her chair, sat forward and her eyes opened wide.

 “It was in the Gazette,” Mandy said, referring to the local paper.  “All it said was, basically, he found another job, but it didn’t say where.”

 “Which means the new job is bullshit, he was sacked,” Jen said.

 Tami’s mind whirled with possibilities.  Did this mean she could put on clothes again right away??  No, she quickly rejected that idea.  The Dean was not her only tormentor.  There was Mr.  Ross, and those board members, and God knows who else.  And she didn’t want to disappoint her friends, who admired her for her dedication to her “religion”.  No, it was best to stick with her ceremony plan.  Still, the thought of the Dean resigning was gripping.  It was liberating -- no more Dean!!  She wondered what had gone on behind the scenes.  How about that creep Mr.  Ross, was he still around?

 The conversation wound down.  Tami got more focused.  She wondered if Rod was back from Boston.  Probably, there were a lot of people on campus, classes were to begin tomorrow.  She hopped up to the phone on the wall and, aware that her bare butt was practically in everyone’s face, called him up.

 “Oh Babe,” he said.  “I’m hot for you like you can’t believe.”

 “I can believe it!”  she said, whispering into the wall.  “So when, Lover?”

 “I want to get a couple of things out of the way so I can give you my full attention.  Let’s say I come in an hour?”

 “No, come after that.  BE HERE in an hour.”  And with a sexy giggle she hung up.

 She saw she was blushing and cleared her throat.  Then she called her parents and explained she had some last-minute work and couldn’t stop home before classes started, but she’d be down next weekend.  (Clothed, of course!)  Then she called Terri to retrieve her things, those two bags she had left there.  This brought back a flood of memories.  Those resumes, those transcripts .  .  .  Her plan to find a summer job in another town and put on clothes.  A fine plan maybe, but it didn’t pan out and anyway, this ceremony idea was more direct and a better, permanent solution.  And in one of those bags, her diary .  .  .  the journal of her private thoughts during those awful freshman semesters .  .  .  she still planned on burning it in the woods.  Sometime next week would be good.

 Terri wasn’t home.  Tami left a message, checking the phone to see that her dorm number hadn’t changed.

 “I know who you called,” Jen said.

 As Tami sat down she blushed again.  “Yes, my man.  He’ll be here in an hour.”

 “Woooooooo!”  Mayree said.  “Let the fireworks begin!!”

 “Let’s do you up for him,” Dawn said.

 “I’ll get out my kit,” Mayree said.

 And almost before she knew it, the beautiful naked princess was led by both hands down the hall to the room of Dawn, expert hair stylist, and Mayree, expert nail painter, to be done up in style.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 2**

“How about a pony tail, Tami?”

 The naked teenager reflexively clenched her butt cheeks, causing one foot to shift and making Mayree paint too wide a border on the third toe of Tami’s left foot.  “Easy, Tam,” she said, expertly erasing it with a dab of cotton and starting over.

 Dawn had gathered Tami’s dark red hair behind in a pony tail.  The naked girl said, “Um, no.”  After several more suggestions from Dawn, Tami decided on the Swiss “Heidi”  look, braids on each side.

 After this brief disconcerting moment, Tami went back to luxuriating in her friends’ worshipful regard.  She closed her eyes and sighed.  What a fine life, how lucky she was to have such friends, how especially she appreciated it after all that time being friendless and alone and abused.  She had insisted on showering before she sat down, using Jen’s brushes and towel, and now she sat, scrubbed and clean and naked on the chair, her legs spread with each bare foot on a little pillow, Dawn busy on her hair, Mayree on her toenails, and from time to time opened her eyes a bit to admire the good job Mayree had already done on her fingernails.

 She didn’t mind her legs being so open facing the closed door, knowing that any minute Rod was going to open it and see her totally ready for him.  Still, knowing how good life was, her mind was turning with ideas on how to soften up her friends for her clothing ceremony.  Though Tami was not one to stand on formality, the idea of a ceremony seemed more and more like the right idea.  She couldn’t just say, “Oh, I decided to put on clothes again,” working it into a passing conversation.  It would seem too cheap.  Her friends greatly admired her adherence to her “religion”, and changing it was not something they would expect her to do lightly.

 She had it planned.  She would drop hints about how she had “thought about things” during the summer.  Then, the next day, the first day of classes, she would set up a meeting with Jen -- meeting at the snack bar and then going out to one of those cement tables that nobody ever used, under the awning of the library, and tell her she had decided to go back to wearing clothes, and could Tami borrow some things to put on from her backpack?  Then the ceremony itself, the next day, after telling her friends and sending out a general e-mail on the campus intranet, which the Dean -- or Mr.  Ross, now -- would certainly be alerted to.

 She had even decided on the text.  “I have an announcement to make.  I will say it on the Campus Quad at 12:30 p.m.  on Tuesday.  I thank everyone, especially my friends, for their love and support, and I look forward to another terrific year at Campbell - Frank.”  She would almost gag on that last sentence -- the past year was anything but “terrific”  -- but without it the e-mail would look like a suicide note.  She wanted it to sound positive and forward-looking -- looking forward, as she fervidly did, to a life wearing clothes like everyone else.

 For now, she had to, in a subtle way, let people know she had changed.  She worked this into the conversation when Mayree said, “Tam, what did you DO all summer?  You seem so different.”

 After all I’ve seen, how could it be otherwise? Tami told herself.  Dawn made it easier to answer when she said, “Everyone changes after their freshman year.”  Tami chose her words carefully.  “I hung out with my old friends, helped my Dad a little at the store.  .  .  I thought about a lot of things.”

 “Well we’re glad to see you.  We were wondering, you were the last person in the wing to show up.  General Frank almost lost his head again, he was so worried.”

 This was a reference to an incident that had happened in March, during the spring thaw at the campus pond, at the end of which was the statue of General Melchizedek Frank, one of the college’s founders, much neglected because (they said) General Frank was a half-drunk womanizer whose name got put on the college only because he donated the land.  One misty day the statue finally fell over and the head went skidding across the pond, coming to a stop in the middle.  The half-melted ice was judged too unsteady to walk on, and hypothermia loomed if a person fell through and got his clothes wet, so the call went out for Naked Tami, who gamely ventured out at the end of a rope tied around her waist in case she fell through.

 By then half the campus had come out to watch, in tense silence, as the naked girl’s bare feet slowly negotiated the slippery wet ice, her arms stretched out to each side to balance, her breasts, flushed with the cold, jiggling ever so slightly.  She bent down very carefully to pick up the head, about the size of a basketball, and then everyone’s mouth opened as a soggy cracking sound reverberated through the sheet of ice.  Tami finally decided to sit down with the General’s head in her lap as the firemen tugged the rope and she gently slid on her bare butt to the shore.  As she stood up at the edge, one foot poking through the ice to step into freezing water six inches deep, and handed the head to the fire chief, there was a cheering ovation and Tami, even more than usual, was the most popular girl on campus.  She then hurried in for a hot shower.  When the weather got good, the statue was reset and patched with concrete.

 Tami smiled, shivering a bit as she remembered that cold ice sliding under her butt, the heavy rough stone head scraping against her breasts and thighs.  She then closed her eyes again.  She felt Mayree slip on a toe ring, felt Dawn finish braiding, smiled with the tickle of Mayree brushing a little rouge on her nipples, then sparkles over the tops of her breasts.  Just like before the Black Formal back in December.

 She heard the door open and felt the gentle waft of air up into her pussy, partly opened between her widely spread legs, and opened her eyes.

 And then opened them some more.  For it was her lover, her big dark prince, and he was darker and more muscular than she remembered.  And not in one of his nerdy shirts, either.  A tank top showed his sleek shoulder muscles, strong legs under his shorts, and a bulge at his crotch he could not hide.  There were still his adorable eyes behind the wire-rimmed glasses, and that cute shaved head, so kissable.

 “Oh, lover,” the naked girl said.  “You look so fine!”

 “Oh Babe,” Rod said, and grabbed her as she jumped up into his arm.  There was a long, deep kiss during which Dawn and Mayree looked at each other with a smile.  And then Rod did something he never did before, picking up his naked white girlfriend and carrying her out of the room as if over a threshold.  Dawn got up and closed the door with a good-natured shrug.  A second later there was a knock.  She opened the door to see Tami, still being carried by Rod, wiggling her newly painted toes and fingers.  “Thanks, guys,” she said.

 .  .  .  .

 “I wanted to be worthy of you, Babe,” he said by way of explanation, after she commented, while he was catching his breath on the sidewalk and she was kissing and rubbing his head, how he had obviously been working out all summer.  He was more self-confident too, hardly seeming to notice the stares as he carried the naked white girl piggy-back off the campus grounds and across the twilighted street and down the row of rickety houses to his apartment.  Khalid was not there; they had the whole place to themselves.

 And went after each other like ravenous wolves.  Once again Tami cursed the clothes that Rod wore that seemed to take forever to rip off.  Rod at first tried to help but only got in the way, so he just stood there as his girlfriend took off item after item until there was just his jockey undershorts, and she giggled as she bent down and saw that his big hard dick -- oohh, it looked so BIG to her!!  -- was poking out the bottom.  She jerked the undershorts down and his dick bounced out, almost hitting her in the eye, and then --

 “Ohhhhh!  Babe!”  She took the first five inches right down her throat.  But Rod didn’t want to be selfish.  He pulled back and threw her on his bed and dove his face in between her legs.

 She didn’t want to be selfish either.  They quickly settled on sixty-nine, moaning and almost crying, overcome with such wonderful feelings, so long denied and so badly missed.  Who came first?  Tami did, of course, her hips violently jolting up onto Rod’s tongue, and then Rod’s dick got hard as a rock and even bigger, the bulbous head wedged deep in throat, then shot spurt after spurt of delicious, salty-sweet semen which she gulped down like water after a long drought.

 A short pause, during which Tami gently laved the still-hard dick with her tongue.  Then she flipped onto her back and spread her legs.  “Penetrate me, lover.”

 Rod knelt between the tanned, strong legs and began his usual entry, parting the girl’s lower lips with one hand while guiding his dick in with the other.  But then Tami pushed him away.  “No hands this time.  Watch.”

 It was simply criminal that, for all the times she had done this, often unwillingly, she had never done it for her lover.  Princess Tami the Nude folded her hands behind her head, opened her legs wider, flexed the muscles of her hard, concave tummy, shifted something inside so that her toes spread, and her pussy opened, a soft oval opening like a gentle, moist cave, an inch and a half wide, wider than she had ever managed it before, though still not as wide as Rod’s bulbous dick-head.

 “Oh Babe!”  She enjoyed the look of amazement on his face.  He began to guide his long, heavy dick again but she said, “No hands!!”  He, too, folded his hand behind his head, and he had to rise up a bit to get the right angle, but the no-hands approach worked, Tami grunting and inhaling with pure lust as the knob pushed through the lips, opening them wider, then slipped in and the whole shaft slowly went in farther, farther, farther, bumping past her cervix with a shivering thrill and then pressing against the end of her love passage, until his pubic hair met hers and he was in all the way.

 “OHHHHHH!!”  they cried out together.  The gentle in and out began, hips moving against hips, still keeping their hands behind their heads, and they tried to hold back, staying on that trembling precipice, but they couldn’t.  Within seconds Rod was squirting inside her and she was spasming as they rode each other like broncos.

 They lay in sweaty embrace, Rod still semi-erect deep inside her, saying nothing.  This was the best sex they ever had.  After a few moments she felt his dick twitch again.

 Rod was soon treated to Tami’s other trick, and then achieved a no-hands penetration of his revived dick into her gaping-open butthole.  The thinner but quicker squirts of his third ejaculation shot up into her bowels, and by twisting a bit Tami got what she wanted, a squirt through her inner butthole deep into her insides.

 .  .  .  .

 Rod’s sleepy eyes opened enough so that he knew it wasn’t a dream: the slim nude curves gently bathed in moonlight, his girlfriend standing looking out the window.  He hadn’t noticed her getting up; he had wanted to snuggle under the blanket, but she was uncomfortable and slept on top, uncovered, away from his grasp.  He stretched and grunted and his hand gently reached out to mold the lower curve of one of her perfectly formed butt cheeks.

 “Whatcha thinking, Babe?”

 “Nothing.  Just praying.”  She had been looking at the moon.

 “A long summer.  I hated it in Boston.  .  .  Why don’t we go out to the rocks tomorrow after classes?”  This referred to the place in the mountains where they went with their friends a few times (and where Tami had once been bit on the pussy lip by a mosquito).

 “It’s going to rain.  Not in the morning, but later.”

 Rod turned over and looked out at the moon.  “But it’s clear out.”

 “I can tell.  The barometer’s falling.”  Tami looked at him and smiled.  “You won’t believe this but I can feel it in my nipples.”

 “Come on!”

 “No, I spent a lot of time outdoors this summer.  I can feel things.”  She got a little serious.  “I want the whole universe to know how happy we are.  I hope we sent good-fuck waves out to other planets.”  Rod laughed.  She was joking, though only partly.

 “Well I’d like to suck on your barometers,” Rod said, reaching up to tweak the girl’s big, tough, dark-brown nipples.  She obligingly knelt down at the bed side and let him suck on one and then the other.

 “Oooohhh .  .  .”  Tami said, rubbing his shiny scalp as he suckled away.  She cleared her throat.  “Ready to go again?”

 Rod smiled.  “You just about killed me.  Maybe in the morning.”

 “Well can you do me then?”  Tami had come five times that night but her horniness would not be sated.

 “Okay, but only if you’re on top.”

 It was a position they had done before, when Tami wanted more but Rod was too tired.  She straddled his face, knees to each side of his shoulders, and bent forward supporting herself with her hands on the window sill, her butt slightly turned up so as to give his tongue a direct shot at her clit.  Her sleepy boyfriend ate her out as she looked up at the moon, feeling her waves of pleasure radiate out to the galaxy.  As she crested she kept her eyes wide open at the moon, seeing it go double as her eyes went out of focus, then squinting and blinking but keeping as steady a gaze as she could manage as jolt after jolt shook her straight from the core and made her as one with the cosmos.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 3**

Tami of the Future crossed her legs, feeling the stretchy fabric over her whole body, tucked the soft sneakers underneath, and reached out with a widely-cupped hand to resume her favorite activity, lovingly looking at and caressing the penis of Rodney the Fuel Boy.

 She looked up along his beautiful nude body lying on the cot, then up at his affectionate face.  He was so sweet-natured.  All fuel boys were, she’d been told, though he was the first she’d met, this being the first intergroup ferry she’d been on.

 The ferries were huge structures, self-contained worlds, transporting hundreds of people between stellar groups, to begin communities on empty planets, or for other purposes, along with technicians like herself.  Such travel was an impossible task before semen power made hyper-light speed possible.  Rodney was the Fuel Boy for this ferry.  Despite the title, fuel boys were anything but; Rodney was only a year younger than Tami.

 She once again encircled the giant dark penis with both hands, and lifted it up to reveal the testicles below, each the size of a peach.  She carefully hefted one, always surprised at its weight and size.  To think that so much power, so many lives, depended on these, and only these.  A semen power generator, once set up, could work with only one person’s DNA, in this case Rodney’s.  He “powered”  the ferry.  It was so sexy, the way he said it, when she finally got over her shyness at her friend’s birthday party and struck up a conversation about his experience.  Not that he wasn’t shy about it too.  “I’ve been powering this ferry for six months,” he said in his quiet voice.  “Before that, I powered a mobile university about half the size of this ferry.  My first station was powering a survey ship.”  All that “power”  from such a gentle young man.

 She set the precious testicles down and cupped her hand over the big knob.  Obsessed as she was, she knew the dimensions by heart, they were easy to look up so she didn’t have to ask him.  Rodney was carefully measured during the monthly inspection and “practice run”.  Phase I was at rest, Phase II was during full arousal, Phase III, at the moment of ejaculation.  Phase I length, nine inches, width, 1 7/8 inches.  Phase II, 10 1/2 inches, width, 2 1/8 inches.  Phase III, 11 1/2 inches, width, 2 3/8 inches.  Left testicle size, 94 cubic centimeters; right, 91.  Average output, 45 cc, at 16% potency, though it was more on the first ejaculation in the morning, less later on.

 She loved seeing him walk, the big penis swinging between his legs, half-oblivious to it, half-embarrassed by it.  She knew that to identify them, and to increase sperm production, fuel boys had to be always naked, in fact they went through their entire lives without once putting on even a stitch.  On the white ones this apparently resulted in a solid over-all tan -- Tami had seen pictures -- but the deep brown of Rodney’s thinly muscled body was such a turn-on, as was his shyness, in spite of his endowments.  At that last party, he was just a total wallflower, until she finally made the big move, the big breakthrough, and asked him to dance, she careful not to step on his bare feet, or bump into his testicles or his penis, the head that kept bobbing in between her knees.

 Twelve times a day he put on a collector, a clear plastic sheath a foot and a half long that wrapped around his waist.  Though he went about his business during the process, she asked him to stop a couple of times so she could watch it, she was so endlessly fascinated.  It hummed and lit up and she could see the penis get even bigger and harder, then after maybe five or ten minutes (less in the mornings) his whole body stiffened, he inhaled, there was a tense moment of stillness, then he moaned and grunted as the penis jerked, and spurt after spurt of thick, white semen shot forward into the receptacle at the end.  It would go on and on, usually topping out at about twelve spurts, she noted with amazement.  Then after he caught his breath he would unstrap the collector and empty it into the nearest fuel bay, where it was hydraulicked through the tube network that led to the generator.

 The semen had to be used within five minutes of ejaculation or it lost its power, hence the strict schedule.  It, too, she knew by heart.  In the morning upon awakening at 6:15 a.m., then 7:00, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15, 12:30.  Then the break, during which the ferry coasted.  Then the afternoon sessions, 4:00, 4:45, 6:00, 7:15, 8:30, and the final one at 10:00 -- the “clear-out ejaculation”  at the repair bay next to the generator, during which stimulating devices were placed on his nipples and in his anus so that the contractions could be extended, extracting every last drop of semen from him, to increase his testicle’s production while he slept.  She had been to the clear-out procedure several times, holding his hand as he jerked and sweated and moaned.

 There were fuel chutes all over the ferry.  Seeing Rodney in the throes of ejaculation was a commonplace sight, in fact he acted just like an ordinary shy young man, and nobody seemed to take especial notice of him, something which Tami, a newcomer to ferries, found it hard to believe.  Rodney ate, played, studied, hung out like everyone else his age, to the extent his role allowed.  Tami was especially taken by the in-class ejaculations.  She made sure to sit behind Rodney’s special desk during the Tech IV class that began at 11:00.  When he sat down, the long, heavy penis nearly hung down to the floor, where a fuel chute was installed.  He casually hooked himself up to it and the class went began, everyone oblivious to what would happen 15 minutes later.  All except for Tami, of course, who swooned when she heard the low, almost inaudible hum from under the floor, then Rodney’s low moans and grunts while the professor kept lecturing and the students kept taking notes and asking questions.  After his semen had been harvested and he had caught his breath and the slight sweat on his back had dried, he didn’t disconnect himself, he just sat there, participating like everyone else, his penis stuck in the tube in the floor, until the class was over.

 Sometimes Rodney would ejaculate directly into the generator.  This was on ceremonial occasions, like when the ferry was about to disembark from a planet.  Rodney would follow the directors and the local press down to the propulsion section.  When given the sign, he would climb up to stand on a platform in front of a wide flat metal sheet that led right into the core, and hold the supports on both sides while an open-ended collector, tilted just so, was attached to his penis.  At the great moment, his hips would heave forward, and the first spurts would arc over the sheet, sometimes ten feet or more each shot.  The second and third shots tended to be the longest, those were the ones usually photographed by the local press.  Then the sheet would be energized and all the semen quickly slid into the generator.

 Tami had heard that Rodney had the biggest endowment of any fuel boy in service, that he produced the most output, that this was the biggest ferry and he could power it all by himself without any strain.  She could believe it.  Like all fuel boys he took classes with the other young people, and had another assignment, in his case maintaining the records in the survey room, 20 hours a week.

 Twelve ejaculations a day, six days a week.  Sundays were his “off”  day, during which he was allowed to ejaculate five times, though none after 9 p.m.  That is, he was allowed to ejaculate if he wanted to.  He usually did, if only because a full day’s layoff made his testicles ache.  He hardly ever masturbated himself.  Everyone his age was his friend and they often used Sundays to shoot his semen as a game.  One popular pastime was a contest with a dartboard, to see who could hit the bull’s-eye.  He would stand behind a line as the girls took their turns rubbing his penis, arcing it up at the critical moment, and “shooting” him at the target.

 This activity struck Tami as a little vulgar.  She hated it when someone said, “Let’s shoot Rodney!”  “Okay!!”  She had heard that fuel boys were easygoing -- they certainly had no need to prove their manhood, a need which made some other guys such jerks.  But she had also heard that fuel boys tended to be mildly bothered by the fact that their duties left no time to seriously pursue other things.  And there was the loneliness factor.  Though no one mentioned it, it was just so obvious that Rodney’s penis was too large for any female, that he would never enjoy the intimacy of intercourse.  This was probably why he was so shy, especially with girls -- he didn’t want to “start something”  that could only go so far.

 This made Rodney a compelling figure to her, emotionally as well as sexually.  Over the last few months, she had  gotten to spend more and more time with him, gotten to know him better.  Then there was that party, after which she made the big move and kissed him.  Pressing his nude body against her frilly dress, cupping both his hard butt cheeks with her hands, she kept at it until she felt him return her passion, as their tongues explored and their bodies writhed together.  After their lips parted and their heads rested on the other’s shoulder, catching their breath, she heard Rodney whisper, “You’re so beautiful.  But I .  .  .  we .  .  .  can’t.”

 She gulped and made up her mind with a brave statement.  “I want to, Rodney.  .  .  And I will!”

 Thereupon she began her training, every night in the privacy of her quarters.  The dildos that she kept in all night -- gradually increasing the size, imagining that each was his penis, the pelvic exercises to keep herself toned.  It took a few weeks.  In their quiet times together she told Rodney of her progress -- something that turned him on.  “When I think of it, Tam .  .  . I give an extra heavy load.”

 She giggled.  “Time to build a bigger ferry,” she said, then she kissed his lips tenderly and then bent down to plant an equally tender kiss on the head of his penis.  The next day, a Sunday, she straddled him and, opening her mouth as wide as she could, got the entire head in, the whole two inches, and he ejaculated almost right away, the heavy spurts gushing down her throat until her tummy felt bloated and full and awash with yummy sweet-salty sperm.

 And now today was it.  They had lain caressing each other for an hour, and he had brought her to a nice little orgasm, his fingers rubbing skillfully through the fabric of her crotch.  Without speaking she pulled her slacks down to her ankles, slathered every inch of his thick, hard, heavily-veined penis with lubricant, then stood up, legs spread and feet pointed outward, and bent her knees as she slowly lowered herself.  .  .

 .  .  .  .

 It was this fantasy, which spring fully formed upon the half-sleeping mind of Tami Smithers, that got her horny again and made her hop up and get a wet rag from the bathroom, with which she wiped her lover’s penis and then she sucked it back to life.  Squatting over Rod as he drowsily woke up, Tami carefully opened her pussy lips and gasped as she began to accommodate what she imagined as the biggest penis in the world, the huge black dick-head of her lover, her sweet fuel boy who she loved so much.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 4**

Across the first streams of sunlight on this beautiful early September morning, birds signing in the background, the naked girl scampered onto campus and to the side door of Pilgrim Hall, skanky with dried sweat, semen seeping down her thigh which dripped heavier as she bent down to put the key, still tied into her hair, into the keyhole, causing her pussy lips to slide slickly past each other and open a bit.  She dashed into the hot showers and, using just her hands, wiped all the sweat and semen off her, opening herself front and back to cleanse her openings as best she could.  This felt so good, almost as good as the sex last night.  She and Rod hadn’t lost their touch, they had missed each other so intensely, though she wondered if she hadn’t been a little too demanding.  She had made him squirt inside her six times, a record for him.  She thought of that “fuel boy”  fantasy, was surprised at herself for thinking up something that sounded so weird and perverted, yet couldn’t deny that even now the fantasy turned her on.  She thought of going to the computer lab some night when it was empty and writing it out -- and then giving it to him!  The thought made her smile.

 Sleekly rinsed, she drippingly walked into Room 207 and found Jen there, sitting behind her desk -- totally naked.

 She hadn’t seen Jen naked often.  There was that time Jen walked naked into the Black Formal, but she chickened out after a few seconds and Mayree handed her her clothes.  Yet here Jen was, nodding at Tami, calmly sipping one of her exotic instant coffees, watching in mute appreciation as Tami got a towel and dried herself all over, allowing Jen to view every feminine curve as her muscles rippled and her breasts jiggled.

 Tami felt uncomfortable standing there and sat on her bed, though because she was not allowed any covering even at night, there were no blankets or pillows, just the slipcover.  Jen broke the silence.  “Have a coffee,” she said in her soft, musical voice, pushing a cup toward Tami’s desk.

 Tami and Jen sat, sipping coffee, looking out at the singing birds, watching a few early students make their groggy way across campus.  They talked about their summers.  Jen mentioned how beautiful the beaches were in Northern California, how her father had visited out there on one of his cases, how different she felt now that she and Leisha were engaged.  Casually looking at her ring, she said, “I didn’t realize it, but dedicating your life to another person is a heavy thing.  I feel changed.  I feel older.”

 As for Tami, she mostly nodded but also said that the long stretches of doing nothing this summer -- she felt bad giving such a false description but successfully hid it -- had given her time to think.  She ventured a bit further.  “Being naked for a whole year,” she mused.  “That really gave me a new perspective.”

 “I’ll bet it did,” Jen said, smiling.  The two of them were conscious of having been changed.  They weren’t the kids they were a year ago.  More thoughtful, more mature.  Still, Tami had to bring up the obvious.  “So why are YOU naked?”

 Jen got up and stood before Tami, putting her coffee down, hands at her sides, trying not to show any hint of shame.  “I’m naked to honor YOU.  Tam, you’ve been so much an inspiration to me, this is my homage to you.  It helps that this isn’t a triple any more, it’s just you and me, and I can’t do what you’ve done, be naked all the time, but this is to show that I want to be more like you.  So .  .  .  modest,” she said, her eyes beginning to get wet.  Then she couldn’t control the sniffles.  “Tam, I’m going to marry Leisha, but I want you to be my ‘best woman’, and I’ll always love you, and I sure did miss you!”

