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

by DonnyLaja

**Part 29**

 "Ohhhmmm .  .  ."

 The people knelt down and prayed.

 "Ohhhmmm .  .  ."

 Heads bowed down, everyone dressed in their Sunday best, listening intently to the pronouncements from the altar.

 "Ohhmmm .  .  .ohh .  .  ohh .  .  ."

 The labored breathing.  The smell of sweat and female musk.

 "Ohh .  .  .  ohh!  God .  .  .  OHH!"

 The eyes bugged out, looking upward to Heaven, the naked sweating girl on the throne.  The three white-robed acolytes with their mouths fastened to her, rasping tongues sucking furiously, one at each nipple, the third kneeling at the crotch.

 "OHH!  OHH!"

 The people prayed, hands placed over hearts.

 The earnest voice of Zipporah, reading from the lectern on the side.  "What is our word for today, Goddess?"

 "Ohh .  .  .  uhhh .  .  ."  And in catching her breath between orgasms, the Goddess uttered syllables which the people interpreted as best they could.

 .  .  .  .

[the next section contributed by Leviticus]
 The roll of drums in the frigid Siberian air, the matching row of white-gloved salutes from the heavily bundled Russian dress guard, the official photographer taking off his glove for a moment to adjust his focus on the carpeted stairway next to the jet.  Now the American Secretary of State appears and everyone stiffens at attention, secretly cringing at what they see.

 It is a totally naked woman of 34, with a perfectly toned body, Tami Smithers, the most successful Secretary of State in history, here to negotiate another treaty, this time between the Russians and the Mongolians.  Carrying a thin attache case, she smiles shyly as she walks down the stairs, perfectly erect, arms at her sides, shoulders back.  When her bare feet reach the tarmac she walks over to the Mongolian ambassador, heavily furred in his traditional costume, and the Russian ambassador in his fur hat and heavy red coat and long black boots.  She knows both languages and speaks some initial pleasantries with them, clouds of condensation streaming from their faces because it is several degrees below zero, yet she betrays not a sign that the cold is affecting her, even though no one here can even imagine what it is like to be naked in such weather, yet another amazing thing about this woman.

 It is widely known that it's her nudity, the fact that she hasn't worn a scrap of clothing since she was a teenager, that makes her so open and approachable.  And so free of artifice.  Her technique is always the same.  She stands between the two tables, every inch of her on full view, and rephrases each side's proposals to the other, until there is agreement.  Her press conferences are always honest, no posturing, no threats, no insinuations.  "Naked diplomacy", the press call it -- and she has been called all over the globe to avert hostilities, first as a grad student, then as an officer in the diplomatic corps, and for the last few years, as Secretary of State.  Her name, face, and every inch of her naked body are known all over the world.

 And she hates it.  What looks like shyness and reserve is actually a deep, cringing shame and a desire to be covered, be given any scrap of clothes.  She has craved clothes for years.  Her lips went dry last year at the rumor that the Senegalese ambassador would present her with a gift of a traditional loincloth, a mere loose pubic flap tied around the waist with string, but the offer was discreetly withdrawn when it was realized that was just something not to be done with Secretary Smithers.  It was considered a minor diplomatic indiscretion, but to the permanently naked Secretary of State it was privately a crushing blow -- the thought that, even if for a few brief moments at a photo opportunity, she would have a tiny scrap of covering, but no!

 She hoped she could again wear clothes, someday.  It was a hope she kept in the back of her mind, a hope that kept her going.  It was a dream she had.  But in real life it was impossible.  So many people depended on her; the world needed her naked.  She thought of taking on an apprentice who would eventually replace her, but that person would also have to be naked, and she could never subject anyone else to such permanent shame.  In the meantime she nourished a dream of someday being clothed again and out of people's gaze.  And now, as she walked with slightly stiffened steps to the waiting limousine, her feet, hands and nipples numb, an American reporter came up to her, someone she knew well.  "Secretary," he said, "In thanks for your many historic accomplishments, Congress has just approved a monument to you to be placed on the Washington Mall.  A realistic statue of you which millions of people will see for years to come! A national monument which will rank with Mount Rushmore and the White House!"

 At this the Secretary of State, her inner shame suddenly overwhelming her, fainted .  .  .

 .  .  .  .

 It was a chilly, misty morning in the Irish countryside, and the naked girl, using a walking stick she had found, trod along the unpaved road along the peat fields, her bare feet muddy in the soft clay.  She approached the farmhouse, it being time for her appointment.  They awaited with anticipation, today being their turn, a chance they got only once a year, the special treat for their flower bed.

She knocked on the door and the farmwife answered in her kerchief and heavy wool sweater and skirt.  The naked teenage girl cheerfully reported that she had a full bowel and was ready.

 She was led out to the back, to where a circle of men and women were sitting around a large boxed area of dirt, set up on two tree trunks.  As they watched the naked girl hopped up and planted her bare feet into the rich black soil, setting them wide apart, and squatted.  Between her grunts there was casual chatting back and forth.

 When the precious steamy brown mounds had been carefully tilled into the soil and she had cleaned herself at the nearby pump, the girl happily accepted a small glass of stout.  Then she took her leave.  "Bye now, Goddess!"

 .  .  .  .

 These were the dreams that came to the naked teenager as she slept on a little rise in a grassy glade, on a carpet of  soft pine needles in the high country of a forest, and a few feet to the side of an old road, next to a stand of wild black-eyed susans.

 Now, on a gray hot afternoon, she lay back lazily onto a rock, her bare butt on the hard, stony sand, looking down from the edge of the forest into what looked like a big gravel pit.  She had awakened and couldn't get back to sleep.  Maybe it was the heavy air and an oncoming storm, she could feel it in her nipples.  Maybe after her days with the  Daughters of Judith she found it hard to get back to her routine of traveling by night, sleeping by day.  Maybe she subconsciously still wanted to be with them.

 What nice people, after all the meanness she had been subjected to.  She toyed with the idea that she should have stayed with them.  But she would have been the center of attention, and always naked.  She wanted clothes, wanted to get back to being normal, could not help feeling intensely envious whenever she saw other people with clothes on.  And she wanted to get back to her family and Rod and the rest of her friends.  She had a strong feeling by now that the solution to her problem was not to run away to start a new life in a strange town.  She had to get back and somehow fix things there.

 And find clothes where she could get them.  She had stayed out in the wild, always moving east.  Time after time she saw towns or houses and she always decided against going there.  She had to find just the right person.  It will come, she told herself.  God might be testing her but wouldn't be so cruel as to keep her naked forever.

 It will come, she told herself, as she lay back and stretched her legs and idly twirled her pubic hair.  Past her toes  was the gravel pit, an ugly gash cut out of the gentle wilderness.  It looked to be shaped like a crescent, and she couldn't see around the steep ragged sides.  What a bleak place.  Just rocks and brown dirt, probably usually dusty, though last night's rain had left a little crust on everything.  Over there, an abandoned bulldozer, all grimy and with windows broken.

 Tami got up and stretched, feeling the urgings of sleep possibly coming back to her.

 Oh shit!

 The edge of earth gave way beneath her feet and she slid down the precipice.  Suddenly she was wide awake again.  She held her arms out to stay upright as her heels skidded down the side, rocks and dirt scraping past her bare butt.  Down, down, maybe forty feet, she held her toes out stiffly, managing not to go into a free fall.  Farther down the dirt sloped out a little and Tami found herself running forward with ragged long strides to keep from falling on her face.

 It was only when she got to the relative flatness of the bottom of the pit that she could slow her paces and stop.  Catching her breath, she looked around.  Great.  Now I'm stuck naked in the middle of a gravel pit.  And the cliffs looked too steep to climb.  She looked back to where she had skidded down.  There were no big rocks or anything to climb onto.  Nothing to get footing on.

 But she could at least try.  Taking a quick look, seeing no one around, she went back over and began climbing.  On the early going she bent over and climbed on all fours, feeling her breasts jiggle as they hung down.  Now the steep part.  She gamely stuck her pointed hands into the dirt and jabbed her toes into the dirt below, and tried to lift herself up.  No luck.  She was merely pulling the dirt down, causing little landslides, one of which landed a big dusty stream of dirt right onto her head, inundating her hair down to the roots.  Ugh!

 The naked teenager bounded back down to the bottom, bent over to shake all the dirt from her hair that she could, and then looked around, wild-haired and dusty from head to toe, and considered what to do next.

 Just keep on walking until she found a place where she could climb up.  Time to explore.  She went around the big crescent, the stony hilly ground crunching under her tough bare feet, then paused as she saw an old shack with a rusty corrugated roof and an old pickup truck with flat tires.  Seeing no sign of occupants, she walked on.  Around her the cliffs were as steep as back where she fell.

 Now she came around another bend of the crescent and stopped again, this time with real fear.  She had detected the faintest whiff of cigarette smoke.  There was someone around.  And here she was, stark naked -- in the middle of a wide flat gravel bottom, no place to scoot behind to hide.

 And now, crunching sounds behind her, the sound of shoes on the rough gravel, magnified and echoed from the sides by the steep cliffs.

 The naked girl turned around.

 Five of them, young guys maybe her age, maybe a bit younger.  One holding a bottle of whiskey, another with a beer can, two with cigarettes.  Sweatshirts with hoods, low-slung jeans, big untied sneakers.  They were devouring her nakedness lustily.  She knew that look.

 "Hey babe!" one said.

 "Holy shit, a naked chick!" another said.

 Tami gulped.  They all stood motionless for a moment, the boys and the naked girl.  Then the girl turned and ran.

 "No!  Stop!" she heard them say.  But she knew herself in danger.  They followed.  She sprinted across the rocky soil the best she could, her bare feet versus their sneakers, but she was faster anyway and quickly outran them.

 Then she found herself hard up against the far end of the pit, staring at cliffs all around her.  She looked back, panting, sweating through her dusty face.  The five boys had spread out and had her cornered.  She looked at the cliff in front of her.  There was an outcropping that looked rocky enough for her to climb, maybe.  Over she went and she gingerly gripped the first rock with her toes and hoisted herself up.

 It was a slow climb, almost on all fours as she bent forward with the slope of the tumbled down boulders.  The boys  gathered around the sides of the outcropping, apparently thinking she'd never make it to the top, and watched her slow and careful ascent.  "Hey girl!"  "Come down and blow me!"  "Nice tits, Miss!"  She wished she could go faster, but she didn't want to misstep, and none of these rocks looked very steady.  She looked down at her pubic hair, and at her breasts hanging in front of her, jiggling with each move.  She tried not to think of the fact that her whole body was on display for these jerks.  In fact, watching a beautiful naked girl climb up rocks like this was the hottest thing they'd ever seen.

 "Ow!"

 One of the guys had thrown a clod of dried mud at her, hitting her on her side, just below the armpit.  It was followed by another, hitting her on the side of the butt.  Soon she was target practice for a series of dirt bombs, one after another.  It was hard to believe these jerks could be so cruel but they were having a great time at it.

 As she got higher up she suffered a particularly nasty shot, a cross-blow on the side of the breast.  This was  followed by another on the other side, and now it became a new game.  Standing down there on either side, the boys would wait until she reached up with one arm which gave them a clear shot at that breast.  Then when the other arm was up, they would go for the other breast.  She tried to bend her arms in, but it didn't do any good.  To keep climbing she just had to extend her arms and leave her breasts exposed.  "Hit!"  "Hit!"  "Miss!"  "Hit!"  "Nipple shot!"  It was a contest, target practice, and she heard their merriment as her poor breasts were hit from each side, each hit making them jump and dance and jiggle, like two tight little punching bags on her chest.

 Finally she got to the top, bending over and extending her leg way forward to clasp the last rock with her toes.  "Eeek!" A final dirt bomb hit her right on the asterisk of her widely-exposed butthole.  It caused her to hop upward onto the high ground.

 She ran.  No time to look back.  Just run!

 She ran and ran across the hard dirt plain.  Another cliff was in front of her, this one a steep rock face.  When she got to it she looked back.  There was no sign of those guys, they evidently hadn't climbed up after her.  Maybe they figured she'd never make it and were surprised when she did.  But out on this flat bare plain she was still in plain view.  She looked back at the rock face.  She decided she should climb it.

The naked girl scaled the high vertical rock face, boulder after boulder, jag after jag, grabbing with each hand, fingers tightening around each pointy outcrop, placing one bare foot after another on each rock, each toehold, each little crevice where her toes could fit.  It was quite a sight, if anyone had been looking.  A fine subject for an artist.

 She stopped for a moment to catch her breath.  She knew not to look down or to look back, though she felt like her bare backside would be visible for miles.  Once again, she could do nothing to hide any part of herself.  This was a really high cliff, yet the rocks seemed secure.  Keep going.  Keep going.  .  .

 Tami stumbled onto the top of the cliff and saw an immense field of wild grass in front of her.  She ran.  Up ahead was what looked like a barn.  Running up to it she saw that it looked deserted, in fact one wall had completely caved in.

