**The Unintentional Nudist**

by donnylaja

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 1**

This was another hot day at the beginning of August in southern Arizona. The bleak desert, interrupted by patches of dry brush and the occasional cactus, was almost blinding in the midday sun. Along the stretch of the empty interstate, in the hot silence, lone signs showing "Interstate Arizona 10" threw sharp shadows against the hot asphalt. There was a dot on the map along that interstate, a rest stop -- a little building behind an empty parking lot, another empty parking lot in on the other side for trucks, some bushes here and there and some gnarled pines to the rear attempting to shade some picnic tables. On the short trees occasional pine needles twitched with the slightest of breezes that were too mere to create a sound.

Crouching behind one of the bushes, her tanned, brightly sunned body visible to an attentive eye through the little branches, was the nude form of a teenage girl, a native of Rhode Island and a stranger to this country, utterly out of her element. Though nudity was well known to her, having been forced to go without a scrap of clothing for almost a year. She hated it, hated every second of it, and as she rested on her bare heels with her knees together and her crossed arms covering her breasts, she looked down the interstate, eagerly awaiting the next motorist to stop by who would see her plight and give her something to put on. ANYthing. It would take but a moment of awkwardness, the pleading, the cowering naked in front of him or her, then the quick reach into the back seat or trunk or suitcase -- surely anyone driving through here was on a long trip and packing extra clothes -- and at last, the putting on of a shirt and pants and shoes -- ANY kind of shoes! -- and then the hugging of herself and the prayer of thanks to God, a prayer she had been longing to make for months and months, through cold and snow and humiliations and grotesque exposures that would have driven a weaker girl crazy from the sustained intensity of shame.

She was free now. Caught streaking as a sorority initiation rite the first week of her freshman semester at Campbell - Frank College in Vermont, a prestigious but conservative school where she had gone on a gymnastics scholarship, to the delight of her proud working-class parents, she had frantically offered the excuse that nudism was her religion, aware that streaking was an expellable offense, mortified by the crushing disappointment that her parents would suffer if she were expelled. Whereupon the Dean, Percy Jorgon, assured by the college's sadistic lawyer, Henry Ross, that nudism was a protected religion under the United States Constitution, and having grown afraid of the possibility of civil rights lawsuits, decided not to penalize the girl. But the Dean put her on notice that she would be held to her "religion" and closely monitored, and anything less than total nudity at all times would be regarded as proof that the religion claim was just an excuse and she would be expelled.

Jorgon and Ross had thought that she would relent and put on clothes, whereupon they could expel her, much to the relief of the college benefactors who did not want a naked girl walking around on campus. But Jorgon and Ross did not realize how deeply the girl cared about her parents' feelings and what a life-changing disaster expulsion would be. Not having been from that background, they also far underestimated the prize that admission to a prestigious college represented to someone like this girl, the first of her family to go to a four-year college. Knowing she was her family's pride and joy, she kept perfect attendance in all her classes and perfect grades even though her major, mathematics, was not the easiest. And so she went through the whole academic year naked, even after the Dean and Ross, under increasing pressure from the benefactors, ratcheted up the pressure by having all her clothes and shoes taken away from her dorm room and intimidating her into declaring that modesty, as well, was against her religion -- and into "agreeing" to participate in an ever-escalating series of humiliations, posing for art classes, competing in gymnastics meets, working on the college grounds crew, submitting to orgasm experiments in Lab 6 at the nearby Chalfont Institute, all the time without the benefit of a scrap of covering. And yet through all that, she did not crack -- helped by her frequent prayers to a God she knew would protect and rescue her, and helped, ironically, by the company of an ever-growing circle of campus friends and by her loving boyfriend, none of whom knew her secret, all of whom admired her determination to live her "religion" with courage, dignity, kindness and what could only be called "modesty".

This, readers, is Tami Smithers.

If beauty radiates from within, with this unusual 19-year-old girl it found no impediment in making it to the surface -- through her beautiful face, her pretty green eyes which set off shoulder-length dark red unstyled hair lined with the streaks of gray which were the service stripes of her travails, and her slim, taut body, perfectly conditioned through her physical exertions, her skin evenly and deeply tanned, from her months of being exposed to the sun and the elements, to a copperish brown that almost glowed.

Now, as she saw the occasional truck barrel on past and waited for the next visitor to the rest stop, her thoughts wandered to the recent past. The night before, she had, finally, cracked. Intimidated into agreeing to help demonstrate sex devices for a Chalfont instructor on a cross-country tour, she had planned to quit and then take a bus and, using her bank card and credit card, put on clothes at the first stop and then find a job and quit college for a year or two, before continuing at another college with her clothes and dignity (and straight-A record) intact. But at the last minute, lured by the promise of a rented car which would have greatly eased her escape into a normal clothed life, she had been tricked into getting tied up and posing for an "art exhibit" which turned into a psychological torture chamber, complete with freezing air conditioning and images of clothing that drove her almost mad with longing. At the end of which Henry Ross himself showed up and, claiming he knew her plans to get into clothes, elicited the confession that he had tried to get for so long. Then after she confessed he nonchalantly noted that he had no tape recorder and therefore could not take a statement at that time!

The girl had ripped free of her bonds some time later, running half-crazed in the middle of the night down that rainy country road, hiding in the concrete tubes loaded on a parked truck, falling asleep in her exhaustion and mental fatigue, only to wake up a short time ago at this place. Bothered by mosquitos in the tubes, she had hopped out of the concrete tubes to behind this bush as the truck left, its driver oblivious of the extra cargo he had conveyed.

Tami Smithers, the naked girl, was now alone with her thoughts. She thought of Henry Ross. She had confessed -- but he had refused to accept her confession. Was he just being mean? Was he springing a trap for her to deny it -- while lying about not having a tape recorder? One thing was sure -- he was just bluffing when he said he knew her plan of escape. She hadn't told a soul about it. But maybe he had figured it out anyway.

The girl looked down and as her mind worked she flexed her tanned, bare toes, toughened by the months of walking barefoot over every surface, and felt the dry grass bristling underneath. She looked down at her pussy lips, which had been shaven so as to better demonstrate those sex devices, denied even the natural covering of pubic hair, and now exhibiting a tan as deep as the rest of her, right into the center crevice, the little tanned hood of the clit poking out above. Seeing her naked charms brought her mind back to what was important -- the here and now. She hated Henry Ross, wanted to get back at him somehow, but hatred was not going to get her out of this predicament. As for Campbell - Frank College and the scholarship, maybe she was already expelled, but that was a question for later. What was important now was getting some covering. And now that no one knew she was here, not even Henry Ross, she could ask for clothes without fear of any recrimination.

A few minutes went by, more trucks booming by at 80 mph, nobody stopping. The naked girl sighed and stood up. It might be a while before the next visitor. And she had to pee. She thought of peeing in the grass, something she had done recently, but decided to act as the normal, clothed person she would soon become, and use the facilities provided. Also, though she was hoarding the heat after the memory of that freezing art gallery, she had to admit that this sun was hot. In fact it was 112 degrees, the hottest she had ever experienced, naked or clothed, though the effect was less because of the dry air.

She was not looking forward to putting her bare feet onto a filthy, cigarette butt-laden floor, but fortunately the women's room was sparkling and immaculate. As she passed the mirrors over the sinks she tried not to look at herself, but she couldn't resist. She looked like a wild woman, her hair a mess, her nude body so brown and natural as if she had never worn clothes in her life. She had to admit the body was in fine shape; she just wished it was someone else's.

Though the toilet seat was clean, for some reason she found herself putting her feet on it and squatted on it, watching the stream of piss issue unimpeded past her shaved pussy lips. Still perched on top of the seat, she reached back and flushed. The flush was high-pressure and violent, and she twitched as she felt the occasional fleck of cold water hit inside her pussy lips and past the spread valley below and against her most sensitive sphincter.

She sat and thought, cradling her chin in her hand, her toes curled around the sides of the toilet seat. She liked the fact that her nakedness was hidden from view. During her naked life she was grateful for such -

The door creaked open. Then the clip clop of high heels. Two women! Now was her chance . . .

They sounded middle-aged. Perhaps on a business trip, the way they were talking. One got into a stall a couple of doors down. As the lady peed and then cleaned herself they kept talking. About a meeting they were going to, of some kind. The hiding naked girl heard the splash of water coming from sink faucets.

Why don't I just jump out now? Tami asked herself. Yet her bare feet stayed rooted to the toilet seat. This is going to be harder than I thought. A naked girl just jumping out of the stall and asking for clothes. What would they say?

It would certainly look odd. She imagined their first question would be if she was in trouble:

Had she been raped?

Looking down at the rippling clear water of the toilet, she thought of going to the bathroom at her old friend Charlene's house at that Christmas party. Half drunk with egg nog, she hadn't noticed that the door had popped open. She knew later that some vicious acquaintances from high school had taken pictures of her. Charlene had tried to stop them. Good old Charlene. Still on Tami's side, even though she was as startled by Tami's nudity as anyone else, still her good friend. Tami thought of the time Charlene had been raped back in high school. It was horrible and pitiful, seeing her shake and cry uncontrollably like that, even after Tami hugged her and made her tea and stayed with her far into the night.

No -- Tami decided she would not tell these women she had been raped. What she had been through was rough, but not like Charlene's ordeal. To make up a story about being raped was just something she could not do. It would be an insult to her old friend. Tami resolved to just say she was the victim of a sorority prank, which was true.

While she was thinking these thoughts the water stopped and there was the rubbing of paper towels. Time to make her move! Now! Go to it, Tam!! Still she hesitated. Her shyness and modesty were getting in the way, self-defeating as they were. In a moment the door creaked shut and the women were gone.

Tami found courage a minute later. She cleared her throat and rehearsed her words -- "Please do you have something for me to put on, the girls left me here like this as a sorority prank" -- and bolted out into the hot sun. Her bare shoulders slouched with disappointment as she saw the women's little sports car speed off the far end of the ramp and zip away into the shimmering desert heat. Too late.

She felt foolish, standing here naked in front of the rest rooms. She knew her vulnerability -- as a naked girl in the middle of nowhere she ran the risk of being raped for real. She saw a sliver of shade behind the building and decided to hide there and scope out stoppers-by until she found the right one.

After five minutes a fat, hairy, bearded man on a huge black motorcycle stopped by. He gunned the cycle loudly before shutting it off, then as he dismounted cleared his throat and spat, part of the spittle sticking to his beard. Well, this guy sure isn't the one, the naked girl mused as he lumbered into the men's room. In a minute he was gone.

The next arrival was a minivan from which emerged four nuns, dressed in normal modest clothing except for their whimples. Tami almost emerged, but something stopped her. Maybe it was her Catholic upbringing, not wanting to walk up to nuns in her present shameful state, even though it wasn't her fault. Later as they started up and left, Tami shook her head. Her shyness was making her too critical. The biker was definitely a bad bet, but the nuns should have been o.k. With this in mind she screwed up her courage. The next ones will be IT.

An elderly couple drove up in a white Cadillac.

This is IT! Here I go!!

They went into the bathrooms.

This is really really it!!

Realizing how ridiculous her hesitations were getting, Tami finally crept out. She caught the old couple as they were on their way back to the car, mincing up to them with one hand over her breasts and the other over her crotch.

"Could you please -- "

But after a quick glance at her they hurried up into the car and drove off very quickly as if they had not seen anything.

The naked girl stood there in the parking lot, crushed, still covering herself with her hands. They must have thought she was doing this as a joke. Or maybe they just didn't want to get involved. Cold as their brush-off was, she cringed in shame at what those old folks must be thinking of her.

Desolately she returned to her hiding place. Long minutes went by. She saw from the lengthening shadows that it was now mid-afternoon. All this crouching and hiding was making her leg muscles tired. Also, she had kinks in her back from sleeping in that concrete tube. She found herself getting drowsy. Wandering back to the trees, she found a hidden spot of grass and lay down on her stomach. Though the grass was dry and scratchy and poked against her breasts and tummy and pussy, she soon found herself drifting off to sleep, her evenly tanned form stretched out on the ground as she felt shadows caressing her taut butt cheeks along with the beginnings of gentle late afternoon breezes. . .

"Hi."

She thought it was a dream, but then it registered again, more clearly. "Hi there."

She raised her head up and rubbed her eyes and turned. There was a young man in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt and deck shoes, aviator sunglasses on top of his head, holding what looked like a bloody mary. He had a broad smile as if having just heard a good joke.

Tami twisted herself into a sitting position, then brought her knees up together and clutched her hand over her breasts, the other hand drifting down to her feet to hide any view of her private parts from below. "Oh I'm so glad -- I'm stuck here like this -- " Her awakening mind struggled without success to find the full sentences she had rehearsed. "Do you have something for me to put on? Please?"

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 2**

The naked girl and the young man looked at each other for a moment. Her eyes were earnest and pleading as she hugged herself tighter, keenly feeling the dry grass scratching her bare butt.

He sipped his bloody mary. "You seem like you enjoy being naked. . . Where are your clothes?"

Tami's throat was dry. She knew she should have expected this question. "I -- don't have any. They took them away. I mean the girls left me here. As a prank. A sorority prank."

"What sorority?" he asked curiously. "By the way, my name is Kip. Why don't you stand up?" He extended a hand.

If she wanted a favor from this guy she had to be nice. He wanted her to stand up. "It's o.k.," she said, refusing his hand as she pivoted up awkwardly. "I'm Tami," she added out of politeness. She wondered how to answer his question about the sorority. Indeed it was true; the last year of her life had initially resulted from a sorority prank, that stupid initiation dare that Wanda had foisted on her and those other freshman girls, to streak across campus at night, and then Tami got caught by campus security, etc. But for the life of her she just couldn't remember the name of the sorority.

Fortunately Kip didn't press the question. Instead he enjoyed the view. "You really are gorgeous, Tami," he said, taking another sip, looking her up and down. Tami blushed furiously, her hands still over her breasts and her crotch. She could hardly blame him -- she knew her body was something men liked to look at. Yet she could not bear showing him any of it. She looked down and was ashamed even of her bare feet, and put one foot over the toes of her other foot so that at least he would only see one. "I -- I don't want to be -- like this," she said. She returned to her most urgent request. "Can I have something to cover myself with? Please?"

"I think we have something," Kip said. "Come with me." He started to walk away. Seeing her hesitation, he said, "Well do you want clothes or don't you?" All of this is a good-natured, offhandish way. He seemed like a frat boy, one of those rich kids who never had to exert himself and would go on to some important job as a matter of course, and even at his age had the bearing of someone used to ordering people around and being in control.

Tami hobbled behind him and turned out of the little grove of trees and froze. There, sitting at a picnic table, were four other guys, obviously from the same frat. Behind them, in the parking lot, loomed an RV with a beer cooler in the open doorway.

"Well if it isn't sleeping beauty," one of the guys said. He sipped a beer. There was the smell of cooking and they were eating hot dogs and potato salad out of a big tin. "We wondered when you'd wake up."

"Got a nice tan?" another guy said, sipping a beer too.

"Nice shave too," another guy said.

Maybe it wasn't possible but Tami's blush deepened. So they had all seen her sleeping on the grass, maybe they had been talking about her for a while now. And her hand wasn't hiding the fact that she had a bare pussy. She shook off her mortification to get her urgent request out. "Do you have anything for me to put on?"

"I'm sure there's something in the R.V.," one of them said. "Have a seat. You hungry?"

"Have a hot dog," another said, with a smirk, finishing off a beer and putting it next to two empties. Tami noticed that the whole table was littered with empty bottles.

She had to admit she was hungry. She hadn't eaten since the previous afternoon. Seeing them make room for her, she maneuvered her butt onto the cool concrete bench, all the time keeping her hands crossed over her breasts and crotch. With her crotch out of sight below the table, she felt safe in using that hand to grab what was offered her, a hot dog in a bun with a line of mustard on it. She was hungrier than she thought. Her nostrils flared at the aroma. It was down her throat in three gulps. Someone snorted. Another hot dog was offered. She wolfed that one down too.

"You're quite a babe," Kip said. "You go around like that a lot, don't you?"

Tami slowly sipped the soda given to her and began to get a bad feeling about these guys. "Can you please get something for me to wear? Please?" No one moved; the guys just smiled and shrugged. She crouched over as if to hide herself more. Someone put a hand on her knee. She jerked it away. She tried to think fast. Cringing isn't working. I should "just say no".

"Excuse me," she said, standing up, putting her free hand over her crotch again. "I should go."

"Go where?" Kip said. He followed the naked girl as she started to walk away. Tami wanted to run but he had a point. Where exactly would she be going to? Behind her she heard the buzzing of voices at the table. "She goes around naked, man!" someone said -- in the tone of, "She must be asking for it!" She only caught a fragment of what another said, about "just some bitch from that hick town over there, out for thrills".

Tami walked away toward where she had been sleeping, hugging herself, wishing she could do something to cover the view Kip had of her bare backside. "If you're not going to give me something to wear, I'll ask somebody else," she told him, trying to sound strong and disguise the quiver in her voice. As she rounded a tree -

There were two of the other guys right in front of her, having dashed around to meet her. They advanced.

It turned out that the naked girl's first feel of clothing was not welcome -- she opened her mouth to shout when one of the guys stuffed part of a balled-up T-shirt into it -- Kip grabbed her arms from behind and locked them under his armpits -- No matter how loud she tried to scream it was only a muffled whimper through the fabric -- She kicked wildly but the two guys in front of her were very strong, each grabbing a leg -- She found herself being carried toward the open door of the RV -- The other two guys were waiting there with a hands which now grabbed her breasts and started mauling them -- she felt her nipples grabbed and pulled -- a rough finger searching in between her bare pussy lips -- she twisted wildly as her bare toes brushed against the door -

"Mmmmmffff!!"

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 3**

She used her special training and it worked. It was a gymnast move that did it -- the leftward body twist that begins a dismount flip. It freed her legs and her feet came down, stubbing both big toes as they hit the pavement. The naked girl yanked her arms free of Kip and ran, pulling the T-shirt from her mouth and flinging it to the ground. She ran past the picnic table and past the little grove of trees. Past the edge of the grass and onto the bare sandy scrub. Past cactuses and tumbleweeds. She looked down at her bare feet as they flew and stomped and stumbled in panic over the stony sand. She straightened up and her arms got organized, winging alternately as she broke into a track team sprint. Run -- run -- run -

It was clouding up now, and as the sun went away the naked girl looked up saw a small town, just a few buildings, across the wide expanse of bleakness. How far was it? Hard to tell distances in this empty land. Still she had to get there and hide. As she got closer she saw an old wood building that looked like a barn. She decided to head for it. Minutes went by and with agonizing slowness she got closer. Run -- run -- run -

It came up on her fast, so fast she had to almost skid on her heels to keep from banging into it. It seemed to be an abandoned store of some kind. She scooted along to the side and hid behind it. Panting heavily, she peeked around the corner, afraid she would see Kip and his gang right behind her.

But no. They hadn't followed her, in fact looking at the distant rest stop, it was deserted. As she blinked back the tears of her heaving emotions and focused, she saw where the R.V. had been parked and the picnic table. They had made a hasty escape. There was no sign of them now. They'd even taken the red shirt. Of course. They didn't want to leave any evidence. They had done a very bad thing. They had tried to rape her.

Tami thought: I've just almost been raped. She squatted down and hugged her knees to herself to protect her from the world and began to cry. God, God, God, God . . . She thought of her friend Charlene. How horrible that must have been -- oh God, God, God, oh God, -

The naked teenage girl stayed there for a long time, crouched against the side of the building until her legs got tired, finally sitting her bare butt onto the rough stones with her legs straightened out in front of her, hugging her breasts, at times covering her pussy with her hand even though no one was there to see. She rubbed the dried tears from her face, aware that in doing so her dusty hands made her face dirty. Somewhere behind the thickening clouds, the sun set, and the gray light quickly faded. Still she stayed there, long after her sobbing had stopped, looking at the ground, looking at her bare pussy lips.

Now it was night. Tami sensed lights behind her. She got up, brushing away the little stones that had gotten embedded in her butt and the backs of her thighs. Peeking around the corner she saw another couple of buildings, an auto garage and what looked like a service station. They were both closed; the lights must have gone on automatically when dark came. Then she felt the first tiny raindrop on her left shoulder. Soon there was another.

Tami Smithers took a few steps forward, feeling the stony soil under her bare feet, the slight warm wind tickling her nipples and bare pussy skin, another couple of raindrops on her shoulders. She felt newly naked, newly and more thoroughly stripped. Before, she had her bank card and credit card, her driver's license, her ankle pouch, her backpack, and a place to stay. And a plan to escape. Now it was just her lonesome bare body in the middle of nowhere. All she had with her was her body, in the middle of this bleak wilderness.

And she was a target. Quiveringly, achingly vulnerable, a naked girl all alone without any identification, fair game for any rapist. It seemed the biggest danger was not the lack of belongings or shelter but her fellow human beings. She walked around the side of the building very gingerly, afraid of what she might find. The lights cast shadows on the buildings, the abandoned cars, the occasional scrub pine. The shadows moved and lurched and startled her. Hiding within every shadow, in every corner, was another assailant about to jump out and grab her, spread her legs, shove a finger or dick into her pussy or even her butthole -

"Oh God," she said again, hugging herself, thinking of what almost happened. She began to cry anew, crouching down, looking at her dusty toes spread on the sharp, dry, unforgiving rocky sand. She looked over at the service station and suddenly noticed a pay phone. I've got to call the police. Afraid to be seen, she ridiculously duck-waddled forward while clutching her knees, then cleared her throat and decided to brave it. Walking gingerly across the street, arms crossed over her breasts, she looked here and there. Only a few hours ago she was wishing for another person to show up, but now she was afraid of the whole human race and seeing another person was the last thing she wanted. Fortunately nobody was around. It seemed like this whole town was deserted at night. Good -- all she wanted to see was a police car.

She got to the phone, nervous because she was near a street light and could easily be seen, and set herself to dial 911. But then she realized calling would do no good. When they asked her where she was, what would she say? She didn't have the faintest clue, except it was somewhere in Arizona. A little town near a rest stop on an interstate. Oh God . . .

She wandered around the front of the service station, then decided she should get out of the light. She darted behind it and then walked along the brush, looking at each building from behind. She couldn't tell what they were, probably stores. The wooden building she had first hid behind turned out to be a warehouse for auto parts. Raindrops fell now and then. She was expecting real rain to start, but then figured in this dry land this was all they would get. Vague dull flashes appeared near the horizon with the sound of distant thunder. Fortunately the cloud cover kept it from getting cold, it was actually still quite warm.

Aha!

She saw the flagpole from behind the building and coming around to the front her hunch was confirmed. A little post office. "Scrub Flats, Arizona 88314". And in the front, another pay phone. Unfortunately, right in the spotlight of an overhead light. Crouching behind a bush, she made sure doubly sure no one was around. This was easy; there was no movement or sound anywhere except for the faint rumble of thunder. She walked up to the phone and decided to act like she was wearing clothes. As she knew from past experience, it made her feel less ashamed to pretend she wasn't naked, whenever possible, such as when she was alone. She put her arms to her side and began dialing 911, aware that the harsh overhead light threw every naked curve and plane into sharp relief. She glanced down and saw the long conical shadows cast by her breasts down her concave tummy and her thighs, one of the shadows hiding her pussy and one bare foot.

After dialing 911 she waited. As she planned on what to say she relived her recent ordeal and her tears began again. Oh God. . . She felt shaky, crossed her free arm over her breasts . . .

Nothing but silence on the phone. Then a recorded voice, "The number you have dialed is not in service. Please check the number and dial again."

She couldn't believe it. This phone didn't take 911! She looked around the phone for information and then noticed a little sticker on the bottom part. "Police 555 - 1234". She quickly dialed it with shaking fingers. A recorded voice. "You must first deposit twenty-five cents for this call. You must first --"

"SHIT!!" she shouted tearfully, slamming down the receiver. Then checked around quickly to make sure no one had heard. Of course not -- those shadows aren't really moving, she told herself. No one is around to see my naked body, an invitation to rape -- still, she darted back behind the bush to hide. Where would a naked girl get a quarter? She jumped up again to check the coin return in the phone and looked quickly around on the ground. Nothing. Then she shot behind the bush again.

"Oh Rod, oh Mom, oh Dad," she found herself saying as she buried her face in her hands. If only they were here -- she badly needed someone to talk to -

Before she knew it she was up at the phone again, dialing "0" and then the number to make a collect call to her folks. In the middle of it she stopped and hung up, stifling her tears, her tummy jerking in and out as she swallowed them. No. It would upset her parents too much, hearing her distressed voice from a faraway place, crying for help from across the country. The same with Rod. It would feel so good to hear their voices, but it would upset them, and they would be all but powerless to help her. As her breathing calmed down the naked girl realized that it would be selfish of her to make such calls.

In the middle of these quickly spinning considerations she looked at the general store nearby. It had an ATM and there were clothes in the window. Then she looked at the post office. Suddenly she had a plan.

Fortunately this stupid phone company would let her make "800" calls without a quarter. The naked teenager had heard there was an "800" directory, 800-555-1212, and called it now. Cold and impersonal though the operator's voice was, she was glad to speak to another civilized person, someone who wasn't a rapist. She thought of the bank card first. They didn't have a number for her bank, the First Bank of Lowell, that local bank that Rebecca had taken her to last winter when she wanted to open her own account. Well that wasn't surprising. But there was a number for the credit card company. She furiously committed it to memory and dialed it as soon as she hung up.

She didn't remember her account number so she pushed "0" to speak to a customer service representative and listened to the Muzak. She turned around, knowing how starkly her nakedness showed under the bright light, and viewed her surroundings. There was a diner down the road, closed of course. Against a vague flash of lightning she could see low hills beyond. A cold raindrop hit the tip of her right nipple. Another glanced by her left butt cheek. Her big toe pivoted impatiently against the concrete.

"Excuse me, I've lost my card. Can you send me another?"

She gave her social security number as requested. "What's your mother's maiden name?"

"Campanella."

A pause. "O.K. What address you want it sent to?"

She thought quickly. "I'm traveling. Can you send it to the post office at Scrub Flats, Arizona? 88314?"

Another pause. "Scrub Flats, Arizona 88314. It will arrive there in seven to ten business days."

No. NO. "Can't you send it before then? This is an emergency."

"You need an emergency credit card?"

"Long story. Pleeease?" She longed to tell the operator the true facts of her plight, but knew it would sound like a prank call.

Another pause. "Very well, I can send it overnight, but the charge will be posted to your account."

"That's fine, that's fine."

"It's now ten o'clock central daylight time. We can only send it for 1 p.m. delivery."

Tami gulped. This was probably the best she could do. "Okay. Thanks."

The naked teenager hung up and closed her eyes, looking up to the light as if it were divine. "Thank you God," she said out loud, her arms stretched out, then prayed silently as a couple of cold tiny raindrops hit her tanned forehead and then her left breast.

. . . .

She kept mumbling her thanks as she went back behind the buildings, once again hugging herself, watching where she put her feet. Things would be o.k. now. It would be awkward walking naked into a post office, but even during the day she doubted there'd be many people around. And with a credit card in hand, she could take out a cash advance at the ATM, buy clothes, and get going with her escape plan almost like it was before. She realized that, now she knew where she was, she could have contacted the police by dialing "0" and talking to the operator. But now that she was on her way to clothes, it seemed unnecessary. Anyway, she didn't want to recount her story, she wanted to put it behind her.

She went over a few other things in her increasingly sleepy mind. Getting a copy of her driver's license would take some time. Brian Cook and his crowd must have noticed her disappearance. Had they reported her to missing persons? No, they wouldn't dare, not after what they'd done to her. They were probably squirming at the thought she would report them to the police. That gave the naked girl a measure of satisfaction. And she had nothing more to fear from those jerks in the R.V., no doubt hundreds of miles away by now. Still, the trauma of that near-rape, and then the relief at knowing she would have her credit card again . . . It was all too much excitement for one day, and she found herself so sleepy she could barely stand. Fortunately the rain seemed to have stopped.

She staggered over to the diner and saw that by stepping on a crate in back she could make it to the roof, which had raised sides. As good a place to hide as any. And to get some sleep. Though the tar paper was a cruel bed for her naked skin, she curled up on her side and was in dreamland within minutes.

. . . .

She awoke with a jolt, the sun in her eyes. The clouds were drifting away and it was beginning to get hot. She had to stay as low as possible to stay out of sight behind the eaves, and winced as she scraped along on her breasts and belly to the side. As she saw the scene below, a couple of pickup trucks here and there, some people in cowboy hats walking around, she was alarmed to realize she had slept not only all night but far into the next day. The sun was already getting low. Was the post office still open? Shifting her thighs around, ignoring the scraping of gravel, she looked over and saw that it was still open.

Voices carried up from below. She poked her head up the least amount possible. A guy in jeans, snakeskin boots and work shirt was chatting with a woman of about 50 with cat's eyes glasses. His wristwatch glistened in the sunshine. With a slight move the glare went and Tami could see that it was 4 o'clock. Good, she had another hour.

She wanted to pick her moment carefully, a time when the minimum of people were around. Fortunately this town was as small as it seemed last night. Only a few buildings all by themselves, including the post office. A few old houses up about half a mile on a slope. She looked over to the interstate, which she judged to be a mile away. No signs to it in town. She had heard her sociology professor talk about towns like this. So close to the interstate, yet with no access to it, they just died away into little more than ghost towns. This town almost qualified as one. There were hardly more than five people out on the streets at any time.

The naked girl tried to comb her hair back with her spread fingers, then looked down at her naked body. The only thing worse than walking into the post office naked would be to be naked and dirty too, but though she was a little dusty and scratched up from rocks, it wasn't that bad. The one thing she desperately wanted -- aside from clothes, of course -- was food. All she had to eat the past two days was those two hot dogs from those frat jerks. She was starving, and the smell of fried chicken and pizza from the diner beneath her made it worse. After she got clothes, she would walk in and stuff herself!

Now a lone pickup truck drove away and there was no one on the street. The post office seemed to beckon. Now was the time. A timid bare foot reached down tentatively and found the crate on the side of the diner. Then the naked girl hopped down onto the asphalt and scurried quickly across the street and past the flagpole and pushed open the glass door.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 4**

Tami dearly hoped there was nobody waiting. She was right. Not that the two clerks behind the windows didn't notice the naked girl. One, younger and nervous, seemed stunned and frozen to his spot, openmouthed. He regained enough composure to look over to the other, an older man with a sour expression who evidently was determined not to be surprised by anything. He looked at the naked teenage girl up and down with sturdy disapproval.

Tami, a good girl from a Catholic background, suddenly felt miserable and shameful, insolently walking naked into an office of the United States Government. She covered her breasts and pussy with her hands and looked down in shame, a shame that grew more fierce as she considered her dirty bare feet. How dare she show herself in here like this!! The older man didn't have to say it; voices inside her head were already scolding her. Glancing upward she saw the pickup window. It was absurd but in her precarious position she didn't dare just go up to the window, even though there was nobody else around. Instead she inched her bare toes to the yellow line five feet away and waited obediently, looking up gingerly, biting her lip, her hands absolutely frozen in front of her, hoping no one would come in to see her bare behind.

The younger man went over to whisper to the older man. He seemed to be pointing to something behind the counter. Both men's eyes shifted to Tami by and by as they conferred, making the naked girl feel even more of a spectacle on display. She feared that instead of attending to her they would arrest her for indecent exposure. Could postal officers make an arrest?

Finally the younger man took his position behind the pickup window and said, "Miss?" Tami approached, as deferential as a poor peasant making a plea to a stern monarch, and cleared her throat. Still covering herself with her hands, she said softly, "I think there's a letter waiting for me."

"Your name?"

"Tami Smithers. Tami Blanche Smithers." She always hated that middle name.

The man, nervously checking something on the wall, turned and rummaged through a basket behind him. As he slowly went through the letters there Tami held her breath. She looked down and her toes squirmed against the floor. Hurry, hurry . . .

Her fears were realized. She heard the swing of the door and the sound of footsteps behind her. And then the gasp. "Oh Lord!" It was a female voice, an older female. Looking at the glass in front of her Tami saw the reflection of an older couple, a wrapped brown package in the lady's hand. She could make out their faces and they were plainly astonished.

The naked girl clenched her butt cheeks and pressed her legs tightly together in a pitiful attempt to minimize her rearward exposure. She closed her eyes and prayed, pressing her hands more closely against herself. Please God . . . help me through this . . .

"Here it is," the younger man finally said, bringing the letter forward. Tami could see that it was addressed to Tami Smithers, General Delivery, on the letterhead of the credit card company, express mail. The naked girl exhaled. Thank you God -

"May I see some I.D.?" the younger man said, without thinking. Right after he finished he seemed to stop short and look again at the naked girl, then looked up and down at what he could see of her nakedness above the counter.

Tami felt a chill, felt goosebumps rise on her bare butt. She pleaded with her eyes. "N - no. I lost it." She whispered, "And my clothes." Her eyes flashed with panic. "Please??" she whispered softly, partly glancing back at the older couple. "That's my replacement credit card. I need it to buy clothes."

The younger man looked over to the older man, obviously his boss, and held up the envelope. "Phil?" The older man, Phil, came over and looked at the envelope and the naked girl as if both were utterly worthless. "Let me handle this, Pete." Then he addressed the naked teenage girl in a low, raspy voice. "Miss, I don't know what you're pulling here, but you're not going to get this letter without an I.D. Do you have a driver's license?"

Tami stamped her foot in frustration. This was idiotic! "How would I have a driver's license?? Can't you see that I'm -- I'm --"

Phil exhaled in exasperation and asked the question again. "Do you have a driver's license, yes or no!"

Tami looked back at the older couple as if for support, but they were still shocked and from all appearances offended too. Maybe instead of an actual I.D., the postal clerks would accept some personal information. "My social security number is 555-2-7899!" She blurted it out but it had no effect on Phil. "My mother's maiden name is Campanella!" Her eyes getting wet with tears, she said, "Open it up and call them. They'll verify it." She stamped her foot. "Please!!"

Phil was unmoved. "Miss, you know it's a federal offense for me to open a letter not addressed to me."

"Then let ME open it." She quickly moved her hand, exposing a breast, to wipe a tear from her face, then moved it back. It looked ridiculous but she bent forward, trying to extend her hand to get the letter while still using it to cover her breasts.

"We can't give it to you without I.D. Even a girl like you should know that."

"NOOOOO!!" Tami crouched over, pressing her head down against her arms. Bare feet slapped on the cold floor as she stamped them. This just couldn't be happening!

She turned around to the older couple, half out of her mind with shame and frustration. The woman was wearing a sweater, obviously without need in light of the hot weather. Tami was going a little crazy now, a look reflected in her eyes as she approached her. "Please, could I have your sweater?" she said in a quick quivering voice, bent forward and covering herself. "I don't want to be naked, they stripped me, they forced me to be like this, PLEASE -- " -- she reached out for the woman's sweater and the woman seemed to be on the verge of giving the package to her husband so she could take it off and give it to the naked girl -

"ETHEL! Don't!!" Pete held up his hand, nervously checking behind the counter. "Don't give her anything! Trust me!"

Tami's teary eyes looked at Pete in amazement, then back at the older woman who had retaken her package and was shying away. "What's going on here!!" Tami backed away, looking at everyone in stark terror. "Why won't anyone give me any clothes!!" It seemed like a bad dream, everyone conspiring to keep her naked!! A town in the middle of nowhere, nobody knew who she was, yet they were continuing the torture of preventing her from wearing clothes!! She looked at the envelope still in Pete's sweaty hands, and wished she could break through the glass partition and grab it from him -

Phil took charge again. "Miss," he said in the official language of a lifelong civil servant, "I must inform you that you are indecently exposed. I would much appreciate it if you left the premises at once, or we will contact the authorities."

Tami had to get the hell out of here. Her automatic brain took over. Still clutching herself, she scurried out of the post office. Once outside, she minced around the perimeter of the building. She just HAD to get that letter. There was a back door that was open. She darted inside. Only after she had found refuge in a broom closet did she figure out what her automatic brain had planned.

It was risky, but she was going to stay in here until closing time and then get that letter!

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 5**

She was in a little dark closet, the door closed. She hugged herself, crouching against the corner, until the shaking passed. Long minutes went by. Then she heard voices, coming closer. She prayed no one would open the door and find her.

It was Phil and Pete, apparently the only two people working here, and now that it was five o'clock they were closing up for the night. There was the sound of packages being sorted, drawers being closed, locks being turned.

The voice of Pete was first. "We should call." Phil: "No, we're NOT going to call."

"Aren't we going to get in trouble?"

"Look, we can't jump every time some stupid thing comes over the fax. I don't care what it says, that girl's just playing a prank."

Some more shuffling of paper. Pete: "She looked like she was in trouble."

"If she really was in trouble she would have called the police, not gone to the post office."

More shuffling. "That letter WAS addressed to her. She knew it was here."

"How do we know she was the addresses? What if she was someone else and she wanted to steal a credit card? Just have it sent here, take her clothes off in the car, walk in naked, and give that story." Yet more shuffling. "Next thing you know she's up on credit card theft and then we'll be in REAL trouble, my friend."

"That seems a lot of trouble to go to. And she looked so pitiful."

"Con artists are great schemers, and great actors. I've seen some in my time. That girl could have won an Oscar, but that's the way con artists are."

This conversation only made partial sense to Tami. Smart as she was, she was only 19, and had only vague ideas about credit card theft, or post office procedure. But she was forced to concede that based on what he knew maybe Phil was correct in refusing to give her the letter. She sighed. Everything was going against her. She would have to take the law into her own hands. Trespass onto federal property and steal the letter herself. It wasn't really stealing -- after all, the letter was for her, right?

She shifted uncomfortably in the closet as she heard the men finish up. It looked like they weren't going to come in here, which was a relief. Yet it was a tight fit, squatting in the tiny closet, next to brooms and buckets and pressed against shelves of cleaning stuff. It would have been more comfortable to sit cross-legged, but she was not going to put her bare butt on this dirty floor. As soon as Phil and Pete left, shutting the heavy back door, she stood up and stretched. Then waited until the sound of their cars faded away. Then waited some more just to be sure they weren't coming back for something they forgot.

As she slowly opened the door her mind worked quickly. She saw that the back door could be pushed open without a key and there didn't seem to be an alarm. She would get the letter and go out the door and then to the store down the road. But -- in her nighttime wanderings she hadn't checked when the store closed. Hopefully it wasn't at five o'clock. She dreaded the idea of going through another night without clothes (or food). But if she had to wait until morning, it would be worth it.

She felt odd, walking slowly through the back rooms, a naked burglar. It was another dimension of nakedness she hadn't experienced, being someplace she shouldn't be, and feeling even more out of place without clothes. She peeked out of windows from below, hoping to find one that gave a view of the store. She found one that did, and saw to her dismay that the store had indeed closed. Damn!

Well at least now she had time, she had all night. Her first desire was for food. In a small room with a table and some newspapers she found a little refrigerator, but all it had was a half-empty can of soda. She found the bathroom, which fortunately wasn't too disgusting, and drank from the sink. Then peed, and had a nice long poop. Realizing she had to flush the toilet, she was glad it wasn't too loud. Not that anyone would be nearby to hear it. Then, in a wild hope, she looked around for something to wear. Maybe there was a jacket or something hanging up. But no, nothing, except some vile rags in the broom closet which grossed her out just to touch.

It was now dark outside and hard to see. Certainly if she turned on a light it would be noticed from outside -- but there was probably nobody there. Her task would be impossible without it, so she boldly turned on the light in the room behind the counter. If she kept it on and didn't turn it off, maybe passers-by would think it was left on by accident by Pete or Phil.

Now for her task. She looked for the basket that Pete had rummaged through. It wasn't where she had seen it, obviously it had been put away somewhere. But where? There were drawers and shelves and pigeon-holes everywhere. There was a big canvas bag in a metal wheeled frame; she overturned it and, sitting her bare butt on the floor, legs straight out to the sides, she carefully picked through every letter. No luck. She put the letters back and set the canvas bag up the way it was, careful not to leave any trace that she was here.

Uh-oh. A surveillance camera up near the ceiling. Pointed right at her. It was stupid but her first reaction was to cover herself with her hands and dart out of the way. Looking at it from an angle she tried to figure out if it was running. There seemed to be a red light on it but it was unlit. In fact, the camera looked dusty and old. She looked around for masking tape or something to put over the lens, but after a short fruitless search decided it wasn't worth it. If the thing was on, she was already caught. But it looked off.