 Tami, getting choked up as well, stood up and embraced her best friend, feeling for the first time the warmth of female skin full length from her arms and breasts crushed against Jen’s, down to their pressed together tummies, the soft thighs.  Further down, she caressed Jen’s bare foot with her toes.  Opening her eyes, she looked down to see black skin against her own, a switch on her usual view of Rod’s strong body against hers, and realized that all this summer she had been pining for Rod, but she missed Jen just as much.

 It was two naked young women hugging each other in a dorm room, but neither thought of it as a sexual setup, and when they looked into each other’s eyes, there was that electric moment and they knew what was inevitable.  Out of her love for her friend, feeling bad that she had neglected her in her thoughts, Tami, the one for whom being naked was a matter of long experience, gently tipped her head and engaged Jen in a tender, open-mouthed kiss.

 It was gentle, it was slow, it was nothing like Jen’s raunchy attacks of the year before, and it was mutual, in fact Tami took the lead, dropping to her knees to suck one little black nipple and then the other, then standing up and with her hard-earned strong nudity picking Jen up and planting her on Tami’s bare bed.  There was just a moment of uncertainty and then they decided on the equality of sixty-nine, with Tami on top, the lesbian loving that she had so far resisted or kept at arm’s length now seeming so natural and friendly and comfortable.  After all she had been through, licking the pussy of a dear friend, while being licked in return, counted as one of life’s pleasures to be grateful for.

 They wordlessly but steadily nibbled on each other.  Tami with her greater potency came first, followed quickly by Jen, and then, knowing that Jen was more or less a one-orgasm woman, Tami idly ran full length tongue strokes over her pussy while Jen engaged in her favorite task, driving Tami to her second orgasm, her sixteenth of the past ten hours.

 Tami caught her breath and rested her cheek on Jen’s pubic bush.  They lay there, listening to the birds outside, which were now getting drowned out by sounds of toilets flushing and clock radios going off and female voices through walls and from outside, as the dorm and the campus came to life.

 Still in this position, they began to chat.  “Any idea when the wedding is?”  Tami said.

 “We hope when she comes out east in October, maybe earlier,” Jen said, playing with Tami’s pussy lips with idle fingers.

 “I can’t believe Rebecca is a priest, I mean minister,” Tami said.

 “She always seemed like one to me,” said Jen, who had more experience being around female clergy.  “There was something in the campus mail for you.”

 “Really?”

 “Yes, I put it in your desk drawer.”

 “O.K.”  Tami was feeling comical.  She looped Jen’s thighs over her shoulders and carried her up as she stood up.  Jen giggled as she found herself upside down, hanging from Tami’s shoulders, clutching Tami’s butt cheeks.  They were now in a standing-up sixty-nine.  With halting steps, making sure she didn’t bump Jen’s head into anything, Tami sidled over to her desk and, grabbing one thigh especially tightly, freed up the other hand to open the drawer.  It was an intercampus mail envelope.

 Feeling mellow after the orgasms, Tami opened it without concern.  It was from Dr.  Harridance at Chalfont.  “Dear Ms.  Smithers, Your things have bent sent here from California by a Mr.  Brian Cook.  I hope you had an enjoyable summer.  Yours, Yusuf Harridance.”

 As Jen played with Tami’s pubic hair below, Tami smiled.  Who knows, maybe they called off that manhunt sometime during the summer.  She figured Dr.  Harridance knew nothing of it.  The note was undated.  The important thing was she was back here safe on campus with her friends.  That reminded her, she had to keep calling Terri about getting those bags, with her diary.

 This in turn got her thinking about how to talk to Jen about helping her with the ceremony.  Now was not the right time, though, not with Jen’s tongue starting to diddle her clit again and trying to pry her legs open with her hands.  Tami put the envelope back in her desk, spread her legs and, receiving pleasure while carrying a hundred pounds of Jen, momentarily quivered from the strain.

 The only thing to do was lick Jen’s pussy which was right in her face.  The two tongues went to work again.  Tami smiled and began walking, first to the door, then back to the desk, then around in as big a circle as the room would allow.  Gasping between submersions, Jen said, “We should walk to class like this.”  Tami’s giggle was muffled within Jen’s crotch.

 This image, of walking naked to class like this while eating each other out, was what turned both of them on enough to reach another orgasm, Tami all the time with her superior strength walking in a circle.  When orgasm came her legs quivered and faltered but she kept on walking, her shoulders carrying the jiggling and shaking Jen.

 In the backs of their minds they couldn’t believe it but they didn’t want to separate yet and in a moment they were back on the bed, still face to crotch, face to crotch, Tami still on top, noticing that for the first time Jen was going the distance with her.  Again each rested her head on the pillow of her friend’s pubic hair.

 As she idly twiddled a few strands, Tami thought it would be a good time to set things up.  “Jen, I want to talk about something, not about you, but I’ve got some ideas.”

 “About what?”

 “About well.  .  .  the campus and stuff.”

 She sensed Jen’s puzzlement.  “What?”

 “I want to make an announcement.”

 “What is it?”

 Tami sighed.  This was going to be a tough step but it had to be done.  “Let’s get together on the library benches.  Are you free at 1:30?”

 “Yeah, O.K.  .  .  .  you’re being awfully vague, Tam.”

 “I know.  .  .”  She jolted.  “Oooh!”  Jen’s tongue had just noodled into her butthole, followed by a finger that slowly went in, in, all the way to the last knuckle, then it withdrew and the point of Jen’s tongue slid inside, until it was firmly in Tami’s rectum, exploring the rectal walls from side to side.

 Tami giggled, so amused by her incorrigible friend.  She knew that Jen could feel every little nuance of her giggling insides with her tongue.  It slid in and out, in and out, this once-icky sensation, now, too, welcome and warm because of the one important thing, that it was done with love.  As she was gently reamed Tami turned to look out the window at the clear blue sky.  Thank you, God .  .  .

 .  .  .  .

 “So that’s it, Jen,” Tami said, arms on the concrete bench, all too aware that they served to hide her breasts from Jen’s view.  “I’ve decided to wear clothes again.”  She bit her lower lip with worry.

 Jen looked Tami in the eye and then looked down.  Then she looked up.  “I understand.  That’s cool with me, Tam.  I have so much respect for you, any decision you make is O.K.  How about my sweatpants and sneakers, those gray ones?  And my red T-shirt?”

 Tami smiled with relief.  Thank God!  She extended her hand and Jen grasped it.

 “After the ceremony I’ll take you to town and you can get dressed on my credit card!”  Jen said cheerfully.  “My present to you.”  Then an exaggerated pout.  “I WILL miss seeing your naked bod.”

 “I’ll still be naked in the shower.  You can come in,” Tami said.

 They both laughed.

 .  .  .  .

 That was how Tami imagined it would go, as she mused at her desk, waiting for Jen to come back from the bathroom.  And why not?  Tami began to get a better feeling about this.  It won’t be so bad after all.  She looked at the clock.  I break the news to Jen in three hours .  .  .  then by this time tomorrow I will be wearing clothes!

 In a minute Jen was done, dressed in a leotard top, shorts and her new backless sneakers.  Tami listened to her nipples and said, “You might want to bring an umbrella.  Might rain this afternoon.”

 “Really?”  Jen looked outside.  There were a few clouds starting to come in.  “O.K.”

 Armed with her red telescoped umbrella, Jen followed her naked friend out of the room, Tami taking the notebook and pen Jen had given her for notes until she got her stuff.  Tami’s first class was Relational Geometry, then Linear Algebra.  Jen was heading for a seminar class, Ecofeminism and the End of the Cold War.  The two friends bounded down the stairs and into the lobby.

 Tami took a deep breath as she burst out the door, trying to ignore the shocked stares of the new freshmen who may have heard of Naked Tami, but hadn’t actually seen her.  One more time, this is it.  The last time I have to walk to class naked!

 The two friends were not a hundred feet down the path when two campus security officers stopped them.  A security car was parked on a nearby service road.  One officer looked at Tami, his eyes hidden behind mirror sunglasses, and said sternly, “Miss, I am here to inform you that you are under arrest.”

 Tami’s mouth dropped open, as did Jen’s.  “Wha -- !?”  The other officer grabbed a bare shoulder and twirled Tami around and in two seconds her hands were drawn behind her back and cuffed, the notebook dropping to the ground.  “You have the right to remain silent -- “   
  
 “What the hell is this!!”  Jen yelled.

 “I said, she’s under arrest,” the first officer said, and Tami’s bare feet scraped along the pavement as she felt herself being dragged toward the car.  “Anything you say can and will be used against you -- “

 Jen yelled.  “STOP!  STOP!  THEY’RE TAKING TAMI!!”  Everyone in the quad froze.

 Tami knew that resisting arrest was not a smart thing but she couldn’t help herself.  She twisted and her legs flung wildly.  A third officer bolted from the car and grabbed her bare feet and lifted them together.  Strong as she was, the naked girl could not fight three police officers.  “If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed for you -- “  With the other man lifting her by the armpits the naked, cuffed girl was carried, twisting and struggling, and thrown into the back seat of the car.

 “Stop it!  Stop it!”  Jen ran up to the car, her face in the driver’s window as the officer started the engine.

 “This doesn’t concern you,” he said.

 She thought for a quick moment.  “What’s the charge?  You have to tell her the charge!!”

 “Indecent exposure.”

 “Nooo!!”  Jen caught a glimpse of Tami’s puzzled, panicked eyes through the back window of the car as it sped off.  “I’ll get help, Tam!  I’ll call my dad!”

 And, as the students stood there in shock, the campus security car zoomed off with its naked, handcuffed prisoner, to the facility that campus security used as its lockup, the Campbell County Jail.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 5**

When Titus Wheeler, the Campbell County Sheriff, heard that campus police were taking in Tami Smithers on charges of indecent exposure, he was flabbergasted.  For a year he had been told by that creepy college lawyer that, whenever that crazy naked coed appeared in town, she was to be left alone, she had a Constitutional right to be naked and the County didn’t want a civil rights lawsuit on its hand.  It was odd, having to look the other way when a naked girl walked through town, especially when she was such a looker, and it was a constant struggle at first to keep his men on patrol from pulling up slowly to eyeball her, but she caused no trouble and after a while the people in town almost got used to seeing her around.  It was weird.  She wasn’t a dancer from Teasers or a hooker or anything like that, never got into trouble, actually seemed like a good kid, yet went around without wearing a scrap of clothes even back in January when it was zero degrees out.

 And now the college was arresting her for being naked!  This threw the sheriff into a panic.  Something was going on that he didn’t know about.  He hated that.  He got on the phone to the college to find out what the hell was going on.  He first tried Campus Security.  “This is Sheriff Wheeler.  Get me Chief Burdick.”

 “The chief .  .  .  is out,” the dispatcher said.

 “Jesus!  .  .  .  You don’t know where he is?”

 “No, sir.”

 Then he called up Henry Ross’s office.

 “I’m sorry,” a deadpan female voice told him.  “Mr.  Ross no longer is retained by the college.”

 “Jesus!  When did this happen?”

 “He resigned about two weeks ago.”

 “Jesus!  Well, is there anyone taking his place?”

 “No.”

 “Then who do I talk to?”

 “Sir, I wish you would not -- “

 “Jesus!  This is the county sheriff, dammit, and your campus police are taking in a student to my lockup, a girl who they told ME not to arrest.  I want to know what’s going on here.  .  .  I hear the Dean’s resigned.  Get me the acting dean.”

 “There is no acting dean yet, sir, until the Board of Trustees meets -- “

 “Jesus!  Who’s in charge over there??”

 “I -- it would be the Board of Trustees, sir, let me patch you through to Mr.  Comstock’s phone, he’s the committee chairman -- “  And the sheriff found himself listening to a droning voice.  “This is George Comstock.  Please leave a message -- “

 The sheriff saw the campus squad car pull up and, with one final exclamation of “Jesus!”, hung up.  He thought fast.

 He rushed to receive the naked, handcuffed girl personally as she walked in, a campus security cop on each elbow.  The sheriff was thinking: avoid lawsuits, avoid publicity.  In an unusual move, he had the campus cops do the paperwork themselves.  Then, instead of placing her in one of the open barred cells downstairs, he had her placed upstairs in the “courtesy suite”, used only on rare occasions to put up visitors such as federal agents.  He made sure the prisoner was not offered any clothes, or asked to put on any.  He told his men not to screen her visitors or search any bags that might come in.  And give her bathroom privileges whenever she wants, with the door closed.

 In a few short minutes the naked Tami Smithers sat on a blanketless bed in a spare but clean room that had a kitchenette and a couch and a few cushioned chairs, and a couple of double-hung windows.  There was an unavoidable institutional air about it, but it was not what one would think of as a jail cell.

 She silently rubbed her wrists, looking at the red marks left by those rough handcuffs, then looked out the window.  Here I am, naked and alone.  Fortunately I have many friends out there, but now I’m in a fine fix.

 How can I say now that I want to get back into clothes?  It would look like I only did it out of convenience, to get out of being imprisoned.  She didn’t know what to think about Mr.  Ross.  He might see this as proof that my “religion”  was a hoax, but then why would he have me arrested?  Confused as she was about Mr.  Ross, her thoughts focused on her friends, who no doubt were being organized by Jen at this very moment to fight for her freedom and her right to be naked.  And I can’t let them down now!  --

 The naked teenager flopped onto her side, then curled herself up to cover her breasts and her pussy, wondering what to do.  Why, God?  I’m trapped -- Jen’s father, a big civil rights lawyer, was coming to town, and this will probably turn into a lawsuit.  Publicity, maybe.  I’ll be known as the brave naked girl fighting for nudism!  What an awful trap!

 It’s one thing after another, just when I’m about to get a chance to put on clothes, something happens!  Please God, am I supposed to spend the rest of my life totally naked??  She prayed and, exhausted by the stress, drifted off to sleep.

 .  .  .  .

 The naked girl, sweating from her long travels since leaving the Daughters of Judith, her body marked up by the  branches and leaves and dirt she had walked through, her bare feet muddy and scratched up by brambles, stumbled through the steaming Georgia woods and crouched down, finding herself in front of a clearing.

 It was a big garden.  Behind, some fields, and a large building, looking like a big school, out of place in the middle of this wilderness.  And in the garden, desolately chopping the rich black earth with a hoe, was a teenaged girl in a green plaid skirt with a gold “C”  emblazoned on it, long black knee socks and leather shoes, and on top, no blouse, just a modest looking white bra.  Her face was a mask of misery.

 Tami watched the girl for a few moments, wondering why she had just a bra on top, yet wishing that she herself had one, or even any tiny scrap to cover her nakedness.  The girl seemed nice.  Surely she could get something for Tami to put on!

 Tami bit her lip and stood up, covering her breasts and her pussy with her hands, and gingerly walked forward.  “Hello?”  She tried again, louder.  “Hello?”

 The girl looked over and stopped hoeing, regarding the naked girl with puzzlement and surprise.

 Tami walked into the garden, looking down to make sure her bare feet were not stepping on the row of carrots, all the time covering herself with her hands.

 “Hi,” Tami said, shyly.  “Please help me.  Do you have anything for me to put on?”

 “You’re asking the wrong person,” she said.  “I have to be -- like this -- all week as punishment.  Just for being five minutes late to class!”  Self-absorbed, she looked down again and gave the hoe an especially angry chop.

 Tami looked on, wondering why this girl didn’t notice her total nudity.  “Punishment?”

 “Can’t you see!!”  the girl said peevishly.  “They took away my blouse!  I have to go a whole week without a blouse, just my -- my bra!”  She curled her shoulders together so as to minimize the sight of her bra-covered breasts.  Her attitude both aggravated and puzzled the naked Tami.  Finally after a few more chops the girl looked up.  “Sorry, it’s just that I’m new.  It’s nothing like your punishment.  I heard about you.”

 Tami’s mouth dropped open.  “You have?”

 “Of course, everyone knows.  You’re Catherine Higgins.  You have to be naked for another month.”  She looked down at Tami’s muddy bare feet.  “I thought they let you wear shoes and socks though.  I didn’t know they took those away from you too!”

 Tami looked down at her feet and then at the girl’s beautiful green knee socks and nice shoes.  Her mouth went dry with longing, trying to remember what it once felt like, having socks covering her calves and feet, her toes all snugly in socks, having warm pretty shoes to protect her feet from the rough ground, covering them .  .  .  She cleared her throat and stood up a little straighter.  “Please, my name’s not Catherine, and could you get me some clothes?”

 The girl rolled her eyes.  “You KNOW that’s out of the question.”  She looked around toward the building, then back at Tami.  “You shouldn’t even be covering your -- your parts like that.  They must have telescopes or something, they can see everything.  Do you want to get another month’s punishment?”

 Tami looked up to the building with alarm.  She didn’t know what this place was, or what kind of weird stripping punishments they did, but it was obviously not a place where she could get clothes.  She didn’t want someone to come up and take note of this naked girl asking for covering, calling it into the police, who had that fax about the nationwide manhunt and who would then call Dr. Fortescue at Chalfont who would have her medicated and committed.  .  .

 She could not explain it, but this place definitely had a red flag.  The naked teenager thought she saw someone come out of the school -- a lady in a business suit -- and without thinking another second she turned and ran back into the woods.  The girl in the white bra called out -- “Hey -- “  But by then Tami had disappeared back into the forest, glad she hadn’t given out her name, once more feeling the branches and leaves flapping past her breasts and butt and legs.

 .  .  .  .

 Tami awoke listlessly, finding herself back on the jailhouse bed, thinking about that episode back in Georgia.  It was just typical of her misadventures during that long, lonely summer.  And now, having at long last gotten back to her friends, almost basking in their warmth, on the verge of gently breaking them the news that she would be putting on clothes again -- now, thrust into a situation where putting on clothes would deeply disappoint them and possibly get her expelled.  The naked girl stood up and wandered to the window, looking out at the parking lot of the back of the jail, her toes idly thudding on the concrete floor, plunged into the gloomiest depression of the whole depressing year.

 It was in this dark despair that the naked prisoner got her first visitor.

 Seeing Rebecca in a minister’s collar was strange.  It was the first time Tami had not seen her in her usual flannel shirt.  The black blouse and jacket and pants made her look older, more responsible, and the collar gave her an air of authority.

 But she was still Rebecca, friendly and intelligent, though subdued by the circumstances.  Tami was so glad to see her.  “Wow!”  she said, momentarily forgetting her plight.  “Father Rebecca!  Or maybe Mother Rebecca!”

 Rebecca laughed, hugging her naked friend as they drew near and embraced, Tami enjoying the feel of friendly fabric against her breasts and tummy and thighs.  “Protestant.  I’m ‘Reverend’.  Actually still Rebecca to you.”

 Tami stood looking at her Reverend buddy.  Rebecca said, “I only wore this getup to make sure they’d let me see you.  Visiting prisoners is one of the oldest Christian ministries.”

 They sat down and began to talk.  Tami said she was O.K.  but still in a state of shock.  “You’re not the only one,” Rebecca said.  “The whole campus is in an uproar.  You won’t believe what Rod has done.  He’s posted a letter to the Administration saying he’ll renounce his scholarship unless they drop charges against you.”

 This almost knocked Tami out.  Good God.  She had been subjecting herself to nudity for a year because she didn’t want to be expelled and have her scholarship revoked -- and now Rod, who as far as she could tell depended on a scholarship even more than she did, was actually throwing his away!  The depth of Rod’s commitment to her happiness struck her deep inside and almost made her eyes wet.

 “And Jen’s getting her father in from California, where he just finished a big case.  He wants to meet with you about suing for civil rights violations.  This is going to be in the papers for sure.  And nobody in Rossland Hall knows who’s in charge, or even who gave the order to arrest you.  This is right out of the riot scene in Ephesians.”

 Tami shook her head, looking down at the concrete floor between her rough bare toes.  “Oh God .  .  .  this is too much.”

 Rebecca had been delivering this news in a hushed monotone, not as excited as one would expect given her strong passions and convictions as to what was right and wrong.  She sat and looked at Tami.

The naked girl shook her head.  “It’s not .  .  .  they shouldn’t do this for me .  .  .I’m just .  .  .an ordinary girl .  .  .”  Tami took a deep breath and straightened up in her chair, trying to put on a brave front for her friend, then noticed that Rebecca was looking at her steadily, as if peering directly into her true honest self.

 “Tami, tell me the truth .  .  .  You -- “  Rebecca cleared her throat and started over.  “You don’t REALLY want to be naked, do you.”

 Tami looked at her dear friend, not wanting to respond, but not wanting to lie.  Then the hairs on her scalp stood up as Rebecca reached into her jacket pocket and took out --

 Her diary!

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 6**

Rebecca looked down at the little book in her hands, holding it reverently like it was a religious icon.  She cleared her throat.  “I have to say I’m very sorry, I apologize for reading it.  I was helping Terri get your backpack out of her closet and the flap flew open and this flew out onto the floor, opened to this first page, which was quite arresting.”  Tami had never seen Rebecca so ill at ease before.  In a quivering voice, the newly frocked minister read from the book.  “‘This diary is my secret place.  This diary is my clothes.  Please God, I want to wear clothes!’“

 “I told her we should read it,” Terri said, walking in.  During the summer Tami’s old roommate had lost some weight.  She was still a fashion plate, wearing a stylish silk sleeveless blouse over a black skirt and red sandals, toting a bookbag.  “It was obvious something real wrong was going on.  We read through the whole thing, both books, stayed up half the night because we couldn’t believe it, so we read it again.”

 “You thought it had to be secret, but no, Tami, no,” Rebecca said.  “I apologize, once again, but this ordeal, this -- horrible torment, this did NOT have to be secret, it was something that should be made known to others.”

 Tami’s heart was in her throat.  Her concave tummy sucked in and out as she felt herself hyperventilating.  She was being jackhammered by powerful emotions, the first of which was horror at being exposed as a fraud.  Rebecca had considered her an inspiration, which had caused her to get rejected by her home church -- not to mention the inspiration this “religious nudist”  had given to Jen and Terri and now Rod, who had renounced his scholarship for her sake!  And for what?  A naked liar!

 Tami’s eyes filled with tears.  “Rebecca .  .  .  I feel terrible.  I’m a fake, I’m a fraud.  I’m not a religious nudist.  I’m so, so sorry!”

 Rebecca and Terri both shook their heads vigorously.  “No, no!”  Rebecca said, “Tell me, Tami, why didn’t you confide in us?  Why did you keep it a secret, that you didn’t really want to be naked, that you got trapped into it?”

 “I didn’t .  .  .  “  Tami felt her mind being stripped naked as well as her body, and for the first time in front of her friends, now that they knew the truth, the naked girl covered her breasts and pussy with her hands.  “I didn’t want to let you down!”

 Rebecca said, “Yes.  We know that now, Terri and me.  You were my biggest inspiration for my ministry, and I kept pointing you out to everyone.  Again, I apologize, I didn’t know how shaming that must have been.”

 “And you,” Terri said, “were my inspiration for poetry.  Here,” she said, fishing something out of her bookbag.  Tami held it in her hands as if afraid of breaking it.  It was a thin paperback, entitled, “Naked Poetry: First Poems by Terri Pulaski.”  Terri said, “It took some going the rounds of publishers, but last month I found a little place in Boston which decided to put it out.”  Tami opened to the first page, which had only two little words: “For Tami”.

 “And Jen thinks you’re a feminist hero,” Rebecca said.  “And you inspired Rod, and Professor Congi, and lots of other people.  But you kept your pain a secret because you didn’t want to hurt us.  You “  -- another clearing of the throat -- “you suffered for us.  ‘With your stripes we were healed.’  Tami, I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone do something so brave, so unselfish, so -- so Christ-like.  I don’t think you’re a fraud, I admire you a hundred times more now!”

 “And that goes for me too,” Terri said.  “Tami, I just can’t imagine all that extreme shame and humiliation you went through, for a whole year.  An ordinary girl would have been driven crazy.  You really are a super woman, one tough chick!!”

 Tami felt tears going down her cheeks.  “Oh, God,” she mumbled as she waded into Rebecca’s and Terri’s arms, the naked girl in a tight, loving hug with her two clothed friends.  Tami felt a great weight fall off her then, the burden of being alone, of keeping a secret that screamed to be let out.  It felt so good to have someone else know the depths of her shame, to know the full horror of what she had gone through.  She remembered all the things in that diary, all the experiences doing art class modeling, against her will, the Chalfont experiments, against her will, that horrible weekend at Mr.  Ross’s place, against her will -- they knew all that now, she did not have to go through the burden of recounting it.

 “Tami!”  Rebecca said, suddenly holding Tami by the bare shoulders with such force that the naked girl’s breasts shook.  “We are under a moral imperative to do this, and right away.  You shouldn’t put this off one second longer!”

 Terri put her bookbag on a chair and unzipped it.  “I got these together for you.  They might be a little big but they’re very nice.  You deserve it.”  She set them out on the couch: a lacy pink bra, a white blouse, a green sweater, white panties, long gray flannel pants, knee-length black socks, and Doc Marten black shoes.  All of them exquisitely beautiful.

 “Tami Smithers,” Rebecca said, “time to put on clothes.  At long last, your terrible trial is over.”

 Tami shook as she slowly walked over to the couch and, gingerly as if afraid of being stung, touched the lace of the panties, ran her finger over the fluffy fabric of the sweater.  Her nipples stiffened.

 “No snatching away at the last minute, this time,” Terri said.  “This is for real.”

 “‘Your heart will be joyful, and no one will take your joy away from you’,” Rebecca said.

 Gulping, Tami picked up the panties and held them up to the light.  “I’ll have to take all these clothes off again.”

 “Why?”  Rebecca said.

 “Yeah, why?”  Terri joined in.  “Tami, there’s no way they can do anything to you.  Not with all the evidence in your diary of all those horrible deeds.  You should sue -- “  a little grunt -- “you should sue their pants off!”

 Rebecca smirked at this pun.

 Still regarding the panties in the pale fluorescent light, Tami said, “I don’t want all that to be -- public.  I just want it to be over with and forgotten.”

 “We’ve thought about it,” Rebecca said.  “No one has to know.  You can just tell them that you decided to put clothes on again, and the college’s stupid decision to arrest you, which everyone knows would never stick, had nothing to do with it.”

