**The Ross Weekend**

by Jack Straw

Her last Friday class over, Tami bounded up the stairs to her room gleefully. The weekend was time to herself – no grounds crew duties, no art classes, no Chalfont. Just relaxation for her and her friends. Sure, she still had to be nude, but that requirement was coming to an end, even though nobody at Campbell-Frank knew it. Three more weeks and she’d be at her summer job, fully clothed, thank you, and with enough time and mental space to think seriously about her future. Of course, she didn’t mind being undressed at some points during the weekend – specifically when she and Rod were alone. Couple all that with improving weather and confidence about her upcoming final exams and she felt as good as she had since the whole nightmare had begun back in September. That is, until she saw the note on her door. “Phone Henry Ross,” was all it said, and was signed “Wanda,” with a smiley face after it.

Tami decided to call right away before her good mood got any more spoiled. It could be a simple matter, nothing to worry about. But if Wanda was acting as Ross’ messenger it seemed unlikely that Tami was going to like what she heard. Gwendolyn King, Ross’ secretary, answered with her typical coldness. Disturbingly, for once she seemed enthusiastic to assist Tami. “Certainly, Miss Smithers, I’ll put you through right away. He’s been waiting for your call.” The girl’s stomach dropped an additional six inches in the time it took to do the transfer. If Ross was eager to speak with her and Wanda was putting a happy face on the note there was no possibility of anything but bad news.

”Ah, Miss Smithers!,” Ross said pleasantly. “Hmm, let’s see. It took you thirteen minutes from the end of your 2 o’clock class to get back to your room. I suppose now that it’s warm outside you can travel at a more leisurely pace? Stop and smell the flowers, so to speak?” Tami stiffened, picturing Ross watching her bent over with her nose planted in a bush. And she didn’t miss the subtext, that he knew her schedule by heart. This guy was like a stalker, never missing an opportunity to remind her that he was keeping track of her. “Yes, Mr. Ross, but I called as soon as I saw the note.” “Good. Wanda and I were chatting and she was kind enough to offer to let you know I needed to speak to you. I’ll get straight to the point. I know students are frequently in need of pocket money by the end of the semester and I thought I ‘d give you a chance to earn some. Mr. Winant has had some very good things to say about your work with the grounds crew and frankly, my garden at home could use a bit of a spring cleaning. I’ll pay you $250 for your services over the weekend, provide room and board, of course, and transport you back by 7 a.m. Monday morning. Does that sound acceptable?”

Tami’s stomach twisted at the unexpected invitation. “Uh, actually I had some other plans…” “Really? Wanda informed me that your calendar was quite clear. What other commitments do you have?” “Uh, just, uh, hanging out with my friends,” Tami answered, grimacing in frustration over the lameness of her answer. The experienced cross-examiner made no response, leaving the girl to stew and babble further information to try to extricate herself. “And I don’t really need the money…” “Now Miss Smithers, I had hoped this would be a friendly little business arrangement and that I wouldn’t have to mention your signed agreement regarding cooperation…” ”But that’s for college business and facilities,” the redhead blurted. “It doesn’t mean I have to do work for people on a personal basis!” ”You’re quite right,” Ross purred. “But if you had let me finish I would have told you that my home IS a college-owned facility. In fact it is the conservatory of the old Botanical Gardens, which Campbell-Frank has been generous enough to provide for my use while I act as General Counsel. So, with that little technicality clarified, unless you have any other objections, shall I pick you up downstairs in, say, fifteen minutes? I figure you don’t need to much time to pack.” Tami was trapped. Checkmate, Mr. Ross. Her knuckles were white on the receiver as she muttered “Okay.”

She slammed the phone down. “Shit! Shit ! Shit! Oh, God, worst case scenario,” she wailed, looking around the room. She scribbled a quick note for Jen. Old Botanical Gardens? Where the hell was that? “I am so dead,” she said to herself. The whole weekend with Ross? Not only having every movement scrutinized but subject to interrogation at any moment? Rod wasn’t in so she left a message on his voicemail, praying that her voice didn’t quiver too much. Ross was right. What did she need to pack? Toothpaste, toothbrush, comb…it all fit in a sandwich bag. How humiliating was that? Stylish young women her age would be loading up luggage from Louis Vuitton for a weekend getaway, but she could make do with something from Ziplock. And getaway? Hardly. This was more like capture and imprisonment!

She shuddered when she saw the retainer panties and bristle bra on her bedside table as she rushed around the room. “I can’t take those,” she told herself, realizing that they would be the biggest items in her personal belongings. “I can always catch up on the necessary orgasms in during the week. Jeez, listen to myself. Necessary orgasms!” Tami suddenly felt tears coming on due to the shock of the Ross offer and the reminder she had just had of how upside down her existence was. She sniffed them away and wiped around her eyes with the back of her wrists. She wasn’t going to let that prick win this easily!

By now, ten minutes had passed. Reluctantly, she closed the door to her room and any hopes of a happy weekend and headed back down the stairs. In the drive in front of the building was an immaculate black Town Car with fully tinted windows. It looked so sinister that she had no doubt who it belonged to. Her own personal hearse come to take her away. Sure enough, the car pulled round and the passenger window lowered to reveal the smirking face of the college lawyer. ”Hop in,” he said cheerfully. A line from Dickinson came unbidden into Tami’s head: “Because I could not stop for Death, he kindly stopped for me…”. As she entered the vehicle, a warm breeze floated through the open window and she could hear birds twittering in the nearby trees. Then the whirring electric motor of the automatic window drowned out the sounds of nature and sealed the cabin of the car with a definitive thunk. Now all that could be heard was the hiss of the air conditioner. Tami buckled the seat belt and could not help but feel like a newly purchased slave in chains next to the elegantly dressed, silver haired attorney. He pulled smoothly away from the curb and Tami felt her nipples stiffen as the flow of cool air from the vents intensified on her.

As Ross turned out onto the street Tami looked out at the world through the silvered glass and realized that nobody could see her naked form inside. It was a actually a welcome change to pass pedestrians and other vehicles without them doing double takes. The car was spotless inside, showing no sign that a human being owned it. No food wrappers, no air freshener, no fuzzy dice. She was so nervous she almost giggled at the ridiculousness of the last image. “I see you travel light,” Ross commented, breaking the awkward silence between the enemies and casting a glance at her baggie. “My wife used to take hours to get ready for anything. So your attitude is quite refreshing. Of course, I guess any occasion is “come as you are” where you’re concerned!” Tami chose to ignore the subtle jab. “Did your wife pass away?,” she asked, unable to think of any other topic for conversation and trying to determine who would be present at the household. “No such luck,” laughed Ross coldly. “She divorced me, on the grounds of “extreme mental cruelty.” Now, you don’t think I’m capable of that, do you?” Tami hesitated and Ross chuckled at her and continued. “Of course, that’s not the only thing she lied about,” he said in a steely voice, his big hands twisting around the steering wheel. “Tell me, Miss Smithers, what do you think should be done with people who lie?”

Tami gulped. It was starting already. “Well, people might have good reason to lie, depending on the circumstances,” she responded softly. “You mean little white lies? Or little tanned lies, in some cases?” He looked at her sharply. “Miss Smithers, are you aware that I was a prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney’s Office for seventeen years before I came to the College? I can spot a lie no matter how somebody chooses to… dress it up.” As he emphasized the last words, he glanced up and down her body with a condescending grin. ”No, Mr. Ross, I was not aware of your background,” the spirited girl replied, ignoring the innuendos. “I spoke to Mr. McMasters before I borrowed you,” Ross went on, lightening his tone. “He mentioned that you might be bringing particular articles of clothing. I guess he didn’t want me to be shocked by the sight of you with clothes and to let me know that this…underwear, is it…was in fact part of a Chalfont-sanctioned investigative effort.” “Um, that’s correct, but I don’t have to wear them all the time. Just for particular, um, research periods.” “I see. Well, I must say I was impressed with the concern Mr. McMasters expressed that his work not be interfered with. He anticipated that you might neglect to bring the apparel or apparatus or whatever you want to call it. He also realized that you would be missing your regular sexual activity over the weekend. I mean, it seems you’re quite busy, what with your boyfriend, your lady friend, maybe a quick session with the showerhead…” Tami sat paralyzed. If this old pervert was going to suggest what she thought he was going to suggest she’d go to the college administration charging sexual harassment and maybe even the police if he actually tried anything. Of course, he had friends in both places. But she couldn’t let it happen – nothing was worth that!

Ross’ voice brought her back to reality. “Open the glove compartment.” She reached forward and undid the latch. Inside were an owner’s manual, a tire gauge, a brand new tube of lubricating jelly and a small white box. “Mr. McMasters was concerned that two days without your regular level of sexual stimulation, especially on the weekend, would skew his numbers when you actually got back to doing research. I guess you’re quite passionate in nature and a layoff might produce a record number of orgasms no matter how the machines are calibrated.” Ross discussed the intimate details of her responsiveness with the same dispassion that he might have used reciting workplace safety regulations. “He also thought, as did I, that a strict nudist such as yourself would probably be reluctant to take undergarments on a visit so he provided me with some instructions and a little traveling companion for you. Go ahead and open it.”

Tami’s hand shook slightly as she reached for the box. Since there was no automotive explanation for lubricating jelly she assumed that was for her, too, and made her reluctant to see what McMasters had packed. But the box was small, about the size of what an engagement ring would fit in. Obviously there was no monster dildo inside. She pried off the lid and looked in at a round object a little larger than a golf ball. “Mr. McMasters would like you to have eight to ten orgasms over the course of the weekend,” Ross continued, steering through a right turn. “That little device will measure your anal contractions to ensure that you’re not faking anything – not that YOUR credibility would be at issue.” Teddy looked numbly at the smooth white mechanism. “Go ahead and slip it in. Use the lubricant if you need to.” “Now?,” Tami asked. “Yes. We have a lot to get accomplished over the weekend and there may not be a lot of down time for you to masturbate. So as long as we’ve got twenty minutes on the road you should use it to advantage.” “B-but I’m buckled in,” she protested. “I can’t reach, I mean, I’m sitting on…” “Quite right, and I’m not going to run the risk of a ticket for having an unrestrained front seat passenger,” Ross replied. “So just put your feet up on the dashboard or whatever you need to do. I’m sure you’ll feel better once you get the first orgasm under your belt…so to speak.”

Looking daggers at the college lawyer, who was occupied watching traffic, Tami jackknifed her gymnast’s body to give herself some access to her butt crack. She was strong enough to be able to keep her knees up under her chin as she dabbed lube on the ball and began blindly trying to insert it. With her left hand she pulled her cleft open and leaned over towards Ross to stretch herself wider. The effort was not made easier by the bumping of the car over the road, and several times the greasy orb slipped out of her fingers entirely. “Your first task when we get home will be cleaning the car seat,” Ross commented as he watched streaks of ointment accumulating on the leather upholstery. Tami guided the little globe up to her anus again and began slowly pushing. Outside, the hustle and bustle of a busy road went on all around without the slightest knowledge of the intimate struggle behind the mirrored glass. Tami made an audible cry as a schoolbus packed with kids rolled past, mere feet away, and her jerk of surprise caused her left foot to knock the rear view mirror askew. “Careful, Miss Smithers,” Ross warned, pressing a button that automatically restored the mirror to its previous setting. “You wouldn’t want to cause me to have an accident in while you’re in that position. If the airbag was to detonate now, that orgasm monitor might chip a tooth on its way out!”

The ball had seemed small in the box but Tami was now realizing that there was no advantageous dimension to insert it. The whole diameter had to pass through her sphincter at once no matter what angle or approach she tried. Finally she got the position and pressure right and her body began to ingest the object like a snake swallowing an egg. A sharp twinge announced the maximum stretch of her anal ring, then the elastic flesh snapped closed over the back of the sphere and shot it up into her rectum. She immediately felt the need to evacuate. “Is it in?,” Ross asked, glancing back and forth between her and the road. “Well, I don’t see it and I guess it’s not up your sleeve, is it?” Tami rocked back and forth, testing out the feeling of having the hard orb inside her. “That was the worst part,” Ross said. “Now we can just leave it in for the weekend, except when you need to move your bowels.” “Why?,” Tami whined, her reserve cracking for the first time. “Well, you’ve just shown it’s not easy to get in and out; and like I said, you may need to squeeze orgasms in on short notice. Anyway, go ahead and have the first one. Apparently the monitor beeps when it senses the right level of contractions.”

Her fingers coated with grease, Tami tentatively touched her newly shaven pussy. This was awful. As horrible as the forced orgasms at Chalfont were; as revolting as it had been to have herself licked to climax in front of an audience, at least on those occasions someone else was doing something to her. Now she could no longer be a passive victim, but had to take the initiative herself. And all she had to accomplish the goal were her own fingers, which made it seem even more personal and debasing. With Ross’ eyes on traffic, she bore down mightily on the mechanism inside her to see if it could be fooled. There was no sound. “I’m afraid you can’t trick the device,” Ross said, never even glancing in her direction. “It’s been calibrated with the known data that you’ve provided at Chalfont and will not be activated until those parameters have been satisfied.” Tami shuddered at the knowledge that her biological reactions were now a database that could be accessed for use by anyone.

”Look, I-I really don’t want to do this,” the shaken girl stuttered before she even realized what she was saying. “What?,” Ross pounced. ”Is there something wrong? Is our committed naturist shy about a bodily function?” “No,” Tami murmured, realizing that the slick lawyer was laying a trap. “I’m…just not into it at the moment - I’m not feeling well.” “In that case I’d be happy to have the Chalfont staff drop by to give you a very thorough physical. I’m sure they’d be quite concerned about their star subject’s health. But I’d hate to see any illness-related delays in your program with Mr. McMasters meaning that you had to stick around campus after the end of the term to complete your work with him.” Ross, as usual, had all the cards. ”Well, I’ll try,” said Tami weakly, reaching down again. “I thought you might,” said Ross in a similar feeble tone in order to mock her.

Tami began to tentatively explore her sex organ, which responded in part with the sensation of stimulation and in part with chills of horror straight into her stomach. Her body still instinctively reacted to taboo situations with a burst of adrenaline. The big car’s quiet ride ensured that every sucking or slurping sound emanating from the passenger’s genitals was shared with the driver. Tami couldn’t believe how noisy the process was under these circumstances. Ross kept track of her progress as she began half-heartedly pistoning her fingers in and out of her body. “That’s good, do it just like you were at home. Pay no attention to me. Of course, me being here means nothing, right? And don’t be shy about crying out. The Chalfont folks have been quite pleased with the recordings they made of your vocalizations.”

Feeling no passion and no eagerness for the task, Tami was like one of McMasters’ machines, dully drilling in and out of herself until the biology of an eighteen year old female in perfect health produced the inevitable result. She felt the first tingling of pleasure as they waited at a light beside a rumbling diesel truck. The slightest tremor of throbbing power was translated through the road and the car’s tires and into her seat. “We’re only five minutes from home,” Ross said with a contemptuous look at the toiling teen. “Are we going to have some success over there or do I need to take the scenic route? I’m sure you don’t want to have to start from scratch again later.”

