**Small Town ENF Adventure**

by[**Iwroteathing**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4775337&page=submissions)©

Dixie Jackson rolled her new smart phone in her hand, her father had asked why she needed a fancy phone when the only internet on the Jackson Ranch for miles around was in the house, but Dixie had plans for her new gadget that she could never tell her dad about. She played with the settings on the phone to confirm it would do exactly what she wanted and before long her plan became fully formed.

The first part of the plan was to take the naughtiest picture she could of herself, she knew this picture would have to be the kind she would do anything to prevent falling into the wrong hands. The thought of that alone gave her more than enough joy to start her ordeal. Dixie went to her shed and prepared the worst she could look.

She set up her phone leaning against a stool in the corner of one of the horse stables and opened up an app she had downloaded that would let her take pictures through voice command. Dixie stripped and began by rolling in the hay, she wasn't looking to be covered in mud or anything that would obscure her body, just a fine coating a dust and dry mud, with the occasional piece of straw clinging to her exposed body to make her look degraded. Next she fetched a nice thick pen with which to write on her skin, in big black letters she wrote the words "Horse Cock Whore" across her torso. Next she got ahold of something she had prepared earlier, two clothes pegs attached to lengths of string. She attached the pegs to her labia, one on each side, before measuring out the string just right, and tying the other end to her respective toes. In this way she could pull her pussy open by spreading her legs. Finally she took her position and whistled.

Dixie's horse was often an unwilling accomplice in her self-inflicted predicaments and so had learned to put up with her weird behaviour and follow her command. As he returned to his stable, he found his food had been placed in the far corner for some reason, and his owner was sat beneath it. Gingerly the horse moved around Dixie and began to eat, meanwhile his penis swung into position beside Dixie just as she had planned. Dixie hugged the horse cock close to her body, spread her legs wide to reveal all of herself to her phone ordered the camera to take a pictures for as long as the horse was there, reasoning that at least one of them would do for her purposes.

Later that night, as Dixie looked through the pictures she realised what a state she looked, she saw herself spreading and pleading with the camera and knew she would do whatever it took to not let this photo get seen by anyone she knew, and that would make the next day's adventure something to remember.

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About twenty miles from Dixie's house was the town of Fort Nimrod. The township was the nearest slice of civilisation to the ranch mainly serving as an amenities centre for the nearby farms and their workers, so there wasn't much to it beyond the schoolhouse, library, shops and bar. There were a few homes and hostels for those passing through and a couple of museums dotted around the outside of the fort that the town had been built around.

To start her adventure Dixie went to the library on the far end of town to ensure that there was a change of clothes hidden at the back in one of the private reading rooms that she (and only she) regularly frequented. She also made sure to leave the emergency exit round the back unlocked so she could sneak in without the librarian seeing her. Next she went to the fort to prepare.

Dixie had kept a close eye on the time for the whole drive down, if she wanted this to work her timing would have to be perfect, she arrived at the fort at 10:00am. As always the fort was empty as no matter what they did nobody ever wanted to go on a weekday. The fort was your standard civil war fort, with a series of walls, with small buildings built into them surrounding a central courtyard. Dixie went to a small tower at the back that she had picked out for her starting point. The tower had been used in the past to light signal fires, and she had decided that today she was going to light a fire of her own. High above the township people will see the fire lit, not knowing that the fire had been started using every stitch of fabric Dixie had on.

Staring at the signal fire pit, Dixie had to do one last piece of preparation, firstly she checked her phone and confirmed that indeed there was no internet signal in fort Nimrod. On her phone was an app connected to her email, it allowed her to customise an email based on what time it was sent out. She brought up her email, selected every name in her address book and set up an email to go to them. If the email was sent between 12:00 and 12:10 the attachment would be an invite to the Jackson family's annual BBQ. However if the email was sent outside of that window the attachment would be the degrading picture she took the previous night.

She clicked send, without internet the email just waited in the outbox, however Dixie knew the moment she reached the library the phone would connect to the library's WiFi and the email would be sent. For good measure she had also set alarms at those times so she would know when she was in that window. This way she couldn't rush her naked walk across town but without knowing the time she would inevitably have to take some risks when she heard the first alarm. She then took some saran wrap and duct tape and used it to fasten the phone tight to her arm, making sure it wasn't coming off until she could get her hands on some scissors.