 Which was the truth, of course.  The naked girl’s mind could no longer think clearly about such things, though, because she was enraptured by the idea of clothes.  Clothes!  On me!!

 “We should respect our friend’s modesty and let her get dressed in private,” Terri suggested.  “I agree,” Rebecca said, and they stepped out, allowing Tami to have this moment alone.

 Oh God, thank you God, thank you --

 Quivering, afraid this was a dream that she was about to wake up out of, the naked teenager bent over and slipped the panties on one foot then the other, inhaling with a thrill at the feel of soft fabric passing over her hard bare heels, gliding over her calves, then as she straightened up, tightening around her thighs, finally drawing up to cover her pussy, which had been bare to the world for a year, and to cover her butt, hiding her butthole in dark privacy where it should be.

 She spread her arms out, shaking so much her breasts jiggled, and said a prayer of thanks.

 Now the socks, stretched out to slip over her toes, then over her feet and up the calves.  Of all aspects of her nakedness the one she most keenly felt was the bareness of her feet, which had had to tramp through snow and ice and over desert sand and through miles and miles of forest floor mud.  Now she looked down at the shape of her toes through the socks.  And said another prayer of thanks.

 The bra encased her breasts, her nipples once more protected from the world’s gaze, once more hers alone.  The blouse covered the rest of her upper body, then the long flannel pants, feeling so soft and warm and yummy over her legs.  Another prayer.

 The sweater, icing on the cake, the more clothes the better.  And now she bent down to tie on the Doc Martens, exactly her size it turned out, and as she stood up she felt shoes between her feet and the floor.  She realized her eyes were wet, and took some deep breaths to stop the shaking.

 It was not a dream.

 It was for real.

 Tami Smithers stood in the middle of the upstairs suite at the Campbell County Sheriff’s Office, fully clothed from head to toe.  Her friends crept back into the room, all three feeling the tension as a great change had been effected.  Three friends, college girls, with a bond between them that could never be broken.  Rebecca, Terri -- and Tami, who had rejoined the world of the clothed.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 7**

Tami spun around, moved her arms, took high steps, enjoying the feel of the fabric scratching and rubbing all over her body.  It did feel confining and stuffy, but that was only to be expected after all those months wearing nothing but air.  She was GLAD to feel confined and stuffy for once.  She tried to get her bearings back, think back to how she was before she was stripped naked.  That was so long ago.  It was like she was a different person then.  But now that she was clothed she felt confident and ready to plan the first stages of her clothed life.  Rebecca and Terri listened, smiling, so glad that they could put an end to their friend’s awful ordeal, something which their minds were still trying to comprehend the enormity of.

 “This is what I’ll do, I was planning it anyway,” Tami said, excited and animated, in a way that once had been typical of her, and now was again.  “I’ll e-mail on Campbellnet”  -- that was the campus intranet service, patched into every office and dorm room -- “saying, ‘I thank everyone for their love and support, and I learned a lot from my time without clothing, but now I feel the desire to become clothed again, and I look forward to my future life, wiser now, etcetera, etcetera.  .  .  And this had nothing to do with getting arrested.’”

 “I’d leave that last part out,” Terri said.

 “Well -- “  Tami found herself sweating and undid the top two buttons of her blouse with clumsy and unpracticed fingers.  Of course she would feel hot in clothes after being naked for so long.  Probably she should have put them on gradually instead of all at once.  “Whoa -- “  Now she felt like she was in an oven.  She ripped off her sweater and to everyone’s surprise there were semi-circles of perspiration staining her armpits.

 She didn’t feel so good.  In the middle of heavy, labored breathing she gasped, “I have to sit down -- “  and fell back onto the chair, head in her hands.  Now choking sounds came out, and as she lifted her head Rebecca and Terri saw to their alarm that her face was beet red and broken out in a rash.  Her tongue began to stick out grotesquely as she began to make awful retching sounds.

 “Good God, she’s having a seizure!”  Terri said.

 “We should call -- “  Rebecca began, but she saw Terri pull their friend up and try to undo the buttons, and when that didn’t work, Terri Pulaski, fashion plate, ripped the blouse she had bought to shreds to leave Tami in her bra.

 Rebecca followed.  They both had a sure sense of what had to be done, and it had to be done quickly, there was no time to find the sheriff to call an ambulance.  Terri pushed Tami’s limp body toward Rebecca, who knelt down and undid the flannel pants and pulled them down.  She pushed Tami’s feet back, first one then the other, to Terri who yanked off the shoes and then pulled off the socks.  Then Tami fell back onto Terri’s shoulders and Rebecca pulled the pants off the sweaty bare feet.  Now, Terri pushed Tami back to Rebecca, who held her by the waist as Terri quickly unclasped the bra and whipped it off, leaving the bare jiggling breasts, almost as red and pimply as the face.  Finally Terri held Tami up by the shoulders as Rebecca tried to yank the panties down.  For a horrible moment they were stuck and as Rebecca looked up to see Tami’s face turn purple and her eyes roll back into her head, the new minister found herself yelling “SHIT!!  SHIT!!  COME ON!!”

 It took a big lunge of strength, but Rebecca ripped the waistband of the panties and they flew off Tami.  The totally naked teenage body, still red and quaking, dropped to the bare floor.

 Lying on her stomach, she gasped as if recovering from suffocation and in a few seconds she was drawing in deep, regular breaths, now lying on her side, the rash disappearing and the skin returning to its normal all-over tan, her head turned so that her forehead could rest gratefully on the cool concrete.  “Oh God .  .  .  oh God .  .  .”  She lay thus on the bare concrete floor, ripped clothes scattered around her, Rebecca and Terri standing to the side.

 “Thank God,” Terri said, straightening her blouse, as it became clear that Tami was not going to die.  Rebecca self-consciously fingered her collar and said a silent prayer.  Tami’s breathing got more normal and now she limply struggled to get up on all fours, her bobbing breasts in full view of Terri who was standing in front of her, her knees apart for stability and her bare butt and butthole in full view of Rebecca who was standing behind her.

 Tami stayed there, stark naked on all fours, on the bare floor, her concave tummy heaving in and out, as her clothed friends stood and watched.  Now she bent her head down, her face hidden by her bedraggled dark red hair.  Rebecca and Terri then saw, to their surprise, a big tear drop fall on the concrete below the naked girl’s face.  Then a sniffle.  “Oh no.  .  .  please God no .  .  .”

 Tami tried to stifle the sniffling and sat cross-legged on the floor, trying to compose herself.  She wiped the tears from her face.  “I guess .  .  .  it was a bit much .  .  .”  Her skin was back to normal now.

 Her friends didn’t want her to be sitting her bare butt on the cold concrete so they helped her up to a chair.  “You’re so not used to wearing clothes, I’m not surprised,” Terri said, though in truth all three were shocked by the seizure, afraid guess as to what it might really mean.

 After a moment Terri said, “Tam, I brought some lighter clothes.  Maybe you should try these first.”

 Terri reached into the bookbag and took out a stringy bikini top, and some stretchy short shorts.  She laid them out in front of Tami, then took out a pair of skimpy flip-flops and dropped them onto the floor.  She smiled and said, “Think of this as a clothing starter set.”

 “Thanks,” Tami said, arms across her breasts, and inched her foot toward one of the flip-flops.  Gingerly her toes crawled into it, the thin rubber thong slipping in between her big toe and her second toe.  She drew in her breath and jerked her foot out, as if she had walked onto hot coals.

 Rebecca sized up the situation quickly.  “Tami, this might take some practice.  You’ve been naked so long, your mind has forced itself to get used to it.  The change you have to make is psychological and physical.  Systematic desensitization, like the behavior therapists say.  Try to put something on for five seconds, then take it off.  Then try ten seconds.  Bit by bit.”

 “O.K.,” the naked girl said, her foot still curled up in recoil from the flip-flop.

 And now there came distant chanting from outside.

 “Free Tami!  Free Tami!”  It was a chorus of voices, getting closer and closer.

 “Jesus!”  the sheriff said when he heard the protesters approaching the front entrance.  He peered through the window and saw it was a crowd of maybe fifty students, not too ugly looking actually, carrying signs.  Most frighteningly, there were a couple of people with cameras and notepads.  Once again he acted quickly.

 He got out to the front entrance and held up his hands.  “Listen,” he said, “I’m just the county sheriff, I didn’t arrest this girl, campus security did, we just serve as the lockup.  I don’t want no trouble.  We’re taking good care of her, she’s up in the hospitality suite.”  This drew some snickering.  Figuring fifty people was rather too much to let in as visitors, the sheriff said, “Go to the back parking lot and she can come to the window.  You can talk to her there.  Again, just stay civilized like and -- we can all avoid trouble.”  He quickly added, “She seems like a good kid to me.  Very well behaved.  I want you to be too.”

 The protestors, a little surprised by this show of civility, now moved behind the building, having stopped their chanting.  The sheriff saw them go and heaved a big sigh of relief.  “Jesus!”  he whispered under his breath as he farted and went back into his building.

 The naked girl walked up to the window, with Terri and Rebecca at her side.  She smiled and felt almost on the verge of tears as she saw Jen, and Rod, and Lenny Jones, of all people, standing in front, as the chant started again, led by Jen.  “Free Tami!  Free Tami!”  “We love you!”  Rod shouted.

 Tami waved, burning crimson, being basically a modest girl who was embarrassed by being such the center of attention.  Terri and Rebecca gave little secondary waves.  As Tami felt her breasts jiggle with her waving, felt her pubic hair press against the window sill, she cleared her throat and said under her breath, “Rebecca, Terri .  .  .  please pray for me.”

 .  .  .  .

 Percy Jorgon took a final look out his bay window, the beautiful Vermont autumn beginning to really express itself, yellows and oranges among the trees below, even a few reds by now.  A shame to leave, in a way.  Then he looked down at the courtyard, to where a “Free Tami”  banner was tied between two bushes, a leftover from this morning’s demonstration.

 He glanced over to his desk, now empty, to the far edge where a teenage girl’s bare toes had once grasped, her legs wide open in a ballerina’s split, and then he looked to the seat in front of him, where the naked teenager had once flexed her internal muscles and shown him the interior of her vagina, and then flipped around and displayed the inner walls of her rectum.  Remarkable.  He flushed again at the memory of that embarrassing moment.  Well, he got back at her for that one!

 And now, well, God’s blessing on her.  She wasn’t a bad kid, he decided, and she had lots of friends, and now the morons on the Board will have to stew in the mess they made.  For himself, he felt immense relief.  He made the principled stand, for religious freedom, and did the honorable thing, though it was actually standard operating bullshit for his line of work.  He looked down and smiled once more at the newspaper article in the Boston Globe -- “Reluctant Defender of Religious Freedom”.  What luck, it had his picture right next to the headline, and they got his name spelled right.  That article was his ticket out of here, his ticket to some bigger place where, if he had to deal with cocksure morons, at least they would be bigger players.  What a rough five years -- especially the last one!  He found himself thinking: Thank you, Tami Smithers.  Without you I might have been stuck here forever.

 As he packed up his bag and began to walk out, he looked at the plush chair on the side, where Henry Ross always sat.  Strange, mysterious man, disappearing like that without warning, to no one knew where.  Still, a good lawyer.  He protected me, did my dirty work for me.

 Ex-Dean Jorgon parked his wire-rimmed glasses into the front pocket of his suit jacket and, exhaling, walked out.

 .  .  .  .

 Marcus McIntyre was a considerable man and strode like one, as he did now in his three-piece pinstriped suit and shiny black shoes, leaving his Bentley behind in the circle of the Rossland Hall parking lot, where it would get a ticket which he would maybe pay and maybe not.  He had a short goatee now, which he had grown out in California while waiting for the jury to come back in that big age discrimination suit, and the goatee went well with his recently shaved scalp and his handsome face, good-looking and dark much like his daughter’s.  He carried a little attache case and, slowing his pace just a little, whipped out a cell phone.

 Behind the Bentley, a beat-up 1983 Nova coughed to a stop.  Out climbed a bald man in a beat-up blazer covering a brown sport shirt that had a mustard stain on it.  The man ran up in his torn loafers to catch up with Marcus, and the two strode onto the stony pavement of the Rossland Hall courtyard.  As soon as Marcus finished his call, he said, “Now let’s go over this again.  The Moonrock decision -- “

 “MoonSTONE”, Martin Wyzomirski said.

 “Right, Rhode Island Supreme Court, well we know about them, you ever see ‘Reversal of Fortune’?”

 “I never watch lawyer movies,” Martin said.

 “We’ve got to get together on this,” Marcus said, opening the door.  “My daughter has a different take on this than you.”

 Martin shot in behind him and said, “Wait till you see.  Then you can talk to your daughter again.  Remember, MoonSTONE.  MoonSTONE.”

 “I’ll leave the boring stuff to you,” Marcus said.  “Now where was it?”  They were standing at the elevator.

 “Sixth floor,” Martin said.  “Professor George’s office.”

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 8**

The suffering girl, flushed and nauseous, stood in the upper room of the Campbell County Jail that night, the merest string separating her from total nakedness.  It was the string bikini top she had been given, tied around her hips and turned and flipped over so that one of the triangular patches covered her pubic bush, the other triangle covering her butt crack.  She breathed deeply as if fighting off pain, her tanned tummy heaving in and out, the shadow of the street light outside throwing sharp shadows against her lithe, tanned frame.

 The strings dangled between her legs.  As she bent to reach them she glanced at her next project, the flip-flops on the floor.  With quivering hands she tied the strings, but could not finish because she was starting to choke.  She staggered, her bare feet slapping against the concrete floor.  With a whimper of despair she yanked off her only scant covering and curled up onto the soft chair, face against her knees, cradling her toes, wishing she was alone and naked in the woods again, riding her horse in the Texas desert, swimming in a forest lake, pondering the sunset from a western mountain crag .  .  .  or better yet, wishing she could live with her friends and family but have some kind of force field around her so that the world could not see that she was naked.  .  .

 .  .  .  .

 Nakedgirl had defeated Ross-man, or so everyone thought.  It was not easy.  This time his plan had no subtlety, just brute force, riding a tank into the center of the city and then firing at the great entrance to City Hall, the columns that held up the immense, 50-ton Greek style awning, right during lunch hour when hundreds of people were passing below.  As the city folk looked up in fear and hope, their naked heroine flew up to hold up the one of the columns that had been shot at and was giving way, then stretched out to hold the other, holding each with a hand and with the sole of a bare foot, arms and legs stretched out to each side in a split, giving the people time to scatter.  Nevertheless Jimmy Nordberg, the young photographer for the Clothingtown Press, had the presence of mind to take some pictures.  The reluctant heroine burned with shame at the thought that her most private parts were up on high and spread wide for everyone’s view, but the important thing was to save lives.

 And now the tank turret aimed upward, and a missile issued out of the cannon aimed right at her crotch, no doubt Ross-man’s attempt to do with a missile what he fantasized about doing flesh to flesh.  Holding the columns on each side, Nakedgirl moved her pelvis forward and, opening up her rear orifice, caught the missile in her rectum, then with everyone gone from the plaza, she flew down and planted her widely spread bare feet onto the tank armor and, angling her hips just right, pooped the missile right into the little window.  She flew away and the tank blew up into flames.

 .  .  .  .

 Tami opened her eyes groggily and giggled, then turned in the soft chair and went back to sleep.

 .  .  .  .

 Nakedgirl walked up the City Hall steps, people making way for her, knowing herself being looked at and admired, every inch of her nakedness on display, cameras flashing everywhere.  It was a rather chilly autumn day and she felt the breeze whipping around her bare butt, up into her crack as her legs separated in walking up the steps, around her stiffened nipples.  Around her, people waved the newspaper, the front page photos of the super-heroine spread and open to separate the columns, then her opened rectum catching the missile, finally the tank blowing up in flames.  Ross-man was dead now, they all knew.  Now that he was gone, Nakedgirl would presumably put on clothes again, losing her super powers, and go back to her library job, not that she had to, having been awarded a lifelong pension from the City in thanks for her efforts.

 But no -- she was still naked.  What was this?  They wanted her to explain but as always, she was too shy to give an interview.  The only explanation was she WANTED to stay naked, wanted to keep her super powers and continue to serve Clothingtown.  Thus ran the chatter as the naked superheroine ascended the steps to the great landing, in front of the repaired columns, and stood next to the Mayor as he gave his little speech, Nakedgirl standing next to him, her hands at her side, looking down at her bare feet on the cold marble next to his shiny shoes, then looking over the crowded plaza.

 As the mayor handed her the ribbon -- wisely refraining from putting it around her neck, though she would have craved even this tiny scrap of covering -- Nakedgirl smiled and waved to the crowd, and looked up over the City, trying to hide her concern.  Because she knew.  She knew that Ross-man was not really in that tank, she knew from X-ray vision that it was only his henchman “Dean the Suit”.  She didn’t want to upset the populace by telling them.  But Ross-man was still out there, and she had to stay naked because he might strike again, without warning, at any time .  .  .

 .  .  .  .

 “You can go, they’ve dropped the charges,” the sheriff said, clearly relieved.  It was morning and he had invited the naked teenager down to his office where she sat sipping coffee, feeling the cold metal chair under her butt, her legs crossed, one bare foot up and out, nervously moving her toes.

 He gave her the phone and she decided to call Rod, but as he wasn’t at his apartment.  Finally she called Jen’s cell phone.

 “My hero!  They let you free!  My dad’s in town,” she said.

 In a few minutes the big Bentley was pulled up in front of the sheriff’s office and Tami’s bare butt cheeks felt plush leather underneath.  Jen held her hand tightly.  Mr.  McIntyre, a distinguished looking man in a nice suit, leaned back from the driver’s seat to shake her hand.

 “I’d like to talk with you about some sort of legal action against the college,” he said.  “But not right now.  Let’s get you back to your room.”

 “Daddy, why are you so glum?  Tami’s free!  And she’s got a false imprisonment suit for sure, along with religious persecution,” Jen curled her arms around Tami and rested her head against her friend’s bare breast.  Tami felt so vulnerable and even more naked in front of Jen’s dad, such a well-dressed, distinguished, important adult.

 Tami gulped and hugged Jen back.  She didn’t know what to say.  Rebecca and Terri knew the truth but Jen obviously did not, not yet.  And now what -- who would be told?  She hadn’t talked about it with Rebecca and Terri -- though those two certainly wouldn’t tell anyone, Tami realized, unless they were sure it was O.K.  with her.

 For now, Tami decided to say nothing.  One thing was clear though -- she was free.  “Big celebration in front of the Student Union,” Jen said.

 There were maybe a hundred people there, professors as well as students, and they cheered as the naked girl emerged from the nice car, with Jen behind her.  Jen’s father waved quickly and, telling Jen he’d talk to her later, drove off.

 Walking out to the middle of the crowd, the naked girl felt intense shame, knowing herself stared at from every angle, yet also immense gratitude, knowing she had such a large circle of friends.  She blushed at the attention and hugged every person who came her way, beginning with Rod, and then Jeffrey Dillon and his boyfriend, and even Rod’s old nemesis Lenny Jones, and then Marisol, and Mayree, and Brad, and more and more and more .  .  .

 And now a reporter from local TV!  Tami had dreaded this moment for a long time.  The reporter came up to her and, speaking to her camera-audio man, said, “And now, the religious nudist, Tami Smithers herself.  Here,” she said, holding up a cardboard barrier over Tami’s nipples so that the sight was fit for broadcast on the local news station out of Burlington.  “Tell me, Miss Smithers, are you going to pursue any action against the college?”

 She bit her lip, wanting to cover her breasts and pussy with her hands, but resisted, and thought about what to say.  Finally: “I’m just glad to be free.”

 “Free of clothing too?  How long do you intend to follow your religion?”

 “It’s .  .  .  I’m just glad to be free,” Tami said.  Then her friends, seeing she didn’t want to talk, knowing how shy and, well, modest she was, whooshed her away from the prying microphone.

 They took her to brunch in the snack bar, little tables pushed together to make a big long one, with Tami, Princess Tami the Nude, in the middle.  To her relief, after everyone ate they went away one by one to go to their classes.  Rod gave her a big kiss and went off with Rebecca and Terri.  Tami watched them go.  She wanted to be alone.

 But no.  Jen gave her some campus mail that had shown up in her box.  As soon as Jen took her leave for class, Tami got alone and opened it.

 “Glad you are free.  Please see me at 12:00 in the former Dean’s office.  Signed, Anthony Noyes, Acting Dean.”

 Whoa.  In the past twenty-four hours everything had turned upside down.  She knew Dean Jorgon had resigned, but if Noyes was the “Acting Dean”  now, and he had ordered her arrest, why was he saying he was “glad she was free”?  Who dropped the charges?  Who brought them in the first place?

 Tami sat in the college snack bar, accepting the congratulations of the occasional student passing by -- “Go Tam!”  was the usual greeting -- and then, when the coast was clear, got up and started to her dorm room.  She had no classes this morning but wanted to be alone and see if Rod was around.

 She was intercepted at the door of the Student Union by none other than Dr.  Heinz Schnitzler, Director of the Chalfont Institute.

 “Miss Smithers, so glad I found you, I always get lost around here,” he said in his Old World style, bowing down, in his distinguished beard and fuddy-duddy suit and watch fob.

 Tami smiled.  “Thank you.”  In a flash she wondered about the contracts she had signed back in May to do more work at Chalfont.

 But Dr.  Schnitzler didn’t mention any contracts.  Instead, he said, “I congratulate you on your release, believe me, all of us at Chalfont are stunned at what happened, and unfortunately we could find no one yesterday who would talk to us.  Come, let’s walk.  Do you have a few minutes?”

 Tami allowed that she did, and to her relief, the good doctor took her along a path that went behind the library, a path not much used, and they walked in solitude along a row of maples that were turning yellow and red.  “Dietrich always loved the change of seasons here,” he said.

 “Dietrich?”  Tami said.

 “Yes, I have some sad news.  Our friend Herr Remmler has passed away.  It happened a few weeks ago.”

 Tami suddenly remembered the dream she had in the desert.  “August 8.”

 The doctor stopped.  “How did you know?”

 “I had a dream.”

 He nodded and they continued walking.  “Remarkable that you would know that.  Yet such dreams are not all that unheard of.  Being open to the elements might have given you powers of perception that the rest of us don’t have.  Well then, his will was recently read.  He is giving his house to the Institute.  And stipulated that you can use it as your residence for as long as you are a student here.”

 .  .  .  .

 “Anthony Noyes, Ph.D., Acting Dean.”  The name plate on the door was new, though the same could not be said of Gwendolyn King, the same secretary.  Though as Tami waited on the couch she detected none of the resentful air that emanated from Miss King in the past.  She was still not exactly warm, though.

 The door swung open and it was Mr.  Noyes, her old tormentor, big as a bear as always, in his trademark three-piece suit.  “Welcome, come on in, Miss Smithers.  Have a seat.”

 It was the same fluffy carpet under her toes, it was that same plush chair from which she had done her exposure gymnastics that had caused the Dean to have such an embarrassing moment.  But most of the old decorations were gone, there was very little on the desk.  It looked almost like a temporary office.  Tami sat and looked up, half afraid, but also half angry at what had happened.  With Rebecca and Terri on her side, knowing that the diary was now a potent weapon should she decide to use it, the naked girl suddenly felt like she could give this guy a piece of her mind.

 But he took her by surprise.  “I am deeply sorry for what happened, Miss Smithers,” he began, his face solemn.  “During the time before I was selected as Acting Dean things were in the hands of some trustees who made some stupid, and I say really stupid, decisions.  The order to arrest you was a disgrace.  The minute I was selected this morning, I called the sheriff and had the charges dropped.”

 Tami looked down and thought of her bare nipples, then looked up at this man who had made her stand out in the cold during that Christmas visit, who had intimidated her into walking naked into Midnight Mass, who had watched her so closely while she was tricked into that awful shaming ordeal of the anatomy class -- she closed her eyes, trying once again to blot that from her mind.  When she opened them she said coldly, “Very convenient.”

 “I don’t blame you for thinking that.  Arresting you and then conveniently dropping charges when it turned into a fiasco.  But I’m telling you the truth.”

 Noyes got up and turned to the big bay window with its beautiful view, then turned back to Tami, fingers looping behind his vest pockets like he usually did.  “When you made your claim of religious nudity, the college had to respect it, but a decision was made to see if it was for real.  Very conservative people founded this place, and still have a big say in how it’s run, and don’t take kindly to the idea of a naked student.  They wanted to make sure that your lack of modesty was for real.  As far as I’m aware, you did consent to all of it, the Chalfont experiments, the anatomy class, et cetera.  And did not flinch.  What is clear to me, I’m forced to admit, is that you are not an exhibitionist, you are not a sex nut, you are for real.”

 He sat down again, and for the first time seemed subdued and ill at ease.  “What I mean is, Miss Smithers, your freedom of religion will be respected and I’ll not try to question it.  From now on, you are free to walk .  .  .  this campus without clothing as you wish.”  He cleared his throat.  “No matter what anyone says.  In fact,” he said, wrinkling his chin and managing a small smile, “the way you have handled yourself, especially this last unpleasant episode, does you credit.  I wish some people can get past externals.”  He paused.  “This is not easy for me to say.  But I suspect being constrained by one’s convictions to go through life without clothing is not any easier.”

 Tami said nothing, not knowing what to say or think.  She looked over to the chair where that horrible Mr.  Ross used to sit.  “Is .  .  .Mr.  Ross still here?”

 “No, he resigned a few weeks ago.”  Noyes smirked, looking at the chair.  “Strange fellow, if you ask me.”

 “So there are no .  .  .  contracts?”

 “What?”

 “Nothing.”

 Noyes stood up and extended his hand.  “My best wishes to you, Miss Smithers.  If you wish to take some sort of legal action against the college for what happened yesterday, I won’t blame you, you probably have a good case.  But otherwise, I hope your remaining three years here are happy and productive.  I’ll do all I can to make sure they are.”

 And Tami found herself shaking his hand.  Then without a further word she turned and left.  In the hallway she looked back at the door and mused on the name.  Anthony Noyes.  Noyes.  No --> yes.