 No matter.  It was someplace to hide, where her nakedness would not be on display for all the world to see and abuse.  Someplace safe.  She stumbled in with ragged steps and immediately dropped onto some loosely-strewn hay and quickly was asleep.

 She was awakened by the late afternoon sun shining in her eyes.  She lifted her head slowly, sensing a presence, hay sticking from her wild hair, squinting.

 It was a big man in the sun-filled doorway, looking down at her with a stern face.  He carried a whip and a coil of rope.  In a rough voice he called out to someone behind him.  "Dale! Tell them we found that new Pony Girl."

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 30**

Tami quickly tried to blink herself awake.  This man's presence was important.  Something was happening.  She cleared her throat to make her standard plea.  "Could I have some clothes please --"

 But she never got all the words out.  "Oooff!"  The air was knocked out of her as the man grabbed her bare shoulder and flung her onto her stomach, then put a knee in her back.  Her elbows were pulled back and back behind her until they were touching.  Then with quick expert motions rope was looped around her elbows, and Tami was jerked up to her feet.

 Regaining her breath she could not believe what had happened so quickly.  She found herself standing in front of this big mean man, and another man right behind him, ashamed not only of her dusty state, her hair disgusting and full of hay, but also of being unable to cover any part of herself, her arms cruelly tied behind her, and it made her breasts and erect nipples stick out practically into their faces in a way that made her face burn red with shame.  Even though Tami was very limber, it hurt fiercely to have her elbows linked.  It felt very strange and it made her feel utterly helpless.  Her hands grasped and stretched behind her, unable to reach anything.  In a pitifully weak effort to reduce her exposure she bent forward.

 "What are you doing??  Let me go!"  The naked girl was now fully awake and fully defiant.

 The men looked at each other, smirking.

 The girl straightened up and kicked at the big man's crotch but his hand grabbed her bare foot.  She shook it loose and tried to run past them but the big man grabbed the loop around her elbows, trapping her painfully.

 "A live one, she is, Burt," said Dale, the shorter man.

 "Quit your games, Miss," Burt said, evidently less patient.  He roughly spun her around and connected something.  Tami felt a clip of cold metal against her wrist, then something thrown between her legs.

 "Oww!" she cried as she was tugged forward by a rope that hooked her elbows and then went down between her legs and forward under her crotch and up into Burt's strong hands.  She was forced to walk behind him as the rough rope cut in between her butt cheeks, scratching her tender butthole skin, cutting in between her pussy lips in front on its way to his hands.  Then to her horror she was tied to the back of an old Army-style jeep.

 The two men got in and Burt gunned the engine and Tami thought for a horrible moment that she was going to be dragged to death.  But after a quick initial lurch Burt began cruising slowly at a speed that Tami could keep up with, albeit by trotting.  She felt silly and degraded, like an animal forced to do a trick by a cruel trainer, but there was no choice other than to hop and trot as comfortably as she could, given the twenty-foot length of rope she was allowed, careful not to go too slow, so as to avoid the rope drawing up into her center crevice and scraping her most tender parts.

 The jeep tooled along through the grassy field, a bumpy path, and the naked tied girl, forced to keep an even pace, had to watch where she stepped.  She hopped over big stones and little holes, all the time trying to see where they were going.  Surely they couldn't expect her to go like this forever.

 They went over a rise and Tami saw a line of trees.  And past them, a high cyclone fence with an open gate, and then another line of trees.  And then Tami came upon the weirdest sight she had ever seen.

 It was a big farm, neat rows of corn and peas and cabbage.  Tended to here and there by kneeling women in leather bikinis and boots, being watched over by whip-holding men much like Burt and Dale.  The wide fields were neatly separated with rows of low trees or stone walls, with paths along the sides.

 And now -- little old-fashioned buggies drawn by more women in leather!  Each buggy had two women pulling it, strapped up in harnesses with little tail ornaments in back.  One went by them, and Tami turned her head to follow it with eyes that were incredulous and horrified -- until the rasp of rough rope deep up inside her separated pussy lips brought her attention forward.

 The naked teenager had seen some strange goings on during her involuntary exposures to kinky sex.  Yet this was grotesque.  Sick, evil -- those were the words that kept coming to her.  Women used as horses.  This was sick, evil!

 She noticed that Dale had kept looking back at her, possibly to see if she was getting tired.  But being in good shape, she trotted the full mile and a half easily, and now they were approaching a great lawn, a wide long band of grass surrounded by lines of cedars, leading to a big white mansion with columns and ornate decorations.  To each side were smaller, more modern looking buildings, which is where they ended up after cutting to a side path and going around behind.

 This structure looked like a big open garage, and inside were some empty buggies and a few men in gray jackets working on them.  The buggies were all black and looked brand new, or at least immaculately kept.  In front of the building there was a round concrete pedestal with a tall post in the middle.  With a jerk of the rope the naked girl was made to stand on the pedestal and a leather cuff was put around her ankle and the rope tied to a ring at the top of the post.  Her elbows, thankfully, were untied, and she used her first free motion to cover her breasts.  One hand now went down to cover her pussy.  Men were looking, a few more coming out from inside the garage.

 Tami stared at these men in panic.  In all the fixes she had been in she had never been so helpless and so totally at the mercy of such overwhelming brute power.  She cleared her throat and tried to find words.  "P - please .  .  .  could I have something to cover me with?  Please .  .  .?"

 "Soon enough, Miss," one man said, handing her a bottle of shampoo which she looked at with puzzlement.  She had only to look at the man approaching with the long thick garden hose to guess what was expected of her.  She had plenty of time to cringe as the man waited for the water to travel the length of the hose and spurt out to hit her square on the face.

 The water was less cold than she expected.  With ridiculous motions her free hand tried to block the jet as it aimed at her hair, then at her breasts, then her pussy.  She turned her back, which only insured that in a moment every inch of her was dripping wet.  And still the jets continued.

 She figured quickly that the only way to end this ordeal was to cooperate.  She worked shampoo into her hair under the steady stream of water and and rinsed twice.  More men came to look, from every direction.  The naked teenager was giving quite a show -- not the first time, but never like this!  She gritted her teeth and knew herself to be blushing all over.  No matter where she turned there were men staring at her, every angle of her was completely on display.

 Next, a rag was thrown to her and she worked it over her skin, trying to do it mechanically and coldly, but it was impossible for a beautiful naked girl not to be sexy in doing this.  Evidently she was not scrubbing vigorously enough, and rough strong hands grabbed the cloth away and two men appeared at her sides to pull her hands and feet apart.  She was held spread thus as the hose was turned off and a bucket of soapy water was put in front of her.  A third man scrubbed the rough soapy rag all over her as if he were doing a dirty window, almost pummeling her, pushing her breasts to and fro, sweeping over her concave hard tummy, running the rag way up in between her pussy lips and painfully sawing it back and forth, scraping up and down her legs, finally pulling up one foot and then the other to scrub her soles and between her toes.  All the time the naked girl squirmed and groaned in total mortification.

 It was like she was an animal in a zoo.  The rough hands turned her around and the show continued.  She felt the wet scraping over her back and butt cheeks.  In a final humiliation, she gritted her teeth as her butt was spread open and the rag passed repeatedly over the wide little valley within and the ring of brown skin around her exposed butthole.

 Then she was hosed down, front and rear, straining uselessly against the clamping hands as big coarse fingers spread her lower lips and then her butt cheeks to be exposed to the needle-like invasion of the cold jets.  While still spread, she was brusquely dried with a towel that felt rough as sandpaper.  A rope was looped around her neck and she was loosened from the post.  As she was led across the grounds, in a remote part of her mind glad to be clean and scrubbed but mostly hurting from the roughness of the scrubbing, she was acutely aware of being stared at.  She sensed other captive women going by in their leather bikinis, a few drawing buggies, but her total nudity made her a special object of attention.  Led by the rope around her neck, she bowed her head down so that the straggly wet hair could hide her face, one hand across her breasts, the other over her pussy, mincing as she kept her legs as close together as she could, burning with shame at being unable to cover any of her bare backside.

 She saw straw pass under her bare feet and looked up.  Her bare shoulders drooped.  This long building was obviously a stable.  She looked down the row of opened doors.  As she passed by she saw that each pen had three beds of loose straw placed in each corner, each with a name plate over it.  And a large loop bolted to the wall above, no doubt to hold a chain.  Each pen had a surveillance camera perched near the ceiling.  She was glad the pens were unoccupied; evidently the normal occupants were out on tasks.  She couldn't bear to see one of those poor women chained up here, like an animal.  Sick .  .  .  evil .  .  .  Tami could make out some of the names.  Coralie.  Mia.  Patsy.  Elsie.  Were these their real names?  No last names.  Of course animals don't have any.
 Am I going to be kept here?  As she followed the rope around her neck she pictured a "Tami" nameplate and felt about to cry.  Will I ever get out of here?

 A quick tug at the rope brought her eyes front and center.  There was another pedestal, another post.  This time, thankfully, there were only a couple of men standing around, in different style jackets.  Yet this procedure was just as shaming as the public hosing down.  She was measured.  Her arms were extended, her breasts handled, and her legs jostled as every part of her was stretched along the length of a worn cloth measuring tape.  She heard the measurements as they were read out and written down.  "Neck 13 .  .  .  Bust 34 C .  .  .  waist 20 .  .  .  hips 33 .  .  .Foot .  .  .  size 9."

 Now she was led down another hall and into a pen with no name plates.  She was pushed in with a knee in the back.  Then, to her surprise, they didn't close the waist-high door.  It turned out the doors were only ornamental.  A set of bars were drawn out from a channel in the wall and they clanged shut in front of her.  Like a jail cell.

 The naked teenager, trying to hold back tears, covered herself with her hands and watched the men go.  She wanted to say "Let me out!!" but knew it would be useless and possibly lead to punishment.  She didn't like the look of those whips the men carried.  She cringed, covering herself, legs pressed together, and waited.

 Now a short man in a black uniform showed up.  With some leather clothes.  He put them through the bars.  "Put zese on," he said, in a European accent of some kind.  Then he was gone.

 Tami looked down and used her big toe to pick apart what she was given.  There were two knee-length boots, and a bra and bikini bottom, full cut, not skimpy at all.  And elbow-length gloves with odd little hooks along the sides.  All of it was black and soft and supple, leather of a quality she had never seen.

She gulped.  And picked up the bikini top in her fingers, holding it up to her breasts.  She closed her eyes and prayed.

 Oh God, I wish it was in someplace not so evil, But I thank you, for finally, FINALLY, Letting me have clothes.
I put these on with thankfulness, God.

She couldn't catch her breath, the feel of clothing against her breasts had somehow knocked the wind out of her.  She put down the bra to breath normally again.  The excitement of the moment was apparently overwhelming.  She calmed down and picked up the bottom and lifted her left foot to begin to slide it on.

 "Stop!"  It was Burt, the tall man who had found her.  Before she knew what happened he had pulled aside the bars and snatched the leather outfit away from her.  He held it in his hand, clutching it to the side of his corduroy vest.

 "Vat is wrong?" the short man said, walking to his side.  "She should be dressed."  The accent sounded German.

 "Not this one," Burt said.  "I just got orders.  The chief wants us to take her to him."  Then Tami jumped as Burt drew his whip and flung it to his side, cracking it in the air.  "Get her rigged, Hans."

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 31**

 "Nooo!!"  The naked teenager twisted wildly, but could not shake loose from the strong male hands pulling her to the railing.

 It had a low bar for kneeling and reminded Tami of in church where she used to go for communion during Mass.  But what a sacrament she was about to receive!  The row of ornamented tails on the shelf above told it all.  She recognized their significance as soon as they had dragged her into this awful room.  So this is what those women drawing buggies had been "wearing" behind them.  The plug extensions under the brightly colored splashes of long horsehair were designed for only one thing, something she recognized from her past ordeals at Chalfont.

 "Nooo!!" she wailed again as her feet were kicked apart and placed on the low bar and her tummy pushed onto the railing.  Her butt cheeks tensed with the horrible feel of cold vaseline dabbed onto her sensitive sphincter.  Then the gritted teeth and the inhalation of air as a finger noodled around her butthole and then pushed inside.

 "Take it easy, Miss, make like you're gonna shit," Burt said.  She didn't know if it was his finger in there, or the other man's, but the finger was rough and thick.  Yet she knew what he was talking about, knew it too well.  The advice from Brendo at Chalfont that worked every time.  Better to relax and push down.  The finger went in.

 She thought of Mass again.  "Oh God .  .  .  p - please God .  .  ."  she whimpered.  Then she held her breath as the finger retreated.

 Now it came -- the plug.  She took deep breaths, drawing on her extensive experience in receiving dildo-like objects into her rectum.  In, in, in it went, splitting her wider and wider.  There was a moment of pain at maximum stretch, then relief but fullness as the narrow part passed through, and finally she could feel a bristly sensation around her butthole and the perverse tickling of the long thin hairs of the tail playing against the backs of her thighs.