She kept an eye on the clock. As of midnight she had gone through every piece of mail that she could find. Shit! This is not going well. What if I can't find that credit card? Maybe she would have to go to the police after all. To calm herself she went to the back room and sat at the table, putting her face down. God, she was hungry. She read the newspapers there, hoping she could distract herself with some local news. Time. At least I have time. It was now one o'clock.

The letter must be in one of those locked cabinets. She calmly looked around for keys, opened every available drawer. It really would be a crime, but maybe if the couldn't find the letter she could find their cash drawer and steal a few dollars to buy clothes with. But there were no keys around. Pete and Phil must have taken them home with them. Wait, here was a key on a nail in the wall. It opened a little drawer that held nothing but some special stamps. She thought desperately of sticking stamps on her nipples and over her pussy to cover them, then looked at the canvas bag and wondered if it could be a strapless dress if she tore a hole in the bottom and turned it upside down. She thought of the filmy toilet paper in the bathroom and thought of wrapping it around her waist, or her feet.

Wait, wait. This is ridiculous. She sat cross-legged on the floor and contemplated the row of drawers in front of her, all locked. My letter must be in one of them. Or is it? How am I going to open them, by kicking them with my bare feet? The naked girl looked at her flexing toes and reached the sad conclusion that her burglary was for nought. The only thing to do is call the police, tell them her plight, maybe they could help her get the credit card, or at least put her life together. Certainly the first thing they would do is give her something to wear. Oh God, clothes . . .

She looked at the phone. No, she couldn't call the police from here, not while she was in the middle of committing burglary. She would have to call them from the pay phone outside. Wearily she stood up. Wanting to leave things exactly as she found them, she went to the pickup window station and moved a set of pigeon hole shelves she had been looking behind.

And was arrested by the sight of a single page fax that she hadn't noticed before, tacked up next to the window, the thing that Pete was evidently looking at when dealing with her yesterday afternoon. Right below the weekly sheet of the FBI's "ten most wanted".

The photo on the fax was not clear but it was definitely her face. And there was, on the letterhead of the Chalfont Institute:

"Attention! Urgent mental health advisory!

"Be on the lookout for a young woman who has escaped from our care. SHE HAS BEEN DETERMINED TO BE DANGEROUS TO HERSELF AND OTHERS. When decompensating she has been known to divest herself of clothing and shoes and enter public offices, asking for covering. Do NOT do as she says. She is psychopathic and our observations have shown that any attempt to give her clothing tends to trigger violent and uncontrollable response.

"This young woman will answer to the name Tami Smithers, but is resourceful and can claim other identities. She will appear as a roughly 20-year-old Caucasian female, red hair, green eyes. This bulletin is being sent to all post offices and law enforcement agencies as part of a nationwide effort. She was last seen in the Southern California area on August 1 but her present whereabouts are unknown. Report any sightings AT ONCE to the local authorities and to the number below so that medication and commitment can be arranged. Call below for further information. [Signed] LeGrand Fortescue, M.D."

The naked girl's eyes were wide open in horror and shock. She didn't recognize the name of this Dr. Fortescue but seeing the telephone number she recognized the area code and the exchange. Campbell - Frank College, in Vermont. Then the dark silence outside was split by a siren and the flashing of lights. The naked teenager took a quick look up at the camera and panicked, shooting out the back door, which locked behind her, and into the cold clear night.

The siren belonged to an ambulance answering a call from an elderly person living up on the hill. In a moment it was gone and the little town was once again silent and dark and motionless.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 6**

As the two exquisitely tailored men looked out the great window to the valley below, even now a few yellow leaves dotting the beautiful Vermont countryside on this still, hot August morning, the one in the black three-piece suit, Henry Ross, spoke next.

"It says, she is mentally ill and dangerous, her modus operandi is to walk around naked, and to report her at once."

The man in the grey suit, Dean Jorgon, said, "Can I see it?"

"No, I don't have a copy. Deniability, you know."

The Dean wrinkled his chin. Then looked out the window and sighed, noticing the perfectly pruned row of trees on the campus green. "And you sent this out to where?"

"We faxed it to towns in southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, along the same interstate that's near Brian Cook's gallery. It is logical that she would begin to head east along that road."

"Quite a longshot, isn't it, thinking that faxing this to post offices and police departments would work?"

"It's not as unlikely as it seems. I think a naked girl would attract attention. It's very possible that people who see the fax would have heard about the naked girl, or vice versa. We might well get some calls, enough to begin our investigation."

"So whom do they contact?"

"The fax has a fictitious psychiatrist name out of Chalfont and a number that's connected to an answering machine in an empty office somewhere on campus."

Jorgon showed the trace of a smile. "You won't tell me where?"

"No." Ross, too, had a trace of a smile. "The answering machine has a neutral announcement. And caller I.D. just in case. If someone asks questions we can just stage a fake investigation into it and call it a prank by persons unknown." Now Ross turned to face Jorgon. "Percy, I think this is a good way to find her and flush her out. She's smart enough to know that a naked girl alone is in a lot of danger. The first thing she's going to do is go to the police or walk into a public building. And bingo."

"The police or whoever call us with their story and we finally catch her rejecting nudism?"

"Exactly."

Jorgon's brow furrowed. "Henry, we're putting out a written communication calling her a nut. Isn't that libel?"

Ross shrugged dismissively. "I doubt very much she'll ever see the bulletin. Besides, her parents are probably too stupid and uneducated to know any of the right lawyers. And they'd have to sue in Arizona or wherever the fax was posted. Even if they were, uh, sophisticated, I doubt they have the dollars to bring a lawsuit out there."

Jorgon sighed again and his shoulders slumped. "So -- to go through this again -- she didn't crack, not even in the middle of that . . . exhibition."

"No."

"I'm not comfortable with these tactics, Henry."

"It's for her own good. She doesn't want nudism any more than we do." Ross tried hard to feign a tender tone. "Her being without clothing is very bad for her, besides being very bad for us."

Jorgon was deep in thought. "I offered her clothes. And she said no."

"She had every reason to think it was a trick."

"True." Another pause. "I'm getting very tired of this whole thing, Henry."

"This is our last ditch effort. I don't want to state the obvious, but the situation is out of our hands. You realize what's going to happen in September the minute she steps foot on campus."

The Dean smirked mordantly. "If it's a BARE foot, that is."

The two men looked out the window silently.

Finally Jorgon shook his head quickly as if shaking off a bad dream. He reached under his vest to adjust his belt and sat down behind his big oak desk. "That was some buffet at Brignon's book party last night."

Ross nodded. "I stuffed myself on that shrimp."

"Me, I filled up on the turkey." Jorgon rounded his finger under his white starched collar. "Goodness, it's hot in here. What happened to the air conditioning?"

Henry Ross shrugged amiably, pulled out a handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his own forehead, and looked out the window with an inscrutable expression.

. . . .

At the same moment this conversation was taking place, three time zones to the west a naked 19-year-old girl crouched and shivered on the dirty tar paper roof of a diner, watching the rising sun with hollowed-out eyes.

She had been unable to sleep through the freezing night. Besides being naked and cold and exhausted, she was dirty and hungry. She hadn't eaten in almost two days. Hugging her knees to her chest, looking down at her gritty, dirty toes, she tried to stop the shivering but just couldn't. In fact she was on the verge of hypothermia, the temperature having hovered around 45 degrees Fahrenheit all night.

She felt the urge to cry again but she had no more tears left in her -- just the dull sad sense that this really was the end. She went over her situation again in her fogged mind. She knew now that she had not been expelled from college -- not yet. But the choices before her were stark, as stark as her nudity. She could lurk through the world as a naked girl, alone and vulnerable in a world full of rapists, not being able to go to the police. Or she could run in crisis to the authorities, and then -- ? There was a nationwide manhunt for her. She would be medicated and committed to a mental hospital. Maybe never to come out. She remembered a dream she had once, about Henry Ross having her committed for the rest of her life, 60 years or more, naked and crazy.

She could call her parents, or Rod, but how could they help her? Not while she was way out here, thousands of miles away. And it would upset them. She loved them very much and didn't want to hurt them. She had to get back to them on her own. But how?

The diner had just opened. The naked girl's nostrils flared as she smelled the eggs and potatoes cooking below. In her misery she waddled forward a couple of steps, looking at people coming and going, clothed, warm, fed. And here she was up above, having to stay out of sight, naked and freezing and dirty and exhausted and hungry. Surely God couldn't have such a fate for her in mind, starving and freezing to death so horribly.

The naked girl looked up at the sun, her eyes exhausted reddened slits, and prayed in whispering tones that shook with her now violent shivering. "P - p - please God - d - d." She closed her eyes. "W - what p - pur - pose . . . Don't . . . want . . . t - to d - die. . ."

She kneeled there, eyes closed, as the shivering began to die away and the life started ebbing out of her.

"Rebecca!!"

It was the hoarse voice of a construction worker. Tami stiffly leaned forward to look. A tough-looking woman of about 40 came out to meet him, she wearing a hard hat too. "I see your diet went to hell again, Travis." Travis set down a bag of take-out on the wood crate below. "What's taking Bill so long?" They both went inside.

The aroma of scrambled eggs, coffee, and home fries wafted up to the hiding naked girl. Her eyes opened wide. Seeing she had only seconds to act, she jolted herself and her cold stiff bones into action. Tough, dirty bare feet hit the crate, and the bag disappeared upward.

Tami apologized to the construction worker in her heart, then quaked with relief as she silently opened the bag and grabbed the plastic fork and started wolfing down the omelet, the toast with margarine, the home fries with bell peppers and onions, the coffee. This guy was a big eater, had ordered a big meal. Life returned to her, she felt warm again. She heard the three workers come out and wonder what happened to Travis's lunch, looking around and around, seeing no one in the vicinity, finally after ten minutes concluding that a raccoon must have made off with it. Travis ordered another breakfast and the three were soon gone in their county pickup truck. By this time the naked girl was smiling and lying on her back, not minding the pebbles scraping her butt cheeks, rubbing her full tummy, feeling the caffeine do its work. Though the temperature had hardly risen much, she felt warm right down to her toes.

Tami looked over to the sun and saw that it was rising over a patch of cactus. Saguaro cactus, with fruit where flowers had been. She remembered from her wild plants course that saguaro fruit was edible!

"God, you have given me life again. I know my purpose now. I will use all my wits and all my strength in Your loving protection. I WILL find clothes and make it home safe to the people I love! I WILL!"

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 7**

The naked teenager, her body stretched out into an "X", her hands and feet grasping the pine trees three feet apart, looked up and closed her eyes and said her daily prayer.

"Please God, let me find clothes today. And get me back safe to the people I love."

She opened her eyes and walked back to where she was before, and sat down cross-legged, not minding the rough stones and sandy gravel pressing up against her bare butt cheeks. She looked down at the remains of her "meal" -- a small cactus, some mesquite branches, and mint leaves. She listened for the roar of passing trucks, several hundred feet behind her, and was glad that no one could see her.

She was lucky to have found the mint especially, she mused as she cleaned her teeth with a cactus needle. Thank goodness she remembered all she had learned in that "Stalking Wild Plants" course -- including the fact that no cactus was poisonous, at least on the inside, which was a rich source of moisture and minerals. The mesquite was tough chewing but also nutritious. And the mint was a real find. Chewed after using the cactus needle, it was just like brushing your teeth.

"Luck". No, it was not all luck. She glanced back at the now out-of-site interstate, having scrambled here after getting off that truck. She had gotten here not through luck but through planning, easy to do now that she had so much time and only one goal. After eating Travis's yummy big breakfast, she had kept a watchout from the top of that diner, observing the trucks come and go, overhearing what conversations she could, while enjoying the heat of the sun on her back after that miserable freezing night. Surely her fastest way east would be to sneak onto a truck; after all, that first ride had taken her all the way into Arizona. Trucks that arrived from the west were surely going east, she reasoned; they wouldn't come to a place like this and then turn around. A couple of hours of observation bore this out, and she waited for the right truck to hop onto. At length she decided on a straight truck with wood sides topped with chicken wire, holding a few pieces of farm equipment. By sticking her head up she could see all the way around, and if she saw someone walking back there she could hop out the other side. With the police after her she had to be sure of an escape route.

She waited until no one was around, then jumped in, crouching next to what looked like part of a plow blade. It almost went without saying that looking around, she saw no jacket or rag of any kind to cover herself with. Finally after twenty minutes she heard the driver, evidently an old guy who coughed a lot, get in and off they went. The truck found the interstate and rumbled eastward. Sticking her head up ever so slightly, Tami was able to see the signs go by. It was a good couple of hundred miles, good progress, but then this guy took a fork onto a southbound route and Tami watched helplessly out the left side as the eastbound road pulled farther and farther away. She could not risk staying southbound. She was probably close to Mexico now and the last thing she wanted was to be on a truck as it rolled into customs. She had never been out of the country, but pictured customs agents as being very thorough.

A few miles later they ascended a hill and the plow blade slid across the truck bed, almost pinning the naked girl. The guy stopped the truck and got out, presumably to check the plow blade, and Tami knew she had to bolt. She nimbly flipped over the side, her bare soles silently landing on the hot concrete, watching under the truck as the big work shoes walked back the other side. When he was undoing the gate in back she shot off to behind a bush, then scampered over the little rise, down a little gulley, and then over another little hill to where she was now.

She found a little cactus and with a sharp rock pushed it over and cut it open. The fleshy part inside had an indifferent taste but was nice and moist. Then she recognized the mesquite plant and pulled it up and started chewing on the tough stalk.

Now, having finished her little snack, she looked down at her dusty feet, her dusty breasts, the dust on her concave tanned belly, then down at her pussy, the stubble of her hair starting to grow back in. She was dusty but her belly was full and she felt good. Now she had to pee, and she got up and squatted, elbows on her knees, cradling her head in her hand as she contemplated the scene before her. As the pee hit the dry sand and made a warm little yellow river coursing down in front of her, she looked across the blank sandy expanse to that ridge, far away, along which ran the eastbound interstate that she had to get back onto.

That road was real far away now, extending across her field of vision, a little farther away as it went to her right. She could just barely make out the big trucks on it as they slowly and silently moved across. How far was it? The only way to find out was trigonometry.

Tami Smithers, the straight-A math major, had no problem at all with that. She was always excited when she found a way to use all that abstract knowledge in her real life. A little straight branch stuck in the sandy gravel. Then, uncomfortable though it was, she lay on her belly to get a line drawn from where the trucks could be first seen, with another stick planted right in front of her eye. Little stones scraped her nipples, her tummy, her thighs. She tried to lessen the scraping on her thighs by balancing her legs on her big toes. Then a third stick in line with where the trucks disappeared on the right. She picked one truck and counted the seconds it took to go from stick to stick. One one-thousand, two one-thousand . . .

Two minutes, 20 seconds. She picked another truck and counted again. Roughly the same. She guessed they were going 70 miles an hour. She drew lines from stick to stick. The law of sines. This angle in front of her, it was possibly about 15 degrees. What was the sine? 30 degrees would be .5, as any math major knows off the top of her head. Fortunately she remembered the formula for finding the sine of half an angle, a pain because it involved taking a square root. She got up, brushing the little stones off her, and with a stick wrote out calculations on the flat area of sand in front of her. She was on all fours, her brow furrowed with thought, her toes behind her digging into the dirt, her breasts tightly hanging down and jiggling with the busy motions of her left arm. This was not an isosceles triangle; possibly the right side was as much as twice the length of the left side. . .

After checking her calculations, she found that the highway, at least where the trucks appeared, was at most 8 miles away.

She remembered walking to mass on Sundays in high school, it was about a mile, and took her about 15 minutes. Four miles an hour. She could make that eastbound highway easy, in two hours, plus some time to rest.

This mental activity was making her sleepy. She was grateful for the shade from this little pine, otherwise it would be unbearably hot. She knew from last night's bitter experience that she could not sleep outdoors on cold desert nights. She couldn't start out now, in broad daylight, and risk being seen maybe by a police car from the highway. She decided she would sleep by day, travel by night . . .

She couldn't really believe she was doing it, but she laid her bare body onto the sand, and curled up, and . . .

The cold air woke her up. She must have really needed that sleep, to sleep naked on dry rocky soil. She groggily got up and staggered to her feet, brushing away the tiny stones that had gotten embedded into her bare hip and her arm and leg. There was some lighter sky behind her, but the sun had gone down. She saw the distant highway, vivid with the pale shadows of the slow-moving trucks now studded with lights. In a few moments, as the sun left the far ridge, all she could see were the lights, beading slowly along.

The naked girl waited until she was sure it was too dark for her to be seen, then said a short prayer and with a spring of her bare toes ran down the hundred yards or so to bottom out onto the flat expanse of sand. Fortunately it was not soft, which would have made for slow going -- it was firm like baked, dried mud, in fact now that she was treading on it she saw it had little cracks in it. She slowed to a quick walking pace and looked behind her, at her temporary encampment home on the little hill, then looked ahead.

How utterly naked I am now, she thought. Just me on this flat dry plain, not hidden by trees or bushes or even grass. Nothing to carry, nothing to wear, not even my old ankle pouch, not even a toe ring. She looked up at the stars now coming out, amazed as more and more and more appeared until, with the sky almost black, she saw something she had heard about but never seen before, the Milky Way. My galaxy. Just me and the cosmos.

She had read about pioneers and explorers, slowly trudging through deserts with their wagons and heavy clothes, and decided that survival out here depended on traveling light. In fact, it was not possible to travel any lighter than she was right now. No bags, no clothes, just her naked body. She felt light as a feather, and found herself skipping along, her tough soles kicking up what little dirt could be kicked up from this hard, baked plain. Trained gymnast that she was, she even started doing cartwheels.

A few minutes of this giddiness and she stopped herself. Wait -- I've got to preserve my energy. I'm in the middle of a totally flat plain. My calculations might be wrong, that ridge might be a lot farther than I thought. So, though she was hardly winded, she slowed to a gentle walk. This was a moonless night and it was hard to see, yet her eyes did get a little bit used to the dark. She looked down and looked in back of her. She could at least see that in the hard ground she was not making any footprints. She had heard about spy satellites, how they could take pictures of things as small as cars, at least in daylight. Well, there would not be any intriguing line of bare footprints for them to see when the sun rose.

The night air was a little chilly, raising goosebumps on her butt, causing her nipples to stick out big and hard, as if pointing the way forward for her. Any other girl would have been traumatized, fearing hypothermia, totally naked and miles from anywhere, but not Tami. She knew that God would protect her somehow, so long as she was smart. That triangulation she had done with those sticks, she knew that was a smart thing. She thought of the things that God had thrust her into, naked in all kinds of situations, and wondered if there was some purpose to it. What purpose? That word kept running through her mind. Then she caught herself. Maybe I'm getting swell-headed. I'm just a ordinary naked teenager, walking through the desert. There is no Grand Purpose for Tami Smithers.

Her thoughts were then arrested by what she saw, and she slowed down and stopped. She was looking up at a black sky filled with more stars than she had ever seen. Every corner of blackness was filled -- either with the milky glow of her galaxy's disk, or tiny specks, or the bigger stars that made constellations, finally the brightest stars like Sirius or Rigel. Arab names, given to them hundreds of years ago. And now that big one must be Jupiter. A planet. Planets no doubt circling many of those stars. Without clothes, without belongings, without shelter, just her elemental body, without any of the trappings of her culture or civilization. She knew herself to be a species she called homo sapiens, and now as a representative of her planet and her species she was looking across the universe. Was there some naked Tami, some young female filled with awe and wonder, looking down in her direction from one of those faraway planets?

It was not a prayer, really. But Tami looked up into the stars with wide open eyes, pupils big and black in the darkness, taking in the starlight to the fullest, and slowly spread her arms and legs into an "X", like an antenna, as if to expose herself to the energy of the cosmos and receive it and transmit her own energy, the energy of her species and her planet, communicating with all other beings in the universe.

Then Tami Smithers, motorhead, Irish-Italian working-class girl from Providence, shook her head and giggled and began walking on. I get loopy sometimes, I sound like some of those "New Age" guys on campus. As her friend Terri noticed, they seemed to talk this way only to good-looking girls, never to guys. Yet . . .looking up at the stars she admitted that this was different, she could not deny the intense feeling. She wondered if this feeling was not merely a result of being naked all the time and walking through the nothingness of this desert, but came at least partly from someplace outside the borders of her bare skin.

. . . .

She approached the ridge now. Maybe a hundred yards ahead were the first trees and the beginning of the rise. It had taken a couple of hours. There was still plenty of night left. Her skin felt flushed yet cold like, long ago, when she would go jogging in shorts in the winter. She looked down at her toes and flexed them to get the blood moving. They were cold but O.K. It turned out that in front of the highway was a side road on this part of the ridge. Not only that, but there was a little town off to the left, and straight ahead the road ran past a couple of stores, it looked like a gas station and a little convenience store, both closed up and dark. Crossing the last of the flat plain, Tami came across a big branch. She stepped on it and it cracked in half, making a sound that seemed to reverberate after so much silence. She bit her lip and froze. No, nobody would have heard that from such a distance.

She began climbing through the brush, making her way up to the road. It was hard not to make noises as branches and underbrush crackled under her tough bare feet. She moved very slowly. When she got to the road she saw that behind the convenience store was a table with a couple of unopened cans of soda. Obviously nobody was worried about theft way out here. Well, gee . . . Hiding behind a tree, she snapped open the can and drank in the cola with its sugar and caffeine . . .

**The Unintentional Nudist XI: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 8**

The way up to the interstate was rocky and steep. In the blackness of the cool still night the naked girl crawled like a crab up over pointy little boulders, grabbing with her toes as much as with her fingers, aware that anyone looking up would have a straight-on view of her butthole, but of course there was no one down there. She heard a car or two passing, but by then she was well out of sight of the road, just another clothingless animal lurking about in the brush.

She emerged from the brush onto the embankment of the interstate, dry long brown grass that felt soft and welcome beneath her feet. She climbed the steep rise up to the road bed, then ducked as a truck boomed by with a blast that blew the hair half off her head in its wake, wind that she could feel in every crevice and tickling the short stubbly hair on her pussy. She heard another truck go by, then another. At night this was a busy road, at least for trucks. And probably going faster than 70, which meant the dried mud flat was wider across than she had calculated. Gingerly she crawled up to the roadbed again like a lizard, her knees spread wide, pussy and nipples resting on the grass, and looked to her right.

The sign was far away but in the lights of a passing car she could make it out. "Rest area -- 10 miles."

Ten miles! Then again, it was better than she could hope for. She had been expecting an exit, leading to another diner to wait on top of, but she had noticed that the exits here out west were far apart. A rest stop would be almost as good, though -- a place to find a kind person who would give her clothes without having to call the police. She stuck her head up again, like a chipmunk, looking at the eastern horizon up ahead. No sign of light yet. Could she walk along the interstate, out of sight, and make it to the rest area before she lost her only covering, the covering of darkness? She turned around and relaxed, stretched out on the soft grassy slope and looked up at the stars. She didn't feel too tired. She had probably walked ten miles already. Maybe a couple of hours of darkness left. Well here I go!

The engineers who built this highway had done an impressive job. The embankment was a straight V-shaped strip of dry grass as far as she could see, with a gully in the middle for drainage. Her father had worked on highway design once, she had heard him talk about the importance of drainage. The naked girl got up and started walking.

The gully itself was full of rocks, she had to walk along one side. When her feet got tired of bending to one side, she walked on the other side and her feet got bent the opposite way. She imagined this was a good flexibility exercise for her foot muscles. Above all she had make sure there was no injury to her feet.

She imagined that the chill air prevented her from getting drowsy, but as she finished mile by mile she could feel herself getting tired. Finally she saw the rest area up ahead. It was getting light out. She couldn't risk being seen from the road below. She found a secluded spot maybe a quarter mile before the rest stop, turned around and around like a dog to stamp the grass flat, then curled up in the little flat grassy bed. She saw the sky lighten and the long shadows appear, then the shadows got shorter and the air got nice and warm. The teenage girl lay her nakedness down in the soft bed God had provided for her and with a soft moan drifted off to sleep, the little sticks of dried grass like hay in her wild dark red hair.

. . . .

The sun hitting her face woke her up. It must be mid-morning by now. She got up and brushed the dry blades of grass out of her hair, off her breasts, then pulled them out from where they had stuck to her short pussy hair and even lodged behind between her butt cheeks. Time to approach the rest stop and form a plan. Her previous experience with a rest stop had taught her to be careful. She remembered the college-age girl with the little car full of clothes, whom she had so foolishly let get away when she had first escaped from Brian Cook's gallery. She had to pick someone like that, then without hesitation come out and ask her for clothes.

Looking up she could see the building ahead containing rest rooms. She could also see guardrails that must be right next to a parking lot. Aware someone walking there might see her, she retreated down into the brush. When she was directly below the building she found a water pipe going up to the building, coming out from the ground. And a little concrete platform that looked like a maintenance station, with knobs and valves. And a little spout!

She put one bare foot on the pipe and felt water running inside. She hadn't bathed in three days. Should she? She looked up. No one could see her from here unless they went around behind the building.

It was almost as impulsive as her decision, long ago, to wash all that stinging boiler muck off herself in the sprinkler in full view of everyone in her dorm. But not so horribly shaming this time, and somewhat more voluntary. She slowly turned the knob until a moderate stream of water came out, bubbly and burping at first, but then clear and cool. Gratefully she stuck her head under it and rinsed and scrubbed a much as she could with just her bare fingers. She washed the dust from her eyes, from her face, rubbed the water around her neck. Then onto the rest of her whole naked self.

It took some contortions, like a limbo dancer, but she bent and twisted so that her breasts, then her back, then her thighs and calves felt the cool running of the water. She rubbed the water all over herself, joyously, sensuously, almost like her body was one big clit and she was diddling all over herself with the water and her rubbing hands. She rinsed her feet, getting the coolness between her toes, and felt woken up and alive. She rinsed out her mouth and took a long, long drink. She was thirstier than she thought after all that walking.

Feeling like a total exhibitionist, like a wanton slut, she bent back on her hands and spread her legs and crab-walked her pussy into the downward stream. Balancing herself on one hand, with the other she spread her pussy lips. The water felt cold in there but it was so good! She thrust her hips up, putting her pussy right next to the spout. Hmmmm. . . . Cold as it was the force of the water on did get her a little aroused. Then she flipped around onto all fours and stuck her butt up right next to the spout, again balancing herself on one hand as she cleansed her butthole.

She stood up and shook the water off herself like a dog, and gathered her hair behind her and squeezed out the excess. Then looked up at the building. No, no one had seen her. She looked back down at the spout and turned it off. God, that felt good. Thank you God, for giving this to me and letting me feel all these wonderful sensations.

The hot dry sun lovingly and quickly licked her dry as she bent this way and that to expose every part of her perfect, tanned body to its gaze.

Now back to work. The naked girl crawled up to behind the building and stuck her head up to see. No, no one in the parking lot. There were two little open windows in the back. Which one was the women's room? No, those windows were too small to climb into. The pointed roof was inviting. Could she? Yes -- there was a fence in back of the building and she used it to hop on top of the rear part, not minding the scraping of the gritty tar shingles onto her belly and knees. Crouching on the warm roof, she looked down the road, putting her head back down when someone drove past.

Now a little yellow car came up and parked. As Tami watched, her head just barely above the line of sight of the roof, a young blond woman jiggled out of the car. In the back of the car Tami could see suitcases and what looked like several hanging closet bags -- of clothes! The naked girl bit her lip with longing and prayed. Please God . . .

The lady looked about late 20's, with stylish summer sandals and a kerchief tied lightly over her abundant platinum blond hair. The kerchief had a Union Jack design; maybe she was English. The car had California plates and Tami guessed this lady was moving from one state to another, carrying all her belongings -- and clothes -- with her. Oddly, she had on a dark turtleneck sweater zipped up to her neck over what looked like a summer dress. Her cover-up attire did little to hide the fact that she had a very generous bust. Looking the lady over as she approached the building, the naked teenage girl decided that this lady looked sweet and kind. Surely the type who would help her and give her clothes, of which she seemed to have a great many.

The naked girl waited for the slow creak of the closing door below, then scampered back and hopped onto the fence. She was around to the front in a flash and shot inside. The lady was in a stall. Tami got into a stall further down. No time to wait; she wasn't going to procrastinate like with those two women at that other rest stop. As soon as the lady was out and began running water in the sink, Tami decided to make her move.

Not that it wasn't harder than she had thought. Faced with another person, she couldn't bear to expose her nakedness. At first all she did was open the stall door and stick her head out and say, "Please, Ma'am, can you help me?"

The lady saw her in the mirror and looked back with immediate concern. "Hello?" She did have an English accent after all. "What's wrong, luv?"

Tami cleared her throat, ashamed that this lady could see her bare feet, feeling her awkwardness because with the stall door open she was pinned against the toilet seat which had who knows what kind of germs on it. "I -- my friends -- my sorority -- they took my clothes and left me here as a joke -- naked." Now that she finally had the chance to say her well-rehearsed words, they were so difficult coming out. Tami was just not a good liar. "Could you give me something to put on?"

The lady looked down to the floor and whispered, "No, not again. That hospital . . ."

"What?" Tami said.

"Never mind," she said, then looked at the quivering naked teenager behind the stall door. "You poor thing!" She reached for the ring of the zipper on her black sweater, right up at her neck. "Here, dear, let me give you this."

Tami watched as the lady fiddled with the zipper. Feeling uncomfortable where she was, she decided to be bold and step out, hands over her breasts and pussy, so that she was standing in front of the lady. She watched as the lady's large breasts jiggled with her motions.

Finally, a friend! Tami just had to introduce herself. "My name's Tami," she said.

The lady paused in her struggle with the zipper and offered a hand to Tami, which she bent forward to clasp so as not to take her arm away from covering her breasts. The lady said, "My name's Jenny, luv. Jenny Hamilton. You don't know how much I understand how you feel! Now," she said, returning to her zipper, "after I give you this there are some things in the auto you can have. You poor thing . . ."

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 9**

The naked girl watched as Jenny continued to struggle with her zipper. "Love, I've got lots of things you can have," Jenny said, her breasts jiggling. "I -- uhh! -- had a mishap at my last job in Los Angeles, but I got an offer in Florida and my friend Ashley's arranged a flat. . .Darn this zipper . . . So it's my moving day and all my clothes are in the auto. Shoes, pants, socks . . . you name it . . .Just let me get this thing on you . . ."

It was almost unbearable for Tami to wait these last few seconds before she would be finally covered. She just could not stand being all exposed, the bareness of her feet on the clammy floor, her bare butt, her bare shoulders. Jenny represented the world of clothed persons, and in a moment Tami would finally make the transition back, being part of that privileged class that Jenny was a member of. The naked teenager wanted to tell Jenny to hurry, but she didn't want to be rude, and the English lady certainly seemed to be trying. The naked teenager clutched her hands to her breasts and pussy more tightly, pressed her legs together, put one foot on to cover the toes of the other, waiting, waiting . . .

Tami knew that for the first time she had encountered someone who was nice and not out to get her, who was ready and willing to give her the clothes she so desperately craved. With this lady, at last, she could relax. She unwound a bit from her tightly coiled nakedness. As she relaxed she began to enjoy the ironic humor of the situation. She couldn't help smiling and said, "You sure seem to have difficulty taking things off."

Jenny rolled her eyes and then returned to the stuck zipper. "If you only knew . . ."

Why Jenny was wearing a dark coverup sweater on a hot day, over a summer dress and sandals, was a mystery. Maybe to hide her bust? Not very successfully, though this lady did not have huge boobs like Marisol. Speaking just between us girls, Tami said, "You seem like you have a lot to cover with that," Tami said.

"Unhh!" Jenny tugged with such force that the zipper almost broke. "I'm a 38CC."

Tami was puzzled. Jenny didn't seem that fat. And -- "I didn't know there was such a size."

"Actually there isn't," Jenny said. "What those girls did to you wasn't right. You should report it to the police. Oh shoot!"

Jenny's arms flew downward in frustration and both young women looked at her neck, the ring now broken off the zipper, and then at the ring in Jenny's right hand. She'd never get that sweater off now, short of cutting it open with a scissors!

"I'm sorry, luv," Jenny said, looking into Tami's eyes. "I feel for you, really I do!" And then, to Tami's surprise, Jenny hugged her, crushing Tami's hands and breasts between them, Tami enjoying the fabric of the sweater and summer dress against bare skin. In her ear Tami heard a whisper: "I feel like you're my little sister!!" Jenny disengaged and headed for the door. "Stay here hidden. I'll get

some things for you. What size shoe do you wear?"

"Um, 9," Tami said, thinking quickly. Actually it was 8, but after months and months of going barefoot she probably needed something bigger.

Opening the door, Jenny said, "I've got some sneakers that would be perfect. And sweatpants. And a T-shirt. And socks --" Her voice disappeared with the closing of the door.

The naked girl stood there awkwardly, then finally let the hands fall from her breasts and pussy. She edged back into the stall, then closed it in front of her and closed her eyes in prayer. "Thank you God. Oh, God, at last! In a few seconds I'll finally have CLOTHES! CLOTHES, CLOTHES, CLOTHES! Oh God thank you SO much!!" She sniffed and fought back tears.

She waited. Maybe one minute went by. The sense of anticipation was intense, she couldn't wait. She couldn't resist going to the door and opening a peek -

There was a police car! A highway patrol car, having pulled up next to Jenny, who was standing outside her car, one arm weighed down with clothes, the other hand holding sneakers stuffed with white rolled up socks. Jenny, a look of concern on her face, was speaking to a female officer in the passenger seat. Tami could make out the words and saw Jenny pointing toward the building. "They took all her clothes. I think she might want to bring charges. 'Tis a terrible thing what happened."

The female officer got out and followed Jenny toward the rest room.

In stark terror Tami looked around. That little window in the back was too small but it would have to do. She grabbed the sill and propelled her head through, realizing she would be falling head first outside. Fortunately there was that fence to grab onto. She dragged herself through the window, the sill painfully scraping against her breasts and thighs and finally the tops of her feet, then she hopped the fence just as she heard the creak of the door opening. She ran frantically in a diagonal down through the brush which scraped her breasts and tummy and legs. She didn't care -- she had to get out of sight of the police and FAST!

Officer Biggsette thought of looking through the rear window, but by that time there was nothing to be seen back there and in a moment her stern visage was fixed upon Jenny Hamilton and contemplating criminal mischief charges. Plus, she had noticed that this Hamilton lady's inspection sticker had expired. . .

. . . .

NUDE GIRL ALERT

Tami stood on Main Street and contemplated the headline in the window of the newspaper vending box.

Not that she was out to expose herself. This town was called Tombstone Flats, New Mexico, and according to the sign the population was 326. And it was around 3:30 a.m.

And freezing. She hugged herself, her legs together, her toes almost numb standing on the gravel, watching her breath come out in clouds. Well, maybe not "freezing", as in 32 degrees Fahrenheit, but still pretty cold.

Her eyes shifted left and right. There was not a soul around -- except there was a police car patrolling somewhere, she had seen it from the roof of that store where she had hopped after getting that ride on that empty cattle truck. It was a daring jump; the interstate wound around a hill and suddenly she could see this little town right down below her. It was just after dark, and as the truck got into low gear to climb up the hill, she jumped out into a sandy gully on the side of the road which fortunately was as soft as it looked.

She wasn't too worried about the police seeing her. If she heard the car coming she could easily leap into an alley, and it was so silent here that she could hear it from quite a distance. She just didn't want to be caught in its headlights.

She looked up and down this "Main Street", this short line of stores and offices on each side, the drug store she was standing in front of, then her bare shoulders drooped as she concentrated again on that newspaper.

NUDE GIRL ALERT

Obviously the headline was about her. Obviously the all-points bulletin sent out by Chalfont -- at the instigation of Henry Ross, it was easy to figure out -- was still in effect. But what did the article \*say\*? The headline was just above the fold in the paper, a broadsheet, and she had no way to see the other side. She wished she had a quarter to open the box with. She had looked, but there were none on the ground nor in the return slots of pay phones. And kicking the vending box open with her bare foot, that would not only hurt, but the crashing sound would reverberate through the whole town, attracting the police. The risk wasn't worth it. She stared a hole in that headline and finally realized she just would have to never know what it said.

She thought of that bulletin in the post office. She squeezed her eyes shut. Damn that Mr. Ross! What an evil, sadistic man! Will he ever stop torturing her?! She thought of the many humiliations he had subjected her to during that awful weekend "helping out" at his house. How he was at the bottom of all the bad things that had happened to her. And now, he was threatening to have her committed. That, especially, scared her. She had heard once about a newspaper reporter who faked his psychiatric diagnosis to get committed to a mental hospital, but then lost track of his contact person and couldn't convince the doctors to let him go. They thought his story was just a manifestation of his paranoid delusions and he ended up being stuck inside.

If they caught her way out here, Mr. Ross would have her committed out here too, thousands of miles from help. And somehow she knew they would manage to keep her naked! She imagined herself having to undergo "total nudity therapy", and had a fleeting image of herself up on a treadmill, on a pedestal for better viewing, head and pussy shaven, having to run with frantic sweaty bare feet and bobbing breasts as a doctor in a white lab coat paraded class after class of graduate students to see her. "You see here this unfortunate patient, the victim of advanced psychotic delusions, we have to keep her without covering and exposed at all times as her permanent lifelong therapy . . ."

Tami shuddered and idly kicked a pebble with her toe. Well, no way I'm setting myself up for that. I will make it home somehow, finding clothes along the way, without ever letting myself fall into the hands of the police. The naked girl had a grim determination now. And was getting more confident that she'd succeed. After all, she had gotten through three big states already, almost a third of the distance back to Rhode Island.

With all the plants she was finding, she would solve her biggest problem, food. For which she could also thank the easygoing habits of store owners out here. Just two hours ago she had found an shed behind a grocery store. Inside were hot dog rolls and jars of olives. An unorthodox late-night snack, but she enjoyed it. And then a bonus, a jar of strawberry jam.

A flash of headlight far to her left and she darted into the alleyway. She crouched down as the patrol car approached and meandered by. Then it was gone. She mused on what a boring job it must be in this town to be on late night patrol. Her uncle was a cop, and he had talked about how boring patrolling was.

The naked girl, squatting in the alley, looked down at her toes in the dirt. There was a stone nearby. An odd thought came to her. It was hard to see in the darkness but she scrawled in the dirt with the stone:

"Tami Smithers Was Here"

It was a little crazy, but it made her feel good. She stood up and thought of erasing it with her feet. But she decided to keep it there. Her little poke in the eye to Henry Ross.

She decided to go back to her favorite place in this little town, the roof of the hardware store next to the gully. She hopped onto some barrels and was on the flat tar roof in two minutes -- looking across at the back of the little clothing store, the dress on the display mannikin, complete with shoes and nylons, that was still brightly lit. And with the back door half open!

She had spent a solid half hour looking at the steep drop between the two stores. It had to be thirty feet, a fatal jump into what was total blackness. As she looked down she had to squint into the glare of the big floodlight on top of that pole next to the interstate, hiding from its glare behind the little brick chimney which scraped against her breasts. In the cold her breath formed little clouds in the glare. She kept crouching there behind the chimney, peeking around it to look at that dress, watching the little clouds of her breath, hearing the big trucks boom by on the interstate above her.

It was so pitch dark down there that she couldn't see anything -- not that it would matter. A jump would be impossible. How could she do it? She looked to the sides of the clothing store, but there was nothing next to it, no way to climb up from the sides, and there were high walls on each side, one forming the side of another store, the other simply a high wall that must have had some other purpose at one time but now just stood there, twenty or thirty feet high, mocking her, daring her. And climbing around the tops of those walls would do no good -- aside from shining like a beacon for the police to see, a naked girl lit by a floodlight, there was just solid brickface above, no way to climb down to that dress from above.

A pitch black pit to jump into. Impossible. Yet that dress was so pretty, blue cotton, a little frilly for her taste, but about her size. And the white shoes and nylons. . . God . . . Her freezing toes flexed on the gravelly roof behind the chimney and she felt almost about to jump forward, a bird in flight, to get that dress, or whatever else could be got behind that half-opened door.

