**Dixie's Downfall**

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**Dixie's Downfall Pt. 01**

The town of Fort Nimrod was abuzz with its latest mystery. Inside the Rusty Spur there was a picture of a young lady, wearing a Hillary Clinton mask and nothing else, being held spread eagled and spread pussy outside the bar. As if the town wasn't curious enough about who this woman was and how she had ended up in the photo, rumours began to spread that this was not a one off. The town was soon talking about how every so often, without warning, the woman would arrive at the bar, sometimes naked, sometimes in very degrading outfits. She would act as a waitress, serving the patrons beer and humiliating herself for their amusement.  
  
Dixie felt a tingle deep down every time the rumours made it to her. She never thought one of her little adventures would lead to her naked body being famous around the town and the beginning of an arrangement that would let her degrade herself anonymously in front of people every time her desire overwhelmed her common sense. As word spread more and more people began visiting the Rusty Spur and Dixie was thrilled that her humiliations were being seen by more and more people.  
  
Although Dixie enjoyed the arrangement, she was once again pushing her boundaries, today she had decided to go to the bar at 4:00pm, knowing that the bar gets busier the later in the day she went. She knew that at some point she would either have to quit, or this arrangement would go terribly wrong for her. She had already found herself parking further and further from the bar to avoid anyone seeing her truck and deducing the identity of a figure Fort Nimrod had come to know as Hillary Clitton.  
  
Today Dixie had decided to try out a bodystocking she had ordered online, a thin mesh of black covered her body with the exception of the cutaway crotch and nipples, drawing the eye to Dixie's pussy and tits. Aside from that all she was wearing was her iconic Hillary Clinton mask, the dog collar she used to make sure the mask didn't slip off accidentally, and some 6 inch high heels that forced her ass to remain taught for the clients.  
  
As she threw open the doors to the bar a cheer went up among the patrons. Everyone who drank at the Rusty Spur dreamed of being there on a day when Hillary came round and their dreams had just been answered.  
  
Dixie walked straight to the bar where the bartender was already pouring her pitchers to go top up the patrons drinks, the ritual of sitting on everyone's laps and pouring a beer had become a stable part of Dixie's waitressing shifts and it gave everyone in the bar a chance to feel Dixie's body and rub their erect cocks between her legs. On top of this she had a few innovations to make the patrons feel special. For one she poured the beer down her leg and into the glass, then at another patron's insistence, she squatted over a glass and let the beer run between her tits, and roll off her pussy into his waiting pint.  
  
Once she had finished her rounds Dixie went back to the bar, stopping once on the way to pick up a man's whiskey, throw it into her mouth before giving the man a passionate kiss, letting him drink the whiskey from her. At the bar she waited expectantly, her hands running up and down her body, in a world of her own. The bartender beckoned her to one side to have a quiet word.  
  
"So Hillary, you all worked up and ready to make some bad decisions?" He asked. Dixie nodded hungrily. "Good, next Saturday we're having a charity evening to raise money for the local school. We were wondering if you would like to be the guest of honour?" Dixie thought this through, these charity events were always well attended, if she turned up the whole town would be meeting her in this state. However through her horniness she was able to see one bit of sense. If she was there as Hillary, anyone with some smarts to them would notice that Dixie wasn't there and might figure things out. She grabbed a pen and paper and wrote down her concerns. The bartender nodded sagely.  
  
"You have a point. I'll tell you what, I'll say that the event is men only from 10:00pm onwards. That way nobody can work out who you are by whose missing." with the only barrier removed Dixie had no reason to refuse, she felt herself getting wet at the idea of every man in Fort Nimrod coming to see her naked and she let out a little moan as she nodded.  
  
"Well that's great Hillary! Now we need to advertise so hold this." The bartender handed Dixie a large plain white board. Dixie looked at him quizzically. "Hold it up next to you so we can see your naked body and the sign, then I'll take a picture and Photoshop the details of the event on to the board." Dixie put on her biggest grin and held up the board, her mind racing with the possibilities.  
  
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A couple of days later Dixie was in town buying some supplies when she saw the picture the bartender had produced hanging behind the counter. Her stomach released a delightful tingle throughout her body as she read the sign she was holding naked.  
  
"Rusty Spur charity night 26th August 2017.  
  
Come raise money for the local school so our children don't turn into dumb sluts like me.  
  
After 10:00pm event becomes men only, and I'll be there to do whatever it takes to get you to reach deep into your pockets."  
  
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On the day the Rusty Spur was packed. Dixie had gone to the party with her mum and dad as the big farm families were always expected to attend these charity events. There was all the usual excitements but with an additional air of anticipation amongst the gathered men. Dixie's mind was racing so much that the first part of the evening was just a blur and it seemed like only a moment had passed before the bartender was telling all the women to leave so men could get ready to enjoy tonight's entertainment.  
  
As Dixie left with her mother, she told her that some of her friends had planned an after party and snuck away. She went to the fort where this had all began and used the quiet isolation to strip off. The Hillary mask and dog collar went on, transforming Dixie once again to her most degraded character. Slipping on her high heels she quivered with delight as she walked towards the bar.  
  
A crowd of local women had gathered outside the bar hoping to get a glimpse of the famous naked Hillary of Fort Nimrod, and the screams could be heard far and wide as Dixie walked out of the clearing and towards the bar. The women of the town mercilessly pinched and slapped Dixie, some even tried to pull her mask off, but the tight dog collar held it on, and it wasn't long until the men of the bar came to Dixie's aid, fending off the women and pulling her inside.  
  
The cheer as she entered the bar was deafening. The bartender quickly moved to lock the front door to keep the mass of women from breaking in, while the crowd engulfed Dixie, countless hands caressing and groping every inch of her exposed body. Dixie could barely stand with the sensations but eventually the bartender and a couple of his friends were able to get Dixie out and lift her up onto the bar.  
  
From on the bar Dixie could see everyone, every man in town was looking her naked body up and down while she drank in their glares. The bartender jumped up onto the bar next to her and immediately the crowd quietened down.  
  