 She was alone in the elevator.  Once, long ago, having been promised the freedom to wear clothes again if she went through a breast self-exam demonstration without showing any sign of modesty, she had gaily jumped up and down in this elevator, breasts bouncing, feet slapping against the cold floor, pumping her fist and saying “YES!  YES!”  Now, the road to clothes seemed so much more unclear.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 9**

Tami had a long talk with Rebecca that night outside the library after it closed.  The autumn chill was in the air, and Rebecca, back in her regular clothes, had a sweater on over her flannel shirt.  Now in her senior year, she only wore her collar for her job, as part time assistant pastor at the Unitarian church in Burlington.  She walked with her naked friend along the cement walkway over the second floor, one of many places on this campus that were supposed to be conducive to walking and lounging but was too out of the way to be of much use.

 The naked girl felt the cold, as always, but knew it was nothing to be afraid of, at least not this mild.  Her nipples told her it wasn’t any colder than maybe 50 degrees out.  As the two friends chatted they sat at one of the cement tables and the naked girl felt the cold cement bench under her butt.  It was almost pitch dark and this part of campus was not well lit.  They could hardly see each other and Tami felt no compunction about spreading her legs, putting one bare foot up on each end of the table, stretching out her arms on the bench, and leaning back in thought, feeling the breeze, with the faint scent of fallen leaves, waft over her nipples and over her slightly opened pussy.

 “I can’t put anything on,” she said in resignation and despair.  “Even a little string over my waist makes me almost vomit.”

 “You’ve got to keep trying,” Rebecca said.  “I can’t believe God wants you to be naked the rest of your life.”

 Tami grunted.  “He certainly seems like he wants it, so far.”

 Rebecca sat there for a minute, looking in the dark at the part of Tami she could see over the table, down to her bare breasts, then looked to one side and then the other, at the tough soles resting on the corners.  “I’d like you to pray with me, Tam,” she said.

 Though Tami had always known Rebecca was a born-again Christian, this was a first.  The naked girl saw Rebecca’s outstretched hands and put her feet down and clasped them.  As Rebecca began, Tami, never the praying type until recently, bowed her head respectfully.

 “Please Lord,” Rebecca said, eyes closed, “please Lord your servant Tami has suffered so much, she has a good heart and has been so unselfish and has been put upon and taken advantage of by many bad people yet has kept you in her heart and in her deeds please Lord end this torment she is so modest and badly wants covering, badly needs covering of her nakedness and she has been without covering for so long and she deserves covering, deserves to wear clothes like the rest of us, please Lord please Lord let her have covering, end this terrible terrible torment, she doesn’t want to be naked, end her nakedness please God give her clothes Lord please Lord clothes please Lord clothes for Tami clothes for Tami -- let Tami have clothes.  Lord, let us be an instrument of your will.  Amen.”

 Rebecca opened her eyes and gave Tami’s hands a squeeze.  Tami gulped.  The experience had been unexpectedly moving.

 They sat there for a time, the air getting a bit colder and the wind kicking up.  Rebecca was concerned, but the naked girl said she was O.K., she had been through far worse, but made a concession to the cold, namely by hugging herself over her breasts and bringing her legs up to sit cross-legged so that her toes could park in the bends of her knees.

 They got to talking about the diary.  Who should see it?  Did Tami want to keep her secret from everyone?  Tami had been thinking about this and made a decision.  She would tell all her good friends -- Mayree, Brad, Dawn, Jeffrey, Marisol, Muffy, a couple of others -- about being tricked into being naked all year, and about being, at least at the moment, allergic to clothes, though she was trying to get back into them bit by bit.  They would be told about the diary, and she wouldn’t give the idea that they couldn’t read it, but obviously they wouldn’t ask.

 There would be two exceptions: Rod and Jen.  They would be given the whole diary to read without them asking.  Her lover, and her best friend, she wanted them to fully understand what she had gone through.  Also, they would be curious, and reading the diary would spare the need for painfully relating all the details.

 What about Mandy?  Tami told Rebecca about her.  Mandy was the only one who both sides of Tami’s wonderful/horrible existence, that she Tami had been tricked and was deeply shamed, but also the depth of happiness Tami had found through her friends.  Rebecca would talk to Mandy.  Maybe Mandy knew something.

 Which brought Rebecca to another point: what did Tami want to do about this horrible wrong?  At first Tami said she wanted to just forget it.  But Rebecca knew that not even Tami could just leave it behind.

 Tami felt the chill of a gust on her bare butt, hugged her breasts together all the tighter, looked out to the dull shape of Rossland Hall.  “You’re right,” she finally admitted.  “I HATE that man Mr.  Ross, I HATE that Mr. McMasters, that Dean .  .  .  I just want to see them put, I don’t know, they’re such bad men, I want to get back at them, I wish they were in jail.”  She suddenly slammed her fists down on the table, which gave Rebecca a start.

 “But,” she said with a sigh, “I want to put all this behind me, I don’t want to talk about it, I don’t want to go through all the stuff to get back at them.”

 “I understand,” Rebecca said.  “It would probably mean some kind of legal proceeding.”

 “I don’t want to go through -- depositions .  .  .”  This was still a new word for the naked teenager, and she cringed and clenched her butt at the memory of the one deposition she had been in, at that pony girl farm, being forced to answer questions while four vile tongues in front and behind drove her to orgasm after orgasm --

 She shook her head as if to shake away the memory, all of which was lost on Rebecca, who didn’t know all about Tami’s summer adventures. Still, Tami had her father’s fear of lawyers.  She remembered those lawyers in Sarah Wickland’s office in California, trying to get her to admit that she wasn’t a nudist, how unnerving that experience was.  Even though Tami was so right, and what had been done to her was so wrong, she could be putting herself in for a lot of abuse if Mr. Ross had a lawyer just as nasty as he was.

 “What if I talk to Mandy and .  .  .  make some discreet inquiries?”  Rebecca said.

 “O.K.  .  .  .We’d better go, it’s going to rain soon.”

 Rebecca looked up at the black sky.  “I can’t see any clouds.  How can you tell?”

 The naked girl felt a cold breeze run over her stiff nipples and said, “I just can.  It’s hard to explain.”

 .  .  .  .

 When she signed on to the campus intranet, Tami got something unusual, an e-mail from someone she didn’t know, that wasn’t obvious spam.

 “You don’t know me.  My name is Kylie O’Mara.  I went to high school a few miles from your college.  At my valedictorian speech a few years ago, I decided to take off my robe and give the speech in the nude.  I had thought a lot about it and it seemed the best way to express my feelings to my friends and teachers.  But I got in for a lot of abuse and the school withdrew their recommendation and I lost my college scholarship.  Plus the harassment I got was cruel.  I found out who my friends were.

 “Now I’m a senior at a college in Chicago.  Tami, I don’t know you, but I heard about your decision to go naked and I understand your religion.  I know you must have gone through a lot and I admire and support you.  Even though my experience was only for a few minutes and yours was a whole year (so far), I feel like there is a bond between us.  I first heard about you when I read in the papers that you were arrested.  I’m glad you’re free and I hope you have friends to support you.

 “Sorry for barging in on your life but I would love for you to contact me.  I still have to fight guilty feelings about what I did and it would be so good if I could speak to you.  If you don’t want to, that’s O.K.  Best of luck!”

 Besides the return address of the e-mail, there was a phone number, an area code Tami didn’t recognize.  And then there was a P.S.

 “I found an association of nudists in Rhode Island who brought a legal action to have nudism declared a religion.  You probably already know of them.  Here’s their contact person.”  And then there was a name, the same name that Tami had gotten from Father George, the parish priest who had visited her back home after her Midnight Mass trauma; and that she had found in Jeremiah’s cabin while searching the internet for nudist organizations; and that Rebecca had given her in the spring when she was upset that as part of that mysterious “research”  Tami was being made to wear what looked like a bikini.  That name was burned into her mind by now.

 Tami’s thoughts went back to the message.  This poor girl Kylie, Tami could imagine how she must have felt, only in high school.  Tami knew how the world could be cruel to naked girls, especially if they have a good heart.  Yet the incident happened a few years ago, and Kylie seemed to be doing O.K., being in college.  Maybe reading about Tami and her arrest had brought up old feelings.  Tami sat slumped at her desk, looking down dejectedly at her wind-fluffed pubic hair, her hard brown nipples.  She badly wanted to call this girl and tell her that she was O.K. and what she did was well intentioned and she didn’t deserve any abuse.  But what would she say after that?  Once again Tami felt like a fraud.

 In the midst of these thoughts, the phone rang.  It was Rod.

 “Tam, I finished reading it.”

 Tami closed her eyes, once again feeling like a fraud, to Rod.

 “Tam, I love you.  I read about what you thought about planning to get into clothes and maybe me not loving you any more.”  Rod was agitated and his voice was shaking as if on the verge of years.  “I still would love you.  I love you naked, and I’d love you clothed.  And I want to get a gun and shoot every one of those bastards at Rossland and at Chalfont.  JESUS!”  The shout jolted Tami.  “THOSE ASSHOLES!”  She heard Rod trying to compose himself.  “Sit there, Tam, I’m coming over with a bag of clothes.  You will not be suffering one second longer!”

 “No!”  Tami said.  She quickly gave the easiest reason.  “Jen doesn’t know yet.  I don’t want her to come in and .  .  .  I want to break it to her myself, let her read it too.”  Silence on the other end.  “I’ll be there right away,” Tami said.  I’m out the door.”

 “Okay, Babe.  I’ll have the clothes ready.”

 Tami decided to just hang up.  And out she went, bare feet slapping down the dorm stairs, tying her room key to her hair, and then the side door pushed open and her bare body sliced into the beginning of the cold biting rain.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 10**

It was almost midnight now and Tami had at least the darkness to cover her.  The rain began in earnest as her bare feet thumped over the grassy field at the edge of campus, then she quickly looked both ways before crossing the deserted street and jogging down the broken sidewalk to her boyfriend’s apartment.

 She was concerned about him.  She had never seen him blow up like that.  And when he threatened to renounce his scholarship!  It seemed like overkill; he really didn’t have to throw all that away to make his point.  She had always adored his dorky ways, his cute shiny black shaved head, the way his handsome brown eyes shone through his glasses, the fact that he was so organized and level-headed, yet such a stud in bed, sort of like Clark Kent and Superman.  But this recent behavior was very un-Rod.

 She was reassured when she saw him at the top of the stairs, wearing only his pants, a big smile on his face, his eyes a little wet.  “Babe,” he said, holding his arms out.

 The naked girl, chilled by the wind and rain, gratefully fell into his warm, loving arms.  They kissed for a long time, arms rubbing around each other’s bare back.

 “Come here, Babe,” he said, leading her into his room.

 “Oh Rod -- “

 It was beautiful, gorgeous, exquisite.  A full-length black gown, shiny silk or something like it, draped over his chair, and pretty black closed-toed slippers, with a jeweled star.  Tami stood where she was, open-mouthed, not able to move.

 “As soon as I started reading this afternoon, I went out and got it at Kuyper’s.”

 “Rod .  .  .  no .  .  .  it must have cost a mint!”

 Rod smirked.  “Actually, don’t ask.  But you deserve it Babe.  I suppose I should admit it now.  Remember when we were at that cabin in the mountains and I said I couldn’t imagine you wearing clothes?  Well, I lied.  I saw that dress in the window a long time ago, and I’ve always imagined you in it.”

 He held her bare shoulders as they admired the dress together.  “After all the horrible things you went through, dying for clothes all year, you deserve the best clothes in the world.  Together we’ll buy you a full wardrobe.  Now go, put it on.  And the shoes too.”

 “Oh Rod -- “  Tami bit her lip and could not resist drawing closer.  She looked down, past her hard brown nipples and her pubic hair, to where her hand gingerly touched the black fabric.  It felt so smooth on her fingers.  No doubt it was painfully expensive for someone on Rod’s tight budget.  The feel of fabric went like an electric charge from her fingers to her pussy, making it wet, and up to her nipples, making them poke out just a little more.  She felt the goose bumps on her butt.

 It was too heartbreaking.  She sniffled.

 “What’s wrong, Babe?”

 “I -- can’t.  I can’t.”

 “What?”

 “Oh -- “  She turned her face into Rod’s chest and began to cry like a baby.  “I can’t.”  And she told him what had happened in the jail with Rebecca and Terri and the clothes and the seizure.

 “Oh God -- “  Rod’s eyes flashed as he looked from the dress to his suffering naked girlfriend and back again.  “It can’t be true, Babe.  Maybe you’re just not used to wearing anything -- “

 “No!  It’s more than that!”  Tami turned and stamped her foot.  “I can’t even tie a fucking string around my waist without gagging and throwing up!” she said tearfully.

 This kind of language was unusual for Tami.  Rod looked at her and his jaw clenched.  “Those fucking bastards!”  he said solemnly.  He watched as his girlfriend fell to her knees and began stroking the gown, tears running down her face and babbling, “P - please God .  .  .  p - please .  .  .  c - clothes .  .  .”  Then she curled up cross-legged on the floor and put her face in her hands, and she began to wail with heart-rending howls.

 Rod’s head cleared and he looked down at his suffering girlfriend for a moment.  Then he picked her up, hefting her limp body over his shoulder, and carried her to his bedroom, gently laying her down.  He silently put his head between her legs and licked, changing her weary sobs to moans of sleepy lust, and brought her to a quiet, rolling orgasm, at the end of which she lay there without moving a muscle.  Rod listened to her regular breathing.  She had gone to sleep within seconds.

 Then he went to sit at his desk, looking at Tami on the bed, and went about thinking for a long time.

 .  .  .  .

 Tami woke up to the smell of pancakes and coffee, her favorite breakfast.  She rubbed her eyes and looked across to see the little tray table and a short stack rising up behind the little mountains of her brown nipples.

 “Mmmmm .  .  .”  Then she giggled, at the long, black pole almost being jabbed into her eye, from her foreshortened perspective looking as big as a baseball bat.  “Cream for your coffee?”  her lover said.

 The cream would be saved for later.  For now the naked teenager sat up and ate, while Rod, just as naked, sat beside the bed, sipping his coffee, his erection hanging between his legs, not saying anything as Tami indulged what she suddenly realized was a ravenous appetite.

 “Mmmmm.  .  .”  she said when she was finished, puffing a pillow to sit back on.  “I don’t see any clothes in this room.”

 “In honor of you, my naked queen,” Rod said.  “I wish I could swear off clothes like you, to know what it must be like.  I hate to see you being the only one suffering.”

 “That would be pointless,” she said, and as they sipped, they nodded in agreement.  They were thinking the same thing.  It would be like cutting off one’s legs in solidarity with a friend who was paraplegic.  Pointless, and also trivializing the affliction.

 Tami pinched a nipple and turned it up to her face.  “What do you say?”  she playfully asked.  Then grabbed the other one.  “You?”  She let go of it and looked up at Rod.  “My left nipple says it’s going to be sunny all day, but my right one says maybe clouds coming in this afternoon.”

 Rod smiled and took another sip.  Then said in reflection, “Things always look better in the morning.”

 “Yes .  .  .  where did you put the dress and the shoes?”

 “In the closet.  Someday, Babe, you will wear them.”

 Tami sighed, and casually twiddled her pubic hair with her fingers.  “It doesn’t look likely.”

 “Maybe bit by bit, getting into clothes gradually.”

 “That’s what Rebecca says.  It has to be very VERY slow.  Meanwhile I have classes to go to and a life to live.”

 “I’ll help you, Babe.  You don’t have to go out.  I’ll get your notes from class, you can stay inside as much as possible.”

 Tami thought about it, though actually it was something she had decided over the past day or so.  “No, that would be a victory for Mr.  Ross.  He wanted to .  .  .  crush me.  I won’t be crushed!”

 Rod smiled and bent over to kiss Tami on the forehead.  “You are a rare gem, Babe.  .  .Still, those assholes have to be punished for what they did.”

 Tami sighed.  “I know.  Rebecca’s seeing what should be done.  She’s going to go to Noyes.”

 “I thought he was one of the bad guys.”

 “Well .  .  .  I don’t think he knew about my being forced into it.  He thought I was just going naked and doing all that -- other stuff just for kicks.”  Tami rolled her eyes.  “Some kicks!  .  .  . I don’t think Dr.  Harridance knew about it, either.  Or Dr.  Schnitzler.  Or Herr Remmler.”

 They both thought of the old man, who had looked at them during the banquet at Chalfont, when they had just been through a fight, yet who spoke the truth and said, “These are two young people who are very much in love.”

 “But McMasters .  .  .”

 “I know,” Rod said, remembering that part of the diary, Tami’s anguished recollection of how McMasters kept on showing her the dildo setup in Lab 6 even after it was clear that Tami was terrified.

 Then as if realizing he had been rude, Rod cleared everything off the tray and propped it up so that it hid Tami’s breasts.  “Sorry, I forgot.  You’re modest, right?”

 “Very modest.”  Tami said with a whimsical smile.  “Look, Rod,” she said, putting the tray away, and then she got out of the bed and stood up right in front of her seated boyfriend, “I NEVER minded being naked when you were around.  In fact,” and here she stepped over and did a little pirouette, then stretched her leg up and out, giving him a close view of her opened pussy, “whenever I am naked in public, think of it as a sign that I want to be with you.  I dedicate my nakedness to Rodney Sykes!”

 She knelt down and took Rod’s long, hard dick in her hands, flopping it back and forth in front of her face.  “I am naked for you, by being naked I honor you, I am naked because I love you, and if I’m naked all the time, that’s because I love you all the time!”

 And she opened her jaws way wide and opened her throat and Rod gave a low groan as she took him almost all the way down.

 .  .  .  .

 She was obviously trying to kill him.  He had spurted once in her mouth and twice in her pussy, and now she was sucking furiously, trying for the fourth load.  “Man, Babe, oh man.  .  .”  He tried to get off the bed but she had him pinned.  “Please really, I’ve got a class to go to.  If I can drag myself there, that is.”

 Tami reluctantly gave up, at least for now.  “I live on your sperm, lover.  I want to build you up like I got built up.  I’ll do a Lab 6 on you.  Do you think you can get up to five squirts a day?  Every day?”  Part of her couldn’t believe she would make a joke about Lab 6, but the rest of her was glad that the experience was so over and done with in her mind that she could refer to it so casually, at least around Rod.

 “Oh man .  .  .  I suppose I have no choice, do I?”

 Tami, unable to speak because Rod’s dick head was bulging out her cheek, shook her head.  “Mmmphh - mmmphh!”

 Rod had a 10:00 class.  What was on Tami’s mind, of course, was the “Fuel Boy” dream she had had a couple of nights ago.  After Rod left, she fired up his computer and typed up a short chapter about it, then e-mailed it to herself and erased it from his hard drive.  “Rod the Fuel Boy”.  She took a deep breath and walked nakedly onto the street, ignoring the stares, and braved the short distance to Pilgrim Hall to get showered and off to her class in Calculus IV.

 That night Tami went to Rod’s place again.  Rod had bought a bottle of red wine.  Tami began telling him what happened after the last diary entry, her adventures with McMasters and then making her way across the country from California.  Through it all she kept pouring herself more and more wine.  “I wished so much you were there,” she kept saying.  Rod sat there amazed, and also amused, as his girlfriend proceeded to get smashed.

 Around eleven o’clock, in the middle of talking about ingenious ways to torture Ross and McMasters and the Dean should they ever find them -- the drunk naked girl was into a rambling and (by then) not very accurate discussion of how to compute the area of a box to be used as a testicle crusher -- she suddenly got up and said, “I’ve got to show you where it started.”

 Before Rod could protest she had grabbed his hand and the naked girl had run, staggering, onto the dark deserted campus to show her boyfriend, clad in jeans and a T-shirt, where she had gotten caught by campus security while running naked as part of that stupid sorority dare.

 “I wazh over here,” she said, pointing to a bush next to the gym, “no I mean over here,” she staggered over to another bush.  “Samantha was over there,” she said, hardly able to walk, breasts bouncing with each jolting step.  “Then I ran over like this to the art building.”

 Even drunk, Tami was a fast runner and it was hard for Rod to keep up, though staying behind her he got a good view of her breasts bouncing and butt cheeks pumping, the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.  They got over to the art building and she said, “Then I ran in and found a shmock .  .  .  and ran this way.”  Again Rod followed her unsteady gallop toward Pilgrim Hall.

 “And then I had to hide in thish tree,” she said, pointing up, and falling backward into Rod’s rescuing arms.  “Wow, thanks.  And the smock got ripped off.  And then -- no firsht I got over to North Hall and these drunk guys saw me.  And THEN I came back from the tree over to these bushes.”  She was getting a little winded now, as was Rod.  “And then there was a light -- whoa -- “  Again she fell back into Rod’s arms.  Rod was resigned to the fact that he was going to carry her either to her dorm room or maybe all the way back to his apartment.

 And then there was a light.  Namely, the headlights of a campus security car.  Tami thought she was dreaming, but Rod froze.  Tami was underage.  Rod wasn’t.  Being found drunk on campus could only be trouble.

 It was an officer they hadn’t seen before.  He sized up the situation and said to Rod, “Is she O.K.?”

 “Y - yeah, she’ll be all right.”

 “Can I take you back to your dorm?”  the officer asked the bleary-eyed naked teenager.

 “Uhhh .  .  .”

 “No, I’ll take care of her,” Rod said.

 The officer asked to see some I.D.  from Rod.  From Tami, of course, no I.D. card was necessary.  “I hope Miss Smithers is O.K.,” the officer said.

 And the officer watched as Rod hefted Tami over his shoulder and carried her away off campus.  As the naked girl faced down toward the grass, admiring Rod’s jeans-clad butt, she figured she should be polite and lifted herself up enough to wave bye-bye to the officer, one hand extended downward to prop herself up on Rod’s butt, her breasts bouncing into the night.

 .  .  .  .

 It was in the campus snack bar the next morning, as Tami sat with Rod and tried to fend off her hangover with her second coffee, when Tami saw sitting at the table at the far wall, someone she at first did not recognize, a dark-haired girl with hollowed-out eyes who looked far more wasted than Tami felt, dressed in clothes that looked like they’d been fished out of a charity bin, looking over in her direction and then quickly looking away, Wanda Percival.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 11**

She was prepared to go herself, once more braving the journey of walking naked across the soccer fields, but Rod insisted he go with her, and it did give her a feeling of protection, if not actual covering, as the two made their way, hand in hand, to the Chalfont Institute.  She had three things to do: get the things that had been sent there from Brian Cook’s place in California, get the key to Herr Remmler’s house, and respond to an intracampus letter from Dr.  Schnitzler to see him.

 That last was what made her nervous.  Regardless of the contracts she had signed in the Dean’s office in May, she had already “agreed”  to participate in experiments at Chalfont for the rest of her time as a student.  She hadn’t heard from McMasters.  What was this Schnitzler letter about?

 It was the same old, dark, creepy atmosphere, the same old cold polished floors, through her bare feet she could again feel the vibrations and warmth as they passed that spot that she knew was over some kind of generator.  They didn’t have to go past Lab 6, thank goodness, but she wondered if it was still “set up”  for her.

 Her bag was waiting for her in the main office.  Just as it was when she left it at Brian Cook’s, on her way to that “art exhibit”  with that mysterious guy George.  She had left all her I.D.’s and her ankle pouch in it, they were still there.  And the secretary, a nice old lady with a German accent, said, “God bless you, my brave child.  Here is the key to the Herr’s house.  Take good care of it.  His spirit is still there and will watch over you.”

 It was hard not to react to this.  Tami and Rod glanced at each other as she carefully put it in her ankle pouch which she stuffed back into the bag.

 The door opened and it was Dr.  Schnitzler, and behind him Dr.  Harridance.  Both were ill at ease.  When Tami walked in, followed by Rod, they found two chairs in front of Dr. Schnitzler’s desk, one of which was behind a little partition like Tami had seen from time to time at gymnastics practices, a place for girls to change their uniforms behind.  Otherwise it was the same old office, textured red velvet walls, portraits, a little computer perched incongruously on a table on the far side.

 Tami was motioned to sit behind this partition.  She saw the stricken faces of the two men as the fine leather settled under her butt cheeks and could figure out right away that they now “knew”.  They were allowing her to stay hidden, knowing she could not put on clothes if offered, allowing her body to be hid from their gaze from the neck down.  Ironically, it made her doubly aware that she was naked.  From her perspective she saw the men’s heads over the top of the partition.

 “I wish to apologize most sincerely,” Dr.  Schnitzler began.  “Your situation was made known to us yesterday and it caused shock waves through the entire Institute.  We simply had no idea that you were under duress.  And now to find that you are now somehow allergic to clothing .  .  .  this is almost too much for us to bear.”

 “Miss Smithers,” Dr.  Harridance said, his handsome features downcast in a way she had never seen before, “I know you could not be frank with us, thinking that we were part of that evil conspiracy.  And yet we subjected you to .  .  .”  He looked down and shook his head, almost in tears.

 Tami gulped, thinking of the intimate examination done by Dr.  Harridance and Dr.  Abu-Jamal on that cold steel lab table upstairs, their hands poking and prodding and stretching both her lower holes in the harsh light, all the time them thinking she had agreed to it, and she doing her damnedest to give that impression.  And the initial orgasm experiments, all plugged up and wired on a pedestal so that she could be viewed by anyone in the intensity of her shame.

 Dr.  Harridance put his head in his hand, unable to continue.  Dr.  Schnitzler picked up for him.  “The Institute has committed a grave breach of ethics, and worse than that, has published the results in a prestigious journal, an article which has been cited numerous times in the past few months.  There is just no way out of this.  We will have to unpublish it, and hope for the best.  The reputation of the Institute .  .  .”  and here he gulped too, “will be destroyed.  But it is not as bad as the damage that has been done to you, my dear child.  We all know, and those of Herr Remmler’s generation knew first hand, that it is a serious mistake to preserve institutions if the price is .  .  .  inhumanity.”

 The naked girl, hidden behind the partition, was alarmed.  “But it wasn’t your fault.  You didn’t know.”  Her eyes flashed.  “Mr.  McMasters .  .  .  and his helpers .  .  .  THEY knew.”