Finally Dixie had decided that she would wear a mask. Fort Nimrod a small town that Dixie regularly visited, she was certain if her face was seen she would be instantly recognised and word would spread quickly. It had taken a while to pick just the right mask for this adventure, but in the end she had chosen a full head Hillary Clinton mask in the hope that a rural town in Texas would see if as some sort of statement.

Finally, her hands shaking with anticipation, Dixie began to remove her clothes and one by one place them in the signal fire pit. This was the part she loved most, her last vestiges of sanity pleading with her not to go past the point of no return as she geared up for a new adventure. She started with her shoes and socks, shivering as her bare feet touched the dusty ground.

She pulled off the T-shirt her father had bought her with "Federal Booty Inspector" written in big letters across the front and threw it into the pit, she was looking forward to watching that burn. The familiar warm breeze of Texas hit her exposed torso as she began to pull down the colourful jeans that had been given to her by an aunt in California that the family didn't like to talk about.

Dixie was now just in her least favourite underwear staring at the fire pit. The back of her mind was still telling her that it wasn't too late, that she could still pick the clothes up, get dressed and go home without going through this madness. Dixie stroked her mostly naked body to silence the voice, and unclipped her bra. As she threw the bra into the pit, Dixie caught how stiff her nipples were, she reach down south with her and to see if her panties also reflected her excitement. She had to peel her sodden knickers away from her pussy and with a quivering hand threw them on the pile.

Standing naked staring at her clothes, Dixie was now aware that her only possessions were the phone attached to her arm, a bottle of lighter fluid and a pack of matches. Another breeze rolled over Dixie's naked body, tickling each and every goosebump, sending shivers of delight into her core and temporary silencing the voice of doubt. She emptied the bottle of lighter fluid on her clothes and struck the match, and took a moment to stare at the flames.

Dixie's mind was racing. Part of her was pleading with her not to go through with this, that she could still wear the lighter fluid sodden clothes. But that voice was drowned out by her overwhelming animal urges. She let out a shiver and a moan as she relaxed her hand and let the match fall into the pit. There was an almighty whoosh as her clothes went up in flames and Dixie was trapped in the ordeal of her own creation.

Dixie gave herself a moment to soak in the experience of what she had done, feeling her body quiver as heat from the fire licked her naked skin. Suddenly the reality of the situation hit her like a brick. She was stood naked next to a signal fire designed to be seen by the whole town. Dixie immediately dropped to her hands and knees and crawled to the stairs to ensure nobody would see her.

Heading down the stairs she thought through the route she was going to take before realizing that she hadn't checked the time before she started. She knew she had pulled up to the fort at about 10 o'clock but she was so awash in the thrill of what she was doing she didn't know how quickly she had prepared, whether she had to rush or take it slow. She squealed a little to herself as she carried on down the tower stairs.

As Dixie got to the bottom of the tower, she peeked out to the courtyard, and seeing the way was clear, made a dash for the front entrance. As she approached the front entrance she heard the din of a small crowd, thinking fast she ducked into one of the small sheds near the entrance and hid among an exhibit on civil war medicine, peering out of a gap in the shed's wooden walls. She looked out in horror as she saw a crowd of twenty or so school children approaching the front gate being shepherded by a single teacher.

Dixie immediately recognised the teacher as Miss Throckmorton, she had been the Grade two teacher at Fort Nimrod Elementary school for decades and was now pushing seventy. Everyone Dixie knew, her friends and her family, had once been taught by Miss Throckmorton and she still knew everyone. Dixie swore to herself, of all the days for her former teacher to plan a school trip she had to choose today. Miss Throckmorton lifted her clipboard up to her half rim glasses, and with a voice that cut through the air like a hawk began to read the register.

Dixie knew it would not be long before the kids would descend on the fort, but there was only one way in and out and it was currently filled with second graders. Dixie could have found a place to hide and wait it out, but then her picture would definitely be emailed to everyone on her email list (which included Miss Throckmorton.) Eventually Dixie resigned herself to an early defeat, she would wait for the children to begin wandering the fort and when it looked like she would be seen by the fewest people she would make a run for it.