"Ok gentlemen, Hillary has very kindly agreed to be here to help our school, so we decided that we need to use this naked body to raise as much money as possible. So we are going to have a charity auction. Each lot related to what Hillary here will do to make you happy." Murmurs broke out among the assembled audience as Dixie began to worry. She certainly hadn't signed up to be a common prostitute. "Nobody here's going to be fucking her," the bartender said, as if reading the collective mind of the audience and Dixie. "But let me give an example of what we will do. The first lot up for auction, one Simon Says. The person who bids the highest in this lot will be allowed to give Hilary one command that she will obey for the night. Bear in mind this is the first of three Simon Says lots up tonight. And I would like to start the bidding at $1." The crowd murmured and remained silent. They knew the bartender had a plan and showing shrewdness they only reserved for these kinds of schemes, none of them bid a cent.  
  
"Nobody bidding on $1. Fine, sold to the handsome bartender. It's always been strange to me that Hilary never says anything, so Simon Says Hillary will read out the lots you are bidding on tonight. You guys want to know the best part, Hillary has no idea what the lots are, so you will hear her discover what's in store for her body as she reads out the cards."  
  
Dixie was in shock, there was no way she was going to read out the lots. The bartender handed her a card with his writing on it and the crowd leant forward in anticipation but Dixie was certain she wouldn't be uttering a peep, right up until she read what the next lot was. The bartender had clearly drafted the cards with the intent that Dixie would read them and the thought of reading this out loud to a room of horny men made her swoon, her body quivered at the thought and suddenly all she could think about was where tonight would go if she played along considering this was only lot two. She thought to herself for a second and decided to talk in a thick and high pitched California accent in the hopes that nobody would recognise her voice.  
  
"Ok everyone settle down, the next lot is as follows: 'I am a dumb whore and need to be made an example of so children don't follow my lead, so the person who bids the highest on this lot will be given a stick of lipstick, and with it can write whatever he wants on my body throughout the night." Dixie's eyes swam around the room as men began to bid higher and higher for the first opportunity to humiliate her.  
  
Eventually one of the old men who Dixie had known since childhood put up the highest bid. The crowd parted as the old man sauntered up to the bar to collect the lipstick. He climbed up to the bar and ordered Dixie to kneel in front of him, so he could easily reach her chest and write the words "Stupid Whore" in big letters across her tits. As Dixie stood up again and the bar read her chest, a cheer spread across the audience and the old man raised his hands in triumph. Dixie then had the next card handed to her.  
  
"OK guys, it's another Simon says lot. So think of something good and bid high!" The crowd broke into murmurs and suddenly Mr. Stockdale, the retired teacher who in the past had taught Dixie Grade 4, piped up with a $1 bid. Once again everyone assumed he had a good idea and didn't bid against him, giving Dixie mixed feelings about how cheaply her humiliation was going for. The former teacher stood by Dixie in front of the audience and announced.  
  
"I was thinking that you need to thank everyone who gives money to this great cause, so Simon Says every winning bidder gets to feel your breasts." the crowd was unimpressed but murmured in agreement, but taking charge, Dixie decided she could up the ante herself.  
  
"Come on Mr. Stockdale, you can do better than that, how about Simon says every successful bidder gets on of these." Dixie grabbed her former teacher and pulled him into an embrace, her mouth connecting with his and her tongue going wild. After the initial shock had faded, Dixie felt Mr. Stockdale's hands drift down onto her exposed bottom, she then felt lipstick tracing the outline of his hands onto her skin, and made sure the kiss lasted long enough for the artist to finish the job.  
  
Once she had finished Dixie climbed back up onto the bar, and was handed another card. Getting into the mood of the event, Dixie opted to read the card aloud right away, not preparing herself for its contents.  
  
"Just because I'm a degraded whore doesn't mean that I can't be useful, for the highest bidder on this lot, I will wash your truck naked, at a time and location of your choosing." Immediately bids started to roll in and minds raced to think of the best time and place for Dixie to be exposed. Dixie was much happier with how much her humiliation was valued at in this round and eventually the winning bidder was the owner of one of the local restaurants. Dixie beckoned him forward to receive his thank you kiss, and then the bartender asked him where and when Hillary would have to clean his truck.  
  
"As y'all may know I got myself a stall at the tri-state fair in Amarillo next month, you need to do whatever it takes to get the punters to your stall, and I think a naked Hillary Clinton washing a Truck is definitely something the people at the fair will wanna see." The crowd cheered while Dixie's body blushed all over. This crowd will look like nothing compared to the number of people who will get a look at her at the fair. She was lost in her imagination of what that would be like when the bartender handed her a new card.  
  
"Oh, ok everyone it's the third and final Simon says, think it through this time and remember I have no shame." In a clear and determined voice, a man from the crowd stated his bid of $1. All eyes turned to the large man at the back, one of the largest and toughest ranchers from Dixie's ranch, nobody dared bid against him. Once he won the he strode up through the crowd, picked Dixie up off the ground and took the passionate kiss for himself, leaving Dixie flustered and excited. He then turned to the crowd and told them his idea.  
  
"We need a reason to keep the bids coming and raise more money for the school, so Simon says that the entire time the bidding is happening, Hillary will be masturbating." Some of the crowd started to wonder if that was a bit much, if this rancher had gone too far, but Dixie had been desperate to relieve her sexual frustration for a while now, and giving her an excuse to take care of herself was just what she needed. She grabbed the man and gave him another passionate kiss.  
  
Dixie stood on top of the bar and gestured for the next card, meanwhile the old man with lipstick got to work writing "fuck hole" with an arrow down to her pussy. The bartender handed her the card to read out.  
  
"OK gentlemen, this is the penultimate lot. The highest bidder among you lucky gentlemen, will get a lap dance from Fort Nimrod's biggest slut. And don't forget, unlike other lap dances I'm not going to force you to keep your hands by your sides." As soon as she had finished reading the card Dixie tossed it to one side, sat down and began working her fingers in and out of herself in between wildly fingering her clit. The first wave of pleasure cascaded over her but this just made her hungry for more, the bidding, the crowds, the thought of having to do a lap dance, all was lost in building up that knot of humiliation and lust and preparing to burst it into a tsunami of pleasure.  
  
Just as Dixie's pleasure built to breaking point she saw the bartender's fingers snapping in front of her, ruining the moment and drawing her attention to the winning bidder. She was directed to a very happy looking man she recognised as the tour guide for the fort. Her whole body was tense with frustration as she stood up and walked over to him, giving him a deep kiss.  
  