Tami seethed with anger at her overbearing companion. Here she was, performing the most humiliating act one adult can perform in the presence of another, and he wouldn’t even let her concentrate on the task to get through it. And now he was putting her under time pressure to boot! “You better take the long way,” she grumbled, as whatever ardor she had been able to muster faded. She began pumping her hand yet again as Ross turned onto a gravel road. “You’ll have to wash the whole car, now,” he announced as the powerful V-8 kicked up dust and loose rocks. Tami heard him dimly. The vibrations from the rough surface were having an immediate and dramatic effect on her packed pussy. “Uhh!,” she moaned spontaneously. “That’s better,” said Ross. “Aah! Oh! Oh! Aaaah! Oh my God, it’s bumpy!” Tami got her left hand into the act, using her thumb to lightly stimulate her clit. Ross smiled as she began to operate under her own power.

Tami’s momentum was once again broken, however, as Ross’ cellular phone rang. ”I’ll get it!,” he joked to the girl whose hands were both busy working in and around her genitals. Uncertain of what to do, she slackened the pace of her thrusts while the lawyer chatted on the phone. “Ross here…oh, hello, how are you…yes, I left early today, wanted to get the jump on some projects around the house…You know, I’d love to, but I promised McMasters I’d look after Miss Smithers and although that country club now admits women, she might be a little bit much…ha-ha, yes, nineteenth hole, very good…she’s with me right now… masturbating…” he shot an impatient look at the inactive girl and she reluctantly began in earnest again. ”Well, I spoke with Roger about that and I told him as far as I’m concerned a consent decree is a consent decree…fine, if he wants to fight that battle tell him to bring a lunch and a wallet – a fat wallet…UHH!…no, that was Tami…let’s see, basically her right hand although it looks like lefty’s warming up in the bullpen, so to speak…ha-ha, switch-hitter, you’re in rare form today!…AAH!…As a matter of fact I’ve had to detour down Orchard Road to give her some rough pavement, she seems to – what do the kids say - get off on it?…OOOOH!…Yes, well I think the potholes on Fifth Street were just foreplay for this girl…I don’t…AAAH!…I don’t know what will happen first, her coming or my suspension going!…UUH! OMYGOD! OH!…Can you hold on for just a minute?”

Ross deliberately straddled the center of the washboard road to maximize vibration and steadily increased speed. Tami jounced like a rag doll under her seatbelt, unable and unwilling to use her arms to balance herself. Abruptly, she stiffened. “OH YES! IT’S…OH…AAH! AAAAH! AAAH!” \*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. Tami’s orgasmic haze was shattered by an ear-splitting electronic chirp that sounded like the alarm on a cheap digital watch. ”Wha..?,” was all the baffled girl could say. She thought the sound must somehow be connected to Ross’ phone, until she came back to consciousness enough to listen to what he was saying over it. ”Wow, piercing, isn’t it? I’ll bet you could hear that! That was the orgasm alert. I guess McMasters wasn’t sure how loud it would be once inside the body but there was no mistaking it…yeah, okay, we’ll talk more later and remember to keep your left arm straight…all right…’bye.” Ross hung up and smiled at his flushed companion. “Well, that’s number one! See, it wasn’t so bad. And lucky you, we can get back on a main road here and be back at my place in a couple of minutes.”

Tami’s body chemistry was still in a jumble due to the rudely interrupted orgasm as Ross turned up a short drive and pressed a button in the car that opened a black wrought iron gate set in an ivy covered wall. The elegant gate still bore the initials “CF.” “Nice of them to put his monogram up there,” Tami thought to herself. “Complete Fucker.” She also noticed a jarringly modern “Beware of the Dog” sign attached to the graceful railings.

Daniel Frank had made his money in real estate and knew full well that development would steadily spread towards the vast acreage he had set aside on the outskirts of town for Botanical Gardens when the College was formed. The numerous hardwood trees that grew to maturity over the years had further enhanced the value of the property and the College had begun subdividing the land in the late 1950’s to developers anxious to pay high dollar for premium plots. So it was that only the original Conservatory and surrounding grounds remained in the College’s possession. The money raised by the sale had been more than enough to establish new Gardens in an even more remote area and provide a substantial boost to the Endowment Fund. The thought at first had been that the Conservatory could be converted into a residence for the Dean or that it could serve as a conference center, but it had proved too far from campus to be convenient for either purpose. A series of emeritus professors had occupied the estate prior to Ross negotiating the use of it as part of his compensation package. A serious gardener, he was delighted to acquire so many exotic specimens as well as the sprawling Victorian home. To a bouncy nineteen year-old, however, the house itself was creepy, built of the same red brick as the perimeter wall, overgrown with ivy, and topped by a mansard roof. Coupled with the high fence and metal gate, the whole effect was vaguely like an old-fashioned prison or insane asylum.

Ross followed the winding drive around to the back of the structure and even Tami was impressed by the large formal garden in the rear. “Have you studied botany, Miss Smithers?,” he asked as he parked. “Well, I’ve taken a class called “Stalking Wild Plants”,” she replied, “but I wouldn’t consider myself an expert.” “Odd, that someone so committed to natural things could be ignorant of the beauty around her,” Ross said. “Well, never mind. You’ll find a bucket, towels and so forth over there in the outbuilding. And don’t forget to clean the interior, your seat in particular. I don’t want the car smelling like an old fish sandwich.”

It was all Tami could do not to spit at the heartless old cad as he dropped the final comment and let himself in to the house. The large equipment shed, which appeared to be a former carriage house, was full of tools, bags of fertilizer, mulch, and soil, all meticulously organized. Tami found everything she needed and carried it over to the car. The monitor in her rectum reminded her of its presence with every step, like a stone in her shoe. Of course, it had been a long time since stones in her shoe had been a problem. In fact, these days things in her rectum were a lot more common than rocks in her sneakers had ever been. The device wasn’t uncomfortable, it was just THERE – bobbing and rolling constantly.

Ross had been considerate enough to park near the hose so she began by spraying the Town Car down. There was a lot of dirt and she realized with shame as she began to scrub it off with a sponge that every aspect of the cleaning was related to her difficulties masturbating. The spatters of mud would not have accumulated had she been able to reach climax on the main road. Nor would the seat be such a mess had she been able to pop the monitor in and bring herself off quickly. “What am I thinking?,” she asked herself. “A man forces me to jack off while he watches and I’m mad at myself for making his car messy?”

Actually, the job wasn’t too bad. At least Ross was out of her face. No doubt he was crouched behind a window someplace, getting his jollies watching her breasts mash against the car as the small girl stretched to get to hard spots on the big sedan. She got the exterior clean and rinsed and then opened the passenger door. A slight odor was detectable and she gritted her teeth as she remembered Ross’ remark. Still, he had all the necessary cleaning solutions and she sprayed and wiped the leather until any evidence of the lubricant was gone. She was bent over, giving the seat a final drying when she suddenly jumped as something cold and wet pressed against her left buttock. She shrieked and bolted instinctively into the car, banging her elbow on the door frame in her panic. She whirled and screamed as she was confronted by the huge head of a Rottweiler, drool dripping off its jowls, entering the passenger compartment behind her. The startled dog bared his teeth and growled, his stubby tail quivering. Tami was trapped, unable to close the door due to the animal’s massive body. She suddenly felt immensely vulnerable. If the dog began biting, she had no protection. She was raw meat from head to toe.

”Caesar! Stop that!” For once Tami was relieved to hear Ross’ voice. The dog immediately backed off and lumbered over to its owner. ”Good heavens, what happened out here?,” Ross asked, opening the driver’s side door to talk to the cowering girl. “I was just…all of a sudden…I never even heard him coming up!,” Tami panted, waving her arms. “Well, there’s nothing to be afraid of. Caesar’s just a big baby, aren’t you, boy,” Ross cooed, rubbing the massive skull of the 170 pound animal. “I’m sure he was just coming over to say hello. He loves to play with my daughter and her friends and probably wanted to see if you were any fun.” Tami was able to somewhat compose herself as the dog sat obediently by his master and looked up adoringly at him. “So your daughter lives with you?,” Tami asked, wondering if she would soon be explaining why she didn’t cover her thingy to an eight year old and her Brownie troop. Ross shook his head. “Not anymore. She’s at school out west, sophomore year. I think Ceas’ misses her as much as I do.” Tami cautiously backed out through the passenger side despite the dog’s now-placid countenance. Having replaced his suit coat with a cardigan, although still wearing his tie, Ross, for a moment, seemed vaguely human. ”Well, you’ve done very nicely with the car. Why don’t you come in and clean up and get something to eat?”

The interior of the house was tastefully but sparingly furnished. Oriental rugs and mahogany furniture set off the period details of the construction perfectly and Tami was impressed as they passed a library full of orderly shelves of leather bound volumes on their way to the stairs. She fought back the impulse to feel safe with Ross after he’d rescued her from the dog. “You can use Sarah’s room,” he said, gesturing towards a door on the upstairs hallway. Tami walked in to a refreshingly contemporary bedroom, replete with a television, CD player, and Backstreet Boys posters. The only jarring note was the bed, which had been stripped of sheets and featured only a plastic slipcover over the mattress. “Wanda told me how to make you feel at home,” Ross said. “The shower is in the bathroom down the hall, towels are in the closet.”

With that, Ross was gone. Tami again fought against the feeling that maybe Ross wasn’t so horrible. She knew he was a master manipulator and that being nice to her was no doubt a tactic to lower her guard. Tami walked down to the quaint tiled bathroom and rinsed the dried soap and road grime off under the big shower head. She dried herself and again felt the incongruity of leaving the privacy of a bathroom after bathing without getting dressed. There was no sign of Ross so she went back to the bedroom for a look around. A framed school picture on top of the dresser showed a pretty blonde with long hair and the same distinctive aquiline nose of her father. Impulsively, Tami pulled open a drawer and saw beautiful sweaters, carefully folded. She longingly touched one. She would have loved to wear this soft, warm garment tonight. Pushing the drawer closed, she crept over to the closet and peeked inside. It was half empty – clearly Sarah had taken a lot of her wardrobe with her to school. But what was in there almost brought tears to Tami’s eyes. Lovely long dresses, and expensive jackets and skirts from some of her favorite designers. “How the other half lives,” she thought bitterly. “No, how the other 99.999999% lives – other than me and some Brazilian tribesmen.”

Realizing that Ross might have hidden cameras in the room to observe her actions, Tami forced herself away from the other woman’s clothing and sat miserably on the plasticky surface of the bed. The wild thought occurred to her that she could get up in the middle of the night and dress in darkness to at least feel those wonderful clothes on her body. She drove that thought out of her head with the image of Ross, in his robe, standing in the doorway with a flashlight bellowing ”Expelled!” Christ, in his prosecutorial zeal he’d probably have the clothes examined for trace evidence such as hair or skin cells, to see if she’d tried any on. No, she had to ignore the temptation.

The beeping of a microwave oven downstairs snapped her out of her reverie. The sound exactly mimicked the orgasm monitor and gave her a chill. The damn ball was still up her ass, and still had plenty of work to do, if she was to hit the target number of climaxes before escaping captivity. Worse, would she always associate that ubiquitous sound with this experience whenever she heard a car alarm or pager going off? She was hungry, though, and the smell of food was beginning to reach her room from the kitchen. She had no desire to dine with Ross, but began to realize how her policy of nudity put her utterly under the control of her host. She had no money, nothing to eat or drink, no transportation, and no ability to leave on foot in her present condition. Tami suddenly remembered something she had seen on “Dateline” about police and military interrogation techniques. Prolonged isolation and dependency on the questioners for even basic bodily functions were standard techniques to break people. Of course ex-prosecutor Ross would know all about that, and her stupid “religious nudism” was playing right into his hands! Reluctantly, she trudged back downstairs, renewing her vow to maintain her guard at all times.

A large chandelier hung from the ornately plastered ceiling over the long table in Ross’ dining room. There were a dozen chairs, but only two places were set, at the opposite ends. Ross was old-fashioned enough to pull out her chair for her, but Tami winced visibly upon seeing a layer of paper towel over the upholstery of the Hepplewhite seat. ”Forgive my tactlessness but technically the furniture is College property and I am charged with maintaining it,” Ross said. Tami tried to take yet another unexpected humiliation in stride as she attempted to make herself comfortable on the harsh, textured paper atop the velvety cloth. On delicate china in front of her were a salad, large steak, baked potato, and mixed vegetables. A teacup and a basket of rolls had also been set out for her. Despite her nervousness, a Pavlovian salivatory response kicked in for the girl used to dormitory meatloaf and overcooked rice. Ross walked down to the other end where a much smaller portion of food had been set out for him. ”Eat heartily, my dear,” he said. “I’m expecting a lot of production out of you and I wouldn’t want you straining on an empty stomach.” Tami thought she noticed a weird smirk on Ross’ face but dug in anyway. What had he done, spiked the stuff with sodium pentathol? Well, she couldn’t starve, and the food was good, although kind of bland. The awkward formality and absurd distance between the two diners reminded Tami of a scene from “Citizen Kane.”

Finally Ross spoke. “I’m curious to find out more about religious convictions, Miss Smithers. Are you part of some formal group or is this an individual choice?” Tami took a deep breath. Okay, the hot lights have just been turned on. Stay cool, girl. “Individual,” she replied. “I see, so you’re not someone who, say, spends the summers at a nudist colony with others like yourself?” Tami stiffened slightly at the mention of the summer. Please, God, don’t let him ask too much about my summer plans! “No.” “Now, I’ve been given to understand that this religious…conversion…didn’t take place until you arrived at our College. Is that correct?” “Well, I’d thought about it for a long time,” Tami lied, “and first year at College seemed like the right opportunity to, um…” “Show the world? Well, you’ve certainly succeeded there. Understandably, it’s not unusual for young people to experiment with their lifestyle once they go away to school. Most are living on their own for the first time, away from their parents, no curfew, etc.. But as far as I can determine you were quite a normal girl until the night campus security caught you running naked. And I find it odd that your moment of revelation occurred at precisely the same time that many other freshmen are being subjected to initiations of one form of another; paddling, shaving of body hair, drinking contests…forgive me if I go on but I’ve been forced to become something of an expert in the field due to the liability issues hazing presents for the College. I’m sure you can understand how a security officer might, under those circumstances, have mistaken your solemn rite of running nude past the student union as a more frivolous exercise in streaking?”

Tami nodded, keeping her mouth packed with food in order to minimize the amount of information she had to offer. “Now, was that the first time you’d ever exposed yourself or are there witnesses who could verify any earlier incidents?” “That was the first time,” Tami muttered. “And how did it feel, when you were first in the presence of others while nude? Embarrassing? Being arrested and processed could hardly have been the communing with nature that you were expecting.” “I’m not the first person whose religion has subjected them to ridicule and persecution,” Tami replied strongly, looking Ross straight in the eye. “No,” the lawyer countered, “and fortunately the kind of witch hunt mentality that would have gotten you burned at the stake a few centuries ago is behind us. But history is also replete with scoundrels who exploit religion for their own purposes. Both as a man of faith and as someone charged with preserving the integrity of Campbell-Frank I’m sure you can understand my zealousness to ensure that you are indeed acting on genuine grounds of conviction and not making fools of all of us.” Her mouth full of baked potato, Tami nodded in assent. “Again, it is lucky for you that, unlike the inquisitors of the 15th Century, we have more scientific tools at our disposal. But more about that later. I don’t mean to rush you but I have some phone calls to make and I’d like you to get started outside before dark.”