Finally she decided to quit torturing herself. She climbed off the other side and into the gully and peed, then found a hidden spot and went to sleep. When morning came she crept onto the roof of a nearby diner and, after about an hour of waiting for the right one, caught a truck.

It got onto the eastbound interstate and whipped around the hill, going terrifically fast, not with the slowness that had allowed her to jump off the cattle truck. Once more the naked girl, peering through a hole in the canvas, saw the little town beneath her, this time in daylight. And then she saw that there was no pitch dark pit at all, there was a series of steps going right down from the roof of the hardware store to the back door of the clothing store, painted black so that she could not have seen them. She could have just walked down there and grabbed the dress, or had her run of the clothing store. Upon realizing this, there was nothing for the naked girl to do but cry.

. . . .

NUDE GIRL ALERT

A HOAX

Albuquerque, August 6 -- A series of fax notices sent to police and post office locations in the Southwest, warning of a psychotic nude woman demanding clothes, has been revealed as a hoax.

According to the fax, the woman, whose name has been withheld, would disrobe in her car and then enter public buildings and demand clothes. The fax also stated that attempts to give her clothing would trigger psychopathic and violent behavior. A telephone number to a Northeastern college was given as a contact number for psychiatric guidance, stating that she was an escaped patient from an associated institution.

The college, which has requested not to be identified, has informed the FBI that this was clearly a hoax and though the telephone number had the college's exchange, an internal investigation had indicated that no students, faculty or staff were responsible.

Said Henry Ross, counsel to the college, "This was obviously a sick joke played by someone who just picked a college number out of a hat."

A spokesman for the FBI said that their investigation is continuing but because no one was harmed their file on the matter will likely be closed soon.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 10**

2:12 a.m. Somewhere east of Tucson, Arizona, two miles north of the interstate. A wide plain faintly lit by the nearly full moon. Largely a desert, though dotted with low shrubs. Temperature, 57 degrees F. A small dot on the plain, a bit taller than the shrubs, somewhat lighter in color. Zooming in, one sees that this is naked 19-year-old Caucasian female. Zooming in further, she is standing, hands on hips, looking

downward as she contemplates a barrel cactus.

The barrel cactus, a real prize. Very sweet and so full of water that it would practically pour out, or so she had learned. She is very thirsty, not having had anything to drink since she surreptitiously opened the faucet behind a service station the night before. She is a bit cold, her wanderings off the interstate tonight having served to keep her warm. It would have been more quenching to drink from this cactus when she was hot and sweaty, but standing around in the daytime would have been too risky. This naked female is a wild creature of the night who stalks the wilderness for food and drink at night. She drinks water whenever she finds it.

Tami's brow furrowed. The problem was how to cut the cactus open. It was covered with needles. She needed a knife, but she had no knife, no tools, no clothes, just her bare body and her brain. She looked down at her bare feet and flexed her toes. Tough as her soles were, they were no match for these needles.

Fortunately she had time to think. Though she was getting cold again, and kept warm by running in place. Then, jogging out and around the cactus in a circle of maybe a hundred yards radius, the moon throwing a ghostly running shadow against the sand, Tami revolved like a naked planet around the focus of her attention. After two Tami-years she got her idea and headed in for the cactus. Finding two little flat rocks, she clutched them together in her left hand and tried to pull out one of the needles. It came out after a little effort. Sitting cross-legged on the rough sand, the naked girl slowly and diligently pulled out spine after spine until there was a clear area big enough for her foot to rest against. Standing up, anchoring on the other foot, she spread her legs wide and pressed her foot against the cactus. The muscles in her concave tummy flexed and she grunted as she exerted more and more pressure. Finally the cactus toppled over, exposing the soft underside, which the girl had no trouble scooping out with her hands. The water, which she drank again and again from her cupped hands, was delicious and strangely sweet, just like they said.

. . . .

2:45 p.m. Somewhere west of Las Cruces, New Mexico, three miles south of the interstate. Temperature, 93 degrees. Sandstone country, ridges, big rocks. Her tanned brown skin looked nice against the redness, had there been a photographer to take advantage of it. The teenage girl sat on the warm rock, crouched in the painting-toenails position familiar to all teenage girls, her head resting on her knee, calmly and contentedly finishing the last toe, the little toe of her left foot. Not that she was painting, there being no toenail polish in her world. Nor any clothes, or shelter. But though forced to go without clothes, she was no weirdo, just at heart a normal teenage girl who liked to get pretty. She had found, just as she was sneaking off from the truck stop, a little sheet rock nail on the ground which triggered this

inspiration, to engrave designs on her nails.

While walking out to this sandstone formation she had thought about the design. Her first idea, hearts, she decided against; on a naked girl it might give people the wrong idea. She decided finally on little suns, much in keeping with what she was doing now, also a favorite pastime of teenage girls, namely catching rays. Having been attracted to this rocky formation from afar, she selected this nice flat rock and went to work.

The first task was to get her nails clean and even. With a sandy stone she filed them down, all twenty of them, a task that took some time, but time was something she had plenty of. She cleaned her nails with a needle from a nearby cactus. She worked very carefully, engraving very lightly, putting suns on each fingernail, a little ball with eight rays. Being left-handed, doing the left hand was awkward, but with painstaking care the suns on that hand ended up looking the same as the ones on the right.

Finally, the little left toe was finished. A real, real tiny sun on that one. Putting the sheet rock nail aside, the naked girl looked down on her outspread fingers and toes, twenty little suns wiggling in the sunshine, a fine and professional-looking job that she was proud of.

. . . .

"Oops, I did it again . . . I play with your heart -- unhh!"

The naked girl grunted and twirled, dancing on the flat sand next to the rock. This was her favorite Britney song, she had seen it on MTV a number of times, and had memorized the moves. Though Britney would not have done it stark naked as she was. Jerking her hips, doing high kicks, in such good physical shape that she was not even winded as she sang out the lyrics, nice and loud into the hot desert air, Tami Smithers was proud, for once, to think that Britney would be envious of her body as well. Maybe her voice too. She could really belt out here in the wilderness, and discovered something she never thought about before, that she had a pretty nice voice.

When both bare feet landed flat on the sand with the last chord, her head down and hair covering her face, the naked singer stood motionless for a few seconds to accept the loud cheers. Then she started the song all over again.

After three renditions, the naked Britney brushed her hair back and headed to that little barrel cactus next to the flat rock. Ten minutes later, her thirst quenched, her tummy full of saguaro fruit, she lay back on the rock, stretched out into an "X", feeling the sun caress her all over and inside too. She lazily glanced at the sheet rock nail, which reminded her of putting up the ceiling at Jeremiah's house in the Vermont winter, holding the sheet rock up while Rod hammered it in, looking every two seconds at her hard nipples poking out at him in the chill basement air.

She brought her legs up and her hand went to her pussy. "Oh . . . Rod . . ." The naked girl reached orgasm two minutes later, eyes shut, smiling into the sun. Then rolled over into the shade of the tall rock next to her, and dozed off.

. . . .

This was heaven, she told herself, walking along the row of orange trees in the late afternoon sun. The hired help had knocked off an hour ago; she had watched from her hidden perch in the last tree as they talked to each other in Spanish and piled into their pickup truck.

Oranges, oranges. . . Even the air smelled like orange rinds. She had to have one. With practiced moves she climbed the next tree, not minding the bark scraping her thighs and arms and butt cheeks. She pulled an orange off and discovered something she never knew about freshly picked oranges: it was so heavy and full of juice that she could not bite into the rind to peel it off. It was too squishy. She was stumped only for a few moments; it turned out one could pierce the rind with the pointy end of a branch. She tore off a little piece of the rind, but then found that a full fresh orange was still too squishy even to section. The naked girl happily hung upside down from the branch, looking down the orchard, straggly hair hanging down, tight breasts with nipples pointing slightly downward, and squeezed the orange, and drinking the most delicious juice she had ever tasted through the little hole, wiggling her

toes and wishing only that she had her man with her to share this paradise.

A few minutes of this and she realized that it was actually kind of hard to drink while you're upside down. She uprighted and found a steady perch, steadying herself by putting a heel on each of two splayed branches, her back against the trunk. She drank one orange dry, then drank another, then another. All the time thinking about Rod and getting horny. There was only one thing to do. Turning her feet outward to prop herself up against each branch, wrapping one arm around the trunk behind her, she pleasured herself, thinking of Rod. A fleeting memory occurred to her of the last time she had been splayed thus in a tree, and of Henry Ross and the Dean interrupting her sweaty grounds crew labors to stare up at her gaping sex and deliver the crushing news that had ruined her initial plan for a summer job. Now, as she crested and came down again, then started on the way to her second orgasm, she felt the soft breeze and savored the delicious orange juice and her memory of Rod and had another fleeting thought, namely that right now she was having a better time than either of those mean old men and this was a kind of sweet revenge.

A sigh and a deep breath and she was feeling sleepy. She looked at the grass below, wonderfully lush and green. Hopping down, confident no one was around, she began to lay down on the soft bed God had prepared for his naked child.

"Eeek!"

The cold water shot right up into her still gaping pussy and she jumped. An underground sprinkler system was something new to her, certainly the last thing she expected. And the water was cold! Clutching her arms around her breasts, she danced backward -

"Eeek!"

Another shot of cold water from a sprinkler behind her, this one right at her butthole. She danced forward, only to suffer another shot to the pussy. Jumping to the side, attacked by another sprinkler. They were all around, shooting at her no matter where she jumped. After the initial surprise, the easygoing, post-orgasmic girl giggled and quickly knew that the only thing to do was enjoy the situation. Why not, there was no escape; the sprinklers ran the length of the grass along this row of trees.

It was a shower, something she hadn't had in days. Though this was the first time the water had come from below. She rubbed the water all over herself, spreading her arms to get at the armpits, bending over to get her face and hair, even squatting right on top of one to clean inside her pussy. She used her trick of opening her pussy and then her butthole to get washed up inside, though feeling the cold water in there chilled her to the bone. She squirted the water out, front and back, and ran down the length of the row, then back. Finally pretending she was in a softball game, she slid head first along the slick grass, feeling it rubbing her nipples and her pussy.

After five minutes the sprinklers stopped. The naked wet girl, bits of grass all over her, was lying full length on her tummy, head resting on folded arms, watching the setting sun and feeling its warmth drying the droplets on her tanned butt cheeks.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 11**

The big red ball of sun disappeared behind the distant interstate, and also behind the naked girl's bare shoulders. She stood straight and tall on the prairie, having walked up and down several rolling hills, the soft warm wind, which blew constantly in one direction, licking her nipples and newly covered pussy and scattering her scraggly hair, and contemplated the dark sky to the east, what lay ahead.

She had made her decision. No more straddling the interstate, chasing trucks and hiding from police in little roadside towns. She knew from studying the highway map in that diner that the only road to the east led down into El Paso, and now she was closing in on it. A big city, a big blotch on that map. A city was not a good place for a naked girl to be, especially one who couldn't go to the police, and then there was the possibility that whatever truck she was on would go straight through to the Mexican border, where she would be found by customs or immigration agents. Given her luck so far, she couldn't count on finding clothes before she got into such trouble. Good thing she was able to hop out at that parking area back there where the trucker had stopped to catch a few winks.

That diner had been a godsend. She had overslept on the roof and awakened around midnight only to find that it was closed -- but they had left the back door open! Another thing that probably could only happen in the middle of nowhere. She had gone in and gorged herself, on hot dogs, apple pie, juice, and a sandwich. Though she had been able to find enough wild things to live on, it was good to eat civilized food for a change. She then washed herself in the sink, something she did whenever she had the chance. Then, as a lark, she stole a pen from next to the cash register and gone up to the roof, where on the bleached white tar paper she wrote: "Tami Smithers Was Here".

It was only the next morning, after the diner had opened and she was looking down watching the truckers come and go, that she realized she could have looked for an apron or something to cover herself with. And by then it was too late. In a way it was almost funny.

Though her sense of modesty was with her always, though she was subject to constant feelings of shame, she recognized that she could not let it drive her crazy. Fixating on getting clothes was clouding her thinking. The important thing was to get home. Clothes would come, she told herself. First things first. There were too many police around these interstates anyway.

Now, on the hilly prairie off the interstate, the naked teenager felt the bristly brown grass under her feet and strode forward. This was her decision: to just walk due east, walk and walk and walk. Given the approach of El Paso, she didn't have much choice. But she had been good at finding things to eat and surviving outdoors, and the land was not so much of a desert here. It was brown grass and low trees, some cactus, and the occasional ravine that might hold water and that she could hide in during the day to sleep. She was quite sure that as she went east the land would get more and more moist and lush. Walk during the night, sleep during the day. Sooner or later she would happen upon a little town far from police and trucks and bad people, and a nice little house with a kind hearted lady who would give her clothes and let her sleep over while she called the credit card company and then, in the morning, make a trip to the post office that was more successful than the last one. Maybe she could get some I.D. this time by calling Terri, who had the rest of her things in Vermont. Have her send them by overnight mail to the nice little house. As for her dream of going to some unknown town and starting life over as a clothed person, well, that would be nice, but she was beginning to think that somehow, someway, her ordeal had to be resolved back where it started. She was determined that she would NOT go

through the fall semester at Campbell - Frank still naked.

She calculated that between spurts of running and walking fast, going maybe ten hours a night not including rest periods, she could cover 50 miles a day. In one week she would be -- how big was Texas anyway? -- halfway through? How weird. 50 miles would take her from one end of her home state to the other and all the way back again. What a big country, what a big state, what different kinds of people she had met, both good and bad.

She searched the dark horizon. This was sparse land but surely within a day or two she would find a little town and, after hiding and scoping people out for a few hours, pick the right person to go up to.

So she walked, away from the interstate, into the darkening night. Naked and alone and confident. She had no clothes but she had her mind and her body, and she would use all her strength and all her knowledge. The naked teenaged girl knew that God would protect her so long as she was strong and smart and brave.

. . . .

Her first night walking across the prairie was as uneventful as expected. With nothing but emptiness in front of her, no clear destination, nothing around her, nothing to cover her, the girl ascended to yet another degree of nakedness, now there was yet another type of covering that was stripped from her. And the night air was a bit chilly, but she knew that nights were not so cold as they were in the desert. The grass was mostly short and crunchy but occasionally longer, particularly on the wide valleys between the long, low hills, and she felt it tickle her legs and thighs and occasionally even up to her pussy. It was dark and she didn't see any lights in the distance except some to the south which she watched for a long time during a break, sitting cross-legged, feeling the bristly grass poke into her inner crevices. The lights seemed to be moving and were probably vehicles on a distant road. She decided not to pursue them and to continue east.

Her bare back crunched against the grass as she lay back, her legs still crossed, and contemplated the starry black sky. Again, the Milky Way. She saw a faint round glow in the east which rose slowly and after wondering about it for a few minutes, seeing it slowly rise, she knew what it was: the gegenschein. She had heard about it in her astronomy class last semester, and recognized it from the slides the professor showed. Caused by reflection of interplanetary dust, it lay directly opposite the sun.

She got up and walked, going mile after mile over the blank brown landscape, lit only by the stars. And by the gegenschein, this anti-sun which rose and traveled across the sky, allowing her to chart the progress of the night as much as the sun showed the progress of the day. She looked up and recognized the pole star, and kept her bare footsteps going strictly due east.

When the anti-sun was in "late afternoon" position, a faint glow appeared on the southeast horizon. She stopped to observe this latest celestial event, catching her breath, her nipples rock hard against the chill night air, the low constant wind that blew even now. The event was the rising of the full moon, a breathtaking and beautiful sight that she had never experienced in its fullness, in such clear air on a flat horizon. The huge bright disk rose bigger than she had ever seen it. It was another time when she felt like she was the whole homo sapiens species, unadorned, standing there the way God made her, on her home planet watching its satellite lit by the unseen sun that was on the other side of the planet that she felt beneath her feet. Then she continued onward in the ghostly light, that allowed her to see some wild onions that she uprooted and chewed on as she walked along. In fact it was almost too bright; she worried briefly about being visible, but there was no one around for miles.

She wondered what this land was used for. If anything, it was a cattle range, she decided, but she didn't see any sign of cattle. She did come across a low, half-fallen barbed wire fence, that stretched across the low hills and disappeared over the north and south horizons. She crossed in a spot where it had completely fallen down and continued on, looking back only briefly.

As she padded on, no sound except the crunching of grass and the soft whisper of the wind, she realized how simplistic it was to think of this as bleak, as "the middle of nowhere". In fact she became aware of more and more sensations, sights. The Milky Way and constellations, the gegenschein, the moon. The ground might look bleak but was pretty interesting once you recognized the wild onions, the occasional cactus, the ravines. She saw some holes in the ground and even detected two or three little animals -- prairie dogs? chipmunks? gophers? -- scurrying some yards to the side. So much interesting stuff around her to see and feel and experience. More interesting, it seemed, than some places she had been which were full of people and buildings and the trappings of civilization.

The sky ahead started getting light. It was always unearthly to her, this predawn glow, as she sensed her planet slowly turning its face back to its sun. She came to some short wild shrubs in a ravine, she forgot the name, but she knew the berries were edible. They were good. Her eyes were getting blurry. She curled up behind the shrubs, with a final thought. Her skin had developed a beautiful deep all-over tan, but she still had to watch for the hot Texas sun. Knowing the sun was worse in the afternoon, she made a point to lie down on the east side of the shrubs so that in afternoon she would be in shadow. She was soon asleep.

She had a dream. Herr Remmler was in it, as she last saw him, old and frail in his pajamas. She was a naked angel, big white wings behind her, and she was pushing him in a wheelchair, ascending up into Heaven, through the clear blue sky dotted with clouds. She woke up, seeing it was the middle of the day, and felt tears in her eyes and knew what the dream must have meant.

Now she got up, intending just to look around before she went back to sleep. She crept up to the edge of the ravine. Nothing around except more prairie. She would have another night's walk ahead of her before she came upon anything.

. . . .

Clothes hanging on a line.

And sheets, and towels. Covering.

The naked girl, like a scavenging animal, had crouched below the rise, observing the big farmhouse for an hour now, wondering if anyone was home. It was only a few hundred feet away, on the other side of a straight two-lane highway. "State Route 463". "Thornhill 8 Miles". The occasional car whizzed by, the occasional truck. Parked in the driveway was an big Chevy. A big metal mailbox, with the name "G Kaplan". The house was surrounded by overgrown bushes and vines. She guessed that retired people lived there. Definitely no signs of children.

It was now late afternoon. She had walked most of the day before this lonely house came into view. The sight of clothing flapping on a line could only be gripping to the long-naked girl. She licked her lips. And then looked around. This was not untamed prairie here. There was a field of corn, now high and getting brown, a few hundred yards to her right. There were other fields stretching out into the distance, most of them mowed, maybe wheat or something that had been harvested, though Tami had only a vague idea about such things.

Now she heard a faint buzzing behind her. Way off near the horizon, a little airplane was flying low to the ground. A crop duster, she guessed. And someone who could see her if it came this way. She saw it turn toward her. Thinking fast, the naked girl ran the several hundred feet, hoping she wasn't being spotted, tough soles flattening the chopped-off stumps of thick grain, and plunged into the forest of corn stalks, the soft leaves flapping against her breasts and thighs.

She penetrated about twenty feet in and hid. Then she wondered if she had made a big mistake. That little plane: would she now get dusted with some pesticide? She tentatively stuck her head up through the corn. No, the plane didn't come near, apparently doing its work on the mowed fields beyond. Odd, crop dusting where there weren't any crops. Behind her, the buzzing slowly died away into inaudibility.

She crouched down again. All around her was a forest of corn, big floppy leaves that shook gently with the wind and caressed her butt and shoulders and knees. And looked up to see three husks right in her face. She smiled. God had been keeping her away from clothes for some reason but was making sure she didn't starve. She peeled off the husks and ate. It was sweet and delicious, better than any cooked corn. Maybe from now on she would eat corn raw.

Now she became aware of bugs descending on her. She crept to the edge of the corn to where she could see the farmhouse. Looking back, seeing the crop duster was far away, she dashed back to behind the rise. What should she do? Steal the clothing off the line in broad daylight? Knock on the door? She decided it was best to wait for darkness. It would increase her options.

The sun was about to set. Now a creaky old car, maybe a Studebaker vintage 1959 or so, came down a side road across the highway from behind another stand of corn. It stopped at the corner. An old lady got out, carrying a bag which she set down. She looked dressed up in an old-lady kind of way, complete with flowered hat, dark green dress, black nylons. The car left and she waited. This was apparently a bus stop.

Tami smiled as the old lady took out a cell phone. I've got to stop judging people by appearances. This lady was all 21st century.

It got dark. The naked observer's eyes adjusted to the light. The lady sat down on her bag, then used her cell phone again. Tami guessed she was calling whoever was expecting her to say the bus was late.

And now a big truck came whooshing by.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 12**

The truck, a huge semi, blew down the stretch of dark highway, blowing its horn as it quickly receded into the distance and disappeared over a faraway rise. The blast of air that was its wake was felt even by the naked girl, hundreds of feet away. Soon all was silent and then she recognized what had just happened.

A gutteral grunt, audible to the sharp ears of the naked scavenger. As her eyes focused she saw the dark crumpled figure on the ground and realized the truck had hit the old lady.

Tami gulped and hesitated only for a second. The crumpled form was barely moving. Trying to forget her nudity, she bounded over the rise and crossed the road, her bare feet softly slapping on the asphalt still warm from the recently set sun, and knelt over the injured woman. The lady's face was to the ground. "Ma'am?" she said, setting a firm grasp on the woman's shoulder to let her know someone was there.

"Oh God -- please -- " The lady tried to roll toward Tami but winced in pain. Tami tried to see where she was hit but she didn't want to risk moving her. She spied the cell phone which had been thrown to the gravelly road shoulder and grabbed it. Thank God, it was not broken. She dialed 911. "Police? Emergency here. A lady got hit by a truck on" -- she stood up and looked at the signs -- "Route 463, 8 miles west of Thornhill. Outside the house of G. Kaplan." She looked down to the crumpled form. "She looks badly hurt. Please hurry!"

"O.K.," said a nervous voice. "Is the other vehicle still there?"

"No," Tami said, looking down the road, her voice choking with anger. "I don't think he knows he hit her. He just drove on." She wished she could have gotten the guy's license plate, the bastard.

After a pause the voice said, "We have an ambulance free. We'll be there inside of ten minutes. Is she bleeding?"

Tami said, "I can't tell. I'm afraid to touch her. It's too dark to see."

"Do you have anything to cover her with? Like a blanket?"

"Um. . . no."

"Just stay with her and hold her hand. We'll be there in a few minutes."

Now what? The naked girl knelt over the old lady again and found her skinny wrinkled hand and held it tightly. "Please try to hang on, Ma'am. The ambulance will be here in less than ten minutes."

The lady tried to speak, then swallowed. "Lord -- something on that truck -- caught my hip . . . Thank you . . ."

Tami held the hand, and rubbed it. She didn't know anything about emergency medicine, she didn't know what to do. She prayed, please God, don't let this lady die. She asked, "Can you breathe all right?" Hoping the answer would be "yes".

"Yes," she said, "it just hurts on my hip." Tami exhaled a little; it seemed like maybe it was only a glancing blow and the lady would end up O.K. The lady turned her head and looked down at her leg and, bracing it with her hand, moved it slightly with a grunt. "I don't think anything's broken." Then she looked up at the teenage girl who had saved her life and her eyes widened. In a weak but surprised voice she said, "Good Jesus, girl, where are your clothes?"

Tami swallowed, still kneeling on one knee, still holding the lady's hand. She wanted to cover herself but besides being awkward, it seemed self-centered and petty to worry about. After all, this lady's life was in danger. Seeing the lady wanted an answer, Tami said, "Don't worry about me. I care about YOU. I want YOU to be all right. Please be all right!" She squeezed the clammy hand.

The old lady winced again and lay her head down on the road. She seemed to be trying to breathe evenly. "Go get some clothes on you."

Tami looked around. The impact had thrown the lady into the lane of traffic. In her dark clothes she was all but invisible in the dark. Tami would have to stay and wave off the cars. "I wish I could move you," she said. But that would be dangerous. But more dangerous than lying here to be run over by the next truck? What to do!

The teenage girl's dilemma was solved by an approaching pickup truck which had quite naturally slowed down after noticing from afar what looked like a naked girl in its high beams. As it got close and Tami found her nakedness in its headlights, with an ambulance and probably the police to arrive any minute, there was only one desperate thing to do. She gave the lady's hand a final squeeze and put it down, then bent down to give her a little kiss on the cheek. She whispered, "Get better." And then darted back to the barren field as fast as she could.

Two men in cowboy hats got down from the pickup. They had noticed the injured woman and one went down to her, while the other made a motion toward the dark field where the naked girl had run -- did I really see that?? -- before glancing back at the farmhouse, after which he went over to join his partner.

Tami rolled down into the little valley through the sticks and dirt, then stayed there, curled up in a ball, holding her feet, listening. Then, like a soldier emerging from a foxhole, she crawled up on her belly to her old lookout spot on the edge of the rise. She had a thought of bolting back into the corn field, but then the ambulance came and then the police. She might be seen if she tried that now. After a few minutes they had put the lady on a stretcher and everyone had left, even, somewhat to Tami's surprise, the pickup truck.

Tami put her head down onto the dirt. Please God, let that lady be all right. She kind of thought she would be, but it made Tami sad to realize she would never know.

Once again, the naked girl looked across at the farmhouse, now more dully and with less interest. There was a light downstairs; people were home. And now, floodlights went on all around it, illuminating the sheets and clothes on the line and bringing the shaken girl's attention back to her intense desire for covering. Once again she licked her lips, looking at those clothes.

A stern-looking old woman came out with a basket and started taking the clothes and sheets down. Tami wanted to jump out and say No! No!, but that would make her look like a crazy naked girl and the mental health people would be called.

Tami tried to take her mind off the accident and focus on getting into those clothes. Or ANY clothes those folks had. She decided to let the lady finish up and then go over and knock on the front door. Minutes passed. Tami got on all fours like the naked animal that she was. Then she started to stand up, noticing that her body was all dusty and scratched from rolling around in the dirt, then gingerly rose further to expose her nakedness to the harsh light of the floodlights. This was not going to be easy. If they were looking this way, the sight of the brightly lit naked girl approaching their house would explode like a flashbulb right in their faces.

The naked teenager ran to the highway and then, suddenly getting cold feet, cut left and ran into a stand of corn to the side of the house. It was then that the dogs started barking. She peeked up over the tops of the corn. From her new angle she saw a pen in the back yard, lit by yet another floodlight, filled with yelping dogs. Three or four big dobermans. Tami began to get a bad feeling about these folks, a feeling which certainly did not improve when a tall man came out with a rifle.

And, after looking around, including taking a look at the stand of corn Tami was in, he fired a shot into the air.

Tami froze, horrified. She could barely see the man through the thicket of corn, but that meant that maybe he could see her too. She stayed absolutely motionless, holding her breath. The man looked around again. He had a funny kind of soldier hat, which (though the teenage Rhode Island native did not know such things) was a replica of a Confederate Army cap. She did recognize the stars and bars. Tami found herself praying another urgent prayer, this asking that she not be shot at. Being naked made her vulnerability twice as acute. Please . . .

The man turned back inside. Tami waited for the dogs' yelping to die down. She tried to think of how to escape. She had forgotten all about clothes; the only thing on her mind now was to save her bare skin. She looked around at the leafy stalks that lay against her nipples and butt cheeks and thighs. It had been a big mistake to hide out here in the corn. The slightest move would make a sound and set off the dogs again.

She gulped and did the only thing she could -- run away in the opposite direction as fast as she could. Keeping her head down, she flung her way through the corn in the darkness, trying to see where she put her feet, pushing the stalks aside with her hands. In the distance behind her she heard dogs and then gunshots, relegated to the back of her consciousness by the adrenalin that helped her run, until a bullet zinged by to her left. "No - no - no - no - " she whimpered, running faster, not caring any more if husks and stalks hit her in the face or rocks and sticks bruised her bare feet.

Fortunately the ground descended a bit and she was out of the line of fire. She kept running. She came to a clearing and straightened up and sprinted, going into her old track team pace, bent arms pumping, long strides, trying to measure her breathing to maximize her endurance.

Blessedly there was a stand of trees about a quarter mile ahead. The naked girl flew into them and then leaned against a big trunk, panting, the heaving of her concave tummy. She looked back. There was no sound. She saw no lights as if from a vehicle going after her. Indeed, by now the highway was far away and out of sight. She was back in nature, away from people. Squatting down, putting her head between her knees, she let go and started crying with relief, the awareness of what she had been through sinking in.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 13**

She stood on the high plain against the white sky, hands at her sides, her wild hair gently blowing, head cocked just so, listening to her nipples.

Her nipples had changed the most. Though her appearance had indeed been altered by her months of nudity and now her weeks of living outdoors. The all-over bronze tan which made her green eyes so striking, the wildness in her dark red hair with its intriguing streaks of gray, the tautness of her finely toned body, as muscular yet as lithe as a thoroughbred's, from her strong but slender shoulders and arms down through her back muscles and concave tummy and strong leg muscles, down to her tough bare feet, the toes spread to their natural extent, the hard soles that could walk over anything. The fine, all-but-invisible hairs that covered almost all of her. The firm breasts, that stood out more now that her torso had strengthened and narrowed.

But her nipples and areolas had changed the most, from the hours and hours of being suctioned and bristled in the experiments, from being constantly exposed to the elements, and especially to the sun. Formerly pale and pink and small, the areolas were now permanently large and engorged and dark brown, protruding slightly from her breasts. And the nipples, as thick as her index finger, partially erect all the time and frequently fully so, engorged and half an inch long.

Standing on the stubby brown grass of the bare bleak plain, the naked girl of nature looked carefully at the sky, standing upright and absolutely still, and listened to her nipples, which had become very sensitive to temperature, humidity, wind direction, even barometric pressure. She had learned to pay attention to them, they were thermometer, ammeter, and barometer all in one. Dogs had their noses; fennecs had their ears; and Tami Smithers had her nipples.

Right now, the nipples were detecting something strange. It was another sunny hot day on this endless barren plain with still no break in sight. After the ordeal outside of Thornhill, the naked traveler had steered clear of isolated houses, but that was all she saw as the went through plowed fields and stands of trees and more fields. Realizing she must head north as well as east, she had altered her direction, with the Pole Star to guide her, and the land had gradually ascended and ascended until she found herself in this high bleak country where there were no fields and no ravines, just the occasional cactus. It went on and on, and when morning came she had no place to hide and curl up. Realizing she needed sleep, she simply spread out on her tummy, naked on the plain without even a clod of dirt or a stone for a pillow, surely the most unprotected place she had ever slept. She knew she could be seen by any airplane passing by, but there were none, and besides, she just could not go on without some rest.

Now, in what was probably the early afternoon, she had awakened on her back, aware of the air making a strange feeling on her nipples, and she stood up to give them a better reception. The sky was overcast and white, in a way she always associated with snow, but of course that was impossible; the temperature was (she knew she could guess very well at this) between 90 and 95 degrees. And her nipples told her the wind, which had always been blowing the same way, night or day, constantly, had now shifted and had almost stilled.

A tiny ping of cold, like a tiny ice cube, hit her right nipple. A few seconds later, another one hit her bare shoulder. Now several were hitting her, on the tops of her tight butt cheeks, on both shoulders, on the tops of her breasts, and more on her nipples. Little tiny specks of ice.

Now the wind really kicked up, in the opposite direction, and the icy shower hit her in the face, grains of ice cascading into her skin from head to toes. She squinted; it reminded her, in a way, of long ago, dashing through the blizzard on the way to Congi's demonstration in Rossland Hall, feeling the bite of the tiny grains almost as if they were sand. But this was in the middle of a hot day; the air was a little cooler now but still warm. It was a strange feeling.

A clap of thunder caused the naked girl to turn around. Now the air was deafening with the roar of icy balls coming down, bigger now, some as big as marbles, pelting the naked girl. Tami had never seen anything like this before; she had heard of hailstorms, but had never experienced one. She looked up, shielding her eyes, as the icy balls rained down from a gray-white sky, seeming to come from only a few feet up. It was odd to think that they were falling from -- what? A mile or more?

She bent down to where the hailstones were gathering around her feet and picked one up. At first she was concerned; she had heard of hailstones the size of baseballs, something from which she had absolutely no protection. But picking one up and then another, she found that they were more like a frozen foam shot full of air, rather than solid ice. And they seemed to have reached their maximum size; they weren't getting any bigger. Still squatting, she looked around as they bounced all over, millions of white balls gradually cluttering up the plateau like ping-pong balls, making the ground white.

She felt them bouncing, harmlessly, off her head, and somehow thought of a children's show she had seen, long long ago, where ping-pong balls fell onto people. She stood up and the only thing to do was smile.

And kick. And dance.

She had done something like this, during that cloudburst in April on the way to class, but this was better, there was no one to see, just her and God, and it was weirder and hence more fun. She picked up handfuls of the icy marbles and flung them here and there, like she was completing double play after double play. Now she sprinted across the plain, feeling the icy shower hit her on the front. Now she ran backward, without any need to look where she was going because there was nothing around to trip over, and felt the shower of ice marbles from behind. She stood still for a moment, looking down at how they hit her breasts, making them jiggle ever so slightly.

Now she ran and slid into the icy slush, not feeling cold at all, the air still being strangely warm, but feeling the awakening and alivening tingle of cold on every inch of her body. The plain was now white with icy balls, making her feel like she was a gift woman in a box full of styrofoam peanuts, and she rolled around in it, giggling.

She was so happy, not only from the giddy feeling, but from the sense that perhaps, nobody had ever experienced what she was experiencing now, just naked old Tami and a flat plain and a playground of cold white marbles and God. Lying on her tummy, her pubic hair getting wet in the slush, she raised her torso up with her hands and looked around and had only one regret: how she wished Rod were here! Not only to see her like this, but to be naked with her and run around in this rare, special playground like little kids. Of course, soon to do something very un-kidlike. I wonder what it would be like to screw in the hail? Curiosity got the better of her. She turned over and lay on her back, then stretched her legs up and out, up and out, holding her heels with her

hands, and did her trick of opening her pussy.

"EEEE!" she said, laughing, as one or maybe two ice marbles went right into her inner cave. She closed her legs and doubled up and rolled onto her wet, slushy, muddy side. "Oh shit! That's cold!!" she giggled, feeling chilled to the core, then squirming and squeezing as the marbles melted, and she felt warm inside again, sort of like having an ice cream headache that then goes away, only more pleasant.

Up on all fours now, lowering her head to the ground, sticking her butt up like a cat in heat, doing her other trick of opening her butthole. "Eeek!" The inside of her rectum jumped as the icy stones fell in. "Owww!" Did a marble really go up through her "inner butthole"? It sure felt like it! She stood up and ran, holding her butt, like a child who had been spanked with a stinging blow and wanted to run away to avoid another. Her stiff-legged trot looked silly and she knew it and she made it sillier. Soon she was kicking forward with bent legs like a Russian dancer. One bare foot slid out ahead of her and her butt landed on the slush.

She lay on her back, stretched out in an "X", as the icy puffy marbles caressed her face, her breasts, her tummy, her pubic hair, her legs, her feet. She opened her mouth and ate a few. Then, not minding if her words were blocked by more, she said, "Thank you, God. Oh thank you so much for this! This feels so good!!"

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 14**

Another clear night, ablaze with thousands of stars, as the naked teenage girl strode onward along the endless flat chaparral. Tonight there was a meteor shower which she stopped to look at. What was it -- the Perseids? She tried to remember from her astronomy class. She sat cross-legged and watched for a while like when she was a little girl in the back yard watching the Fourth of July fireworks across the highway at the high school field. Once again she was acutely conscious of being naked and alone on this planet, of being the human species and of the stars, the Milky Way, and these rocks that occasionally burned into her planet's atmosphere, sometimes even getting through and cratering the surface. Then she got up and walked on.

She was getting hungry, and thirsty. There was very little to eat up here in this high country, just some wild onions and the occasional cactus, and no free water at all. Surely she would come across some town soon, or at least a break in the land. She had gone two whole days like this, a hundred miles. Occasionally she crossed a small road, and or a two-lane highway, but there was little traffic and no sign that they led to even a gas station. She wondered if she was in some kind of secret government area, like a testing ground. Weren't those in Nevada, not Texas? This seemed like a place nobody was allowed to be in. She got a little of a creepy feeling. This must be federal land, not private property that someone could use for ranching or something.

The sun rose into the sleepy girl's eyes into a sky that was still clear. Yesterday, the day of the hailstorm, she had been concerned about having to sleep in the open, but it had been cloudy. Today would be different. Tanned though she was, she had to be concerned about the sun. As the morning went on and the sun got hotter and hotter she bit her lip and worried about sunburn. If she had to be naked all the time she at least wished she had an umbrella, or maybe hair down to her waist that would cover her shoulders.

Noon came and went and now, for the first time, Tami worried about whether she would survive. She was hungry and thirsty and very tired. She collapsed on the hard dry hot earth and wondered what to do. How foolish she had been to just walk into the wilderness! She had survived so far but it had been just luck. A naked girl out on the high plateau was defenseless with no food or water around and no way to protect her bare skin against the blazing sun.

She licked her chapped lips with a dry tongue. She sat cross-legged, absolutely still so as to preserve her energy, wishing night would come, but that was still hours away. She prayed to a God who certainly wouldn't leave her to die out here. But then, she knew by now that he would protect her only if she used her smarts. That was part of the deal, it seemed. And was it smart to walk out here naked and defenseless and alone?

She opened her eyes and looked at the horizon shimmering in the heat. And there, standing against the blue sky, was a mahogany brown horse.

It looked like a wild horse, she imagined. It didn't have a saddle, or reins, not that she would know anything about horses, having been on one only once, at an amusement part when she was in junior high school. Back home she had heard of rich girls who had horses that they rode on weekends at horse farms out near Chepachet or in Connecticut, and had heard that for reasons probably having something to do with masturbation, teenage girls had a thing for riding horses. As for Tami Smithers, she was a motorhead and math nerd, not a horse person, and anyway, she was from the wrong side of the tracks.

But now, seeing this horse, she was intrigued. A few hours ago she thought she had seen what looked like some horses herding together way in the distance, but they were so far away that she wasn't sure. And now this horse right near her. Not only that, it seemed to be looking at her. It cantered over to where she was, apparently curious. She tried not to move as it even bent down and sniffed her hair.

She had heard somewhere that horses were skittish, and she didn't want to scare away the only other being in her universe, so she got up slowly. Feeling the effects of exhaustion, hunger and thirst, she was unsteady on her feet as she went up to stroke the horse's side. The warmth and softness of this fellow mammal's fur felt very good after her long period of loneliness. She leaned up against it, then, with a smile, she watched as it turned to her and she stroked the big gentle animal on the wide flat area above the nose. Then she hugged it, to the extent she could, her arms over its back, feeling the warmth and kindness of flesh and blood against her breasts and tummy.

The horse seemed to want it, and she felt like it was the thing to do. She thought about the mechanics; there was no saddle to grab onto. Finally she just jumped, looping one leg over its back while grabbing the mane. In a moment she was sitting on top, and it felt wonderful to feel this soft animal between her legs. It wasn't sexual at all, but yet sensual.

The horse started walking. At first the naked girl almost fell backward. As the horse picked up speed, she leaned forward and lay on her tummy, her arms around its neck, her legs still grabbing its sides, resting on its wide, soft back, her pubic hair against its smooth coat, head lying on its neck. She heard herself say, "Hmmm . . . go, girl . . . go. . ." And off they went, two wild, graceful females loping gently across the wide Texas plain.

. . . .

Feeling the sun bake her bare back, trying not to lick her dry chapped lips, the naked teenage girl held onto to this horse who seemed like it had been sent to save her. She kept her eyes closed, feeling her dear companion pick up speed until it seemed like it was almost at a gallop. Then she felt the horse slow down, and maybe go a little downhill. It was then that Tami awakened from her daze and looked up.

"Ohh -- " She got off the horse and tried to run with stumbling feet over the rocks, then the mud, and then finally jumped in with a splash and a smile. It was a pond surrounded by a stand of trees, and some shrubs and grass, around which were several other horses, standing around, nibbling on the grass. Feeling the cool water all around her, the naked girl plunged down until her toes hit soft squirmy mud on the bottom, then she emerged, catching her breath and then drinking in the water which surrounded and caressed every inch of her with its life-giving moisture. She spread her legs and wafted the water into every nook and cranny of her parched body, bobbing her head up and down, taking breaths and gulps and more breaths and more gulps.