 “Mr.  McMasters resigned from the Institute during the summer,” Dr.  Schnitzler said.  “This has been very hush-hush, but I am telling you because you deserve to know the truth.  We got his letter of resignation last month, postmarked Portland, Oregon.  He said that you had decided to return home and he was continuing his work with his other assistant, I believe you know her, a Miss Percival.  And perhaps even more strange, a parcel arrived last week containing the apparatus he had designed for you to ‘wear’, so to speak, this time postmarked Vancouver, B.C.  We know from hearing about your journal that he is the culprit, as far as the Institute is concerned, and we are trying to find him to alert the authorities.  Still,” Dr. Schnitzler took off his glasses and wiped his eyes, “his work was under the auspices of the Institute, at least the lab work during the spring semester, and the Institute is responsible.”

 Dr.  Harridance had recovered and spoke directly.  “It is our responsibility also to try to make things right.  You seem to have developed an aversion to clothes.  We have a specialist of some renown in the field of behavioral medicine, Dr. Kantor.  If you want to accept it, he will treat you through desensitization therapy, at no charge to you of course, for as long as it takes to cure you.  Miss Smithers, we are committed to making it possible for you to wear clothes again, to ensuring that your most desperate wish is at long last fulfilled.

 “Meanwhile, all the papers dealing with our research, at least the papers that weren’t made off with by McMasters, all those have been destroyed.  The setup in Lab 6 will be dismantled, and the ‘outfit’ sent to us will be disposed of.  As Dr.  Schnitzler said, we will issue a notice and apology withdrawing the article and admitting the ethical violations.  All that remains is the raw data, which is on this disk.  This is the only copy.”  And he reached over the partition to hand Tami a floppy disk.

 Tami was still spinning from what she had been told.  McMasters on the lam.  Wanda, being subjected to all she had had to endure, though all at once and not by stages like with Tami.  She had seen Wanda only once, in the snack bar that morning, and Wanda had quickly got up and left.  No wonder Wanda looked so messed up, so un-Wanda.  Then Tami looked down at the floppy disk in her hands.  She remembered all the shame and humiliation, unintended in Dr.  Harridance’s case, and her idea of burning the diary and destroying all evidence of her ordeal, and knew there was only one thing to do.  She turned to the computer.  Knowing what she intended, the two doctors nodded.

 Wipe the disk clean.  She got into DOS and set it for unconditional format, then popped the floppy in.  “Press ENTER to begin”.  Her finger poised over the key.  This was harder than she thought.  She was destroying all that data, the fruit of hard work by earnest, though misguided, researchers.  She thought again of Professor Congi, and Rebecca, and all the other good persons who had been so blind yet so inspired by her.

 “But,” she said, turning slightly, the side of one bare breast coming into view, “you didn’t know.”

 “There was no informed consent,” Dr.  Harridance said.  “In scientific ethics, that’s the only thing that matters.”

 She turned back to the computer and pushed the “Enter”  key.  Formatting .  .  .  5 percent completed .  .  .  10 percent .  .  .  She closed her eyes and sighed, feeling the experience wash away.  And she could also sense the discomfiture behind her, the two doctors trying not to look at her bare back and butt on the chair, perhaps their professional futures being washed away as well.

 The formatting finished, Tami took out the floppy, opened the clamshell, crumpled up the soft vinyl and threw it in the wastebasket.  She sat there, a naked girl at the computer in the office of the Director of the Chalfont Institute, feeling the soft carpet under her toes and the fine upholstery under her butt, the gaze of the three males onto her bare back.  She thought about desensitization, and her boyfriend, and good people versus bad people.  For a moment no one said anything.  Then the naked teenager stood up and went to the partition.  It was heavy, and as she lifted it the muscles stood out in her thin shoulders and along her tanned, concave tummy.  She folded it and put it to the side, careful to keep her feet clear.

 Then she stood before Dr.  Schnitzler and Dr.  Harridance, as if unaware of presenting them with a full frontal view of one of the most beautiful female bodies in the world, once more nakedly facing meticulously clothed authority figures, and said, “Don’t de -- or un-publish the article.  Can I give my consent to the experiments you did, Dr.  Harridance, if it’s not too late?  And don’t destroy my -- my ‘outfit’.  It’s the only clothes I can wear.”  She looked back at Rod, remembering how much he had enjoyed holding her hand when they were alone and she was in her outfit, being driven to orgasm after orgasm, each orgasm for him alone.

 The two doctors looked at each other.  Dr.  Harridance said, “A cruel wardrobe.”

 Tami turned to clasp Rod’s hand.

 Then Dr.  Schnitzler said, “I hear that you are a good-hearted girl.  Maybe your good heart gets the better of you sometimes.  I want to make sure that this is not the case.”

 “No,” Tami said, glancing down at her nipples, which were now poking out at Dr.  Schnitzler as if to emphasize her words.  “I mean it.”

 “Well then, such consent must be in writing.  I will have the proper form drawn up.  Come to my office next week at this time to sign it.  This will give you more time to reconsider.”

 Rod got up and tenderly clasped Tami’s hand.  They said their good-byes, though as Tami padded along the dark hallways once again on her way out, she knew that she would not change her mind.

 .  .  .  .

 Tami got to her dorm room and found herself instantly embraced by Jen.  “My poor darling,” she said in her soft voice, holding Tami for a long time.  “You have been through hell.  The most oppressed women I know.”  She looked Tami in the eye.  “Rebecca told me about your seizure.  My dad says the college should be sued.”

 “I don’t want to sue the college.”

 “Well, something should be done!”  Jen said.  “I tried to get Congi on the phone but she’s on sabbatical.  You -- “  Suddenly Jen sat down on her bed and looked at the floor.  “Tam, I’m sorry.”

 “For what?”

 “For worshipping you being naked.  All the time you hated it.  That one part in your diary, when you wanted to tell me the truth, after I licked you in the dining hall while that creep Ross watched, you badly needed an ally, but no, I looked up to you, like some kind of worshipping idiot .  .  .  How could I have been so stupid!”  She looked out the window.  “I’m too much of a feminist.  I get carried away with it sometimes.  I see oppression everywhere.  I never heard you say that you love being naked.  That should have tipped me off.  All the time the REAL oppression was under the surface.  I was so blind!”

 The naked girl, still standing in the doorway, looked down at her roommate sitting on the bed.  Tami sat down next to her.  “I was alone but I had your love.  Your love is really cool, Jen.”  Tami stroked Jen’s hair, little more than a bristly stubble with her new short haircut.  “I couldn’t have lived through it without you.  Everything was horrible, but I came back here every night and you treating me like a princess.”

 “Princess Tami the Nude,” Jen said, smiling while fighting back tears.

 “That’s me.”  And then Tami did something she had never done before.  Their eyes met and the naked girl drew Jen’s face toward hers.  Tami gave her an aggressive tongue kiss as if she were a lesbian through and through.  Then she pushed her down onto her bed and climbed on top, bare tanned breasts pressing down on Jen’s red T-shirt, tummy to tummy, though one tummy had clothes over it, her wind-fluffed pubic hair grinding down on Jen’s jeans-covered crotch.  Tami’s bare toes caressed Jen’s sneakers.

 They lay there for a few minutes.  “I almost converted you, didn’t I?”  Jen said.

 “Almost.”

 “Our wedding is next Saturday.  Remember, you’re my ‘best woman’.  We’ll take off from here at 3.  Big party afterward.  My dad wanted it in a hall in Burlington but it should be here.  We’re renting out the back room in McDougal’s.”  That was a bar in town.

 “I’m only 19,” Tami said.

 “I know.  No alcohol served.”  Jen giggled.  “Sorry I kept thinking you were naive.  You’ve been through so much.  God forbid you be exposed to the evil influence of beer in public!”

 Tami kissed Jen.  “So there will be no more of .  .  .  this?”

 Jen, remembering how meek Tami had been, smiled at how forward and assertive her naked friend was now.  “Not without Leisha, anyway.”

 “What, two on one?”

 “Are you kidding?  You are going to wear the both of us out!”  And they giggled and kissed again.

 .  .  .  .

 “Eww!”  Tami said with a smile, looking at herself in the ornate oval mirror in the “sitting room”.  That’s what it was called, anyway, here in the old house, Herr Remmler’s old house, that she now had the use of.  She and Rod had been looking through the place, and she decided to move in, which for a girl without clothes and with few other possessions was a very quick process.

 The little flower garden out in the back yard was perfect.  A white lattice arch, ideal for only one thing.  As soon as she saw it Tami called Jen and said she should have the wedding ceremony here.

 “Ewww!”  Tami was now looking at the little red glued circles she had pasted onto her nipples.  Jen’s idea -- she said they were called “pasties”, stripper gear she had bought from the Hot Spot -- and maybe a way to start getting into clothes gradually.

 But no.  In the first place, they looked so out of place on Tami.  Stripper gear indeed, it made her look cheap, reminded her of having Christmas ornaments tied to her nipples while she was drunk at that party at Charlene’s.  Though clothes were denied her, Tami still had the typical teenage girl’s fashion sense.  More than that, these thingies felt suffocating.  Tami’s nipples had gotten sensitive to the weather, and to other things too.  She couldn’t quite explain it, but sometimes she could even detect how people around her were feeling, just through her nipples.  By now they were like a second pair of eyes and these pasties were like wearing a blindfold.

 As Rod came into the room she began to peel them off, not easy because there was some serious glue on these things.  She winced as her breast stretched out, finally bouncing back as the glue gave way and the pastie came off.  Rod took off the other one, smiling as he pulled this way and that, stretching her nipple every which way, prolonging the torture.

 Thunder outside, then rain.

 Taking the pastie off was arousing, and after all, they hadn’t had sex in six whole hours.  “Let’s ‘dedicate’ the bed,” he said.

 But this was too tame for the naked girl, who took him by the hand and, at the back door, methodically stripped him of every scrap of covering.  They then went out into the rain into the little back yard, hidden from the neighbors by tall shrub lines on each side.  Rod was reluctant, but Tami was insistent.  As usual she took over, pushing his dark strong body onto the wet grass and then riding him.  The rain was cold and slick as it drenched their bodies, the racket of the thick shower almost drowning out their moans.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 12**

“Tami takes flight”.

Professor Latimer’s sculpture was installed the second week of school.  Tami had been dreading it.  Yet the fifteen-foot-high bronze was beautiful, no one could deny that, especially compared to that ratty old kiosk it had replaced in the middle of the quad.  The bronze was abstract, all smoothed curves coming to razor-sharp lines, and it was only after you looked at it a moment that you recognized it as a female form, standing on one leg, spreading her arms out, looking up, one leg thrust up behind, soft mounds of breasts underneath, as if she had been blessed with the gift of flight but still wondering if she could do it, and about to make her first attempt.

 Still it was embarrassing for Tami to have to walk naked past it every day.  Everyone knew, and they knew that she knew, that when she walked past it, well, that was big Tami and little Tami.  She avoided eye contact with passersby, feeling all over again like the first day she had to walk naked through campus, her pubic hair on display and closely observed, her breasts, bouncing as she walked, once again objects of surprise and lust.  The title plate was on the flat pedestal, and it was discreetly small, and because the pedestal was high enough for people to sit on, no doubt by design, the plate was often hidden under someone’s butt.

 She even sat on it once herself, chatting with Jen on a clear autumn day, looking down at Jen’s Peter Pan boots affectionately clutching around her bare feet, feeling the sun-warmed metal under her, swearing she could feel and read every letter of the nameplate with the skin of her butt cheek.  She noticed one slight concession to realism, the tracery of lines on the upthrust foot indicating toes, and thought back on that chilly March day when she had posed for the old professor right in this place, high up on blocks, arms and legs all spread out, seemingly everyone on campus stopping by to look up, seeing her downward-pointing breasts, her crotch all open and exposed, Jen somewhere behind her loudly and enthusiastically extolling the virtues of her slightly opened pussy and her butthole upon which she could feel the feeble warmth of the sun.

Of course, Jen no doubt felt bad now about having done that.  Like all Tami’s friends who knew the truth, she tended to Tami’s nudity as an unfortunate condition which had to be taken account of and protected to the extent one could.

 Then there was the dedication.  Tami had been invited, and the nice old professor stood next to her and to Acting Dean Noyes as a photographer snapped a picture of them in front of the sculpture.  She saw the blurb on the front page of the Gazette the next day, as it made its daily appearance on the front step of Herr Remmler’s house.  As always she was quick about it, stepping her naked self out onto the front step to pick it up, waving to the lady across the street who was always tending her flowers, and then shooting inside.  The photo was cropped over her breasts, just her bare shoulders under her shy smile, so though Noyes and Latimer were clothed and she was not, one could plausibly guess that she was wearing a tube top or a strapless dress, an illusion she was grateful for.

 And now she sat in her most ridiculous class, sitting in the back as always, and mused on her situation.  “Basics of Clothing Design”.  This elective had appeared on her fall schedule, supposedly a computer glitch but obviously engineered by Henry Ross to further torture her, and though his evil presence was gone, she was still stuck with it.  Every semester you had to take one elective, and when she tried to change it she found that all the others were filled, except for outdoor track, which would involve running all over campus, and birth control clinic/sexual health, which would have brought up too many unpleasant memories.

 She sat in the back and looked at the mannikin Ms. Halston had perched in the center of the room, draping blouses over it.  There were ten other students, five female and five males, one of them Jeffrey Dillon’s boyfriend Trent, and they all were fashion plates, seeming to spend a lot of time each morning just to dress up for this class.  Tami had decided to “dress up”  too, to the extent she could, which meant making sure she had clear nail polish on her fingers and toes, and doing her hair up in braids.

 Nobody had obsessed on clothes more than Tami Smithers, and so it was not surprising that as she listened to Ms. Halston talk about shirring and bouts and bustle lines, Tami realized that she already KNEW all this stuff, having figured it out from her meticulous observations of the clothes that everyone else got to wear.  This is crazy, she kept telling herself, this is crazy.  .  .  But as the weeks wore on she found herself fascinated by the subject matter, and wanting to design clothes for other people!  She gave up trying to change her elective and just sat back, did the assignments, and decided to see where this would take her.

 Of course, it was tantalizing, seeing clothes, talking about clothes, when all the time she could not wear any herself.  But it was like -- what was it called in psychology class, sublimation?  Like a guy who painted naked women instead of screwing them.  Which resulted in some fine art throughout the ages.  The naked teenager figured this was the reason, but such thoughts were in the back of her mind.  Mostly she was concentrating on memorizing the designs, drawing the assignments, and cutting the patterns in class and fitting them on the mannikins.  Like that course in Stalking Wild Plants, another course that the college computer had put her into, she was unexpectedly fascinated and absorbed the knowledge like a sponge.

 She had been calling her parents, no matter what, every few weeks during the summer, all the time saying she was fine though the research project she was working on was boring sometimes, and they were still a little upset that she hadn’t come to see them before school started, but she had always been determined that they never find out about her misadventures.  She kept promising them she’d come to visit.  It was actually typical of any teenager who has been living away from home for a year and loses the need to visit every once in a while.  And this is what her parents told themselves.

 She made some new friends with the new school year, and like with all her friends, as they got to know her, her nakedness stopped being a constant distraction.  There were the usual old gawkers and a whole bunch of new ones, but Princess Tami the Nude was surrounded by a circle of loyal courtiers who screened out anyone who seemed to want to be a friend for the wrong reasons.  Most intriguing of her new friends was Desmond, a transfer student who lived in Rankin Hall.  He was blind and used a cane, and to everyone’s unspoken amusement, hooked right up with Marisol, the two of them soon becoming inseparable.  He had a long talk with Tami one night in her old dorm room, and it was so interesting to talk to someone who knew she was naked, but could not see it and could not really know how shaming it was.  He gave a lot of good advice.

 He and Marisol were quickly hot and heavy, always hand in hand.  The guys on campus shrugged helplessly -- the biggest breasts on campus, and only a blind guy got to feel them!  It sort of figured, in a way.

 .  .  .  .

 “Babe, you’ve got to put it out of your mind,” Rod said, getting a little exasperated.  “You don’t have to forgive her.  Think of all she did.”

 “I know .  .  .”  Tami was sitting cross-legged on top of the table, drinking coffee in the charming little kitchen, in front of Rod who was in his shorts, having finished his eggs.  “It’s just that I’m the only person who knows what she’s gone through.”  They had been around and around on this all morning.

 Wanda’s abrupt appearance yesterday in the corner of the lobby in the science building had been a shock.  She had no reason to be there, she had obviously noticed Tami’s daily paddings about and knew she would be coming through there on that dreary, misty Tuesday morning.  Though Tami had seen her around, always looking worn-down, Wanda really looked like death warmed over this time.

 “Tam -- “  She pulled the naked girl over to the alcove where no one could see them, where there was nothing but a broken candy machine.  “McMasters made me -- take your place -- “

 “I know.  .  .  Why didn’t you just quit?”

 Wanda looked down, avoiding eye contact.  It was hard to gloat over such a mean person being brought so low, she was so pathetic.  “The contract .  .  . I have too many debts, let’s put it like that.  If I hadn’t gone through with it .  .  .  there was a camp with -- pony girls -- I don’t want to even THINK about that -- you just wouldn’t believe -- what goes on --”  The former proud, evil bitch sniffled.  “Tam, it was horrible .  .  .  all up on the table .  .  .  those big things going in .  .  .they were so huge .  .  .”  Still looking down, she lurched toward Tami.  “Please I’m sorry .  .  .  I’m so sorry .  .  .”

 Tami felt desperate arms going around her bare shoulders and as if in reflex, put her arms around Wanda, all the time telling herself, What am I doing?  This horrible person!!  She felt the wool sweater scraping against her nipples.

 “I don’t expect you to be all O.K. with me now,” Wanda sniffled, trying to compose herself, disengaging and trying to stand up straight.

 Tami thought for a moment.  “Well, I CAN’T forgive you!” she said.  And then she turned and walked away.  It was just too much to ask.  And besides, Wanda couldn’t change her spots.  She always had spunk and confidence.  Surely after the memory of McMasters faded those qualities would return.

 Tami went on thinking these thoughts as she walked out onto the quad, feeling the cold drizzly breeze on her nipples and spritzing her pussy hair, the cold and wet on her nakedness which Wanda had helped force upon her and monitored oh so closely, having taken away her shoes and footwear and stripped the blankets from her bed, leaving every inch of her nakedness exposed and in full view at all times, nakedness which she was now condemned to, and then Tami looked down at her bare feet treading the cold cobblestones, and remembered --

 those same bare feet freezing in the powdery, foot-deep snow as Wanda flaunted Tami’s old red boots which she had on her feet, telling Tami how warm and snug her toes felt as poor Tami’s toes knifed through with pain from the cold and got numb and seemed like they would freeze off --

 Wanda’s evil eyes gloating from below as Tami lurched into yet another orgasm, high up on display at Sexpo 2001, in front of McMasters explaining things and all the crowd and the camera rolling for cable TV --

 bent over, up on the gyno table in her dorm lounge, being asked by Professor Congi to spread her butt cheeks so that everyone in her dorm could see her butthole, through her upside down gaze seeing the evil smile of Wanda, who had told Congi that this brave religious nudist would consent --

 Tami thought of these things, and more, all the indignities and humiliations that Wanda had put upon her, making her life Hell for a whole year, and told herself: NO!  God had asked her to make many sacrifices, had asked her to do many unselfish things, and she knew she was more grown up and a better person because of it, but this was just too much.  I am not a wimp, I am not a doormat.  I will NOT forgive that evil bitch!

 Besides, she will be all right anyway.  Wanda always gave the impression of being able to take care of herself.

 With this placating thought, Tami gulped the last of the coffee, got off the kitchen table, and went off to shower with Rod, and then the two walked the three blocks to campus for their morning classes, the naked girl and her fully clothed boyfriend, hand in hand.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 13**

Wet windy rain, blowing the red and yellow leaves around, making for a slippery day on campus.  In the past Tami might have squirmed, having to walk barefoot over wet leaves, cold and icky.  But today, and as she made her way across campus, carrying nothing with her, just the pouch on her ankle, she hopped and slid and had a much better time than the few other people out, raincoated and sliding by accident, there being no kind of footwear that gave good traction.  As for the cold, well, she felt it, but knew that if she kept up the pace it would not hurt her, and the naked girl hopped along, sliding here and there, arms extended like a surfer, and to her amusement almost falling a few times, her skin reddish and flushed, remembering walking over the scorching desert sand when she wished she could duck her feet into something cold and wet.

If only no one was around to see her nakedness.  Fortunately few were out in this chilly drizzle.  When someone approached, the naked girl primly crossed her hands over her breasts and pussy until they passed by.  She was of two minds about covering herself.  She had long known that it was actually less shaming to pretend she was not naked.  On the other hand, she was finally free to use her hands as covering, and she wanted to take advantage of it after being denied it for so long.  On the other hand .  .  .

 Looking at the big red maple leaves scattered about, she got an impish idea.  She smoothed one onto her left breast, the wetness and sap causing it to stick, and another on her right.  And a third over her pussy.  She walked on, wearing leaves to cover her breasts and pussy, clothing in a way, though she wished she had something to cover her totally bare backside.  The leaves were suffocating, but she could deal with it for a few seconds of wishful fantasy.  She even pretended she was on a runway showing the latest fashion, putting her hands on her hips and crossing one foot over the other, though these were bare feet, without the benefit of high heels, and she couldn’t quite manage the snotty bored expression.

 Up above her on the high path was Marisol, walking slowly with Desmond, holding an umbrella for the both of them as Desmond talked and tickled the pavement in front of him with his long white cane.  Seeing Marisol’s surprised expression, Tami stopped and held out her hands, as if to say, “See my new outfit?”  Only to have the leaf fall from her right breast.  She looked down and shrugged good-naturedly, then when the other two leaves fell, she gave Marisol a broad smile, and holding her fists out to the sides, she gritted a stagey toothy grin and vigorously shimmied her breasts back and forth like a topless dancer.  Marisol smiled and did the same, though it took a lot more effort and she did it more slowly, her huge breasts ponderously bouncing against each other under her sweatshirt, like two soccer balls.  Tami bugged her eyes out in good-natured surprise.  Then waved as she turned onto the path to Chalfont.

 She was going there to sign her belated consent form for those experiments that had formed the basis of that article.  Once more she mounted the ornate portico, once more she stepped into the dark creepy place, feeling her wet feet grinding against the cold polished floor, once more felt the stares of geeky guys in white coats, though now she was able to cover herself with her hands.  When she got to Dr.  Schnitzler’s office, the kindly old secretary gave her the envelope.  She cheerfully signed the form, and then Dr.  Schnitzler came out and said, “Ah, Miss Smithers.  There is one thing we haven’t taken care of.  Here.”  He returned with a canvas, wrapped in brown paper.  Tami knew immediately what it was -- that nice painting of her done by that artist, a very flattering rendition of an intelligent naked girl reading in a library, the painting that had hung in the Chalfont lounge all this time.

 “You can do with it as you please,” Dr.  Schnitzler said.  “Or we can dispose of it, it’s up to you.”

 Tami had often wished she could be like that girl in the painting, or the girl that Jen and Rebecca and her friends had believed her to be -- brave, confident, unconcerned with being naked.  She pondered.  It would seem a waste to throw it out.  “I’ll hang it somewhere in Herr Remmler’s house,” she said.  She thought of in the hallway between the living room and the bedroom, back where only she and Rod were likely to see it.

 This made both the old director and his secretary smile.  “He would be very glad,” the secretary said.

 Dr.  Schnitzler also brought out, as Tami had requested, the box with the “outfit”, the retainer panties and bristle bra, to be used when she and Rod were alone.  It always turned Rod on, seeing Tami come and come as he held her hand.  She loved coming for him.

 A few minutes later the naked girl was walking back across campus, this time holding the brown-wrapped canvas over her head, the painting face down so that the back could support the box on top of it.  Holding something over her head caused her breasts to ride up high on her chest, where they danced tightly with every step, flushed red like the rest of her.  Again, she was glad that there weren’t many people out on what they regarded as “this miserable day” but what she was getting quite a big kick out of.

 .  .  .  .

 The intercampus mail was from a member of her scholarship committee, before whom she had nervously answered questions two summers ago, all dressed up in heels and white blouse and nice pants, immaculately made up and polite; and whose condemning glare she had shrunk before, as he viewed her last spring when she was naked and sweating buckets, pushing down with dirty bare feet on the twin blades of that awful treadmill in the Dixon Mill, unable to make any sign of covering her wretched nudity because Henry Ross was with him.

 “Dear Miss Smithers,   
“We have been informed of the terrible ordeal you have had to go through and express our deepest sympathies and support and our shock and horror at this outrage.  I apologize for condemning you so, I had no idea.  We are conservative Baptist people who object to nudity and licentiousness but we know now that this was forced upon you.  We will support you, hope that the capable doctors at Chalfont can cure your affliction, and pray that the evildoers be brought to justice.  Please do not hesitate to call upon me for help.  My prayers are with you.   
“Rev.  Josiah Stipend.”

 .  .  .  .

 One should not upstage the bride, and Tami tried not to.  But there was no place to hide.  Her naked self was up there with Jen, under the beautiful flowered arch, specially tied with big colorful maple leaves, the glories of a Vermont autumn.  Jen and Leisha had decided that someone had to dress “butch” and someone “fem”, and had flipped a coin.  Leisha wore a vest and black pants and shiny men’s shoes.  She had lost the toss.  Though she kept her trademark hoop earrings.

 Jen wore an open-backed white lacy gown with a long train.  Bought by her father, who was resplendent in a tuxedo, it was every inch the traditional gown for this untraditional wedding.  The recorded “Wedding March” played in the background and Marcus McIntyre led his daughter up to where Leisha was waiting under the arch, with Rebecca in her collar and the white surplice on her shoulders, officiating at her first wedding.  Tami stopped looking down at her bare feet next to everyone’s shoes, stopped trying to imagine that her braided hair and polished fingernails and toenails could be considered “clothes”, stopped blushing at the possibility that someone might notice that in the process of trying to put on her best appearance in her naked state she had actually gone so far as to trim her pubic hair -- and began to feel the tears in her eyes.  As she saw the loving look Leisha and Jen gave each other as they took their vows, the naked girl’s lip quivered, thinking of the passing of time, the happiness of her best friend, how people in this world want to be together.  She feared that any moment she might start blubbering like her aunts always did not only at weddings but at communions, confirmations, birthdays .  .  .  “The good works that people do, follow after them,” Rebecca had said once.