At last Miss Throckmorton finished the register and let the children begin to walk the fort. Dixie had a minor stroke of luck that most children wanted to head straight to the now lit signal fire and so didn't venture towards her shed. However the biggest obstacle was that Miss Throckmorton hadn't moved. The wily teacher had realised long ago that of she stayed by the only exit, she could let the kids wander and be sure not to lose any. Dixie felt a heavy weight form deep in her stomach knowing her second grade teacher was about to see her naked.

There were a couple of kids wandering the courtyard and one had stayed with Miss Throckmorton by the door and was holding her hand. Dixie was working up the courage and waiting for the optimal moment to make a dash for it, her legs were like jelly and willing herself out of the shed was an uphill struggle. Suddenly Dixie Saw the shed fill with light. She heard a little boy begin to yell and all of a sudden the decision was taken out of her hands and she found herself running.

There were more kids in the courtyard than Dixie could have seen through the gap in the shed and each yell or burst of laughter cut through her like a knife. As she approached the door the world seemed to go into slow motion as Miss Throckmorton's face went from shock, to disgust and then to anger.

"Young lady what on Earth do you think you are doing!" The aging teacher yelled as Dixie sprinted towards her. Under her Hillary mask Dixie's eyes filled with tears as her teacher took in the full measure of her humiliation. As she approached the door Miss Throckmorton reacted faster than any seventy year old should and was able to give Dixie one clean hard swat on her bottom with her clipboard as Dixie ran past.

Once out of the fort Dixie now had to traverse the small car park and quickly find somewhere to hide and regroup, all the while the laughing and jeering of children rang in her ears. The car park quickly gave way to the High Street and Dixie did not like the idea of being naked in the busiest area of the town, and so without thinking she went to the far corner and jumped over the fence, choosing to take her chances with whatever was there over Miss Throckmorton and her class.

Dixie landed with a heavier thud than she was expecting, in a garden with chairs and tables laid out all around, as well as a small children's playground. She immediately recognised the beer garden of The Rusty Spur, the only bar in town. Dixie immediately had flashbacks to the evenings she had spent in this garden, playing with other children while their parents got drunk inside. The good news for Dixie was that between 10:00 and 12:00 on a weekday the bar was not busy, the bad news is that it wasn't empty.

Dixie only had a couple of seconds to catch her breath before the bar patrons had noticed her. She looked to the fence and realised that the garden was sunken into the ground, deliberately making the fence taller and unclimbable from the inside to stop patrons skipping out on the tab. This meant that Dixie's only option was to run through the bar and out the front door, her worries about the main road completely forgotten over the worries of the small group of patrons who had begun to approach her. She knew all these men, they were friends of her parents who had known her since she was a baby. However where previously they had always been courteous, now they were leering at her naked body and making moves to grab the defenceless Dixie. Luckily for Dixie they were all aging alcoholics and so she was able to run past them faster than they could react.

She got into the bar and her pace slowed for a second while her eyes adjusted to the light. There were a few more patrons in here and once again Dixie had to make peace with more circles of family friends seeing her naked body. She made a run for the front door, however dread and horror washed over her as she saw the bartender get there first. With practiced efficiency he took out his keys and locked the door trapping Dixie in the bar.

The bartender of the rusty spur was a similar age to Dixie. At school he thought he was God's gift to women, not noticing that the only reason the girls flirted with him was that his parents owned the bar and he had access to alcohol. Dixie shamefully remembered how she was one of those girls and that flirting with this slime ball was the worst part of getting booze.

"Hey look everyone, Hillary Clinton has decided to visit our bar!" The bartender yelled in triumph, grabbing Dixie by the shoulder. Dixie instinctively grabbed the bottom of her mask, getting ready for the fight to not be exposed. However the bartender was good at reading people, and the fact that Dixie was preserving her identity, rather than covering her body, spoke volumes to him and gave him an idea.

"I'll tell you what Hillary. There's only two ways I'm unlocking this door and letting you out. Either you take off that mask and show us who you really are, or I'll give you a couple of pitchers of beer, and you give all my patrons a top up from the comfort of their laps." Dixie's general distaste for the bartender moved into outright hatred as the pompous slime ball smiled smugly at his idea. Dixie knew that she would never live it down if everyone knew it was her, so her only option was to walk to the bar and wait patiently for him to pour a couple of pitchers of beer.