Tami was surprised to see that, in her nervousness and efforts to avoid giving more than monosyllabic responses she had gobbled everything that had been served. She felt quite bloated as she stood up. ”I’ll manage the dishes,” Ross said, leading the way to the back door. Outside it was cooler and Tami began to feel pressure in her bladder as she and Ross walked towards the outbuilding. “Um, I have to go to the bathroom,” she said, turning to go back inside. “Really? Number one or number two?,” Ross asked. Tami stared at him in shock. Oh, yeah, the monitor thing. “Number one,” she said with relief. “Good, good,” said Ross. “You’ll have to forgive my lack of forthrightness in some respects, Miss Smithers, but I’m sure you understand that I’m not accustomed to dealing with someone so open about her body as yourself. But I’m learning.” Tami looked at the man questioningly in light of this apparent nonsequitur. “You see, my azalea needs soil that is maintained at a particular acidity, and one of the experts in our agricultural department told me that that certain female hormones, such as estrogen, have been proven to provide a boost to flowering plants. He suggested that a woman’s urine might be an ideal springtime supplement to produce prize-winning blooms.” Tami’s face wrinkled in disgust. “You want me to collect my…urine for your plant?” “No, no need for that, given your religion, as I was just saying. You can just go ahead and relieve yourself directly into the flowerbed. Come, I’ll show you.”

As they walked along the groomed gravel path, Tami thought desperately about some way to derail Ross’ plan. But having fought so hard to establish herself as someone with no need for modesty or privacy she could hardly protest now. “It’s a test,” she rationalized to herself, squeezing her hands into fists. “Like a drug screening or something.” She was further shocked by the size of the plant when the arrived in front of it. More like a small bush, its woody branches reached all the way out to the path itself. “I’m afraid you’ll have to push yourself in a little in order to get close the base of the plant,” Ross instructed. He walked around to the side to observe as the pretty girl trepidatiously insinuated herself amongst the budding foliage. Ross kept encouraging her to get further in. The pressure of the resilient branches against her forced her to hold on to the bush with both hands as she spread her legs and tilted her pelvis in order to direct the spray towards the trunk. And then, nothing. She couldn’t go, knowing that Ross was standing, arms folded, just outside of splashing range. “Is there a problem?,” he asked of the girl, who appeared to all intents to be performing an acrobatic sex act with the shrub, “Bashfulness is the last thing I expected of you.” “No, I guess I just don’t have to go that bad,” Tami fibbed, realizing miserably that putting the task off would neither get her out of it nor make it any easier the next time. Her bladder was now insistent upon release but a modesty-preserving muscle somewhere along the urethra remained determinedly shut.

Half engulfed in the fragrant plant, doing a back-breaking limbo to position her pee hole properly, Tami felt a wave of utter despair. Of course her body resisted urinating in front of an audience, let alone the most awful man she’d ever met. She was being asked to revert to a pre-diaper trained state of existence where she simply let go whenever the urge struck her. And every second that passed without piss made her tighten up that much more, since there was no explanation for her reluctance other than stage fright. She squeezed her trained abdominals in every conceivable combination before she heard an unexpected spattering on the ground. Then she cut loose a torrent that gleamed gold in the setting sunlight. Gasping with both relief and shame, and now unable to control the flow, she flooded the flowerbed before she was able to stagger away and examine the minor scratches the plant had left on her. “Guess you did have to go, after all,” Ross observed skeptically as Tami stood, legs apart, letting the last drips fall on the path rather than run down her thighs. She realized he’d won this one, despite the fact that she had ultimately degraded herself as requested. “Still, it’s nice to see someone other than Caesar lifting their leg on my ornamental plantings. And speaking of my canine companion’s outdoor activities, your next job involves a shovel, a big garbage bag and a strong stomach. Do you need detailed instructions for this little task as well? Good. Report to me when you’re done.”

The yard was heavily dotted with the droppings of the massive dog. Tami was revolted as she cleaned up pile after pile. Darkness was setting in by the time she got down to the bottom of the garden, which featured a pond. Tami was now glad that Caesar’s stools were so large since it meant she could avoid stepping on them in the twilight. Unbeknownst to her, however, her bare body was drawing the attention of other admirers. A swarm of mosquitoes, freshly hatched in the stagnant water, were not so much excited by her appearance but by her undefended expanse of skin. After successfully squashing half a dozen of the pests Tami decided it was useless and trudged back to the shed to look for some repellent. There was nothing. She could see Ross through the window of the study, sitting at his desk reading. She went in. “Excuse me, but you’ve got a major mosquito problem down there. Would you mind giving me some repellent?” Ross looked up quizzically. “I’m sorry, Miss Smithers. I thought your religion dictated that your skin not be covered. Am I incorrect?” “Well, not with clothes,” the young nude replied, “but that doesn’t mean I can’t use some bug spray to avoid being eaten alive!” “I don’t see the difference. It’s a layer of artificial material on your God-given skin, is it not?” “Well…yes and no. I mean, it goes on clear, so it’s not like it’s covering anything up!” “Miss Smithers, I thought there was more to your system of belief than merely flaunting your ability to jiggle in front of the eyes of others. Something more than skin-deep, shall we say? If you can put on a layer of transparent insect repellent, why not a see-through blouse?” “But – but – it’s a health issue! You can’t expect me just to stay out there getting bitten!” “Hmm, and I wonder what a doctor would say about going outside in subzero temperatures without so much as shoes on? Risking your well-being didn’t seem to matter then.” Tami’s stomach churned. She hadn’t expected this simple request to turn into another opportunity for Ross to expose her. Tears of frustration welled. He was right. She turned and stomped back out.

Tami had only a few more minutes of work to do to clean up the remaining stools but her workrate was being slowed by the need to continually constantly swat bugs. Her body was quickly becoming covered with her own red handprints and crushed insect carcasses. And for every one she killed, another two were able to feed successfully. Ross turned on the big outside light and cracked open the French doors in order to watch and listen to the spectacle of self-flagellation from the comfort of his wing chair. The voracious mosquitoes had total access to the girl and she was unable to defend herself against attack in some areas, such as between her shoulderblades. Otherwise she danced an energetic if somewhat erratic jig to the beat established by the slapping of her palms against her flesh.

Finally the work was done and Tami ran for the residence, a horde of mosquitoes hard on her heels. Ross chuckled at the sight of the athletic girl speeding for his house, knowing how much she must loathe being there, and especially knowing that if she was aware of what else was in store for her she would keep running until she was back at her dorm. Even the hard-bitten lawyer was moved when he got a good look at the hard-bitten girl under indoor lights. She had endured dozens of successful assaults and her skin was dotted with fast-rising red lumps and spots of blood from the squashed insects. Her body bore clear evidence that it had been a battleground; decorated with the corpses of many members of the family Culcidae and plenty of visible marks illustrating her increasingly desperate and angry swatting. Even worse, the earliest bites were already beginning to itch. She knew now that she could not ask Ross for any kind of topical cream to alleviate the agony that would soon encompass her whole body. “Okay, finished,” the winded girl panted. “I hope you’re happy.” “Well, I’ll need to check your work in the morning,” Ross replied. “I hope now you’re beginning to see that the Lord might have been wise when he told Adam and Eve to cover their nakedness. Even if modesty and cold are not an issues for you God has other means of reminding you of his dictates.”

Tami reeled, not entirely from the exertion of sprinting flat out for the house. Was this guy a religious fanatic? What was next, a plague of locusts? “Anyway,” Ross continued, “it looks like you need to wash again and then straight to bed. You’ll need your rest for tomorrow.” Tami was glad for the opportunity to rinse herself clean of the bug bodies and blood but she was now beginning to itch fiercely. And go to bed? It was 8 o’clock! Technically Ross was her employer, could he dictate bedtime? On the other hand, she wasn’t exactly in the mood to sit around and watch arena football with him.

The shower felt good but the rough towel was like sandpaper on her sensitized skin. In a thoroughly foul mood, she slouched back to her room. To her surprise, Ross was there, and had moved a chair from the small vanity over next to the bed. “Can’t let Mr. McMasters down, now can we?,” he said. “You’ll need another orgasm to keep yourself on track. I’ll just have a seat here so I don’t miss the sound of the monitor when you activate it.” He patted the bed to indicate where he wanted her. Tami groaned to herself. No doubt he could have heard the obnoxious monitor anywhere downstairs if he had been so inclined. And what kind of sicko watches a girl his daughter’s age masturbate, not only in her room but right on her own bed?

Tami lay down gingerly and immediately shuddered at the feeling of the cold plastic against her still-damp skin, pockmarked with swelling bites. Could she possibly bring herself off under these conditions? Her pussy was still moist from the shower and she began the slow process of stimulating it, wincing as each movement sent stabs of pain wherever her body contacted the mattress. To her dismay, there were several nasty bites right on her outer lips and she had to try to do her best to work around them. For at least the first five minutes, as Tami attempted to position herself in the least uncomfortable position to get the job done, the balance of pleasure and pain was about equal and she was made no progress towards setting off the alarm. Ross, who had been watching with keen interest as the girl explored her injured flesh, sat back with his arms crossed and sighed. “Does it normally take this long?,” he asked, looking at his watch. Tami’s temper flared. No, typically on a Friday night she would be all over Rod, coming multiple times as he slammed into her. Instead, she was flying solo under the scrutiny of her worst enemy, itching like crazy, beginning to sweat lightly from stress and exertion, and sticking even more to the horrible plastic, which pulled at her wounds like a bandage being removed. “I find this inability to perform most curious,” Ross continued. “Can you offer any explanation?” ”Look, I’m sore, I’m tired, and having you sitting there criticizing doesn’t exactly set the mood,” Tami snapped back. “Merely an observation, Miss Smithers,” Ross said coolly. “We’re now, let’s see, six minutes in and your nipples aren’t even erect. I hadn’t realized that washing a car and some poop scooping would so fully exhaust a girl of your physical capacities but I must admit I’m most interested in exploring your limits. I’m also noting your lack of vocal response – quite disappointing in light of the Chalfont data. Perhaps Mr. McMasters and I need to have a discussion to see if there could be any reason, other than, shall we say modesty, that is keeping you from performing at your peak. In any event, continue.”

Tami’s stomach churned. Once again she was degrading herself per Ross’ request but somehow still losing ground in the process. It was bad enough that the thoroughly prepared lawyer treated her signs of sexual arousal as common knowledge; but even worse that her body was betraying her. And that damned ball ensured that no fakery could take place. By ingeniously putting her in difficult circumstances, whether strapped into a moving car or flat on her badly bitten back against unforgiving plastic, Ross increased the physical and psychological pressure on her at the very time she needed to be relaxed and comfortable to do the job properly. Nor did it help that while she was working she was being gazed on by Ross’ face on her left and the large photo of his daughter atop the dresser to her right. Tami naturally avoided eye contact with the attorney but any glance to her right brought her under the smiling view of Sarah’s senior portrait. Tami could not help but think about what the sophomore was doing “out west” at the same time that she was struggling to produce an orgasm for her father. Probably getting ready to go out to dinner with a date or some friends, top down on her BMW convertible, drinks and dancing afterwards. Well, Tami certainly had her top down, but little else in common. No, she was busy thrusting two fingers into her one-time private area at an awkward angle to avoid irritating the nasty mosquito bites on her labia.

Tami began to realize that she was feeling a tingle looking at the lovely young blonde with the dreamy expression in her eyes. Was it just the eight minutes of dutiful fingerwork or was something else happening? In any event, she was determined to ride the feeling. Picking up momentum, her hips began to buck and she started her trademark moans. Take that, Ross, I’m jerking off to your little girl! I bet she’ll be getting fucked tonight! Tami’s mind drifted and she was in a provocative club outfit, tight pants and halter top. Sarah was in front of her, dressed in a short skirt and baby doll t-shirt. The hot blonde’s big blue eyes were locked to hers as they danced to the throbbing techno music. Guys were all around, some pretending not to look as their less-attractive dates tried to keep their attention; some openly ogling as if they were at a strip joint. Sarah was braless, and her nipples showed clearly through the white cotton. They drew together spontaneously, and began rubbing tight curves against each other. Sarah’s tongue flicked in her ear. “Oh, God!” An elegantly manicured hand slipped between her legs and cupped her crotch. “YES! YES!” Sweat was pouring, nipples like rocks, pulsating beat.

Ross watched with interest. The girl’s eyes had gone catatonic, flat and dead, looking off to her right. Her lower body was twitching as if electricity was coursing though it. As her backside rose and slammed back onto the mattress Ross could see that it was beginning to look like a pepperoni pizza, covered with large red circles around each of the many bites. Still, she seemed oblivious, overtaken by the power of her own sensuality.

The whole length of Sarah was pressed against her now, grinding pelvis to pelvis. Long blonde hair was plastering itself to her face, getting in her mouth as she panted with desire. She smelled perfume, shampoo, expensive wine. A wet, sloppy kiss, Sarah cradling her face in both hands as their tongues swirled together. Hot breath down her neck, tickling her cleavage. The long-limbed hottie was trying to get her off now, her lean thigh directly between Tami’s legs, both hands gripping Tami’s butt, rubbing up, pushing down, rubbing up, pushing down, Ameritech up 3/8, Oracle down a quarter. Tami snapped back to reality. Ross had flicked the TV on and was watching the business report! Too late. She had passed the point of no return, but the abrupt shock killed her momentum. “UHH! UHH!” \*BEEP\*BEEP. The magnificent orgasm that had been building died a swift death.

”Well, I’ve never seen anyone act that way in response to an upturn in soybean futures,” Ross chuckled. “You seemed to be preoccupied and I wanted to check my investments – I’m sure you didn’t mind.” The young nude looked at him dully, cheeks flushed and lips engorged. “You weren’t lying about your physical condition, though. Just two contractions, that’s pretty weak.” Tami’s eyes rolled back as she realized the device not only detected orgasm but reported its intensity. Did anyone care about leaving her a shred of dignity? No, of course not, that’s what this was all about.

Ross stood up and clicked off the TV. “Well, goodnight. We’ll get started bright and early tomorrow so you’ll need your rest.” With that he turned off the light and left the room, leaving the door open behind him. Daylight still filtered in through the curtains. The plastic was now soaked with sweat and its slightly rough texture had played hell with the tender skin on her back, although she hadn’t realized it during her sexual frenzy. She turned on her side, but all she could feel were the bites, pressing against her like dozens of dull pencils. She tossed and turned in physical and mental misery until well after darkness set in.

Tami was awakened by a sharp knock on the open door. It was Saturday morning, and there was Ross, in slacks, and a collared shirt and tie. The underslept girl raised her head to look at him then let it drop back on the bed with a groan. She had no covers to pull over her head, no pillow to bury her face in. “Rise and shine, Miss Smithers,” Ross boomed. The tired girl raised herself to a seated position and rubbed her eyes. There was something perversely paternalistic about the scene – a sleepyheaded teen being rousted out of bed. But this teen was not wearing the requisite long t-shirt and sweatpants. No, she was nude, covered in insect bites, and had a orgasm tracker shoved up her ass.

Yawning, she brushed past Ross and headed for the bathroom. Halfway there, his voice froze her. “Are you going to urinate?” Tami looked back, as memories of yesterday returned. “I have some thirsty rhododendrons at the side of the house that could no doubt benefit from your attention. Please take care of them then come in for breakfast.”