 Today the new minister was just as eloquent in her quoting of scripture .  .  .  and of Shakespeare.  “Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments.  Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds .  .  .”  And: “Whenever two or more are gathered in loving embrace, the Spirit is upon us all .  .  .”  Tami could only glancingly think of the fact that she was standing naked next to three exquisitely clothed persons, that her entire rear nudity was on full view as she stood with her back to the crowd.  Of course everyone noticed the beautiful bare butt cheeks and the strong, tanned back and legs, but their minds managed to focus on the special couple being joined.  There was hardly a dry eye.

 And the party, at McDougal’s, was a blast.  At first the naked girl sat way in the back, but Jen made her sit up front  with her, and after dancing with Rod once and sitting down next to him, she kept turning down requests to dance until finally, prodded by Rod and Jen and everyone else, the naked girl accepted one offer and then another and another, eventually dancing with almost everyone, breasts bouncing, sweating in the hot bar though not as much the others were under their clothes, her bare feet flying, then flying around with Jen’s father who liked to swing-dance, and her soles kicked up, all black and sticky from twisting and hopping and skipping all over the dirty, scratchy black floor.

 And then, back at the cottage, Rod solemnly unboxed the outfit and had Tami squat up on the desk as both pleasure shafts were inserted, then the bristly nipple bra, and the lovers hugged and kissed on the bed as Tami came again and again, until finally her lover took the only “clothes” she was able to wear and mounted her, filling her with a load worthy of any Fuel Boy.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion:  Butterfly, Part 14**

It was important, that much was clear.  Marisol was being mysterious.  “I need to talk to you, something important about the crisis hotline,” she said.  She was going to come over but Tami said no, I’m on my way to campus, I’ll stop at your apartment.  Tami was a little worried this morning.  Last night, at the wedding dance, Mr.  McIntyre had taken her aside so say, “We’re still investigating.  We’ll meet with you in a few days to tell you what we’ve found out.  It’s quite a story.  You’re the one to decide whether to proceed, but you should get all the facts first.  .  .  How’s your therapy going?”

 “Um, O.K.,” she said.  She had gone to Dr.  Kantor twice so far, and after seeing how even little scraps of clothing made her nauseous, he had decided to do word associations and biofeedback, attaching wires to her hands with a speaker in her ear.  She was a tough case, he admitted.

 “Good luck to you.  We’re all pulling for you!”  And then Jen’s father went back to dancing.

 Tami wondered if Marisol’s call had to do with this “investigation”.  And the letter from Rev.  Stipend, though gratifying, worried her too.  She didn’t want people to pity her, she didn’t want the story of her travails to become common knowledge.  Above all, she didn’t want to press charges or cause publicity.  She just wanted to get on with her life and try to make it normal again.

 When she got to Marisol and Rebecca’s, it was the same apartment she remembered, big and run-down, furniture here and there, including the sofa she had been unable to sleep on that night, finding herself instead sleeping naked on the rough wood floor.  That was some dream she had awakened from, of being a specimen in a cage in a zoo!

 Rebecca, an early riser, had left.  Marisol was in her bathrobe and combing her hair, sitting at the kitchen table.  “We’ve got to wait until Muffy gets here,” she said, which only increased the mystery.  As Marisol’s hands went up to comb out a kink, her bathrobe separated, giving Tami a view of her cleavage, her breasts hanging down without the support of a bra.

 Marisol smiled shyly, then while still combing out the kink, scrunched her shoulders together in a vain attempt to bring her bathrobe back together.  “Sorry, amiga,” she said.

 “That’s O.K.,” her naked friend said, sipping the hot tea, one knee up on the chair supporting her face, the other bare foot swinging gently as it glanced against the floor.  “I like it when someone else is naked, it gives me some company, so I’m like not so alone.”

 Marisol, still combing, gave her a little look and then said, “O.K.,” and shrugged totally out of her bathrobe.  It fell  down around her hips as she kept combing.  Tami tried not to stare but it was hard not to.  The girl’s breasts were even bigger than she thought.  Without a bra, they hung down almost to her waist, wobbling with the motions of Marisol’s combing, the areolas oval and four inches across, the huge dark brown nipples pointing cockeyed to each side.

 Tami realized she was staring and felt like she should explain her attention.  “Those look heavy.”

 “Si, muy heavy, muy pesado,” Marisol said.  She put down her comb and reached over to where the salt and pepper were and for the first time Tami noticed a bottle of acetaminophen there.  Marisol popped out three tablets and slurped them down with a gulp of tea.

 Seeing Tami’s puzzled look, Marisol said, “They hurt all the time, and my back too.  I have to take three in the morning, three at night.  The only thing that really takes the pain away is codeine, and I got a prescription, but I don’t want to be drugged all the time.  I’d rather hurt, but be awake.”

 Tami really had no idea.  “Why don’t you get them -- you know, have -- surgery?”

 “I want to have kids, and breast feed them,” Marisol said.  “I can’t do that after the operation.  And it would be risky for me, because I bleed, my whole family does.”

 Tami watched with hurt, knitted eyebrows as Marisol took something else that Tami hadn’t noticed next to the salt and pepper, namely a bottle of rubbing alcohol.  She got a cotton swab out of one of the bathrobe pockets and wetted it.  “Now my other routine.  If I don’t do this I get a rash, or fungus.”

 She hefted one breast up and rubbed underneath.  She had to grunt to do it.  Tami felt so sorry for her good friend who had to go through so much.  It was weird, part of her couldn’t believe she was saying it, but it seemed so right.  “Let me help you,” she said, and Marisol, just as unbelievably, said, “O.K.”

 Tami found herself standing over her friend, lifting up one breast with both hands so that her friend could thoroughly rub underneath.  The breast felt like a warm water balloon and must have weighed five pounds or more.  Not being pressed in by a bra, it stood so far out that the nipple seemed a foot away from her chest.  To carry these things around every day!  And to have all the guys staring at them!  Tami had always felt a kinship with Marisol, they were both always being stared at, but whereas being naked had its good moments, moments when she was alone and could enjoy feelings on her skin, for Marisol having big breasts was not any fun at all.  “Ahh, that feels good,” Marisol said, leaning back for a moment.  Then Tami carefully laid the breast down again.

 “Well -- “  Marisol gathered her bathrobe around herself and excused herself.  In a minute she was back, in her jeans and one of her specially fitted bras.  Clearly she felt better with a bra on.  Or maybe it was just her “game face”.  She was hunting around for a shirt.

 A knock on the door and Muffy came in, dressed in her usual preppy manner, plaid skirt and saddle shoes and fluffy white sweater.  “Hi Tam.”  Maybe a little less cheerful than usual.

 In a moment Tami found out why.  “Tam, I’m sorry for this.  I don’t want to intrude, but this is about Wanda.  She called the crisis center last night.”  Marisol, still in her bra, sat next to Muffy across the table from Tami.

 Tami’s face darkened.  She still was mad at Wandabitch, could not forgive her, wanted her to just go away and not bother her.

 “She wanted to talk to you, but after all you’ve been through, it just would not be fair to bug you.  So we went through a long counseling session.  Finally we agreed to speak to you.”

 Tami looked at Muffy.  She knew Marisol was on the crisis staff but Muffy was just her R.A.  Why was she here?

 Seeing Tami’s glance, Marisol said, “We had to call Muffy in.”

 “I’m the crisis center’s certified alcohol counselor,” Muffy said.  “Wanda has a serious booze problem.  She always did, I think, but this trauma over the summer, when she was forced into the experiments, this exacerbated it, and she’s gotten into binge drinking.  I recognize the pattern -- I did it for years.”

 Tami was surprised.  “You?”  This cheery preppy?

 “When my parents got divorced, I got so drunk that I was kicked out of two colleges, then I got hospitalized with alcohol poisoning.  I almost died.  That’s pretty hard to do -- you have to consume a LOT of pure alcohol, on an empty stomach.”

 Tami’s mind returned to that pitiful scene with Wanda a couple of days ago.  “She’s really screwed up.”  Then she looked up.  In spite of her good heart she was still mad at her and a little irritated that she was being bugged about it.  “This is HER problem.  As for me, I just can’t forgive her.”

 “I know you can’t, nobody can, after all she did,” Marisol said.  “Jen told me all about what was in your diary.”  She shook her head as if to shake the horrors out of her mind.  “Tami, like I said before, you are one strong mujer!”

 “Stronger than Wanda, certainly,” Muffy said.  “And she has no support systems.  Her family is screwed up, and she’s living in a hellhole.”

 “I thought she was in the sorority.”

 “No, they threw her out, she’s got a room at 60 Centre.”

 Centre Street was four blocks away from the cottage, but on the other side of the tracks.  Tami had never been there, but heard that Centre Street was the pits of the town, where all the druggie students lived.

 “So why are you telling this to me?”

 “This is way unusual,” Marisol said.  “Because it’s not fair to impose on someone in the client’s life.  You don’t have to talk to her.  Just a note.”

 Muffy said, “This is against all the rules, but I think a simple note from you, saying, hang in there, Wanda, in the state she’s in, would do a lot of good.  One problem is she thinks you want her dead.”

 During the past few moments Tami had been actually feeling sorry for Wanda, something she had never thought possible.  She thought about that time in the hotel in St.  Louis when those guys were about to rape Wanda and Tami fought them off.  She couldn’t have lived with herself, knowing that she had any part in Wanda getting raped, that was too horrible even for her.  In the scheme of things writing a short note to her in her present low state did not seem so bad.

 Tami thought of all the loving friends she had.  Yes she was naked, and was stuck with it, or seemed to be for now, but aside from that, her life was good.  What did Wanda have?  Her family was screwed up.  That explained a lot, in fact it figured.

 “Okay.”  Tami decided to get the paper and pen herself, from one of Marisol’s notebooks across the room.

 “Dear Wanda,   
Get a hold of yourself.  Hang in there.  You’ve had bad times but they’re bound to get better.   
Tami.”

 She thought of writing, “Your friend, Tami,” or “Yours, Tami,” but she just couldn’t write those words.

 “Thanks, Tam.  .  .  We’ll make it clear that this is all we’ll do, that she put you through a lot of grief and she must get herself together on her own.  I don’t think she’ll call you, she just can’t face you.  And it’s better if she doesn’t.”

 Tami calmly shrugged her bare shoulders, and then accepted Muffy’s offer to drive her to campus.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 15**

 “Tam -- Tam --”

 The voice was unmistakably Wanda’s, though slurred.  Tami, sunning herself on this unseasonably hot afternoon on the backyard grass, without a towel of course, quickly sat up, cell phone glued to her ear.  “Wanda?”

 A soft clunk.  But no response.

 “Wanda?  Wanda!”

 She waited for the busy signal, but there was none.  The phone was still live.  Tami was afraid Wanda might have passed out.

 She thought about what Muffy had said about alcohol poisoning and stood upright, breasts bouncing, cell phone still at her ear.  She had to do something.  Call the ambulance.  Or the crisis center -- or maybe Marisol’s cell phone.  Where did she put that number?

It was as if pushed from behind.  She threw the phone down and found herself jumping over the picket fence and running down the street.  It was the automatic part of her brain that took over in times of crisis -- like, last winter, when Jamal Washington had hit her from behind with the rubber band, right on her anus, and she had chased him down in the snow and beat him up -- or this summer in Arizona, cowering and naked in the post office, everyone refusing to give her clothes, and she had bolted out and around into the back entrance to get the letter that had her replacement credit card to buy clothes with.

 The residents of South Lowell had seen the naked girl many times, she was quiet and modest and they had learned  to accept her presence with grudging tolerance, but it turned some surprised heads to see her, sprinting on hard bare feet down North Street, arms and legs pumping, breasts bouncing, a sheen of sweat forming over her breasts and on her forehead, a slim naked teenage girl darting down the street like lightning.

 Over the tracks she went, then turned right onto Centre Street.  She looked right and left, looking at the house numbers.  4, 10, 16 .  .  .  This was a broken-down part of town, a place she had never been in, and she wanted to find that house quickly.  She dodged the broken glass, the potholes, and especially the huge piles of dog shit that seemed to be everywhere she looked.  The town had many huge dogs who pooped all over, but this street was especially bad.  72, 80 -- she had gone too far!

 She turned around and backtracked.  The house after 62 was 58.  Where was 60?  She stopped, panting, and looked around.  And noticed she was being stared at.

 “Hey Honey!”  a scurvy guy in jeans and studded boots called out.  “Woooo!”  She didn’t know where that wolf whistle came from.  Mean-looking girls looked down from windows.  This was not a nice street.  No place for a girl who did not have the benefit of clothing.

 The naked girl bit her lip and covered her breasts and pussy with her hands.  She thought of asking where number 60 was but these folks did not look like they would be helpful.  Her nostrils winced from the putrid air of open garbage in the gutter, fermenting on this hot day, alive with buzzing flies.  She looked down and her toes squirmed, feeling underneath a warm and unpleasant mixture of unidentifiable grime and softening asphalt.

 There was an alley between 58 and 62.  Looking quickly in both directions she wondered if it was dangerous to go in.  A naked girl all alone, bad people, no police in sight -- this was an ominous combination.  Yet at this very moment Wanda might be unconscious, dying.  Tami had to act and think fast.

 Looking where she put her feet, she quickly stepped into the alley.  A cat hissed at her.  She grimaced as she saw out of the corner of her eye a rat squealing in between two unlidded cans of garbage.  She quickened her barefoot pace, all the time covering herself with her hands, wondering if anyone was following her.

 60 Centre Street, it turned out, was at the end of the alley, behind a little concrete patch that might have been, long ago, a parking space, a play area, a sidewalk -- who knew?  In its broken down old age it only served to hold a couple of sofas, ripped up by rats, half-corroded into dust after being subjected to the elements for God knew how long.

 She carefully walked up to the splintery porch and knocked on the half-opened door.  When there was no answer she called out, “Hello?  Hello?” softly at first, then a little more loud.  She carefully pushed the door open and stepped onto a filthy carpet.

 There were six doors on the hallway, all with double locks, but one was open.  Tami decided to be brave and put her hands down.  When she got to the doorway there was a couple of young women on the carpet, playing cards next to opened beers.  “Well hello, slut!” one of them said, seeing the naked girl standing above them.  “What a surprise to see you here!  Look, Harriet, the naked chick!  The public cunt!”

 A third girl came out of the kitchen, a cigarette hanging from her lips.  All three looked at Tami with disgust, and stared arrows at her breasts and pussy.  The urge to cover herself was intense.  Tami saw them leaning forward a bit and wondered if she was about to be jumped.  Could she fight them all off?

 “Where’s Wanda?”  She tried to hold down her nervousness and shame and give a loud, steady voice, and nearly succeeded.

 The girl from the kitchen rolled her eyes.  “God, it figures.  End of hall.”

 Tami tried but the door there was locked.  She yanked the knob furiously.  In increasing panic, realizing how many minutes had passed since that phone call, she pushed her whole body against the door.  Finally she braced herself against the other side of the narrow hallway, carefully planted a bare foot above the knob, and pushed with all her might.

 This resulted in a loud grunt, and the three girls came out to look at the spectacle, of a naked girl with one foot up high against the door, legs spread wide, tanned concave tummy rippling with strained muscles and running with sweat, her pussy lips open right in their faces.  Tami tried not to notice them and pushed again.  “Nnnnhhh!!  Nnnnhhh!!”

 A guy came out behind the girls with a lewd grin.  And a switchblade sheath on his belt.  The four of them stepped forward.  In a quick attempt at modesty Tami turned around and changed feet so that her bare backside was facing them.  The sight of her beautiful straining butt cheeks was hardly less enticing.

 “Nnnnnhh!  .  .  .  NNNHHH!!”

 First there was a cracking sound, then the whole door gave way, falling in with a loud crash.  The naked girl ran in.

 Wanda was on the floor, slouched against the side of a mattress, head on her chest, the phone still in her hands.  Standing on the floor next to her was a mostly finished bottle of vodka.

 Tami pulled her limp body up.  Wanda was out cold.  In a panic, she dragged her out of the room, past the amazed vultures, and out onto the porch.

 She looked at the alley.  Only one thing to do.  With a great heave Tami threw Wanda over her shoulder and staggered down the alley.  Please God, please God .  .  .  she decided to carry her to the cottage and call Marisol from there.  It wasn’t that far, just the four blocks.

 It was a strain with such a heavy load to dodge the garbage in the alley, the broken glass, the dog poop, but Tami managed.  Wanda was heavier than she thought.  “Jesus,” Tami muttered under her breath, “pony girl .  .  .  workout .  .  .  for a few weeks .  .  .  would have done you good!”

 The naked girl with the clothed load burst out onto Centre Street, everyone getting a big kick out of the naked girl carrying that drunk chick over her shoulder.  “Date rape!” someone called out.

 THWOOP!

 Tami kept her eyes ahead, not believing what had just happened.  But it was true.  Someone had spat at her from one of the windows.  She couldn’t help notice the spittle dangling from her wildly jiggling right breast.  She wished she could wipe it off but she needed both hands to carry Wanda.  Please God .  .  .  just four blocks .  .  .Today was so hot it must have set a record.  In the 80’s, easily.  Tami sweated and sweated some more as she watched her bare feet lurch over the dirty soft asphalt.  Some sweat ran into her eye, but she couldn’t wipe it off.  It stung and finally she had to close it, hoping none would run into the other eye.  She looked up and saw North Street approaching and turned onto it.

 Ow!  While looking up she had missed a piece of broken sidewalk and it stubbed her toe.  The naked, sweating girl limped on, thinking of nothing except getting to that cottage, going .  .  .  going .  .  .

 SQUISH!

 It was at that point that Tami’s perfect record at dodging the town’s many piles of dog shit came to a soft, fresh, steamy, sloppy, slippery, stinky, disgusting end.

 She grimaced and groaned.  “Ohhh .  .  .  ichhhh .  .  .  “  The warm, wet brownness squished between her toes, the intense stench in the hot air going right up into her nose.  In an attempt to throw it off she flicked her foot but that only threw some of it onto the other ankle.  Please God .  .  .  please God .  .  .

 To her relief she heard Wanda moaning above her.  “Oh .  .  .  ohh .  .  .”

 There were sounds of retching and then a warm shower of vomit coursed down Tami’s back.  Oh no .  .  .  God .  .  .  At least Wanda was alive, but not this!  The naked girl felt the warm vile slurry coat her back and slide down to her butt cheeks and into her crack, as she staggered onward, her street in view now, she felt the particles of whatever Wanda had had for breakfast oozing down until they hugged her most private place, her brown-ringed sphincter, where her skin was so sensitive she could feel every half-digested bit swimming in stomach acid and intestinal juice.  And the smell -- !  Tami was almost retching herself .  .  .  Wanda barfed again and this time it ran down Tami’s leg to meet with the shit on her foot .  .  .

 The vomit and the dog shit and the spit festered and stank in the hot sun and began to dry against the naked girl’s skin as she staggered and stumbled to the front door of the cottage.  Of course, the door was locked, and Tami had run off without the key.  She had to ford the picket fence to get in the back way and this she did, carefully with Wanda draped over her, squinting as she lifted one shit-covered foot over the pickets and then the other, trying not to slip, her pussy, open because of the spread of her legs, just barely making it over the pointy white-painted wood.

 “Oh!  God!  Ughh!”  Tami exclaimed as she made in into the kitchen and then the living room, feeling the dried foul substances cracking on her skin with every move.  She decided to throw Wanda onto the lace-covered sofa; though she herself was disgusting, Wanda’s clothes didn’t look too bad, she wouldn’t mess up the sofa.  In a minute the naked girl was standing over the couch, looking down at the unconscious Wanda, her concave tummy heaving as she caught her breath, feeling the sweat and spit and shit and vomit drying all over her like some hellish mud bath, festering in the humidity of this hot day.

 A cool soapy shower was only seconds away, but first she called Marisol and explained what had happened and to get an ambulance.  “Dios mio!”  her friend said.  “She’s poisoned!  You can’t let her sleep!”

 “What?”

 “She might choke on her own vomit!  Keep her awake!  Put her in the bathtub under cold water!  I’ll call the ambulance!”

 “But -- “

 “Do it, Tami!  She might die!  You might have only seconds!”

 She dragged Wanda, still fully clothed, into the tub and turned on the faucet.  Wanda flinched into consciousness and Tami turned the water off.  “Wanda -- can you move?”

 “Ohhh .  .  .  God .  .  .  “  It was clear that Wanda could not move, at least not out of the tub.

 Because of a flat tire the ambulance was late.  Forty-five minutes went by.  During the whole time the naked, encrusted girl knelt next to the tub, turning on the water every time Wanda passed out.  Tami was in crisis herself.  She looked longingly up at the shower head, crinkled her nose at the smell, felt bits of dried vomit that had caked her rear crack and scraped against her butthole, feet squirming at the clumpy feel of dog shit drying between her toes.  She cried.  Then stifled her sniffles as Wanda passed out and water was applied.  Then Wanda woke up and Tami would cry again.  “Oh God .  .  .  please .  .  .”

 Tami was so encased with dried stuff that it was hard to stand up when the ambulance finally came.  By then she was in a trance, so far gone into the private world her mind had fled to avoid foul reality, that she hardly acknowledged the paramedic who winced when he saw the ragged naked woman caked with shit and vomit and at first thought Tami was the person to be rescued.

 Five minutes later:

 “Oh God .  .  .  thank you .  .  .”  She felt the blessed hot water coursing over her breasts and funneled it into between her butt cheeks and toes, spreading every part of herself to be cleansed, lathering and scrubbing every bit of herself twice.  When she had dried herself with the fluffy towel, a towel which she had to throw off after a few seconds because she couldn’t breathe, she sat cross-legged on the bathroom floor and cried again at the memory and intensity of what had happened.

 She staggered to her feet and aimed for bed and a deep, long sleep, but then noticed the path of dog shit she had tracked on the carpet.  It seemed like an insult to Herr Remmler.  So for the next half hour she scrubbed the carpet with a cleaner.  When it was cleaned to her satisfaction she just keeled over onto the carpet and fell asleep, curled into a ball as if to protect her clean nakedness from attacks of spit and shit and vomit, telling God that she didn’t want to be a hero, yet realizing that given the circumstances she could hardly have done anything else.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 16**

[from the September 27 edition of the South Lowell Gazette]

CHALFONT MAY LOSE ACCREDITATION

The Chalfont Institute, a 105-year-old research facility on the grounds of Campbell - Frank College, may lose its accreditation from the National Medical Research Guild due to its failure to produce its data from a challenged high-profile study on human sexuality.

 The study, published in last spring’s New England Journal of Medicine, made findings on human sexual response in a controlled environment that represented significant breakthroughs in new mathematical models, according to Dr. Heinz Schnitzler, Director of the Institute.  However, when asked by other researchers for the raw data so that the research could be replicated, it was discovered that the data had been lost.

 According to the Information Office of the National Guild, based in Chicago, all research facilities are required to keep raw data on file, and unless the data can be found, it is all but certain that the Institute will lose its accreditation.  .  .

 .  .  .  .

 The teenage girl lay sprawled on her bare tummy on the living room sofa, a Britney CD playing from the box, leafing through the latest YM magazine, bare feet sticking up and now and then wiggling as she read.  Like millions of 19-year-olds everywhere, though this living room was in a house that she had been given full use of, a house that she kept meticulously clean.  Also, few teenage girls would be sprawled naked, but this teenager owned no clothes and in fact was not able to wear any.

 The magazine was the first of her new subscription, having arrived along with the local paper and some junk mail.  She had always liked YM, and had decided to subscribe instead of buying it at a markup at the college bookstore every month.  It seemed a little quaint now, the advice on fashion and sex and experiences of teenage girls getting out in the world, considering what the naked girl had been through, but she wanted to get back to being normal and she still found it interesting.  Cool, too.  It cheered her up, especially after reading that depressing thing in the paper about Chalfont.  Poor Dr.  Schnitzler.  Such nice people .  .  .

 Being normal again would not be easy, not when you’re stuck with being naked all the time.  Tami used to like spending the afternoon at malls with friends, shopping for clothes.  How could she do that now?  Maybe, possibly .  .  .She put aside the question of people staring and the possibility of getting arrested and asked herself: what would I actually DO in a mall now?  Maybe help my friends shop.  Help them pick out clothes, feel the fabric as it brushed past me, giving my opinions when they came out of the dressing rooms with new things on .  .  .

 And then there were the dreams she was having, dreams of a normal life except for one thing.  In one, she was going sledding on that hill in the park in Providence.  With her high school friends, Charlene and the rest.  Everyone in their coats and boots and gloves, and her naked, out there all day, as if not feeling the cold.  In another, she was with her friends in the dorm lounge watching TV, commenting on the videos, sitting in the center of the couch with friends all around her, except her legs were spread wide, one bare foot on each arm rest, her legs draped over Rod and Jeffrey on one side and Marisol and Dawn on the other .  .  .  and Jen sitting on the floor, licking her pussy, like it was just something that everyone did with Naked Tami.  And Leisha next to her, each taking turns.  Tami, sitting and talking with the rest, eating popcorn, except every few minutes she would gasp in the middle of a sentence and then moan and turn red and shake.  Then calm down, though her feet would jerk a couple of last times as the licking continued.  All the time nobody noticing.  And a few minutes later, gasping again .  .  .

 A ballet performance, in the music building theatre, slow and romantic, thin women in leotards and tights and ballet shoes.  And then Tami, naked, hopping into view on bare feet, then doing a slow pirouette and stretching her arms out, front and back, all her friends in the front row, the spotlight trained on the brown-ringed butthole between her gracefully spread legs .  .  .

 And then there was the ultimate horror, the “Actual Sex”  show about Sexpo 2001 in St.  Louis.  Tami had tried not to, but found herself combing the cable TV schedule and sure enough, as she’d been told, it came up in September one night at 1 a.m.  Fortunately, and perhaps deliberately, the campus cable service was “down”  that night, but Tami finagled it so that Rod, who evidently didn’t know the show was on, was not with her that night.  She just had to watch, though she did it from under an igloo of pillows on the couch, too embarrassed to expose herself even in the privacy of the cottage living room.  Through a crack in the pillows she saw it all -- her heaving sweaty body on top of that table demonstrating the “Total Lover”, McMasters and his smarmy presentation, a quick shot of Wanda looking on, and the three orgasms, each jolt of which the camera took in with the most possible detail.  It was agony to watch her own sweaty face, eyes bugged out.  And then the interview with Valerie Johnstone, and look, that shot did make it onto the show, of Tami bending over and showing her still-opened butthole, the bright camera light showing the dull red of her inner rectal walls on national cable .  .  .