 But it was not enough.  "She can take a bigger one, let's go for the home run," Burt said.  "OWW!!"  The tail was pulled out and Tami's poor sphincter was invaded again, this time by something noticeably longer and with a wider, more painful stretching at maximum.  In, in, in it went, piercing her gut, and then hands encircled her tiny waist and turned her slightly as she felt her "inner butthole" being invaded.  The horrible thing was now into her colon, feeling like it was about to emerge from her tonsils.

 A fiery snap on the butt from a leather strap and she was helped to her feet.  And now, her elbows were pulled back and looped together.

 "Nice, very nice," Burt said, he and Hans looking at the naked girl as they turned her around.  Tami sniffled back the tears.  She could only imagine what a grotesque sight she presented.  She felt all trussed up like an stuffed animal -- pierced to her core by this horrible thing way up inside her, feeling the tail hairs glancing across the backs of her thighs down to her calves, her elbows painfully linked behind her, her breasts as a result sticking right out at the world, her nipples erect as always, pointing out at angles left and right, like guns to shoot her enemies.

 She thought of running but knew she could not escape.  And was it even safe to run with this thing penetrating into her colon? Now Burt was behind her, holding the loop that bound her elbows, and pushing her forward like a gangster about to push a victim off a pier.

 Once again out in the sunlight, Tami could only stare ahead blankly as she was pushed across a small dirt square and then into a low office building just off the main mansion.  She looked down and saw her bare feet padding onto a white tiled floor.  They went down a hallway that looked like any office hallway, and then she felt plush carpet underfoot and she was in a wood-paneled office with the smell of cigar smoke.

 She looked up.  The office was sparsely furnished, nothing on the walls.  There was a big oak desk and stacks of papers and a big telephone with a lot of buttons.  Sitting behind it was a thin, wiry man in a black three-piece suit.  He had a cold-eyed expression and a scar across one cheek.  To one side, curled up in a big soft chair, was a short-haired woman dressed from head to toe in black who looked at Tami with an evil grin of surprise and lust.  The man nodded to Burt and Hans and then looked sternly at the naked girl standing in front of them, with a gaze that could penetrate metal.

 Tami knew herself exposed and presented for inspection.  She dearly wished she could cover herself.  Instead, despite her exposure and shame she tried to out-stare this man.  The teenager tried valiantly but could not fully hide the fear from her eyes which blinked with the wetness of dire distress.

 "We don't like girls trying to escape, especially from the delivery van," the man said.  "My name is Figvee, I run this place.  Technically you were signed over to me.  If you're going to do the spunky act, save it for later."

 Tami was confused by this and tried to think quickly.  Save it for later?  What did that mean?  "You are a bad man.  You have no right to -- to tie these women up and use them like animals!"  The words were out of her mouth before she knew it.  Was that a right thing to say?  Had she just gotten herself into trouble?  Yet it was so true!  She felt so bad for these women forced to be slaves and used like horses, she felt outrage right to her core, a core that contested intimately with the dildo piercing deep up into her gut as if to battle with it and push it out.

 Figvee exhaled and rolled his eyes at Burt.  He got out a little folder and said, "Look -- " he looked down at it -- "Corky, I want this to stop right now.  I'll not listen to this.  Save it!"

 Tami, despite her nudity and bonds, thought fast.  So they had her mistaken for someone else!  "My name isn't Corky.  It's Tami -- " then after thinking a moment she decided to give her full name -- "Tami Smithers.  Let me go.  And please give me clothes."

 "Clothes?"  Figvee got up and walked right in front of the naked girl.  "Odd that your papers don't mention it, but you do yourself credit from your past training, Corky.  I don't see anything about clothes about you.  Your tan is perfect."  He walked around her, and Tami winced as she felt his hands touch her here and there to inspect her nakedness.

 "You are a rare gem, a naked pony," he said, getting back to his seat.  "I must admit, I've heard of them, but I've never handled one personally.  Leathers and boots is the fashion these days.  Hans, have you handled naked ponies?"

 "Yes, I have, not so much recently," Hans said in his German accent.

 "I'm not a -- a pony.  My name's not Corky.  You've got me confused with someone else.  And I don't have any 'training'!" Tami said.  "Now let me go, untie me, get this -- this thing out of me, and give me clothes please!"

 Figvee retorted gently.  "Your tan is perfect, and from what I hear, you ran a mile and a half behind Burt's jeep with no sign of tiring.  Your rectal tone is amazing; from what I was just told, you took our biggest and deepest tail without difficulty.  I can't remember the last pony who could do that.  .  .Hans, how about her feet? How long has she been without shoes?"

 Tami closed her eyes as one foot was drawn up behind her and turned to and fro, fingers pressing against her sole.  Ugh -- she was being inspected like an animal!

 "Excellent condition," she heard Hans say.  "The pads are very thick."  He turned her foot again, then pushed through the toes.  "The toes are vell spread.  Obviously over a lot of rough terrain, probably pulling loads.  At least six months, I'd say.  Longer than zat, it's hard to tell."  He let go and Tami reclaimed her foot angrily, stamping it onto the carpet.

 "There, you see?" Figvee said.  "You are an excellent specimen, well trained, and you'll get a high price.  What this means is that you will be treated excellently.  You are valuable merchandise."

 "High price?" Tami said in shock.

 "Yes, the next auction is in four days."

 "Auction!!"  Tami looked down, her eyes blinking wet again.  "I can't believe this! This is evil!"  She looked up again and returned to her indictment.  "You are a bad man! God will punish you someday!" Or so she hoped!

 "Darling, you know the terms of reference.  You know how to get out of your contract."

 "Terms of reference?  Contract?"  Tami was really puzzled now.

 "What you signed," Figvee said wearily.  "Come on darling, cut it out.  Your contract is standard, the same all the others have signed.  You have nothing to complain about."

 A light bulb went on over Tami's head, a light that illuminated a world that was in a way even more horrifying.  "You mean -- all those women -- AGREED to this?"

 Figvee looked at Tami for a silent moment, then shrugged.  "Okay, I'll play along with this, for now, at least.  .  .  Yes, they all agreed, in fact this is something they want very much.  Enough to dedicate five years of their lives to, though one must admit, their compensation is substantial."

 "Compensation?"  The only thing Tami could think of was workers' compensation.

 "Half a million dollars, which after five years invested in even conservative mutual funds, can be a pretty penny.  Upon discharge you are provided with a convincing false resume, with references to people ready to answer telephone inquiries, to explain the missing five years.  Unless, of course, you want to sign up for another, pun intended, hitch.  The pony life can be quite addicting."

 This was almost too much for the naked teenager to assimilate so quickly.  "I don't want half a million dollars.  I want to put clothes on and get out of this -- this bad place."  She looked down miserably at her nipples, sticking out at the world due the force of the linked elbows behind her, and desperately wanted them to be covered.  She didn't belong in this place!

 "Very well, then, you know how to get out.  Though, of course, we will keep you an extra two weeks, excused from further duties, so that the finances can be cancelled.  Not that we don't necessarily mistrust you, but it is best to keep you from making any phone calls to move money around."  He looked at Tami, then down at her breasts and pussy, then up once more at her pretty green eyes and her distressed face.  "Well, Corky?"

 Tami cleared her throat and said, "I don't want to be a -- a pony.  I don't want to be part of this contract.  You can keep the money.  All I want is a set of clothes and shoes."  It was phrased like a confession, like she had made to Henry Ross, though she hoped to better effect.  She was relieved, actually.  If these women were here voluntarily, playing this sick game, all she had to do was say she didn't want to be here and that should be the end of it.

 But the teenage girl's words had no such effect on Figvee, who was waiting for Tami to hum "The Star Spangled Banner", a "safeword" that was well known among B & D people and was referred to explicitly several times in the contract.  Figvee rolled his eyes and sighed in exasperation.  "If you weren't obviously an experienced pony girl, your acting is so excellent that I'd almost be inclined to believe you.  Almost, of course.  Well, Corky, this is where our little charade ends.  You've convinced me of your ability to play spunky, which will add to the high price you'll get as an extremely well conditioned pony girl, and a naked pony to boot."

 He shifted in his chair and smiled.  "Game over, O.K.?  Agreed, Corky?"

 Tami was so frustrated.  She wanted to shake this man.  What did it take to convince him?  She stamped her foot tearfully.  "My name is not Corky!  I'm Tami Smithers!  And I don't want to be -- all bare!  PLEASE give me clothes?"  The only thing to do now was beg.  "Please? .  .  ."

 Figvee's smile turned to a stern scowl and he slammed his hand onto the desk.  "You are being a pain!  This act does NO GOOD to me or to you!!"  He motioned to the woman in the chair to the side, who had not taken her lascivious eyes off the girl's breasts the whole time.  "Helga, your specialty."

 As the black-clad lesbian walked up to her Tami knew she was up to no good.  She stepped back but Burt grabbed her to hold her still.  Helga smiled an evil smile at Tami, and then licked her lips at the breasts so cruelly stuck out on display.  She grabbed both nipples and squeezed -- then pulled them out slowly away from the breast.  Tami was determined not to give her the satisfaction of saying "Ow!", though the urge to cry out was unbearable.  Helga pulled more and more, causing fiery pain, until Tami's poor breasts were grotesquely stretched outward.

 Evidently the naked girl was too valuable a piece of merchandise to be damaged, so after a certain point Helga let go.  Tami bit her lip, her eyes wet, glad she hadn't cried out.  It was a victory, though a small one, considering her dire situation.  Her nipples bounced back to her breasts, burning like fire.

 "Very impressive," Figvee said as a disappointed Helga resumed her seat.  Then he brought out what looked like a video game handset with a joystick.

 "Ukkk!"  The dildo deep inside had reached further up into her colon! Tami's eyes opened wide and she lurched forward.  Now Figvee pushed the joystick to one side.

 "OWW! Ohh!"  It was horrible pain on one side, somewhere in her poor abused womb.  She had felt pain like this a couple of times when making love with Rod and his dick "went in the wrong way".  Tami felt the wind knocked out of her and tried to catch her breath.  Her knees knocked together and she slouched forward.

 "That, I think, is the pressure of the tail plug against one of your ovaries," Figvee said.  "They say it's like a kick in the testicles, though of course no one really knows.  And now --"

 "Aieee!"  Tami's eyes popped open and she jumped and her back arched so that she was looking at the ceiling.

 "That was a kidney.  You see, Corky, I have total control.  That hard object deep within you is my stern hand, or my dick if you prefer.  You've signed away the next five years of your life.  You and your eventual master will reach some kind of understanding, humane of course, we screen carefully and we don't allow psychopaths into this life.  But until you are sold and officially transferred, you are under my name and you will submit to my control.  No ifs, ands or buts."

 Deep within Tami, the dildo bent back to where it was before.  The naked teenager sobbed and dropped to her knees.  Tears fell to the carpet.  "P - please .  .  .  please .  .  ."  In a pitiful choking voice she said, "I'm not Corky .  .  .  There's been a mistake .  .  .  please give me clothes .  .  .  clothes .  .  .  please .  .  ."  Unable to cover her face with her hands, the tears ran past her nose and onto her chin, from where they dripped to the carpet.

 Figvee said, "If you want to do this mistaken identity act, if that what makes this life important to you, then very well.  You'll just be guaranteed a rough time, some ponies like it that way.  And I will give you one concession.  If you don't like the name you chose, I'll give you another.  How about, 'Naked'?  It certainly fits."  He motioned to Hans and Burt.  "Take Naked away.  Throw out the Corky nameplate, the new one will say 'Naked'.  And of course I don't want a scrap of clothes on her, no shoes either.  Assign her the most arduous tasks.  Start with the weighted buggy and then bailing hay.  Bye, Naked."

 "Noooooo!"  The naked teenager's tearful pleas went for nought as she was picked up and pushed out of the office and down the hallway, out to the dirt square where a buggy was waiting.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 32**

"Use your head.  Think.  Wait for the right time and then act."  It was Rebecca, facing the wall, talking into the phone.  Another friend needed advice and had located her in Tami's room.

 No one heard her over the hubbub of cross-conversations in 207 Pilgrim Hall, where Princess Tami the Nude was holding court on this April evening, sitting cross-legged on top of her desk, giggling as she warded off the attacks of Rod, sitting in her chair, who was tickling her butt with Jeffrey Dillon's old lens cap brush.  That is, no one heard Rebecca with one exception.  For Tami's mind was actually not on Rod, but overhearing with sensitive ears the voice of Rebecca, which due to the angle of the echo bouncing off the dormitory wall, she could hear quite clearly.  And Rebecca's voice was always arresting.