The ball ground around in her rectum as she descended the stairs, her bladder starting to hurt from the delayed relief. Her already grumpy mood was worsened by the realization that not only were her intimate organs subject to the control of others, so was the disposition of her waste. Ross had followed her and walked to the back door, where Caesar was already eagerly waiting. Tami felt renewed shame as the lawyer undid the deadbolt and let the two of them out in the backyard to do their business. “Glorious morning, isn’t it,” Ross said, stretching in the sunshine. It was still chilly and dewy to anyone without clothes, however, and Tami felt an additional twinge in her bladder as she shivered.

Again she was forced to do an awkward limbo under the watchful eye of her foe in order to get close to the plant. This time she crabwalked in as far as she could then opened up. Twelve hours worth of urine began to arc through the air and splash noisily in the foliage. “Okay, that’s plenty for that one,” Ross said, and Tami struggled to stop the flow. He moved her along and repeated the performance on three separate plants before her stream dwindled into a trickle down her ass. She regained her feet and her composure as best she could under the circumstances and followed her host in for breakfast. Again, a large amount of food had been laid out for her – eggs, pancakes, sausage, fruit and orange juice. She ate greedily, since food was her only source of comfort and she figured she would need the energy for the day’s work ahead. A full mouth also meant less need to talk to Ross, although the lawyer seemed not to be in the mood for conversation as he quickly ate toast and coffee while reading the morning paper. Already they were behaving like an old married couple, Tami thought with astonishment.

When she’d finished, she dabbed her mouth with the napkin. Ross regarded her over the business section. “Very well, Miss Smithers. You’re due for another masturbation session. On that topic, I spoke to Nevada McMasters last night after you’d retired to express my concern over your difficulties achieving orgasm. It seems that I owe you an apology. McMasters reminded me that your masturbation always involved objects and that you were never expected to merely finger yourself to climax. I’m afraid I don’t have any of the advanced sexual devices they use at Chalfont around here but Nev was good enough to give me a list of reasonable substitutes available in the average household. Among those items were both sausage, which I still see one of on your plate, and bananas, which you may take your choice of from the fruit basket.” Ross picked up his plate as Tami tentatively lifted a sausage to examine it. It was small and not terribly firm. Tami tested the least ripe banana from the bunch and the firm fruit was clearly a better choice for the job. With her fingers still greasy from the sausage, she struggled to break it free and wound up coating it with a shiny layer of animal fat. ”Fine,” she thought, that’ll make life easier.” She looked at Ross questioningly with the large fruit in her hand. “Not in here. Can’t afford wet spots on the furniture or rug. Come with me into the kitchen.” Tami followed her host, who began loading the dishwasher. The room in the old house was rather cramped and she couldn’t decide the best place and position to do the job. “Lie on the floor,” Ross said offhandedly. “The tile will be easy to wipe up.”

Tami again found herself on a cold, unforgiving surface as she took on the miserable task. To limit the pain from the bug bites on her back, she sat, leaning back and supporting herself on her left hand. The banana penetrated her easily, and with Ross occupied, she quickly built up a good pace. Maybe she would have an easy time for once. She closed her eyes to concentrate on getting through it, but was immediately distracted by a puff of hot air on her intimate organs. Looking down, she saw Caesar, sniffing enthusiastically. ”Get away!,” she shouted, and the startled animal stepped back. “Mr. Ross, does he have to be in here while I do this?” “Caesar pretty much comes and goes as he pleases,” the lawyer replied. “Do you need to go out, boy?” Caesar responded by ignoring him and again circling the masturbating girl, panting loudly. “Oh well,” Ross shrugged. ”Remember, he lives here. You’re just a guest.” Yeah, thanks for the five star accommodations, Tami thought.

Caesar’s sensitive nose had detected the trace of meat smell on the banana and he continued to monitor the situation closely. From her perspective on the floor, Tami was treated to abundant views of the big dog’s bulging scrotum as he sniffed around her excitedly. Ross had once again made the simple act of self-pleasuring complicated. But the banana was surprisingly effective, despite the discomfort of the floor and the distraction of the attentive hound. Tami watched Caesar warily as orgasm began to build. “If he so much as puts his nose down there…,” she told herself. But the homely canine had settled down, albeit inches away from her parted legs, licking his chops. The smell of food was his sole consideration but from Tami’s viewpoint it was hard not to think of him getting a closeup view of her intimate activity. Despite that, a nice powerful orgasm was on its way. ”AAH! AAH! AAH! \*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP.

”Well now, that was better,” Ross said. “I’m not sure if it was due to better equipment or the larger audience. In any event, back to business. There is plenty of weeding and trimming to do out there. Shall I show you where to begin?” Standing up, still woozy from her climax, she felt an uncomfortable fullness in her stomach. All the food and juice were having their effect. Ross strode over to the rear door. “Um, Mr. Ross, before we start, I need to use the toilet really…\*DING DONG\*. The loud doorbell made Tami jump, and it took her an instant to realize it was not her orgasm monitor going off again. ”Oh, that must be my foursome,” Ross said, brushing past on his way to the front door. “Wait here.” Tami cringed. Was there any doubt she would be meeting Ross’ golfing buddies? She felt a moment of relief as she heard loud male voices booming in the hallway, that they hadn’t arrived while she was masturbating. The feeling of triumph vanished, however, as she felt a strong stab of pain in her belly. She kicked herself mentally for telling Ross she needed to defecate. If he was leaving to golf, she could have taken care of it privately. God knows what might happen now!

Another contraction made her grasp the counter. What about the damn ball in her butt? It had to come out first. The voices were coming closer and a cold sweat broke out on the young nude, more due to discomfort than the pending embarrassment. Sure enough, three beefy, grayhaired men entered the room behind her host. Their loudly checked pants, fluorescent shirts and goofy tams seemed to mock the conspicuously underdressed teenager. “This is Miss Smithers, our nude student,” Ross said by means of introduction, casually tossing in the defining adjective. “She’s helping keep the place up.” The men chuckled and Tami wondered if the perpetually dour Ross was intentionally joking. “This is Mr. Weaver, Mr. Gill, and Mr. Schrader. Gentlemen, I think we have plenty of time, so give me a couple minutes to get her started outside.” The courtly men, no doubt captains of industry all, each insisted on shaking her hand. Tami bared her teeth in response to their smiles but it was more of a grimace than a grin. Her stomach was beginning to boil.

Ross led the way outside, and Tami was not surprised that the other men lined up behind her pink, somewhat pocked bottom, and followed. “Miss Smithers, were you saying something to me just now?,” Ross asked. “Uh…no,” Tami said hurriedly. “Just point out what you want done.” The classic interrogator, Ross slowed in response to his subject’s obvious haste to change the subject. “Miss Smithers, I’ll be gone for four or five hours. I thought I heard you mention something about the bathroom.” “No, nothing,” Tami lied, flashing her biggest smile at the assembled group. “Miss Smithers,” Ross said, lowering his voice as if to be conspiratorial but not nearly enough that the other men couldn’t hear clearly, “if you need to move your bowels your monitor must be removed first. Mr. McMasters gave me a device that will maximize your comfort during the process and minimize the risk of damage to the equipment. Shall I do that now?” A strong pang made Tami wince visibly. She couldn’t last five hours. “Yes, please,” she gasped.

Ross strolled deliberately back into the house, leaving the young nude to chat with three strangers while enduring increasing internal distress. Since Ross had not asked her to come with him she began to get a bad omen about where and how the removal procedure would take place. Her need for relief from the physical suffering was increasingly overshadowing modesty, however. After a moment’s awkward silence, Mr. Schrader wandered back up the driveway, but Mr. Gill, a grandfatherly type, took a step closer to Tami. “Those are some nasty looking sores, young lady,” he said, giving her a thorough once-over through his bifocals. “Oh, they’re nothing,” Tami said with forced gaiety, “just something us nature girls have to endure!” Nature girls? Where had that come from? God, this experience was bad enough with turning her into a dork as well!

The kindly old man was no more than a foot away when the strongest contraction yet hit. Tami reflexively folded her arms over her midsection and crouched slightly. A bead of sweat began to trickle down her forehead. “You don’t look well, dear,” the man said. ”Just…gotta go to the bathroom real bad,” Tami wheezed. Her eyes bulged in response to another contraction. “Well, I don’t understand. Why can’t you just go inside and relieve yourself?” Gill’s gentle face showed real concern. “Are you doing all this as some kind of penance or something?” “No,” Tami gasped. “It’s just a medical experiment.” Where the hell was Ross? She was really in no mood or condition to regale the visitors with all the humiliating details that had brought her to this point. Yet another twist of her bowels brought a sharp intake of breath and the involuntary flexing of her right knee up to her chest.

From the corner of her eye she saw Schrader returning, with a golf bag over his shoulder. He dumped a handful of balls on the grass, which got Caesar’s attention, and the big dog began gamboling about as the man selected an iron and began taking practice swings. As Schrader chipped balls, the Rottweiler enthusiastically retrieved them. The other men, seeing that they could do little for the suffering girl, wandered over and helped themselves to clubs as well. The contrasts could hardly have been more incongruous. Wealthy retirees warming up for golf in a vast garden while their stark naked eighteen year old companion desperately awaited the unplugging of her anus in order to perform a massive defecation. Finally Ross emerged with something in his hand.

”For a second I thought I’d left this in the office,” he laughed, clicking the device, which looked like a short set of barbeque tongs. ”Wouldn’t that have been a disaster!” Ross beckoned Tami over to a round picnic table, and, naturally curious, the other men wandered over, clubs still in hand. Ross patted the table; the same gesture he’d used to direct her into bed last night, and she reluctantly waddled over to meet her fate. “On your back please.” Tami lay down, knees bent , and felt a new wave of pain as the pressure in her intestines shifted. She knew full well what view was being offered under the direct sunlight of a cloudless sky, but nobody made an effort to raise the umbrella shade that rose from the center of the table. When nothing happened at first, she looked down the length of her body at the assembled men. Ross had unfolded a piece of paper, evidently directions, and was peering at it through his spectacles. “Okay, so I…twist this handle and then this part acts as a suction device,” he muttered to himself. The other men, looking over his shoulder, murmured tentative assent.

”All right, Miss Smithers, we’ll need your bottom straight up in the air.” Tami’s abdomen protested sharply as she pulled her knees back to achieve the desired result. Her stomach gurgled and she began to feel like a volcano about to blow. She shuddered involuntarily. “Gents, do you think you could steady her?” Irons were put down and Tami’s legs were grabbed. Everyone now had a view from the edge of her seat. Tami whimpered and clutched the sides of the table. Ross had put her in the worst possible position considering her condition but she could hardly protest. She just wanted him to get the job done fast. She got a better look at the device as it was poised between her legs. Between the arms of the tongs there was a corkscrew type device that ended in a suction cup. Ross very deliberately began inserting the metal pincers in the closed position. Who would have thought that Tami would ever submitted to Ross penetrating her; and worse yet, who would have believed that it would take all of her will not to beg him to hurry? After a moment, Tami felt the tips of the arms contact the ball and begin pushing it further in, increasing the pressure. “I think we’re there,” Ross observed. Sweat was now running freely off Tami’s brow and trickling into her hair and ears. Ross began turning the corkscrew and Tami felt the tongs opening inside her. A draft of fresh air entered her rectum.

Her internal flesh had swelled in reaction to the long term presence of a foreign object and Ross struggled to get the gripping parts of the tongs around the ball, which was now visible through her stretched anus. His careful efforts were only causing the monitor to get further embedded. The other men craned their necks to get better views of the problem and offer advice, creating a scene reminiscent of a group of shade-tree mechanics kibitzing under the raised hood of a ‘57 Ford. The wood slats were now really digging into Tami’s back and shoulders, precisely where the mosquitoes had found particularly good hunting. “Couldn’t she push it up a little?,” Mr. Weaver suggested. “Well, I don’t want this thing shooting out of there like a cannonball,” Ross replied. “It’s a $5000 piece of equipment, one of a kind, and obviously highly pressure sensitive. If she fires it onto the patio the circuitry will get scrambled for sure. Remember, not only solid waste but whatever gas she’s built up in the past day has all been trapped in there.” “We could aim her at something soft,” Gill offered. “Gee, I shoulda brought my catcher’s mitt,” Weaver joked. “We can use my ball retriever,” chuckled Schrader. Tami’s head fell to the side and she began to pant, directly in the face of the inquisitive Caesar, who was also panting, tongue lolling. She snapped her head back upright. “If you’ve got the tongs in there,” Gill began, “she can’t shoot the ball past ‘em.” He turned to Tami and patted her shoulder. “All right, girlie, push nice and easy.” Now the setting felt like a delivery room, with the bloated young lady receiving encouragement from every side.

Tami’s already red face turned crimson as she bore down. As she forced the ball forward, Ross eased the grasping parts of the tongs down her intestinal tubing and into the correct position. Then he turned the handle and the suction cup took hold. Using two hands, he began to withdraw the device. Tami remembered the pain of the maximum stretch of her anus when she’d put the ball in. Now it was coming out with the thickness of the tongs added to it. She had also been in control of the pace of insertion, but now Ross had command of the situation. He was being quite gentle, but that was prolonging the process. Her engorged anus began to stretch obscenely as the equipment was slowly pulled through. She squeezed her eyes shut and dug her fingernails in. For a moment it felt like a red hot poker being applied, and then it was over. Ross stood triumphant, a rare grin on his face, holding the orb in the device like a prize pearl that had just been extracted from an oyster, while his colleagues congratulated him. “Henry, you certainly drove that hole impressively,” laughed Schrader, who seemed to be the jokester of the group.

Temporarily forgotten by the golfers, Tami uncoiled herself from the awkward posture and sat up. Her anus was her own again, albeit temporarily, but her feeling of mastery over her own body was being compromised by what felt like a runaway freight train working its way through her lower abdomen. She got on her feet, staggering slightly, and the men caught her by the arms. Ross swished the monitor in some kind of cleaning solution and began detaching it from the tongs. “Just over there, in the roses,” he said conversationally to the men supporting Tami as he carefully put the monitor on a clean cloth on the table. The men led her in the opposite direction from the house and she began to protest. “No, please, I’ve got to go to the toilet!” “Miss Smithers,” said Ross, who had caught up to the group slowed by the mincing steps of the tottering girl, “I’m determined to win first place in the Rose Show this year. And all of that good organic material that is inside of you at the moment is going to help. Your meals have been carefully balanced to produce the exact nutrients my Hybrid Eglanteria need. So if you would be so kind as to…,” he swept his hand towards the immaculate rosebed. “You mean you want me to…,” Tami winced as her stomach contents again reorganized themselves and a mass of material stampeded for the exit. Ross nodded. In her discomfort Tami was still able to see the bitter irony of her having to actually perform an act that the genteel attorney could not even bring himself to verbalize. But biology now had greater control of the situation than rules of etiquette regarding polite conversational topics. Tami doubted she could make it to the house anyway. Ross took a moment to position her, her feet sinking into the soft earth. Surprisingly, he turned her back to the group, but Tami quickly realized that the humiliation would be greater viewing the event directly rather than looking into her eyes as the activity occurred behind her.

Squatting down, surrounded by spiky branches, Tami had a vision of Christ with his crown of thorns. “Just get me through this,” she breathed. There was now no impediment to her getting relief, but the prolonged blockage of her passage had caused impaction of the soft fecal material. The observers watched with interest as the muscles in her back strained and listened sympathetically to her anguished whimpers. Tami fell forward onto her hands and raised her haunches in order to get maximum leverage from her powerful abdominal muscles. Modesty had ceased to be a consideration or she would not have adopted a position that opened and angled her anus in precisely the fashion to maximize viewing. She was, however, vaguely aware that, as she hunched her back and strained, she looked exactly like Caesar performing the same task.