How do you say "Thank you" to a horse? Treading water in the clear water of the little pond, which was maybe thirty feet across, Tami looked to see her companion idly taking a few sips and then eating some grass with the other horses, two of which were gray, one that was black, and a fourth that was brown except for some whiteness with black dots on the butt. What did you call horses like that?

The only thing to do was to swim toward the edge, plant her feet in the muddy bottom and walk up and out of the water, dripping from her hair and face and nipples, and give her companion's big head a gentle hug. The horse turned its head in toward her and nuzzled its nose between her breasts. Tami just had to say it. "Thank you, my friend. My dear friend."

And then, of course, she jumped back in, swimming all over the pond, sinuously snaking her arms and legs to feel the water swish all around her, what a lovely feeling it is to swish around in the water when you are naked! Looking up at the branches overhanging the pond she was surprised to see that this was a fig tree, and some of the fruit was hanging almost close enough for her to reach! She tried hopping up, a pointless effort when the water is over your head. So she swam over to the side and climbed the low branch. It bent with her weight, and she decided to climb it hanging from below, like a sloth. As she slothfully made her way to where the figs were, the branch bent lower and she felt her butt touching the water. She grabbed three figs in one hand and let herself fall back in, emerging to do a neat trick, eating figs while treading water.

She glanced up at the branches and noticed the fig leaves. Could she really make clothes out of them? It didn't look possible. Yet how fitting, seeing a fig tree in this Garden of Eden. A naked Eve, she wished she had her Adam with her now!

She pulled herself out of the pond again and, looking around, saw a couple of other horses approaching, and the gray ones leaving. A little tribe of wild horses. Maybe there were other little water holes like this one, perhaps fed by an underground stream. And of course the horses would know where all of them are. She leaned against her companion again, then sat down and pulled up a few wild onions which she ate. Then got some more figs, which had a surprisingly full and rich taste. Lying in the shade, she lay back and immediately went to sleep, tired but sated and full.

It was a few hours later when she awoke. Her hair and skin had dried in the warm shade and she was surprised to see her companion sleeping near her, lying on its side with its legs folded up. Tami sat up in the shallow mud and splashed water over her face, then looked at the sun now getting low in the sky. She had to get going, but she would love to stay here a few more days. She was lost in thought, walking over to the northeast edge of this oasis, looking with squinting eyes at the continuing bleak dry plain.

Her companion made the decision for her, it seemed. Rousing itself, it came behind her and stuck its nose below her butt cheeks, a wet surprise that made the naked girl squeal. The horse went to her side and Tami felt she knew what was being said. On she hopped and the horse cantered away to the northeast.

Tami was not exhausted this time. She sat up and rode that horse as if posing for an artist -- "Naked Girl on Horse". It took a little adjustment with her leg muscles, but with a little practice she found she could stay upright with just the slightest grasp onto the long hair of her companion's mane. She pictured herself riding across the country this way, naked all the way, down Boylston Street in Boston to get Rod to hop on behind her and then -- maybe back to this oasis, or some other Paradise where they could be together and make love every day.

The horse galloped and the naked girl gladly and happily rode it across the sun-drenched plain, learning how to stay on with just a slight inward pressure from her bare heels. Her muscles moved together with the motions of the horse's wide, warm, velvety, strong back, as if they were one animal. They went on and on like this for maybe half an hour.

As the sun was setting behind them she could see a line of trees up ahead which turned out to be the bank of a wide river that extended in a straight line in either direction as far as she could see. Her companion stopped and Tami got off. The land on the other side seemed grassier, more hospitable. Out in the distance she could see a little town, just a few low buildings.

The horse went to the water's edge and drank. Then it nuzzled between Tami's breasts again, and galloped away from whence they had come.

"Wait! No!!" the naked teenage girl yelled. She watched helplessly as her dear companion, that had saved her life, galloped over the horizon. She knew now why girls liked horses so much -- knew the deep connection that cannot be described. She wished she had given the horse a name, and as she realized she would never see it again, she almost broke into tears. The feeling of loss was almost unbearable.

But then she realized that their parting was not a tragedy to be mourned, but was just in the order of things. The high plain was the horse's home; but her own home was somewhere else, across this wide river. As darkness fell she waded into its cool waters, her toes grabbing the sticks and rocks at the bottom, trying not to get pushed to her right by the current, and then she shot forward and a little to her left and began a front crawl.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 15**

Tami sat on the hard dry dirt, hiding in the middle of the stand of trees, biding her time until it was dark and safe to travel. She looked across the river at where she had been, the bleak high plain, and thought of her companion, the horse she would never see again. She prayed to God that it be given a long and healthy life, then realized how hokey it sounded. But she meant it! She wondered about the changes within herself. She was thinking like some kind of medicine woman, and if she spoke her thoughts out loud she would be sounding like one too. Not like Tami Smithers from Providence, Rhode Island.

Yet she really meant what she said. This new person was just as much Tami as the old one. And she didn't really mind this new Tami. After all, the old Tami had been cajoled into streaking across campus as part of a dumb sorority initiation. What a stupid kid. Yet she couldn't really criticize herself for doing that. A normal thing for a new college student to do, suddenly being in a strange and privileged environment and wanting to belong.

She shook her head, confused. She was both the new Tami and the old Tami. As she once put it, "Tami #1" and "Tami #2". With a little stick she wrote on the dry earth:

"Both Tami Smitherses Were Here".

Night fell and she got up and walked. Before long she found a two-lane highway. She decided to walk along it, to the east and north, hoping she would come to the little village she had seen from across the river, but looking up she couldn't make it out anywhere. She assumed she could tell it by lights, but there seemed to be no lights on there, wherever it was. Still she guessed it was along this road. She followed along it, about a hundred feet to the side, so that she would not show up in the headlights of a police car. Or someone else's car. She wanted to be in control of who she met, to meet only the people she wanted to meet, and then only after scoping them out from a distance. Surely she would find someone who would give her something to put on.

A few old cars passed by, the headlights not detecting the naked girl well off to the side of the road. Not that their headlights revealed much anyway; most of the cars seemed to have one headlight out. So did the beat-up pickup trucks. One of the trucks did illuminate a route sign which told Tami that she was now in Oklahoma.

She walked on and on. Still no village. Maybe it was on a side road. Then she realized she was still wiped out by the ordeal on the high plain and had to catch up more on her sleep. She should have eaten more figs to get her energy up.

She didn't want to rest during the nighttime, which she had designated for traveling, but decided a few hours wouldn't hurt her. Picking a spot behind a tree, she stamped the grass down and curled up and went to sleep, thinking briefly of how natural it had become for her to just lie down on the bare ground like it was a bed.

She woke up to the sight of the bright gibbous moon. The air was a bit chilly, but only a bit. Her nipples judged it about 60 degrees or maybe a little less. As she got up a sharp pain hit her in the legs and she keeled over. On her second attempt she got up and took a few painful unsteady steps before she realized what it was. The insides of her legs were sore, very sore indeed. It must have been from riding on her companion. Riding a horse required muscles she never used before. So much for thinking she was in good physical shape!

It was funny, she mused, even as she hurt. Taking slow, painful steps she felt like she was a hundred years old. How am I going to get across the country like this? She knew about sore muscles, being a trained gymnast, and how they went away after a day or two. But in her present predicament a day or two was a very long time. What was she going to do during meanwhile?

The only thing to do was keep going, painful though it was. She staggered along, making very poor time. Nearly tripping on some dead branches she hadn't seen, she decided to use one as a walking stick. That helped some.

Ahead, off to the right, away from the highway, she saw a campfire, or what looked like one. On this open prairie, broken up only by the occasional stand of trees, such things could be seen from very far away and it took a while before she got close. She approached carefully, looking down so that she wouldn't step on any more branches that might crackle and cause people to look. As she got closer she saw that there were maybe ten people around the fire. Men and women and children, a couple of babies in the women's arms. They talked in some strange language in short, clipped phrases.

They seemed like gentle people, not bad people, whom Tami had certainly seen enough of. The presence of babies was a good sign. Maybe this was one big family. This could finally be her chance to get some clothes.

As the naked girl's mind became distracted by hopefulness she inadvertently placed a bare foot on a stick and it broke. A couple of the people around the fire turned in her direction. They couldn't see her because their eyes were still used to looking at the fire. But the naked girl didn't know this and assumed she had been noticed. Thinking she had nothing to lose, she walked up to the circle of people around the fire.

The arrival of the naked girl with the walking stick was received with mute politeness. A couple of the women shifted over to make room for her. The naked girl sat down, putting her stick aside, puzzled by this reception but yet thankful for the politeness. It was almost as if they had been expecting her.

Tami looked around. These people were Native Americans. Or, as someone once told her they preferred to be called, "Indians". She had never known any. She quickly checked out the impassive faces looking into the fire, people not particularly doing anything or planning on going anywhere, just hanging out. Not wanting to be seen looking at them, she turned her gaze to the fire.

A fire in the darkness just naturally attracts the eye, especially the eye of someone who is naked on a cold night. Tami looked at the flames licking the broken dried branches and couldn't take her eyes off them. She knew everyone else was as hypnotized as she was. It was good also to feel the warmth on her naked skin. She felt like a naked prehistoric woman staring at and enjoying her tribe's new discovery.

Not that these people were prehistoric. She chided herself for thinking that. They were of today, as she could tell from the little grill to one side that held an old coffee can, the old wrist watch one man wore, the bottle with which one baby was being fed. The other woman was breast feeding, her bare breast hanging out from her sweatshirt, under which she didn't wear anything. In fact, looking around, Tami could see that these people were wearing very little, and what little they did wear was old and shabby. The men were in shorts. The women had just a tank top with no bra, and a skirt. These people were poor.

Though Tami, during moments when she tore her hypnotized eyes from the fire, thought about asking these people for clothes, she didn't think it was proper right now. They had no extra clothes with them, and it would break the mood. This sitting around the fire was something more than just hanging out, or maybe hanging out in itself was a habit and a ritual. She decided to wait before saying anything.

One of the men took the coffee can off the grill. He had a ponytail with a feather tied to it. He poured the hot contents into a cup, and gave it to the woman next to him. Everyone took a sip while still looking at the fire. Eventually it got passed around to Tami. She politely took a sip and passed it on. It was the only proper thing to do. She was expecting cowboy-style coffee but it was some kind of bitter tea.

She quickly got woozy and her last conscious feeling was of leaning back, still sitting cross-legged, and the back of her head hitting the ground.

When she woke up it was morning and she was lying on her tummy on a bed of soft brown grass. She was at first alarmed -- who had seen her in broad daylight like this? -- but then saw that she was behind a little shack. Rubbing her eyes, she looked around and saw other shacks, a couple of little beaten-up houses, and a blocky little building with no windows that seemed like a kind of store. With a shock she realized she was in that little village she had seen from across the river, when she was riding her companion.

She thought of that horse again as she sat up and felt the soreness in her legs, though it was less now. She was also ferociously hungry. She sat there, wondering what she should do. An old woman came around the corner of the shack and stopped, surprised to see her awake. She regarded her solemnly with big wise gentle brown eyes, then went back out of sight.

A few moments later a big man in long pigtails, wearing a T-shirt under an old leather vest, faded jeans, and boots came up to her and extended his arm with a kind smile. Tami allowed herself to be pulled up and then he started walking away. He beckoned and she followed.

It was shaming to walk nakedly onto the dirt clearing, part road and part village square, in front of the watching villagers. Tami kept her gaze on her bare feet shuffling through the dust, her hands over her breasts and pussy. She stopped as she saw the man get into a big red pickup. He opened the other door from his driver's seat and motioned for her to get in. Holding her hands to herself, the naked girl briefly looked around at the expressionless stares, then decided to hop in.

The muffler was broken and the engine was deafening. He took the truck out onto the highway, a two-lane state route, and kept going toward the morning sun that shone into Tami's eyes. She slid down in her seat so that she couldn't be seen. The seat was broken and scratchy, bits of foam rubber sticking out. She placed her bare feet on one of the few places on the floor not covered with junk food wrappers or old napkins. Where was this guy going? As she got used to the noise she looked over at him. Finally she had to say it -- or rather shout it, to be heard over the engine. "Where are we going?"

The man just smiled at her as if she hadn't said anything. Maybe he couldn't hear her. Looking at him some more, Tami saw that he was older than he first appeared, maybe 50 or so. His ponytail was braided with a brown kind of string in a criss-cross pattern.

Tami looked down and decided to let her hands fall to her side. He had already seen her breasts and pussy, as had half the world. Might as well act relaxed as if she trusted him. And actually she did.

Tami heard her stomach growl. As if reading her mind the man reached back for a brown paper bag that had been behind his seat. Tami looked in. Two hot dogs, a kind of taco filled with orange stuff and vegetables, and a Twinkie. And at the bottom, a bottle of juice. "Thank you!" she mouthed to him, then went to work. She tried to not act like a pig but she couldn't help wolfing down this food as fast as she could. The taco was good, though a strange taste she hadn't experienced before.

Her stomach full, the naked girl neatly placed the bag onto the floor, and then belched. In a very expressive act for him, the man laughed.

On they went. They were going through deserted land and there was no one who could see Tami's nakedness, so she sat cross-legged and decided to enjoy the ride. After a few miles they went over a crest and Tami could see a town ahead -- a real town, with two-story buildings and houses around the perimeter. And a police car stopped in the middle of the road! It was still a couple of miles away but Tami's eyes flashed and for a moment she thought she had been set up. She looked at the man and was about to say something when he cut the truck sharply to the right and turned onto a side road which went behind a field of corn.

He drove along this dirt road, really no more than a path for tractors between two fields, then turned left onto an only slightly bigger road. This was dry land and looking behind her Tami could see they were kicking up dust behind them. A few miles more and he turned back left again.

Tami realized he was avoiding the police. How did he know?

They zigzagged between fields and then climbed east up a long, steady hill. When they came to the top Tami saw a view that went on for miles, of fields and forests and a river or two. On that side of the crest the land was lusher and greener. In the clear, late morning air, she looked out the open window and felt like she could see all the way to New England.

The man reached back and pulled out another bag of food, this one bigger than the first one. Then he leaned over to get the door handle, and Tami felt his rough leather vest scraping against her tummy and her left breast. He opened the door and gave her the bag and with another smile, motioned for her to go, as if this was where she had wanted to get dropped off.

Tami got out, holding the heavy bag, and then looked back at the miles of lush land that lay before her, then paused and said, "Thank you."

The man nodded, waved, shut the door and turned the pickup truck around. In a moment he was gone in a cloud of dust, the drone of the mufflerless engine disappearing in the warm morning air. Tami started walking down a path that led to a forest. Only then did she realize that the man had been escaping the police, not for her sake but for his own. She would always be grateful to this Indian Outlaw, who had supported her when she needed it and allowed her to continue her travels.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 16**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, T - A - M - I," Tami said.

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

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 17**

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

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

"That's terrible. From what college?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And how old are you?"

"Nineteen."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 18**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Click!

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

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

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

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

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

"I have a lasso!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Which way, darling?" Dyle said again.

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

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

Please God, I am naked and my -- my everything is exposed for these awful people to see every bit of me, All stretched out hanging by my hands from this rope over a tiny stream. I can't cover any little bit of myself. They are about to rape me. I'm just a 19-year-old girl, I haven't done anything wrong, I'm modest and shy, Yet I have been forced to walk around all bare for almost a whole year, In full view of everyone who wants to look. I can't take all these feelings of shame and humiliation, On and on and over and over, Begging and craving for the tiniest scrap of clothing, Yet I still am absolutely naked, no one will give me anything to put on. You have allowed me to meet some nice people, You have given me true friends and a true lover, You have allowed me to experience the wonderful feelings of nature on my skin, You have given me the ability to live naked in the wilderness. But now this really is the end. Tell me God, am I going to get raped? Or should I end it all and jump? Is this how my life will end, never ever having any clothes to wear, ever again? Will I never ever see my family and Rod and Jen and Rebecca and all the other people I love and who love me? Please tell me God. Or make these awful people here stop staring at me and go away. I HATE being naked, I HATE hanging out here without being able even to cover any little bit of myself with my hands, I WANT CLOTHES!! PLEASE GOD, CLOTHES!! What will I do now, God? Should I go over to the side and get raped? Why make me get raped, God? This can't be your plan for me!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ooh!

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

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

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

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

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 22**

The balding, pot-bellied man in the Razorbacks cap and the Confederate flag T-shirt finished his coffee at the counter and drearily trudged out of the truck stop restaurant. It had been a bad day and a bad night. Caught speeding, then caught with an overweighted load, and he was still thinking about that child support letter. How he missed having someone next to him on the road to share his bunk with -- hell, even having someone waiting home at the end of his run.

He had really gotten to hate truck stops. He just had to get the hell out of this trucker life. Nothing but trouble and no money left and hemorrhoids. He hitched up his jeans and set his fake-snakeskin boots toward his rig out in back, near the tall chain link fence.

"Mister?"

His hand stayed frozen on the half-opened door of his cab, his boot paused on the running board. For a moment he wondered if some teenage runaway had sneaked into his cab. That had happened once or twice.

"Mister?" The young voice was hardly more than a whisper. It was coming from outside someplace. He looked around, then back at the fence. Then his mouth opened in astonishment and he slowly put both feet on the ground.

She was about halfway up the fence, away from the lights, her X-shaped form barely visible. As he slowly approached in wonderment, his improbable first impression was confirmed. It was indeed a totally naked girl -- maybe no more than a teenager. She had half-climbed the fence from the other side, her fingers clutching above her head, her big toes grabbing the fence below. The fence was twenty feet high and didn't have bar supports where it should, it was wobbly and loose, hence the need to grab with fingers and toes, also the need to spread her hands and feet wide to stabilize herself. Her thin form was tanned and dark, her hair wild.

"Please, mister, do you have something I can put on? Something I can wear? Please?" In the dim light he could see the glow of her green eyes, beautiful and striking in the night, pleading at him through the fence.

It was a second before he found his words. "Girl -- are you O.K.?" His first thought was that she had been raped or something. "Want me to call the police?"

"No," she said quickly. "Just something to wear, please?"

He gulped and said, "Sure thing, honey, don't move." And, finally tearing his eyes away from her, he dashed up into the cab and back into the bunk compartment. He couldn't just give her any crappy thing -- he looked to the bottom for something clean and presentable. After a frantic search he finally dug down to a T-shirt which he was pretty sure hadn't been worn since his last wash. It would be long enough to cover her private parts.

He bounded out of the cab and to the fence. But she was gone. He looked hard at the trash-strewn woods beyond, shutting his eyes so that they could become more quickly used to the dark, then looking again. Nothing -- though he thought he did hear branches being trampled somewhere back there.

"HEY! Girl!"

No response. Just silence.

"I got you something!!"

No response.

He found himself suddenly close to tears. Had he really seen a beautiful naked girl there? Or was he imagining it? Thinking back on the vision, she seemed so young and sweet, and the prettiest body he had ever seen. In a rare moment of do-or-die desperation he grabbed the fence and tried to climb it, but he was defeated by the wobbliness of the fence, his tender fingers that could not support his weight, and the usual sharp pain in his lumbar discs.

A police car meandered up next to him. The office stuck his head out the window. "Anything wrong?"

"No," he sighed. Then he decided he was not going to let this go. There WAS a naked girl out there. "Yes! I saw a girl back there, with no clothes on. I think she's in trouble."

He went the whole nine yards, filing a report with the officer, who drove around to the end of the fence to look, though he found nothing. Later that night, on his run, the trucker talked on the CB to some friends about what he saw. The word went out, of this naked girl seen at a truck stop outside of Houston, Mississippi, who had asked for clothes but then run back into the woods. As for the trucker, he thought of this girl for the rest of his life, returning to this spot from time to time over the years to think about her, and found himself for the first time in years praying -- praying to God that she would be O.K., and that someday, somehow, he would meet up with her again.

. . . .

Jenny Hamilton had driven all day and it was time for a rest. It was good to get away from that disaster in Florida, the new job that had lasted just two days. It was hard to get it out of her head -- that photo shoot on the pier for the new company brochure, the sensible sundress she had worn, the fishing boat going by, those awful hooks, seeing her bra and panties fly into the ocean, the local press with their cameras, the local TV news -- she shut her eyes and shuddered. Why do these things keep happening to her? She had been fired on the spot, not that she wasn't glad to never again have to deal with the people who had seen her embarrassment. Thank goodness Ashley, who had gotten her the Florida job and who had been good enough to cheer her on at the photo shoot -- in fact, Ashley had been at the pier six hours before, chatting with people -- thank goodness Ashley had gotten her this new job in Omaha, helping out at a hospital that did medical research of some kind. She looked forward to having a job that had nothing to do with posing for pictures or wearing skimpy clothing. Someplace respectable at last!

She avoided the interstate, not being in a hurry, driving lazily down this old U.S. route. She had eaten at local restaurants, taken her time, and really liked the people down here. So friendly, and their accents were interesting to listen to, just as they enjoyed listening to hers. Now, tired of driving, wanting to rest a while, she stopped at a little rest area off the road, just a little path and a picnic table, set back in a grove of trees.

Peach trees! She could smell the peachy fragrance in the air. She loved peaches, and these looked ripe. Too bad they were high up and out of reach.

"What? My God . . ."

Looking up she saw a girl in the tree. Or rather, she saw a spread naked pussy in the tree, and a pink cave gaping down at her with such casualness that it made her blush to keep looking and she averted her eyes. She had to look up again, of course, and as she blinked she saw there was indeed a naked girl, legs spread wide as she sat perched up in the higher branches, eating a peach, elbows on her thighs.

Jenny was too shocked to say anything. As she looked again she took in the naked girl's happy smile, wiping off peach juice that had dripped down to hit a nipple, and recognized her. The naked girl from that rest stop in New Mexico!

"It's you!!" Jenny said in utter surprise. And then her eyes flashed with anger. "YOU! Do you know what happened to me!" This naked girl, she had figured, who had suddenly disappeared on her, had been playing a trick. And was to blame for her troubles with that police officer who had accused her of making a false report. The strip search, the arrival of more patrol cars, the people staring -- Jenny shut her eyes and cringed and tried to blot out another embarrassing memory.

Recovering her composure, Jenny said, "Why did you run away from me?"

The naked girl shrugged, a casual gesture that Jenny could forgive, figuring the girl didn't know about the strip search or any of that. "I didn't want the police to know. I'm sorry. Want a peach?"

"Uh . . . O.K. They look yummy."

The naked girl reached over and plucked a big one, then said, "Here comes. Catch!"

Jenny staggered and ended up catching it between her breasts, that strained against her tight button-down shirt. "Mmmm," she said, biting into it. It was big and sloppy and juicy and perfectly ripe.

Like an agile monkey the naked girl descended branch to branch and with a soft footfall landed next to her, still eating the rest of her peach. She finished it off and flung the pit into the woods. "So what happened?" She stood head to head with Jenny, relaxed and friendly, as if unaware of her nudity.

"Mmm -- they -- the police thought I was playing a joke on them when you weren't there," Jenny said, slurping and munching, aware she was not being polite talking with her mouth full. "Excuse me." She wiped some peach juice off on her jeans.

She noticed the naked girl standing with her arms folded. Jenny couldn't contain her curiosity. "How did you get here? Did you ever get clothes?"

"How did YOU get here? How did your job in Florida go?"

Jenny's eyes rolled. "O.K., I won't ask if you don't ask."

The two women, one clothed and eating a peach, the younger one stark naked, stood there on the grassy area next to the picnic table.

Finally Jenny finished her peach and, putting her skittish behavior aside for a moment, flung the peach pit into the woods like the naked girl had done. The peach pit looked a lot like the naked girl's pussy; she blushed at having thought of this.

She remembered, now, how this girl had begged her for clothes. And here she was, still naked. It didn't seem like she was someone who had an ongoing prank of stripping and then presenting herself naked -- this girl had an all-over tan and looked so at home in these woods. In a flash of realization Jenny asked, "Have you been naked the whole time since we met before?"

"Yes."

"Have you been wanting clothes the whole time?"

The naked teenage girl became solemn. "Yes. I keep asking but nobody will give me anything to wear."

Jenny's heart once again went out to this poor girl, who seemed so much like a younger sister to her and who was so comfortable to be with. "Well let's fix that right now!" She decided to give her this button-down shirt, for starters. She would still be decent, she had a leotard top under it. She started on the top button.

Damn! The button wouldn't go through its hole. Jenny twisted it and pulled and pushed. "This bloody thing, just give me a minute," she sighed as she broke a nail in her efforts. "Hold on, my young friend . . ."

The naked teenage girl, arms crossed, watched with increasing bemusement and finally a broad smile. Jenny heard her giggle.

Then, while Jenny's hands were still on that top button, she saw bare nipples and breasts come into view. And then the naked girl hugging her and saying, "Bye." As Jenny looked on, puzzled, she saw the naked sprite hop into the woods and run and jump until she could no longer be seen through the trees.

A few seconds later another car pulled up. It was Ashley! "Ashley -- you'll never believe what I just saw!"

"Never mind that, Best Friend. I'm glad I caught you. There's this wonderful amusement park only ten miles up the road that I know you'd have a great time at -- "

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 23**

Tami Smithers walked and walked and ate fruit and vegetables and avoided any sign of civilization and walked and walked and walked, always due east by the sun, traveling by night, sleeping by day. One night she came to a wide, wide river and knew it had to be the Mississippi. There was a town to her right, and she walked south until it was safely out of sight. Then she swam across. It took her half the night. There were huge dim shapes of barges moving very slowly by, so slowly that she grew tired of waiting for them to pass and swan in front of them and around them.

The dawn was breaking as she dragged her dripping, nude form onto the other side, and got as far as the first clump of trees before she curled up and slept. She was awakened, late in the afternoon, by a clap of thunder. Then lightning. She worried about the trees getting struck, but then the fireworks were over and her whole world was drenched in a cloudburst.

For three whole days the naked teenager walked through the rain, a big long shower, hair plastered down her back, sheets of water down her back, down each breast, down her flat tummy, down her legs to her muddy bare feet. She was going through an endless forest, possibly a state park of some kind, and she kept splashing across the sodden ground even in daylight, knowing that no one would be out in the park in the middle of such a downpour. She had never seen it keep raining and raining like this; was there really a "rain forest" down here in the southeast United States? Even more amazing was her ability to sleep in it. Exhausted, needing sleep, she had dropped to her knees in the middle of a grassy clearing, then lay down on her stomach, just to rest for a while, not thinking she could actually sleep like this, resting her head on her crossed hands, and then was surprised to wake up in the dark, lying on her side in a fetal position, still being rained on as if the rain were a soft warm blanket that God had tucked her into.

When the rain finally stopped and the sun came out, she had looked around for a place to call home for a couple of days, to rest up and maybe do some thinking about how to continue her journey. In the hot steamy air she found herself sweating with the slightest movement, and told herself how much more uncomfortable she would be in clothes. Once more, she realized that it was an advantage to be naked -- as she had felt, so long ago, back in December in her dorm room when Terri had mentioned getting a cold from walking in the slush with wet shoes, and Tami had realized that her nakedness had made her strong and resilient and the only person in her dorm wing not to have been sick with a sore throat or the flu or anything else the whole semester.

The air was so thick and humid that she could feel herself pushing through it like an invisible ocean. After half a day she found the perfect home -- a thick, tall tree, of a species she had never seen before, with a hollow in the trunk that was big enough for her to curl up in. She cleaned all the branches out and put some leaves in as a mattress. The other nice feature of this tree was the crotch of the branches above, in which she could sit or lie back, her feet on the branches, and even go to sleep, with no danger of falling off.

She was lying in the crotch of this tree now, looking up at the blue sky, glancing at her bare feet as they pressed up against the widely-spread branches going up in front of her, thinking about what to do now. That long rain had cleansed her somehow, washed not only her body, but washed her clean of maybe some thoughts as well. She thought of her desperate attempts to get clothing, starting with asking those jerks at the rest stop in Arizona who then tried to rape her, the post office disaster, Jackson Dyle and his gang, and ending up with that truck stop a couple of days ago. She had such horrible luck, but maybe it was not a matter of luck. In each case she had come cringing onto the scene, hands covering her breasts and pussy, begging for something to put on. Maybe God is telling me that this is the wrong approach.

How long had she survived in the wild naked? She had been carefully counting the days. It was now August 16. Almost three weeks. A typical girl, stuck in the middle of nowhere with no clothes, would certainly run cringing and begging for something. But God had given her the ability to survive -- to be sure, helped along by the Indian in Oklahoma, and her horse companion in Texas. How she still missed her! She wanted to give the horse a name. After looking up at the sky, and then idly playing with her pubic hair, Tami came upon the name Cherish. She'll call that horse Cherish. Thank you, Cherish.

Tami had survived three weeks on her own, in the wilderness, with no money, clothes, or any tools or anything like that. Finding food where she found it, using her knowledge. She decided that this was supposed to be. She had been kept naked for a purpose. Indeed, thinking back on her thoughts when she escaped in that tube truck from Brian Cook's gallery in California, it seemed like she was a different person then. So much of what she worried about then seemed so petty to her now.

Not that she was meant to be naked forever. No, she just could not believe that. Yet the way to get back into clothes was to do it gradually. She was a changed person now, and grateful for it, though it was unfortunate that it had to be accomplished in such a fashion. But the time of nakedness was drawing to a close, she told herself.

She decided that when she found someone she would not cringe and beg for clothes. That would be too likely to end up with a call to the police, which of course was out of the question. She would say that she had voluntarily lived in the woods for some weeks, naked and alone, and had come out of it because she had to go back to school for the fall semester. Maybe not ask for clothes right away. Just after a day or two. And then she would be clothed and on her way back to the Northeast.

Should she still get a job, and start another life? That was still in the back of her mind, yet something told her that she had to go back to Campbell - Frank and be with her friends. And back to Providence to be with her family. She thought of those horrible agreements that she had signed in front of Mr. Ross and the Dean. There had to be a way out of them, somehow. Somehow she knew that if she got back to her loved ones everything would turn out all right.

Now she was done thinking for the day. The hot humid air and the rough bark on her bare skin, the racket of birdsong, all this had its usual effect on the naked girl's libido. She sighed and relaxed and her hand wandered to her pussy, then started noodling around with her clit. One bare leg let fall to the side, the foot lazily moving to and fro, toes extending as she slowly and steadily reached climax, her loud cries echoing through the forest and mixing in with the sounds of mockingbirds and blue jays and orioles.

She did nothing much the next couple of days, just wandering around exploring within the mile or two radius of her tree home. She wondered about her next move but, with the odd feelings and half-formed premonitions she had been getting since that rain, sensed that the next step would present itself to her.

It did, the next day. She came to a little river and saw a field on the other side with some odd-looking round tents. She sat down in the tall grass and observed for a few hours. There was a fire place, and a teepee further down. And she counted three women, maybe in their mid-thirties, walking around, tending the fire, cooking over it, talking in words that she could not quite make out. The women were dressed in old beat-up clothes and old boots. Tami saw them go into one of the tents and she got up and went back home to her tree. She came back in the evening. This time there were about ten women, some a bit older, gathering around the fire. There was chatting, again just far enough away so that she could not make out the words, then what looked like boiled vegetables was ladled out into dishes and they ate. After some more talking everyone got quiet and Tami realized they were praying, or meditating.

Tami could tell, from the piles of wood next to the tents, the carefully constructed fireplace, and the great quantity of drab clothing hung on branches to dry, that this was not a temporary settlement. These women -- there didn't seem to be any men -- had decided to live here. There was no sign of cars, or electricity, or anything mechanical. Had they learned to live in the wild, like she did?

It seemed obvious that they were some kind of religious community. That was how Tami knew what her next step would be. The next morning, she would walk across this river and right into their camp, and say that she had been living in the wild this summer, as part of a spiritual retreat, and did they mind if she stayed for a while? They seemed like nice people, though maybe a little solemn for her taste. Surely they would let her hang out with them for a couple of days. And then she would, carefully and deliberately as if the idea had just occurred to her, tell them that she was ending her retreat and could they give her a couple of things to put on so she could start making her way back to school? It seemed like a sure plan. No cringing, no begging, and above all, no danger that they would call the police.

It was the next morning. The naked teenage girl squatted in the tall grass and watched as two women, barefoot and skirts hitched up to their knees, waded into the river to wash some clothes. They talked quietly as they squeezed some blank T-shirts in the water and rubbed them against a flat rock. When she was sure they weren't looking the naked girl inserted herself into the water and began a slow underwater swim across.

The two women watched in surprise as a naked girl swam up to them and then stood up in the knee-high water, streaming and dripping from her hair and her nipples and her pubic hair below, arms at her sides, like Venus emerging from the sea.

The young girl stood there facing them until the water was done coursing off her, totally unconcerned with her nudity. Then she smiled and said, "Good morning. Praise be to God. My name is Tami."

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 24**

For a moment the three women were motionless in the steamy still morning air, calf-deep in water, the two women in kerchiefs and T-shirts and skirts looking at the naked wet teenager who stood before them, arms at her sides, shoulders back, as if presenting herself for their approval.

The women looked at each other and then one said, "Welcome. Shalom. My name is Ruth."

Tami, with a polite smile, extended her hand. This seemed to surprise Ruth, who took a moment to stretch her hand out and clasp the naked girl's hand gingerly. "And this is Debor - ah," Ruth said, putting the accent on the second syllable. Deborah was younger, maybe in her late 20's, and Tami could see some blond hairs poking out from under her kerchief. She had a pretty face like a model, though of course with no makeup.

Tami could tell that the women were trying not to look down at her nakedness. She resisted, for the thousandth time, the urge to cover herself with her hands, and stuck to her script, trying to make the words sound natural, even though they were so strange for her to say. "I have been living in the woods this summer and it's time to come out. I noticed your community."

Ruth, finally allowing herself to look down frankly at Tami's body, said, "Why are you naked?"

"I've always been naked."

"Where are your clothes?"

"I don't own any clothes."

"Ever?"

Tami had this planned. "I gave them up for the summer, for living alone in the woods."

Again the two women looked at each other. Then Ruth said, "You should not be naked. Let us get you some clothes."

Tami almost choked on the words but she was looking a few days into the future and had to stay firm to her plan. "No, no." She cleared her throat and tried again. "No clothes now. It's not yet -- it's not yet time."

At that point Tami became aware of the approach of an older woman, dressed in similar drab clothes. Ruth and Deborah stepped out of the stream to meet up with her. Tami followed, careful not to slouch or show any sign of wanting to cover herself.

This woman was a little more stern, it seemed. Ruth said to her, "This woman is Tami. She lives in the woods without clothing." To Tami: "This is Zipporah."

Zipporah looked the naked girl up and down, Tami forcing herself to stay perfectly still. Then everyone followed Zipporah into one of the big round tents.

In the tent was another woman, named Hagar, who fixed some tea for Tami and gave her some big crackers. Tami sat on a cushion in the middle of the room and was the center of attention as the others sat around and ate.

"You've been in the woods all summer?" Ruth said. Tami nodded while munching. These crackers were pretty good, though like nothing she'd tasted before. She gulped down and said, "I finished my freshman year and took a course in wild plants and decided to live out in the wilderness."

"How do you eat?" Ruth said.

"There's lots of things to eat around here," Tami said. "This is very lush country, and a good time of year. These crackers are good."

This broke the tension a bit. Deborah said, "It's not crackers, it's matzoh." Tami noticed Deborah had a gentle Southern accent, unlike the others.

"What?"

Ruth and Deborah smiled at each other. "Well we know she's not Jewish."

"Of course not, she's gone months without doing her nails," Ruth said. Hagar and Deborah giggled, as if this was an old joke. Zipporah just kept looking at Tami. Then she said, "Tami, we have a problem with bugs. These black flies, and mosquitos. We're almost out of citranella. Do you know any plants around here than can repel them?"

Tami, seeing her chance to get in good with this obvious authority figure, hopped up and started out of the tent. The women followed. "Pennyroyal," she said, bending over to pick the leaves off some little purple flowers she had noticed next to the stream, trying not to think of the fact that she was sticking her bare butt right in their faces, giving them a clear view of her butthole. She turned and presented the leaves to Zipporah like a gift. "Just make a tea of this and rub it on the skin."

Zipporah looked at the leaves in her hand, apparently impressed. "Do you use it?"

Tami said, "No, I don't have to. If you don't eat table sugar, the bugs won't get you."

At this Deborah looked at Ruth and mumbled, "Told you!"

Zipporah looked at Deborah and then at the naked teenager and smiled. "We could use some knowledge like that around here. Come on back in."

Back in the tent, Tami and Zipporah started talking casually over the tea and matzoh. Tami said, "This is a nice tent." "It's called a yurt," Zipporah said. "Easy to put up." Tami learned that there were more yurts over the rise, that there were eighteen women in this camp, that they had pooled their resources to live together according to traditional Hebrew and kosher customs, or something like that, and that they had been in this particular site since June, having moved out of a big house in Chattanooga, where they had all originally been teachers or students at the university there. The plan was to stay until the fall semester and then make a decision about trying to stick it out here all the way to the spring.

As for Zipporah, she found out that Tami was a math major who had always liked nature and had always wanted to live alone for an extended time to meditate. Her parents knew she was doing it, though they didn't know she was naked; she had their number in her head and had plans to call them for money if the nature thing didn't work out. In fact, though, she had found it easy to live out in the wild, with the knowledge of wild plants she had acquired both from that course and from experience. At least that was what Tami told them, a curious mixture of fact and fiction, though to the women who had been living out in the wild also, it apparently seemed plausible.

It became time for some chores to be done, and Tami volunteered to help. She followed the women over the rise and saw some more yurts, then beyond, a flat clearing in which they had put a huge garden with corn, tomatoes, carrots . . . Tami helped them pick what was ready for picking, the naked girl laboring alongside the clothed women. In the process she saw that they had not entirely left civilization behind. For one thing, there was the chicken wire surrounding the garden to keep animals out. Then there was the radio (turned off) in an opened suitcase under a plastic canopy set up outside a yurt. And inside the yurt, what she was most surprised to see: a high bench laid out in the middle of the tent, next to which stood a stocky woman with no kerchief, a sunburnt face, and a wide, friendly, smile.

This was Tovah, who showed no sign of the other women's hesitation about physical contact and gave Tami a big firm hug. "We're glad y'all staying with us, let's give you a right welcoming present." She gestured to the table.

There was no word spoken. Tami laid on her stomach and her head rested on an extension that was designed to keep her neck straight. This, she realized, was a special massage table. After her surprise at feeling the first glop of oil on her back, she surrendered herself to the exquisite touch of Tovah's firm but supple hands, rubbing the oil all over her from neck down to between her toes, massaging her neck, her shoulders, down to the small of her back, and then her arms, right down to a detailed and satisfying massage of each hand. The naked girl found her muscles stretched, rubbed, kneaded, like never before. And then Tovah rubbed her strong thumbs deep into her butt muscles, down her legs, so that the naked girl could only moan. "Aaaaah . . ." was all she said, except when in her body relaxed to the point that she let out a little fart. "Sorry, oh . . ." "That's O.K.," Tovah said.

Tovah rubbed her oiled hands over Tami's feet, spending a lot of time on an exquisite massage of the soles, spreading the toes, and then set each foot down.

Tami was in another world by then and could not react when Tovah suddenly pushed into the middle of her back with a doubled fist. Pop - pop - pop . . . Tami had never had her back cracked before but this was not scary, it was great! She limply followed the lead of Tovah's hands to turn over, then found her head twisted this way and that, as if Tovah was unscrewing the lid on a jar, with more popping in the neck, then she lay on one side and then the other, as Tovah hoisted herself on Tami's thighs to cause great crunches on each side.

"Ohhh. . . ahhh. . . thhhhank you . . ." Tami said, eyes closed, feeling like a limp puddle of bone and muscle, knowing this was the most wonderful massage of her life, and then she was asleep, still smiling, the naked girl on her tummy on the massage table in the middle of the round tent.

. . . .

"This is a Torah," Ruth said to Tami as the naked girl made room for herself, awkwardly, in the circle in the yurt. It was past dark, after a light but delicious supper of salad and potatoes, and there were oil lamps that gave enough light for everyone to see. Zipporah led the reading and it was all in Hebrew, apparently, as was this big book Ruth was showing her, neat lines of strange characters in the middle, then lines of smaller characters around it, then even smaller writing at the edges, all in boxes. Ruth whispered, "This is the text, then these are the commentaries, then around here are the supercommentaries."