 On the sofa with the magazine, Tami shuddered and tried to get back to the comforting, trivial things in this month’s YM.  Here was an article about fall fashions to wear according to body type.  Hmmm, this striped sweater would look good on Marisol.   There was a two-page bit on side braids that looked simple and neat.  And this jacket, maybe Rebecca would go for it.  Stylish but not out loud about it.  Jen would love these boots.  She also had the right bod for these low-rise jeans.  Wow, these are really low.  If this girl turned around you could probably see her butt crack!

 Tami flipped over, still reading, holding the magazine up in her hands.  Now, a change of song on the CD.  “Ooops -- I did it again .  .  .  I play with your heart .  .  .”  She put the magazine down, smiling, thinking of dancing in the desert.  Then she looked down at her naked tanned body.  What can I do .  .  .  ?

 Like any teenage girl she wanted to make herself pretty, though her lack of options presented a special challenge.  She thought about it, though she had to keep pushing back sad thoughts about Chalfont getting closed down.  But surely Dr.  Schnitzler would want her to be happy.  So many people did.  Being happy was being pretty.  Or at least, it was nice to put her mind to little external things, after all that heaviness of the past year.

 She had seen Mayree do her magic several times and with steady hands did a good job by herself this time.  And Jen’s skill with a razor could be emulated too.  Thirty minutes later Tami stood in the full length mirror and concluded she had gone a good job.  The red nails on her fingers and toes, each with a white trim.  The side braids in her dark red hair, gathering some of those gray hairs that it seemed she would always have.  And the trim of her pubic hair -- what she thought of as her “lower hair”  -- simply a horizontal cut across the top, just the merest millimeter above her clit and the top of her pussy lips.  Low-rise was the fashion, and no girl could go lower than this!

 Feeling pretty, the naked girl turned off the CD, still humming that last tune, and for once felt herself properly turned out to go to Basics of Clothing Design, and she packed her bookbag and off she went, the three blocks to campus, padding along the sidewalk, trying not to feel ashamed at people looking at her, telling herself, I’m very well dressed, my braids, my fingernails, my toenails, my lower hair all neat and trimmed.  .  .

 As she had learned last year in Intro to Psych, you get your ideas from your unconscious mind, while thinking of something else.  While busily copying a bra design from the blackboard, the motions of her left hand causing her breasts to jiggle with small tight vibrations, the idea bubbled up into her awareness, the product of unconscious processes that had been working since she saw the Gazette.  She stopped drawing and looked up at the clock, then out the window at the riot of red and yellow and orange leaves.  She almost wished she hadn’t gotten the idea.  But now that she had it, it would be wrong not to act on it.

 After class she went to the nearest intracampus phone and called Dr.  Schnitzler’s office.  “Dr.  Schnitzler, I read in the paper .  .  .  about .  .  .”

 “Yes.  We were all expecting it.  It’s not something for you to worry about, dear.  Our fault, for being so blind.”

 Tami gulped.  “That experimental data,” she said, talking in her math major mode, “if the experiment was done over again, would you get the same data?”

 There was a pause, then in an uncertain voice Dr.  Schnitzler said, “Presumably; Dr.  Harridance had excellent protocols .  .  .  My dear child, you’re not really suggesting -- “

 “Yes.”  Tami’s breasts heaved with a deep breath.  It was just something she had to do.  The Institute didn’t deserve to go under for something that wasn’t their fault.  “Tell Dr.  Harridance I volunteer to do the experiment over.”

 Another pause.  “I don’t really believe this -- “

 “I mean it.”  Another gulp.

 “My dear, it’s not that simple.  The Guild has its own rules about rehabilitating depublished experiments .  .  .”

 .  .  .  .

 A long midnight talk with Rod over herb tea, sitting cross-legged on the table, looking down at his concerned and upset face.  She would take him along for support.  And that long drive in Dr.  Harridance’s car to the airport in Burlington.

 Stepping into an airport was a new, cringing challenge for the naked girl.  Some people passed her, the naked girl walking with the three men in suits, the young black man holding her hand, possibly not believing what they were seeing, or assuming it was a publicity stunt of some kind.  But most people stared and stopped.  Tami bit her lip.

 The security guards were on them in a heartbeat.  Dr.  Schnitzler gave them an august-looking certificate signed by himself and by the state medical examiner.

 “To Whom It May Concern:   
“This young woman, Tami Blanche Smithers, suffers from a physiological allergy to clothing, for which she is under our care.  She does not want to be naked; she experiences life-threatening anaphylactic reactions when she tries to put on clothes or shoes.  Please be considerate of her unfortunate situation.  If nudity is not acceptable we ask that the measures you undertake be done with tact and with the above considerations in mind.”

 Tami had been given a dozen signed originals of this certificate for her own use in the future.  The chief of security, upon reading it, decided to escort the party of four through a back passageway.  It was there that they were checked for metal.  But there was no getting around having to wait at the gate, with all the other passengers who of course all noticed the naked girl with varying degrees of openness.

 The plane to Chicago was late in leaving, delayed over an hour.  Dr.  Schnitzler and Dr.  Harridance felt safe with leaving Rod and Tami alone in the bar, having explained the situation and the certificate to the bartender, who asked that they sit at the little round table in the back.  In the dim bar light one almost did not notice her; at first glance one might think she was wearing a backless flesh-colored dress, only at second glance realizing that this young woman was actually naked.

 Rod, drinking his second beer, still couldn’t believe what Tami had volunteered for.  He shook his head.  “In front of all those people .  .  .  in Chicago .  .  .  Why are you putting yourself through this nightmare again, Babe?”

 Tami stirred her ginger ale with the swizzle stick, rotating the long-stemmed glass with idle fingers, trying to get comfortable with her bare butt cheeks sticking to the leather of the high stool.  “It’s the right thing to do.  I’d hate to see all these people’s careers go down .  .  .  when it all could be prevented with an hour of my time.  These folks in Chicago, they insist on a controlled environment with all neutral observers.  .  .  It’s totally a standard protocol, Rod, according to the textbook in my Experimental course.”  She looked at his downcast face and tried to reassure him.  “It’ll only last an hour, and then it will all be over, lover.”

 “This is the first experiment with Harridance, before McMasters redid Lab 6 and put in those .  .  .  things in the floor?”  Rod winced as he tried to recount what he had read in the diary.

 Tami nodded.  “I’ll .  .  .  come .  .  .  ten times.  And that will be it.”

 Rod downed the last of the beer, the alcohol only partly helping him get calm.

 “Rod,” Tami said, taking his hand.  “I love you.  I want you there with me, that’s why they’re letting you sit in and watch.  Every time I -- “  Tami cleared her throat, it being so hard to say the word -- “come, I’ll be thinking of you.  I’ll be thinking of being together with you, just you and me, in your bed, just us two with -- “  she cleared her throat in the intensity of her emotion -- “no one to see my .  .  .  no one to see me, except you.”

 Rod looked at his nude girlfriend and they drew together and kissed deeply.  Then, a minute later, not being able to hold it any more, he motioned to the bartender that he would be right back and excused himself to go pee.

 The naked girl, sitting alone at her little round table in the crowded bar, drew repeated glances.  How could people not look?  There was a third chair at her table.  With dread Tami saw a man of about 40 approaching with a martini.

 Knowing Rod would be back soon, Tami said O.K. when he asked to sit there.  Fortunately he was not a pig, not that it would be possible given that the bartender was clearly watching over the naked girl like a mother hen.  He introduced himself as Jack, a medical equipment salesman on his way to St.  Paul, and he got into small talk.  Incredibly, he made no reference to her nudity, though he looked down a lot at her bare feet resting on the cross-bar of the stool, her toes glistening with silver nail polish in the dim bar light.

 He talked about how he visited Vermont in the winter to ski.  “Ever ski here?”

 Tami, talking to an older person, felt older herself, a feeling that teenagers often get.  Her response was dignified and honest.  “No, I can’t, because of .  .  .  the way I am.”

 “So why are you .  .  .  the way you are?”

 Tami decided to show him a certificate.

 The man’s face, which had been bemused, became serious.  “This is for real?”

 “Yes.”

 He looked up and down at Tami’s bare body for the first time, at least openly, then said, “You’re beautiful .  .  .  How long have you been --”

 “A little over a year.”

 Though the man was almost consumed with lust he was able to say, “That must be terrible.  .  .  Have you gotten used to it?”

 Tami took a gulp of ginger ale and again decided to be truthful.  “I try to get used to it but then someone looks and I blush again.  I’m embarrassed every minute of every day.”

 Tami and the older man both sat silently for a moment, both looking down at her feet resting on the lower part of the stool, as she flexed and unflexed her silvery toes in the semi-darkness.  It was at that point Rod returned.  The older man got up to leave.  To defuse the awkwardness of the situation Tami said, “Rod, he’s been very nice.”

 This did not change Rod’s suspicious look.  Tami smiled.  “Here’s a toast,” she said, “to nice guys.”  Out of politeness to Tami the two men, glancing at each other, raised their glasses and looked with puzzlement at the naked girl, who had her hands still clasped in front of her.  She shifted her bottom to get into the right position, then with a gymnast’s flexibility did something she had been practicing recently, something that made everyone in the bar stare.  Not moving her hands, she brought her bent leg up and her foot came over the top of the table and grasped her glass, the top of the stem between her big and second toes, the other toes grabbing below.  As the two men laughed, the tension broken, she clinked their glasses and then brought the glass to her lips and sipped.  After she put the glass down a couple of people in the bar clapped.

 .  .  .  .

 It was a round stage, brightly lit, surrounded by a console with graphs and sensors and readouts and monitor screens, like the original Lab 6 at Chalfont but much bigger and obviously more expensive.  On the stage, the two upright posts four feet apart with cuffs for hands and ankles, the vaginal plug with its bristly top supported as if in mid-air by a thin metal strut, as was the anal monitor behind it, both glistening with lubricant.  The pump, bolted to one of the posts, from which hung the two long tubes with suction cups on the ends.

 Dr.  Harridance sat nervously at one monitor.  The observers, mostly from the Midwest, sat in the concentric rows of padded chairs.  Officials from the National Guild, having come down to this university lab from their offices on the tenth floor, sat in the front row.  Standing in the back, too nervous and ill at ease to sit, was Rod.

 There was no introduction, everyone having read the protocols.  A anonymous nude young woman wordlessly walked onto the stage and squatted down, spreading her legs to place her thighs on the little soft supports.  Her vagina parted slightly, the little pink teenager’s inner cave brightly clear in the harsh lights that shone from every direction, lighting up every little bit of her.  With an expressionless face she began attaching the equipment.  All they knew was what was in the article, which did not mention her name, or the fact that she was always naked.  They assumed she was a normal clothed person, who got rid of her tan lines in a tanning parlor, and who had just stripped two minutes ago in an adjoining room.  With a deadpan expression she inserted the plugs, front and rear, and then placed the suction cups on her nipples.  She bent over to strap each ankle of her widely-spread legs to the supports.

 The apparatus hummed into action and people looked and took notes while Dr. Harridance twiddled knobs at the console.  The naked girl’s body flushed and after a few minutes drops of sweat popped out on her forehead and on her heaving, concave tummy.  As the first orgasm approached she gritted her teeth and, with a grunt, the spasms began.  And then they ran their course and the sucking and vibrating and frictioning continued to drive her up to the next climax .  .  .

 There were nine more orgasms.  The only times the naked girl opened her eyes was when she was about to crest.  Filled with tears, eyebrows twitching, the green eyes found Rod and the two lovers looked at each other.  As she gritted her teeth and grunted, only Rod knew the intensity of shame in that anguished gaze, as she looked at him for support from the depth of her distress, as if begging.

 Oh, Rod, I love you so much, I have to do this, but I am so ashamed to be seen like this, being all naked on stage and coming in front of these strange people, but this orgasm -- ohhh -- it’s for you -- I love you -- OHHH!  OHH!  OHHH!

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 17**

“I used to work for the U.S.  State Department,” Mr.  Noyes said.  “This was before you were born.  I was stationed overseas, there was an old deposed dictator who was dying of cancer and the U.S. let him come here for treatment, and suddenly the bunch of us were taken hostage by the people who had overthrown him.  It went on for over a year, became a big international incident.  .  .  We were treated well, but we had guns to our heads the whole time and it was clear that any bombing or anything like that and we would be killed.  So the President didn’t bomb, got slammed for being wimpy, and was voted out of office, which is what the terrorists wanted.  .  .  The first day the new President took over, we were freed, and our old boss received us at a big dinner in D.C.  After it was over, he took all of us into a room, just us and him, and said, ‘Ask me anything you want.  You deserve the truth.’  And so we did, being respectful, knowing he had sacrificed his political career for the sake of us not getting killed, but still we had a lot of questions.  .  .  We were in that room with him for three hours.

 “That’s what I want to do here.  The horrible things that happened to you, Miss Smithers, we have been investigating, and if you have any questions, you will know everything that we know, and if you have any questions about what went on behind the scenes, ask those too.  You deserve the truth.”

 Tami made a polite smile and shifted her bare butt uneasily in the cushioned leather chair.  She looked at Acting Dean Noyes, at Mandy, at Sarah Wickland and Jen’s father and that bald guy Martin, at Dr.  Mildred George, the Chair of the Foreign Language Department, sitting next to a nice old man named Professor Sutcliffe.  They were all at a big table in the conference room down the hall from the Dean’s office.  Though Tami was grateful they couldn’t see her from the waist down, she knew the focus was on her nakedness, and she couldn’t bear the thought of her bare breasts, even her bare shoulders, being on view.  She knew it might look pitiful or even ridiculous, but she covered her breasts by crossing her hands and placing one over each.  She looked uneasily at Rebecca sitting next to her.

 Informed of this meeting by an intercampus note from Noyes, she had asked Rebecca to come along for emotional support, and though Tami was hesitant about it, Rebecca had gone through what she remembered of the diary (which Tami had loaned to Noyes) and prompted Tami to think of questions, and Rebecca made a list.  It was important for Tami to get answers as part of the healing process, even if she didn’t feel like asking the questions.

 Now, the grandmotherly voice of Dr.  George.  “When I saw you crying in that bathroom back in December, dear, I sensed that there was something really wrong, not just boyfriend trouble as you said.  This administration building is an odd place for a girl to be crying for such a reason.”  She continued, “So I began to keep a lookout.  At first I thought you were ‘for real’ but gradually I got suspicious.  And I enlisted others to help me.”

 Professor Sutcliffe said, “By the middle of spring semester we had put out feelers.  A lot of people had doubts and were watching you.”

 “This is aside from all the BAD people who were watching you, my dear,” Sarah Wickland said to the naked teenager.  Tami smiled at her.  Too bad she hadn’t trusted this lawyer lady before!  “Henry Ross, in particular, did many things that were just gratuitous and shameful.”

 Tami closed her hands around her breasts.  “He’s a bad man.”  She looked at the sheet Rebecca had in front of her.  “Where is he?”

 Mr.  Noyes said, “I wish we knew.  We have people looking.  But it is clear that he orchestrated the whole campaign.  He set up the art classes with Professor Brignon, the, uh, examination given to you by Chief Burdick, and the grounds crew assignments with Mr. Winant.”

 Tami said, “Those are bad people too.”

 Mr.  Noyes said, “They all have things to answer for.  Professor Brignon and Chief Burdick, they conveniently resigned just before the semester began, which indicates that someone, probably Ross, told them that the jig was up, or about to be.”

 “How would they know that?”  Rebecca said.

 Sarah Wickland said, “I think Henry found out what happened at that -- farm where I found you.  He’s patched in to that network.  He must have known that you were coming back and were determined to face him down.  After all, if you could survive THAT -- “

 Noyes broke in, shaking his head.  “Please, let’s not get graphic.  Learning about this has been so unpleasant, these sick, disgusting activities -- “  He looked at Tami, this big bear of a man in his three-piece suit looking like he was in pain.  “This whole ordeal, I just can’t fathom what you’ve been through, Miss Smithers.  To think that I forced you to -- and I saw you --”  He put his hand over his face, close to tears.  Tami’s butt clenched and she cupped her breasts more tightly, knowing what he was referring to, when she was forced to -- do that ultimate shaming thing in front of all those people -- Tami shut her eyes.

 Sarah Wickland spoke up again.  “Tami, Jen’s father and Mr.  Wyzomirski were going to help you before, by putting a Constitutional challenge before the state Supreme Court, but now they will turn their energies to prosecuting the people responsible as we assemble the evidence, that is, if it’s O.K.  with you.”  Mr.  McIntyre and Martin nodded blandly.

 “Constitutional challenge?”

 “Yes,” Martin said, slouching and speaking as if tired.  “Your whole predicament started when your state’s Supreme Court declared nudism to be a religion.  The Dean felt he had to follow that, as he told you.”

 Rebecca said, “You mean the Moonstone decision?”

 “Moon--”  Martin suddenly perked up.  “Yes, MoonSTONE.  That’s right!  .  .  .But the Vermont court does not have to follow the Rhode Island court.  If we could get the Vermont court to hold otherwise, the Dean would have considered it O.K. to order you to put on clothes, which would have been good for you, as well as good for the Dean.  He was being pressured by people who did not want a naked girl running around campus.  But he could not do anything that could be seen as coercion.”

 Noyes, who had recovered, said, “Yes, the college had just settled a nasty civil rights lawsuit, and didn’t want to risk another.”

 Tami shook her head in wonder.  If only she and the Dean could have read each other’s minds.  Still, she was not ready to forgive him.  Too many bad things had happened that he had to have had a hand in.

 “Dean .  .  .  Jorgon .  .  .  was he responsible for .  .  .?”  Once again she felt the vulnerability of her nakedness and her youth and her unfamiliarity with these organizational machinations.

 Sarah Wickland said, “There’s no paper trail, of course, but we are piecing together odd memos, pen registers, and physical evidence in the Dean’s office.  It looks like a bug was in there, placed by whom, we don’t know, but it’s been removed.  Or so we think.”

 “They’ve ripped the place apart,” Noyes said.  “I’ve had to work from that desk behind Mrs.  King’s.”

 “What’s a pen register?”  Tami asked.

 “It’s a record of the calls that go out from a line,” Rebecca said.  “You can get it from the phone company with a court order.”

 Martin, impressed, said, “That’s exactly right.  Of course, you don’t need a court order if you’re the customer.”

 Tami said, “What about Mr.  Winant?”  Apparently he hadn’t resigned like the others.

 Noyes said, “Oh he’s still here.  When we came to see him we expected he would get a lawyer but he didn’t, he just answered the questions in his office all by himself.  He expressed surprise, said he was told you were a religious nudist and had consented to the experiments.”  Noyes exhaled.  “Homer Winant is a very smart man.  He must have known things were not what they seemed, but I don’t know if we can actually pin anything on him.”

 “He showed us memos McMasters sent him about the -- apparatus at Chalfont,” Sarah Wickland said.  “They were very explicit.  By making it look like he didn’t shred anything it enhances his credibility.”

 Rebecca said, “What did the pen registers tell you?”

 Sarah Wickland said, “Henry Ross made a lot of calls to England, and a call came in from Georgia which may or may not have been from Taft McNamee.”  Again Noyes started to put a hand over his face.  Sarah then paused.  “They also show how Henry found out about your summer job.”

 Tami’s eyes widened.

 “Henry had spies everywhere, and a month before the end of the semester one of them saw you making a trip to the math department office, when no one was there.”  Tami felt goosebumps up and down her back, knowing what Sarah would say next, feeling the Dean’s cold hand on her bare shoulder saying “Gotcha!” even after all this time.  Sarah continued, “They must have looked at the transmission reports from the fax machine, there’s a number there that we traced to an accountant’s office in a nearby town.  They must have done the same and called them, a Ned and Ethel, according to your diary.”

 Sarah got the diary out and put it on the table.  It had been Rebecca’s idea to give it to these folks, and Tami had agreed to let them look at it on condition of secrecy.  Everyone contemplated the two worn volumes, the nude teenager cupping her breasts, the clothed grown-ups looking at it almost as if with sorrow.  Sarah said, “The most shattering part of this diary was the last entry, where your plans for that summer job, to get into clothes, were snatched away at the last minute.”

 Tami looked down.

 “Dear, do you want to take a break?  Maybe we can continue this by conference call,” Dr.  George said.

 Tami shook her head.  She cleared her throat and decided not to hide her nudity.  She uncovered her breasts and threw her shoulders back, almost making everyone cringe, and held her gaze onto the diary like a minister looking at the Bible.  She felt the moral power of her nakedness, the bright glare of it intimidating everyone else, her shame increasing her power by the same amount.

 She spoke with quivering certainty.  “They tried to -- break me.”

 Sarah said, “Yes, it was a deliberately calculated plan to subject you to greater and greater shame until you broke down and admitted that nudity was not really your religion.  So that they could expel you for what was clearly an expellable offense, streaking on campus.  But you did not crack.”

 Mandy spoke up.  “That’s why Henry sent me to monitor you, placing me as your roommate, telling me to look out for any signs of modesty.”

 Tami smirked.  “You were certainly watching me every second, at least at first.”

 “Yes, but it got too heavy for me.  I found out I just wasn’t that mean.  I told Henry I wasn’t going to play any more.”

 Rebecca said, “Didn’t he -- couldn’t he make life difficult for you if you didn’t do what he said?”

 “No,” Mandy said.  “I had power over him.  I could always blackmail him, because I had proof of his indiscretion.”

 “Indiscretion?”

 “Yes.  He and I had an affair the year before.  He would NOT have wanted that to come out.”

 Tami’s jaw dropped.  “You -- slept -- with that old guy?”  At least, he was old compared to Tami and Mandy.

 Mandy nodded, a tight smile across her bright red lips.

 Tami and Mandy looked at each other for a long moment.

 Then Tami made a sour teenage-girl face and said, “Ewwwwwwwwww!!”

 Mandy shrugged.  “I know, it’s icky.  But I like middle-aged men in suits.  I like pulling their pants down and stroking their little wrinkled dicks.”

 Noyes said, “O.K., Miss Rabinowitz, that’s more than we needed to know.”

 Sarah Wickland said, “Henry made other mistakes.  The campaign to humiliate you was nefarious, of course, but Henry did things that were out of bounds even for those purposes.  Right from the beginning.”

 Tami thought of the beginnings of her ordeal, the “sexual health”  workshop with Professor Congi.  “That workshop .  .  .  he lied.  .  .  I didn’t --- flinch.”

 “Yes we know,” Noyes said.  “Professor Congi is on sabbatical but we have been speaking to her.  After she got over her shock, she confirmed that you went through that workshop without making any motion to cover yourself.  We also have located an intern who has since graduated, he was with Ross at that workshop, and he says the same thing.  This intern might have had -- something going with Henry too.”  Tami did remember a young guy who sat next to Mr.  Ross that night.  “He has been giving us some helpful information.  .  . Why -- as you noted in your diary -- why Ross lied to the Dean, well, I don’t know.”

 “He’s just a sadist, he wanted you to stay naked for his own amusement,” Sarah Wickland said.  “Like this, for example, which we got after tracing fax transmissions to post offices in the Southwest.”  She gave the fax to Tami, a fax she remembered all too well.  The fax she saw in the post office in Arizona.

 “Not that we didn’t already know about it,” Noyes said.  “We all saw the article in the paper about it, and how Ross said it was a hoax.”

 “I’ve seen this personally,” Tami said, which seemed to surprise Sarah.  She looked at the Chalfont signature.  “Who is LeGrand Fortescue?” -- the doctor who was ready to medicate and commit her.

 “There’s no such person,” Noyes said.  “Evidently this is a Ross creation.  Now telling people to report a naked girl is one thing, but ALSO telling them it would be dangerous to give her clothes, that’s just cruel.”

 “I almost died,” Tami said, remembering starving and freezing on the tar paper roof of that diner.

 “Fortunately you survived.  And there were people watching out for you,” Sarah said.  Seeing Tami’s look, she said, “Forgive me, but I’m a trial lawyer, I like melodramatic entrances.”  She got up and opened the door.

 He came in in his hunting outfit, the missing-tooth grin, the easy manner, the whiff of a recently snuffed cigarette.  “Hello honey,” Ben McCaig said, extending a hand and then sitting down next to Noyes.  Tami was surprised to see him but glad -- this nice man who she had met in Ohio during the first leg of her trip with Wanda and McMasters, who she had had that long personable conversation with, with him hardly seeming to notice she was naked.

 McCaig was cheerful and relaxed as always, and his presence dispelled some of the heaviness that had prevailed in the room.  To Noyes he said, “Thanks for the trip up here.  I hear the hunting’s good.”  In spite of himself, Noyes smiled back and said, “Deer season soon.”

 “Miss,” McCaig said, unfolding a piece of note paper from his pocket, “I hope you get better.  I knew as soon as I saw you praying out on the grass that morning that you didn’t want to be naked.”

 Tami said, “I almost admitted it to you.”

 “More than that, I heard you pray.”

 Tami was nonplussed.  “Was I talking out loud?”

 “Yes.  ‘Please God, give me clothes.’ I’d say that was a dead giveaway.”  As Tami stared downward, wondering how many other times she had been praying out loud, McCaig said, “So I kept track of you.  I knew about you changing a tire in Binghamton, so I put the word out on the C.B. radio.  And naturally guys were real eager to snoop around for mentions of a traveling naked girl.  Let’s see .  .  .”  He read from the little sheet.  “A naked girl at a rest stop in Nebraska.  Then, a few weeks later, on page 17 of the L.A. Times, a naked girl on Huntington Beach, though you must have almost fit in with all those itty bitty thongs they wear out there.  An unconfirmed sighting by a trucker passing by Tombstone Flats, New Mexico.  Then, a week later, some guys finding a hit and run victim outside of Thornhill, Texas, and seeing a naked girl run from the scene.”  He flipped over the paper to read the other side.  “Then a Choctaw fella reported a naked girl on their reservation in Oklahoma.  A trucker made another report out of Houston, Mississippi.”

 Noyes said, “Then one of Congi’s friends from Chattanooga mentioned you walking into their encampment.”

 Wickland said, “Then I got called by Taft McNamee to Georgia.  He mentioned your name and I knew I had to go, though I pretended not to know who you were.”