 "Use your head.  Think.  Wait for the right time and then act."  Tami stood at obedient attention in front of the buggy to which she was harnessed, sweating in the hot late August sun after a long run, aware that everyone passing by her in the main square gave a good hard look at her sweating nakedness.  She tried not to think of her new name -- "Naked" -- engraved on the little necklace, probably the most expensive necklace she had ever worn, from the looks of it.  In fact everything about this place was expensive, and well thought out.  The harness around her shoulders and waist was of the softest leather and fit perfectly.  The food was excellent, Tami had eaten supper and today breakfast and lunch in the little dining area at the end of the stable, next to her two stable-mates, Carrie and Katie, though it was a silent meal.  Pony girls were not supposed to talk to each other, something she found out quickly when she settled into her straw bed last night and tried to tell Carrie that her name was really Tami Smithers and due to some mistaken identity she had gotten captured here against her will.  Burt quickly appeared on the scene and flayed her with a little multiple whip thing that didn't leave marks but stung like hell.

 He had heard Tami over the microphone attached to the video camera in their cell.  Every aspect of the ponies' lives was monitored.  It was like being a goldfish in a bowl, a total lack of privacy.  There were no showers; instead the ponies were hosed down in front of Burt and the other keepers, then shampooed and given toothbrushes, all in full view.  Even relieving themselves was done into a bucket in the bathing area, not in an enclosed bathroom.  Yet the ponies were well tended and well taken care of.  The food was excellent, they certainly were being exercised.

 Tami looked down at her toenails -- she had been given an expert manicure and pedicure this morning.  She could still make out the little suns she had carved in her nails a few weeks ago, and doing Britney songs in the sandstone desert.  That seemed so long ago now.

 She leaned onto one foot to scratch the back of her calf with her toenails, realizing how pony-like this motion was.  And she felt the huge, long plug shift deep within her.  It was indeed possible to run and work with this thing up into her colon, and she was aware of it every second.  It rubbed her intestines with each movement, her stretched sphincter feeling every little motion.  Her tail was by far the biggest and longest on the farm, she could feel it tickle her heels as she trotted.

 At least the others had leathers and boots they put on after showering.  Tami had nothing, not a scrap, and went around in total nakedness except for "wearing" this monster inside her.  She overheard the instructions often -- "Keep Naked away from any clothes or shoes, not a stitch, ever" -- and really hated that name, Naked.  Worse, she had found herself answering to it.  It was childish, like in grade school when someone said "Hey stupid!" and laughed when you turned.  Yet she had to concede that of all possible names, it was the most descriptive.

 She wondered about these pony girls, and as she continued to sweat under the hot sun, waiting for someone to either unhitch her or get into the buggy for another ride, she looked out at the fields, the pony girls tending to the crops, and then looked back at the mansion.  This whole scene was so creepy.  She saw the cornerstone of the mansion -- MDCCCXLIV.  She shook her head and looked at the fields again, thinking of her boyfriend's great-great-grandparents toiling in the hot sun like that, in fields very much like these -- not pampered and well fed, but cruelly abused and enslaved.  Playing slavery seemed to her like a sick idea.  A couple of the pony girls were black -- how could they live with themselves?  How did they sleep at night?

 "You can't control what turns you on."  Rebecca said that once, after being asked in a teasing way by Mandy as to whether Moses would have tried to free any Hebrews from Egypt who just happened to like being submissives.  She also remembered what Rod said at a BSA meeting once, during one of his disagreements with Lenny Jones.  "We can't be slaves to the past."  Well .  .  .

 She had to concede a brute business logic to the whole pony girl enterprise.  These women had signed a contract in which both sides found benefit.  The men, or whoever would "buy" them at the auction, got a pony girl for five years, something which turned the girls on too.  The farm got the auction proceeds.  And at the end of five years, a big nest egg awaited the pony girl.  Too bad there was no nest egg for Tami.  It belonged to this girl Corky -- had she escaped and bilked these folks out of half a million dollars?  Yet Corky could hardly have counted on them finding a naked girl at the same time.

 A naked girl who, Tami realized, seemed very much like one of those rare, legendary, almost-extinct naked pony girls.  She could understand why Figvee didn't believe her story.  And her endurance was obviously unusual, in drawing the biggest buggy around, and then pulling a plow, her bare feet pressing deep into the rich black earth while a group of handlers watched.  She knew herself a special prize, and she was viewed and discussed wherever she pulled the buggy.  Her firm muscles were felt up, her legs stretched out and apart on command, her feet pulled up and pressed as everyone commented on her tough soles.  That everyone was impressed with her only seemed to make it worse.  Alone of all the ponies, she didn't want to be looked at.  She was the most modest of the them, and the only one who didn't want to be here.  And the only one who had to be naked!

 She decided not to cower.  When she first drew the buggy she had covered her breasts and her pussy, but she felt silly and she needed the pumping action of her arms to get traction and speed.  Cowering just made the feelings of shame worse.  And there was something else which allowed her to keep her sanity and keep her going and alert and watchful.  She was Princess Tami the Nude -- a proud, beautiful naked princess, whose country had been invaded and who had been captured by the enemy kingdom across the sea.  Her enemies had exploited her imprisonment, forcing her to draw buggies and work in the fields, and probably thought her nakedness a special bonus, as her exertions were photographed and videotaped for the amusement of the local populace and for distribution throughout the world as a symbol of her country's humiliation.  "Princess Tami -- now a naked work horse," the captions read.

 But she was not defeated.  She was Princess Tami, and as for nakedness, that did not faze her in the least, for she had been naked since birth.  She would hold her head up and be a proud example for her countrymen.  They would see the photos and see that she was not cowering, an inspiration that would prop up their hopes to eventually win the war and get her back.

 She stayed sane, and stayed alert.  "Use your head.  Think.  Wait for the right time and then act."  This was not a crazy place, she told herself, it was a logical place.  Even Figvee's cruelty to her was logical, he didn't want pony girls being unruly while being processed for prospective buyers.  As she thought about it, she realized that everything that had been done to her during her year of nakedness was somehow logical and easy to explain.  The Dean wanted her to confess because streakers were supposed to be expelled.  Dr.  Harridance was doing serious research.  McMasters wanted to make money on his sex toys.  Jackson Dyle was playing games that he thought she had consented to.  Only her original tormentors, Henry Ross and Wanda, were being sadistic just for the hell of it.

 She wondered briefly about Wanda.  Not that she cared anything for Wandabitch, who had abused her so much, but she remembered when Wanda and McMasters had said good-bye to her at Brian Cook's place.  Wanda looked like she had seen a ghost.  Strange for her.  .  .

 Another impeccably dressed person walked down the mansion steps and right past Tami.  This one was a woman, maybe 30 years old.  Tami looked down and saw the nice shoes and nylons and black skirt pass in front of her bare feet and legs, stained with sweat and dirt.  Again Tami gulped and suppressed her feelings of longing and shame.  She couldn't be distracted by these feelings.  She had to watch and pick her time to act.  She stayed still, hands down at her side in spite of her intense urge to cover herself, and tried to listen to snatches of conversation from people going in and out of the big antebellum mansion.

 Though Figvee did not believe her, she got the feeling he was not the big boss.  She had to get to the higher-ups.  If they began to doubt that she was here willingly, they would certainly let her go -- and with a change of clothes.  She knew there was powerful evidence against her but she had to keep trying.  And Princess Tami had dedicated her life to her people -- she wasn't going to let them down now.

 Of course, she had already made attempts.

 There were the gynecological and rectal exams this morning, a routine processing task but a special attraction with a pony girl who was naked.  An impersonal but thoroughly humiliating experience on a table surrounded by Burt and the other keepers while a doctor inserted a speculum into her pussy and opened it up for everyone's view, then did the same with another speculum into her anus.  Being well-opened by the tail, she provided a good show for everyone.  She shut her eyes and tried not to hear the comments as her innermost cavities were discussed and prodded.  Instead she kept telling them over and over.  "My name is Tami Smithers.  My -- uhh! -- name is T - tami Smithers.  I was captured.  Th - there's -- oooff -- been a mistake."

 But her pleas were to no effect; evidently Figvee had notified everyone of this pony girl's little "act".

 Then there was the big review after lunch, when all the ponies stood at attention in their leathers (except for the naked one) in front of their cells as Figvee walked past them with Hans and a stern-looking woman in a man's suit, evidently Figvee's boss.  The ponies all had their "tails" on.  "On auction day I want all the ponies on the stand in their best leathers," Figvee said to Hans, evidently as a way of impressing the stern woman.  He stopped in front of Tami and with his little baton flicked at one nipple and then the other.  "All except this one, not a stitch on her," he said, then he used the baton to stir around in the motionless girl's public hair.  Finally he looked down.  "Nothing on her feet either."

 As they passed to the next pony Tami, still holding her pose, said, "My name is Tami Smithers.  I don't want to be here.  There's been a mistake."

 A quick cut to her left butt cheek with the whip-like baton.  The naked girl gritted her teeth and gasped but successfully suppressed a scream.  As she flinched she felt the huge plug move in her rectum, but then she stood up straight and recovered her composure.  The three reviewers went on, Tami hoping that her declaration had had some effect on the stern woman, at least.

 After waiting in the hot sun the naked, sweating pony was called into service again and gave another ride, to three people this time.  When her tasks were finished she was hosed and toweled.  Then dinner with the other ponies.

And now there was the stroke of luck, the pencil and little pad of post-its on the table in the stable hallway.  She made sure that she was last in line as the ponies were led back to the stable after dinner.  A quick press down and the pencil snapped in two.  She threw the rest of the pencil under the table, where it got lost in straw, and grabbed a few post-its off the pad.  The pencil stub in one hand, the post-its in the other, unseen because her hands were casually closed.

 She pretended to sleep, then when all was still and the lights were out except the nightlights in the hallway, she wrote quickly and, bracing her cuffed hand against the wall, stretched her legs out as far as she could, so that her dexterous toes could wrap around and press against the outer molding of the door.

 It was there for anyone to see, the keepers who made the rounds at midnight and then again at 3 a.m.  and 6 a.m.

 HELP!
MY NAME IS TAMI SMITHERS
Date of Birth: 7/27/82
SS No.  555-2-7899
167 Donelson St.
Providence, RI 02908
I'm a student at Campbell-Frank College
South Lowell, VT
HELP! I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE!

When she woke up in the morning and the ponies were taken out for hosing, she saw that the post-it was gone.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 33**

Out on the lower field, a small group of keepers had gathered under an old pear tree, looking up.  They were all ages, all dressed in the keepers' gray uniforms, most of them sweating in the Georgia sun.  Mostly men, but a good number of them women, some puffing on cigarettes, flicking the ashes onto the furrowed ground that had so recently been worked by ponies pulling plows.  A few buggies waited nearby, the leathered and booted ponies obediently standing at attention in their harnesses.

 The keepers were looking up at a naked girl, or more precisely looking right up into the open pussy of a naked girl, as she straddled two limbs on wide-spread, tough bare feet, working the long pruning lopper to finish cutting off the last of the dead branches.  They admired the finely-toned, evenly tanned body, covered with a sheen of dirt-stained sweat, the working of the abdominal and arm muscles, the jiggling of the firm breasts as the bit chewed away at the branch, the long, florid tail behind, gracefully waving back and forth with every motion of the muscles deep inside her.  This pony named "Naked", a special pony who went through life in this natural state.  All could see the wisdom of the standing order that this pony never be provided with a stitch of clothing or shoes.  It would seem so out of place on Naked, like ruining a fine painting with a crayon.

 Naked's face betrayed no emotion.  In fact the situation had bad associations for her, but she focused on her task as if unaware of the many stares shooting like arrows at her nakedness and up into her open pussy.  When the branch was about to fall the keepers got out of the way.  Naked watched, the long lopper in one hand, wiping the sweat from her face with the other, her breasts tightly swaying a little, as with a loud crack the big dead branch separated from the tree and fell to the dirt.  The naked pony threw the lopper down then jumped onto the ground, her tail flying up behind her.  She hefted the big branch onto her shoulder and picked up the lopper and began her trek across the field as she had been instructed.  Some of the keepers followed her, the rest got back into their buggies and went off.  It was a strange parade across the field, led by Naked, sweating as she carried the heavy branch and the lopper, her tail swishing back and forth with the sway of her hips.

 When she had put the branch in the big pile and put the lopper into the shed, Keeper Edmund led her to the hosing platform.  Her arms and legs were free, but escape was impossible on these well-patrolled acres so she simply walked behind him.  A circle of keepers watched as she was hosed down and then obediently stretched herself out into an "X" so that she could be toweled front and back.  Then her arms were bound behind her, not with linked elbows, but in the less severe manner, forearms crossed.

 "Hey Naked!" It was Burt.

 Naked turned around, then hated herself for doing so.

 "Go to the mansion, conference room C."  Burt and Edmund looked at each other, Burt shrugging.  And for the first time, the girl's face showed a hint of animation.

 .  .  .  .