After what seemed like forever Dixie had the two pitchers, and turned to the nearest patron. She recognised the man as Old Joe, a close friend of the family who always had the best jokes and the funniest accents. As a kid she had always enjoyed this kindly old man and his funny stories, now he sat leering and beckoning her, his erection clearly visible through his jeans.

Dixie slowly lowered herself onto Old Joe's lap, she could feel the rough denim against her naked skin, his erection poking into her exposed bottom. As soon as she had sat down, Old Joe repositioned himself, forcing Dixie further onto his lap and allowing his erection to press against her exposed pussy. His arms also found themselves wrapped around the helpless naked woman, as he began to play with her breasts. Dixie was grateful for the cheers of the bar, as the covered the sound of her moaning with delight and embarrassment at the humiliation she was being put through. She poured Joe another pint, and felt his gnarled hands caress her whole body as she stood up to find the next patron.

Dixie's mind was swam as she went from one randy old man to the next, none of them aware that it was Dixie, the little girl they had known since childhood, that they were now lusting over. Dixie poured every pint and felt every errand hand caressing her naked body and every erection running against her as she lowered herself onto each lap in turn. By the time she was finished her pussy was throbbing, begging for a release, but she couldn't let the bar know the effect they had had on her.

"One last thing before you go Hillary!" The bartender yelled as Dixie returned to the bar. "How about a commemorative photo out front?" Before she knew it Dixie was being ushered out front by all the patrons of the bar, the bartender leading the way with his camera. Dixie burst into the sunlight and onto the High Street. The town was fairly quiet but that didn't stop the occasional passer-by from staring in disbelief at the spectacle.

"Now don't forget gentlemen, if at any point Hillary doesn't do what I say, I want you to rip off her mask." The bartender yelled above the din. This managed to cut through the fog in Dixie's mind and once again the world snapped into focus.

"How about we start with Hillary pointing at the bar the way a fancy showgirl would?" Dixie took a step forward, raised one hand into the air towards the bar sign while placing the other on her hips, her leg bending behind her keeping her exposed breasts prominently jutting out in front of her. The sound of clicks let Dixie know that the bartender's camera was busy capturing every moment.

"That's good but the pose doesn't really show off your pussy. I know, how about you sit on the floor, with your legs spread eagle?" Dixie obeyed and opened her legs wide while the chuckling behind her continued.

"You're a bit low down, I'm struggling to get you and the sign in. How about this, Joe you take her left leg, Bob you take her right, and Billy you hold her ass so she is held up with her legs wide apart. Next Ray, you get underneath her and you hold her pussy open." The formally bumbling old men became the vision of military precision as they followed the bartender's instructions to give Dixie maximum exposure as the camera continued to click away, Dixie squirmed and moaned and while then old men mistook it for resistance, it was in fact delighting in the glorious embarrassment she was going through. Eventually the bartender signalled that he was done and Dixie was put down.

"Thanks for the fun, you may now go back to what you were doing. But may I point out we were honourable men who kept our pledge to not remove your mask, so if you ever want to come back and have fun with us again we'll be happy to continue to let you keep your identity a secret." Had Dixie been in her right mind she would have balked at the idea of doing this again, however at this moment she was a slave to her desires and she was genuinely considering returning one day.

In a daze Dixie began walking down the High Street, purely on autopilot while her brain relived what just happened again and again. It wasn't until a passing car honked its horn the Dixie realised that she was still naked in public, and still had to press ahead to make sure the picture didn't get emailed out. As she snapped back to reality her whole body went red with embarrassment. She found herself noticing the faces of people who had stopped to stare at her exposed flesh, most of them people Dixie had knew for a long time. She decided to cover herself and began to run.

Dixie sprinted as fast as her bare feet would let her, cutting down the few back alleys that Fort Nimrod had in order to lose the many passers-by who were filling her with their eyes. Eventually she found herself by the River Nimrod, she lowered herself down to the bank and snuck towards the only bridge in town.

Once Dixie was under the bridge she finally felt like she was somewhere she could stop and get her bearings. She sat on the river silt, her back to the old stone bridge knowing nobody could see her but enjoying the sounds of cars and conversations passing above her. Dixie's brain, stripped of its flight reflex was free to reflect on what had happened so far, and surrendering to a desire that had built to boiling point, Dixie found her hand drifting south to give her a release she had been unknowingly craving since her clothes first went up in flames.