"Supercommentaries?"

"Commentaries on the commentaries."

"Oh." It seemed ridiculous in a way, but Tami told herself she should have respect for it. She thought of her Jewish friend, Mandy, the only one back at the college who knew the whole truth about her situation -- did Mandy grow up with this? Tami had always thought of religion as a bit of a turn-off. Mass usually bored her. But this circle of women talking in a weird language about these texts, there was something intriguing about it. She wondered what they were saying.

Zipporah stopped the back and forth of Hebrew around the circle to say to Tami, "The Torah has something to say about every aspect of life. Today's reading is about being true to one's goals. I decided to make the switch from our scheduled reading because of you, our most unusual visitor."

Tami, sitting cross-legged in the circle, looked around at her clothed companions and burned with shame. Her nakedness was so out of place and she felt insolent and disrespectful being naked here in this group. Rebecca had tried to get her to go to her prayer group at the college, and Tami could never bring herself to go. And now here she was. And being pointed out.

Trying to deflect attention, Tami said, "What was your regular reading going to be about?"

"Hair care." It was the way Zipporah said it, deadpan. Tami burst out laughing. Then quickly stifled herself and apologized.

Ruth smiled. "Don't apologize, I know it sounds funny."

Tami held her hand to her mouth. "What does it -- say -- about hair?" She hardly finished the last word when she burst out laughing again, her breasts jiggling, shaking her head as if to apologize anew. "Sorry --"

Zipporah smiled and waited for Tami to calm down. Others were smiling too. Then Zipporah said, "It says, don't go nuts over it."

After that, Zipporah said, "Let's do this in English," and they started talking about Commitment to One's Goals. "You see Tami here, has been very committed to living out in nature with no clothing or artifacts of any kind. She's been successful, because she's been very committed to her goal. We would do well to emulate her."

As she so often felt when Rebecca gushed over her, the naked teenager felt pangs of guilt. These were worthy people, as was Rebecca, and they drew inspiration from her, when all the time she was a fraud. Tami wondered once again how she was going to be all right with Rebecca and Jen and Rod and all the rest of her worshipful friends after she put on clothes again.

And then, at the end of the session, everyone hugged Tami as they went out, thanking her for providing inspiration.

That night Tami slept in Hagar's yurt. Hagar offered her massage table to sleep on -- and a blanket. It was hardly cool enough to need one but Tami grabbed the chance, and after the lights were out, luxuriated in the feel of covering over her body, being denied so long, even though the blanket was rough wool and scraped over her nipples and thighs. But after a few minutes she felt suffocated and took the blanket off. Only then did she get to sleep -- for the first time in days, with a roof over her head, in the humid Alabama night, to the sound of crickets and birds and owls.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 25**

"You seem to have conquered modesty," Ruth observed as the three walked along down the forest path. She and Deborah were following the naked teenager as she continued the educational tour Zipporah had asked her to conduct. Ruth had a clutch of stems and flowers in her hand, having been given them by Tami as they went from tree to tree, almost from plant to plant, Tami identifying what she was seeing and telling them the uses. Deborah was writing things on a notepad.

"I don't believe in modesty," Tami said, aware of how odd it sounded coming from her mouth, yet feeling O.K. about it. She wondered if it hadn't been a mistake to refuse Ruth's offer of clothes when she emerged from the stream yesterday. She was just so surprised, after all her ordeals, to have someone just right up front offer her clothes. But it was just as well. It was only one more day -- and then, she would ask for clothes. She would tell these women that she had to get going for home, and though she was a nudist, as a practical matter she had to have clothes to put on to go on her journey. It was a sure thing, and Tami kept telling herself: one more day to clothes . . . one more day to clothes . . . In the meantime, though she didn't like being naked and was jealous of these women and their abundant clothing, she could steel herself to play the part. It was like being around her friends in the dorm -- she felt comfortable around them and the shame she felt was not all that bad. Certainly not as bad as with the mean and abusive people she had been

subjected to.

Then there was that exquisite backrub from Tovah yesterday. It made her so relaxed and feel so comfortable with her body, she was only now getting out of the zoned-out feeling it caused. She had gotten up at dawn, as always, to make her daily prayer for clothes, next to the stream, and was still so woozy that she had almost fallen in. Then, finishing her prayer, she said what the heck, and plunged in for a refreshing swim, and the awakening women had been greeted with the sight of a dripping teenage nude walking through their camp.

"Those cones, you can eat the insides," Tami said, standing next to a tree trunk and pointing up. She wanted to help Ruth and her friends out, they seemed so eager to learn. And Tami wanted to make herself useful. She didn't want to freeload, getting shelter and food and backrubs (and clothes) from them, she wanted to give something in return.

She decided to let Ruth and Deborah see for themselves how good these cones tasted. She jumped up with both hands to grab the first branch, a nice strong level branch maybe eight feet up, and found herself facing her two companions with a full frontal view of her suspended nudity. Trying not to notice their gaze, she hoisted one leg up, giving them a quick view of her spread pussy, then the other, until she was standing on the branch, well above them, leaning one hand against the trunk. Then climbing a few other branches and sidling out to where the cones were. She gathered a few against her breasts, feeling the scraping against her skin, then hopped down to the first branch. Leaning her bare back against the trunk, she pulled the hard petals off one until she got to the fibrous stem and then said, "Catch," and threw it down to Ruth. In a moment all three females were chewing on tree cone stems, the clothed women on the ground, the naked teenager idly reclining on the branch above.

"These are good," Ruth said. She looked up right at Tami's crotch, then at her face, and smiled. "I can't get over how comfortable you are with being naked."

Tami, still chewing, shrugged, sort of wishing Ruth would talk about something else, then deciding she wouldn't mind talking about the flip side, namely clothes. "You and your friends wear a lot of clothes, even though it's hot."

"Yes," Ruth said. "It's partly our studies. The Torah has a lot of stuff about always staying covered. It sort of sinks in on you. Of course, it has a lot of other stuff we don't like, such as subjugation of women. We're still deciding what to go with and what to chuck."

"For me, I think this staying all covered up business can be chucked," Deborah said in her gentle accent. "I'm not saying be like you, but at least wear shorts or short sleeves. It's a holy bother in a Southern summer. Or during that rain we had."

"That rain was nice," Tami mused, forgetting who she was talking to. "I just walked and walked through it like it was a warm shower." Then she realized it must be torture for these women to hear her talk like that. Being all hot and sweaty and drenched in those clothes -- despite her longing for covering Tami could only imagine how unpleasant that must have been. Pausing in her munching, unconsciously folding up one leg so that her bare foot drew up to cover her pussy, she said an awkward and impulsive, "Sorry."

"No, that's O.K.," Ruth said. "We've been thinking about clothing a lot, and other things. Having you around this past day has gotten us to thinking, some things we've been having in the backs of our minds, but your presence got them to the front burner. That's why we're the only two on this tour you're good enough to give. The others are meeting right now talking about how to get more . . ."

"More sensual," Deborah broke in.

"Yes," Ruth said. "Tovah has been talking about this all along, but she's been more like a doctor to us, tending to us when we're sore or injured. I think she's right. I don't think we're meant to be all wrapped up and pinched. We're not celibate, we're all lovers. We don't want to be just a bunch of prunes."

Tami stopped chewing. Lovers? This was interesting. She wondered why there were no men around, but had figured it might be offensive to ask. "You're all lovers?"

"Yes, we're all paired up. Deborah and me," Ruth said.

The teenager's mind was whirling. Who was paired up with who? A bunch of lesbians out in the woods! Jen would probably be in heaven here. Well, no, Jen also liked trendy clothes and going dancing. Then Tami thought of something else Ruth said. "'Prunes'?"

"Stuck-up feminists," Ruth said. "Women who start out hating pornography, then they get onto other things and before you know it, you're anti-pleasure everything. I've been there." She rolled her eyes. "UTC is full of them, the metro area too."

Tami said, "Metro area?"

"Chattanooga's a big city, I was born and raised there," Deborah said proudly. Then, "Ruth's exaggerating. Only if you scoot around with feminists does it seem like pruneland."

Tami thought about Campbell - Frank. No, there weren't a lot of "prunes" there, in fact not many "Feminists", except for Professor Congi and Jen and some others, and most of them were pretty cool.

She noticed Ruth and Deborah looking at each other. Ruth bit her lip. Then she said, "Tami, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but we just want to say you have the most beautiful, in shape body we've ever seen." She cleared her throat.

This compliment rebounded in the naked girl's memory. It was almost exactly what Jen had said to her, the first time they had met, when Jen and Terri showed up as Tami's roommates. Once again the shy naked girl blushed and basked in the compliment in spite of her embarrassment. Once again, despite all that had happened, she felt the urge to twirl herself around and say, "I do enjoy it myself," or whatever she had said on that occasion. This time, she said, "Thanks. I was on the gymnastics team, it's a good way to stay in shape."

And now she realized that in looking at her nakedness Ruth and Deborah were trying to control their lesbian lust. She didn't know how to react. She was about to jump down and continue her educational tour when Ruth cleared her throat again and said, "Can you -- can you do some gymnastic thing? Twirl on that bar or something? Please?"

Both women blushed deep red at having made this request. Tami felt their discomfort and didn't want to let them down. They were so nice. And she was getting the feeling that her being around was good for these women, therapeutic. So she said, "O.K.," and decided to do some twirls on this branch, which made a good overhead bar, then dismount so she could continue her tour.

Throwing the rest of the cone aside, the naked teenager dropped down so that she was hanging from the branch like before. She spread her legs and brought them up, toes above the branch, then began swinging back and forth. When she had enough momentum she twirled over the top of branch, then did it again, then a third time. She switched her hands and turned around, and when she was about to do the dismount twirl, legs wide apart, pointed feet over her head, her pussy and asshole in clear view at everyone's eye level, she saw that she was now performing not only for Ruth and Deborah but for Zipporah, Hagar, Tovah and maybe a dozen others.

With a quick blush she looked back up to her hands and then dismounted, her bare feet landing silently on the soft dirt, then she thrust her breasts and arms out and smiled in the classic gymnastics finish. They clapped. Some whistled.

She felt the strong urge to cover herself with her hands but she wanted to keep up this persona they had apparently fallen in love with. So she stood there, arms at her sides, and said, "Hi." Then, "I wasn't showing off, they asked me." She wondered if she had just gotten Ruth and Deborah in trouble but then everyone started laughing.

. . . .

The next reading circle was that afternoon, around the fireplace, though there was no fire set. Tami sat cross-legged and leaned over as Deborah shared her Torah with her. The naked teenager looked around. The sun was blazing hot and she was sweating, but not as much as the others. She pitied them in their kerchiefs, their heavy skirts and pullovers, the socks and black work shoes they all wore. She imagined the Torah was written in northern Europe somewhere, Russia maybe, in a cold climate, by people in heavy outfits which were so out of place for an Alabama summer. In a way she respected these women for going around like this -- much as, she remembered, Rebecca and Jen and Rod and many others respected her for walking around naked through a Vermont winter.

Again, the readings were in Hebrew, with Zipporah occasionally summarizing in English for Tami's benefit. Today's topic was The Uses and Abuses of Self-Denial.

Later, Ruth and Deborah asked Tami to show them her "home". Tami took them to the big tree with the wide crotch and the open trunk below. She thought of it as a short trip, but it took a long time for the two women to fight through the pathless brush which kept getting caught on their clothing. Finally Deborah took off her boots and her socks, which actually made her going even slower as she stepped on vines and rocks with tender bare feet with one hand carrying the boots. As they continued on, Tami pointed out to her the patches of poison sumac here and there.

They came to the tree and Tami showed them the inside where she had slept on the bed of leaves, and pointed out the wide crotch above, which was so big that Tami judged it could hold all three of them. With some difficulty she pulled them up and soon the two clothed women and the naked teenager were sitting there in the only way really possible, leaning back with their backs to the fat branches.

"It's amazing how you've lived here all summer, in this tree," Deborah said, rubbing her sore feet. "There's no sign that it's been used by a human."

"Actually this was only the past few days," Tami said, trying to be truthful yet not wanting to reveal too much. "Before that it was other places." They were all facing each other, and Tami was all to conscious of her pussy hair being almost right in their faces.

Ruth was looking right at it. Then she said, "Even your vagina is beautiful."

Tami blushed and again suppressed the urge to cover it with her hands. The only sign of uneasiness was the squirming of her toes, down to the side and out of sight. "Thanks."

"How often do you . . . sexual release?" The stilted language was as awkward to say as it was to hear.

Tami had a picture of these women having very little sex, and knew her answer would make Ruth more jealous and depressed. But she felt she owed her the truth. "Several times a day."

Deborah said, "You . . . do yourself several times a day?"

Tami nodded, looking out to the woods. "That too. Every time I do, I . . . come . . . a few times."

Ruth shook her head and smiled. "That sounds exhausting!"

"No, not at all. I've -- I've gotten used to it." Maybe that was saying too much, Tami mused. She certainly didn't want to talk about the Chalfont experiments and how they had greatly increased her capacity for orgasms.

And now the sexual desire was thick in the air, Tami realized. And it included her! Her flat tummy squirmed a bit. She looked down at her pussy hair and detected the slightest scent of female musk. She hoped there was no visible wetness.

"Tami," Ruth cleared her throat. "We were wondering . . . We want to feel your energy. When a woman has an orgasm, energy flows from her body, life giving energy. Could you . . . tonight at the circle . . . If you could do yourself, while we pray . . ."

Tami almost fell off the tree. This was a thunderbolt, so very unlike the impression she had formed. The new age-y talk about "energy". And she was being asked to diddle herself in the middle of their circle!

Yet as she thought about it more, maybe it didn't sound so weird. These women, after all, were spiritual types. Tami had never been into "spiritual" stuff, preferring concrete things like auto repair and math, but had gained respect for people like that, mainly Rebecca, who were smart and honest and not using spirituality as an excuse for lazy thinking. These women were searchers, and trying to loosen up, for them a brave thing to do. She thought of her compact with God -- he would protect her so long as she was strong and smart and brave. Well, so were these women.

Then there was the earnest look in Ruth's eyes. It was not begging but Tami had something they wanted and needed.

The naked teenager, shy by nature, found herself saying, "Yes."

The three sat there in the tree, looking at each other for a long moment. It was like the moment when new lovers look into each other's eyes and realize it is time for the first kiss.

Deborah wordlessly took off her pullover, then the white T-shirt underneath, and then unclasped her white bra, and tossed the garments aside to where they fluttered to the ground.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 26**

A few minutes later, with some struggle, the other two women had achieved full nudity and lay back on their wide tree limbs, ill at east in their pale skin and unaccustomed nakedness, facing the tanned and toned body of the beautiful naked teenager.

The tension was electric. All three stared at each other and at each other's pussies and breasts. Tami noticed that Ruth, who appeared to be around 30, had a body that was a little scrawny and soft but not ugly. As for Deborah, closer to Tami's age, her body was thin and tall and graceful, like a model's, though pale also from lack of sun.

Nobody was sure what would happen next. Then Ruth nervously extended her hand into the space between them. Deborah followed, then Tami. The three hands clasped together tightly, rubbing each other as if foreshadowing the tactile orgy to come.

Tami had never considered herself even bisexual, let alone lesbian. Her preference was for Rod's dick. And though she had submitted to Jen's and Mandy's tongues often, she had taken the lead with them only a few times, and more as returning the favor than out of any desire on her part. Yet she conceded that with her depressingly perfect body, walking naked into this group of lesbians, she was bound cause something to happen. And yes, she did feel some attraction for the naked quivering companions in front of her.

It was to relieve their obvious distress and painful shyness that she acted first. She pushed herself up and her hands found branches to support her weight as she leaned her body full length over Ruth's and heard her lustful sigh, as of long-denied relief, as both felt the exquisite sweetness of full length bare skin one against the other. Then Ruth kissed her full on the lips.

Tami was prepared to squat down and tenderly kiss Ruth's pussy, but Ruth suddenly got assertive and pushed Tami upright. As Tami stretched herself out into an "X", her hands and feet extended to clasp branches to the side, Ruth sat down in the crotch of the tree and cradled Tami's butt cheeks in her hands as she slowly licked Tami's lower lips. All Tami could do was stand there, stretched out, and be pleasured, as Deborah sat back and enjoyed the show, idly playing with herself.

Tami looked out into the woods, up at the sky. This was strange pleasure, but she enjoyed it. She said, thank you God, and realized that for these women this might be a kind of worship too. She found herself reaching down to softly stroke Ruth's hair as Ruth continued her earnest and fairly skillful licking, drawing Tami's clit out and sucking on it gently, then pressing her face into Tami's pussy as if smothering it with a big kiss. Tami's immense sex drive was just below the surface anyway in these natural surroundings, having denied herself release since she met her new friends a day and a half ago, and it took only a couple of minutes for her to quiver and then crest, knowing Deborah was looking at her and taking in every nuance of her shaking and wide-open eyes as she cried loudly into the woods, then the hammerlike spasms that jolted Ruth's face and nearly knocked her out of the tree.

"Oh, God . . ." Tami exuded a wave of sweat in the aftermath and caught her breath, her concave tummy heaving in and out in the center of the thin strong X of her body. She was about to sit down and give Ruth her turn when Deborah took Ruth's place and started it all over again.

How odd, Tami mused in a lucid moment as Deborah caressed her butt cheeks and gave a soft welcoming kiss to her pussy hair. I'm always naked and it gets people horny -- yet their first impulse is not to pleasure themselves, but to give pleasure to me! Tami's role in life was to be always naked and to have orgasms. Or so it often seemed.

With a jolt Tami's mind dissolved into pure feeling. Deborah's technique was more aggressive than Ruth's. She stuck her fingers deep into Tami's pussy, spread the lips wide, then jabbed the pinkness inside with the tip of her thrusting tongue, then withdrew to start chewing on Tami's clit. Orgasm was inevitably quick. Once more the naked teenager's body bucked and her cries, more like shouts this time, spun uninhibited into the woods.

Tami collapsed into a cross-legged sit, her head bowed, breathing deeply to recover from the two orgasms. When her head rose her purpose was clear. As Deborah lay back, Tami squatted forward to kiss her pubic hair and used her tongue to gently tease out her clit. Ruth leaned over to suck one of Deborah's small pink nipples. Deborah's orgasm was short and quick, with something Tami had never seen before: a full body flush, her skin turning red from head to toe, then returning to white as the spasms spent themselves.

Crawling up on all fours, Tami leaned forward to where Ruth had lain back, legs spread onto adjacent tree limbs. All Tami had to do was put her head right into Ruth's pussy. And then a surprised grunt as she felt Deborah nuzzle into her from behind. Deborah had somehow spun around and was facing upward into Tami's pussy. "Oh, God . . ." Ruth said squeamish and crying and thankful all at once as Tami burrowed in with her tongue, with the technique she had learned from feeling Jen do it many times. Ruth bent her leg up to wrap around Tami's back. Deborah meanwhile bored upward into Tami's open pink cave. As Tami went to work Ruth emitted rough low grunts very unlike her usual timid voice. Tami's body quivered in synch with Ruth's as they went up to orgasm together, as if walking up a hill hand in hand to meet with God.

. . . .

The naked sentinel kept guard, squatting on the big fallen tree, chewing on a mint leaf, watching the woods in their peaceful stillness, feeling the soft breezes of late afternoon on her bare butt. She looked up at the canopy of tree tops. This forest was like a cathedral of nature.

She looked back at her tree home, at her friends sleeping inside the trunk. Tami had come four times, but after one orgasm each, Ruth and Deborah were wiped out. They had dropped to the ground and languidly pulled their clothes on, but were too sleepy to face the walk back to camp. So Tami spread out the leafy mattress for them and within seconds they were asleep -- in each other's arms. It was touching. Though they had had their fling with Tami, Ruth and Deborah really seemed to be true lovers. It was cute that they were even snoring together.

Tami looked back out into the forest as if looking into the future. She was glad to give pleasure and be so highly regarded by this group, who she at first thought was a cult of religious oddballs but who she had come to respect as intelligent, complicated, earnest individuals. Kind of like Rebecca. It was good for her life of nudity to end in such happy company.

Because tomorrow would be it. Tomorrow morning she would approach Zipporah and the rest and say that it was time for her to start making her way back to school. And that she would need to put on clothes again for the trip. And then they would give her some things from their abundant supply and she would keep walking through this forest into the next town she saw. As a clothed person she wouldn't have to be picky about who she approached. All she needed was a phone and after that make the arrangements.

Once she had clothes on, the rest would be easy. She looked down at her bare toes, her pussy hair, past her hard brown suntanned nipples, and indulged in a longing prayer one more time. Oh God, clothes . . . please God, one more day, clothes . . . How good it would feel . . .

. . . .

Dinner around the fire was a muted affair, everyone thinking of the ritual to come, of Tami bringing herself to orgasm while everyone watched and prayed. The teenager was even more conscious of her nudity, now that everyone's anticipations were so clearly centered on her. When coffee was passed around Tovah got up and broke the tension a bit by turning on the radio. This was a daily event, something Tami had missed the day before. Fifteen minutes of "all news" radio just to keep everyone current on events. An AM station out of Chattanooga, apparently.

Then Hagar disappeared and a few minutes later Tami heard an engine being gunned, echoing through the woods. Seeing her puzzled expression, Ruth said, "That's our van, down in the lower clearing. She runs it a few minutes every day to keep the battery charged. Just in case of emergencies, or if we want to go back to town next month. Though right now we're leaning toward staying." And then a saucy wink, out of character for Ruth, and Tami thought of three naked females having sex in the tree, a wild moment in Ruth's life, and smiled. Tami sat and sipped coffee, listening to the faraway engine drone on, feeling like she was about to perform at a big meet.

The sun set and Tami found herself sitting on Tovah's massage table, set up over the doused ashes of the fire. Eighteen women sat in a circle around her, holding hands, heads bowed down.

The naked girl on the table was waiting for a sign to proceed but then figured she was to start the proceedings herself. She looked up at the darkening sky and swallowed. In all her ordeals, she had never had a public orgasm by her own hand. Yet this was a friendly surrounding. She closed her eyes and felt the nature around her, the sounds of birds and the occasional scurrying squirrel and the soft wind rustling through the trees, and felt the desire rising. Slowly she spread her legs and rubbed her pussy with her open hands. She felt a pressure to perform, and hoped she wouldn't let these women down.

It was slow at first. Tami, whose experiences had resulted in such unusual responsiveness and capacity, found it hard to excite herself in front of a crowd. She actually wished she had some of the Chalfont devices to help her. But as she closed her eyes and began thinking of Rod, of his silky, hard dick deep in her pussy, and then deep in her rectum, her breathing became quicker and soon the meditating women could hear the sighs, then the grunts, girlish and yet womanly, louder and louder as her legs straightened and bent and straightened again and her firm breasts jiggled on her chest like two little hills of jello.

"Ohhhh. . ." Night was falling quickly and it was hard to see the naked centerpiece of their thoughts, but the women slowly crept up to her and placed their hands gently on whatever part of her was closest. The naked, feverish girl seemed to hardly notice. Eighteen left hands were stroking her hair, her face, holding onto her shoulders, her sides, her hips, her thighs, right down to clutching her toes.

"Ohh -- GOD -- yes -- ohh -" The loud cries were the only sound as the naked teenager's dimly seen body bounced up and down on the cushioned table, the slap of bare buttocks hitting on the way down.

The great moment faded away and so did the hands. Tami sighed and relaxed and let her soul blend in with the quiet forest night. And then she felt someone climbing on, and felt the gentle push of knees and hands on each side, and then the scent of something recently familiar and a dark invisible pussy descended on her mouth.

It was Ruth's. She knew the scent, and when a soft wet tongue rested on her pussy lips, she felt she knew that tongue too. "Mmmmm . . ." She welcomed the surprise, like a chocolate desert after a nice meal. Gently, slowly, they pleasured each other. The lapping of tongues only partly hid the sound of clothing being untied and slid off.

Ruth and Tami listened to each other's bodies in the blackness of the unlit night and came at the same time. Neither heard the soft whispered prayers of "Amen," or "Thank you," but neither would have been surprised.

Tami lay there, sad to feel Ruth's nakedness leaving her, and then she felt a much more sturdy presence, almost tilting the table, and jerked with the feel of a strong, rough tongue on her clit. This, she knew, had to be Tovah. Tami's hands reached up to separate the lips of the wide pussy and she noodled the clit with her tongue, then swept up and down the length of the pussy with wide, flat strokes. Tovah came first, but did not allow herself to relax until she had brought the always naked teenager to her third orgasm of the night.

The next presence was again familiar. Deborah.

After Deborah was finished a more experienced, more grown up woman was over her. This had to be Zipporah. Again the naked teenager gave and received pleasure with the woman on top of her and again both came.

It went on this way, far into the night, until all eighteen women had had their turn and their orgasm. Each time Tami came, sometimes twice. After the last one had spent herself Tami's lips were kissed gently eighteen times and she curled onto her side and quickly went into a deep sleep. The Daughters of Judith, celebrating female love on the living altar of Tami Smithers, a goddess of sensuality who had emerged naked from the water into their camp, were from then on forever changed, both as individuals and as a community.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 27**

"Mmmmm . . ."

Tami was lazily aware of the sun on her body. She was lying on the beach, all alone, stretching in languid horniness, waiting for Rod to appear, as naked as she was, dick smooth and silky and hard and huge, to kneel down and lift up her hips, her legs splaying apart with the motion, as he gently opened her pussy lips and took her.

"Mmmmm . . ."

The bright red of the sun through her eyelids. Now the faint smell of woodsmoke. Now the happy giggling of kids playing and splashing in the pool . . .

"Mmmm --"

Tami opened her eyes and was caught in sleepy surprise. She was still on the table, in the middle of the fire circle, over the dead ashes. In broad daylight in the middle of the women's camp. Worse, her legs were spread wide apart. Her open pussy was on full display and had been for hours. Still a little sluggish from sleepiness, she sat up and drew her legs together, knees under her chin.

She blinked and could not believe what she was seeing. Frisbees being thrown. Women laughing. Everyone stripped down to T-shirts and shorts. In the stream, Hagar and Zipporah, submerged up to their necks, splashing each other. Was this just another dream?

Ruth and Deborah walked up the naked teenager on the table, holding hands. Ruth was in a halter top and skirt, Deborah in very sexy hot pants and a cut-off T-shirt. Ruth reached over to hug Tami. Deborah decided to kiss her full on the lips. "Good afternoon, our sleepyhead goddess."

"Goddess?" Tami rubbed her eyes. "What's going on?"

"You brought us all alive last night," Deborah drawled softly. "We met this morning and decided to strip."

"Not naked," Ruth laughed. "We had an idea about that but Zipporah put the kibosh on it. She's right, anyway. One step at a time. We are going to devote ourselves to sensuousness. It's not forbidden by the Torah, at least once you chuck the male patriarchal stuff. This morning's reading was wild!"

"Instead of just repeating what's in there, we came up with new ideas, original insights," Deborah said. "Best reading we ever had."

Tami looked around. Zipporah and Hagar were emerging from the stream to get at their clothes, blushing and covering their breasts and crotches, but giggling while doing so.

"A lot of modesty to overcome," Ruth said, looking at them. "Most of us can't really be naked, not yet. But we went most of the way. We gave up all our clothes except each woman kept one thing to wear on top and one thing to wear on bottom. We gave up our kerchiefs, our underwear, our shoes." Tami looked down with her to see Ruth's toes wiggling in the grass. She looked up at Tami and couldn't resist hugging her again. "This was a real breakthrough, and it's because of you. I love you Tami!!"

"I love you Tami!" another woman yelled. As everyone realized Tami had awakened, there was a chorus of "I love you Tami's". Tami could only hide her head and blush, both out of modesty and thinking of what she had been doing in public last night. Yet she felt so good, having made these women feel so good.

Plus, having discarded all these clothes meant there would be more for Tami to choose from. She pictured a big pile that she could rummage through -- maybe get three or four changes to take with her. "What did you do with all those clothes?" she asked affably.

"Oh, we had Tovah drive them back to the university to give to charity," Deborah said, adjusting the back of Ruth's halter. "All we have here is what's on our backs."

Tami felt the blood drain from her face. Suddenly she was wide awake. How was she going to ask for clothes now? Surely none of these women could give up their only coverings for her! She didn't see anyone naked except for Zipporah and Hagar in their mad dash for their skimpy things, coverings which they still very much needed. Today was the day she was going to take her leave and ask for things to wear. NOW what??

The naked teenager, still a little stiff from the last night's activities, let herself be taken down from the table and she walked, holding Ruth's hand, into one of the yurts for a lunch of tomatoes and lettuce and hummus in pita bread. Quite good, though strange. She tried to put her predicament out of her mind for now as a huge appetite made itself felt. She needed a lot to replenish all she had expended the night before. She wolfed down a second sandwich and then a third.

Sipping coffee with Hagar, sitting in a little clearing right off the main circle, she tried to get more information. "How are you going to survive when it gets cold?"

"We'll see. It doesn't get chilly around here for another month or so. Maybe we'll get a single pair of overalls for each woman."

"What about mosquitos?"

"Pennyroyal. The tea really works. We haven't been bitten all day. And there's enough of it to last as long as the mosquitos do. You know this, Goddess Tami, you told us!"

"I'm . . . I just want to make sure you're o.k.," Tami said, cross-legged on the grass, looking down at her bare gritty tanned toes next to the coffee cup, such a contrast to Hagar's pale, tender feet.

Tami hoped the others would attribute her muted expression to concern with the women's health and not to being crestfallen, for example because her carefully constructed plans for the past few days had just been exploded. She wondered what would happen when Tovah came back. That would probably be some time from now. Maybe there were some clothes left in the van. Maybe Tovah could take her somewhere to get clothes.

She wondered how to play this, and once again felt like a fraud, these women calling her a goddess and leading them to so much openness, yet while living a lie. She was glad everyone was finally showing so much skin, it made her feel less naked. Yet she was still a being apart, the only one showing breasts and pussy, and she had been so anticipating this day, THIS day, when she would FINALLY get to put on clothes. To find herself still naked was almost too much to take. She HATED being naked, DESPERATELY wanted clothes!! Just the tiniest thing to cover herself with!! Please GOD!!!

She took a deep breath and relaxed as Hagar took away their empty coffee cups. No point in getting hyper. She wanted to just tell these women, look, I have to get back to school, I have to get clothes again. But this seemed like it might break their hearts. Even if not, maybe she should wait for Tovah to get back with the van. It would be at least that long until she could get clothes, anyway. Tami decided to bide her time.

And play "Goddess Tami" for a few more hours. These women were definitely more fun to hang out with since their "breakthrough". Tami took them on another educational tour of the woods. They soaked up the information like sponges -- and a couple, Deborah and Hagar especially, made giggly jokes about flowers looking like vaginas that got the others snickering. Then the naked girl got into the stream with the others and started splash contests. It turned out they had a volleyball, until now seldom used, and Tami strung a vine in between two trees as a "net". As the only one naked, she knew herself intensely stared at as she flew to the net and spiked the ball, breasts bouncing, legs splayed. Yet it was a good time. It reminded her a little of that time on campus, during the first warm day, when she played frisbee with those guys on the big lawn.

The day turned to late afternoon and, napping on a futon in Ruth and Deborah's yurt, Tami was awakened by the distant sound of an engine gunned one more time before it sputtered to a stop. Tami quickly bounced out of the yurt and waited.

And was depressed at Tovah's first declaration as she climbed up from below. "Yep, every scrap of extra clothes is at the Women's Center waiting to be taken out, I even cleaned out those old sweatshirts in the van."

"They were stinky anyway," someone said as women gathered around Tovah, who had a bookbag with her and was striding to the fire circle. By now Tami knew that the circle was where one went when she wanted to announce something.

"And we have a real pioneer here," Tovah said, with a broad smile.

She took out a book.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 28**

In the middle of the women's camp, the girl who never wore any clothes stood in front of the yurt, mouth slightly open, hands at her sides, her shoulders slightly slumped, and watched the devastating scene unfold.

The women were clustered around Tovah, who held the book in her hand, above her head. "Our naked Goddess is very modest indeed. She's in this book that came into the Women's Center last month! 'Techno Orgasm'!"

"'Techno Orgasm'? Who ordered that??" Zipporah said.

"Darcy. She was at the desk, reading it," Tovah said.

"That figures," someone said. "All she thinks about is sex, sex, sex."

"Like we don't," Ruth chipped in.

"Tell me you recognize this bod," Tovah said, holding the book open. First Zipporah, then the others looked closely. Then eyes went to the naked teenager next to the yurt. Tami blushed as deeply as she had ever done in her life. For some ridiculous reason her embarrassment made her smile as she looked down, folded her arms over her breasts and twisted the ball of her foot into the grass.

"She's blushing!" someone said. "We know that body VERY well," more than one person said.

Tovah read. "It says here this is Tami Smithers, and she's a 'radical nudist', and strapped into this machine, she came 136 times in a space of a little over four hours!"

"Super woman!" Deborah said.

Then there was a little lull. Tovah came over to the naked teenager. "Goddess, I know you're not one to boast. Sorry if I'm embarrassing you. I just saw this and I just had to tell everyone!"

"This makes you more a Goddess than before! We counted 26 times last night. And now, 136 times!" Ruth came over to her and hugged her. The naked girl could not but respond to such overwhelming affection, and her arms returned the favor. Then Tami found herself doing something she would have considered unbelievable. Her mouth found Ruth's and she gave her a deep French kiss, of the kind she had until now only given to Rod.

In the middle of it she had two thoughts. One, by hiding in the intimacy of Ruth's embrace she was partly taking her mind off the attention of the crowd and the memory of her Chalfont ordeals. Two, the surprising feeling that this kiss was really nice, a turn-on in fact. Tami might have awakened things in the Daughters of Judith, but they had awakened something in her as well.

Tami finished taking out Ruth's tonsils and rested her head on Ruth's shoulder with a sigh, feeling the rough fabric of Ruth's skirt play against her nakedness. Then she looked up. No point in denying it, might as well acknowledge it. Then plan her escape.

She walked up to Tovah and acted nonchalant and amused as she looked at the picture, hiding her shame. The sweating, lurching body, dildos going into her front and rear, McMasters and Mr. Zipkin and Brendo standing around in their lab coats. She could only stand to look at it for a second.

"Nevada McMasters," Tovah said, looking at the name in the text. "I did an internet search on him. He has a link at Campbell - Frank College in Vermont, but the link's dead."

"Campbell - Frank!" Zipporah said. "Tami, is that where you go? Do you know Vanessa Congi?"

Things were moving too fast for Tami to concoct a story. She quickly figured somehow Professor Congi find out that she was here, and soon. Asking for clothes would get back to the Dean for sure. Walking naked into this camp, she would have to leave naked too. She wrinkled her brow. "I've heard of her, I think."

"An old friend of mine! We were grad students together! That was twenty years ago, of course." One could see Zipporah going back in her mind.

"I also did an internet search on Tami Smithers," Tovah said. "I'm sorry, Goddess, I was just so curious."

Tami held her breath. She thought of Jackson Dyle and all those pictures on her own web page.

"No hits," Tovah said, shrugging. "I suppose it's just as well, Goddess, maybe you like to work quietly."

"Yes," Ruth said, still holding Tami's hand after their embrace. "Goddess doesn't like to draw attention to herself. She's modest and shy." Ruth looked into Tami's eyes. "One reason why we love her."

Tami couldn't help but feel affection for these women who loved her so. As well as feeling relief washing over her that those poses weren't on the internet after all. Theories were running through her mind. Did Dyle fake those web pages as part of his game? Or had he really put those pictures up, and then taken them down when he saw her take that suicidal dive and realized she was for real? She would never know . . .

The naked teenager, facing the eighteen women, saw that they were looking at her and either admiring her or waiting for her to say something. The words came to Tami out of her deep reservoir of love, with an obliging Southern flavor.

"Those 136 orgasms I had. . . It didn't nearly feel as nice as being with y'all last night!"

Then the women came forward and took turns hugging "Goddess".

. . . .

"Pope John said, 'See everything, overlook a lot, change a little'." It was Rebecca, talking to people who had gathered near the Student Union one fine Vermont winter's day. Braving the cold, the naked Tami was hiding around the corner, not wanting to be noticed by Rebecca -- who would doubtless present her to the crowd as her "inspiration" -- but who couldn't help but be arrested by the magnetism of her friend's earnest, intelligent voice.

"Don't try to change the world. You go through life only once. See what you CAN change and change it. It doesn't have to be a big thing. Just do it."

The words came to Tami as she prayed in the moonlight, not being able to sleep, having gone out to the woods in the wee hours. Her bare feet draped over the big fallen mossy log, her arms down to her sides, palms out, eyes closed as her face lifted placidly to the bright full moon. In the ghostly light her nipples and breasts threw dark shadows against her concave tummy. Though the air was not cold, the humidity of this Southern summer night caused her exhalations to come out in little clouds.

She had come out here to pray for guidance. What do I do now, God? I can't tell these women now that I want clothes. It would get back to Congi and then to the Dean.

And upon hearing Rebecca's voice there was another reason. To ask for clothes would break these women's hearts. Their Goddess, supposedly a "radical nudist", exposed -- what a word -- as a fake. She had made a change here, real and wonderful, and she had done it by being naked. Having made this change, it was time to move on. She would find clothes elsewhere.

"I must go now," she announced at the next Torah circle. The women were sad but not really surprised. Goddesses don't stay long -- they work their magic and then leave.

Of course there was nothing to pack; Tami just had to start walking. The women followed her up to the far forest ridge and then took turns hugging her good-bye. In the process of hugging, her bare shoulders wiped away tears from Ruth and a couple of others.

Zipporah spoke after her hug. "Goddess, when you get back to school, say hi to Vanessa. And stay in touch. I can be reached at UTC. Marge Richardson."

"Marge Richardson?"

"That's my real name. All of us have taken on Biblical names, except Ruth, that's her real name."

Tovah extended a hand. "Lucy."

Hagar extended a hand. "Georgina." Deborah: "Bobby Jo."

Ruth, smiling through her tears: "Ruth."

"Well, Goddess, any last words of advice?"

Tami thought for a moment. With a smile matched by other smiles she said, "Travel light." And then the naked girl turned and walked, bare feet crunching over sticks and vines. The women watched as she got farther and farther away and the cracking sounds got fainter and the trees began to obscure the view. About a hundred yards out Tami turned and waved and blew a kiss. Then she went over another ridge and was gone.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 29**

"Ohhhmmm . . ."

The people knelt down and prayed.

"Ohhhmmm . . ."

Heads bowed down, everyone dressed in their Sunday best, listening intently to the pronouncements from the altar.

"Ohhmmm . . .ohh . . ohh . . ."

The labored breathing. The smell of sweat and female musk.

"Ohh . . . ohh! God . . . OHH!"

The eyes bugged out, looking upward to Heaven, the naked sweating girl on the throne. The three white-robed acolytes with their mouths fastened to her, rasping tongues sucking furiously, one at each nipple, the third kneeling at the crotch.

"OHH! OHH!"

The people prayed, hands placed over hearts.

The earnest voice of Zipporah, reading from the lectern on the side. "What is our word for today, Goddess?"

"Ohh . . . uhhh . . ." And in catching her breath between orgasms, the Goddess uttered syllables which the people interpreted as best they could.

. . . .

[the next section contributed by Leviticus]

The roll of drums in the frigid Siberian air, the matching row of white-gloved salutes from the heavily bundled Russian dress guard, the official photographer taking off his glove for a moment to adjust his focus on the carpeted stairway next to the jet. Now the American Secretary of State appears and everyone stiffens at attention, secretly cringing at what they see.

It is a totally naked woman of 34, with a perfectly toned body, Tami Smithers, the most successful Secretary of State in history, here to negotiate another treaty, this time between the Russians and the Mongolians. Carrying a thin attache case, she smiles shyly as she walks down the stairs, perfectly erect, arms at her sides, shoulders back. When her bare feet reach the tarmac she walks over to the Mongolian ambassado, heavily furred in his traditional costume, and the Russian ambassador in his fur hat and heavy red coat and long black boots. She knows both languages and speaks some initial pleasantries with them, clouds of condensation streaming from their faces because it is several degrees below zero, yet she betrays not a sign that the cold is affecting her, even though no one here can even imagine what it is like to be naked in such weather, yet another amazing thing about this woman.