 Tami felt ridiculous and insolent walking up the front steps of the mansion, naked, arms tied behind her back, this horrid tail tickling the backs of her legs.  She knew herself out of place as she passed the people in business suits, and the occasional keeper, most of them making no effort to hide their interest in her nakedness.  Yet she pushed back the shame and tried to stoke her sense of anticipation of something good about to happen.  For she had not been punished for putting up that post-it; it meant someone had read it and taken it seriously.  And she was relieved.  She had waited on tenterhooks, obediently doing her chores, for a day and a half now, dreading the approach of that horrible auction, only two days away.

 She got to the big front doors and didn't know how to get in.  There were big handles but she had no hands to grab them with.  There was no doorbell either.  She figured she should just wait here until someone passed through.  Minutes went by and no one came.  She looked back out across the fields and the women hard at work and once again thought of Rod's ancestors.  She would be glad to get out of this place.  Maybe there was nothing wrong with it nowadays but it was not a place for Tami Smithers.  She was intensely aware of that big plug way up in her colon that moved with every little motion she made, constantly reminding her of her degraded status.

 She got impatient.  She turned around and tried to grab a handle with her fingers, but her hands were turned at the wrong angle.  Finally she decided to use her feet.  Bracing herself on one foot, she lifted her leg up and out and looped her toes around the handle.  After hopping a bit to get a better leverage she managed to pull the door open, the muscles in her concave tummy and her inner thigh tightening with the effort, feeling her stretched sphincter tighten around the tail plug.  Just then a couple of men walked out, startled to see a naked girl's widely spread crotch, with the transparent curtain of the tail below, no doubt thinking this was the farm's novel way to hold the door open for them, yet surprised at the sight.  They stood and looked at her, up and down, and said "Thank you" and went on down the steps.

 Tami slipped into the mansion and found herself standing open-mouthed in amazement at the big marbled rotunda in front of her, the huge Greek columns.  She remembered something she had read from a history book about colonial days.  "The Southern aristocracy had become used to a life of comfort and pampered privilege that men from Rhode Island or Massachusetts found almost bizarre."  Indeed.  Yet as she took in a second sight she saw that nowadays this was a place of business and activity.  People were walking here and there, glancing at her as they passed.  There were rooms to the left and right.  A carpet led straight across the rotunda floor to a hallway.  Wishing everyone would go away so that there would be no one to watch, she felt the carpet beneath her feet and began her journey walking naked right through the middle of the great mansion, vaguely remembering a dream where she was a naked peasant girl walking through a palace past watching lords and ladies.  With every step the plug deep in her colon shifted and rubbed.  She dearly wished her arms were not tied behind her, but free to cover her breasts and pussy.

 She didn't know where conference room C was, of course, and she got to the end of the hall without seeing it.  She had to ask someone.  She cleared her throat and asked a woman in black who didn't seem quite as stern as the others.  The woman pointed the room out to her.  "That is a lovely tail, Naked," she said, looking quickly at Tami's name plate.  Before she went on her way she had Tami turn around and then she touched the colorful long hairs, picking them up and feeling them.  Another woman came by to admire the tail.  Tami could not help blushing, knowing the women were looking at her stretched sphincter hugging the tail plug, and felt the minute vibrations deep within her transmitted from the touching of her tail hairs.

 Conference room C.

 Tami couldn't open the doorknob.  Hoping she wasn't being too crass, she turned and thudded on the door with a heel, feeling more like a horse than ever, or like a dog scratching a door so her master would hear her and let her in.

 It was a long polished wood table with a telephone on it.  There were paintings of horses on the walls, a long credenza with nothing on it except a fax machine.  Sitting behind the table were three men and one woman, all well into middle age, all impeccably dressed.  The oldest man had a folder in front of him.  "Hello, Naked," he said in a condescending voice.  They all looked at the teenage girl's nakedness from head to bare toes.  One whispered to another.  "Amazing tone."

 Tami stood facing them, wishing she could bring her arms around to cover herself.  There was no chair on her side, not that she would be able to sit with the tail on.  She would have to stand, and she decided to do so with her shoulders back and unbowed.  "My name is Tami Smithers."

 "So you say," the older man said.  "We don't usually compliment ponies, but let me say that you are exceptionally beautiful."  Which made Tami want to scream.

 There was a silent moment while the older man opened the folder and put on half-lensed reading glasses.  "It says here your name is Amaryl Summers, with Corky as your chosen stable name.  You are 5 feet 5, Caucasian, 110 pounds."

 Tami wished she could see inside that folder.  "No, my name is Tami Smithers.  There's been a mistake."

 The older man held up the post-it that was stuck in the folder.  "This address and personal information was found stuck to your cell door.  Is this you?"

 "Yes."  Tami stood in her erect nakedness, wishing the others weren't devouring her body with their eyes.

 He looked over his glasses.  "Well we don't believe you."

 Tami was ready for this.  "How would I know to make that up? That's a real address and a real Social Security number."

 "Yes, but the question is, are they yours?"

 Tami gulped and wondered if giving them her home address wasn't a mistake.  The last thing she wanted was her parents to know of her dire distress.  She had been careful to call them every couple of weeks from pay phones when she found a chance.  The last time was outside an abandoned gas station two weeks ago.  She had kept up the lie about helping a professor with research, and her mother and father sounded reassured.  It was the first time she had been traveling on her own and they were glad to hear her voice.  She missed them, just as she missed everything about her life with her friends, a good life even in spite of having to be naked.

 But to get back to her loved ones she had to fight.  "You have to believe me," she said, facing her four questioners, her nipples sticking out at them as if accusing them.

 "Well we don't," the woman said.  "We think you got this information from another person, Miss Summers.  And we also think you've arranged to hide your stipend money."

 "No!"  Tami thought about what she was going to say next.  She remembered that fax in the post office in Arizona.  Calling the police was a sure ticket to a mental hospital and expulsion.  But here she was about to be auctioned off into a life of bondage for five years.  She felt the plug deep within her, a symbol of her plight that rankled her constantly.  She just had to expel it.  She thought of Jackson Dyle and his constant offers for her to call the police.  Surely nobody in a consensual game would deny such a call.  Perhaps it was the way out that Figvee had referred to.  She cleared her throat.

 "I insist that you let me call the police."

 And was met with laughter.

 "Surely you know better than THAT, Miss Summers!" the woman said.

 "My name is Tami Smithers!" the increasingly desperate naked girl said.

 The older man waited for quiet and then said, "Assuming for a moment that you are this Tami Smithers, you must understand that in an enterprise like this the police can never be called.  We handle all things within the industry."

 Tami detected a ray of hope.  "I really AM Tami Smithers."

 The old man said, "Well then, do you mind if we call your parents?"

 "No!  Don't do that!"

 "Why not?  If they really are your parents you shouldn't mind."

 Tami looked at the telephone and thought of her parents' reaction.  To have a call coming in from a strange person from across the county asking to confirm that this really was their daughter.  Their dear Tami in trouble, far away.  Her parents would not be able to help and would panic with worry.  Possibly thinking she was in the hands of a kidnapper or rapist.

 "I don't want them to worry about me."  It was the truth.

 The older man looked at her, almost as if convinced.  Then he got another paper from the folder.  "We have looked into that address, and there is a Smithers family there.  Also a John Smithers who has incorporated a hardware store nearby."  He pushed the paper to Tami's side of the table.  "The store has a phone and a fax.  I'd like you to look at this."

 Tami bent over a bit to read it, feeling the plug shifting deep in her colon.

 By fax -- (401) 555-5299:
To John Smithers:
Dear Daddy:
Help me.  I'm being kept as a naked slave on a plantation in Georgia.  I haven't worn any clothes in months and I have to walk around with a "tail" implanted in my butt and pull carriages around like a horse.  They won't let me leave.  I'm trapped.  In a few days I'll be sold at an auction and taken somewhere overseas.  They'll let me go if you call.  Please call me! (333) 555-8080.
Tami

 Tami's eyes opened wide.  "No! No!"  Then watched in horror as the woman snatched the paper away and placed it in the fax machine!

 A few buttons were pushed.  Then the woman placed her finger over the "send" button as the blood drained from the naked teenager's face.

 "Well should we send this?" the older man said.  "It's the truth, after all."

 "NO!" the naked girl shrieked.  "That would -- he'd -- NO!  Please don't!"

 The older man shrugged nonchalantly.  "Why not?  If he's your father, it seems like something he ought to know."  The others sat there watching the naked girl with stone faces.

 "No!" Tami said, watching the woman's finger on the button.  "NO!"

 Now a second horror appeared -- Figvee's joystick, put on the table by one of the other men.

 "OWW!"  Tami doubled over in pain as one of her ovaries was punched by the end of the plug.  Now the other side was hit.  "OWW!"

 "Well, how about now?" the older man said.  "Send the fax?"

 "No!  Aieeee!"  Tami screamed with agony.  Tears came from her eyes and she dropped to her knees.  "Please .  .  .  no .  .  ."

 "We'll keep at it until you convince us you're for real and say yes," the older man said, and signaled to the man with the joystick.

 Another hit to each ovary.  "Aieeee! .  .  .  OWWW!! .  .  ."  Tami dropped to the carpet and curled up to the extent she could with her arms tied behind her back.  The pain was agonizing and would not stop.  "No .  .  .  please .  .  ."  Blow after blow hit her in her internal organs, a deep pain unlike any she had ever experienced.  She writhed and screamed and screamed.

 "Well?" the older man said.

 "No -- AIEEEE!!!" Tami was writhing on the floor, whimpering, tears running from her cheeks.  "No .  .  .  no .  .  .  please .  .  .  no.  .  .Mom .  .  .  Dad .  .  .  I won't .  .  ."  Deep in her mind she knew that God would save her from this, that he would not force her to agree to this terrible thing to do to her parents.

 Left, right, left, right.  Blow upon blow.  "AAAHHHHH!!  AIEEEE!!!  OWWWW!!!"  She broke into a full body sweat, clenched her teeth so hard it seemed like they would crack.  She screamed over and over, wordlessly, calling to God, calling to anyone!  She feared she was permanently injured.  In fact these were only slight taps that would do no damage, but slight taps can be excruciating on such a place.

 Then suddenly there was nothing.  She took deep breaths, quiveringly hoping it was over.  "Oh .  .  .  God .  .  ."  She was covered with cold sweat.

 The woman took the paper out of the fax and sat down with the others.  They watched as the suffering naked pony slowly turned onto her knees, her forehead on the carpet.  She looked like she was praying.  Then she started sobbing.

 "You can get up now, Naked," the older man said.

 Her tummy still quivering, Naked planted one bare foot onto the carpet, then the other, and stood up with great effort, still sobbing, bent over, tears streaming down her face.

 "Go back to your cell and rest.  Your tasks will resume after dinner," the older man said.

 Tami gulped, not being able to speak.  She staggered out.

 The others sat around for a while in silence.

 The older man closed the folder.  "She's convinced me," he said.

 "That was rough," one of the men said.

 "Just taking a page from King Solomon," the older man said.  "We had to be sure.  Well, I'm sure."

 The man with the joystick said, "It remains a fact that she was found naked near the grounds right after the delivery van reported a missing girl.  And she has the body of a naked pony.  So how did that happen?"

 "I don't know how, but I feel comfortable with the conclusion that she is indeed here by mistake," the older man said.

 The woman said, "She's one of the great ones, a rare find.  She might set a record at auction."

 "I'd say eight figures, easily."  another man said.

 "I know it's tempting, but we simply can't even think about that.  The stakes here are very high," the older man said.

 "As is the danger to the enterprise, if any girl who wants to memorizes someone else's vital stats and pulls a mistaken identity act.  It's not just the lost stipends, it's the assurances to the buyers."

 "She just got a bunch of hits to the ovaries.  That's like a bunch of hits to the balls," the older man said.  "It was cruel as hell, not that we had much of a choice.  Only the hardest masters would do something like that to a pony.  And she wouldn't give in.  A girl who was making it all up would have said, sure, fax that letter to this John Smithers guy, just stop the torture."

 "For half a million, maybe I'd have my balls punched around for a few seconds too," the man with the joystick said.

 "I say, we err on the side of caution," the older man said.  "For years I've tried to make sure this was a clean operation.  We absolutely can't get into a situation with fallout where we're lumped in with the Tyler crowd."

 Tension was heavy in the air.  Then the woman said, "We should get some documentation in case investments start pulling out.  Some showing that she told us a story and we had good reason to believe her."

 The older man said, "Yes, you're probably right.  Maybe a statement?"

 "Ha!" the man with the joystick said.  "Anyone can sign a statement.  Especially when she has every reason to lie."

 The older man thought.  "The statement has to be made in a way that shows that it's true."

 The woman said, "Let me work on it.  .  .  I'll make some calls."

 "Well, you're the one who's patched in," the older man said.

 .  .  .  .

 After rest and dinner, Naked plied her tasks in misery.  She dropped to her bed of straw on the verge of tears.  Behind their silent faces, Carrie and Katie seemed to understand.  Their eyes were full of pity and sympathy.

 The next morning, after breakfast and hosing down, when the ponies were lined up to receive their tails, Naked was told to wait in her cell.  She would not be given a tail today.