When the mass began to move it caused rapid and unrelenting expansion of her swollen rectal membranes. From the spectators’ standpoint, the dainty, tightly closed little brown starfish gradually vanished, to be replaced by a dark, irregular mass the size of a fist. As strong as Tami’s skeletal muscles were, she had never had need to develop those internal muscles related to evacuation and they were only able to move the thick, dry stool through her distended tissues millimeter by millimeter. It took fully thirty seconds of hard effort to push the foot long accumulation through her lower passage. Finally it finally popped free and thumped to the ground. ”Goodness, imagine something that size coming out of a little girl like that!,” Gill commented. Tami responded with a loud, resonating fart. A day’s worth of gas was on its way out and there was nothing she could do to stop it. A second window-rattling blast caused Caesar to begin barking at her bare behind. Then Tami felt more liquid contents moving through her bowels. She no longer had any control over the situation. She felt like a tube of toothpaste that was being stepped on. Lighter brown fecal material, wet and gleaming in the sun, began pouring out of her and accumulating atop the initial log. Bursts of gas also continued, ensuring that the excited dog kept yapping.

Finally it was over. But with relief abject humiliation set in. She now felt perfectly normal, maybe a little sore, but the physical evidence of her latest debasement was piled between her feet and the unmistakable smell was beginning to assert itself. Unable to face her audience, she maintained her posture as she tried to regain some composure. ”Let’s get you cleaned up,” she heard Ross say, but she ignored him. She would get up when she was good and ready. A blast of cold water between her gaping buttocks got her attention in a hurry, however. Ross was hosing her down! She crouched miserably as the jet of water dislodged the brown flecks clinging to her flesh. “Excellent!,” the lawyer said as he turned off the flow and left her dripping amidst his prize flowers. Tami knew she could never look at the vase of cut roses that Ross always had on his office desk the same way again. From now on, some aspect of their beauty would be attributable to her personal fertilizer.

”Let’s get that manure worked into the soil,” Ross said to Tami. “Use a metal rake, and be sure to clean it thoroughly when you’re done. I’ll go get my clubs.” Head down, Tami walked past the onlookers and back to the equipment shed. She got the rake and noticed to her horror that the golfers not only hadn’t budged, but in fact moved closer to and were still commenting on her bowel movement. Tami wished she could dig a hole for herself and climb into it; but instead she had to nonchalantly as possible break her feces down and spread it out evenly.

Ross came back out again and looked over her work. “Fine job,” he said. “Since you’re going to be on your own for a while I think we can leave the monitor out for the time being. I’ll just put it away for safekeeping.” Ross went back to the table as Tami sprayed the rake with the hose. “That’s odd,” she heard him say. “I could have sworn that…Caesar! Bad dog! Bring that back, this minute!” Tami looked over and saw that the ball had vanished from the table. The playful hound was lumbering around the yard with the device in his jaws and the golfers in pursuit. To her shock, Tami saw that the dog had stopped playing with the golf balls and snatched the monitor away while it was left unattended. Ross shouted an authoritative “SIT!” to end the chase, and the somewhat sheepish animal obeyed, dropping the device between his massive paws. Ross took the tongs off the table and lifted the monitor off the grass. “No way to tell if it’s been damaged,” he observed, turning it over to examine all sides. ”Field test it,” Weaver piped up. “We’ve got forty minutes till our tee time, and this time of day they’re probably running half an hour late anyway.” “Good idea,” said Ross. “Miss Smithers, slight change in plans. Can you reinsert our little friend here and bring yourself to orgasm? We need to know if it’s still working properly.”

Tami groaned. The prospect of a few hours peace and an unburdened anus were being put off. And her momentary victory of not putting on a sex show for the golfers had turned into another defeat. Ross passed her the device, still in the tongs, and she stood there with it in her hand like a dejected, disrobed Statue of Liberty. “I’ll need some lube,” she muttered. “I’ll get some from inside,” Ross offered. “Don’t bother,” said Gill. “I’ve got some good skin lotion in my golf bag. From the looks of the inside of her whatsis she needs a little soothing ointment.” Tami stiffened as the state of her rectal tissues became a topic of conversation. Without further ado, a big dollop of yellowish cream was squirted onto the device. Tami had no idea how to go about putting the thing back in. With no time to think, she reassumed her position on the table and began fumbling with the ball and her backside under the watchful eyes of the foursome.

Whether the lotion was too greasy, or whether her swollen anus was too fed up to cooperate, she couldn’t jam the monitor in despite repeated and sincere efforts to end the humiliation quickly. Ross conspicuously consulted his watch. “Would it help if I used the tongs?” Tami shuddered at the idea of the extra width of equipment being used to implant the mechanism. “No, it’s just that, I can’t get the right angle, or something…” “I’ve got an idea,” said Schrader. “If we remove the umbrella then the portion of the base that sticks up could act as a holder. She can just ease back onto it.” The other men appeared doubtful so Schrader himself undid the wingnut that connected the shade to the base. Sure enough, an eight inch stub of metal pipe remained above the surface of the table. Tami reluctantly placed the ball atop the pipe. Then she straddled it and began lowering herself.

Despite her gymnast’s flexibility, there was no way she could maintain her balance and view the insertion. Fortunately, there were other sets of eyes that were happy to help direct her. “A little to your left…okay, keep coming down…back just a bit…” With the help, Tami quickly found herself squatting directly on the greased orb. Now it was just a question of using her body weight to force it in. She gradually increased the pressure and soon felt her anus begin to spread. A soft squishing sound could be heard above the only other noise, a solitary bird twittering in the distance. Then, once again abruptly, her sphincter ring closed around the intruder and slingshot it inside her.

The men congratulated Schrader for his ingenuity. Ross then went on to talk about how he’d unintentionally made life difficult for Tami by not providing the proper accessories for masturbation, but how McMasters had advised him on alternative means of stimulating the vagina. “I think we owe you a little variety, Miss Smithers,” he said. “I notice your back is still quite a mess from your encounter with the mosquitoes so why don’t you have a nice doggystyle session?” ”But with what?,” Tami asked naively, then immediately regretted leaving it to Ross’ discretion. “Nevada suggested tool handles as a nicely sized and shaped alternative for a proper dildo. Why don’t you prop your rake against the wall over there and have at it?”

Tami put the business end of the rake against the house, resting on a slightly raised flowerbed. This meant the handle was at just the right height to slide into her pussy as she knelt on the grass. And slide in it did, since she was still quite wet from the impromptu shower Ross had given her nether regions. The rake handle had a weird feel inside her, since it dragged slightly in the earth each time she pulled forward, then stopped abruptly as it contacted the wall on the backstroke. She couldn’t help but think of the old complaint from overburdened employees: “Yeah, stick a broom up my ass and I’ll sweep up on the way out.” Here she was, gardening and getting off at the same time. In truth, she was more comfortable this way than lying down on something hard, at least until she looked around and saw all the four sets of polyester-clad legs surrounding her as she pistoned her butt back and forth like a bear scratching itself against a tree. The metal end of the rake pounded out the rhythm against the brick of the house as she determinedly forced herself towards another unwanted orgasm. Worse yet, this one might not count if the monitor was no longer working. If she failed to trigger it, Ross would no doubt accuse her of fakery and come up with some other hideous means to verify climax.

The frequent mention of McMasters reminded her of the need to vocalize. Could anyone on a neighboring property, or out in the street, hear? No matter to Nature Girl, she thought to herself bitterly. CLANK! UUH! CLANK! UUH! CLANK! UUH! The bizarre music filled the garden as Tami mated with the rake handle. McMasters had been correct, though. The smooth, tapered wood was rubbing her just right. She dug her nails into the turf and listened expectantly. \*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. Her shoulders sagged with relief. She crawled off the rake and stood up. “Great,” said Ross. “Well, Miss Smithers, it’s time to really put you to work – no more dallying. I want that whole back hedge trimmed and any stray vines removed; water and weed all the ornamentals; cut back any overgrown canes on the roses, and mow the grass. That should keep you out of mischief until we get back.”

The other men insisted on shaking her hand farewell. “Nice to have met you,” Gill said, and Tami replied “Nice to have met you too!” Yeah, right, thanks for coming out to watch me shit, get my ass plugged, and fuck some garden equipment! Still, it was a relief to see them finally leave. She was now alone in the spacious garden, on a beautiful day. It was actually pleasant to be naked out in nature but in private for once. Mentally, the efficient girl ordered the tasks and decided to begin with the roses. She found the pruning equipment in the shed, next to some thick leather gloves. She reached for the gloves automatically, then dropped them as if they were red hot. Should she or shouldn’t she? How would Ross ever know? She scanned around for hidden cameras but then realized they could be anywhere. The bare redhead put the gloves back where she’d found them and headed off to do battle.

The healthy plants had produced numerous shoots that needed to be cut back. Despite being careful, Tami was frequently stuck by the thorns as she worked. She could hear Ross in her head preaching about God’s judgment on the unclothed. A particularly bad poke on the thumb drew blood. Great, thought Tami, as she sucked on the wound, now I can show Ross my prick as well as everything else! The job was especially awkward as she tried to work around the area where she’d just spread her feces. The hose spray had turned all the soil to muck, which she had no desire to step in, and the smell was sufficient to make her gag.

Next she decided to do the lawn. Somehow she was not surprised that the mower was an old-fashioned hand model. The grass was lush and it was difficult to get good traction on her bare feet. She was glad she was in excellent physical condition, given the acreage she had to cover. She was sweating freely by the time she got down to the pond, and was thankful that it was not feeding time for the mosquitoes. Passing a large tree, she realized she was not quite as alone as she thought. There was Caesar, taking a nap in the shade. Resentment boiled up in her. Ross was out golfing, and even the damn dog was enjoying a carefree morning. But she had signed her life, her dignity, even control of her excretory functions away. A tear trickled down her tan cheek and she licked it away. “The salt content might upset the pH balance of Mr. Henry Ross’ precious back lawn,” she grumbled to herself.

She thought she had finished when she noticed a strip of grass running up between the far side of the house and the surrounding wall. It made sense to do that as well, but she quickly realized that the strip connected to the front lawn. Had Ross intended for her to cut that as well? She poked her head around the side of the house. The brick wall surrounded the whole estate and was certainly high enough to offer protection, but the wrought iron gate sat right in the middle of it. And outside the gate was the main road. If she didn’t do the front, would Ross attribute it to a genuine misunderstanding, laziness, or modesty? She couldn’t take the chance. There appeared to be little traffic so Tami began mowing the expanse of front lawn, jogging lightly to get out of there fast. The pace was grueling since she was already tired from doing the back. Before she could even complete one pass with the mower she heard traffic. Instinctively she dived face first to the ground as the car passed. Getting up, she found herself plastered with grass clippings. Yuck, she thought, then realized that she couldn’t continue to take cover anyway. Assuming Ross had a security camera she would be hard pressed to explain her need to lie prone whenever a vehicle came by. Could a driver really see that much anyway, watching the road and traveling at 40 MPH?

The grass was beginning to itch as the tired girl slogged back and forth, back and forth. Ross was making her miserable even though he was miles away at a country club. While she still winced whenever a car went past she focused on the task and assumed she was invisible. That is, until she got close to the gate. “Warm out, isn’t it?,” said a voice. Tami jumped from surprise. Parked outside the gate, openly ogling her, was a group of four bikers. Tami’s already pounding heart got an extra burst of adrenalin at the sight of the unkempt quartet astride their Harleys. She hadn’t heard them come up and wondered how long they had been watching her. “Uh, yes,” said Tami, reminding herself that these could be spies of Ross and making sure not to cover herself. “Pretty fuckin’ hot, if you ask me,” said a particularly hideously tattooed gang member, and the others laughed. Not to be outdone, another of the riders leaned forward. “Looks like you’re doing more than taking a little off the top,” he observed. “Hell, I’d call that a reeeaal close trim,” another joked. “Oh, have to keep the grass looking good,” Tami giggled nervously, trying to ignore the obvious leer at her shaved pubic area. ”You can keep going,” the man with the beard said. “We just stopped for a blow.”

Tami couldn’t help but notice the name of their gang spelled out on their jackets. “Broad Jumpers.” The logo, it appeared, (Tami didn’t want to look too closely) consisted of a naked woman on her hands and knees while a motorcyclist flew through the air above her. Tami felt comforted by the locked gate between her and these lowlifes. Somehow it seemed appropriate that they were behind bars. As she paced back and forth with the mower, however, she began to more like a zoo animal than ever as the men watched her appreciatively through the wrought iron. She could feel their eyes on her muscular backside as she struggled to complete the task. The men seemed to view it as their right to sit and enjoy the spectacle. Given the quiet operation of the hand mower, she could just make out the undercurrent of lewd commentary the men were providing to accompany her efforts. Once finished, she turned and began hurrying back to the house. The bikers gave her a mocking round of polite applause and she gave them a quick wave of acknowledgment, afraid that a snub be all the excuse they needed to vault the wall and pursue her further.

Once around back, she stood still for several minutes to catch her breath and put the fear of the menacing men behind her. Then she returned to work. Predictably, there was no electric hedger, just a big pair of shears. The hedge itself seemed to go on for several hundred feet, and while it was not wildly overgrown her arms soon ached as badly as her legs. The fat wooden handles were not designed for her small hands and she soon began developing painful blisters on her palms and fingers. Her attempts to level off the top were also resulting in the petite girl getting numerous scratches on her upper torso. The English ivy from the perimeter wall was growing in and around the thick bush, and she occasionally took a break from clipping to yank straggling vines out by the roots. The vine came away easily and she began to feel rather pleased about her handiwork as she looked back and saw the tidily rectangular shape she had restored.

It was only as she was scooping up the clippings that she noticed something familiar in the tangle of vines. A lighter green leaf, three points, oh, yeah, they’d talked about it in her wild plants class. Ha-ha, an interloper among Mr. Ross’ exclusive pedigreed perennials! What was it called…Rhys…no, Rhus…Toxicodendron. Oh, shit, poison ivy! She dropped the armful pressed against her chest and rushed to the house to go in and wash it off. The back door was locked. Realizing that she would be exposed to the road again, but with no alternative, she dashed around to the front. Locked too. Tami used every swear word she knew on her way back to the rear garden. The only thing she could do was take the hose and began dousing herself. The water was ice cold and without soap it would do little good in removing the irritating oils from her skin. They would have every opportunity to sink in and do their damage.