Wave after wave of orgasmic bliss rolled over Dixie, the exposure, the humiliation, the fear, they had rolled themselves into a knot in her stomach, and as her hand furiously worked its way in and out of her pussy, the knot exploded into feelings that rocked her body.

Her mind cleared by the shattering orgasm Dixie used this time to take stock of her situation. The library about half a mile from the bridge, it wouldn't take Dixie long to get there, but she didn't know how much time the distraction at the bar had wasted. She could have wasted too much time to make it or it could have seemed much longer than it had actually been, meaning that she would have to hang around the library waiting for her alarm to go off telling her it was safe.

That same knot of fear and embarrassment began to form in Dixie's stomach as she willed herself to stand up. She told herself town was much quieter the other side of the river. Her naked body had been seen by just about half the town anyway so it was no big deal to cross the bridge and walk calmly to the library. She began to climb the bank before changing her mind and climbing down.

Dixie re-examined what just went through her head. The river was not deep, she could have walked under the bridge, but she had resigned herself to being seen. The humiliation of what she had just been through had dulled her sense of risk, she had even thought that part of this was no big deal. At that point Dixie had an insane idea, and no amount of pleading from the rational part of her brain would dislodge it. With trembling hands, Dixie removed the Hillary Clinton mask and threw it into the river. As the mask floated away Dixie couldn't believe what she had just done, now if anyone saw her there would be no hiding her identity, she had just made this trip a hell of a lot riskier and she knew it. Forgetting about the ticking clock Dixie once again surrendered to animal instincts and pleasured herself at the thought of what lies ahead.

Dixie crossed the river under the bridge and peeked out. She now had to be extra careful. Waiting for a gap in the traffic she climbed the river bank and hid behind a dumpster on the side road just off the High Street. Now that she had discarded the mask, she decided to take the risk and use only the back streets, knowing that it would add to her time but it was the best chance of making it through this without being caught.

The back streets were quiet and there were plenty of dumpsters, trees and buildings for Dixie to hide behind. But as she got further from the town centre the gaps between the buildings began to get bigger. It wasn't long until Dixie found herself making the journey through long pauses to ensure the coast was clear mixed with mad dashes between whatever cover she could find.

Eventually Dixie found herself within sight of the library. There was a hostel and a couple of houses between her and her goal, but she would have to do a big loop to get to the open emergency exit at the back of the building without getting so close that she connected to the WiFi too early. Dixie knew the back of the library had a small park, with enough trees and bushes for Dixie to hide in until her alarm went off. She just had to walk past the hostel, cross the road, and find a good hiding spot.

Dixie skirted around to the back garden of the hostel and was about to hop the fence make a dash along the unkempt grass when she noticed something that stopped her in her tracks. The hostel had a security camera pointing squarely at the garden area. The camera was located just below where the back stoop gave way to the garden, a red light blinking above the lens. Dixie cursed herself for getting rid of the mask, the whole reason she was rushing was to prevent an embarrassing picture of her getting out, she didn't want video either.

As her brain buzzed through ideas she noticed that the camera was about head high and indented into the stoop, but there was a foot high ledge just in front of it, this meant that if she walked right up to the building, even though she couldn't crawl under it, she could shimmy along the ledge with her head above the stoop. This would give the camera a great view of her naked body but keep her head out of the picture and her identity protected. But that meant walking right up to the hostel, half the workers on the Jackson Ranch were staying in hostels in the town, not to mention how her family had a working relationship with the hostel owners to advertise vacancies, the price of not being on camera was a huge risk of being seen by someone she knew. The large screen door of the back garden was wide open, letting the breeze cool the main corridor of the house, and Dixie could see the reception desk from there. The receptionist was facing the front door so wouldn't be looking, but just to her right was two screens, one showing the camera facing the front garden and the showing the camera giving Dixie so much trouble.

Knowing she didn't have much time to argue inside her own head, Dixie began to sneak up to the hostel, she was very aware how visible she was until she managed to press her back to the cool plastic cladding of the outside wall. She then crawled on all fours to stay below the stoop, and reached the moment she had been dreading. She was breathing deeply and girding her loins to make the run, when she heard the receptionist say a cheerful hello. Dixie's heart stopped for a moment, only restarting when the gruff voice of a man responded, it turns out one of the guests had come down the stairs and was now talking to the receptionist. Dixie took the opportunity to step onto the ledge and shimmy across.