 She waited, lying on the straw, glad that she no longer ached inside.  Then at eleven o'clock she was summoned to conference room C again.  No binding was put on her.

 Suddenly feeling that fate was about to shine on her, she roused herself from her depression and felt a lightness in her step as she walked, naked and unbound, across the grounds to the mansion steps, glad she was not wearing a tail, glad her rectum and colon were hers again.  And now -- !

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 34**

The naked teenager with the all-over tan and tough, strong body bounded up the steps to the great mansion, feeling shame as always at being the center of attention, and also remembering the fullness of that horrible tail plug with which she had been pierced, and the pain she had been subjected to, but also feeling that her ordeals were over.  Not having been given a tail today, apparently excused from all tasks -- these were cruel people, but they must have decided that she was not a pony after all.

 At the same time she was worried about the insight she had had last night.  Seeing the look in Carrie's and Katie's faces, not allowed to speak, as they lay on the straw in their leather bikinis and boots.  She went to sleep thinking about Rod's great-great-grandparents.  Then she woke and realized that none of these ponies looked happy.  If someone was turned on by the idea of being a pony girl, and was going to end up with half a million dollars, you'd think at least some of them would show that they were enjoying it.  But none were.

 Maybe these women were escaping messed-up lives.  Maybe they were poor and needed the money, maybe not for themselves, but for their families.  This last seemed the most likely.  The teenager considered herself still to have seen very little of the world, and was unsure about whether she was imagining things.  But the distinct possibility gave Tami a new perspective on this place.  It was still, as it was in 1844, a sad place that survived on the hard work of people who didn't want to be there.  And there was something else.  If this was part of a network of wealthy sex gamers, like she had caught a glimpse of in California, well, she had gotten a sense of what rich young women looked like, from seeing Jen, Muffy, some of her other friends at college, and Kelly in California.  None of these ponies looked like rich women.

 In spite of her happiness for herself, these thoughts still weighed down on her as she ascended the steps.  And then as she reached for the handle on the big front door she had a quick thought, of that note they were going to fax to her father's hardware store.  She didn't like the idea that that note even existed.  She was going to ask them for it so she could personally rip it up!

 Facing the big rotunda, she braced her nudity for a final walk through the halls of authority in her naked life.  No sense in cowering.  I'm Princess Tami, internationally known captive, walking to meet my jailers, cruel people who may have decided to release me.  I will meet them and accept freedom but without undue thanks.  She threw her shoulders back and padded down the carpet with her head held high, arms at her sides.  Though people stopped to look at her -- ponies, let alone naked girls, were apparently not common sights here -- she nodded politely at them and went on as if unaware that she was naked, or as if being naked was natural and ordinary.

 Conference room C.

 She opened the door, steeling herself to once again stand naked before sitting questioners.  But now there was only the older man, dressed in a tuxedo.  He exuded power and sophistication and money.  He had everything that Tami didn't.  The naked teenager looked at him up and down to his shiny black shoes and felt so weak and vulnerable in her total nudity.  She had the urge to cower and cover herself.  But then she straightened her shoulders again.  Princess Tami.

 Instead of the stern expression from before, now he had a kind smile which reminded her a little of Brian Cook's.  "Welcome, Miss Smithers.  "My name is Taft McNamee."  He offered his arm.  "Come with me, my dear."

 The naked teenager was having none of it.  She wanted to smack him but knew that she was still dependent on his good will.  So she nodded with a stone face and said, "O.K., let's go."  He seemed unsurprised by her reaction.

 He led her out to the hallway and up some stairs.  They arrived at an elegant marble foyer.  Tami felt the cool marble under her bare feet and heard the sounds of Mr.  McNamee's shoes as they walked across to a marble staircase with a red carpet.  Sounds of people coming from above.  Tami felt like asking for clothes.  They ascended the stairs.

 Big doors opened and Tami's eyes widened with surprise.  "Lords and ladies, this is Miss Tami Smithers."  She blushed all over -- she was facing maybe thirty men and women, all exquisitely dressed, the men in tuxedoes, the women in long gowns.  It was a big sunny room with a skylight.  The far wall was just one big window, silhouetted by serving trays and caterers.

 Tami's first urge was to cover herself with her hands and run.  But she knew how to handle public nudity by now.  She stuffed the shame into the back of her mind.  Seeing everyone waiting for her, she walked into the middle of the circular space they created and stood there silently, expressionless, concentrating on keeping her hands relaxed at her sides as people clustered from every direction, admiring her magnificent tanned nakedness.

 "My you are a fine specimen."

 "Your training has been rigorous.  Look at the definition in her gluteal muscles, Hal."

 "Such firm breasts.  See, they don't need a bra if they're worked hard enough.  I think naked ponies should be back in style."

 Tami let people look at her, and let them press their well-informed fingers into her firm muscles here and there.  Then she turned to her host and whispered, "Mr.  McNamee, sir, can I talk to you?"

 They were in the foyer.  "I am NOT a pony!  You know that!  Let me out of this place!  And give me some clothes!" The naked teenager was furious and stamped her bare foot on the marble floor.  That he could see her bare breasts shaking with her rage made her madder still.

 "Yes, I'm convinced there was a mistake, but Miss Smithers, you are not out of the woods yet."  He had a tight smile.  "I'm not the only power here.  We want to take a statement from you.  In the meantime you are still officially a naked pony.  I suggest you continue to play that role.  I've arranged things to be easy until the, uh, process is completed.  Or do you want that tail in you again?"

 Tami winced as she remembered the pain of being knocked around inside.  She stood up to the older man, fists at her side.  "You are mean.  What you did to me was bad and you should be arrested.  And the other people too."

 "I had to do it to test you, dear."  He unfolded a paper from his pocket.  It was the note to her father that had almost been faxed.  "If you want you can destroy -- "

 He was in mid-word when the naked girl grabbed the paper and ripped it up, her breasts jiggling, and threw it onto the floor.  Then she stamped on the pieces, a ridiculous gesture in bare feet.  A couple of those pieces stuck between her toes, unnoticed, as she said, "You were going to be mean to my dad, too.  How could you do such a thing?"

 "Much is at stake.  We run a far-flung and lucrative business.  As you can see for yourself."  He turned his hand as if showing her the luxurious foyer for the first time.  "Millions of dollars go in and out of here every month."

 "This is a bad business.  Those poor women .  .  ."

 "They all agreed to it, dear."

 She looked him in the eye.  "Really?"

 "Do you want to see a sample contract?" Mr.  McNamee unfolded another piece of paper from his envelope.

 Tami grabbed it and started reading with intense curiosity.  It was only a single page.  The gist of it was: I agree to submit to the wishes of my masters for five years from the date of this agreement.  I understand that I will be physically well cared for.  I understand that servitude will involve heavy physical labor and bodily intrusions but no permanent injury or disfigurement.  I also understand that I may be transported across state and international boundaries.  Upon acceptance of this agreement a sum of $500,000 will be placed in an account with, etc.  etc.

 What caught her attention was the words "Star Spangled Banner".  "I understand that if at any time I want to revoke this agreement, I will hum 'The Star Spangled Banner'.  Upon such humming the following steps will be taken: a statement under oath, etc., etc."

 Tami's eyes turned red with deep hurt and she stifled a laugh at the same time.  Fate had played a joke on her.  She remembered Jackson Dyle's reference to the Star Spangled Banner.  All she had to do was hum that song and she would have been free of him, and with clothing too.  Or she could have hummed it here and been on her way out, again with clothes.  Yet it seemed so stupid, so childish, hence the laugh.

 Part of her wanted to thank Mr.  McNamee for showing her this contract.  She understood so much more now.  But he didn't deserve her thanks.  She gave the contract back to him and said, "Those women don't look happy."

 The older man shrugged.  "What is in their heads, only they know.  But they sign the contract and after five years they are well off.  It's an honest business."

 "I don't think it's right."  Tami tried to think of why.  "I think you're taking advantage of them."

 "Dear, half a million dollars."

 Tami realized again that she had been having this entire conversation naked.  She resisted the urge to cover herself with her hands.  But she did say, "Can't I have clothes now?"

 "No."  Mr.  McNamee seemed impatient.  "Let's go back, shall we?"

 Tami forced herself to once again walk naked into the elegant gathering, and figured it would be a good idea to be a little friendly.  She wouldn't smile, but nodded and engaged in polite conversation.

 "How long have you been naked, dear?"

 "Almost a year."

 "The constant exposure to sun and air give your skin a lovely glow."  "Thank you."  Again Tami wanted to scream with frustration.  And these people were really starting to make her sick.  She looked out the big window at the plantation, the ponies in the distance pulling buggies and picking vegetables.  And here were these rich, idle people, so insufferable.  A horrid thought came to her.  Were these the buyers for the "auction"?  And were they examining the merchandise?  Was she going to be "on sale"?  Mr.  McNamee said she wasn't out of the woods yet --

 It was then, in the jumble of these rushing and unpleasant thoughts, that she saw a familiar face, standing back near the buffet table, in her lawyer's professional suit, sipping a diet soda.  Mrs.  Wickland!

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 35**

The naked girl's reaction was complicated.  Relief, quickly followed by suspicion.  When the constant attention to the naked pony had died down a bit Tami went over to the table next to the lawyer.  She accepted a ginger ale from the ogling bartender and looked at her.

 "Hello," the lawyer said back, smoothing the front of her jacket.

 Tami was guarded.  "Hello, Mrs.  Wickland."

 "Sarah.  And I keep telling you, I'm not a 'Mrs.'  I've come to help you."

 "Oh."  Tami noticed the lawyer's glance at her nipples and almost drew her arm up to cover her breasts.  Then remembered that this lady had connections to the college and Tami had to get back to her "unintentional nudist" pose.  It seemed so long ago.  Uh - oh -- ever since Tami had been stuck here she'd been asking for clothes.  Did Mrs.  Wickland know this?

 "Let's go out to the terrace, Tami," Sarah Wickland said.  Tami followed her out.  It was sunny and the polished terrazzo was warm under Tami's feet.  They looked out to the fields.

 "A remarkable place you wandered into," Sarah Wickland said.  "The college has been looking for you, you know."

 Tami wanted to say, "I know," but decided that the less Mrs.  Wickland knew, the better.

 "I have certain .  .  .  connections.  These people brought me here as a neutral party to take a statement from you."

 "About what?"  Tami walked up to the railing and looked out, idly twisting her big toe against the terrazzo.  This way Mrs.  Wickland could see her backside but not her breasts or pussy.

 "Just to account for who you are and how you got here and how you were mistaken for a pony.  They don't want to set a precedent for other girls to get out.  They want to establish that this was an exceptional situation."

 "I thought these women were here voluntarily," Tami said resentfully, feeling the sun on her butt, looking at the captive women toiling below.

 "Well, yes.  But in this case someone made off with five hundred thousand dollars."

 This Amaryl Summers, Tami mused.  Probably spent it all buying clothes.

 Tami turned to face Sarah.  "Can't I just sign this statement and go?"

 "No, it has to be under oath, at deposition."

 "At what?"

 "I'll ask questions and you answer them.  A stenographer takes it all down."  At seeing the naked girl's eyes flash, the lawyer said, "Don't worry, dear, I won't ask anything having to do with your religion or your relationship to Campbell - Frank College.  I know you don't trust me on that subject so I'll stay away from it.  And after the deposition when you get released, they'll give you a bundle of clothes, which I'm sure you'll throw right in the trash."  A quizzical smile.  "Of course, I'll be gone by then."

 Tami returned a gaze that she tried to make unreadable.  Then she thought about this deposition thing and sighed.  It sounded like something they do in a law office.  With everyone dressed up nice and her, still naked.

 Now her thoughts returned to what was bothering her.  "This is a bad place."

 Sarah Wickland paused, then said, "Yes, Tami.  It is."

 Tami looked at her with some surprise.  "Then why don't you do something about it?  Sue them or something!"  After all, that's what lawyers do.

 "It's not as easy as that.  There's really nothing I can do."

 Tami looked out at the ponies below and said, "You're a lawyer.  You're -- rich.  You have connections.  Can't you do something about it? What can I do to help you?"

 Sarah said, "These women consented to be pony girls.  They signed the contract."

 Tami decided it was O.K.  to cross her arms.  "So when do we do this deposition thing?"

 "This afternoon.  .  .  I suppose we should go back in now."

 Anyone could tell when the naked girl came back in that she was pissed off.  An unusual expression for a pony.  Yet the guests were too wrapped up in the advantages of naked ponies, they chatted and looked and touched.  Finally the naked girl had had enough.  Not seeing Sarah shaking her head in warning, Tami Smithers said, "Listen, listen!"