Dixie pushed the man into his seat and began grinding on him, her pussy was desperate for stimulation and this was the best she could manage. But no matter how much she rolled her body over his and how much he traced her with his hands, she never got any closer to the release she was seeking. In frustration she even sat on his lap, letting his erect penis rub deeper and deeper into her through his trousers, but it just kept her more and more frustrated. This was not so much a lap dance but more a frustrated grind fest and it wasn't working. In the end Dixie settled into the knowledge that there was one lot left and she could finally get the big finish she craved using that.  
  
Until then she decided to use the rest of the lap dance to keep herself at boiling point through self-humiliation. She began to guide his hands around her body, making sure he knew every curve and experienced for himself just how wet she was. Then she moved her hands down into his underpants, feeling his erect cock in her hands as the bar cheered her on. She then lent in for one more sensuous kiss before going back to the bar and eagerly awaiting the final round of bidding.  
  
Dixie could barely wait, once the next round of bidding started she could finally give herself the Earth shattering orgasm that she had been on the verge of for a long time. The bartender handed Dixie the card with the final lot on it, she snatched it out of her hand and began reading it as quickly as she could.  
  
"For the final lot, as all of you know there is only one line I won't cross. But for one lucky patron, I will give you more than I am willing to give anyone else. The winner of this lot will take this Polaroid camera with me into the women's toilets, and get a picture of me without my mask. Not only will you know who I really am, you'll also have a nice memento to blackmail me with." Dixie's eyes widened with fear, if she hadn't been so horny she could have read the card to herself first then quietly told the bartender she wouldn't do that, but the whole bar knew what was on offer now and they were not going to let Dixie back out.  
  
Dixie turned to the bartender and looked at him pleadingly, but he just smiled and look to the audience who were eager to start bidding. She sat down in frustration on the bar, and suddenly felt the movement of lipstick on her inner thighs, her dread and trepidation feeding into the knot in her stomach. While fear had paralysed her mind her hand acted on its own, moving down to her pussy and finally working its magic on her. The whole world faded away as Dixie's body was rocked by the most intense orgasm she had ever had. By the time she had finished and could return to her problem, the bidding was well underway.  
  
The honour of knowing the secret identity of Hillary Clitton attracted all kinds of bidders, but in the end it was always going to go down to the wealthiest of Fort Nimrod who owned the great farms who got the status of knowing. As Dixie snapped out of her lust she saw the current highest bidder was Darren Thompson, owner of one of the largest pig farms in Texas, a man who himself clearly loved his bacon. A bid then came in from Beauford Jester, a thin reedy sheep farmer who was always taunted by the other farmers for his wussy choice of livestock. The next bid was the one that scared Dixie the most, her father was also in the running to know her identity. Not only was she at great risk of her father finding out, it also reminded Dixie that her father had seen everything she had been through tonight and didn't know it was his daughter being a whore for the town.  
  
The bids kept rising, nobody even noticed that Dixie had stopped masturbating as they were all caught up in the clash of the 3 titans of the town. At the $1000 mark Darren pulled out. The bidding had now become a fight between beef and wool.  
  
"Come on Beauford, do you really think people are buying more wool than steak? Save us both the hassle and pull out now. $1100!" Dixie's father mocked.  
  
"Ever since I bought those alpacas I've been rolling in it, you need to move with the times old man, $1200!" Beauford retorted. The anger was at boiling point and all Dixie could do was watch these two men bid over her deepest darkest secret.  
  
Eventually Beauford decided to go all in on the bid, hoping to shock Dixie's father into not raising the bids any higher.  
  
"$3000!" He announced staring at his adversary across the bar. Dixie's heart fluttered as she saw he dad's will falter. He then replied.  
  
"You know what, I have a family to look after, you can go home alone and tape that Polaroid to one of your alpacas while you're fucking it, I'm out." Dixie's nerves immediately evaporated, her dad wouldn't be finding out the horrible things his baby girl had been up to tonight. Dixie tried to remain calm as she walked across the bar, and gave Beauford a passionate kiss confirming him as the winner.

Beauford laughed a hearty laugh as he took Dixie's hand and walked to the toilets, fiddling with the Polaroid camera the entire time. Dixie was so elated that her father hadn't won that it was a shock to suddenly realise that she still had to take off her mask in front of this man. It wasn't long before they were in a stall and Beauford ordered the mask off.  
  
Dixie's hands were shaking uncontrollably as she fiddled with the buckle on the dog collar holding on her mask. It eventually relented and clattered to the floor leaving only a thin strip of rubber between anonymity and her identity being exposed to a man who had hated her father and family for a long time. She took a deep breath and pulled the mask off.  
  
Dixie watched as Beauford's face turned from shock to malevolence.  
  
"Dixie Jackson, my oh my. Does your father know what his precious little girl is doing with her free time?" Dixie hung her head in shame, feeling tears begin to form in her eyes. "Oh yes tears, that really completes the whole degraded whore look. Anyway smile for the camera." He announced gleefully. Dixie looked up towards the camera and forced a pained smile onto her face as a flash filled the cubical and the Polaroid slid out of the camera.  
  
"Oh this is the best night of my life. Your father was always the meanest to me and now every time he makes a snide remark of how he is better, I can think about how I own his whore daughter." Beauford sneered as he waved the Polaroid, allowing the picture to slowly develop. He showed the picture to Dixie, his face beaming with sadistic delight. Dixie saw how far she had fallen, amongst all the lipstick graffiti on her body, the words "stupid whore" stood out, her tears were visible as well as a sadness the showed through her smile.  
  
"Well now you have to do whatever I say or daddy dearest will find out just how badly he failed as a parent. So here's the deal, you have one day to come up with an excuse as to why you won't be home for a week, and then Monday you come work on my farm. I'll have one week to put you through any and all humiliations I can think of and then I'll brag to your daddy about what I'm doing to you and he won't even know it's his own daughter being degraded." Dixie began to sob but was able to nod in agreement.  
  
"Oh now that won't do, when I tell you to do something your response is 'yes master'. Go ahead, say it." Dixie's world was collapsing around her, but eventually between sobs she was able to stammer out.  
  
"Yes... master."  
  
"Very good. So I'll see you at my farm Monday morning. I don't expect to see any of your clothes or any means of transportation on my property, you walk there from your house naked..." Beauford paused leading Dixie to reply.  
  
"Yes master."  
  
"Brilliant, well enjoy the rest of the party. I'm going to go home and make plans for next week." Beauford sung as he left to toilet, leaving Dixie to pick up her mask and prepare herself for what lay ahead.