It is widely known that it's her nudity, the fact that she hasn't worn a scrap of clothing since she was a teenager, that makes her so open and approachable. And so free of artifice. Her technique is always the same. She stands between the two tables, every inch of her on full view, and rephrases each side's proposals to the other, until there is agreement. Her press conferences are always honest, no posturing, no threats, no insinuations. "Naked diplomacy", the press call it -- and she has been called all over the globe to avert hostilities, first as a grad student, then as an officer in the diplomatic corps, and for the last few years, as Secretary of State. Her name, face, and every inch of her naked body are known all over the world.

And she hates it. What looks like shyness and reserve is actually a deep, cringing shame and a desire to be covered, be given any scrap of clothes. She has craved clothes for years. Her lips went dry last year at the rumor that the Senegalese ambassador would present her with a gift of a traditional loincloth, a mere loose pubic flap tied around the waist with string, but the offer was discreetly withdrawn when it was realized that was just something not to be done with Secretary Smithers. It was considered a minor diplomatic indiscretion, but to the permanently naked Secretary of State it was privately a crushing blow -- the thought that, even if for a few brief moments at a photo opportunity, she would have a tiny scrap of covering, but no!

She hoped she could again wear clothes, someday. It was a hope she kept in the back of her mind, a hope that kept her going. It was a dream she had. But in real life it was impossible. So many people depended on her; the world needed her naked. She thought of taking on an apprentice who would eventually replace her, but that person would also have to be naked, and she could never subject anyone else to such permanent shame. In the meantime she nourished a dream of someday being clothed again and out of people's gaze. And now, as she walked with slightly stiffened steps to the waiting limousine, her feet, hands and nipples numb, an American reporter came up to her, someone she knew well. "Secretary," he said, "In thanks for your many historic accomplishments, Congress has just approved a monument to you to be placed on the Washington Mall. A realistic statue of you which millions of people will see for years to come! A national monument which will rank with Mount Rushmore and the White House!"

At this the Secretary of State, her inner shame suddenly overwhelming her, fainted . . .

. . . .

It was a chilly, misty morning in the Irish countryside, and the naked girl, using a walking stick she had found, trod along the unpaved road along the peat fields, her bare feet muddy in the soft clay. She approached the farmhouse, it being time for her appointment. They awaited with anticipation, today being their turn, a chance they got only once a year, the special treat for their flower bed.

She knocked on the door and the farmwife answered in her kerchief and heavy wool sweater and skirt. The naked teenage girl cheerfully reported that she had a full bowel and was ready.

She was led out to the back, to where a circle of men and women were sitting around a large boxed area of dirt, set up on two tree trunks. As they watched the naked girl hopped up and planted her bare feet into the rich black soil, setting them wide apart, and squatted. Between her grunts there was casual chatting back and forth.

When the precious steamy brown mounds had been carefully tilled into the soil and she had cleaned herself at the nearby pump, the girl happily accepted a small glass of stout. Then she took her leave. "Bye now, Goddess!"

. . . .

These were the dreams that came to the naked teenager as she slept on a little rise in a grassy glade, on a carpet of soft pine needles in the high country of a forest, and a few feet to the side of an old road, next to a stand of wild black-eyed susans.

Now, on a gray hot afternoon, she lay back lazily onto a rock, her bare butt on the hard, stony sand, looking down from the edge of the forest into what looked like a big gravel pit. She had awakened and couldn't get back to sleep. Maybe it was the heavy air and an oncoming storm, she could feel it in her nipples. Maybe after her days with the Daughters of Judith she found it hard to get back to her routine of traveling by night, sleeping by day. Maybe she subconsciously still wanted to be with them.

What nice people, after all the meanness she had been subjected to. She toyed with the idea that she should have stayed with them. But she would have been the center of attention, and always naked. She wanted clothes, wanted to get back to being normal, could not help feeling intensely envious whenever she saw other people with clothes on. And she wanted to get back to her family and Rod and the rest of her friends. She had a strong feeling by now that the solution to her problem was not to run away to start a new life in a strange town. She had to get back and somehow fix things there.

And find clothes where she could get them. She had stayed out in the wild, always moving east. Time after time she saw towns or houses and she always decided against going there. She had to find just the right person. It will come, she told herself. God might be testing her but wouldn't be so cruel as to keep her naked forever.

It will come, she told herself, as she lay back and stretched her legs and idly twirled her pubic hair. Past her toes was the gravel pit, an ugly gash cut out of the gentle wilderness. It looked to be shaped like a crescent, and she couldn't see around the steep ragged sides. What a bleak place. Just rocks and brown dirt, probably usually dusty, though last night's rain had left a little crust on everything. Over there, an abandoned bulldozer, all grimy and with windows broken.

Tami got up and stretched, feeling the urgings of sleep possibly coming back to her.

Oh shit!

The edge of earth gave way beneath her feet and she slid down the precipice. Suddenly she was wide awake again. She held her arms out to stay upright as her heels skidded down the side, rocks and dirt scraping past her bare butt. Down, down, maybe forty feet, she held her toes out stiffly, managing not to go into a free fall. Farther down the dirt sloped out a little and Tami found herself running forward with ragged long strides to keep from falling on her face.

It was only when she got to the relative flatness of the bottom of the pit that she could slow her paces and stop. Catching her breath, she looked around. Great. Now I'm stuck naked in the middle of a gravel pit. And the cliffs looked too steep to climb. She looked back to where she had skidded down. There were no big rocks or anything to climb onto. Nothing to get footing on.

But she could at least try. Taking a quick look, seeing no one around, she went back over and began climbing. On the early going she bent over and climbed on all fours, feeling her breasts jiggle as they hung down. Now the steep part. She gamely stuck her pointed hands into the dirt and jabbed her toes into the dirt below, and tried to lift herself up. No luck. She was merely pulling the dirt down, causing little landslides, one of which landed a big dusty stream of dirt right onto her head, inundating her hair down to the roots. Ugh!

The naked teenager bounded back down to the bottom, bent over to shake all the dirt from her hair that she could, and then looked around, wild-haired and dusty from head to toe, and considered what to do next.

Just keep on walking until she found a place where she could climb up. Time to explore. She went around the big crescent, the stony hilly ground crunching under her tough bare feet, then paused as she saw an old shack with a rusty corrugated roof and an old pickup truck with flat tires. Seeing no sign of occupants, she walked on. Around her the cliffs were as steep as back where she fell.

Now she came around another bend of the crescent and stopped again, this time with real fear. She had detected the faintest whiff of cigarette smoke. There was someone around. And here she was, stark naked -- in the middle of a wide flat gravel bottom, no place to scoot behind to hide.

And now, crunching sounds behind her, the sound of shoes on the rough gravel, magnified and echoed from the sides by the steep cliffs.

The naked girl turned around.

Five of them, young guys maybe her age, maybe a bit younger. One holding a bottle of whiskey, another with a beer can, two with cigarettes. Sweatshirts with hoods, low-slung jeans, big untied sneakers. They were devouring her nakedness lustily. She knew that look.

"Hey babe!" one said.

"Holy shit, a naked chick!" another said.

Tami gulped. They all stood motionless for a moment, the boys and the naked girl. Then the girl turned and ran.

"No! Stop!" she heard them say. But she knew herself in danger. They followed. She sprinted across the rocky soil the best she could, her bare feet versus their sneakers, but she was faster anyway and quickly outran them.

Then she found herself hard up against the far end of the pit, staring at cliffs all around her. She looked back, panting, sweating through her dusty face. The five boys had spread out and had her cornered. She looked at the cliff in front of her. There was an outcropping that looked rocky enough for her to climb, maybe. Over she went and she gingerly gripped the first rock with her toes and hoisted herself up.

It was a slow climb, almost on all fours as she bent forward with the slope of the tumbled down boulders. The boys gathered around the sides of the outcropping, apparently thinking she'd never make it to the top, and watched her slow and careful ascent. "Hey girl!" "Come down and blow me!" "Nice tits, Miss!" She wished she could go faster, but she didn't want to misstep, and none of these rocks looked very steady. She looked down at her pubic hair, and at her breasts hanging in front of her, jiggling with each move. She tried not to think of the fact that her whole body was on display for these jerks. In fact, watching a beautiful naked girl climb up rocks like this was the hottest thing they'd ever seen.

"Ow!"

One of the guys had thrown a clod of dried mud at her, hitting her on her side, just below the armpit. It was followed by another, hitting her on the side of the butt. Soon she was target practice for a series of dirt bombs, one after another. It was hard to believe these jerks could be so cruel but they were having a great time at it.

As she got higher up she suffered a particularly nasty shot, a cross-blow on the side of the breast. This was followed by another on the other side, and now it became a new game. Standing down there on either side, the boys would wait until she reached up with one arm which gave them a clear shot at that breast. Then when the other arm was up, they would go for the other breast. She tried to bend her arms in, but it didn't do any good. To keep climbing she just had to extend her arms and leave her breasts exposed. "Hit!" "Hit!" "Miss!" "Hit!" "Nipple shot!" It was a contest, target practice, and she heard their merriment as her poor breasts were hit from each side, each hit making them jump and dance and jiggle, like two tight little punching bags on her chest.

Finally she got to the top, bending over and extending her leg way forward to clasp the last rock with her toes. "Eeek!" A final dirt bomb hit her right on the asterisk of her widely-exposed butthole. It caused her to hop upward onto the high ground.

She ran. No time to look back. Just run!

She ran and ran across the hard dirt plain. Another cliff was in front of her, this one a steep rock face. When she got to it she looked back. There was no sign of those guys, they evidently hadn't climbed up after her. Maybe they figured she'd never make it and were surprised when she did. But out on this flat bare plain she was still in plain view. She looked back at the rock face. She decided she should climb it.

The naked girl scaled the high vertical rock face, boulder after boulder, jag after jag, grabbing with each hand, fingers tightening around each pointy outcrop, placing one bare foot after another on each rock, each toehold, each little crevice where her toes could fit. It was quite a sight, if anyone had been looking. A fine subject for an artist.

She stopped for a moment to catch her breath. She knew not to look down or to look back, though she felt like her bare backside would be visible for miles. Once again, she could do nothing to hide any part of herself. This was a really high cliff, yet the rocks seemed secure. Keep going. Keep going. . .

Tami stumbled onto the top of the cliff and saw an immense field of wild grass in front of her. She ran. Up ahead was what looked like a barn. Running up to it she saw that it looked deserted, in fact one wall had completely caved in.

No matter. It was someplace to hide, where her nakedness would not be on display for all the world to see and abuse. Someplace safe. She stumbled in with ragged steps and immediately dropped onto some loosely-strewn hay and quickly was asleep.

She was awakened by the late afternoon sun shining in her eyes. She lifted her head slowly, sensing a presence, hay sticking from her wild hair, squinting.

It was a big man in the sun-filled doorway, looking down at her with a stern face. He carried a whip and a coil of rope. In a rough voice he called out to someone behind him. "Dale! Tell them we found that new Pony Girl."

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 30**

Tami quickly tried to blink herself awake. This man's presence was important. Something was happening. She cleared her throat to make her standard plea. "Could I have some clothes please --"

But she never got all the words out. "Oooff!" The air was knocked out of her as the man grabbed her bare shoulder and flung her onto her stomach, then put a knee in her back. Her elbows were pulled back and back behind her until they were touching. Then with quick expert motions rope was looped around her elbows, and Tami was jerked up to her feet.

Regaining her breath she could not believe what had happened so quickly. She found herself standing in front of this big mean man, and another man right behind him, ashamed not only of her dusty state, her hair disgusting and full of hay, but also of being unable to cover any part of herself, her arms cruelly tied behind her, and it made her breasts and erect nipples stick out practically into their faces in a way that made her face burn red with shame. Even though Tami was very limber, it hurt fiercely to have her elbows linked. It felt very strange and it made her feel utterly helpless. Her hands grasped and stretched behind her, unable to reach anything. In a pitifully weak effort to reduce her exposure she bent forward.

"What are you doing?? Let me go!" The naked girl was now fully awake and fully defiant.

The men looked at each other, smirking.

The girl straightened up and kicked at the big man's crotch but his hand grabbed her bare foot. She shook it loose and tried to run past them but the big man grabbed the loop around her elbows, trapping her painfully.

"A live one, she is, Burt," said Dale, the shorter man.

"Quit your games, Miss," Burt said, evidently less patient. He roughly spun her around and connected something. Tami felt a clip of cold metal against her wrist, then something thrown between her legs.

"Oww!" she cried as she was tugged forward by a rope that hooked her elbows and then went down between her legs and forward under her crotch and up into Burt's strong hands. She was forced to walk behind him as the rough rope cut in between her butt cheeks, scratching her tender butthole skin, cutting in between her pussy lips in front on its way to his hands. Then to her horror she was tied to the back of an old Army-style jeep.

The two men got in and Burt gunned the engine and Tami thought for a horrible moment that she was going to be dragged to death. But after a quick initial lurch Burt began cruising slowly at a speed that Tami could keep up with, albeit by trotting. She felt silly and degraded, like an animal forced to do a trick by a cruel trainer, but there was no choice other than to hop and trot as comfortably as she could, given the twenty-foot length of rope she was allowed, careful not to go too slow, so as to avoid the rope drawing up into her center crevice and scraping her most tender parts.

The jeep tooled along through the grassy field, a bumpy path, and the naked tied girl, forced to keep an even pace, had to watch where she stepped. She hopped over big stones and little holes, all the time trying to see where they were going. Surely they couldn't expect her to go like this forever.

They went over a rise and Tami saw a line of trees. And past them, a high cyclone fence with an open gate, and then another line of trees. And then Tami came upon the weirdest sight she had ever seen.

It was a big farm, neat rows of corn and peas and cabbage. Tended to here and there by kneeling women in leather bikinis and boots, being watched over by whip-holding men much like Burt and Dale. The wide fields were neatly separated with rows of low trees or stone walls, with paths along the sides.

And now -- little old-fashioned buggies drawn by more women in leather! Each buggy had two women pulling it, strapped up in harnesses with little tail ornaments in back. One went by them, and Tami turned her head to follow it with eyes that were incredulous and horrified -- until the rasp of rough rope deep up inside her separated pussy lips brought her attention forward.

The naked teenager had seen some strange goings on during her involuntary exposures to kinky sex. Yet this was grotesque. Sick, evil -- those were the words that kept coming to her. Women used as horses. This was sick, evil!

She noticed that Dale had kept looking back at her, possibly to see if she was getting tired. But being in good shape, she trotted the full mile and a half easily, and now they were approaching a great lawn, a wide long band of grass surrounded by lines of cedars, leading to a big white mansion with columns and ornate decorations. To each side were smaller, more modern looking buildings, which is where they ended up after cutting to a side path and going around behind.

This structure looked like a big open garage, and inside were some empty buggies and a few men in gray jackets working on them. The buggies were all black and looked brand new, or at least immaculately kept. In front of the building there was a round concrete pedestal with a tall post in the middle. With a jerk of the rope the naked girl was made to stand on the pedestal and a leather cuff was put around her ankle and the rope tied to a ring at the top of the post. Her elbows, thankfully, were untied, and she used her first free motion to cover her breasts. One hand now went down to cover her pussy. Men were looking, a few more coming out from inside the garage.

Tami stared at these men in panic. In all the fixes she had been in she had never been so helpless and so totally at the mercy of such overwhelming brute power. She cleared her throat and tried to find words. "P - please . . . could I have something to cover me with? Please . . .?"

"Soon enough, Miss," one man said, handing her a bottle of shampoo which she looked at with puzzlement. She had only to look at the man approaching with the long thick garden hose to guess what was expected of her. She had plenty of time to cringe as the man waited for the water to travel the length of the hose and spurt out to hit her square on the face.

The water was less cold than she expected. With ridiculous motions her free hand tried to block the jet as it aimed at her hair, then at her breasts, then her pussy. She turned her back, which only insured that in a moment every inch of her was dripping wet. And still the jets continued.

She figured quickly that the only way to end this ordeal was to cooperate. She worked shampoo into her hair under the steady stream of water and and rinsed twice. More men came to look, from every direction. The naked teenager was giving quite a show -- not the first time, but never like this! She gritted her teeth and knew herself to be blushing all over. No matter where she turned there were men staring at her, every angle of her was completely on display.

Next, a rag was thrown to her and she worked it over her skin, trying to do it mechanically and coldly, but it was impossible for a beautiful naked girl not to be sexy in doing this. Evidently she was not scrubbing vigorously enough, and rough strong hands grabbed the cloth away and two men appeared at her sides to pull her hands and feet apart. She was held spread thus as the hose was turned off and a bucket of soapy water was put in front of her. A third man scrubbed the rough soapy rag all over her as if he were doing a dirty window, almost pummeling her, pushing her breasts to and fro, sweeping over her concave hard tummy, running the rag way up in between her pussy lips and painfully sawing it back and forth, scraping up and down her legs, finally pulling up one foot and then the other to scrub her soles and between her toes. All the time the naked girl squirmed and groaned in total mortification.

It was like she was an animal in a zoo. The rough hands turned her around and the show continued. She felt the wet scraping over her back and butt cheeks. In a final humiliation, she gritted her teeth as her butt was spread open and the rag passed repeatedly over the wide little valley within and the ring of brown skin around her exposed butthole.

Then she was hosed down, front and rear, straining uselessly against the clamping hands as big coarse fingers spread her lower lips and then her butt cheeks to be exposed to the needle-like invasion of the cold jets. While still spread, she was brusquely dried with a towel that felt rough as sandpaper. A rope was looped around her neck and she was loosened from the post. As she was led across the grounds, in a remote part of her mind glad to be clean and scrubbed but mostly hurting from the roughness of the scrubbing, she was acutely aware of being stared at. She sensed other captive women going by in their leather bikinis, a few drawing buggies, but her total nudity made her a special object of attention. Led by the rope around her neck, she bowed her head down so that the straggly wet hair could hide her face, one hand across her breasts, the other over her pussy, mincing as she kept her legs as close together as she could, burning with shame at being unable to cover any of her bare backside.

She saw straw pass under her bare feet and looked up. Her bare shoulders drooped. This long building was obviously a stable. She looked down the row of opened doors. As she passed by she saw that each pen had three beds of loose straw placed in each corner, each with a name plate over it. And a large loop bolted to the wall above, no doubt to hold a chain. Each pen had a surveillance camera perched near the ceiling. She was glad the pens were unoccupied; evidently the normal occupants were out on tasks. She couldn't bear to see one of those poor women chained up here, like an animal. Sick . . . evil . . . Tami could make out some of the names. Coralie. Mia. Patsy. Elsie. Were these their real names? No last names. Of course animals don't have any.

Am I going to be kept here? As she followed the rope around her neck she pictured a "Tami" nameplate and felt about to cry. Will I ever get out of here?

A quick tug at the rope brought her eyes front and center. There was another pedestal, another post. This time, thankfully, there were only a couple of men standing around, in different style jackets. Yet this procedure was just as shaming as the public hosing down. She was measured. Her arms were extended, her breasts handled, and her legs jostled as every part of her was stretched along the length of a worn cloth measuring tape. She heard the measurements as they were read out and written down. "Neck 13 . . . Bust 34 C . . . waist 20 . . . hips 33 . . .Foot . . . size 9."

Now she was led down another hall and into a pen with no name plates. She was pushed in with a knee in the back. Then, to her surprise, they didn't close the waist-high door. It turned out the doors were only ornamental. A set of bars were drawn out from a channel in the wall and they clanged shut in front of her. Like a jail cell.

The naked teenager, trying to hold back tears, covered herself with her hands and watched the men go. She wanted to say "Let me out!!" but knew it would be useless and possibly lead to punishment. She didn't like the look of those whips the men carried. She cringed, covering herself, legs pressed together, and waited.

Now a short man in a black uniform showed up. With some leather clothes. He put them through the bars. "Put zese on," he said, in a European accent of some kind. Then he was gone.

Tami looked down and used her big toe to pick apart what she was given. There were two knee-length boots, and a bra and bikini bottom, full cut, not skimpy at all. And elbow-length gloves with odd little hooks along the sides. All of it was black and soft and supple, leather of a quality she had never seen.

She gulped. And picked up the bikini top in her fingers, holding it up to her breasts. She closed her eyes and prayed.

Oh God, I wish it was in someplace not so evil, But I thank you, for finally, FINALLY, Letting me have clothes. I put these on with thankfulness, God.

She couldn't catch her breath, the feel of clothing against her breasts had somehow knocked the wind out of her. She put down the bra to breath normally again. The excitement of the moment was apparently overwhelming. She calmed down and picked up the bottom and lifted her left foot to begin to slide it on.

"Stop!" It was Burt, the tall man who had found her. Before she knew what happened he had pulled aside the bars and snatched the leather outfit away from her. He held it in his hand, clutching it to the side of his corduroy vest.

"Vat is wrong?" the short man said, walking to his side. "She should be dressed." The accent sounded German.

"Not this one," Burt said. "I just got orders. The chief wants us to take her to him." Then Tami jumped as Burt drew his whip and flung it to his side, cracking it in the air. "Get her rigged, Hans."

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 31**

"Nooo!!" The naked teenager twisted wildly, but could not shake loose from the strong male hands pulling her to the railing.

It had a low bar for kneeling and reminded Tami of in church where she used to go for communion during Mass. But what a sacrament she was about to receive! The row of ornamented tails on the shelf above told it all. She recognized their significance as soon as they had dragged her into this awful room. So this is what those women drawing buggies had been "wearing" behind them. The plug extensions under the brightly colored splashes of long horsehair were designed for only one thing, something she recognized from her past ordeals at Chalfont.

"Nooo!!" she wailed again as her feet were kicked apart and placed on the low bar and her tummy pushed onto the railing. Her butt cheeks tensed with the horrible feel of cold vaseline dabbed onto her sensitive sphincter. Then the gritted teeth and the inhalation of air as a finger noodled around her butthole and then pushed inside.

"Take it easy, Miss, make like you're gonna shit," Burt said. She didn't know if it was his finger in there, or the other man's, but the finger was rough and thick. Yet she knew what he was talking about, knew it too well. The advice from Brendo at Chalfont that worked every time. Better to relax and push down. The finger went in.

She thought of Mass again. "Oh God . . . p - please God . . ." she whimpered. Then she held her breath as the finger retreated.

Now it came -- the plug. She took deep breaths, drawing on her extensive experience in receiving dildo-like objects into her rectum. In, in, in it went, splitting her wider and wider. There was a moment of pain at maximum stretch, then relief but fullness as the narrow part passed through, and finally she could feel a bristly sensation around her butthole and the perverse tickling of the long thin hairs of the tail playing against the backs of her thighs.

But it was not enough. "She can take a bigger one, let's go for the home run," Burt said. "OWW!!" The tail was pulled out and Tami's poor sphincter was invaded again, this time by something noticeably longer and with a wider, more painful stretching at maximum. In, in, in it went, piercing her gut, and then hands encircled her tiny waist and turned her slightly as she felt her "inner butthole" being invaded. The horrible thing was now into her colon, feeling like it was about to emerge from her tonsils.

A fiery snap on the butt from a leather strap and she was helped to her feet. And now, her elbows were pulled back and looped together.

"Nice, very nice," Burt said, he and Hans looking at the naked girl as they turned her around. Tami sniffled back the tears. She could only imagine what a grotesque sight she presented. She felt all trussed up like an stuffed animal -- pierced to her core by this horrible thing way up inside her, feeling the tail hairs glancing across the backs of her thighs down to her calves, her elbows painfully linked behind her, her breasts as a result sticking right out at the world, her nipples erect as always, pointing out at angles left and right, like guns to shoot her enemies.

She thought of running but knew she could not escape. And was it even safe to run with this thing penetrating into her colon? Now Burt was behind her, holding the loop that bound her elbows, and pushing her forward like a gangster about to push a victim off a pier.

Once again out in the sunlight, Tami could only stare ahead blankly as she was pushed across a small dirt square and then into a low office building just off the main mansion. She looked down and saw her bare feet padding onto a white tiled floor. They went down a hallway that looked like any office hallway, and then she felt plush carpet underfoot and she was in a wood-paneled office with the smell of cigar smoke.

She looked up. The office was sparsely furnished, nothing on the walls. There was a big oak desk and stacks of papers and a big telephone with a lot of buttons. Sitting behind it was a thin, wiry man in a black three-piece suit. He had a cold-eyed expression and a scar across one cheek. To one side, curled up in a big soft chair, was a short-haired woman dressed from head to toe in black who looked at Tami with an evil grin of surprise and lust. The man nodded to Burt and Hans and then looked sternly at the naked girl standing in front of them, with a gaze that could penetrate metal.

Tami knew herself exposed and presented for inspection. She dearly wished she could cover herself. Instead, despite her exposure and shame she tried to out-stare this man. The teenager tried valiantly but could not fully hide the fear from her eyes which blinked with the wetness of dire distress.

"We don't like girls trying to escape, especially from the delivery van," the man said. "My name is Figvee, I run this place. Technically you were signed over to me. If you're going to do the spunky act, save it for later."

Tami was confused by this and tried to think quickly. Save it for later? What did that mean? "You are a bad man. You have no right to -- to tie these women up and use them like animals!" The words were out of her mouth before she knew it. Was that a right thing to say? Had she just gotten herself into trouble? Yet it was so true! She felt so bad for these women forced to be slaves and used like horses, she felt outrage right to her core, a core that contested intimately with the dildo piercing deep up into her gut as if to battle with it and push it out.

Figvee exhaled and rolled his eyes at Burt. He got out a little folder and said, "Look -- " he looked down at it -- "Corky, I want this to stop right now. I'll not listen to this. Save it!"

Tami, despite her nudity and bonds, thought fast. So they had her mistaken for someone else! "My name isn't Corky. It's Tami -- " then after thinking a moment she decided to give her full name -- "Tami Smithers. Let me go. And please give me clothes."

"Clothes?" Figvee got up and walked right in front of the naked girl. "Odd that your papers don't mention it, but you do yourself credit from your past training, Corky. I don't see anything about clothes about you. Your tan is perfect." He walked around her, and Tami winced as she felt his hands touch her here and there to inspect her nakedness.

"You are a rare gem, a naked pony," he said, getting back to his seat. "I must admit, I've heard of them, but I've never handled one personally. Leathers and boots is the fashion these days. Hans, have you handled naked ponies?"

"Yes, I have, not so much recently," Hans said in his German accent.

"I'm not a -- a pony. My name's not Corky. You've got me confused with someone else. And I don't have any 'training'!" Tami said. "Now let me go, untie me, get this -- this thing out of me, and give me clothes please!"

Figvee retorted gently. "Your tan is perfect, and from what I hear, you ran a mile and a half behind Burt's jeep with no sign of tiring. Your rectal tone is amazing; from what I was just told, you took our biggest and deepest tail without difficulty. I can't remember the last pony who could do that. . .Hans, how about her feet? How long has she been without shoes?"

Tami closed her eyes as one foot was drawn up behind her and turned to and fro, fingers pressing against her sole. Ugh -- she was being inspected like an animal!

"Excellent condition," she heard Hans say. "The pads are very thick." He turned her foot again, then pushed through the toes. "The toes are vell spread. Obviously over a lot of rough terrain, probably pulling loads. At least six months, I'd say. Longer than zat, it's hard to tell." He let go and Tami reclaimed her foot angrily, stamping it onto the carpet.

"There, you see?" Figvee said. "You are an excellent specimen, well trained, and you'll get a high price. What this means is that you will be treated excellently. You are valuable merchandise."

"High price?" Tami said in shock.

"Yes, the next auction is in four days."

"Auction!!" Tami looked down, her eyes blinking wet again. "I can't believe this! This is evil!" She looked up again and returned to her indictment. "You are a bad man! God will punish you someday!" Or so she hoped!

"Darling, you know the terms of reference. You know how to get out of your contract."

"Terms of reference? Contract?" Tami was really puzzled now.

"What you signed," Figvee said wearily. "Come on darling, cut it out. Your contract is standard, the same all the others have signed. You have nothing to complain about."

A light bulb went on over Tami's head, a light that illuminated a world that was in a way even more horrifying. "You mean -- all those women -- AGREED to this?"

Figvee looked at Tami for a silent moment, then shrugged. "Okay, I'll play along with this, for now, at least. . . Yes, they all agreed, in fact this is something they want very much. Enough to dedicate five years of their lives to, though one must admit, their compensation is substantial."

"Compensation?" The only thing Tami could think of was workers' compensation.

"Half a million dollars, which after five years invested in even conservative mutual funds, can be a pretty penny. Upon discharge you are provided with a convincing false resume, with references to people ready to answer telephone inquiries, to explain the missing five years. Unless, of course, you want to sign up for another, pun intended, hitch. The pony life can be quite addicting."

This was almost too much for the naked teenager to assimilate so quickly. "I don't want half a million dollars. I want to put clothes on and get out of this -- this bad place." She looked down miserably at her nipples, sticking out at the world due the force of the linked elbows behind her, and desperately wanted them to be covered. She didn't belong in this place!

"Very well, then, you know how to get out. Though, of course, we will keep you an extra two weeks, excused from further duties, so that the finances can be cancelled. Not that we don't necessarily mistrust you, but it is best to keep you from making any phone calls to move money around." He looked at Tami, then down at her breasts and pussy, then up once more at her pretty green eyes and her distressed face. "Well, Corky?"

Tami cleared her throat and said, "I don't want to be a -- a pony. I don't want to be part of this contract. You can keep the money. All I want is a set of clothes and shoes." It was phrased like a confession, like she had made to Henry Ross, though she hoped to better effect. She was relieved, actually. If these women were here voluntarily, playing this sick game, all she had to do was say she didn't want to be here and that should be the end of it.

But the teenage girl's words had no such effect on Figvee, who was waiting for Tami to hum "The Star Spangled Banner", a "safeword" that was well known among B & D people and was referred to explicitly several times in the contract. Figvee rolled his eyes and sighed in exasperation. "If you weren't obviously an experienced pony girl, your acting is so excellent that I'd almost be inclined to believe you. Almost, of course. Well, Corky, this is where our little charade ends. You've convinced me of your ability to play spunky, which will add to the high price you'll get as an extremely well conditioned pony girl, and a naked pony to boot."

He shifted in his chair and smiled. "Game over, O.K.? Agreed, Corky?"

Tami was so frustrated. She wanted to shake this man. What did it take to convince him? She stamped her foot tearfully. "My name is not Corky! I'm Tami Smithers! And I don't want to be -- all bare! PLEASE give me clothes?" The only thing to do now was beg. "Please? . . ."

Figvee's smile turned to a stern scowl and he slammed his hand onto the desk. "You are being a pain! This act does NO GOOD to me or to you!!" He motioned to the woman in the chair to the side, who had not taken her lascivious eyes off the girl's breasts the whole time. "Helga, your specialty."

As the black-clad lesbian walked up to her Tami knew she was up to no good. She stepped back but Burt grabbed her to hold her still. Helga smiled an evil smile at Tami, and then licked her lips at the breasts so cruelly stuck out on display. She grabbed both nipples and squeezed -- then pulled them out slowly away from the breast. Tami was determined not to give her the satisfaction of saying "Ow!", though the urge to cry out was unbearable. Helga pulled more and more, causing fiery pain, until Tami's poor breasts were grotesquely stretched outward.

Evidently the naked girl was too valuable a piece of merchandise to be damaged, so after a certain point Helga let go. Tami bit her lip, her eyes wet, glad she hadn't cried out. It was a victory, though a small one, considering her dire situation. Her nipples bounced back to her breasts, burning like fire.

"Very impressive," Figvee said as a disappointed Helga resumed her seat. Then he brought out what looked like a video game handset with a joystick.

"Ukkk!" The dildo deep inside had reached further up into her colon! Tami's eyes opened wide and she lurched forward. Now Figvee pushed the joystick to one side.

"OWW! Ohh!" It was horrible pain on one side, somewhere in her poor abused womb. She had felt pain like this a couple of times when making love with Rod and his dick "went in the wrong way". Tami felt the wind knocked out of her and tried to catch her breath. Her knees knocked together and she slouched forward.

"That, I think, is the pressure of the tail plug against one of your ovaries," Figvee said. "They say it's like a kick in the testicles, though of course no one really knows. And now --"

"Aieee!" Tami's eyes popped open and she jumped and her back arched so that she was looking at the ceiling.

"That was a kidney. You see, Corky, I have total control. That hard object deep within you is my stern hand, or my dick if you prefer. You've signed away the next five years of your life. You and your eventual master will reach some kind of understanding, humane of course, we screen carefully and we don't allow psychopaths into this life. But until you are sold and officially transferred, you are under my name and you will submit to my control. No ifs, ands or buts."

Deep within Tami, the dildo bent back to where it was before. The naked teenager sobbed and dropped to her knees. Tears fell to the carpet. "P - please . . . please . . ." In a pitiful choking voice she said, "I'm not Corky . . . There's been a mistake . . . please give me clothes . . . clothes . . . please . . ." Unable to cover her face with her hands, the tears ran past her nose and onto her chin, from where they dripped to the carpet.

Figvee said, "If you want to do this mistaken identity act, if that what makes this life important to you, then very well. You'll just be guaranteed a rough time, some ponies like it that way. And I will give you one concession. If you don't like the name you chose, I'll give you another. How about, 'Naked'? It certainly fits." He motioned to Hans and Burt. "Take Naked away. Throw out the Corky nameplate, the new one will say 'Naked'. And of course I don't want a scrap of clothes on her, no shoes either. Assign her the most arduous tasks. Start with the weighted buggy and then bailing hay. Bye, Naked."

"Noooooo!" The naked teenager's tearful pleas went for nought as she was picked up and pushed out of the office and down the hallway, out to the dirt square where a buggy was waiting.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 32**

"Use your head. Think. Wait for the right time and then act." It was Rebecca, facing the wall, talking into the phone. Another friend needed advice and had located her in Tami's room.

No one heard her over the hubbub of cross-conversations in 207 Pilgrim Hall, where Princess Tami the Nude was holding court on this April evening, sitting cross-legged on top of her desk, giggling as she warded off the attacks of Rod, sitting in her chair, who was tickling her butt with Jeffrey Dillon's old lens cap brush. That is, no one heard Rebecca with one exception. For Tami's mind was actually not on Rod, but overhearing with sensitive ears the voice of Rebecca, which due to the angle of the echo bouncing off the dormitory wall, she could hear quite clearly. And Rebecca's voice was always arresting.

"Use your head. Think. Wait for the right time and then act." Tami stood at obedient attention in front of the buggy to which she was harnessed, sweating in the hot late August sun after a long run, aware that everyone passing by her in the main square gave a good hard look at her sweating nakedness. She tried not to think of her new name -- "Naked" -- engraved on the little necklace, probably the most expensive necklace she had ever worn, from the looks of it. In fact everything about this place was expensive, and well thought out. The harness around her shoulders and waist was of the softest leather and fit perfectly. The food was excellent, Tami had eaten supper and today breakfast and lunch in the little dining area at the end of the stable, next to her two stable-mates, Carrie and Katie, though it was a silent meal. Pony girls were not supposed to talk to each other, something she found out quickly when she settled into her straw bed last night and tried to tell Carrie that her name was really Tami Smithers and due to some mistaken identity she had gotten captured here against her will. Burt quickly appeared on the scene and flayed her with a little multiple whip thing that didn't leave marks but stung like hell.

He had heard Tami over the microphone attached to the video camera in their cell. Every aspect of the ponies' lives was monitored. It was like being a goldfish in a bowl, a total lack of privacy. There were no showers; instead the ponies were hosed down in front of Burt and the other keepers, then shampooed and given toothbrushes, all in full view. Even relieving themselves was done into a bucket in the bathing area, not in an enclosed bathroom. Yet the ponies were well tended and well taken care of. The food was excellent, they certainly were being exercised.

Tami looked down at her toenails -- she had been given an expert manicure and pedicure this morning. She could still make out the little suns she had carved in her nails a few weeks ago, and doing Britney songs in the sandstone desert. That seemed so long ago now.

She leaned onto one foot to scratch the back of her calf with her toenails, realizing how pony-like this motion was. And she felt the huge, long plug shift deep within her. It was indeed possible to run and work with this thing up into her colon, and she was aware of it every second. It rubbed her intestines with each movement, her stretched sphincter feeling every little motion. Her tail was by far the biggest and longest on the farm, she could feel it tickle her heels as she trotted.

At least the others had leathers and boots they put on after showering. Tami had nothing, not a scrap, and went around in total nakedness except for "wearing" this monster inside her. She overheard the instructions often -- "Keep Naked away from any clothes or shoes, not a stitch, ever" -- and really hated that name, Naked. Worse, she had found herself answering to it. It was childish, like in grade school when someone said "Hey stupid!" and laughed when you turned. Yet she had to concede that of all possible names, it was the most descriptive.

She wondered about these pony girls, and as she continued to sweat under the hot sun, waiting for someone to either unhitch her or get into the buggy for another ride, she looked out at the fields, the pony girls tending to the crops, and then looked back at the mansion. This whole scene was so creepy. She saw the cornerstone of the mansion -- MDCCCXLIV. She shook her head and looked at the fields again, thinking of her boyfriend's great-great-grandparents toiling in the hot sun like that, in fields very much like these -- not pampered and well fed, but cruelly abused and enslaved. Playing slavery seemed to her like a sick idea. A couple of the pony girls were black -- how could they live with themselves? How did they sleep at night?

"You can't control what turns you on." Rebecca said that once, after being asked in a teasing way by Mandy as to whether Moses would have tried to free any Hebrews from Egypt who just happened to like being submissives. She also remembered what Rod said at a BSA meeting once, during one of his disagreements with Lenny Jones. "We can't be slaves to the past." Well . . .

She had to concede a brute business logic to the whole pony girl enterprise. These women had signed a contract in which both sides found benefit. The men, or whoever would "buy" them at the auction, got a pony girl for five years, something which turned the girls on too. The farm got the auction proceeds. And at the end of five years, a big nest egg awaited the pony girl. Too bad there was no nest egg for Tami. It belonged to this girl Corky -- had she escaped and bilked these folks out of half a million dollars? Yet Corky could hardly have counted on them finding a naked girl at the same time.

A naked girl who, Tami realized, seemed very much like one of those rare, legendary, almost-extinct naked pony girls. She could understand why Figvee didn't believe her story. And her endurance was obviously unusual, in drawing the biggest buggy around, and then pulling a plow, her bare feet pressing deep into the rich black earth while a group of handlers watched. She knew herself a special prize, and she was viewed and discussed wherever she pulled the buggy. Her firm muscles were felt up, her legs stretched out and apart on command, her feet pulled up and pressed as everyone commented on her tough soles. That everyone was impressed with her only seemed to make it worse. Alone of all the ponies, she didn't want to be looked at. She was the most modest of the them, and the only one who didn't want to be here. And the only one who had to be naked!

She decided not to cower. When she first drew the buggy she had covered her breasts and her pussy, but she felt silly and she needed the pumping action of her arms to get traction and speed. Cowering just made the feelings of shame worse. And there was something else which allowed her to keep her sanity and keep her going and alert and watchful. She was Princess Tami the Nude -- a proud, beautiful naked princess, whose country had been invaded and who had been captured by the enemy kingdom across the sea. Her enemies had exploited her imprisonment, forcing her to draw buggies and work in the fields, and probably thought her nakedness a special bonus, as her exertions were photographed and videotaped for the amusement of the local populace and for distribution throughout the world as a symbol of her country's humiliation. "Princess Tami -- now a naked work horse," the captions read.

But she was not defeated. She was Princess Tami, and as for nakedness, that did not faze her in the least, for she had been naked since birth. She would hold her head up and be a proud example for her countrymen. They would see the photos and see that she was not cowering, an inspiration that would prop up their hopes to eventually win the war and get her back.

She stayed sane, and stayed alert. "Use your head. Think. Wait for the right time and then act." This was not a crazy place, she told herself, it was a logical place. Even Figvee's cruelty to her was logical, he didn't want pony girls being unruly while being processed for prospective buyers. As she thought about it, she realized that everything that had been done to her during her year of nakedness was somehow logical and easy to explain. The Dean wanted her to confess because streakers were supposed to be expelled. Dr. Harridance was doing serious research. McMasters wanted to make money on his sex toys. Jackson Dyle was playing games that he thought she had consented to. Only her original tormentors, Henry Ross and Wanda, were being sadistic just for the hell of it.