Even moving as fast as she could the shimmy was painfully slow, she knew she had to keep her balance as if she fell off the ledge, she would be seen by the camera and the noise may even attract patrons. Another problem Dixie had was that keeping her head above the stoop meant she couldn't tell when she had passed the camera and instead she just had to go as far as she could and hope for the best. She was about ten seconds in when she overheard the receptionist cut off the conversation with a questioning "Hang on?" she shimmied faster, her bouncing breasts threatening to knock her off balance but she didn't care. Eventually she got far enough that she felt she could drop and run, and not a moment too soon as the receptionist yelled "oh my god!" and the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps filled Dixie's ears.

It seemed like the whole world suddenly knew where Dixie was, she heard multiple footsteps, opening windows and yelling all converging on her direction. She managed to clear the fence and dashed round the side of the house just as she heard the receptionist yell "hey!" in a voice so clear she must have been sharing the back garden with her. Dixie no longer cared about the road and sprinted straight across it into the small park on the other side. She found a bush thick enough to hide and looked out over the road to see if she was being followed. The receptionist was outside the front of the hostel looking out of breath but she wasn't in pursuit, just stood there laughing.

The park was the safest part for Dixie, the flora was thick and regular, meaning she was able to make it to the back of the library without any risk. Now all she had to do was wait for the alarm, then run inside the emergency exit and hope not to be seen on her way back to the booth. As she approached the back entrance she began to hear voices, her stomach tied itself in knots as she got closer and spotted four people stood outside the back door smoking. Dixie recognised three of them as teenage girls from the nearby school, dressed as adult as they could and rebelling through having a quick smoke round the back of the library. She could see Mary, a sister of one of her close friends, Elizabeth, the daughter of her uncle's previous wife and Charlotte, the headmistress's precious girl. The fourth person was Eduardo, a ranch worker she recognised from the Jackson Family ranch, who had bought the girls smokes in exchange for the attention of these young girls. If any of these people saw her there isn't a social circle around that wouldn't hear about it. As Dixie was biding her time she caught a whiff of smoke and realised it wasn't tobacco they were smoking, turns out Eduardo had a weed stash.

As Dixie waited for the teen rebellion to clear out she felt the phone on her arm begin to vibrate. The world collapsed around her, she had ten minutes to get through that door and they four stoners had just lit up another spliff, they weren't going anywhere. Dixie's brain moved a mile a minute trying to think of a way in, the librarian was at the front and these kids were at the rear, she wasn't even sure she could make it round to the front in time. Suddenly she had an idea, it was risky but it was the only chance she had. She swallowed her fear, stood up and walked directly towards the smokers.

Eduardo's eyes widened with disbelief, clocking this look the three girls immediately turned round and collapsed into a fit of giggles.

"Oh my God! Dixie, why are you out here naked?" Charlotte asked, looking Dixie's body up and down. Dixie maintained an unconcerned look on her face, straining against her feelings of embarrassment.

"That don't matter Charlotte." Dixie spat, cutting through the silence. "What matters is you ain't gonna tell anyone."

"And why is that?" Charlotte replied, fumbling for her phone.

"Because if anyone finds out about this, I'll assume you told 'em. Then your families will be finding out that you have been smoking weed" Dixie remarked, worry spread over Mary and Elizabeth's face but Charlotte didn't flinch, she had her phone upright and ready to take a picture.

"Nobody will believe the naked pervert." Charlotte asserted, her phone's camera making a clicking noise to let Dixie know she had the upper hand.

"You know the school's got drug testing kits thanks to your mother's constant fearmongering about drugs, and if that don't sway you. I don't need proof to fire Eduardo. You think your weed connection is going to continue to hook you up after you cost him his job." Eduardo's eyes widened, and the sound of clicking stopped coming from Charlotte's camera. "Now you're going to hand me that phone and let me delete all them pictures you took of me or you're going to be peeing in a cup tomorrow morning and Eduardo is going to be on the next bus out of Ford Nimrod." In a sulk Charlotte handed over her phone and Dixie opened up the photo album.