**Dixie's Downfall Pt. 02**

Dixie had told her parents that she was going to an engineering convention in Dallas, gas lighting them a little by assuring them she had told them several times before and she didn't know why they were so shocked. Then, first thing Monday morning she stripped down to nothing at all, and began the long walk to Beauford's farm.  
  
As she arrived at the Jester farm, Beauford was sat outside one of the barns with his clippers, shearing the sheep in preparation for the hottest months of summer.  
  
"Well good morning Dixie. Good to see my latest purchase. I got to admit you are the most expensive piece of livestock on this farm but don't let that make you think you are any better than the sheep." Dixie walked over to Beauford and waited patiently to hear what he wanted to do to her.  
  
Beauford examined Dixie carefully, a litany of humiliations swirling through his head. But first and foremost, he had a basic desire that needed sorting.  
  
"Alright turn around, I'm going to start things off by giving you a good fucking." He announced.  
  
"You always fuck your livestock?" Dixie retorted as she bent over, causing Beauford to turn red with rage. She knew it wasn't a great idea to wind up her blackmailer but she couldn't help it.  
  
"I was going to use a condom, but just for that I'm going in bareback, let's hope you don't become breeding stock." Dixie winced at the idea of this guy impregnating her but she barely had time to respond before she felt Beauford's cock ram itself deep into her pussy with no warning.  
  
The naked walk to his ranch had gotten some juices flowing despite her trepidation of the week ahead, so luckily for Dixie, Beauford wasn't going in dry. Less lucky for Dixie was that her captor had a penis decidedly at the smaller end of average, giving her very little reciprocal pleasure.  
  
Beauford did not last long, it seemed like the sex had only just begun when Dixie heard his loud groan and felt his cum explode inside her. Beauford zipped up his trousers and walked over to the nearby barn where he kept his camera. He ordered Dixie to stand still while he took a picture of her in front of the sign for his farm, cum still dripping out of her pussy.  
  
"Very nice!" Beauford announced, "hey, imagine how pissed big man Maximillian Jackson would be if I knocked up his precious daughter." Beauford was beaming at his handiwork, while Dixie held back her sobs. Next Beauford grabbed Dixie by the hair and dragged her into the barn. At the back of the barn there was a door to a small bathroom, Beauford had Dixie kneel behind the door, before handcuffing her hands behind her back and around pipe at base of the toilet.  
  
"Now if you will excuse me, I have some errands to run. While I'm gone I expect you to do some chores to earn your keep. Every member of staff on my farm received the same text today, saying that a dirty slut is going to be handcuffed in the staff toilet, giving out blow jobs to anyone who wants one. Let's just say it would be very bad for you if I hear about you saying no at any point today."  
  
Beauford left Dixie alone in the toilet with her thoughts, if this was going to be the extent of his domination it might not be so bad. The fucking was pretty uneventful but Dixie was actually looking forward to being a fuck object for all his workers.  
  
It wasn't long before the first of his workers came in, a large Latino man whose eyes widened at the sight of Dixie. At first he awkwardly stood to one side and used the toilet next to her, unsure how to handle the situation. Once done he shook his penis off and stared quizzically into Dixie's eyes. Dixie stared at his cock and opened her mouth invitingly. He was taken aback but not one to look a gift whore in the mouth. He gave his cock some quick strokes to get it hard and held it out for Dixie to obligingly lurch forward and swallow it whole.  
  
The taste of the strangers dick made Dixie go wild with desire, the feeling of being nothing more than a cock hole to be used for pleasure made her tingle to her core. She tried to touch herself as she rhythmically stroked the cock with her tongue but the handcuffs prevented her from getting the release she desperately needed.  
  
It didn't take long until the worker grabbed Dixie's hair and pulled her head forward, forcing his cock down her throat as thick warm sperm erupted into her. She hummed as the cock pulsed inside her and smiled as he pulled it out, leaving a trickle of cum on her chin.  
  
Five minutes later there was a queue outside the door.  
  
Time blurred into meaninglessness for Dixie as a succession of workers came to fuck her face, each one abusing her and calling her names. Some opted to cum down her throat, others taking their penis out and coating her increasingly filthy body with their seed. Most of those who came were the workers who seemed to float in and out of Fort Nimrod, moving with the seasons and the work, probably never to be seen again, providing the next best thing to anonymity. So when Sally Stockdale entered the toilet, Dixie's erotic stupor found itself suddenly replaced with piercing dread.  
  
Sally worked part time at the Jester farm mainly so she could get cheap wool. Day to day she was known as the church proctor and most gossipy member of the church's knitting group, a central member of Fort Nimrod's community. Worse still, at school she was in the same year as Dixie's father, the two had actually dated for some time before Max brutally broke up with her to be with Dixie's mother. Dixie hoped she didn't hold a grudge.  
  
"Well well well..." Sally announced, an evil smile crawling across her face. "I heard some poor girl was being taken advantage of and came to see if I could help. But I didn't realise it was Dixie Jackson. Clearly you have become a massive slut like your mother." Dixie swore internally while Sally rummaged through her handbag.  
  
"I take it you're that disgusting Hillary Clitton character and now Beauford is blackmailing you?" She asked, not waiting for an answer to take out her phone and take a picture of the cum drenched Dixie next to the toilet. "Well now you have two blackmailers to worry about."  
  
With a smuggest look that ever blessed a human being, Sally pulled down her corduroy skirt and large beige knickers, and sat on the toilet next to Dixie. She didn't say anything but made sure to make a show of creating an email addressed to Dixie's dad, with the picture attached and the subject line "you'll never believe what your whore daughter is up to." Before closing the app without sending it. She stood up off the toilet and looked at Dixie.  
  
"You know what, I've never been a fan of the toilet paper here." She announced. "How about you lick me clean like a good bitch?" Dixie couldn't believe her eyes as Sally lifted her skirt, bent over and forced her pussy and ass into Dixie's face, the shock causing Dixie to freeze in place. Sally straightened up, turned around, and slapped Dixie straight in the cum soaked face.  
  
"I said lick me clean, slut!" She yelled, before once again shoving her ass into Dixie's face, this time provoking Dixie to stick her tongue out and begin hungrily lapping at Sally's pussy and ass.  
  
After a minute or two of the humiliation, Sally decided she had done enough and once again redressed.  
  