She wondered briefly about Wanda. Not that she cared anything for Wandabitch, who had abused her so much, but she remembered when Wanda and McMasters had said good-bye to her at Brian Cook's place. Wanda looked like she had seen a ghost. Strange for her. . .

Another impeccably dressed person walked down the mansion steps and right past Tami. This one was a woman, maybe 30 years old. Tami looked down and saw the nice shoes and nylons and black skirt pass in front of her bare feet and legs, stained with sweat and dirt. Again Tami gulped and suppressed her feelings of longing and shame. She couldn't be distracted by these feelings. She had to watch and pick her time to act. She stayed still, hands down at her side in spite of her intense urge to cover herself, and tried to listen to snatches of conversation from people going in and out of the big antebellum mansion.

Though Figvee did not believe her, she got the feeling he was not the big boss. She had to get to the higher-ups. If they began to doubt that she was here willingly, they would certainly let her go -- and with a change of clothes. She knew there was powerful evidence against her but she had to keep trying. And Princess Tami had dedicated her life to her people -- she wasn't going to let them down now.

Of course, she had already made attempts.

There were the gynecological and rectal exams this morning, a routine processing task but a special attraction with a pony girl who was naked. An impersonal but thoroughly humiliating experience on a table surrounded by Burt and the other keepers while a doctor inserted a speculum into her pussy and opened it up for everyone's view, then did the same with another speculum into her anus. Being well-opened by the tail, she provided a good show for everyone. She shut her eyes and tried not to hear the comments as her innermost cavities were discussed and prodded. Instead she kept telling them over and over. "My name is Tami Smithers. My -- uhh! -- name is T - tami Smithers. I was captured. Th - there's -- oooff -- been a mistake."

But her pleas were to no effect; evidently Figvee had notified everyone of this pony girl's little "act".

Then there was the big review after lunch, when all the ponies stood at attention in their leathers (except for the naked one) in front of their cells as Figvee walked past them with Hans and a stern-looking woman in a man's suit, evidently Figvee's boss. The ponies all had their "tails" on. "On auction day I want all the ponies on the stand in their best leathers," Figvee said to Hans, evidently as a way of impressing the stern woman. He stopped in front of Tami and with his little baton flicked at one nipple and then the other. "All except this one, not a stitch on her," he said, then he used the baton to stir around in the motionless girl's public hair. Finally he looked down. "Nothing on her feet either."

As they passed to the next pony Tami, still holding her pose, said, "My name is Tami Smithers. I don't want to be here. There's been a mistake."

A quick cut to her left butt cheek with the whip-like baton. The naked girl gritted her teeth and gasped but successfully suppressed a scream. As she flinched she felt the huge plug move in her rectum, but then she stood up straight and recovered her composure. The three reviewers went on, Tami hoping that her declaration had had some effect on the stern woman, at least.

After waiting in the hot sun the naked, sweating pony was called into service again and gave another ride, to three people this time. When her tasks were finished she was hosed and toweled. Then dinner with the other ponies.

And now there was the stroke of luck, the pencil and little pad of post-its on the table in the stable hallway. She made sure that she was last in line as the ponies were led back to the stable after dinner. A quick press down and the pencil snapped in two. She threw the rest of the pencil under the table, where it got lost in straw, and grabbed a few post-its off the pad. The pencil stub in one hand, the post-its in the other, unseen because her hands were casually closed.

She pretended to sleep, then when all was still and the lights were out except the nightlights in the hallway, she wrote quickly and, bracing her cuffed hand against the wall, stretched her legs out as far as she could, so that her dexterous toes could wrap around and press against the outer molding of the door.

It was there for anyone to see, the keepers who made the rounds at midnight and then again at 3 a.m. and 6 a.m.

HELP! MY NAME IS TAMI SMITHERS Date of Birth: 7/27/82 SS No. 555-2-7899 167 Donelson St. Providence, RI 02908 I'm a student at Campbell-Frank College South Lowell, VT HELP! I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE!

When she woke up in the morning and the ponies were taken out for hosing, she saw that the post-it was gone.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 33**

Out on the lower field, a small group of keepers had gathered under an old pear tree, looking up. They were all ages, all dressed in the keepers' gray uniforms, most of them sweating in the Georgia sun. Mostly men, but a good number of them women, some puffing on cigarettes, flicking the ashes onto the furrowed ground that had so recently been worked by ponies pulling plows. A few buggies waited nearby, the leathered and booted ponies obediently standing at attention in their harnesses.

The keepers were looking up at a naked girl, or more precisely looking right up into the open pussy of a naked girl, as she straddled two limbs on wide-spread, tough bare feet, working the long pruning lopper to finish cutting off the last of the dead branches. They admired the finely-toned, evenly tanned body, covered with a sheen of dirt-stained sweat, the working of the abdominal and arm muscles, the jiggling of the firm breasts as the bit chewed away at the branch, the long, florid tail behind, gracefully waving back and forth with every motion of the muscles deep inside her. This pony named "Naked", a special pony who went through life in this natural state. All could see the wisdom of the standing order that this pony never be provided with a stitch of clothing or shoes. It would seem so out of place on Naked, like ruining a fine painting with a crayon.

Naked's face betrayed no emotion. In fact the situation had bad associations for her, but she focused on her task as if unaware of the many stares shooting like arrows at her nakedness and up into her open pussy. When the branch was about to fall the keepers got out of the way. Naked watched, the long lopper in one hand, wiping the sweat from her face with the other, her breasts tightly swaying a little, as with a loud crack the big dead branch separated from the tree and fell to the dirt. The naked pony threw the lopper down then jumped onto the ground, her tail flying up behind her. She hefted the big branch onto her shoulder and picked up the lopper and began her trek across the field as she had been instructed. Some of the keepers followed her, the rest got back into their buggies and went off. It was a strange parade across the field, led by Naked, sweating as she carried the heavy branch and the lopper, her tail swishing back and forth with the sway of her hips.

When she had put the branch in the big pile and put the lopper into the shed, Keeper Edmund led her to the hosing platform. Her arms and legs were free, but escape was impossible on these well-patrolled acres so she simply walked behind him. A circle of keepers watched as she was hosed down and then obediently stretched herself out into an "X" so that she could be toweled front and back. Then her arms were bound behind her, not with linked elbows, but in the less severe manner, forearms crossed.

"Hey Naked!" It was Burt.

Naked turned around, then hated herself for doing so.

"Go to the mansion, conference room C." Burt and Edmund looked at each other, Burt shrugging. And for the first time, the girl's face showed a hint of animation.

. . . .

Tami felt ridiculous and insolent walking up the front steps of the mansion, naked, arms tied behind her back, this horrid tail tickling the backs of her legs. She knew herself out of place as she passed the people in business suits, and the occasional keeper, most of them making no effort to hide their interest in her nakedness. Yet she pushed back the shame and tried to stoke her sense of anticipation of something good about to happen. For she had not been punished for putting up that post-it; it meant someone had read it and taken it seriously. And she was relieved. She had waited on tenterhooks, obediently doing her chores, for a day and a half now, dreading the approach of that horrible auction, only two days away.

She got to the big front doors and didn't know how to get in. There were big handles but she had no hands to grab them with. There was no doorbell either. She figured she should just wait here until someone passed through. Minutes went by and no one came. She looked back out across the fields and the women hard at work and once again thought of Rod's ancestors. She would be glad to get out of this place. Maybe there was nothing wrong with it nowadays but it was not a place for Tami Smithers. She was intensely aware of that big plug way up in her colon that moved with every little motion she made, constantly reminding her of her degraded status.

She got impatient. She turned around and tried to grab a handle with her fingers, but her hands were turned at the wrong angle. Finally she decided to use her feet. Bracing herself on one foot, she lifted her leg up and out and looped her toes around the handle. After hopping a bit to get a better leverage she managed to pull the door open, the muscles in her concave tummy and her inner thigh tightening with the effort, feeling her stretched sphincter tighten around the tail plug. Just then a couple of men walked out, startled to see a naked girl's widely spread crotch, with the transparent curtain of the tail below, no doubt thinking this was the farm's novel way to hold the door open for them, yet surprised at the sight. They stood and looked at her, up and down, and said "Thank you" and went on down the steps.

Tami slipped into the mansion and found herself standing open-mouthed in amazement at the big marbled rotunda in front of her, the huge Greek columns. She remembered something she had read from a history book about colonial days. "The Southern aristocracy had become used to a life of comfort and pampered privilege that men from Rhode Island or Massachusetts found almost bizarre." Indeed. Yet as she took in a second sight she saw that nowadays this was a place of business and activity. People were walking here and there, glancing at her as they passed. There were rooms to the left and right. A carpet led straight across the rotunda floor to a hallway. Wishing everyone would go away so that there would be no one to watch, she felt the carpet beneath her feet and began her journey walking naked right through the middle of the great mansion, vaguely remembering a dream where she was a naked peasant girl walking through a palace past watching lords and ladies. With every step the plug deep in her colon shifted and rubbed. She dearly wished her arms were not tied behind her, but free to cover her breasts and pussy.

She didn't know where conference room C was, of course, and she got to the end of the hall without seeing it. She had to ask someone. She cleared her throat and asked a woman in black who didn't seem quite as stern as the others. The woman pointed the room out to her. "That is a lovely tail, Naked," she said, looking quickly at Tami's name plate. Before she went on her way she had Tami turn around and then she touched the colorful long hairs, picking them up and feeling them. Another woman came by to admire the tail. Tami could not help blushing, knowing the women were looking at her stretched sphincter hugging the tail plug, and felt the minute vibrations deep within her transmitted from the touching of her tail hairs.

Conference room C.

Tami couldn't open the doorknob. Hoping she wasn't being too crass, she turned and thudded on the door with a heel, feeling more like a horse than ever, or like a dog scratching a door so her master would hear her and let her in.

It was a long polished wood table with a telephone on it. There were paintings of horses on the walls, a long credenza with nothing on it except a fax machine. Sitting behind the table were three men and one woman, all well into middle age, all impeccably dressed. The oldest man had a folder in front of him. "Hello, Naked," he said in a condescending voice. They all looked at the teenage girl's nakedness from head to bare toes. One whispered to another. "Amazing tone."

Tami stood facing them, wishing she could bring her arms around to cover herself. There was no chair on her side, not that she would be able to sit with the tail on. She would have to stand, and she decided to do so with her shoulders back and unbowed. "My name is Tami Smithers."

"So you say," the older man said. "We don't usually compliment ponies, but let me say that you are exceptionally beautiful." Which made Tami want to scream.

There was a silent moment while the older man opened the folder and put on half-lensed reading glasses. "It says here your name is Amaryl Summers, with Corky as your chosen stable name. You are 5 feet 5, Caucasian, 110 pounds."

Tami wished she could see inside that folder. "No, my name is Tami Smithers. There's been a mistake."

The older man held up the post-it that was stuck in the folder. "This address and personal information was found stuck to your cell door. Is this you?"

"Yes." Tami stood in her erect nakedness, wishing the others weren't devouring her body with their eyes.

He looked over his glasses. "Well we don't believe you."

Tami was ready for this. "How would I know to make that up? That's a real address and a real Social Security number."

"Yes, but the question is, are they yours?"

Tami gulped and wondered if giving them her home address wasn't a mistake. The last thing she wanted was her parents to know of her dire distress. She had been careful to call them every couple of weeks from pay phones when she found a chance. The last time was outside an abandoned gas station two weeks ago. She had kept up the lie about helping a professor with research, and her mother and father sounded reassured. It was the first time she had been traveling on her own and they were glad to hear her voice. She missed them, just as she missed everything about her life with her friends, a good life even in spite of having to be naked.

But to get back to her loved ones she had to fight. "You have to believe me," she said, facing her four questioners, her nipples sticking out at them as if accusing them.

"Well we don't," the woman said. "We think you got this information from another person, Miss Summers. And we also think you've arranged to hide your stipend money."

"No!" Tami thought about what she was going to say next. She remembered that fax in the post office in Arizona. Calling the police was a sure ticket to a mental hospital and expulsion. But here she was about to be auctioned off into a life of bondage for five years. She felt the plug deep within her, a symbol of her plight that rankled her constantly. She just had to expel it. She thought of Jackson Dyle and his constant offers for her to call the police. Surely nobody in a consensual game would deny such a call. Perhaps it was the way out that Figvee had referred to. She cleared her throat.

"I insist that you let me call the police."

And was met with laughter.

"Surely you know better than THAT, Miss Summers!" the woman said.

"My name is Tami Smithers!" the increasingly desperate naked girl said.

The older man waited for quiet and then said, "Assuming for a moment that you are this Tami Smithers, you must understand that in an enterprise like this the police can never be called. We handle all things within the industry."

Tami detected a ray of hope. "I really AM Tami Smithers."

The old man said, "Well then, do you mind if we call your parents?"

"No! Don't do that!"

"Why not? If they really are your parents you shouldn't mind."

Tami looked at the telephone and thought of her parents' reaction. To have a call coming in from a strange person from across the county asking to confirm that this really was their daughter. Their dear Tami in trouble, far away. Her parents would not be able to help and would panic with worry. Possibly thinking she was in the hands of a kidnapper or rapist.

"I don't want them to worry about me." It was the truth.

The older man looked at her, almost as if convinced. Then he got another paper from the folder. "We have looked into that address, and there is a Smithers family there. Also a John Smithers who has incorporated a hardware store nearby." He pushed the paper to Tami's side of the table. "The store has a phone and a fax. I'd like you to look at this."

Tami bent over a bit to read it, feeling the plug shifting deep in her colon.

By fax -- (401) 555-5299: To John Smithers: Dear Daddy: Help me. I'm being kept as a naked slave on a plantation in Georgia. I haven't worn any clothes in months and I have to walk around with a "tail" implanted in my butt and pull carriages around like a horse. They won't let me leave. I'm trapped. In a few days I'll be sold at an auction and taken somewhere overseas. They'll let me go if you call. Please call me! (333) 555-8080. Tami

Tami's eyes opened wide. "No! No!" Then watched in horror as the woman snatched the paper away and placed it in the fax machine!

A few buttons were pushed. Then the woman placed her finger over the "send" button as the blood drained from the naked teenager's face.

"Well should we send this?" the older man said. "It's the truth, after all."

"NO!" the naked girl shrieked. "That would -- he'd -- NO! Please don't!"

The older man shrugged nonchalantly. "Why not? If he's your father, it seems like something he ought to know." The others sat there watching the naked girl with stone faces.

"No!" Tami said, watching the woman's finger on the button. "NO!"

Now a second horror appeared -- Figvee's joystick, put on the table by one of the other men.

"OWW!" Tami doubled over in pain as one of her ovaries was punched by the end of the plug. Now the other side was hit. "OWW!"

"Well, how about now?" the older man said. "Send the fax?"

"No! Aieeee!" Tami screamed with agony. Tears came from her eyes and she dropped to her knees. "Please . . . no . . ."

"We'll keep at it until you convince us you're for real and say yes," the older man said, and signaled to the man with the joystick.

Another hit to each ovary. "Aieeee! . . . OWWW!! . . ." Tami dropped to the carpet and curled up to the extent she could with her arms tied behind her back. The pain was agonizing and would not stop. "No . . . please . . ." Blow after blow hit her in her internal organs, a deep pain unlike any she had ever experienced. She writhed and screamed and screamed.

"Well?" the older man said.

"No -- AIEEEE!!!" Tami was writhing on the floor, whimpering, tears running from her cheeks. "No . . . no . . . please . . . no. . .Mom . . . Dad . . . I won't . . ." Deep in her mind she knew that God would save her from this, that he would not force her to agree to this terrible thing to do to her parents.

Left, right, left, right. Blow upon blow. "AAAHHHHH!! AIEEEE!!! OWWWW!!!" She broke into a full body sweat, clenched her teeth so hard it seemed like they would crack. She screamed over and over, wordlessly, calling to God, calling to anyone! She feared she was permanently injured. In fact these were only slight taps that would do no damage, but slight taps can be excruciating on such a place.

Then suddenly there was nothing. She took deep breaths, quiveringly hoping it was over. "Oh . . . God . . ." She was covered with cold sweat.

The woman took the paper out of the fax and sat down with the others. They watched as the suffering naked pony slowly turned onto her knees, her forehead on the carpet. She looked like she was praying. Then she started sobbing.

"You can get up now, Naked," the older man said.

Her tummy still quivering, Naked planted one bare foot onto the carpet, then the other, and stood up with great effort, still sobbing, bent over, tears streaming down her face.

"Go back to your cell and rest. Your tasks will resume after dinner," the older man said.

Tami gulped, not being able to speak. She staggered out.

The others sat around for a while in silence.

The older man closed the folder. "She's convinced me," he said.

"That was rough," one of the men said.

"Just taking a page from King Solomon," the older man said. "We had to be sure. Well, I'm sure."

The man with the joystick said, "It remains a fact that she was found naked near the grounds right after the delivery van reported a missing girl. And she has the body of a naked pony. So how did that happen?"

"I don't know how, but I feel comfortable with the conclusion that she is indeed here by mistake," the older man said.

The woman said, "She's one of the great ones, a rare find. She might set a record at auction."

"I'd say eight figures, easily." another man said.

"I know it's tempting, but we simply can't even think about that. The stakes here are very high," the older man said.

"As is the danger to the enterprise, if any girl who wants to memorizes someone else's vital stats and pulls a mistaken identity act. It's not just the lost stipends, it's the assurances to the buyers."

"She just got a bunch of hits to the ovaries. That's like a bunch of hits to the balls," the older man said. "It was cruel as hell, not that we had much of a choice. Only the hardest masters would do something like that to a pony. And she wouldn't give in. A girl who was making it all up would have said, sure, fax that letter to this John Smithers guy, just stop the torture."

"For half a million, maybe I'd have my balls punched around for a few seconds too," the man with the joystick said.

"I say, we err on the side of caution," the older man said. "For years I've tried to make sure this was a clean operation. We absolutely can't get into a situation with fallout where we're lumped in with the Tyler crowd."

Tension was heavy in the air. Then the woman said, "We should get some documentation in case investments start pulling out. Some showing that she told us a story and we had good reason to believe her."

The older man said, "Yes, you're probably right. Maybe a statement?"

"Ha!" the man with the joystick said. "Anyone can sign a statement. Especially when she has every reason to lie."

The older man thought. "The statement has to be made in a way that shows that it's true."

The woman said, "Let me work on it. . . I'll make some calls."

"Well, you're the one who's patched in," the older man said.

. . . .

After rest and dinner, Naked plied her tasks in misery. She dropped to her bed of straw on the verge of tears. Behind their silent faces, Carrie and Katie seemed to understand. Their eyes were full of pity and sympathy.

The next morning, after breakfast and hosing down, when the ponies were lined up to receive their tails, Naked was told to wait in her cell. She would not be given a tail today.

She waited, lying on the straw, glad that she no longer ached inside. Then at eleven o'clock she was summoned to conference room C again. No binding was put on her.

Suddenly feeling that fate was about to shine on her, she roused herself from her depression and felt a lightness in her step as she walked, naked and unbound, across the grounds to the mansion steps, glad she was not wearing a tail, glad her rectum and colon were hers again. And now -- !

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 34**

The naked teenager with the all-over tan and tough, strong body bounded up the steps to the great mansion, feeling shame as always at being the center of attention, and also remembering the fullness of that horrible tail plug with which she had been pierced, and the pain she had been subjected to, but also feeling that her ordeals were over. Not having been given a tail today, apparently excused from all tasks -- these were cruel people, but they must have decided that she was not a pony after all.

At the same time she was worried about the insight she had had last night. Seeing the look in Carrie's and Katie's faces, not allowed to speak, as they lay on the straw in their leather bikinis and boots. She went to sleep thinking about Rod's great-great-grandparents. Then she woke and realized that none of these ponies looked happy. If someone was turned on by the idea of being a pony girl, and was going to end up with half a million dollars, you'd think at least some of them would show that they were enjoying it. But none were.

Maybe these women were escaping messed-up lives. Maybe they were poor and needed the money, maybe not for themselves, but for their families. This last seemed the most likely. The teenager considered herself still to have seen very little of the world, and was unsure about whether she was imagining things. But the distinct possibility gave Tami a new perspective on this place. It was still, as it was in 1844, a sad place that survived on the hard work of people who didn't want to be there. And there was something else. If this was part of a network of wealthy sex gamers, like she had caught a glimpse of in California, well, she had gotten a sense of what rich young women looked like, from seeing Jen, Muffy, some of her other friends at college, and Kelly in California. None of these ponies looked like rich women.

In spite of her happiness for herself, these thoughts still weighed down on her as she ascended the steps. And then as she reached for the handle on the big front door she had a quick thought, of that note they were going to fax to her father's hardware store. She didn't like the idea that that note even existed. She was going to ask them for it so she could personally rip it up!

Facing the big rotunda, she braced her nudity for a final walk through the halls of authority in her naked life. No sense in cowering. I'm Princess Tami, internationally known captive, walking to meet my jailers, cruel people who may have decided to release me. I will meet them and accept freedom but without undue thanks. She threw her shoulders back and padded down the carpet with her head held high, arms at her sides. Though people stopped to look at her -- ponies, let alone naked girls, were apparently not common sights here -- she nodded politely at them and went on as if unaware that she was naked, or as if being naked was natural and ordinary.

Conference room C.

She opened the door, steeling herself to once again stand naked before sitting questioners. But now there was only the older man, dressed in a tuxedo. He exuded power and sophistication and money. He had everything that Tami didn't. The naked teenager looked at him up and down to his shiny black shoes and felt so weak and vulnerable in her total nudity. She had the urge to cower and cover herself. But then she straightened her shoulders again. Princess Tami.

Instead of the stern expression from before, now he had a kind smile which reminded her a little of Brian Cook's. "Welcome, Miss Smithers. "My name is Taft McNamee." He offered his arm. "Come with me, my dear."

The naked teenager was having none of it. She wanted to smack him but knew that she was still dependent on his good will. So she nodded with a stone face and said, "O.K., let's go." He seemed unsurprised by her reaction.

He led her out to the hallway and up some stairs. They arrived at an elegant marble foyer. Tami felt the cool marble under her bare feet and heard the sounds of Mr. McNamee's shoes as they walked across to a marble staircase with a red carpet. Sounds of people coming from above. Tami felt like asking for clothes. They ascended the stairs.

Big doors opened and Tami's eyes widened with surprise. "Lords and ladies, this is Miss Tami Smithers." She blushed all over -- she was facing maybe thirty men and women, all exquisitely dressed, the men in tuxedoes, the women in long gowns. It was a big sunny room with a skylight. The far wall was just one big window, silhouetted by serving trays and caterers.

Tami's first urge was to cover herself with her hands and run. But she knew how to handle public nudity by now. She stuffed the shame into the back of her mind. Seeing everyone waiting for her, she walked into the middle of the circular space they created and stood there silently, expressionless, concentrating on keeping her hands relaxed at her sides as people clustered from every direction, admiring her magnificent tanned nakedness.

"My you are a fine specimen."

"Your training has been rigorous. Look at the definition in her gluteal muscles, Hal."

"Such firm breasts. See, they don't need a bra if they're worked hard enough. I think naked ponies should be back in style."

Tami let people look at her, and let them press their well-informed fingers into her firm muscles here and there. Then she turned to her host and whispered, "Mr. McNamee, sir, can I talk to you?"

They were in the foyer. "I am NOT a pony! You know that! Let me out of this place! And give me some clothes!" The naked teenager was furious and stamped her bare foot on the marble floor. That he could see her bare breasts shaking with her rage made her madder still.

"Yes, I'm convinced there was a mistake, but Miss Smithers, you are not out of the woods yet." He had a tight smile. "I'm not the only power here. We want to take a statement from you. In the meantime you are still officially a naked pony. I suggest you continue to play that role. I've arranged things to be easy until the, uh, process is completed. Or do you want that tail in you again?"

Tami winced as she remembered the pain of being knocked around inside. She stood up to the older man, fists at her side. "You are mean. What you did to me was bad and you should be arrested. And the other people too."

"I had to do it to test you, dear." He unfolded a paper from his pocket. It was the note to her father that had almost been faxed. "If you want you can destroy -- "

He was in mid-word when the naked girl grabbed the paper and ripped it up, her breasts jiggling, and threw it onto the floor. Then she stamped on the pieces, a ridiculous gesture in bare feet. A couple of those pieces stuck between her toes, unnoticed, as she said, "You were going to be mean to my dad, too. How could you do such a thing?"

"Much is at stake. We run a far-flung and lucrative business. As you can see for yourself." He turned his hand as if showing her the luxurious foyer for the first time. "Millions of dollars go in and out of here every month."

"This is a bad business. Those poor women . . ."

"They all agreed to it, dear."

She looked him in the eye. "Really?"

"Do you want to see a sample contract?" Mr. McNamee unfolded another piece of paper from his envelope.

Tami grabbed it and started reading with intense curiosity. It was only a single page. The gist of it was: I agree to submit to the wishes of my masters for five years from the date of this agreement. I understand that I will be physically well cared for. I understand that servitude will involve heavy physical labor and bodily intrusions but no permanent injury or disfigurement. I also understand that I may be transported across state and international boundaries. Upon acceptance of this agreement a sum of $500,000 will be placed in an account with, etc. etc.

What caught her attention was the words "Star Spangled Banner". "I understand that if at any time I want to revoke this agreement, I will hum 'The Star Spangled Banner'. Upon such humming the following steps will be taken: a statement under oath, etc., etc." Tami's eyes turned red with deep hurt and she stifled a laugh at the same time. Fate had played a joke on her. She remembered Jackson Dyle's reference to the Star Spangled Banner. All she had to do was hum that song and she would have been free of him, and with clothing too. Or she could have hummed it here and been on her way out, again with clothes. Yet it

seemed so stupid, so childish, hence the laugh.

Part of her wanted to thank Mr. McNamee for showing her this contract. She understood so much more now. But he didn't deserve her thanks. She gave the contract back to him and said, "Those women don't look happy."

The older man shrugged. "What is in their heads, only they know. But they sign the contract and after five years they are well off. It's an honest business."

"I don't think it's right." Tami tried to think of why. "I think you're taking advantage of them."

"Dear, half a million dollars."

Tami realized again that she had been having this entire conversation naked. She resisted the urge to cover herself with her hands. But she did say, "Can't I have clothes now?"

"No." Mr. McNamee seemed impatient. "Let's go back, shall we?"

Tami forced herself to once again walk naked into the elegant gathering, and figured it would be a good idea to be a little friendly. She wouldn't smile, but nodded and engaged in polite conversation.

"How long have you been naked, dear?"

"Almost a year."

"The constant exposure to sun and air give your skin a lovely glow." "Thank you." Again Tami wanted to scream with frustration. And these people were really starting to make her sick. She looked out the big window at the plantation, the ponies in the distance pulling buggies and picking vegetables. And here were these rich, idle people, so insufferable. A horrid thought came to her. Were these the buyers for the "auction"? And were they examining the merchandise? Was she going to be "on sale"? Mr. McNamee said she wasn't out of the woods yet -

It was then, in the jumble of these rushing and unpleasant thoughts, that she saw a familiar face, standing back near the buffet table, in her lawyer's professional suit, sipping a diet soda. Mrs. Wickland!

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 35**

The naked girl's reaction was complicated. Relief, quickly followed by suspicion. When the constant attention to the naked pony had died down a bit Tami went over to the table next to the lawyer. She accepted a ginger ale from the ogling bartender and looked at her.

"Hello," the lawyer said back, smoothing the front of her jacket.

Tami was guarded. "Hello, Mrs. Wickland."

"Sarah. And I keep telling you, I'm not a 'Mrs.' I've come to help you."

"Oh." Tami noticed the lawyer's glance at her nipples and almost drew her arm up to cover her breasts. Then remembered that this lady had connections to the college and Tami had to get back to her "unintentional nudist" pose. It seemed so long ago. Uh - oh -- ever since Tami had been stuck here she'd been asking for clothes. Did Mrs. Wickland know this?

"Let's go out to the terrace, Tami," Sarah Wickland said. Tami followed her out. It was sunny and the polished terrazzo was warm under Tami's feet. They looked out to the fields.

"A remarkable place you wandered into," Sarah Wickland said. "The college has been looking for you, you know."

Tami wanted to say, "I know," but decided that the less Mrs. Wickland knew, the better.

"I have certain . . . connections. These people brought me here as a neutral party to take a statement from you."

"About what?" Tami walked up to the railing and looked out, idly twisting her big toe against the terrazzo. This way Mrs. Wickland could see her backside but not her breasts or pussy.

"Just to account for who you are and how you got here and how you were mistaken for a pony. They don't want to set a precedent for other girls to get out. They want to establish that this was an exceptional situation."

"I thought these women were here voluntarily," Tami said resentfully, feeling the sun on her butt, looking at the captive women toiling below.

"Well, yes. But in this case someone made off with five hundred thousand dollars."

This Amaryl Summers, Tami mused. Probably spent it all buying clothes.

Tami turned to face Sarah. "Can't I just sign this statement and go?"

"No, it has to be under oath, at deposition."

"At what?"

"I'll ask questions and you answer them. A stenographer takes it all down." At seeing the naked girl's eyes flash, the lawyer said, "Don't worry, dear, I won't ask anything having to do with your religion or your relationship to Campbell - Frank College. I know you don't trust me on that subject so I'll stay away from it. And after the deposition when you get released, they'll give you a bundle of clothes, which I'm sure you'll throw right in the trash." A quizzical smile. "Of course, I'll be gone by then."

Tami returned a gaze that she tried to make unreadable. Then she thought about this deposition thing and sighed. It sounded like something they do in a law office. With everyone dressed up nice and her, still naked.

Now her thoughts returned to what was bothering her. "This is a bad place."

Sarah Wickland paused, then said, "Yes, Tami. It is."

Tami looked at her with some surprise. "Then why don't you do something about it? Sue them or something!" After all, that's what lawyers do.

"It's not as easy as that. There's really nothing I can do."

Tami looked out at the ponies below and said, "You're a lawyer. You're -- rich. You have connections. Can't you do something about it? What can I do to help you?"

Sarah said, "These women consented to be pony girls. They signed the contract."

Tami decided it was O.K. to cross her arms. "So when do we do this deposition thing?"

"This afternoon. . . I suppose we should go back in now."

Anyone could tell when the naked girl came back in that she was pissed off. An unusual expression for a pony. Yet the guests were too wrapped up in the advantages of naked ponies, they chatted and looked and touched. Finally the naked girl had had enough. Not seeing Sarah shaking her head in warning, Tami Smithers said, "Listen, listen!"

Her mind was on automatic. She got up on a chair. "This is a bad place. It's not right to tie women up and use them as horses. And make them sleep on straw in a stable!" She tried not to think of all the eyes staring right at her pussy, up at her breasts, her nipples erect as always, her breasts jiggling with each motion of her hands. "This was always a slave place, and it's still a slave place. It's a plantation!" She looked at the scene outside the window. "I just can't stand looking at those poor women out there. My boyfriend's ancestors had to work out there like that. Maybe in this exact plantation! And you rich people . . . I know they signed a contract, but you are taking advantage of them! I think they needed the money, or had no other place to go!"

Tami put her hands down. She remembered something Rebecca said once. "Speak truth to power." Well, she certainly had done that. But she also felt like she had cooked her own goose. She gulped, knowing herself totally on display, standing on a chair, her bare feet squirming against the fine leather.

"So what do you want us to do about it, dear?" It was a woman in a red gown, perhaps 40 years old. It was hard to tell if she was taking Tami seriously or thinking this was part of a staged game.

The idea just popped into Tami's head. "Let them talk to each other. That way they won't be so scared."

A man said, "Impossible, that would destroy the discipline. They'd never get any tasks done if they were jabbering with each other all the time."

Another man said, "You know how those ponies are. Lazy by nature. You have to keep on 'em all the time."

Tami said, "Well how about just an hour a day. Give them a space where they can get together and talk -- and with no cameras or hidden microphones either."

It was at that point that Mr. McNamee came over to Tami and took her arm. "Come down, dear. . . You must excuse her, this girl is not a full pony yet. She's on a trial run, she hasn't yet made up her mind about the contract."

He seemed to be squeezing the life out of her arm as he took her out to the foyer. "My dear, what are you DOING?"

Thinking she was in worse trouble now, Tami uttered a false apology. "I'm sorry."

"Do you want to get out of here or not?"

Tami looked up at him, remembering the ordeal of the fax, remembering the pains in her gut. Her anger gave her renewed courage. "You can't keep me here. You KNOW I never signed the contract."

"No, but things can be made very uncomfortable for you until the processing is finished. Remember, it's not all up to me."

Tami went back to the party. And went back to engaging in polite small talk, and let people turn her body to and fro and admire her muscle tone. Oddly nobody mentioned her little outburst.

She was taken away before the food was served. It had filled her nostrils and she was hungry. But now she had a feeling she was to be punished.

Which was true. She was taken to the front hall of the stable, where keepers and ponies were always going through, and tied to a strange device, a big wooden "X" on top of a table. Evidently this was used to punish ponies by humiliating them. It certainly had this effect on the modest girl, who had never agreed to be a pony, who desperately wanted clothes yet was forced to be naked. She shut her eyes and tried to fight back tears as she heard the scraping and stomping of boots and knew herself being stared at as an example.

She felt the warm summer breeze against her nipples, ruffling her pubic hair, and remembered how she had learned to enjoy the feelings of nature against her bare skin. But now all she wanted was a sheet to cover herself with. Or even just the degrading leathers and boots of the typical pony. She was all bare breasts and pussy hair, a public exhibit, nothing more. And she still had that necklace with the name tag -- "Naked."

It was after maybe an hour that she was untied by Hans and given a dinner roll and some orange juice which she ate while Hans watched. Then he led the naked girl back to the mansion. He didn't take her up the front steps; they went in a back way. In a maintenance hallway, Tami's bare feet on the grimy cold cement floor, they met up with Sarah Wickland.

"Tami, we're about to go up to take your statement."

Tami sighed. "Finally. I can't wait to get out of this place. Everything about it disgusts me." She meant it. This whole day she had gotten more and more firm in her belief that the pony girls, even if they had signed a contract and would get money at the end, were just being taken advantage of. She wished she could just set them all free. Give them the money now, or at least a good part of it, and some regular clothes, so they could go back to their families and loved ones.

"I've found out through some, shall we say, back-channel communications that in fact you don't have to give this statement. You can refuse. The way things are working, they want you out of here anyway."

Tami's heart leaped. Maybe making that little speech wasn't such a bad idea after all. "So when can I go?"

"Wait." Sarah Wickland looked around as if to make sure the three of them were alone. "As far as they know, you are under the impression you must still make a statement. So I have a proposal. I'd like you to submit to deposition anyway."

"What?"

"I thought about what you said. And your idea about a talking time for ponies is a good one. It certainly can -- alleviate some legal difficulties that this enterprise has always faced. I want to tape this deposition and use it to force some changes."

"Tape it? Won't they know? And what good will that do?"

"My laptop has a hidden camera and microphone. And this will not be an ordinary deposition."

"What do you mean?"

"They are going to make it . . . difficult for you. They won't torture you or hurt you, but it will be rough. I'm not exactly sure what they have in mind. They want some way to make sure that you're not lying under oath."

The naked teenager was really puzzled now.

"It will be," Sarah said, lowering her voice a bit, "something that, if videotaped, can be used as, well, the only word for it is blackmail. Disclosure of it to the wrong people would be fatal. McNamee and the others will have no choice but to agree to changes that would make the pony life more humane."

Feeling the grime under her bare feet, the naked girl stood and thought.

"Tami, I know you don't trust me, but this will help these poor women. I won't blame you if you refuse to make the statement. In my view you have been through a long, long ordeal, and the prospect of finally getting to wear clothes in a day or so must be all-consuming. But think about what your statement will do. I can use it to improve these ponies' lives, force changes that will make this enterprise less evil, more truly consensual."

Tami didn't know what to think at first. The idea of being videotaped naked was frightening. What if the video got circulated? Could she really trust Mrs. Wickland? Yet this lawyer no doubt had access to all the photos and videos made at Chalfont, she already knew that from that meeting at Nina's law firm in California. This could hardly be any worse.

"I don't want a video of me going around."

"I promise you, it will not be circulated. The file will be burned onto CD. It won't be copied."

Tami gave a complicated look at this lawyer. She really had nothing to lose. Those Chalfont videos were already out. And these people here knew she never signed the contract and would have to release her. So why not make a statement to help these women? Then she would be out of here -- and in clothes!

Tami looked at Hans. "What do you think?"

"I have been at zis for a long time, and I zink it is more cruel than it has to be. I like the idea of a free hour." He was an expert in his narrow field of expertise, and there seemed an air of integrity about him. Training and conditioning ponies, that didn't have to be cruel. Maybe no more so than rich people who have a personal trainer. Or so Tami imagined. She suddenly had a vision that pony girl life could be humane and almost pleasant. Sleeping in stables, drawing buggies -- yet having pony friends, the hard work is good exercise, a relief to have all your material needs provided for . . .

Tami felt she needed time to assimilate all these thoughts. But there was no time. She closed her eyes and said a short prayer. What should I do, God?

Maybe she was being set up. But her heart bled for these poor pony girl women. And with Hans in on it, it seemed like Mrs. Wickland was being for real. After all, it was just taking a statement.

"O.K., I'll do it."

Almost before she finished saying it, Sarah Wickland was gone and Hans was taking her out to be hosed down and combed, the soles of her feet specially scrubbed. He told her she was expected in conference room C. In a few minutes the naked girl found herself once again with the hot sunshine on her backside, walking up the marble steps.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 36**

As she walked up to conference room C, Tami once more felt the cringing shame of someone who must walk naked into a setting of fine clothes and official proceedings and formality. At the polished oak door she stood for a second, looking down at her bare toes, then glanced back at people walking by who were getting a full head to heel view of her nudity. She knocked tentatively. After no response, she knocked again. Finally she turned the doorknob.

Figvee was there, and Burt, and the man who had been working the joystick at that horrible session with the fax to her father. She felt goose-bumps on her breasts and wanted to run. But no, she steeled herself. "Hello, Miss Smithers, so to speak," the joystick guy said. "My name is Mr. LaFleur, I will be representing the interests of the farm. You've met Mr. Figvee, I believe, and Burt."

She nodded at them both as icily as possible, then her sight was arrested by what was on the left side of the table. It looked like a scaffold of some type, steel bars going up almost to the ceiling, and extending both ways well out from the sides of the table. Before Tami could think of running, Burt and Figvee pulled her over and began tying her to the structure. Mr. LaFleur spoke so that his voice could be heard over their labors. "I apologize for the unusual setup, Miss Smithers, but we have our reasons." When they were done with her Tami found herself spread-eagled in a bizarre kind of chair, arms tied out to the sides, legs spread and bent out in front of her like she was sitting, though her hips and butt were not touching anything. She was elevated slightly over the table, as if on a perverted throne.

"We will begin in a few minutes," Mr. LaFleur said and then the three men were gone. Tami closed her eyes and prayed. So she would be forced to give testimony while naked and spread out so that everyone had a view of every inch of her. Evidently they figured that if she could hide nothing physically, she wouldn't lie either. She had to concede that it made sense. She could half-remember a dream where she was in a courtroom and could do nothing to prevent herself from being sentenced to death because she was strapped into a kind of orgasm chair. Well, this wasn't nearly as bad as that. And she had been through worse. But it would be cruelly shaming. Please God . . . help me through this . . . I want to help those poor women out there . . .This won't last long . . .

The door opened and Tami woke from her meditation. She was expecting (and hoping for) Sarah Wickland, but it was Helga, the woman from Figvee's office who had pulled on her nipples. She was in the same black suit and had the same evil smile. She walked right up to Tami, suspended and stretched out in her mid-air sitting position, her eyes level with Tami's, and said, "Hello dear." She smelled like cigarette smoke. Tami had dated a guy in high school once who smoked, and nothing was grosser than kissing him. Now this woman came over to give Tami a little peck on the cheek and the naked girl almost gagged.

And then Helga hopped onto a little flat sheet of metal on the scaffold and positioned her high heels onto the bars below. And closed her mouth around Tami's right nipple!