 McCaig said, “Finally, the whole CB world found out about your appearance at the Laconia biker run.  Miss, in that world you are a hero, a naked hero.  They all hope you make next year’s run, with clothes or without.  And now,” he said, getting up, “I wish you the best.”  He again shook her hand.  “I hope you get over your clothes allergy soon so you can come out and shoot with us in Ohio.  Here’s my number.”  And he gave a slip of paper to Tami which she handed over to Rebecca, and then he walked out.

 After he left Tami looked around at everyone and then at her diary again.  She looked over to Rebecca, who reached over and firmly held her bare shoulder in support.  This was all too much to take in so quickly.  She didn’t want to be known as a naked hero, she didn’t want to be famous.  Yet so many people knew about her.  How could it be otherwise?

 “I have to go to the bathroom,” the naked girl said.  With that, everyone took a break.  Martin got up to start fussing with a coffee machine in the corner.

 When Tami and Rebecca came back, Sarah Wickland and Martin and Jen’s father were sitting with cups of coffee and had their heads in their hands like Noyes had done, seemingly in terrible agony.

 “Are you O.K.?” Rebecca said as she and Tami resumed their seats.

 “Yes -- it’s just -- this -- ugh!  -- coffee,” Marcus McIntyre gasped.

 “I warned you folks,” Noyes said.

 After they had seemingly recovered, Noyes said, “Miss Smithers, you must have other questions.”

 Tami looked at Rebecca’s list.  “What about Wanda?  Wanda Percival?”

 Mandy said, “She’s in the loony bin.  I don’t think she knows much, aside from hitting it off with Ross at this bar we were at, and getting some ideas from him.  But she talked about this Janice girl and this judge.”

 “Yes,” Noyes continued, “a Judge Nordson, down near Worcester, Mass, who we tracked down.  His daughter Janice is in Europe right now, working as a”  -- Noyes rolled his eyes -- “nude dancer and hanging out with some unsavory types.  But she has relayed things Miss Percival told her about Ross.”

 Tami had another question.  “Chalfont.”

 “Dr.  Harridance got a call from the Dean about your willingness to volunteer, and that was it,” Noyes said.  “I think Ross knew of Harridance’s work on sexual response and figured you would be a natural.  I personally think Harridance was pretty stupid not to suspect something.”

 “There are a lot of well meaning people who were fooled,” Professor Sutcliffe said sharply.

 “O.K., true,” Noyes said.  “But they should have kept a closer eye on McMasters.  We’ll find that McMasters guy too, Schnitzler has his own man working on it.”

 “Another question,” Tami said.  “Jackson Dyle.”

 There were blank looks around the table.  Tami looked at Sarah Wickland, who shook her head.  “Never heard of him.”

 Tami said, “He’s into -- sex games.  Ask around.”

 “O.K., I will.”

 Marcus McIntyre spoke up, in his characteristically mellow yet eloquent voice.  “Tami, you have been through hell.  But to prosecute we want to have your consent.  We don’t need it, technically, but out of respect for you, and the civil rights of yours that have been horribly violated, we will not proceed unless you say so.”  His pause, as with everything else about him, was well-practiced.  “Of course, you can think about it.  I don’t want to pressure you at this time.”

 This was the big question, of course.  Tami looked at Rebecca.  They had talked it over at length.  Tami said, “I -- I think these bad people should be punished.  But I don’t want to be -- always testifying.  I want to go back to normal.”  She looked at Dr.  George’s little pullover shawl.  “That’s such a pretty shawl you’re wearing, but I can’t wear even that little thing, without getting really sick.  Think about what it must be like.  I have to be -- naked.  All the time.  I HATE it!”  She looked down, then composed herself.

 Rebecca said, “Only Tami and a few of her friends have read the diary, or know the truth, and they’re sworn to secrecy.  As for everyone else, the cover story is that Tami decided to be naked for a year, and then when she decided to put on clothes again, she found out she was allergic to them, and she’s undergoing treatment for it.”

 “Which I am,” Tami said, staring into the middle distance.  “I keep hoping it will work someday.”

 There was a quiet in the room.  Then Jen’s father said, “We will move forward, but only in secret.  That is what you wish.  As for the diary, I think it should be returned to you.  At some point it will be needed for evidence purposes.”

 Martin said, “You don’t have to appear to give testimony, considering the hardship.  Just a signed statement from you is enough.  That’s true in all the states.”

 There was a sense that the meeting was winding down.  Professor Sutcliffe said, “I have something for you, Miss Smithers.”  He got out a well-used spiral notebook.  “Last winter and spring I kept a journal of my thoughts and observations about you which I want you to have.  During all that time I thought you were a religious nudist, so I feel like a fool reading it now.  But even through my unseeing eyes it records your dignity, your goodness, your bravery.  I want you to keep it.”

 Tami opened it and it fell to a page that said, in old-style script handwriting, “Such is the life of a naked, athletic, popular, intelligent, kindhearted girl,” and she thought of that portrait of her that hung in Chalfont and was now in the hallway of the cottage.

 She closed it and gave it to Rebecca and then everyone at the table sat and looked at each other.  Tami felt a little weird, like this meeting should be over but why was everyone still hanging around?  There was a funny feeling in her nipples.  She decided some kind of emanation was coming from Sarah Wickland and turned to her.

 The naked girl said, “Mrs.  Wickland, there’s something else to tell me, right?”

 Sarah Wickland smiled.  “Yes, you’re very perceptive.  When we find Henry, he is done for, because we DO have the goods on him.  A piece of evidence that nails him.”

 Martin got up to open the door.  It was an old man in a motorized wheelchair that whirred slowly into the room.  Brian Cook, and Tami was shocked at his appearance, a feeling which competed with the other feelings she was having about him.  He looked thin and 20 years older, swallowed up by a bulky sweater.  The side of his face was slack.  His left hand lay uselessly on the arm of the wheelchair.  Tami remembered being set up by him in that art gallery, and saw his weakened condition, and just did not know how to react.

 “Hello, my dear,” he said through half a mouth.  “You probably don’t want to see me, I know you must still be mad.”  He motioned with his good hand.  “I had a stroke a few weeks ago, I have to take it easy for a while.  Recovery will be slow.”

 Tami knew she had to say the words.  “You put me in that -- gallery place.  That was awful.  I almost went out of my mind.”

 Sarah Wickland said, “I was in on it too.”  Tami’s eyes flashed.  Then Brian Cook said, “Our plan was to get you to confess so that with the cat out of the bag, you knew you couldn’t lie to us any more and we could finally help you with our legal challenge.”  He took a breath and Sarah was going to continue but he held up his hand.  “We thought you really WERE going to go out of your mind with frustration, it was spinning out of control, we” -- he caught his breath -- “had to do something fast.  So we got a hold of Henry Ross and explained our plan, and our Constitutional challenge, and sent him to tape your confession.”

 Tami felt a chill, remembering that freezing ordeal.  “I DID confess.  But he said he had no tape.”

 “Ah but ME, I have a tape.  Remember, it was my art gallery, I had it bugged.”  With his one good hand Brian Cook struggled to get a little hand-held recorder out from under his sweater.  He turned it on.

 “Go away,” the shivering, laboring voice said.

 “No I WON’T go away!”  Tami cringed as she heard Henry Ross’s voice, tinny and scratchy on the recording.  “Do you look forward to the fall semester?  .  .  .  Excreting in public in front of hundreds.  Your life will be destroyed, Miss Smithers.  Your dignity, destroyed.  Your -- “

 Brain stopped the tape and fast forwarded it.  “THAT in itself was not in the plan.  And now”  -- Tami’s sobbing voice -- “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 am NOT a religious nudist!”

 Now Henry Ross saying, “I’m sorry, Miss Smithers, I seem to have forgotten my tape recorder.”  And then Ross leaving the room and Tami’s desperate cry.  “NOOOOOOO!!”

 Tami looked at the recorder, remembering the awful ordeal, but finding herself with a malevolent smile.  She thought of Sarah’s word, “gratuitous”.  The Goods on Henry Ross!

 Brian extended the recorder toward Tami to the extent he could. “The original, dear, is yours if you want it.”

 Tami thought for a moment.  “But then you can’t use it as evidence.”  She looked at Martin, who nodded.  “Then you can have it.”  She wondered if she should add, “Keep it secret.”  But of course they would.  And there was a part of her that wanted it copied hundreds of times and rained on every part of the globe, preferably falling right on Henry Ross’s head somewhere.

 Sarah Wickland said, “That tape is the key.  With everything else he did connected to it, he will be in jail for years.”

Tami thought for a moment.  “What about -- the Dean?”

Mr. Noyes said, “He used Ross for cover, and probably didn’t know much of what Ross planned.  We don’t know how far in he was.  But he’ll be questioned.  Right now he’s back in Philadelphia, where he came from, looking for another job.  I think it’s safe to say that his job search will be, shall we say, impeded.”

 Brian Cook reached under the sweater again and took something out wrapped in tissue paper like a little gift.  “I have something for you, my dear child.”

 Tami unwrapped it as the old man said, “I still love to sculpt, but only with one hand, it is a challenge.  I hope you don’t mind, I sculpted you without your permission.”

 Tami and Rebecca both stared open-mouthed at what Tami held in her hand.  It was Tami, done in brown clay, just her head and the beginnings of bare shoulders, flowing hair, pretty face -- and it was --

 “That’s beautiful!”  Rebecca exclaimed.  And indeed it was.  Tami had thought Brian not a very good sculptor, just a rich dilettante doing statutes of naked women, but this was exquisite and she felt immensely flattered by the rendition that made her look so beautiful.  With one hand, restricted to sculpting heads, Brian Cook was a master.

 Tami’s eyes were wet as she thanked him.  She got up, not minding her nakedness, and kissed the old man on the forehead and watched him go.

 Noyes said, “Well Miss Smithers, now you know what we know.  We’ll tell you more as we find it out.  That time I was telling you about, when we hostages were released, the President told us things during those three hours that were pretty surprising.  He didn’t swear us to secrecy, though we were experienced diplomats and not ones to blab, so what he told us has never been reported in the media.  I’m not swearing you to secrecy either --”

 Tami was still standing near the doorway, and turned to present her full frontal exposure to the people sitting around the table.  She stood tall and proud, as naked as truth, her erect nipples sticking out at them as if to emphasize her situation and her words.  “Mr.  Noyes, believe me, I don’t want anyone to know.  I want to be normal again.  But thank you.  Thank you for telling me the truth.”  And with that, the meeting was over.

**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 18**

The naked teenager looked down at her all-over tan and then out to the ocean, feeling the hot sand under her feet.  The man in robes and a beard stood next to her.  She felt the urge to cover herself with her hands but remembered that the man could see everything.  They both looked down on the sandy village below, huts and paths and camels and horses and people in their clothes and shoes.  The world, her life, the future.

 She turned to him.  “Lord, will I be happy?”

 He smiled.  “Yes, child.”

 Another pause.  She wanted to ask but was hesitant.  When the question finally came out he seemed to expect it.  “Lord .  .  .  will I wear clothes .  .  .  someday?”

 He took in her gaze before answering.  “No, child.  For the rest of your life you will never have even a merest scrap to cover any little bit of you.  You will be on full display at all times.”

 She looked down to the village and felt like she should be sad.  She listened to his voice.  “We all have a purpose in this world, my child.  Yours is to be exposed and naked for all the world to see, to be open to others, to be free of artifice and hypocrisy, to be open and brave and strong.  You cannot hide anything and that will be your virtue.”

 “You say I will be happy,” she said.

 “Yes, you will be.”

 She swallowed and hesitated again, on the cusp of a more difficult question.  “Lord .  .  .”

 “Yes?”

 “Lord .  .  .  will I have clothes up in heaven?”

 “That is many, many years from now, child.”

 She looked up at the kind face.  “I still want to know.”

 The bearded man looked up into the blue sky.  “You will have wings but you will be the only one without a robe.  You will be known as the ‘Naked Angel’.  It will be a high honor, child.  Often you will be called to intercede with mortals.  Sometimes,” he said, lifting an eyebrow and with half a smile, “only a naked angel will do.”

 She smiled weakly and looked down at her brown nipples, clasped her hands in front of her crotch, then wiggled her bare toes in the sand and looked down onto the village.  “Help me, Lord.”

 “I will always be with you.  Go now, my child.  I send thee with pride and love.”  And with a blinding flash of light he was gone.

 The naked girl began the slow walk down the ridge to the village.  She exhaled and stood upright, shoulders back, arms at her sides, and heard the first startled voice and then there are others and more and then more .  .  .

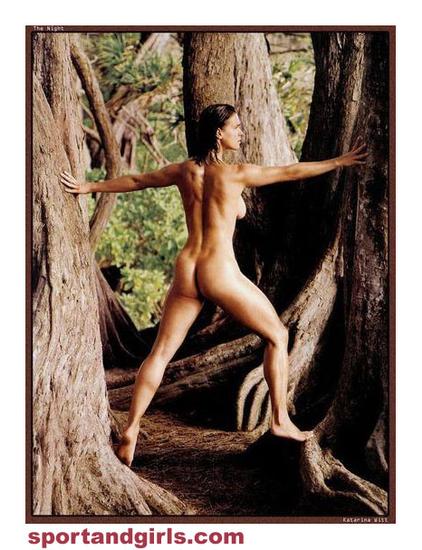
**The Unintentional Nudist, Conclusion: Butterfly, Part 19 (Conclusion)**

Out here, where there are no houses or towns, the hills of Vermont grow quieter and darker, the oranges and reds faded to brown, the wind gently whooshing through the trees under a granite gray sky.

 Off the main road there is a clearing, perhaps used once by loggers.  Rebecca turns in with her 1980 Oldsmobile, a.k.a. The Ark of Doom, originally blue but now as rusty brown as the leaves it rolls over.  She stops and waits.  Wrapping her sweater around her flannel shirt, she looks around, here and there, at the leaf-covered ground under the trees.

 A-ha -- suddenly spotted up in one of the trees, arms and legs stretched out in an "X", hands up to brace against the branch above -- her naked friend, the brown body almost the same color as the leaves, camouflaged, as if her thin toned nakedness is absorbing the essence of the forest, dark nipples out stiff and hard in the chilly air, the brown cut-out concavity of her tummy sharp and sturdy and proud under her rib cage.

 Tami hops down, branches crackling under her, and trots toward the car, her tough bare feet gracefully traversing over the twigs and stones as evenly and comfortably as on plush carpet.  She jumps in and sits cross-legged.

"Thanks again, Bec," she says, throwing her wild dark red hair behind her.  "Got a scrunchy?"  "Here."  Tami gathers her hair behind, her tight brown breasts riding high up on her chest and jiggling with her motions.  Though she does not notice it, in the process of gathering she pulls out the last of the gray hairs that had been gradually disappearing, and it falls behind her.

 "I don't know how you do it, no tent, no tools, no bed clothes, no food," Rebecca says yet again.  "Last night it went below freezing."

 "I sleep under the leaves, it acts like a comforter," Tami says.

 "So I see," Rebecca said, as Tami weeds out a couple of leaf fragments from her hair.  "Oops," she says, lifting her hips up almost as high as the dashboard, picking out a twig from her lush and fluffy lower hair.

 The Ark of Doom turns back out onto the highway.  Tami says, "I ate mostly pine cone piths, acorns, though there's not many left .  .  . I think this is it until the spring, at least for overnights .  .  .  How's the sweater?"

 Rebecca speaks slowly but politely as if forced to admit something she felt awkward talking about, an awkwardness the nude girl can feel in her jiggling nipples.  Rebecca tugs at a sleeve and says, "Fits perfectly, good job, Tam .  .  .  Uh, thanks."

 The naked girl nods, hands still busy behind her neck.  "My next project: Marisol's wedding dress."

 "That sounds like a challenge."

 "I'll say. Can you believe she wants an open back?  I'm so back to dealing with struts and force vectors.  I never thought being a math nerd would pay off in that class."

 Rebecca smiles.  "So how was your latest weekend in the woods?"

 Tami finishes with her hair and sits cross-legged in her seat, watching the woods go by.  "I made a decision.  Way, way overdue."

 "Oh really?"  .  .  .

.      .      .      .

 A sunny Monday afternoon at Campbell-Frank College.  Everyone is indoors in class, except for one class sitting in a circle around an apple tree, rather odd in that the day is not warm.  The students are huddled in sweatshirts as they listen and check their equations.  A brown bare foot descends from above and rubs against the trunk as if caressing it.  ".  .  . Remember to check .  .  .  sorry [munch] .  .  . the second level derivatives .  .  . "  The tutor is the legendary Tami Smithers, reclining on the bottom branch, lesson plan on her lap, speaking between munches of an apple she has picked from above, going easy today because last week she rode her students so hard.  She is a straight-A student and an obvious future valedictorian, admired by the girls and, of course, lusted after by the guys.  As she takes another bit a drop of juice lands on her nipple.  "And then  .  .  .  oh excuse me .  .  . mmm .  .  . it should all work out."  The guys go faint with lust.

 Class is over and the naked girl hops down and strides quickly over to the Student Union, ducks into a corner for a moment, then saunters into the snack bar where Rod Sykes is sitting at the end of the table with friends.

 Tami's entrance is always noticed, and as her bare brown body pads across, she waves at here and there, and also a cheerful wave at the Dean's Search Committee, sitting a couple of tables over.  She hops onto Rod's bench and puts one bare foot up onto the wall, drops her bookbag, throws her shoulders back and clasps her hands behind her head and sticks her pelvis out at Rod so that it is maybe a foot away from his face.  Also in the face of his friends and the Committee and all the world.

 "Message for Rodney Sykes," Tami says out loud, and she pushes forward and a little plastic yellow thing peeks out between her lower lips.

 Rod, smiling as if blushing, the lights shining on his shaved head and in his nerdy glasses, gently withdraws the message from his girlfriend's vagina, resisting the intense urge to kiss her right in that spot.  The yellow thing is a little change holder, the kind with a split side that you open by squeezing it lengthwise, and there is a paper with a poem.

 "Would you spend your life   
 With a naked wife?"

 Rod smiles and begins to chuckle at the note but then the smile fades as he realizes what it is.  An open mouth and deep breath, then a wondering glance upward, then looking at the note again, then he stands up and says with a loud, quavering voice, "Yes Babe! I'll marry you!!"

 He extends his arms to hug her but she hops backward and retreats, then with a running start, feet slapping, breasts bouncing, leaps into Rod's arms and they kiss, deeply and passionately, her legs around his waist, her feet curling around him, and Rod circles slowly around and soon there is clapping and then shouting and hollering.

.      .      .      .

 Pilgrim Hall, Room 207.  She looks up at the phone line threaded between her toes, then flips onto her tummy again, too excited to lie still.  "Yes, Charlene  .  .  .  you come too  .  .  .  you'll get an invite.  Out on the college quad  .  .  . the new Dean suggested it and I said ohmigod .  .  . This is so totally out there .  .  ."  Excited and happy with anticipation like she hadn't been in a long time, jabbering away like any teenage girl on the phone in a way she hadn't done in a while.

 Half an hour later  .  .  . "Y - yes  .  .  .  Th -  thanks .  .  . zhhhh .  .  ."  Blushing furiously, head out the window, quivering elbows on the sill, breasts crushed against her fists as she leans forward, ending her conversation with Dean Sutcliffe as he says good-bye and walks down the path, a conversation that began soberly until two devious nibblers slid under her, down out of sight, front and back, Leisha and Jen, respectively  .  .  .  Laughing and climaxing, the nude girl playfully bends down and slaps Leisha's head.

 "Hi Babe."  It is Rod, down on the path.

 "Ohhhhh . . . hi . . .uhhh . . ."

 "Um, looks like you've got company."

 "Yes -- OH!"  She jolts as a tongue darts up into her rectum.

 "So Babe, where do you want to do our honeymoon over intersession?"

 "I've g - got  .  .  .  g -- gg -- good idea," Tami said, shuddering and cresting again.  Some people on the path stop to look and smile.  "I know a p - place in F - florida .  .  .  Ohhh .  .  .  A n - nice b - beach .  .  ."  She closes her eyes as Leisha chews her clit and a sweeping finger rubs its final attack on her inner wall.  "Near .  .  .  M - marip - posa .  .  .  ohhhhh .  .  . OHH!"

 Rod, knowing that Tami is used to having ordinary conversations under these circumstances, continues: "I hope it's within our budget."

 "OHH!  It'll be -- OHH -- f - free -- OHH!"  Catching her breath.  "N - no need for you to wear c - c - clothes .  .  .  or f - food .  .  . g - garden of Eden .  .  . OHH! Ohh  .  .  .  God .  .  . Lord .  .  ."

.       .       .       .

 Standing on the riser, smiling as more people from the packed quad come up to shake her hand or hug her, Rod in his tuxedo brings them up, a gray-haired couple, his father a shorter image of him.  "My folks, Babe."

 The father, afraid to look down, freezes his eyes on her face and says, "Glad to meet you.  Rod has said nothing but good things."  The tanned nude girl, a string of daisies in her hair, bends down and hugs him.

 The mother is more shy, shielding the neck-down view with her wrinkled black hands.  "Dear, I can't say I'm entirely comfortable .  .  .  but nobody in our son's life has made him so happy .  .  ."  The girl quickly decides this calls for a hug too.

 Now, John and Martha Smithers, dressed in their finest, standing to the side with big smiles, and brother Joe, biting his lip, doing his tough guy best not to get wet eyes, none of them having ever learned of their Tami's tribulations aside from her nakedness.

 The huge wedding party, Jen and Terri and Marisol and Desmond and Mandy and Dawn and Mayree and Brad and Trent and Muffy and Charlene, pointing to each other where their places will be  .  .  .

 A blonde-haired woman in her 20's with a sweet face, dressed all in denim.  "I'm Kylie O'Mara," she says.  "Tami, you are an inspiration. You made me feel good about myself again."  Another hug, the full-body scraping of denim on bare skin.

 Sunny, in from San Francisco.  And now Seth and a beautiful Japanese girl -- Sukie.  Jeremiah, Rebecca's older brother, making the sign of the cross with a smile.

 Marge Richardson, or should it be Zipporah?  And her friend Vanessa Congi, passing through on her sabbatical.  And Ruth (big tearful hug) and Bobby Joe (Deborah) with her gentle Chattanooga accent.

 Now, a man in his 40's or so with graying hair, dressed casually in jeans, sweater and loafers, tanned with a crinkly lined-face smile.  He is over the hump and life now is a nice downhill ride.  Next to him, a woman of the same age and attitude.

 A warm, firm handshake.  "Miss Smithers, my name is Jim Track, and this is my wife Barb."

 Tami's hand freezes, recognizing the name -- the name Father George had given her, the name she had found surfing the net, the name Rebecca had given her, the guy who had started it all, the leader of the group of nudists who had petitioned the court in Rhode Island to have nudism declared a religion, that had led to so much, seemingly so long ago now.

 The naked girl resumes shaking his hand, feeling as if she already knows him, as if this is a man deserving of great respect.

 "Track Jim?"

 "No, Jim Track.  Call me Jim.  The gang at Moonstone Beach gives their best wishes and their thanks."

 "Thanks?"

 "For being such a fine role model for a nudist."

.        .        .        .

 "Believe me," he said, "I couldn't have found a better example of a nudist .  .  .  if I'd made you up myself."

.        .        .        .

 Wethby Campbell, dressed a little more neatly than usual, having just stamped out a cigarette, hands Rebecca the missal and the earnest young minister in her collar and surplice looks down at the four young people before her and at the crowd filling the quad and realizes she must speak louder than she planned.

 "Friends, we are here to celebrate the union of two very special people.  Rodney Sykes, a very brave man who was prepared to sacrifice everything for his love.  And Tami Smithers, whose bravery you already know.  Both of them full of heart and goodness."

 She goes on for a few minutes about the commitment of marriage, how it survives good times and bad.  After all, she is a minister.  "Love is not proud  .  .  .  it sees all things, hopes in all things, endures all things .  .  ."

 And then -- "one more thing about Tami.  We all know she is brave.  But one of the hardest things to do in this life is to be brave, when no one can SEE you are being brave.  Tami was brave and strong in ways that nobody knew.  She was strong for me, she was strong for Rod, for Jen, she was strong for all of us, when we could not see it .  .  ."

 And now: "Do you Tami, take Rod to love and hold .  .  ."  The ring is handed to Tami by her maid of honor, Wanda Percival (once known as "Wandabitch").  Tami slips the ring onto Rod's hand and says, "I do," into his eyes.

 Jeffrey Dillon, in his best long coat, hands the ring to Rod.  "Do you Rod, take Tami to love and hold .  .  ."  Rod looks into Tami's eyes and then, as planned, with a gymnast's flexibility Tami extends her leg straight out and Rod cradles her foot and slips the ring onto her third toe.  Some chuckles from the crowd.

 "I present to you Rod Tami Sykes and Tami Rodney Smithers," Rebecca says, and as the young couple faces the crowd there is shouting so loud that the two newlyweds smile and playfully shield their ears.

 "YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE!" Rebecca yells.  And they kiss as the cheering continues.

 They separate and wave.  Wanda is overcome, looking down at the pretty Maid of Honor dress that Tami made for her, quivering in the first strange steps of a life that is new to her.  "Oh Tam .  .  ."  The naked girl calmly hugs Wanda's face to her bare breast and says, "It will all be O.K."  And now the band strikes up, Stuka and the Kenya Kings, bongos that can be heard over anything.

 Tami waves again and she and Rod kiss again and she extends her leg into the sky, not caring about what is showing below, spreading her toes against the blue, admiring the ring, seeing "Tami Takes Flight" behind it, then past that the mountains in the distance and then, beyond, the future and a horse carrying her and Rod through this happy world, and feels the love of hundreds of people wash over her, people who wear clothes while she can't, yet she knows she is the luckiest of all of them, she is happier than all of them, she would never trade her life for anyone else's, never, never, no way.  For the hundredth time in these stories, Tami cries, tears streaming from her green eyes down her pretty tanned face.  How could she not cry?  She is so full of joy!

 Let me leave Ms. Tami Smithers here, at the happiest moment (so far) in her young life.  Many adventures lie ahead.  Shame, perhaps; she never entirely got over her desire for clothes.  She was really just a normal girl with a good heart, who loved and wanted to be loved in return.



THE END