"Well I'm off to speak to Beauford. I have some wonderful ideas and I'm sure I can sway him round to my way of thinking." Dixie looked up at Sally as she finished fixing her pristine blonde hair and a deep scowl crossed her face. "You know, you have your mother's eyes" she remarked, before spitting in each eye in turn and strutting triumphantly out of the bathroom.  
  
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Morning turned to afternoon and Dixie's jaw was aching from sucking the cocks (and licking the occasional pussy of more staff than she thought possible for a farm of Beauford's size. Eventually Beauford returned from whatever errands he was running, took a commemorative photo of Dixie covered in more cum (and other fluids) than even the most liberal porn stars, and removed her handcuffs.  
  
"Got to say my workforce is happy, Sally is over the moon. So with all this increased efficiency I'm going to need to sell more wool, any ideas how I could do that?" He asked snidely.  
  
"No Master, but I'm guessin' it involves me being a whore?" Dixie responded, both dreading his response and feeling a tingle deep down she wished wasn't there. Beauford handed Dixie a plastic bag and gestured for her to open it. Inside was a pile of leaflets, Dixie lifted one up to her face to read and felt her heart jump out of her chest.  
  
It was the photo Beauford had taken this morning of Dixie outside his farm, cum dripping from her pussy. Over her face was a big black circle with a white question mark, obscuring her identity. But the contents of the box we're what really scared Dixie.  
  
"JESTER WOOL SPECIAL OFFER.  
  
Spend over $100 and you get to fuck Hillary Clitton.  
  
Spend over $200 and you get to fuck her without the mask."  
  
"Now do you think you could hand out these fliers for me?" Beauford asked, holding aloft a rubber Hillary Clinton mask and a string bikini.  
  
"Yes master" Dixie mumbled.  
  
"Now that won't do, you're going to be a saleswoman, you need to be enthusiastic. Now tell me again, are you a big enough slut to hand out all these leaflets in town?" Beauford re-stated, dramatically returning the mask and bikini to his pocket. Dixie gulped down her embarrassment and put a big smile on her face.  
  
"Yes master, this filthy lil' whore would love nothing more than to use her slutty body to help you sell wool."  
  
"That's more like it." Beauford replied tossing the bundle of scant coverings he had brought her. The Hillary mask looked mostly like the one she usually wore so her attention turned to the bikini. It took Dixie a while to make head or tail of the pile of red string in her hands but eventually she was able to put it on. In shape it was a sling bikini, consisting of two pairs of strings that looped over her shoulders, at the cusp of her nipple a tiny diamond of fabric would bridge the gap between the strings, just about covering her before giving way to more flesh. The thong was tiny enough as it was, but as Dixie put it on she guessed that Beauford had bought the smallest size possible as it took a couple of minutes of adjustment to keep her labia from spilling over the sides and her pubic hair was very visible.  
  
The journey to town in Beauford's truck was tense, partially because Dixie was practically naked and looking at the humiliating pictures of her she was about to distribute, partially because she had to travel "in the back of the truck like all livestock."  
  
By the time they reached town it was late afternoon and the town was as bustling as a small town in rural Texas could be. Beauford helped Dixie out of the truck with a handful of leaflets.  
  
"Right, in going to be in the Rusty Spur having some drinks, once you have handed out all those leaflets you should come join me." He instructed before leaving in the direction of the bar. Dixie glanced around at the increasing attention she was getting, took a deep breath and began walking down the High Street handing out fliers.  
  
The last time Dixie was exposed on the high street, it was a quiet morning and she was making sure to not be seen, this time she was the centre of attention, legal, albeit only just. As she handed flyers to passers-by, her heart dropped at each local person she knew who looked her up and down before taking a flyer offering her sexual services, but for Dixie the bigger problem was she was struggling to get rid of fliers quick enough.  
  
Her first thought was to simply find an out of the way bin and ditch the excess, but something deep in her wanted to complete this honestly. It was no different from any other predicament she had created for herself, if she cheated she would feel even worse than all the humiliation the task entailed.  
  
Suddenly she had a brainwave, the fliers didn't need to be handed to each person individually, there were plenty of houses and hostels she could put the leaflets through the letterbox and still be satisfied that she was ensuring everyone saw her naked body.  
  
A few hours later an exhausted Dixie stumbled into the Rusty Spur, making a beeline for Beauford. It had not been easy but she had finally distributed every leaflet possible and was eager to rest. Beauford, stood up with a surprised look on his face, he did not expect Dixie to be done so quickly, although he soon loosened up when he heard Dixie had posted the leaflet through every letterbox in town.  
  
"You might be interested to know we have already had our first $200 customer. They said to bring you over to the school once you were done." Beauford grabbed Dixie by the hand and lead her out of the bar, much to the disappointment of the gathered crowd.  
  
The journey in the truck was short, Dixie had barely gotten comfortable before Beauford pulled up outside her Fort Nimrod High School. He explained that the person who had bought the wool had asked to meet her here as he let her out of the back of the truck. Before Dixie could get her footing, she heard a snipping sound from behind. Feeling her micro bikini fall to the floor made it clear that Beauford wanted her naked for this part and didn't have time to remove her clothes properly.  
  
Dixie's mind was swimming as she walked the halls of her old school wearing nothing but a mask. She walked past her old classrooms wondering how her old school friends would react if they could see her now. Beauford led her to the assembly hall where someone was waiting for them.  
  
Dixie peered into the darkness and suddenly recognised Miss. Throckmorton, her old high school teacher and daughter of the same Mrs. Throckmorton who had given her a nasty swat with a clipboard on the day she first tried streaking in Fort Nimrod. Beauford whipped the mask of Dixie's head and walked out the door laughing as Miss Throckmorton's eyes filled with surprise.  
  
"Dixie Jackson?" She exclaimed.  
  
"Miss Throckmorton, I didn't know you were into girls" Dixie replied, taken aback but still advancing on her old teacher.  
  
"Oh I'm not, I bought some new wool for the school and I thought I would check that you are OK." A look of sincere concern crossed Miss Throckmorton's face. "Do you need my help? I know Beauford is blackmailing you, I could see what I can do to stop him." Dixie was so relieved to finally meet someone who wasn't trying to take advantage of her that she gave Miss Throckmorton a big hug, and before she knew it she was telling her former teacher everything that had happened up to that point. At the end of the story Miss Throckmorton sat pensively.  
  