Tami was in an absolutely foul mood as she began weeding the flowerbeds. It seemed as if nature itself wanted to punish her for her nudity – exactly the point Ross wanted to make. No doubt he was disappointed she was too tan to get sunburned, but just about every other animal, vegetable, or mineral that could do her harm had been given the opportunity. Well, maybe not mineral. But she now itched from three separate instrumentalities – mosquitoes, grass, and poison ivy. She’d been pricked and blistered thanks to her inability to wear protective gear and the antique hand tools that Ross had so generously provided for her use. No doubt the riding mower and power equipment had been tucked away prior to her visit – or maybe he simply hired a landscaping company to maintain the place. “Okay, Ross,” she thought, “you win. It would be dumb to be a naked gardener. But I don’t plan to be a gardener. And frankly, I don’t plan to be naked much longer either.” On her hands and knees, her bottom wagged back and forth as she vigorously tore out weed after weed while venting her spleen. “You’ve given it your best shot and you still haven’t beaten me,” she continued to tell herself. “I can’t think of anything else that you could throw at me now that would be worse than…”

Tami’s thoughts were cut off abruptly as someone jumped on her back. The impact drove her upper body into the ground and pressed her face to the turf. She gave a strangled scream and tried to push up. A sensation of warmth and weight kept her pinned. She felt hips aggressively straddling her backside, runting forward in an attempt to enter her. Fueled by adrenaline, she succeeded in raising up off the ground and got her first clue as to the identity of her attacker. He had big brown paws. Horrified, she squirmed out to the side and sat up. Caesar looked at her inquisitively and whimpered. Totally disgusted, her first instinct was to kick the horny animal in the ribs. She was distracted by laughter, however. Ross and his companions had returned, just in time to witness the romantic interlude. Furious, Tami stormed towards them. “That dog is a menace, Mr. Ross!” “Calm down, Miss Smithers,” the chuckling attorney said, giving a friendly scratch to the happy-go-lucky hound’s head as he loped over to greet his owner. “You sound like Miss Gulch in “The Wizard of Oz.” You claim to be so fond of nature and yet you seem unaware that in the wild an unprotected backside is going to draw a lot of attention. Maybe you should count yourself lucky that it was just a dopey dog and not a mountain lion that took a liking to your hindquarters.”

Tami was steaming mad. “You left me locked out, with a...a dog that ought to be neutered, a backyard full of poison ivy, thorny plants, some stupid stone age tools – “ Ross held up his hand. “As a committed naturist, Miss Smithers, I assumed a few hours outdoors in a suburban garden would be within your powers to survive. It also seemed to me that people of your ilk are frequently opposed to the use of noisy, fossil fuel gobbling equipment. Anyway, by all means go on inside and give yourself a thorough wash. I can see the rash already developing and you better make sure you keep all of those various cuts and scratches clean since you no doubt will refuse bandages.” Tami stalked off rudely without a word to the guests. “Looks like she’s pooped!,” Schrader commented before she got out of earshot, to hoots of laughter from the rest of the group.

Tami wept openly when she saw herself in the bathroom mirror. Twigs were tangled in her hair, various bits of grass still clung to her, she was itchy, filthy, bug-bitten, sweaty, scraped and swatches of angry red rash were appearing along her arms and torso. She looked like an experiment in military camouflage gone horribly wrong. Soon her tears mixed with the soothing shower water as she tried to process the day’s events. She scrubbed her thighs and bottom with special fervor, despite the discomfort, to try to rinse away the feeling of the big dog’s attempt to mount her. She was also starving, having worked through lunch. It was funny how the biology’s basic needs continued to assert themselves no matter how much mental anguish the body’s owner was suffering.

To her surprise, when she came back downstairs, the golfers had gone and Ross was setting out food on the picnic table. It was a perfect day to eat outdoors, but Tami’s associations with the big table were not entirely pleasant. Still, hunger is a strong motivator and she quickly found herself hanging around longingly as Ross laid out a large deli platter. She couldn’t help but notice, to her dismay, that there was far too much food for just her and her host. She also couldn’t help but notice that Caesar was also patrolling hopefully around the perimeter of the table. And worst of all, Ross was using tongs to serve out helpings of pink, folded ham. She could hardly miss the association of the last time he had used tongs on pink meat on that table.

”Ah, Miss Smithers! Dear me, you are a sight. Still, nothing that won’t heal, given time. Lend me a hand and set out six place settings, please.” Tami now knew that she’d be entertaining four new friends. The smell and look of the food was getting to her. All the work had given her a substantial appetite. She thought ruefully on how she had stuffed herself at previous meals with Ross, unaware of the very public way she would be evidencing how much she’d eaten. Should she try to starve herself until Monday morning? No sooner had she set the table than she could hear the sound of the doorbell from indoors. Again, it made her jump. How long would it be before bells or buzzers didn’t make her think of the damn orgasm monitor?

Tami was stunned when Ross casually said, “Can you get that please?” Still, she knew she couldn’t flinch as he sent her to greet unknown people wearing nothing than more than a bright red rash. Tami opened the door and was face to face with an attractive woman in her early forties who didn’t seem the least bit shocked by her appearance. “Hello,” she said, extending her hand imperiously. ”I am Nicola Di Chiara.” “Um, Tami Smithers,” the redhead responded, grasping the woman’s hand but looking past her to notice Professor Brignon directing two male students who were getting some equipment out of a car pulled up in the driveway. The men were having extreme difficulty, given that their necks were craned in the opposite direction so as to get a look at the naked girl. “Oh, um, please come in,” said Tami to the pretty Italian woman, who was standing before her with her chin poised on her fingertips, looking the nude up and down critically. What, had she now become Ross’ hostess? She wondered if she should hold the door open for the ogling underclassmen who were lugging armfuls of cases and sketchpads in her direction. She decided she must, since the Professor was following them. Tami could hear snatches of the Frenchwoman’s directions to the boys as she sent them on ahead. “…soon be second nature…artistic interest in the body…no inhibitions whatsoever…” As the students came closer Tami could hear their hushed conversation with each other. “Art rules, man!” “No shit. Naked chicks and easy credits - it’s like, let me make sure I capture all the details of your slit so I can be sure to get an A+!”

In contrast to the excited men, Signora Di Chiara was strolling coolly and confidently through the large foyer, examining the objets d’art. She was dressed in a long blue skirt and white blouse with a beautiful silk scarf. Typical of most women Tami wanted to enthuse over the flowing neckerchief but held herself back unless her attitude might be viewed as a desire to wear clothes. Even a scarf was off limits where Tami was concerned. Wouldn’t want that neck obscured, no sir. If someone wanted to check out her Adam’s apple then by all means they should have complete access.

Tami’s bitter thoughts were interrupted by the bashful boys struggling past her. An errant easel almost jabbed her left breast as she tried to make as much room as possible while still holding the door open. ”Robert, Steven, follow me,” Sna. Di Chiara said, crooking a finger at the young men and heading towards the back, her Cuban heeled boots clacking on the hardwood floor. The way her hips swished in the tight skirt would have been the center of attention for most males but Bob and Steve remained focused on Tami like compass needles on true north. “She really knows how to wear clothes,” Tami thought to herself as the graceful beauty with impeccable posture led the fumbling young men away. The irony of her own words struck her harshly. “I guess I would get a F in ability to wear clothes, at the moment,” she thought, remembering the trouble she used to go to to get her purse, belt and shoes to match; pressing pleats; handwashing delicates…

She was interrupted by light kisses on her cheeks. “You are injured, no?,” Professor Brignon asked, holding Tami at arms length for a good look. “Just working hard in Mr. Ross’ garden,” Tami replied, squirming slightly at the proprietary way the European woman handled her body and invaded her personal space. “Ah, yes. Well, there is more work in store for you this après-midi, but not so hard, I hope. Is Henry out back?” “Yes, Ma’am,” Tami responded, and let the way through the kitchen to the yard. Ross was enthusiastically greeting Signora Di Chiara. “This is a genuine honor. I’ve admired your work for years and to have you come out to teach a course and do an original piece for the College is an absolute dream come true. Can we offer you something to eat?”

Tami was directed to sit between the two grinning young men. On the other side of the table, the adults poured wine and discussed the latest topics in modern art and classical music. Bob and Steve seemed more interested in rehashing Stone Cold Steve Austin’s latest dispute with Triple H. They did so enthusiastically, peppering Tami’s bare breasts with the occasional piece of ham or saliva as they talked with their mouths full. Tami felt hopelessly out of place in either conversation and dreaded whatever was planned once lunch was over. Again, she ate lightly, both revolted by the open-mouthed idiots on either side of her and not enthused about any further possibilities of excretory exhibitionism.

Talk inevitably turned to Tami and the artist showed great interest as Ross and Professor Brignon described her activities to date. Tami wanted to curl up and die as the attorney detailed her current ordeal with the orgasm monitor. The beautiful Italian shook her head sympathetically. “It is too bad, Miss Smithers, that you’re not a young man. There would be no need for any invasive device to determine whether you’d orgasmed or not. The evidence would be quite visible.” ”But, Mon Dieu!,” Professor Brignon exclaimed, turning pale, “can you imagine how embarrassing that would be? I mean, ejaculating all over the place while people watch; having to clean up the sperms…ugh!” Bob and Steve reddened slightly and nodded eagerly in agreement, glad that they were not in Tami’s shoes (not that Tami was, either). The pretty nude grimaced. Yeah, right, she thought. So much more embarrassing than having your butt probed in front of everyone, or having your anal contractions broadcast over a cell phone!

When lunch was concluded, Ross explained the nature of the visit to Tami while the others listened intently. “Signora Di Chiara, as you may know, is one of the world’s leading sculptors. She has been gracious enough to accept our offer of a term in residence at Campbell-Frank for the coming Fall. In addition to teaching, she and her students will also be working on a piece to be donated to the College. Signora Di Chiara, perhaps you can tell us more about the theme you have selected.”

”I find my inspiration in classical works,” the Italian declared. “As a modern woman, I admire the beauty and strength of the goddesses of antiquity.” Her dark eyes flashed. “When Dean Jorgon told me there was a woman on campus who went nude because of her belief in naturism, I could not help but think of Artemis, goddess of wild things. Dean Jorgon told me also that this woman had a good figure and would be willing to pose. Now that I see her in the flesh, if you excuse the…what is it you call it… pun?, I must say the Dean gave you only faint praise.” She slapped her palm on the table authoritatively. “Stand up!”

Tami rose to her feet between the two seated dolts. They snorted excitedly as her pelvic area came up to eye level. Di Chiara walked over behind Tami. “Such muscles,” she said appreciatively, casually kneading Tami’s upper arms. “The very image of my hunt goddess. Oh, but back to the story. I say to the Dean, if I am to do Artemis I would also like to do her hounds. I ask if there are such dogs on campus and he tells me about Mr. Ross and this handsome animal.” Tami cringed as the sculptress went over to the Rottweiler and gave his thick shoulders a similar caress. “Such a name! Caesar! In Italy, we would not think of calling a dog George Washington,” she chided Ross playfully.

”I can’t tell you how excited I am to think that Caesar will be immortalized in bronze,” Ross responded. “If you’re looking for loyalty and honesty, you can do no better than a good dog.” He shot a pointed glance at Tami. “Best of all, the finished statute will be installed in this very garden, down by the pond, where Caesar has enjoyed some of his happiest times. I’m sure we’ll get plenty of visitors to come and see your work.” “Like a classical statue, it should last for thousands of years,” the sculptress replied. “As we look on the works of Praxiteles now, just think that in the year 4500 someone can still be seeing and enjoying the beautiful forms of Tami and Caesar.”

Tami gulped. The lark that had started as a quick, late-night streak was now taking on an eternal aspect. If this sculptor lady was as famous as Ross said she was her depiction of Tami’s nude form would attract worldwide attention. The girl realized that while photographs of nude women were still somewhat taboo for publication, a photo of a statue of a nude woman could be splashed on picture postcards, college admission brochures, you name it.

Tami was provided with a large bow as a prop and spent several hours striking various poses while Di Chiara sketched and Bob and Steve snapped Polaroids from various angles under her direction. The boys occasionally got in quite close while photographing and Tami was convinced that she saw some of those prints being slipped into their back pockets. She couldn’t think of a valid reason to object that wouldn’t raise Ross’ suspicions, however. Her already-tired arms grew exhausted from drawing the bow repeatedly and holding the posture. Caesar, meanwhile, was coaxed into various positions next to her through the use of treats. Tami wandered over to glance at the drawings during one of the breaks and was astonished by both the skill evident in the quick renderings and the incredible detail. Tami’s hope that Di Chiara’s style might run to the abstract was dashed. The images were unmistakably her, down to her moles. Apparently unable to stop working even while the others rested, Di Chiara added some shading under Tami’s left cheekbone in a portrait worthy of Botticelli. Her piercing eyes bore into the girl’s face, and she made another adjustment to the corners of the mouth.

Tami felt uncomfortable with the way the artist regarded her. She was being objectified again, this time literally. Di Chiara seemed only to see planes, angles and curves, not a scared naked girl. Still, as horrified as Tami was to see her nudity recorded in yet another medium, she could not help but be drawn in by the breathtaking beauty of the picture of her face. The moment was spoiled, however, when Di Chiara, apparently satisfied with the portrait, flipped to the next page in the sketch pad. There, depicted with the same skill and nuance, was Tami’s pubic area. Di Chiara took advantage of the teen’s proximity to adjust the length and placement of her clitoris. Bob and Steve came over at this point, their interest in fine art no doubt piqued, and carefully compared the two dimensional version of the redhead’s genitals with its living counterpart.

Ross, too, was soon peering over the artist’s shoulder. “Can I make a somewhat whimsical request?,” he asked. “Miss Smithers had a bit of a misadventure with some mosquitoes down by the pond, as you can no doubt tell from the state of her skin. Would it be possible to include a mosquito somewhere on her body as you sculpt it, to memorialize her actual experience at this spot?” “Absolutely!,” Di Chiara cried with glee. “I love the idea that the goddess of the hunt should herself be the object of a tiny hunter – the continuity of nature – no doubt there is some parasite on the mosquito, and so on. Where would you like to see the insect?” Ross thought for a moment. “Well, her backside seems to have gotten the worst of it so I think it would only be true to nature to put the bug there.” Di Chiara looked blank. “Backside?” “Excuse me. Bottom…rear end…derriere.” “Ah, si!”

Di Chiara concluded her work by sitting within a foot of the standing Tami, again tweaking the details rendered on her sketchpad. Even with her experiences in the art class, Tami found it totally unnerving to see her body parts taking shape on paper, studiously corrected by up-close comparison with the real thing. When the sculptress was satisfied with her initial drawings, the group of artists packed up to go. “Miss Smithers will of course be available at your convenience next term to continue with the work,” Professor Brignon stated. “Good.” The Italian woman poked her index finger in Tami’s bellybutton. “Now do not go getting fat over the summer, my little Artemis.” She turned to Bob and Steve, who were picking up boxes. “You will learn much about sculpting from this body. To depict such perfection in bronze or stone or clay takes an unflagging attention to detail. I should be able to run my hand over your statute and encounter the same structure and proportion as when I run my hand over Miss Smithers. The only difference will be between flesh and the sculptural medium. You are indeed lucky to have a model with such a lack of inhibition. But with such total access comes the responsibility of accuracy. I don’t care how many hours it takes, and neither should you, if you are true artists, to get a particular feature right.”

The boys just grinned, anticipating a semester-long grope session. Tami was able to smile, too, confident that such an event would never come to pass. Once the visitors had left Ross gave Tami a little time to herself, saying that he needed to work on something in the basement. Instead of relaxing, she could only pace nervously and attempt to listen to what he was doing for fear that he was devising something horrible for her. She heard water running and some soft pounding. Ross came back up within fifteen minutes. Dinner proceeded normally and when it finished Ross glanced up at the clock. ”Miss Smithers, would you go downstairs please and wait for me? Thank you.”