 Her mind was on automatic.  She got up on a chair.  "This is a bad place.  It's not right to tie women up and use them as horses.  And make them sleep on straw in a stable!"  She tried not to think of all the eyes staring right at her pussy, up at her breasts, her nipples erect as always, her breasts jiggling with each motion of her hands.  "This was always a slave place, and it's still a slave place.  It's a plantation!"  She looked at the scene outside the window.  "I just can't stand looking at those poor women out there.  My boyfriend's ancestors had to work out there like that.  Maybe in this exact plantation!  And you rich people .  .  . I know they signed a contract, but you are taking advantage of them!  I think they needed the money, or had no other place to go!"

 Tami put her hands down.  She remembered something Rebecca said once.  "Speak truth to power."  Well, she certainly had done that.  But she also felt like she had cooked her own goose.  She gulped, knowing herself totally on display, standing on a chair, her bare feet squirming against the fine leather.

 "So what do you want us to do about it, dear?" It was a woman in a red gown, perhaps 40 years old.  It was hard to tell if she was taking Tami seriously or thinking this was part of a staged game.

 The idea just popped into Tami's head.  "Let them talk to each other.  That way they won't be so scared."

 A man said, "Impossible, that would destroy the discipline.  They'd never get any tasks done if they were jabbering with each other all the time."

 Another man said, "You know how those ponies are.  Lazy by nature.  You have to keep on 'em all the time."

 Tami said, "Well how about just an hour a day.  Give them a space where they can get together and talk -- and with no cameras or hidden microphones either."

 It was at that point that Mr.  McNamee came over to Tami and took her arm.  "Come down, dear.  .  .  You must excuse her, this girl is not a full pony yet.  She's on a trial run, she hasn't yet made up her mind about the contract."

 He seemed to be squeezing the life out of her arm as he took her out to the foyer.  "My dear, what are you DOING?"

 Thinking she was in worse trouble now, Tami uttered a false apology.  "I'm sorry."

 "Do you want to get out of here or not?"

 Tami looked up at him, remembering the ordeal of the fax, remembering the pains in her gut.  Her anger gave her renewed courage.  "You can't keep me here.  You KNOW I never signed the contract."

 "No, but things can be made very uncomfortable for you until the processing is finished.  Remember, it's not all up to me."

 Tami went back to the party.  And went back to engaging in polite small talk, and let people turn her body to and fro and admire her muscle tone.  Oddly nobody mentioned her little outburst.

 She was taken away before the food was served.  It had filled her nostrils and she was hungry.  But now she had a feeling she was to be punished.

 Which was true.  She was taken to the front hall of the stable, where keepers and ponies were always going through, and tied to a strange device, a big wooden "X" on top of a table.  Evidently this was used to punish ponies by humiliating them.  It certainly had this effect on the modest girl, who had never agreed to be a pony, who desperately wanted clothes yet was forced to be naked.  She shut her eyes and tried to fight back tears as she heard the scraping and stomping of boots and knew herself being stared at as an example.

 She felt the warm summer breeze against her nipples, ruffling her pubic hair, and remembered how she had learned to enjoy the feelings of nature against her bare skin.  But now all she wanted was a sheet to cover herself with.  Or even just the degrading leathers and boots of the typical pony.  She was all bare breasts and pussy hair, a public exhibit, nothing more.  And she still had that necklace with the name tag -- "Naked."

 It was after maybe an hour that she was untied by Hans and given a dinner roll and some orange juice which she ate while Hans watched.  Then he led the naked girl back to the mansion.  He didn't take her up the front steps; they went in a back way.  In a maintenance hallway, Tami's bare feet on the grimy cold cement floor, they met up with Sarah Wickland.

 "Tami, we're about to go up to take your statement."

 Tami sighed.  "Finally.  I can't wait to get out of this place.  Everything about it disgusts me."  She meant it.  This whole day she had gotten more and more firm in her belief that the pony girls, even if they had signed a contract and would get money at the end, were just being taken advantage of.  She wished she could just set them all free.  Give them the money now, or at least a good part of it, and some regular clothes, so they could go back to their families and loved ones.

 "I've found out through some, shall we say, back-channel communications that in fact you don't have to give this statement.  You can refuse.  The way things are working, they want you out of here anyway."

 Tami's heart leaped.  Maybe making that little speech wasn't such a bad idea after all.  "So when can I go?"

 "Wait."  Sarah Wickland looked around as if to make sure the three of them were alone.  "As far as they know, you are under the impression you must still make a statement.  So I have a proposal.  I'd like you to submit to deposition anyway."

 "What?"

 "I thought about what you said.  And your idea about a talking time for ponies is a good one.  It certainly can -- alleviate some legal difficulties that this enterprise has always faced.  I want to tape this deposition and use it to force some changes."

 "Tape it?  Won't they know?  And what good will that do?"

 "My laptop has a hidden camera and microphone.  And this will not be an ordinary deposition."

 "What do you mean?"

 "They are going to make it .  .  .  difficult for you.  They won't torture you or hurt you, but it will be rough.  I'm not exactly sure what they have in mind.  They want some way to make sure that you're not lying under oath."

 The naked teenager was really puzzled now.

"It will be," Sarah said, lowering her voice a bit, "something that, if videotaped, can be used as, well, the only word for it is blackmail.  Disclosure of it to the wrong people would be fatal.  McNamee and the others will have no choice but to agree to changes that would make the pony life more humane."

Feeling the grime under her bare feet, the naked girl stood and thought.

 "Tami, I know you don't trust me, but this will help these poor women.  I won't blame you if you refuse to make the statement.  In my view you have been through a long, long ordeal, and the prospect of finally getting to wear clothes in a day or so must be all-consuming.  But think about what your statement will do.  I can use it to improve these ponies' lives, force changes that will make this enterprise less evil, more truly consensual."

 Tami didn't know what to think at first.  The idea of being videotaped naked was frightening.  What if the video got circulated? Could she really trust Mrs.  Wickland?  Yet this lawyer no doubt had access to all the photos and videos made at Chalfont, she already knew that from that meeting at Nina's law firm in California.  This could hardly be any worse.

 "I don't want a video of me going around."

 "I promise you, it will not be circulated.  The file will be burned burned onto CD.  It won't be copied."

 Tami gave a complicated look at this lawyer.  She really had nothing to lose.  Those Chalfont videos were already out.  And these people here knew she never signed the contract and would have to release her.  So why not make a statement to help these women?  Then she would be out of here -- and in clothes!

 Tami looked at Hans.  "What do you think?"

 "I have been at zis for a long time, and I zink it is more cruel than it has to be.  I like the idea of a free hour."  He was an expert in his narrow field of expertise, and there seemed an air of integrity about him.  Training and conditioning ponies, that didn't have to be cruel.  Maybe no more so than rich people who have a personal trainer.  Or so Tami imagined.  She suddenly had a vision that pony girl life could be humane and almost pleasant.  Sleeping in stables, drawing buggies -- yet having pony friends, the hard work is good exercise, a relief to have all your material needs provided for .  .  .

 Tami felt she needed time to assimilate all these thoughts.  But there was no time.  She closed her eyes and said a short prayer.  What should I do, God?

 Maybe she was being set up.  But her heart bled for these poor pony girl women.  And with Hans in on it, it seemed like Mrs.  Wickland was being for real.  After all, it was just taking a statement.

 "O.K., I'll do it."

 Almost before she finished saying it, Sarah Wickland was gone and Hans was taking her out to be hosed down and combed, the soles of her feet specially scrubbed.  He told her she was expected in conference room C.  In a few minutes the naked girl found herself once again with the hot sunshine on her backside, walking up the marble steps.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 36**

As she walked up to conference room C, Tami once more felt the cringing shame of someone who must walk naked into a setting of fine clothes and official proceedings and formality.  At the polished oak door she stood for a second, looking down at her bare toes, then glanced back at people walking by who were getting a full head to heel view of her nudity.  She knocked tentatively.  After no response, she knocked again.  Finally she turned the doorknob.

 Figvee was there, and Burt, and the man who had been working the joystick at that horrible session with the fax to her father.  She felt goose-bumps on her breasts and wanted to run.  But no, she steeled herself.  "Hello, Miss Smithers, so to speak," the joystick guy said.  "My name is Mr.  LaFleur, I will be representing the interests of the farm.  You've met Mr.  Figvee, I believe, and Burt."

 She nodded at them both as icily as possible, then her sight was arrested by what was on the left side of the table.  It looked like a scaffold of some type, steel bars going up almost to the ceiling, and extending both ways well out from the sides of the table.  Before Tami could think of running, Burt and Figvee pulled her over and began tying her to the structure.  Mr.  LaFleur spoke so that his voice could be heard over their labors.  "I apologize for the unusual setup, Miss Smithers, but we have our reasons."  When they were done with her Tami found herself spread-eagled in a bizarre kind of chair, arms tied out to the sides, legs spread and bent out in front of her like she was sitting, though her hips and butt were not touching anything.  She was elevated slightly over the table, as if on a perverted throne.

 "We will begin in a few minutes," Mr.  LaFleur said and then the three men were gone.  Tami closed her eyes and prayed.  So she would be forced to give testimony while naked and spread out so that everyone had a view of every inch of her.  Evidently they figured that if she could hide nothing physically, she wouldn't lie either.  She had to concede that it made sense.  She could half-remember a dream where she was in a courtroom and could do nothing to prevent herself from being sentenced to death because she was strapped into a kind of orgasm chair.  Well, this wasn't nearly as bad as that.  And she had been through worse.  But it would be cruelly shaming.  Please God .  .  .  help me through this .  .  .  I want to help those poor women out there .  .  .This won't last long .  .  .

 The door opened and Tami woke from her meditation.  She was expecting (and hoping for) Sarah Wickland, but it was Helga, the woman from Figvee's office who had pulled on her nipples.  She was in the same black suit and had the same evil smile.  She walked right up to Tami, suspended and stretched out in her mid-air sitting position, her eyes level with Tami's, and said, "Hello dear."  She smelled like cigarette smoke.  Tami had dated a guy in high school once who smoked, and nothing was grosser than kissing him.  Now this woman came over to give Tami a little peck on the cheek and the naked girl almost gagged.

 And then Helga hopped onto a little flat sheet of metal on the scaffold and positioned her high heels onto the bars below.  And closed her mouth around Tami's right nipple!

 "Ugh .  .  .  go away!" the naked girl said, struggling to escape her bonds, but she was tied far too well.  Meanwhile the woman began sucking, hands resting on some bars, seated in a perfectly relaxed position for her task.  She bit and teased the rapidly stiffening nipple with her teeth as the naked girl winced.  "Go AWAY!"  Tami's words had no effect, in fact they just seemed to encourage this sadist.

 Now another woman came in, in a short black skirt and white blouse and knee-high boots, hardly more than Tami's age, with hair dyed green and white.  Quickly, efficiently, without saying a word, she took her place at another seat that Tami realized to her horror was just on the other side, and with equal comfort leaned forward just a bit to apply powerful suction to Tami's other nipple.

 Tami gasped and took deep breaths.  She was repulsed and wanted to throw up on these horrible women.  And then, as if to punish her more, something else began to happen.  She hadn't had an orgasm in several days.  For someone with her sexual capacity this was a long drought.  With both nipples aggressively sucked, it was impossible for her desire not to be awakened.  It was loathsome, it was disgraceful, these women sucking her nipples while she was tied to a scaffold, but she felt the waves of horniness and the flush of her skin and, after a few more moments, the faint smell of her musk from below.

 She gritted her teeth and devoted her energies to resisting the rising tide of desire.  She closed her eyes and tried to imagine that her nipples were being stung by bees, scraped with sandpaper, pinched and twisted with pliers, unsexy things to someone like Tami Smithers who was not in any way a masochist.  It partly worked.  Then the click of the door as it opened again.  She couldn't help opening her eyes.

 It was another woman, middle-aged, trim, short hair flecked with gray, a wiry, lined face, in a green uniform that looked vaguely military.  Tami tried to control her shallow breathing as she waited for what this woman would do.  Maybe she was this stenographer person.  The naked girl's eyes opened wide as the woman squatted down and sat right in front of her wide open pussy.

 "NOOO!! -- ughh!"  The flat tongue, warm and wet, was disgusting against her pussy lips.  Tami tried with all her strength to close her legs.  The muscles and tendons in her inner thighs stood out like thick cords with the strain.  But of course closing her legs was impossible.  As if to mock her efforts, the middle-aged woman casually draped one hand over each thigh as she sat comfortably in position and applied her tongue to the naked girl's pussy.  Her tongue was pointed and skilled, poking in between the lower lips into the dark cave, then sweeping up to tickle the bottom of the clit which made the naked girl jolt.  Now the tongue flicked the clit up and down, up and down, faster and faster, pressing in with more and more force --

 The naked girl looked up in prayer, like Joan of Arc tied to the stake and feeling the fires licking at her.  Please God .  .  .  I don't want to come .  .  .  she breathed deeply to drive away the sensations that were beginning to flood her body.  Her concave tummy heaved in and out.  Her face was red.  Beads of sweat broke out on her forehead, over her breasts, on her shoulders.  .  .  Please God .  .  .