"Ugh . . . go away!" the naked girl said, struggling to escape her bonds, but she was tied far too well. Meanwhile the woman began sucking, hands resting on some bars, seated in a perfectly relaxed position for her task. She bit and teased the rapidly stiffening nipple with her teeth as the naked girl winced. "Go AWAY!" Tami's words had no effect, in fact they just seemed to encourage this sadist.

Now another woman came in, in a short black skirt and white blouse and knee-high boots, hardly more than Tami's age, with hair dyed green and white. Quickly, efficiently, without saying a word, she took her place at another seat that Tami realized to her horror was just on the other side, and with equal comfort leaned forward just a bit to apply powerful suction to Tami's other nipple.

Tami gasped and took deep breaths. She was repulsed and wanted to throw up on these horrible women. And then, as if to punish her more, something else began to happen. She hadn't had an orgasm in several days. For someone with her sexual capacity this was a long drought. With both nipples aggressively sucked, it was impossible for her desire not to be awakened. It was loathsome, it was disgraceful, these women sucking her nipples while she was tied to a scaffold, but she felt the waves of horniness and the flush of her skin and, after a few more moments, the faint smell of her musk from below.

She gritted her teeth and devoted her energies to resisting the rising tide of desire. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine that her nipples were being stung by bees, scraped with sandpaper, pinched and twisted with pliers, unsexy things to someone like Tami Smithers who was not in any way a masochist. It partly worked. Then the click of the door as it opened again. She couldn't help opening her eyes.

It was another woman, middle-aged, trim, short hair flecked with gray, a wiry, lined face, in a green uniform that looked vaguely military. Tami tried to control her shallow breathing as she waited for what this woman would do. Maybe she was this stenographer person. The naked girl's eyes opened wide as the woman squatted down and sat right in front of her wide open pussy.

"NOOO!! -- ughh!" The flat tongue, warm and wet, was disgusting against her pussy lips. Tami tried with all her strength to close her legs. The muscles and tendons in her inner thighs stood out like thick cords with the strain. But of course closing her legs was impossible. As if to mock her efforts, the middle-aged woman casually draped one hand over each thigh as she sat comfortably in position and applied her tongue to the naked girl's pussy. Her tongue was pointed and skilled, poking in between the lower lips into the dark cave, then sweeping up to tickle the bottom of the clit which made the naked girl jolt. Now the tongue flicked the clit up and down, up and down, faster and faster, pressing in with more and more force -

The naked girl looked up in prayer, like Joan of Arc tied to the stake and feeling the fires licking at her. Please God . . . I don't want to come . . . she breathed deeply to drive away the sensations that were beginning to flood her body. Her concave tummy heaved in and out. Her face was red. Beads of sweat broke out on her forehead, over her breasts, on her shoulders. . . Please God . . .

It was with heavy-lidded eyes, too overwhelmed to react, that she saw the fourth woman walk in and go around to the rear. "Akkkk!" There was a seat back there too. A fourth tongue had just jabbed against her butthole. It noodled around, as skillful as Jen's, and slithered inside as its owner lazily draped her arms over the naked girl's thighs to hold hands with the middle-aged woman sitting in front.

Tami's whole body shook with the strain of holding back. Four tongues were on her and in her now. To have these four disgusting women give her an orgasm would be the ultimate in shame. Yet she felt the heaviness in her pelvis and knew that unless they stopped right away she would crest and go over the waterfall.

She felt the crest begin and with a supreme effort pushed it down. But the wet, slithering tongues were too much. They kept on and on and on -

As Tami began to crest her eyes opened in anguish, and saw the door open and four formally dressed people walk in: Figvee, Mr. LaFleur, a poker-faced lady with a little typewriter thing on a stand, and Sarah Wickland.

"OH -- OH -- NOOOOO!" the naked teenager wailed. The four people took their seats, Sarah Wickland with a very surprised and infuriated expression on her face. The teenager's thin, sweaty, naked body spasmed, jolt after jolt shaking the entire scaffold-like apparatus. As papers were taken out and notebooks opened, the youngest person in the room finished her orgasm with one mighty, off-rhythm jolt, then her body sagged in her bonds and she began to sob, well aware that the room was permeated with the smell of her sweat and her female musk.

The four tongues continued sucking and poking and licking. The naked girl tried with all her might to regain her composure in the face of this continued assault. She labored to keep her breathing regular. "Zhhh -- zhhh -- zhhh -- "

"The witness will now be sworn in," Mr. LaFleur said.

The stenographer's voice was a monotone, though spoken somewhat louder than was its owner's habit. "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, so help you God?"

Tami blinked and looked in dire anguish at Sarah Wickland, who traded back a look of pity and empathy and yet a tight little nod. She had a laptop out and adjusted it just so. Tami thought of the toiling ponies. This might be torture but not as bad as five years of slavery. She suppressed her shaking and cleared her throat. "Y - yes . . ."

"What is your name?"

"T - tami B - blanche Smithers."

"Date of birth?"

"J - july twenty seven, nineteen -- ohh! -- " A tongue had just poked especially far into her rectum and her pelvis jumped forward, pressing her clit into the tongue in front -- "eighty-t - two."

Sarah Wickland said, "I wish to protest the conditions under which this deposition is being conducted. The witness is being sexually attacked and aside from the cruelty of this situation, she cannot have a clear head to give answers."

"Counsel's comments will be stricken from the record," LaFleur cut in. "We are here to get a statement, not make speeches."

"Very well," Sarah Wickland said. "Miss Smithers, can you hear me?"

"Y - yes . . . ohhh . . ."

"Are there two women each sucking on your nipples right now?"

"Yes -- ohh . . ."

"And is there presently a third woman with her mouth on your vulva, and a fourth who appears to be inserting her tongue into your anus?"

"Ohh . . . yes . . ."

"And have you already suffered through one orgasm?"

"Oh God. . . yes . . ." whimpered the witness, on the verge of tears.

"I object to the word 'suffered'," La Fleur said.

Sarah Wickland ignored that comment and continued. "Now that we have that on the record, let me ask you: did there come a time when you were found by personnel from the farm?"

Tami thought for a moment, or tried to. She was depressingly aware of a second orgasm starting its career deep within on the tip of a strange tongue. "Y - yes . . . ohh!"

"And how many days ago was that?"

"It was -- ohh - OHH -- " And as Tami wrenched her way through the cresting and spasming of another orgasm, she completed her answer. "OHH -- about -- OHH -- OHH -- th-three -- OHH -- days -- ohh -- ag - g -go . . . ohhh -- ohhh. . . God. . ." She whimpered, tears dribbling from her eyes, trying to keep her composure. In the part of her frazzled mind that could think clearly, she knew that this videotape would be dynamite. With proof of such abuse Mrs. Wickland could force the needed changes in those poor ponies' lives.

The questioning was slow, the stone-faced stenographer having to wait for each syllable of the witness's answer, often having to make the witness repeat it because the words were often unclear. Cries of anguish and sexual excitement and the agony of shame punctuated the answers. The air was humid with sweat and female secretions. The orgasms announced themselves every few minutes.

By the time Sarah Wickland had completed her questioning as to Tami's indoctrination into pony life, Tami had come five times.

By the time she had finished asking about Tami's attempts to convince her handlers that it had been a case of mistaken identity, Tami had come nine times.

There followed a series of orgasms during which no questioning could be done at all. The attorneys and the stenographer waited until the spasming and moaning had died down before continuing. The sweating witness was determined to participate. Her answers sometimes started at the crest, then continued in grunting syllables as the orgasm pounded through her and ended while it was spending itself.

What Sarah Wickland had planned to be a fifteen-minute proceeding extended longer and longer, which in turn extended the time during which the suffering naked teenager was subjected to the four tongues. Midway through, four new women appeared, fresh tongues to replace the tired ones of the original team, who yielded their seats so that the replacements could dig in without missing a beat. Not that the naked girl was given a rest, of course. For her the sucking and licking and twisting and biting and poking and noodling went on and on without a second's surcease until she thought she was losing her mind.

Her answers became less and less comprehensible, though she was clearly straining to give them, making mighty efforts to fight through the thickening curtain of orgasmic storms. Finally her answers were monosyllables. "Yuhhhhh . . . nuhhhhh . . ." Which the unflappable stenographer interpreted as "no" and "yes", respectively. At that point Sarah Wickland had asked most of her questions anyway. She thanked the witness and once again made a protest on the record.

"You can release her now," she said tartly, packing up her laptop.

"Whatever do you mean?" LaFleur said sarcastically.

"Oh good grief, let the poor girl go. It's been almost an hour and she's had I don't know how many orgasms!"

"OHH! OHH! Ohh . . God . . ." Tami was not lucid enough to realize it but she had come on cue.

Figvee, who had been monitoring the application of tongues, said, "By my count that is her seventeenth."

Sarah shook her head in disgust as she left the room, the naked sweating girl still crucified on her scaffold of orgasms, attacked by tongues that would not stop.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 37**

Tami woke up on a bed of straw, not remembering how she got there, figuring she must have passed out in conference room C. She was thirsty and hungry. As if she had conjured it up, she found a tray of sandwiches in front of her, and a tall glass of ice water. She looked around and saw she was not in the regular stable building. After eating and drinking she walked over to the open-air window, the chain dragging from her cuffed ankle, still a little stiff from having so many orgasms while bound. It was a beautiful sunny morning and she was in a little shed out in the lower fields. Oddly she saw no ponies around.

Hans arrived and bid her good morning. Wordlessly she was brought out and hosed down, given shampoo and toothpaste. Then he placed the necklace with the "Naked" nameplate on it and then presented the tail, the big one that had apparently become hers alone. At her questioning glance he said, "I'm zorry, you are not free yet." Very reluctantly she bent over and accepted the vaseline and then the long, thick plug, the quick twist to her hips that allowed the end to slide through her inner butthole into her colon. Then she was brought to a buggy and harnessed to it. Hans apologized again as she was burdened with something new, a ball gag that filled her mouth and tied around behind her ears. "It is best if you vear zis."

At a gentle tap of the little whip the naked pony started the buggy off across the field, her bare feet pounding on the dirt path at a canter and then a trot. Guiding her with the reins, Hans drove over to a big barn. As they drew near she was surprised to hear the sound of many voices talking. It reminded her of a noisy cafeteria back in high school, except all the voices were female. There was an open-air window on one side, used as a hay chute. Hans drove Naked up to it so she could see inside.

It was all the ponies, together, with not a keeper in sight. They were in their boots and leathers and cheerfully jabbering in languages that Tami didn't recognize. Many were sipping coffee; there was a table on the side with an urn.

"It's Russian, mostly, some Arabic," Hans said. "Miss Vickland vorks fast. She threatened to use the videotape of your statement and zey had no choice but to make a deal. From now on, there is a free hour every morning. And each pony gets one free call a veek." A tear came to the naked pony's eye and dribbled past the ball gag. For the first time, these women seemed happy. From motions of hands she could tell they were talking about their pony experiences.

"I zink this is a good development," Hans said. "Zey are less likely to be mistreated if zey can talk. Happier too. Ze people in charge don't like it but I believe that zis system vill attract more masters. Vith the system more consensual zere will be less fear of legal conseqvences and accusations of slavery. Zis is here to stay. And it vas your idea, Miss Smithers. I zay, good for you!"

Tami got a special feeling then, like she had done some good for the world, that her existence had impact and meaning beyond her friends and loved ones. But mostly she felt so happy for these ponies. They were still bound to the contract but now they could vent and lean on each other for support. They were not sad like before. She thought of what Rebecca had said once. "See everything, overlook a lot, change a little." Tami had changed what she could. With the help of Sarah Wickland, who she realized, she suddenly trusted.

As if reading her thoughts, Hans said, "Miss Vickland left last night. Very busy voman. Come, ve've got to go."

Tami wished she could stay and talk with these ponies. They obviously knew English because the keepers' commands were always in English. She was so curious about them. Where were they from? Why did they agree to be ponies? Did they like the idea of being a pony? What were there plans when the five years were up? But the horrid plug deep into her colon was insistent, as was the harness and the ball gag. And the tap of Hans's whip.

She was puzzled as to what Hans was doing but obediently followed the pull of the reins to trot out along the path, past the last acre of lettuce, out onto a big open field much like the one she had been discovered in. Beyond, there was forest in each direction. Hans had her stop next to an old tree.

He quickly undid the ball gag and the harness. Tami stood naked and free, except for the tail. Hans pulled an old branch from the tree and put it in Tami's uncertain hands.

"You've got to escape. Hit me in the back of the head and zen run. I'll tell them you knocked me out ven I was readjusting your harness."

She was stunned. "What? -- I thought they were going to release me."

"Yes zey are, but it's not that zimple. Some of zem don't like the changes and zey blame it on you. Zey vill follow you. Vith bad results."

Tami looked down at the branch. She didn't want to hit this man and still was unclear about why she had to. "They can't do anything to me."

"Please," Hans said, getting impatient, looking around. "Do it. It's in your own best interest."

Tami said, "What about this tail?"

"Leave it in. A pony who vas escaping vouldn't take the time to pull out her tail first. Dispose of it later vere it can't be found. In a creek or somezing."

Tami saw Hans's impatience and the need to act fast. He turned his back to her. With a left-handed baseball swing she gave him a tap on the back of the head.

"No, come on, it's got to be a noticeable vound, like to knock me out."

Another tap, this one harder.

"No, more. Hurry."

Tami hated herself but pretended Hans's head was a softball and whacked a line drive into right field. The force knocked him to his knees. His hand went to the back of his head. She could see him bleeding. "Is that enough?"

"Yes, achhh, yes, zat vill do. Go!"

She dropped the branch. "Thanks." And ran to the woods.

. . . .

It was a scene from mythology, a creature half woman, half horse. Or maybe three-quarters woman. Under the high cloudy afternoon sky she gracefully but quickly ran out of the stand of trees across the meadow, her long tail flowing behind her, arms and legs pumping in a gentle gallop, a body so beautiful and muscled and evenly tanned to be worthy of a sculpture by Da Vinci or Michelangelo.

She ran and rested in woods, then ran again, all the time the tail was rubbing against her insides. Taking Hans's advice, she waited until she found a body of water. By then it was almost nightfall. This had to be done carefully so as not to damage her internal muscles. She picked a small tree next to the river, then tied the long tail around it near the bottom. Planting herself in front on all fours, she gradually pulled forward, pushing out with her butt. After a moment of pain at maximum stretch the tail plug plopped out, like taking a giant shit. The naked girl rested her head on her bent arm, sweating and taking deep breaths. Thank God . . .

She untied the tail from the tree and looked at it for a second. An elegant piece of work, well made, no doubt very expensive. Some woman, turned on by the pony life, might have been glad to have "worn" this. In a way it was a shame that it was wasted on an unwilling girl.

Then Tami abandoned such thoughts and flung the tail into the river where it disappeared. She took off the necklace with its nameplate and threw it in too.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 38**

This was written by Leviticus, and let me extend my thanks to him. Contributions to this saga are always welcome!

--donnylaja

It was green and it had a Cleveland Indians logo on the front, and it was just hanging there on a wooden post in the middle of nowhere. Its brim looked like it had been chewed on by a dog and strange stains colored one side of it, but to the naked girl hiding in the bushes it had a very special fascination.

Tami Smithers had been walking for a while, following a dirt path through a forest, trying her best to keep going east although she felt a little lost at this point. It was as she was walking that she spotted the hat hanging from the top of a rotted post and she immediately hid behind some bushes.

Where there were clothes, there were people, or at least that was how it seemed to Tami lately. Several times over the last few weeks she had come across seemingly abandoned bits of clothing, only to have something happen to it before she could claim it herself. She had grown cautious, gun shy if you will, of apparent presents from the Gods.

But she had been watching this old baseball cap for maybe an hour, or so she estimated, she hadn't worn a watch for a year either, and no one seemed to be around. In fact, she hadn't seen a soul all day which suited her fine.

The hat was there for the taking. The naked girl crept out of her cover and walked the last few yards along the path to her target. She reached out and tentatively touched the brim of the hat, fearful of any booby traps. But it was just an old, worn hat.

She picked it up and savored the feel of the material in her hands, its warmth, its texture, and she carefully looked around once more just to see if she was being observed. Too many times in the past clothing had been dangled in front of her out of her reach, or pulled away just as she was reaching out to grasp it. But not this time, now she had the hat in her hand and she was keeping it.

Most people would have put a hat on their head, but Tami instead held it in front of her crotch. She imagined herself covered down there at last, prying eyes unable to see her sex, and the image was nice, but she knew she couldn't walk around holding the hat there all the time. Out of curiosity she held it up to a bare breast, cupping it like a bra would, and she grinned at the feeling of the material against her soft skin. That too was nice, but she would need two hats for it to be any good. So she popped it on her head.

The hat was big for her, and wasn't adjustable, but Tami really didn't mind. She had clothes. True, it was an old hat that was pretty useless as far as covering her nakedness was concerned, but it was still clothing and she loved it.

Her spirits raised, she continued on down the path.

She walked for a long time, sleeping when she was tired, eating when she was hungry, and the countryside changed a little over the miles she traveled. At one point she found the path skirting the edge of a series of ploughed fields, and there was a road on the other side of the fields she had to be careful of. It didn't seem to be a well traveled road though, and as she walked on she saw why. There was a large group of men in orange jump suits working the ditches, and Tami knew right away that she was looking at a chain gang. From her perch within the trees she watched them for a moment, very scared that they might see her. She imagined their reaction to seeing a naked girl going by, some of them probably hadn't had a woman in years! She imagined being caught by them and taken back to their prison, hidden away under a blanket perhaps, then kept for the amusement of the prisoners. Even the guards would be in on it, not letting her go until she serviced them as well.

Tami's active imagination, fueled by too many prison flicks watched as a child, concocted horrors that got her moving again, and she snuck by without being seen. The trouble was those images had gotten her feeling horny again, and she hated what McMasters had done to her. There were times she felt like a slut, but she looked around for a handy stick anyway.

If she HAD stuck around though and looked a little closer, she might have noticed that the people with the "prisoners" were not guards, but a film crew shooting a commercial. The director of this commercial was pissed because his leading lady was throwing a fit back in her trailer. "DAMMIT!" he yelled after yet another hour was wasted. "I swear, the next woman I see I'll just slap into costume and film instead! Especially if she is good looking!"

His assistant snorted. "Yeah, and where are you going to find one of those out here?"

"Too true, too true. Come on, let's go see if they have picked out all the green M&M's from Her Majesty's bowl yet!"

Unhearing, Tami kept walking.

The path wound down into a valley and soon started following a river. It was a fast moving river and it flowed over a rocky bed. For several miles it had carved a deep channel and the path pretty much petered out. But Tami decided to keep going, a little more confident now that she had her hat, and she scrambled over the rocks like a mountain goat, her lithe nude body making quite a picture.

But it was also quite windy between the steep sides of the river valley, and sure enough a gust of wind caught what was left of the brim of her hat and took it off her head. The hat blew away and landed in some rocks closer to the river surface.

Tami stopped and looked back. She seemed frozen, staring at the scrap of green material fifty feet away. She knew that the hat really didn't cover her at all, that as clothing it was pretty useless. But after a year without anything it was the only clothing she had and she was not going to leave it behind. So she turned around and started to climb down after it, stepping gingerly across the boulders that littered the valley floor.

The wind was still blowing though and it seemed that just as she was getting close a gust of wind would take the hat away from her again. Tami began to cry with frustration, fixated on getting her hat back. It had become a symbol for her for everything she had lost over the past year. Her life, her future, was in her mind tied up in getting that hat back. So she struggled and cursed, scraping and bruising herself as she followed along. Soon she was beside the river itself, walking slowly across the rocky shoreline for as tough as her feet had become, the sharp rocks were tougher and walking was painful.

But the wind was cruel that day and as she reached once more for the hat it was blown into the fast moving water.

Again Tami stopped, only this time it was to watch her hat being swept away down river. It was moving so fast she would never catch it and she knew it was lost forever.

She sank to her knees, ignoring the pain of the sharp rocks, and she wept at her loss. For a time she had something to wear, even though it was only a wretched old hat with a chewed up brim and ugly stains, but it was hers!

After a while she picked herself up and morosely continued on her way, but if anyone had been watching her they might have wondered what could have driven this naked girl to the point where losing an old hat caused such sorrow.

If only they knew.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 39**

She looked carefully at the dim shadow on the top of the truck body below, the shadow of her crouched form thrown by the little streetlight some distance behind her. It would be a jump of about eight feet, easy to make. Nobody would hear her; the sound of the idling engines was too deafening. This was a big truck stop, filled with snoozing truckers and idling trucks at roughly (she guessed) about three o'clock in the morning. She had her eye on the flatbed over there, the one with the big upright concrete cylinders, that would probably would end up as a water main.

The naked girl jumped, landing expertly and softly with hands and feet thumping at the same time onto the dirty metal. Not that loud a thump. She looked back up at the overpass, part of the ramp from the interstate. She had done this so many times, a naked ghost lurking and hopping through this nighttime shadow world of truckstops. Now she looked over at the truck with the cylinders, and began planning how to get from here to there.

What! The truck lurched under her. She fell forward, stopping herself by putting her hand down. It turned out this trucker wasn't asleep like the others. She frantically looked around but there was no safe place to hop off. As the truck shifted with a jolt out of crawling gear and huffed under the overpass she ducked, even though there was plenty of clearance.

In a minute Tami was riding naked on top of the truck trailer, booming down the interstate at 65 mph. To keep from getting knocked off by the stiff blowby she had no choice but to fall flat on her tummy on the cold dirty metal, hands grabbing over the front lip. What made it even worse was she was going the wrong way. The concrete cylinder truck had come from the south and would be going north. But this truck was heading south. From South Carolina!

She closed her eyes as the wind caused tears to run down and immediately evaporate before they could make it halfway down her cheeks. She felt the wind whistling over her butt cheeks, around her breasts, past her heels and toes. It was cold, there was a terrific wind chill even though the temperature was not low. Her hair flew back wildly. She looked ahead whenever she could, making things out through her teary eyes. She prayed, her big fear being that her head would slam against a low-clearance bridge. Fortunately there seemed little danger of that, as she realized that there were trucks going by with higher bodies. Truckers must know this highway well and would not travel on it if the bridges were too low.

Also it was fortunate that no one could see her. She remembered once again that the police were on the lookout for her, or so she had to assume. Now that she knew Sarah Wickland could be trusted, she wished she had sounded her out about that instead of staying mum.

And now the flash of lightning and it began to rain. It was an icy shower of needle-like missiles that stung her from her arms down to her calves, making the truck metal feel warm by comparison. "P - please God . . ." She felt in real danger now, from hypothermia. And there was no escape. She felt the slickness under her crushed breasts and her shivering thighs and her hands clamped onto the front lip with an iron grip. To slip or let go would mean certain death. She had to pee and just let it go, no doubt it mixed with the rain and simply washed off the back of the truck.

She turned her head to see the sunrise. The clouds were passing and had let the sun through. Soon the rain stopped. She wondered who could see her now. Who ever looked up on top of truck bodies? Probably never even the truckers themselves. Probably only people walking on overpasses, an unlikely prospect in this wilderness. She saw pines and now palm trees here and there.

She must be getting close to the coast, but it had been south all the way. She absolutely had to get off this truck and backtrack somehow. At this rate she would never get home, let alone back to college in time for the fall semester, which began the day after Labor Day.

It was mid-morning when the truck finally slowed and came to a stop. She lay there with weary eyes, feeling the hot sun on her back, her body slimy against the wet, dirty metal that was getting warm also. After a few minutes she tentatively brought her legs up under her and raised her head to look around. The trucker had stopped at a diner on an outer road. The naked girl looked to the other side. No one there, just palm trees and bushes. Knowing by now that hesitation could be fatal, she steadied herself, then jumped all the way down, her bare feet plopping ankle-deep into the muddy unpaved ground. And now she ran, kicking the mud up behind her. No one was there to see her.

She crouched in the bushes and wondered where she was. She heard the sound of ocean behind her. A sign on the road said, "Mariposa 8 miles". Now she wandered wearily through the low brush, leaning against palm tree after palm tree, and heard the surf get closer. A few more steps and she found herself on a beautiful deserted beach. To her surprise she found a banana tree next to her, the bananas all yellow and ripe, and gratefully ate one. Then she gathered some more to her breasts and plopped her butt down onto the sand, eating bananas and looking at the endless ocean in front of her and wondering what to do. The Atlantic, she guessed. Or maybe it was the Gulf of Mexico. A paradise, she wished Rod was here to share it with her. But of course she had to get going.

She finished the last of the bananas and buried the peels in the sand. Well, there would be nothing like a nice bracing swim. The naked girl ran up to the surf and prepared to jump in.

Whoa.

She had known only the cold waters of the North Atlantic, out on Cranston Beach, in Rhode Island, and then of the Pacific, that one time when she had that dream about the Mexican girl and the C-string. But now there was warm water swirling around her toes. It was a wonderful surprise.

"Ooooohhh . . ." She couldn't help smiling as she went further and further in, the frothy bubbly water caressing her like a warm whirlpool bath as it went up her legs, past her pussy, and then finally over her breasts. It was so relaxing. She ducked underwater and slithered like an eel, once again enjoying the currents against every curve and crevice of her body, this time warm and comforting like swimming around in a great big womb. This was a gift from God, and about time too, after the rough times she had recently been through! After a few minutes she wandered back out of the water like a rather pooped Venus reborn, then dropped down in the shade of a palm tree and began a long, long, pleasant sleep.

. . . .

Thus began Tami's life at what she quickly christened "Honeymoon Beach". It was a paradise. First there was the solitude. There was no sign of civilization anywhere, except for the big ships she occasionally saw way out on the ocean. Then there was the food. Bananas everywhere, and mangoes, and even some wild pineapples. And coconuts. She had gravitated toward a little shady spot surrounded by big rocks, in the center of which was just clear sand, a nice soft bed. To one side was a stand of coconut trees, slanting out toward the ocean. The coconuts were not right over her, there was no danger of being hit. But she was intrigued. The bark scraped roughly on her breasts and thighs, but she shimmied up all the way to the top, foot by foot, and finally pried a couple of coconuts loose. When she hopped softly down onto the sand she hit them against rocks until they split. The milk inside was delicious, like water but with a gentle nutty taste. The pulp she scraped out with one of the many shells she found.

And a hundred yards from her bed, in from the beach, was a little stream that that fell into a pond before running into the ocean. Fresh water, and cool and delicious. She drank in it, played in it, it was so good and life was so good for a naked girl who had all she needed and had no need of clothes. If only Rod were here! A perfect place for Adam and Eve.

The days went by slowly and she enjoyed the time passing. She remembered a book she had read in high school, "Island of the Blue Dolphins", about a teenage girl who lived by herself on an island, off California maybe, and she remembered thinking how incredibly boring it must have been to do that. But this was not boring at all. Figuring out how to climb the coconut tree, watching the ships slowly cross the horizon, carefully making meals for herself from the vegetation -- she spent hours doing these things, being interested every minute. What brought this home to her was her method of keeping time. Every morning she would put another rock in front of her bed. She was surprised to see one morning that there were five rocks -- and it seemed like she had just gotten there! If it weren't for her need for human companionship, she could see how she could spend the rest of her life here and spend it happily.

She thought of Rod often. And the warm, easy life brought the desire back into her veins. She was always using bananas as something other than food. She would lay under the little waterfall at the pond with the spout of water centered right over her clit, lying there in the soft mud very comfortably, and look at the blue sky as she drifted from orgasm to orgasm. Thank you, God . . .ohhh . . .thank you . . . OHH! She could really indulge her boundless sexual capacity now. She would stay there all morning, for hours. Maybe, just maybe, she broke her own record. But she was too lazy to count!

By anchoring her feet and stretching her legs, she did her old trick of opening up her pussy as the warm fresh water poured inside. Now she flipped around and opened her butthole to fill her rectum. Giggling, she decided to imitate a whale. With crimped steps she ran to the ocean and dove in. Slithering underwater, she emerged and stuck her butt up. A stream of water blew explosively out of her butt, straight up. This was a neat trick, and real perverted too. She laughed at herself but kept on practicing until she became an expert at it.

The wide beach became a big blackboard. With sticks and triangle-shaped rocks she went through the proofs of the Pythagorean theorem. Then she thought of ways to express other mathematical rules, using only sticks and rocks and lines. Maybe she was discovering something. Probably not, though. The ancient Greeks had the experience of hundreds of years of writing on beaches like she was doing.

And, sitting on the sand, watching the tides go in and out, she got to thinking about the great curse of her life and how to undo it. The motions of tides, of the earth and the sun, gave her perspective. The way to get out of it, she decided, was by the truth.

. . . .

"Friends, welcome. A year ago I stopped wearing clothes. Since then I have met many wonderful friends like you, and have been through many experiences. I have learned a great deal, and will be always thankful and lucky that I have your love and your respect. Being naked has also allowed me to love more fully and more deeply.

"Life goes on, and I have felt myself entering another phase. Nudity was not really my religion, it was something I was called to. Now I feel myself being called to wear clothes again. I have here in my bag some things I will now put on. This is something that I do not do lightly, the year of being naked was so wonderful and enlightening. I will now continue in life, wearing clothes like everyone else, but remembering and keeping the lessons and the power of love which I experienced and acquired during my time being naked."

The words were spoken by the naked girl to the ocean. She was standing at the edge of the surf on her seventh day at Honeymoon Beach, practicing the words for the twentieth time. The speech she was going to give on her third day back. She had formed a plan. She would announce a prayer gathering for in front of Rossland Hall, and invite all her friends, and then take borrow a pair of Jen's shorts and a T-shirt to put on in front of everyone.

It was a good way to end her ordeal. It had the element of truth -- she could no longer go on living a lie, pretending she was naked because of her religion. And how could the Dean do anything to her? She remembered him calling her to his office at the end of the spring semester, and offering her the chance to put clothes on again. She refused, it obviously being a trick, and at the time she was sure she was leaving the college for good anyway. But so many people on campus liked and respected her. She would invite Professor Congi too, who was the Assistant Dean, and who would surely be supportive. If she put on her clothes in the way she was planning, there was no way the Dean would expel her. The more she thought about it, the more absolutely sure she was of that. And then, of course, afterward she would go to the woods and ceremoniously burn her diary, which was still secreted in the backpack she had left in Terri's apartment.

It was in this manner that Tami Smithers decided to put on clothes again. She realized there was a reason for her incredible bad luck across the country, where she had been unable to find clothes despite her most desperate efforts. God was denying her clothes until she corrected the falsehood at the origin of it all, this lie she had been living. Only then would she be allowed clothes again. By putting them on herself, on purpose, right in front of the administration building, she would correct what had been false and unfinished for a year.

That night, lying on the sand under the stars, Tami had the best dream she had ever had, of being happy and married to Rod and with little kids running around. And a job teaching mathematics at a college. She was clothed. There was no element of nakedness in the dream. It was the dream of a normal person.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 40 (Conclusion)**

This is a real find. A beautiful naked girl sleeping on the beach, lying on her stomach, arms and legs spread as if out on a mattress. Some banana peels next to her. A wonderful body, tight and trim. Maybe not even 20 years old. Deep American-style tan, all over, not a bikini line in sight. She must spend a lot of time out here. . . The tan sets off the white sand sticking to her bum and her calves . . .The best bod I've drawn on this latest trip to the States, possibly ever . . . Ordinarily I'd ask permission, but waking her would ruin the pose . . . Bloody wonderful . . .

"Oh!" Tami awoke with a jolt. She blinked and had the feeling she was being watched, and had the concomitant desire to somehow cover her butt. She got up and turned around and reflexively covered her breasts with her hand.

It was a man in a biker jacket and dark jeans and boots, around 35 or so, sitting cross-legged, sketching on a pad. "Sorry, luv. I'll stop if you want. You are just so beautiful." He had a working-class Brit kind of accent. He showed her the pencil sketch. It was artistic, sparse, and very skillful. He had captured the back of her head, the turned shoulders, the loose hair, her bent arms, and her back, and the beginning of her butt, as she had been lying asleep on the sand. Tami was a little upset at being sketched without her permission, but the drawing was very pretty and flattering. She thought briefly of that portrait unveiled at the Chalfont banquet, the beautiful, intelligent naked girl reading a book. A girl that she often wished she could be.

Tami sat up on crossed legs and used her other hand to cover her pussy. All she could say was, "That's a very good sketch."

"Thanks, luv," he said. "I do these a lot. Want to see?"

He beckoned for her to come closer and she decided he was not dangerous. He had no gun or knife on him and if he lunged after her, she could outrun him or dive into the surf. Still covering her breasts and pussy, she sidled over to him and watched him riffle the pages of the sketchbook.

The drawings were finished and high quality. This fellow was a professional artist of long experience. And his drawings had a constant theme -- women who were losing their clothes, tight skirts or dresses that were getting caught in elevator doors, kite strings, chairs. It was the same woman -- blond, busty, big amazed eyes, looking like that woman Jenny who Tami had met twice. The Jenny who tried to give clothes to Tami but had so much trouble taking them off. Well, in these drawings, Jenny seemed to have the opposite problem! Tami smiled. There was a sense of humor that showed through the drawings, playful and not at all sadistic.

"Do you live around here?" The man's voice broke through her musings.

"Uh, no. I'm away on summer break from college. Actually, I'm not sure even what state this is. I've been wandering around the beaches."

"This is Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico. . .Where are your clothes?"

"I don't have any," she said, holding her hands tighter against herself.

He laughed. "For someone who wanders the beaches with no clothes, you sure are shy. I don't often draw totally naked women, but you have about the prettiest body I ever saw."

Tami smiled and blushed. "Thanks." In spite of her shyness she couldn't help feeling flattered when someone said that.

He extended his hand. "Biker. Or you can call me Nut Case."

Tami could not help but giggle, realizing at the same time how this man must make a living charming women into posing for him. "I prefer Biker. My name is Tami. Are you English?"

"Yes, I'm a Brit, biking around the States for the summer."

"I didn't hear any motorcycle."

"It's a ways back, near the road."

Tami followed him to his bike. It was a ratty and old but it obviously worked. He gunned it and rode in circles, then shut it off. "That was to impress you."

Still holding her hands in front of her, the naked girl laughed. "I'm impressed. Though if you ask me it sounds like your timing's too advanced."

"What?"

"I bet you burn a lot of oil, and after a long run the bike keeps spitting after you try to turn it off."

He smiled. "That's exactly right. You are smart as well as beautiful."

Tami served him up some bananas and pieces of coconut pulp, and then he asked her to pose. After some initial hesitation she dropped her hands and she found herself spending the next few hours climbing a palm tree, standing in the surf, lying on the beach like a model. These were tasteful poses, not blatant exposures like with Professor Brignon.

Tami was glad that someone nice had walked into her travels. She did not ask him for clothes, having decided that the putting on of clothes would be saved for the ceremony she had planned, not that he seemed to have anything extra for her to put on. And he was so comfortable to be around that she almost forgot that she was naked. If nothing else, he cheered her up. She loved this place but missed her loved ones, and was depressed at the almost certain prospect that she would not get back to college in time for the fall semester.

As they sat, eating wild asparagus, Biker showed her the drawings he had made of her poses. "You make women look really beautiful," she said.

He was charmingly modest. "I'm just a bloke who goes drawing."

The drawings were spare but flattering. One odd thing was that in all the poses Biker had her wearing black pumps. In fact, all the women in his drawings had black pumps. "I see you like shoes."

Biker chuckled. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I can't draw feet."

"Well, here's your chance to practice." She planted her bare foot onto the sand in front of him. He gamely concentrated. One, two, three quick sketches. The first one was pretty bad but by stages they got better.

"Do you have any tools?" Tami said. "I'll fix your timing for you."

As the naked girl kneeled in front of the bike, fiddling with the little distributor, Biker sat behind and drew the pose. When she was finished she flung a leg over the seat and pushed the throttle down with a hard bare foot. The engine roared, sounding much better. She smiled at him, crossing her arms with pride. He drew that pose too.

At his request she got up and did another pose, of her stretching her clasped hands over her head, back arched, as if just waking up. Somehow the fact that her pussy was almost in his face did not embarrass her. It was almost sunset and the long shadows of palm trees played across her concave tummy.

Finally he put his sketch pad away and walked over to his bike. "Here's my card, luv," he said, "that is, if you have a place to keep it. I'm sorry but I've got to get going. I'm heading to the big bike gathering."

"Where is that?"

"The big Labor Day to-do in Laconia."

The naked girl's face changed with a degree of astonishment that the artist had never seen approached.

"LACONIA??"

"Yes, it's an annual -- "

"LACONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE??" Her eyes were exploding like sunballs, over a wide open-mouthed smile.

"Why, yes."

"TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM CAMPBELL - FRANK COLLEGE??" Her eyes were as wild as her hair.

"Um, I'm not sure. Want to come with me?"

"YES!!" The naked girl pumped her fist, making her breasts dance and jiggle. "YES!! YES!! YES!! WOOOO!! WOOOO!!" She kicked up her legs and arms, pushing sand up with her toes, then did a somersault and stood up again, arms spread, shaking her shoulders so as to jiggle her breasts. "WOOOO!!"

The artist wondered about this crazy naked girl and briefly regretted having offered her a ride. He was about to say something when she did cartwheels away from him and ran off in between two stands of palm trees. "WHEEEE!! OONGA BOONGA OONGA BOONGA OONGA BOONGA!!" She disappeared and her voice died away, fading into the surf.

A moment later her voice returned, followed by her own naked self, kick-dancing like a Cossack with her arms folded under like a chicken as she passed by him on her second go-round. "YA YA YA YA YA YA YA YA YA YA --" Once again she disappeared into the trees and her voice faded away.

As she appeared again, she strode and waved like someone completing a showy home-run trot. Then she changed to skipping like jumping rope, arms extended to the side, the tanned, tight breasts wildly bouncing up and down. A double-flip, gymnastics style, landed her on her feet right in front of him, a little winded, shoulders back and arms down behind her. Before her breasts had stopped bobbing she said, "YES!! . . . When do we start??"

He smiled and got up onto the bike. "Hop on."

She held up a finger. "One more thing! Wait." He followed her to the beach. She frantically pressed the rocks into the sand. They said, "Tami Smithers Was Here".

She put her bare feet onto the stirrups, just behind his boots, and put her bare arms around his waist. It was almost dark now. He gunned the bike and off they went.

. . . .

They traveled by night, rested by day, during which she hid in bushes while he brought her food. It took two nights, two nights of feeling the air rush over her hair and her feet and her shoulders. They avoided the interstates and the big cities, they went on old country roads and the few who saw the naked girl on the bike roaring past them in the middle of the night figured they were seeing things, or maybe she actually had on flesh-colored tights, not an unusual gimmick for a biker chick.

About the biker convention, not much needs to be said. She was the undisputed queen for the day she was there, and though no one could touch, they all looked! With Biker as her friendly bodyguard following close behind, she paraded and waved through the woodsy grounds like the winner of a pageant, inspiring many more drawings of his to come.

And now, along the traffic circle in front of Rossland Hall, the parked cars of parents unloading their kids for the fall semester, the amazing sight of a naked girl on the back of a motorcycle. She gave Biker a big good-bye hug and ran onto the campus in front of the astonished onlookers.

Yes! There was evil old Rossland Hall. The naked girl ran across to the art building. Yes! There it was, where the whole business started.

A line of girls marched in single file behind Samantha, one of the freshman who hadn't gotten caught on that fateful night, now an Alpha Omicron sister. Samantha's solemn ceremony was disrupted by a wild-haired, tanned naked girl who ran past and yelled at the initiates, shaking her head and laughing: "Don't do it!! Don't do it!! Run away!!"

Fellowes Hall! And there was the little alcove next to Rossland where she used to study! The gym building! The Gloria Humboldt Gallery! She was blushing like mad, knowing that flabbergasted freshmen were staring at her from all over the crowded campus, yet she was so happy!

She briefly caught her breath and then sprinted to Pilgrim Hall, her feet slapping up the stairs, running past people who recognized her and others who could not believe what they were seeing.

She stood in the open doorway of Room 207. A moment of silence, then she heard the shout of surprise and joy.

"TAMIIIII!! Yay Tami!!" It was Jen, and Mandy, and Muffy, and Dawn, and Mayree, and Brad, and Marisol -- or at least that's all she could make out, through the bleariness of her eyes now wet with happy tears.

"Hey, guys," she said.

[end]