"I think I have a way to get you out of this. Beauford is going to be easy but that bitch Sally is going to be trickier. I went to school with her so I know how much of a bully she can be. I'm sorry but I can't do it now but trust me, help is on the way." Dixie stared at Miss Throckmorton, she didn't tell her the part about her enjoying a lot of this, but she had to admit she needed saving, from Beauford, from Sally, and from herself.  
  
After Miss Throckmorton left, Beauford was back to take her away. He took her back to his farm and locked her in the barn where Sally Stockdale was waiting for her.  
  
"In exchange for a couple of favours, Beauford has let me have you for the night." Sally announced, her smugness untarnished by time. "So to start with I don't want the likes of you standing in the human parts of the barn with me." She spat, opening the gate to one of the sheep pens. Dixie dejectedly began to walk to the pen but was stopped by Sally. "Bitches don't walk on their hind legs do they? Go on, on all fours." Slowly Dixie lowered herself onto her hands and knees and walked into the pen.  
  
The pen had a couple of sheep in it and as a result the floor was a mixture of mud, straw and waste. Dixie gingerly crawled between the sheep and looked back at Sally who had set up a camera facing the pen.  
  
"OK my little slut spawn, I want you to sit in the muck with your legs spread, look at the camera, and read off the cards OK?" She said, her grin so large it practically did a lap of the barn. Dixie looked up at the camera, felt her stomach plunge as Sally held it close to her face and a red light turned on to confirm she was being recorded, and plunged even further at the content of the card for her to read out.  
  
"Hello Dad, I'm making this film because I have a confession to make." Sally gradually moved the camera back, clearly she wanted the video to start as a close up of Dixies face to make it more shocking when the camera zoomed out to reveal Dixie naked in a sheep's pen. "I'm sorry to tell you that your precious little girl is nothing more than a dirty slut. I'm not sure how this happened, but I heard mum is just as slutty so maybe it's genetic. I was looking to fuck everyone in town, like she did, but they turned me down because I'm a filthy animal. So here I am, surrounded by my equals and about to pleasure myself like the insatiable whore I am." The look in Sally's eyes made it clear she needed to start masturbating, she spread her labia with one and began working her middle finger against her clit. Sally produced another card.  
  
"Oh daddy, nothing makes me happier than being a filthy degenerate. That's why I like to go into town wearing nothing but a Hillary Clinton mask and have everyone violate my slutty body. Because you failed as a father and now instead of a daughter you have a depraved whore." As she read out the cards, Dixie noticed she wasn't the only one masturbating, Sally also had her hands firmly between her thighs, her eyes wild with sadistic pleasure.  
  
After she had finished the cards Dixie continued to masturbate, driving Sally wild until they both brought themselves to screaming orgasm at the same time. Sally regained her composure and packed up her camera, leaving Dixie to spend the night in the sheep's pen.  
  
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Dixie awoke to Beauford looking over the pen with malicious intent.  
  
"Morning livestock!" He cooed cheerfully, setting up a stool next to the pen "Hope you had a comfortable night. Come kneel next to me." Dixie crawled next to Beauford and immediately noticed the set of wool shears next to the stool.  
  
"Today all remaining livestock are getting sheared, and it looks like you're next." he announced, Dixie initially backed away, he couldn't be serious could he? Seeing the look of resistance in her eyes Beauford added. "Unless you want me to go get permission from your daddy first?"  
  
With tears streaming down her face, Dixie once again knelt down next to Beauford. The practiced shearer immediately grabbed her roughly by the hair, pulling her head onto his lap as the shears began to expertly remove Dixie's deep raven hair. All Dixie could do was watch as he deepest black hair landed on the ground in front of her face. Beauford told her to wait while he want to grab something, and came back with a bucket of water and a razor.  
  
"Sheep get to keep some of their fluff. Sluts don't." He said as he wet Dixie's bare head and began running the razor over and around, ensuring every follicle was gone, even taking her eyebrows while he was at it. Next he forced Dixie to lie down and got to work on her pussy as judiciously as he had shaved her head. It wasn't long until he pushed Dixie out of the barn to dry and Dixie could feel the Texas breeze on every inch of her body.  
  
Next Beauford fetched a camera and took some pictures of the new look Dixie, making sure to show her them and watch with sadistic delight as it dawned on Dixie how dehumanised she looked.  
  
"I was going to head to the Rusty Spur this evening for my weekly poker game. How would you feel about being my good luck charm?" He announced out of nowhere. Dixie began to panic, she knew that was the very same poker game her dad liked to go to.

"I can see the fear in your eyes about daddy dearest finding out his daughter's a whore, so Sally and I came up with an idea. I'm planning on leaving in 4 hours. If you are standing here with Sally's knickers in your mouth by then I will give you a mask." Dixie was more than ready to play a game, even if the stakes were so high.  
  
"So how do I get them?" Dixie asked.  
  
"Not my problem." Beauford responded bluntly, pulling a pair of handcuffs and a blindfold out of his bag. He secured Dixie's hands and plunged her into darkness, the distant sound of an engine roaring into life confirming Dixie's suspicions that these were permanent handicaps.  
  
Dixie picked a direction and started walking slowly and carefully, every so often yelling for anyone nearby who was willing to help her. After the first hour, her lack of progress and the baking desert sun were really making her sweat. Her pace quickened, knowing that she may fall over but feeling that was better than not finding Sally in time.  
  
Dixie couldn't imaging the state she looked when she finally heard a man responding to he shouts. She must have been covered in dust from falling over so often but at least she could now start on her task.  
  
"Hey, do you need help?" The man asked.  
  
"Yes!" Dixie eagerly replied. "I need to find Sally, can you take me to her?"  
  
"We could, but what's in it for me" the voice replied ominously.  
  
"In my current state, I can't stop you having sex with me, but if I beg for it will you let me know where Sally is?" She responded, hoping this offer would be too much for any to refuse.  
  
"Go on then..."  
  
Dixie got down on her knees, hoping she was facing in the right direction. "Please sir, stick your cock in my mouth and I'll show you how eager I am to please you. Then, on your command I'll let you finish in whatever hole you desire."  
  