Tami reluctantly went down the modernized staircase and was surprised to find herself in a huge, brightly lit rec room. It seemed contrary to Ross’ personality to have table tennis and pool tables, a large screen TV, and a bunch of sofas and chairs. It was cool in the basement, and Tami’s nipples were becoming quite hard. She looked down at the false sign of sexual arousal and remembered that she would need another climax soon to stay on pace with McMasters’ demanding schedule. Those thoughts were driven out of her head, however, by the sounds of activity upstairs. The doorbell rang at least six or seven times over a five minute period, and she could clearly hear multiple footsteps and voices from above. A nervous cramp gripped her stomach. Perhaps Ross was having people over that he DIDN’T want to see her, she thought optimistically. Of course, being confined to the basement while company visited was hardly the most ego-boosting experience, but in her present state she was not objecting. On the other hand, Ross had specifically told her to wait down here for him. And he’d clearly been getting something ready, undoubtedly with her in mind. More doorbell rings, more feet. She was glad that the bell in her butt was silent for the time being. For the first time in ten years, Tami actually crossed her fingers. “Please, people, stay upstairs. Or be the softball team and take that asshole out of here.”

Tami went over to the staircase and listened carefully, her heart sinking or lifting as noise came closer or drifted further away. Then she heard Ross’ voice, quite near. “All right, gentlemen, without further ado…” The door at the top of the stairs opened and Tami instinctively fled like a rabbit, darting past furniture, looking for cover. She ducked behind a chair and froze. The first footsteps sounded on the stairs. Then more. And more. TROMP! TROMP! TROMP! It sounded like a marching army. Tami realized she couldn’t hide. Not only would Ross find her, but she would have no explanation for why she was being so shy. Reluctantly she stood upright and moved over to the side of the chair just before the first person reached the bottom of the stairs.

Words could not express Tami’s shock as a teenage boy came around the corner, followed by another, and another. Their eyes immediately locked on the naked girl’s body, which was now rigid with fear. What was Ross doing? Wasn’t this against the law? Finally, after about fifteen young men had entered the room, Ross appeared at the end of the line. Tami noticed that the boys were all wearing green uniforms and realized that this must be some kind of scout troop or youth group. It was hard to determine ages. Some of them were quite tall and were likely eighteen or even older, she thought. It was quite possible that they were all eighteen. They were so geeky, however, that most of them were gawking as if this was the first naked woman they had seen in person.

The scouts quickly sat themselves on the floor in a well practiced fashion, looking up at Ross and Tami, whose discomfort increased as she realized the low-level angle they now had on her private region. While the troop was settling down, Ross was setting up a flip chart on an easel. He opened it to the first page, which was titled “Outdoor Hazards,” and began to address the group. “To conclude our section on first aid, we are indeed fortunate that Miss Tami Smithers has put herself at our disposal. By a remarkable coincidence, Miss Smithers has endured a number of common calamities that might occur in the backwoods. Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Holzer, would you be good enough to identify the injuries she has that need to be treated?” Two of the young men came forward rather abashedly, unable to make eye contact with the pretty girl. Still, they had a job to do. They circled Tami, looking her over carefully. Lawrence bent over as if examining her legs, which put his head at just the right level to view her pubic area and buttocks. “Well,” he began, ”she’s been…uh…exposed to poison ivy, got some minor scrapes, looks like a lot of bug bites…” Heart pounding in his throat, the somewhat shyer Holzer lad stood at Tami’s side. “There might also be an allergic reaction here in the…chestal region,” he wheezed, waving his hand over Tami’s bare tits. “Some of this rash is more like a grass or pollen allergy than a poison ivy reaction.” He dared to get a closer look. “There’s also a lot of little bumps on the nip…nipples, I’m not sure what caused that.”

”Those are quite natural, nothing that requires our expertise,” Ross chuckled, clapping the naïve youngster on the back as he sent the pair back to the seating area. “Let’s see, Mr. Yu and Mr. Trombley, come forward please.” The youngsters stood up and walked rather stiffly. Tami was almost sure she could see a tent in the Asian kid’s shorts. ”What other dangers of the backwoods would be appropriate to check this young lady for?” “Well,” said Trombley, “you should always do an examination for ticks to avoid contracting Lyme disease.” “Outstanding!,” enthused Ross. “Miss Smithers, spreadeagle yourself so these gentlemen can make a thorough assessment of you.” Tami reluctantly opened her legs and lifted her arms to shoulder height. In the meantime, the two scouts took miniature high-intensity flashlights and magnifying glasses out of their knapsacks. Ross brought forth a large first-aid kit and, to Tami’s great alarm, produced a box of latex exam gloves. He insisted the boys put them on, ”for their own protection.” Tami thought ruefully about the fact that she could not cover her hands when dealing with garden hazards, but her own body, after being damaged by those hazards, was considered unsafe for outdoorsy young men to handle. Wait a minute. Handle? How far was Ross going to take this?

As Yu and Trombley carefully scanned the skin on the pretty redhead’s head and torso, Ross grilled the other boys on the characteristics of ticks. “What is their size?” “About as big as the head of a pin,” came the response. “Good. Color?” “Dark brown to black.” “Treatment?” “Remove with tweezers.” “Excellent, excellent,” said Ross. He turned back to the two scouts who were scrutinizing every square inch of the uncomfortable girl. Yu, in the front, had just worked down to the level of her breasts, while Trombley, in the back, was getting on his knees to facilitate examination of her coccyx. “Mr. Yu, where are you most likely to find a tick?,” Ross asked. ”Uh, on any exposed skin.” “Right, which pretty much describes ALL of Miss Smithers, correct?” Yu giggled. “Yes.” “And where should special care be taken, Mr. Trombley, to ensure that the insect is not overlooked?” “In, like…body crevices,” the breathless boy whispered. “Exactly,” Ross said with a clap of his hands. “So don’t be shy. Ask Miss Smithers to lift her breasts, spread her buttocks, and so forth.”

There was a moment of silence as Ross’ words sank in. “Um, could you lift them up?,” Yu asked, unable to say the actual word to the nude. Trying not to roll her eyes, Tami put her hands under her breasts and pulled them back. “Wait, Mr. Yu,” said Ross. “That is not appropriate. The subject is obscuring parts of the underside with her hands. Have her lift using the nipples.” Tami pinched the delicate buds and yanked up. It took considerable force to bring her breasts clear off of her chest and she was quite uncomfortable as the nerdy lad made like Sherlock Holmes with his magnifying glass at the base of her mammaries.

”Fine,” said Ross. “Mr. Trombley?” Tami could not see the young man kneeling behind her but she could hear him. It sounded like he was having an asthma attack. “Open your butt…your buttocks, please,” he gasped. Grimacing, the lovely redhead grabbed a cheek in each hand and pulled them apart. “Again, that’s quite insufficient,” Ross interrupted. “Have the subject spread her legs and place her hands on the floor.” A disgusted Tami threw herself into the required posture. In doing so, she found her face almost directly in the crotches of the first row of observers. Trombley hesitated. “But how do I…,” ”I would suggest using your hands if you need any further exposure of the flesh,” Ross said briskly. “You may free your hands up by holding the flashlight between your teeth in the fashion of law enforcement officers conducting a body cavity search.” “Sorry, ma’am,” the bashful boy mumbled as he used his left hand to gently pry her muscular cheeks apart. “Mr. Trombley, there is no need to apologize! You are performing a service for our subject, and if you recall our earlier discussion she feels no embarrassment whatsoever. Would you kindly confirm that, Miss Smithers?” “Yes, this is fine,” Tami forced herself to say. She winced as she felt his hot, huffing breath on her bare anus.

The scrutiny between her cheeks seemed to go on interminably. The room was silent except for the strained breathing of the young male. Tami could actually hear his respiration slow down as he began to relax and enjoy the situation. Finally released her bottom and said, “I don’t see any ticks, but her anus thing looks really red and swollen.” “Again, there is another legitimate explanation for that,” said Ross. Tami felt relieved that the monitor wasn’t going to be extricated for educational purposes, but realized that Ross’ vague statement allowed the members of the troop to put whatever perverted spin on her rectal situation that they chose.

Now empowered to touch the nude girl, Trombley gave her a friendly pat on the behind. “You can get up now.” “Pardon me, Mr. Trombley,” Ross interrupted. “Did you happen to notice a second orifice while you were down there?” The group broke up in laughter as the discomfited lad squirmed. “You mean her…vagina?,” he asked, mispronouncing the word to rhyme with “patina.” Ross waited for the fresh hilarity to die down. “Yes, Miss Smithers does indeed have a va-GI-na. Would you care to see if there is a tick in it?” With a huff of contempt, Tami reassumed the position. Wanting to avoid having her face hovering over the laps of the first row, she directed her gaze back between her legs, only to be dazzled by the bright halogen flashlight that was illuminating the area where the sun doesn’t shine. Again the exam took inordinate time. Even Ross took notice. ”Mr. Trombley, is there a problem?,” he asked. Trombley took the light out of his mouth. “No, it’s just that there’s a lot of flaps and stuff down here.” More laughter ensued. Although the young man was clumsy there was only so much lifting, poking and stretching that Tami could take before beginning to respond sexually. Fortunately, he wrapped things up and Tami was allowed to stand erect while he and Yu concluded the tick hunt down the length of her smooth, tan legs.

Tami took little joy in her clean bill of health regarding blood-sucking mites. She couldn’t help but notice Ross going into a back area and returning with a couple of jars. “Very well,” the attorney said as the two scouts stripped off their gloves with loud pops and discarded them. “Next we’re going to do an experiment. Miss Smithers’ skin has a number of different maladies at the moment and there are several different ways to treat them. Here’s what we’re going to try today.” He produced a tube of ointment. “This is a commercial, antibacterial, itch-soothing cream.” He produced a jar with a handwritten label. “This is an herbal remedy, that I created this afternoon using plants from the very same garden that got Miss Smithers into trouble. Call it a hair of the dog remedy.” Another jar. “This is a Native American remedy that I obtained from a local tribe. What I propose to do is to divide the subject’s body into four quadrants; treat three with these ointments, and leave the fourth untreated as a control. We can then reexamine her body in 24 hours to determine which was the most effective.”

Tami couldn’t believe her ears. For once, she had Ross! Even better, she could bring him down a peg in front of the snot-nosed dweebs! Crossing her arms, she smiled sardonically. “Mr. Ross, aren’t you forgetting my religion? Remember, nothing goes on my skin, not even insect repellent.” To her surprise, Ross smiled back. “Quite right, Miss Smithers, but recall that this is an experiment and that in the interests of science you have already submitted to using the bristle bra and retainer panties. The obscuring of your skin will be quite minimal, and is purely incidental to the primary mission of educating these gentlemen in the application of first aid and helping them learn about the efficacy of different means of treatment.”

Beaten again, Tami snapped, “All right, fine,”. At least she was in line to get some relief from the cursed itching. She reached for the tube in Ross’ hand only to have it pulled away. “Miss Smithers, some preparatory work is necessary first. Mr. Kearney, would you take this the marker?” A tall, freckled kid rose and Ross handed him a fat black pen. “Outstanding. Please divide the subject into four quadrants, vertically from head to pelvis, and horizontally across the hips.” The teen came forward and unsnapped the cap. Tami got a strong whiff of chemicals as he raised the marker to her face. Without further ado, he stuck it squarely at the top of her forehead and began drawing it down, over the bridge of her nose, lips, chin, down her neck, between her breasts, through her navel, all the way down across her shaved mons venus to the cleft of her labia. Then he drew it across the top of her right leg and circled around her until he was back at her vagina. Walking back around her, he stroked a line down her spinal column to the top of her buttocks cleft.

Tami had been so preoccupied with the marking of her body that she hadn’t noticed what Ross was doing. She was therefore shocked to see a camera in his hands. “Who has their Photography Merit Badge?,” he asked. A dark-haired kid raised his hand eagerly. “Fine, Mr. Adams. We’ll need before and after shots of the areas in question in order to document the treatment. Make sure to get in good and tight and keep a sharp focus.” Tami stood stock still as the grinning boy did his work, standing no more than a foot away from her. FLASH! Tami was blinded by a closeup of her face. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! As the spots cleared from her eyes she realized he was going to use the whole roll. He put her through her paces as if he was shooting her for Penthouse, raising her arms, bending her over, and spreading her legs.

When the impromptu photo session was over, Ross asked the teens who had not yet been involved to come forward. He split the nine of them into teams of three and told them to put on exam gloves. Then he gave each team one of the remedies. “Alpha team, you handle the left torso. Beta team, the right torso. Gamma team, the right leg. We’ll leave the left leg as is. I want a good thick layer on her wherever you see a bite, scratch, blister, etc. I know this may be a little embarrassing for you but if you’re ever involved in an emergency in the backwoods you’ll realize that modesty sometimes has to take a backseat. And remember, Miss Smithers is not only perfectly comfortable with the situation but will actually feel better as a result of your efforts.”

After nearly half an hour just enjoying looking at the naked girl, the young men could hardly contain their enthusiasm. Tami was once again spread wide in a standing posture and eighteen hands busied themselves on her body. She had been far too angry at first to pay much attention to the individual scouts but she had to admit up close a couple of them were kind of cute. One in particular stood over six feet tall and had the wiry musculature of a rock climber. He flashed Tami a friendly grin as if asking permission before beginning to spread ointment on her right leg and she found herself smiling back in spite of herself. She also couldn’t help but notice the two sandy haired guys on different teams who were working on each of her breasts. They were identical twins, and she almost giggled at the thought that they ended up handling her matched set.

Ross had no doubt set this up as the ultimate humiliation for her, a kind of hands-on gangbang. But the various medicines were having an almost immediate soothing effect on her wounded skin, and the whole body massage from some rather attractive young fellows was rather nice. She closed her eyes so that her face could be treated and felt a familiar sensation beginning. The rock climber, who had not surprisingly started at her ankle and worked his way up, was nearing the top of her inner thigh. Meanwhile, the twins were going overboard in rubbing her breasts, and she hoped they were inexperienced enough to realize what her hardened nipples meant. “They better cut that out before handsome down there gets to the top of my leg,” she thought. But luck had long ago deserted Tami. The climber began rubbing the greasy Native American preparation into the lips of her vulva. Technically, he should only have done the right side but nobody was down there with a tape measure checking his work. After a full week without the touch of a man the onslaught was rapidly going from mildly stimulating to downright dangerous.

Tami next felt her buttocks being abruptly jerked apart, apparently by two different scouts. Her sensitized anus, which really had no business being treated for poison ivy or mosquito bites, was now getting coated, half with commercial ointment and half with the herbal remedy. Tami could not tell which was which, but only hoped a stray finger didn’t enter her and encounter her monitor. She was surprised when a third hand began working on her vagina from the rear, and that shock, coupled with her fast-rising rate of arousal, caused the unthinkable to occur. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\* The confused teenagers backed away from the pretty girl. “Smoke detector!,” one cried, and they began heading for the staircase in a rapid but orderly fashion. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\* The sound continued. Tami opened her eyes in horror and found herself staring directly at Henry Ross, the only other person who knew the true nature of the noise. “Gentlemen, gentlemen,” he called out. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. “Please come back. I can assure you there is no fire.” “Then what’s that noise?,” an anonymous voice asked from halfway up the stairs. “Just a piece of equipment attached to Miss Smithers in regard to another medical experiment,” Ross replied, giving Tami a wink as if she should be grateful that he was being diplomatic. ”Attached? But where?,” a persistent scout asked, as he and his colleagues returned and again circled the utterly unadorned redhead. ”It’s…internal,” Ross said. “Like a pacemaker or something?,” came the question. “Yes,” said the attorney, “same kind of concept.” “Did WE set it off?,” yet another voice piped up. “Is she having a heart attack or anything?” “No, no. It just measures a normal body process that occurs to Miss Smithers quite frequently. Very well, enough excitement for the time being. Let’s get things tidied up and move on to our next segment.”