 It was with heavy-lidded eyes, too overwhelmed to react, that she saw the fourth woman walk in and go around to the rear.  "Akkkk!"  There was a seat back there too.  A fourth tongue had just jabbed against her butthole.  It noodled around, as skillful as Jen's, and slithered inside as its owner lazily draped her arms over the naked girl's thighs to hold hands with the middle-aged woman sitting in front.

 Tami's whole body shook with the strain of holding back.  Four tongues were on her and in her now.  To have these four disgusting women give her an orgasm would be the ultimate in shame.  Yet she felt the heaviness in her pelvis and knew that unless they stopped right away she would crest and go over the waterfall.

 She felt the crest begin and with a supreme effort pushed it down.  But the wet, slithering tongues were too much.  They kept on and on and on --

 As Tami began to crest her eyes opened in anguish, and saw the door open and four formally dressed people walk in: Figvee, Mr.  LaFleur, a poker-faced lady with a little typewriter thing on a stand, and Sarah Wickland.

 "OH -- OH -- NOOOOO!" the naked teenager wailed.  The four people took their seats, Sarah Wickland with a very surprised and infuriated expression on her face.  The teenager's thin, sweaty, naked body spasmed, jolt after jolt shaking the entire scaffold-like apparatus.  As papers were taken out and notebooks opened, the youngest person in the room finished her orgasm with one mighty, off-rhythm jolt, then her body sagged in her bonds and she began to sob, well aware that the room was permeated with the smell of her sweat and her female musk.

 The four tongues continued sucking and poking and licking.  The naked girl tried with all her might to regain her composure in the fact of this continued assault.  She labored to keep her breathing regular.  "Zhhh -- zhhh -- zhhh -- "

 "The witness will now be sworn in," Mr.  LaFleur said.

 The stenographer's voice was a monotone, though spoken somewhat louder than was its owner's habit.  "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, so help you God?"

 Tami blinked and looked in dire anguish at Sarah Wickland, who traded back a look of pity and empathy and yet a tight little nod.  She had a laptop out and adjusted it just so.  Tami thought of the toiling ponies.  This might be torture but not as bad as five years of slavery.  She suppressed her shaking and cleared her throat.  "Y - yes .  .  ."

 "What is your name?"

 "T - tami B - blanche Smithers."

 "Date of birth?"

 "J - july twenty seven, nineteen -- ohh! -- " A tongue had just poked especially far into her rectum and her pelvis jumped forward, pressing her clit into the tongue in front -- "eighty-t - two."

 Sarah Wickland said, "I wish to protest the conditions under which this deposition is being conducted.  The witness is being sexually attacked and aside from the cruelty of this situation, she cannot have a clear head to give answers."

 "Counsel's comments will be stricken from the record," LaFleur cut in.  "We are here to get a statement, not make speeches."

 "Very well," Sarah Wickland said.  "Miss Smithers, can you hear me?"

 "Y - yes .  .  .  ohhh .  .  ."

 "Are there two women each sucking on your nipples right now?"

 "Yes -- ohh .  .  ."

 "And is there presently a third woman with her mouth on your vulva, and a fourth who appears to be inserting her tongue into your anus?"

 "Ohh .  .  .  yes .  .  ."

 "And have you already suffered through one orgasm?"

 "Oh God.  .  .  yes .  .  ."  whimpered the witness, on the verge of tears.

 "I object to the word 'suffered'," La Fleur said.

 Sarah Wickland ignored that comment and continued.  "Now that we have that on the record, let me ask you: did there come a time when you were found by personnel from the farm?"

 Tami thought for a moment, or tried to.  She was depressingly aware of a second orgasm starting its career deep within on the tip of a strange tongue.  "Y - yes .  .  .  ohh!"

 "And how many days ago was that?"

 "It was -- ohh - OHH -- " And as Tami wrenched her way through the cresting and spasming of another orgasm, she completed her answer.  "OHH -- about -- OHH -- OHH -- th-three -- OHH -- days -- ohh -- ag - g -go .  .  .  ohhh -- ohhh.  .  .  God.  .  ."  She whimpered, tears dribbling from her eyes, trying to keep her composure.  In the part of her frazzled mind that could think clearly, she knew that this videotape would be dynamite.  With proof of such abuse Mrs. Wickland could force the needed changes in those poor ponies' lives.

 The questioning was slow, the stone-faced stenographer having to wait for each syllable of the witness's answer, often having to make the witness repeat it because the words were often unclear.  Cries of anguish and sexual excitement and the agony of shame punctuated the answers.  The air was humid with sweat and female secretions.  The orgasms announced themselves every few minutes.

 By the time Sarah Wickland had completed her questioning as to Tami's indoctrination into pony life, Tami had come five times.

 By the time she had finished asking about Tami's attempts to convince her handlers that it had been a case of mistaken identity, Tami had come nine times.

 There followed a series of orgasms during which no questioning could be done at all.  The attorneys and the stenographer waited until the spasming and moaning had died down before continuing.  The sweating witness was determined to participate.  Her answers sometimes started at the crest, then continued in grunting syllables as the orgasm pounded through her and ended while it was spending itself.

 What Sarah Wickland had planned to be a fifteen-minute proceeding extended longer and longer, which in turn extended the time during which the suffering naked teenager was subjected to the four tongues.  Midway through, four new women appeared, fresh tongues to replace the tired ones of the original team, who yielded their seats so that the replacements could dig in without missing a beat.  Not that the naked girl was given a rest, of course.  For her the sucking and licking and twisting and biting and poking and noodling went on and on without a second's surcease until she thought she was losing her mind.

 Her answers became less and less comprehensible, though she was clearly straining to give them, making mighty efforts to fight through the thickening curtain of orgasmic storms.  Finally her answers were monosyllables.  "Yuhhhhh .  .  .  nuhhhhh .  .  ."  Which the unflappable stenographer interpreted as "no" and "yes", respectively.  At that point Sarah Wickland had asked most of her questions anyway.  She thanked the witness and once again made a protest on the record.

 "You can release her now," she said tartly, packing up her laptop.

 "Whatever do you mean?" LaFleur said sarcastically.

 "Oh good grief, let the poor girl go.  It's been almost an hour and she's had I don't know how many orgasms!"

 "OHH! OHH! Ohh .  .  God .  .  ."  Tami was not lucid enough to realize it but she had come on cue.

 Figvee, who had been monitoring the application of tongues, said, "By my count that is her seventeenth."

 Sarah shook her head in disgust as she left the room, the naked sweating girl still crucified on her scaffold of orgasms, attacked by tongues that would not stop.

**The Unintentional Nudist XII: "Tami Smithers Was Here", Part 37**

Tami woke up on a bed of straw, not remembering how she got there, figuring she must have passed out in conference room C.  She was thirsty and hungry.  As if she had conjured it up, she found a tray of sandwiches in front of her, and a tall glass of ice water.  She looked around and saw she was not in the regular stable building.  After eating and drinking she walked over to the open-air window, the chain dragging from her cuffed ankle, still a little stiff from having so many orgasms while bound.  It was a beautiful sunny morning and she was in a little shed out in the lower fields.  Oddly she saw no ponies around.

 Hans arrived and bid her good morning.  Wordlessly she was brought out and hosed down, given shampoo and toothpaste.  Then he placed the necklace with the "Naked" nameplate on it and then presented the tail, the big one that had apparently become hers alone.  At her questioning glance he said, "I'm zorry, you are not free yet."  Very reluctantly she bent over and accepted the vaseline and then the long, thick plug, the quick twist to her hips that allowed the end to slide through her inner butthole into her colon.  Then she was brought to a buggy and harnessed to it.  Hans apologized again as she was burdened with something new, a ball gag that filled her mouth and tied around behind her ears.  "It is best if you vear zis."

 At a gentle tap of the little whip the naked pony started the buggy off across the field, her bare feet pounding on the dirt path at a canter and then a trot.  Guiding her with the reins, Hans drove over to a big barn.  As they drew near she was surprised to hear the sound of many voices talking.  It reminded her of a noisy cafeteria back in high school, except all the voices were female.  There was an open-air window on one side, used as a hay chute.  Hans drove Naked up to it so she could see inside.

 It was all the ponies, together, with not a keeper in sight.  They were in their boots and leathers and cheerfully jabbering in languages that Tami didn't recognize.  Many were sipping coffee; there was a table on the side with an urn.

 "It's Russian, mostly, some Arabic," Hans said.  "Miss Vickland vorks fast.  She threatened to use the videotape of your statement and zey had no choice but to make a deal.  From now on, there is a free hour every morning.  And each pony gets one free call a veek."  A tear came to the naked pony's eye and dribbled past the ball gag.  For the first time, these women seemed happy.  From motions of hands she could tell they were talking about their pony experiences.

 "I zink this is a good development," Hans said.  "Zey are less likely to be mistreated if zey can talk.  Happier too.  Ze people in charge don't like it but I believe that zis system vill attract more masters.  Vith the system more consensual zere will be less fear of legal conseqvences and accusations of slavery.  Zis is here to stay.  And it vas your idea, Miss Smithers.  I zay, good for you!"

 Tami got a special feeling then, like she had done some good for the world, that her existence had impact and meaning beyond her friends and loved ones.  But mostly she felt so happy for these ponies.  They were still bound to the contract but now they could vent and lean on each other for support.  They were not sad like before.  She thought of what Rebecca had said once.  "See everything, overlook a lot, change a little."  Tami had changed what she could.  With the help of Sarah Wickland, who she realized, she suddenly trusted.

 As if reading her thoughts, Hans said, "Miss Vickland left last night.  Very busy voman.  Come, ve've got to go."

 Tami wished she could stay and talk with these ponies.  They obviously knew English because the keepers' commands were always in English.  She was so curious about them.  Where were they from?  Why did they agree to be ponies?  Did they like the idea of being a pony?  What were there plans when the five years were up?  But the horrid plug deep into her colon was insistent, as was the harness and the ball gag.  And the tap of Hans's whip.

 She was puzzled as to what Hans was doing but obediently followed the pull of the reins to trot out along the path, past the last acre of lettuce, out onto a big open field much like the one she had been discovered in.  Beyond, there was forest in each direction.  Hans had her stop next to an old tree.

 He quickly undid the ball gag and the harness.  Tami stood naked and free, except for the tail.  Hans pulled an old branch from the tree and put it in Tami's uncertain hands.

 "You've got to escape.  Hit me in the back of the head and zen run.  I'll tell them you knocked me out ven I was readjusting your harness."

 She was stunned.  "What? -- I thought they were going to release me."

 "Yes zey are, but it's not that zimple.  Some of zem don't like the changes and zey blame it on you.  Zey vill follow you.  Vith bad results."

 Tami looked down at the branch.  She didn't want to hit this man and still was unclear about why she had to.  "They can't do anything to me."

 "Please," Hans said, getting impatient, looking around.  "Do it.  It's in your own best interest."

 Tami said, "What about this tail?"

 "Leave it in.  A pony who vas escaping vouldn't take the time to pull out her tail first.  Dispose of it later vere it can't be found.  In a creek or somezing."

 Tami saw Hans's impatience and the need to act fast.  He turned his back to her.  With a left-handed baseball swing she gave him a tap on the back of the head.

 "No, come on, it's got to be a noticeable vound, like to knock me out."

 Another tap, this one harder.

 "No, more.  Hurry."

 Tami hated herself but pretended Hans's head was a softball and whacked a line drive into right field.  The force knocked him to his knees.  His hand went to the back of his head.  She could see him bleeding.  "Is that enough?"

 "Yes, achhh, yes, zat vill do.  Go!"

 She dropped the branch.  "Thanks."  And ran to the woods.

 .  .  .  .

 It was a scene from mythology, a creature half woman, half horse.  Or maybe three-quarters woman.  Under the  high cloudy afternoon sky she gracefully but quickly ran out of the stand of trees across the meadow, her long tail flowing behind her, arms and legs pumping in a gentle gallop, a body so beautiful and muscled and evenly tanned to be worthy of a sculpture by Da Vinci or Michelangelo.

 She ran and rested in woods, then ran again, all the time the tail was rubbing against her insides.  Taking Hans's advice, she waited until she found a body of water.  By then it was almost nightfall.  This had to be done carefully so as not to damage her internal muscles.  She picked a small tree next to the river, then tied the long tail around it near the bottom.  Planting herself in front on all fours, she gradually pulled forward, pushing out with her butt.  After a moment of pain at maximum stretch the tail plug, like taking a giant shit.  The naked girl rested her head on her bent arm, sweating and taking deep breaths.  Thank God .  .  .
She untied the tail from the tree and looked at it for a second.  An elegant piece of work, well made, no doubt very expensive.  Some woman, turned on by the pony life, might have been glad to have "worn" this.  In a way it was a shame that it was wasted on an unwilling girl.

 Then Tami abandoned such thoughts and flung the tail into the river where it disappeared.   She took off the necklace with its nameplate and threw it in too.