There was no verbal response from the farmhand, but the sudden feeling of a hand on the back of her bald head and a cock being forced down her throat gave Dixie all the answers she needed. After a moment of gagging, Dixie got into the rhythm of massaging this large cock with her mouth and throat, feeling the man's hands forcing her head closer. At one point the man pulled her head as hard as possible, holding her with her nose pressed against his navel and his cock plunging depths usually only handled by sword swallowers.  
  
He took his cock out of her mouth and gave her a slap for good measure, out in the wilds this man could be as rough as he wanted and clearly he was in the mood for some sadism. He grabbed Dixie's nipples, roughly pulling her up to her full height. He then dragged her by her nipples until he reached a fence he could bend her over. Dixie felt the rough wood slam into her torso as the man pushed her roughly against the fence, bent double she stayed in position expecting a cock, but instead getting a series of painful swats on her buttocks, she was certain that there would be some bright red hand prints once he was done.  
  
Next came what she was expecting, his hands peeling apart her cheeks to make room for his ample cock probing her most intimate areas. She felt it slide into her drenched pussy and give a few hard thrusts. What she didn't realise was the man was just using her pussy to get his cock wet, he had other ideas where to put it next. Dixie bit her lip as she felt the man's cock remove itself from her pussy and start penetrating itself into her ass. Dixie had often used buttplugs in her play and adventures but none were as wide or as deep as this man's cock, compounded by the fact that the moment she had managed to take the whole thing inside herself, it began sadistically pounding her, keeping a strong and rapid rhythm that didn't let her anus rest for a second.  
  
Dixie couldn't pretend it wasn't painful but that didn't stop her from enjoying her ravishment at the hands of this bulky farm hand. His sadism flowing through his powerful thrusts, occasionally reaching round to pull on her nipples and slap her on the back of her bald head. Eventually she felt his pulsating cock fill her punished ass with his thick seed. He immediately grabbed Dixie by the neck and twisted her around, forcing her to suck his filthy cock clean.  
  
Once she had caught her breath she whimpered, "Please master, could you tell me where Sally is?"  
  
All at once light flooded into her eyes as Sally stood before her looking smug as ever.  
  
"Thank you Emmanuel," she said, nodding at the vicious man who had just had his way with Dixie. "You realise I have been walking behind you this whole time, I knew left to your own devices you would revert to being a whore." Dixie felt an internal sneer of disgust but suppressed it.  
  
"Please mistress, may I have your underwear?" Dixie sincerely pleaded.  
  
"No," Sally bluntly replied. I know if I keep my underwear on me, daddy dearest learns about his slutty daughter tonight." Dixie saw the mad joy Sally was getting at the thought and knew no offer of degradation would slake her.  
  
"Yes mistress, but if my dad finds out tonight, you won't be there to see the look on his face." Dixie replied, hoping this was the case. The whole situation was thoroughly out of her control but maybe if she stalled she could find a way out, or maybe Miss Throckmorton's plans would come to fruition. "What was the point in making that movie last night if Beauford is just gonna March me into the Rusty Spur for everyone to see?"  
  
Sally lost herself in thought for a second before acknowledging that Dixie had a point. She smiled and nodded at Dixie.  
  
"You're right, I wanna be right there to see the look on your dad's face when he finds out what a whore you are." Dixie could hear a vague trickling noise as Sally came to her decision. She lifted up her dress and peeled down her knickers, they were absolutely soaked. Knowing that Dixie was required to present with her underwear in her mouth, Sally had deliberately wet herself. "Open wide bitch."  
  
Dixie slowly opened her mouth and gagged at the dripping knickers being roughly stuffed in. Sally laughed as she turned Dixie to face the main barn and gave her a swat on her raw bottom to get her moving. It didn't take long for Dixie to be in position, waiting outside the front door for Beauford, but once there she had to wait for hours with Sally's filthy knickers in her mouth.  
  
Eventually Beauford returned home and laughed at the site before him, once he had confirmed Dixie had completed his challenge, she immediately spat the knickers out.  
  
Next Beauford took out the mask Dixie was to wear at the Rusty Spur tonight. Beauford had gone to the nearby shop and found a small domino mask that was part of Robin costume. The look on Dixie's face more than made up for the delayed gratification of presenting her to her father completely unmasked another time.  
  
"But..." she began, but Beauford interrupted.  
  
"If you have any objections to this mask we can always go to the Rusty Spur without it." Beauford taunted. Dixie resolved herself to silence as Beauford lead her inside his house to get ready.  
  
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Dixie climbed into Beauford's truck with a deep feeling of trepidation. Aside from the small domino mask the only thing protecting her identity was the absence of hair and a thick layer of makeup Beauford had forced her to apply on her face. He had placed a collar tightly around her neck and clipped on a leash so he could lead her wherever he wanted. He had also handcuffed her hands behind her back and put her in black leather shoes with ballet high heels, dramatically reducing her ability to resist as he pulled her around. As a final humiliation he forced a large metallic butt plug deep inside of her. He held up a remote and with a press of a button Dixie's insides convulsed with the electric current pulsing through her.  
  
Dixie felt more and more shame as Beauford drove closer to town, it was early evening and the town would be full of people running errands after work. On the outskirts of fort Nimrod he pulled over and told her to get out.  
  
Dixie was very shaky on her feet as the ballet heel shoes forced her on to an uncomfortable tiptoes but was able to compose herself. Beauford then grabbed Dixie's leash and walked her round to the back of the truck. Dixie's eyes grew wide as she watched Beauford tie her leash to the trailer hitch, and then walk back round to his driver's seat.  
  
As the engine roared into life, Dixie gritted her teeth as she was pulled along by her collar, her unsteady feet barely keeping her upright, forcing her breasts to jiggle and churning the plug inside of her. The quiet country roads giving way to the small township, the odd one or two people becoming a steady crowd as every gathered to see the spectacle in front of them. Beauford waved from the driver's seat while Dixie kept her eyes firmly on her feet.  
  
The truck pulled up outside the rusty spur with half the town gathered to see what was going on. Dixie stood still waiting for Beauford to come get her, when suddenly the plug came to life, pulsing electricity through her causing Dixie to scream and collapse on to her knees. Beauford then casually got out of the truck, picked up Dixie's leash, and lead her into the rusty spur.  
  
Tonight was poker night at the Rusty Spur, the wealthiest men in Fort Nimrod liked to have a private room to gamble and talk shit at one another. All eyes were on Dixie as she was lead through the door by Beauford. Dixie winced at the night ahead of her when she saw her dad, shuffling the cards and looking at her with disgust.  
  