Dixie had to hold herself back from quivering with delight at the pictures on Charlotte's phone, she could see her fear and humiliation as these people has seen her. Her nipples stiff enough to cut glass and her pussy clearly streaming. As she went through deleting the pictures she heard Charlotte mumble under her breath.

"Slut."

"You know what, just for that..." Dixie began, she switched the camera back on, held it close to her soaking pussy, parted her lips wide and took a picture. She then attached the picture to a text message and sent it to the barkeeper, with the text "thinking of you."

"What are you doing?" Charlotte asked.

"Oh you'll see. Anyway all the pictures are deleted, and if I hear a single word about this you're getting kicked out of school and poor Eduardo here is on food stamps." Dixie felt proud of herself as she walked towards the back door and the shocked kids parted to let her through.

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Dixie relaxed as she finished putting on her shoes, she had enjoyed herself but was glad she had made it through the adventure. Now decent she walked over to the librarian, eager to get some scissors and make sure the email had been sent alright.

"Can I have some scissors please?" she asked the librarian.

"Here you go Dixie, please don't use it to damage the books in revenge." the Librarian joked. Dixie was clearly missing something, and the librarian clocked the quizzical look on her face before pointing to a sign behind her that said.

"No WiFi until Sunday. Sorry!"

Dixie was so sure she was done, but now she was worrying again, she had a ticking time bomb on her phone and she would have to diffuse it before it could connect to the internet again.

"Yeah sorry Dixie. If it helps we were finally able to afford to fix the barcode scanner with the money we made renting out our WiFi router. But if you still need the internet I'm sure the Rusty Spur will let you use it, I bet your phone and computer will still automatically connect." Dixie was pale from her head to her toes. She mumbled something non-committal and rushed to the stalls to free the phone from her arm.

Her outbox was empty.

Her sent mail had one new message in it, the one with the subject line "An Invitation."

With dread she opened the attachment and her worst fears had come true, there, filling her screen was the degraded "Horse cock whore" she was hoping the town wouldn't see.

She had 46 new messages in her inbox.

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Dixie's father had no idea what "hacked" meant or what "Photoshop" was but he was relieved when Dixie sent out an email explaining to everyone that it wasn't actually her in the picture. Dixie had to put up with a lot of sideways glances and taunts for a while but she played the victim hard enough that eventually people felt bad enough for her to let it be. Charlotte, Mary, Elizabeth and Eduardo all knew the truth behind the email, but they weren't going to start telling people.

The Bartender at the Rusty Spur had had a hell of a day, by the end he was ordering extra-large prints of his pictures of Hillary to be displayed proudly in the bar, while he kept the other two naughty pictures he had received that day to himself, firm in the belief that all three pictures featured three different women.

The only weird side effect was one morning when Dixie's dad received a phone call from Miss Throckmorton, asking if he had recently hired any workers who looked a little like Hillary Clinton.

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**Epilogue.**

Dixie carefully cut around the bottom of her new Hillary Clinton mask, creating a hole from the nose down to the chin that made her look like a weird Democratic Batman. As she pulled the mask over her head, her hands reached down to a dog collar that she clipped over the rest of the mask pinning it to her neck. Nobody would be able to quickly rip of this mask. She opened the door of her truck and stepped into the mid-morning sun. Glancing around she saw the that Fort's car park was as empty as she had expected for just before lunch on a Tuesday and she had parked her truck in amongst a nest of trees hidden from the high street. She took off her long coat and threw it into the truck, before locking the doors and placing the key in a box she had hidden under the wheel arches. Under her coat she was as bare as she had been last time she had donned the mask, with the exception of a long bushy tail, held in place with a not inconsiderable butt plug. She took out the note she had pre-written, making extra sure it explained everything as if she was forced to talk someone might recognise her voice. Satisfied with everything she had prepared and loving the butterflies doing somersaults in her stomach she began to walk towards the Rusty Spur, ready to hand the bartender her note.

"Dear patrons of the Rusty Spur. I'd like to apply for a job as a waitress, I already have my uniform and I am willing to complete any interview process you see fit. I'm afraid I can't commit to any hours so let's just say I'll occasionally be around. I'll leave you to decide what payment for this role is."