"Gentlemen, I hope you don't mind but I brought my lucky charm." Beauford announced. Dixie began to sweat a little, there's no way a haircut, a coat of makeup and a domino mask would keep her father from recognising her.  
  
"Congratulations Beauford, you finally found a girlfriend. I won't even mention that she is the biggest whore in Fort Nimrod and you still needed blackmail to get into her pants." Dixie's father snarkily responded. Dixie felt both a pang of relief that her dad hadn't recognised her, but a searing blush ran up and down her body hearing her own father call he the biggest whore in town.  
  
"Oh there's no doubt this is the biggest whore in Fort Nimrod." Beauford began, giving Dixie a firm slap on the ass to prove his point. "But every man in this room wanted her and I won. That makes me the most successful man in this town."  
  
"Every man in this room was curious, you're the one who wanted a freaky sex slave. We all have wives and children and you have a blackmailed prostitute. Do you really think you are the most successful man in town?" Dixie's father replied, raising tensions in the room and bringing up the one subject Dixie really wished he hadn't. A malevolent grin crawled across Beauford's face.  
  
"Do you all know where your wives and daughters are right now? Because you never know one could be stood right here." Beauford taunted, running his hand up and down Dixie's body. Dixie's lip quivered at the seeds of suspicion Beauford was planting in her father's mind.  
  
"Just shut up and deal." One of the other men responded handing the deck to Beauford.  
  
The night was filled with humiliation for Dixie. Beauford used her to taunt the other players and try to put them off their game. Continuing to imply to everyone present that she was related to them in some way. When the men playing poker threatened to beat his ass and throw him out Beauford switched to using Dixie's body as a betting chip. He would push the remote to her electric butt plug in with chips, and as it moved between the different players each one would set it off just to enjoy her screams of pain.  
  
Gradually all the men relaxed about Beauford's earlier taunting and all began to join in with the degradation of Dixie. Beauford took especial joy at letting her father get in the odd spank or encouraging him to be extra vicious with the electrified butt plug.  
  
Finally last orders were called and the men prepared for the final hand of the night. Dixie was relieved that her ordeal would soon be over but Beauford had other ideas.  
  
"How about we make this last hand interesting? Five card draw, winner gets ownership of my slave. I'll even let her play too, see if she can win her freedom." Dixie's heart did backflips, she finally had a way out, and without wasting a moment she sat down at the table and eagerly awaited the deal.  
  
Dixie picked up her cards and her face fell. This was the most duff hand she had ever seen in poker. She kept the highest card, a 9 of diamonds, and traded in the rest. Beauford also traded in 4 cards in a move that left the other player murmuring at the show of weakness and the potential to own a slave by the end of the night.  
  
Dixie sighed with frustration as she looked at her cards, a pair of 6s, nowhere near good enough to beat the others as they began to reveal their cards. Everyone at the table seemed to have a better hand than Dixie, but her worst fears were realised when her dad put down a full house and smiled ear to ear. Dixie began to turn over her cards when the electrified butt plug sprung into life. Powerful waves of electricity coursed through her and she fell to the floor screaming. This shock seemed to go on forever, before Beauford apologised, stating that he had accidentally sat on the remote.  
  
Dixie got back to her feet and turned over her cards, she was as shocked as everyone else to see four 6s in her hand. Everyone sighed and Beauford turned over a pitiful hand to confirm that Dixie had won. In a moment where she should have been overjoyed she was now concerned. Clearly Beauford had cheated for her, using her screams of pain as a distraction, but to what end.  
  
All the players were still talking when Beauford left with Dixie to "go get her clothes." As they left he took Dixie to one side to explain the situation.  
  
"Just because you won doesn't mean you are free, I still have all those pictures of you. So you are going to go back in there and tell everyone, including your daddy, that you enjoy being a slave whore and you choose give your body to your master, me." Dixie sighed in defeat began to walk back into the room before Beauford grabbed her arm. "Make sure to sell it, if anyone still thinks you're being blackmailed by the time we leave, I'll be leaving you chained to the urinals in the men's room without your mask." His scorn turned to a sweet smile as he opened the door.  
  
"Hey guys guess what? Well slave, tell them what you just told me." Beauford prompted. Dixie looked across the room, scanning the eyes of every man there including her father, before dropping her head in shame and stating in a thick Californian accent.  
  
"I love being a slave. So even though I have won my body back, I choose to offer it to my master, Beauford." Beauford beamed while the other men scoffed in disbelief.  
  
"Come on Beauford you expect us to buy that, you're clearly still blackmailing the poor girl you skeezy prick" replied one of the men. Dixie's mind started racing, she had to figure out a way to convince them, and all at once her mouth started moving on its own.  
  
"No honestly, I love being a humiliated slave and Beauford is the best at degrading me!" the assembled men clearly weren't buying it, swallowing her pride Dixie had one last idea, despite her brain screaming not to and the overwhelming embarrassment of exposing herself to her dad, she sat on the chair, pulled apart her pussy lips and said. "Look how wet I am, if I didn't want this I would be dry as a bone but my juices are streaming out of me."  
  
Even Beauford was shocked by this.  
  
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Once the night was over Beauford once again tied Dixie to his tow bar and pulled her by her leash through town, however this time he kept the plug on a low setting, keeping a steady pulse of electricity flowing through Dixie's insides. As they got to the edge of town he pulled over and got out of the car, Dixie was red with embarrassment and frustration. Beauford jammed his hand between her thighs.  
  
"You're still soaking wet down there little lady. Despite all the tears and tantrums you're enjoying this." Dixie remained silent but her heavy breathing told Beauford all he needed to know.  
  
"Well I guess I haven't been trying hard enough with you. Don't worry, I guarantee I'll find a way to break you at some point. Until then let's get you into the dirtiest sheep pen I have so you can sleep, tomorrow is a big day."  
  
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The next morning Dixie woke up covered in mud and filth.  
  
She turned on to her side and was shocked to discover there was another naked women lying next to her. This woman was also completely shaved and wearing a mask. Her body showed a few signs of aging, but was also adorned with nipple rings and another ring through her clitoris, she was shaved bald and wearing a domino mask, just like Dixie. As Dixie looked over this woman trying to figure out who it is, she awoke and immediately backed away from Dixie.  
  
"Who are you?" Dixie asked.