Tami walked around in a daze. She had just come in front of a scout troop. The gentle application of medicinal cream had turned into a remember-for-the-rest-of-your-life moment of debasement. She paid scant attention as Ross turned over a page on the flip chart to one titled “Choking.” There were illustrations of the thoracic cavity and drawings of the Heimlich maneuver. “Blah blah blah esophagus blah blah trachea,” Ross droned on, using a pointer to illustrate his lecture. Tami’s head was just clearing as she heard him say, “…and now if Miss Smithers would be so good as to resume her position in the front we can begin the demonstrations.” He tapped a particular spot on the carpet with the pointer and Tami felt like a trained horse as she walked over and stood on it. Suddenly one of the boys got up from behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist, pinning her own arms to her sides. She was about to protest to Ross but when she looked up she could see he was already angry. “Mr. Levin, you are not sacking the quarterback here!” The group laughed. “Get your arms under Miss Smithers’.” As the boy regripped her Tami suddenly realized what was going on. “Mr. Ross I…” Tami began. Forming a fist, with his right thumb pointed in towards her stomach, the beefy boy cut short her complaint with a sharp upward thrust. “Good! And again,” said Ross. Another sharp blow to her midsection met with the scoutmaster’s satisfaction. Meantime, Levin’s pelvis ground against her firm bare bottom.

Scout after scout followed to practice the procedure. Ross remarked on how useful it was that Tami’s nudity allowed them to see precisely the right spot to position their hands for the lifesaving measure. The teens were more than happy to give out bare hugs, and Tami could feel each of them carefully positioning himself so that his penis was perfectly aligned with her butt crack. At first she was able to withstand the powerful blows to her stomach by tightening her abdominal muscles, but she was still post-orgasmic and somewhat fuzzy-headed. She also gained an appreciation for how large and strong many of the scouts were, as they literally lifted her petite body into the air.

She was tiring from the repeated demonstrations when Ted Kozlowski, the next-to-last participant, approached her from behind. Tami was no longer paying attention. Arms would come around her waist, Ross might make a change or two in positioning and angle, the breath would get knocked out of her, then the process repeated. Thus she was unaware that the middle linebacker now embracing her weighed more than twice as much as she did, and that he had set nearly all of the weightlifting records at his high school. She could not have realized, either, that the anti-inflammatory agents smeared thickly on her anus had both proven extremely effective, and that the swollen membrane was rapidly returning to its original shape, carrying a good measure of greasy ointment inside her as it did.

Tami’s consciousness to all of these factors was almost instantaneously raised when the powerful lad gave her stomach the hardest squeeze yet. Before she could even think of reacting, the wave of compression through her intestines fired her rectal monitor out into the rec room like a cork out of a champagne bottle. It skipped along the low-pile carpeting before rolling to a rest over by the pool table. As Tami tried to figure out what had just happened, the clueless Kozlowski performed a second Heimlich maneuver. This time the compression forced a large blast of trapped gas out of the newly liberated anus. The scene was now one of chaos, with a number of the scouts pointing to the mysterious ball in confusion, everyone laughing at the loud fart, and those in the front reacting to the smell.

Ross quickly reestablished order by banging his pointer on the ground. There were still a few hands being waved in front of noses, and a subtle murmuring of “P.U.s”. Tami stood like a marionette with its strings cut, utterly downcast. What further humiliations could this miserable man subject her to? Would she be retesting the monitor for the scouts’ benefit now? “All right, gentlemen. We had a little accident, that’s all,” said Ross. “Apparently the procedure was sufficient to dislodge the experimental device inside Miss Smithers.” The excitement was too much for young Adams. “I saw it happen! It shot right out of her ass!”

The lad had already covered his mouth in horror before the last sibilant syllable was uttered. But it was too late. Ross’ face twisted in rage. “Mr. Adams! What type of language is that for a youth leader to use?” ”I’m sorry, sir, it just slipped out!” The other boys cracked up anew at the unintentional joke. A smile even played around Ross’ mouth as he tried to maintain a stern demeanor. “It was inappropriate nevertheless, especially in mixed company. I will expect a 500 word longhand essay from you at our next meeting on the subject of self-expression without the use of vulgarity. If there are any spelling, punctuation or grammatical errors you will rewrite the entire paper. Is that clear?” Adams hung his head. “Yes, Mr. Ross.” Tami was staring straight down at the floor, too. The boy had just been punished for his graphic description of the event, but the event had actually happened to her. Now the precious orgasm monitor needed to be reinserted and no doubt subjected to a trial run.

Meanwhile, the curious scouts were full of questions. “What does it measure?” ”How did we set it off if it was up her as-anus?” “Does she have to swallow it to get it back in?” Ross slipped a latex glove on his right hand and walked over to retrieve the wayward device. ”I cannot lie to you without violating our Oath,” he said, raising the monitor to examine it for signs of damage. “Let me just repeat that this is used to measure and report on a physiological process as part of Miss Smithers’ work with the medical researchers at our College.” He walked over beside Tami, who was still standing in a totally defeated posture. Placing his left hand on the back of her neck, he turned her sideways and pushed her head towards the floor. The suddenness of the move took her by surprise and her limp body offered no resistance. Ross unceremoniously jammed the ball back between the bent-over girl’s cheeks. “I’m sorry that it has become a distraction but it has no bearing on what we’re trying to accomplish here,” he continued, not missing a beat in the discussion as he located the much-abused anus and rammed the object in.

Leaving the stunned girl still positioned with her ass in the air, Ross smoothly slid the glove off and strode back to his flip chart, turning to the next segment, “Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation.” Tami was laid flat on her back on the floor while teams of two scouts, under Ross’ careful instruction, delivered mouth-to-mouth and a heart massage. The young men now clearly saw it as open season on the naked girl, and she found tongues frequently entering her mouth, and hands ”accidentally” wandering from her ribcage to her breasts. If Ross was expecting another orgasm, or for the chest compression to trigger another appearance of the monitor, he was sorely disappointed. Tami was too revolted by the pimply faces of the nerdier scouts to get into the oral component of the exercise, and those working her chest were more likely to stray higher on her torso than inflict pressure on her stomach.

Ross was quite pleased at the end of the session. Tami, with her head swirling from fresh humiliations and her mouth filled with fifteen different varieties of boy spit, could only pray that the ordeal was over. Ross came over beside her. “We need to thank Miss Smithers for her participation,” he said. The group applauded. Tami wondered if she would always flash back to this moment or the bantering bikers whenever she received a round of applause for the rest of her life. “I welcome any of you who want to stop by tomorrow night to see how effective the various skin treatments were. Don’t worry if you can’t make it in person. We’ll shoot plenty of “after” photos that you can look at at your leisure. Next week we will be demonstrating advanced knot-tying. Any questions?” A hand shot up in the air. ”Yes, Mr. Holzer?” “Will Miss Smithers be helping us with that section as well?” “No, we don’t delve into the area of restraint,” Ross chuckled. “It is likely, however, that she’ll be helping with some law enforcement training in the future, and I think with my connections I could get anyone interested in a police career involved in the sessions relating to restraining and searching suspects. Just let me know. Anyway, in celebration of a job well done, I’d like to take everyone out for ice cream. Miss Smithers, the local shop does have a “no shirt, no shoes, no service” policy so you would not be able to come in, but if you wished to wait in one of the cars you could certainly come along.” Tami could think of nothing she wanted less than to spend more time with this assemblage. “No thank you, Mr. Ross. I’m very tired and want to go to bed early.”

”That’s fine. I’ll expect you to be asleep when I return. We must test your monitor again to ensure that it is still working, so prior to retiring I ask that you call me on my cell phone and let me hear it activate. Also, you may not shower or wash any part of your body until this time tomorrow. Good night, Miss Smithers.”

Everyone headed back upstairs and Tami again had to say polite farewells to men who had just watched her total abasement. She was relieved to see that the members of the troop had driven themselves over. The last thing she wanted at this point was to be introduced to someone’s mom who had come to pick him up. With the house to herself, Tami dashed upstairs to use the toilet. She was stopped short when she entered the bathroom and encountered a horrible sight in the mirror. A fat black line of magic marker had carved her into four sections like the diagram of a side of beef. And now she had to somehow get herself off and call Ross in the process. She had freedom as to the method of masturbation, limited only to the length of a phone cord, but she felt absolutely no enthusiasm for the process. She’d had too many orgasms under too degrading circumstances recently to look forward to the activity. There was also the possibility again that the monitor may not work and the climax would be wasted.

Tami peed, grateful to be able to use a toilet like a civilized human being. He hadn’t given her instructions on what to do with her urine while he was gone, so she assumed she was free to dispose of it however she wished. If indeed she was on a hidden cam, she would fight that battle when Ross returned. God, how he had reduced her, she thought as she wiped herself dry.

Remembering how effective the banana had been in the morning, Tami returned to the fruit basket. The remaining specimens were noticeably softer to the touch when she tested them and rubbed a little cooking oil on her final choice as a lubricant. There was a phone in the kitchen, but she had no desire to repeat the performance on the tile floor. There was also a phone in her room, but the plastic mattress was another source of bad memories. The thought of doing it in Ross’ bedroom was too awful to even contemplate, so she began searching the house for other phones. Finally she found one in the library, on a table next to a nice leather sofa that would be easy to wipe clean. She returned to the kitchen for some paper towel, covered the surface, then sat down and looked around, dangling the fruit by its stem between her fingers.

The library was utterly silent. Built-in bookcases on each wall held the classics, Aristotle, Thucydides, Blake and Milton. Tami’s was not the only prominent bust in the room. Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe all stared at her through marble eyes. The setting seemed horribly inappropriate for what was about to take place. Tami curled up into a ball on the big sofa and thought. It was always one more thing. One more humiliation. Somewhere in the back of her mind was the hope that she could finally convince them, finally get over the barrier. Ross was stepping up the pressure, but if she got through this test would they back off? Or would it just continue to get worse and worse? Did they have a limit? Did she have a limit? What more could they do to her? All around her in the stately library were the things college was supposed to be about. It was not supposed to be a freak show, with her as the central attraction. Tami reminded herself that her remaining time on campus was short, and that she could get away for good at the end of it. Speaking of limited time, she noticed with a start that thirty minutes had already passed since Ross had left. She’d better get a move on if she wanted to avoid seeing him again tonight.

She decided she would place the call just on the brink of orgasm so that she could spend the minimum amount of time on the phone with Ross and avoid any taunting if she was having difficulty. Of course, that meant she would have to work herself up, read the number off the piece of paper, dial, say hello, then finish herself off. Tami lay back and began working the banana in and out. It took a while given her physical and emotional state but gradually sweet pleasure spread through her pelvis. Thrusting with her right hand, she tickled her clit with her left index finger. Getting closer now. She picked up the receiver and shrank back in horror. A rotary dial phone! Stupid Ross and his stupid antiques! By the time she was halfway through the area code and number she could feel her momentum dying. She would have to be a lot closer to orgasm when she started dialing if she wanted to get it over quickly.

Hanging up, Tami began drilling herself purposefully. Slam, slam, slam. The pressure built. Okay, she was on the road. Let’s dial. Damn, this is hard with slippery fingers! Her right hand worked the banana while her left hand clutched the receiver and she used her middle finger to dial. Good. She got all the numbers in. Great, it’s going through, where should she put the phone? Down by her pussy so Ross could hear or up by her ear so she could talk to him? Oh yeah, she needed to be vocal, too. Up by her mouth. It’s ringing. A male voice. “Hello?,” “Mr. Ross, UHH, UHH, it’s Tami Smithers! I’m just about to orgasm! Listen! Here it c-o-o-o-mes! AAH! AAH! AHHHH! BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. OH YES! OH GOD! Ohhhhhhhhhh! Oh, Jesus! Oh! Could you hear it?” “I certainly could, Miss Smithers, and it was very nice. But my name’s not Ross. I think you have the wrong number.”

Tami dropped the receiver as if it was red-hot. Then she frantically picked it up and threw it back into the cradle. She could hear chuckling coming over the line as she severed the connection. What a disaster! An orgasm, totally wasted! Plus she’d just entertained some anonymous pervert after giving him her full name! She put her head in her hands and fought back tears. How could it all be so hard? Was it even worth it? Did Ross just break her without even being in the same room?

NO! She couldn’t quit now. Now it was personal. Besides, Ross would never know about her misdial. She would just have to recover enough to get herself off again in the next few minutes. A tissue mopped up tears and the banana went in again. Tami felt utterly nonsexual but this was more an issue of determination than desire. She worked the fruit briskly, looking down her striped stomach and trying to will excitement into her hairless sex organ. The banana was starting to get mushy as it plunged in and out, but she didn’t want to lose steam by taking time to get a replacement.

A clock gonged softly in the background. Shit! Forty five minutes! A tingle started to spread. Tami rode the feeling expertly, building fast. She was getting there. Dialing deliberately, she lost some of the edge. DUH\*DUH\*DUH. Once again, an unexpected electronic chirp threw her. “I’m not orgasming, so what…oh, God, it’s a busy signal! Ross, you rat!” The phone banged down again, and the aroused, enraged girl was left in no man’s land. Should she keep masturbating, or let the feeling totally die? Trying hard not to be despondent, she let her level of stimulation drop but kept up a slow, even pace of banana pushing while she tried to figure out how long she should wait before calling back.

After a couple of minutes, she picked up the pace. As climax approached she again fought to dial accurately. DUH\*DUH\*DUH. Damn you, Ross! Before she could hang up again, however, a recorded female voice came on the line. “The number you have dialed, 4-1-3-5-5-5-6-0-7-4 is busy. If you would like to leave a message, please do so at the beep.” Tami thought quickly. This seemed ideal. She could leave evidence of her orgasm without having to perform live for Henry Ross. Still, the time window was even more narrow. She had no idea how long a message she could record. The beep sounded and Tami began thrusting the fruit inside her as if she was churning butter. “Mr. Ross, it’s…Tami Smithers…and I’m…UMM…about to or…GASM!” She put the mouthpiece down by her crotch to ensure the recording picked up the sound of the monitor. Meanwhile she gasped in arousal and frustration as her overly nervous body teetered on the edge of climax. “Come on,” she urged herself. “AAAAAAH!” BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. Her powerful vaginal contractions crushed the battered fruit and mashed banana began to spill from her sex organ. But she’d done it!

Hanging up, she looked at the sofa. The paper towels had done a good job of protecting it from oil and banana pulp. The frothy yellow material was dripping out of her, however. As she wiped away the worst of it she realized that she could not wash herself. Her vagina would be sticky, redolent, and of course on display for another 23 hours. She wandered around the library as she recovered from the sexual experience, and saw a bookcase full of legal tomes. Thinking she might get some insight on her adversary, she glanced through the titles. “Roman Trials and Executions,” “An Eye for an Eye – the History of Biblical Justice,” “Torture and Confession in Medieval Europe,” “The Salem Witch Trials.”

Shaken by the subject matter on the top shelf, she looked further down. “The Birth of Criminology,” “Cruel and Unusual?,” “The Modern Interrogator.” Tami did a double take at the last volume. On the spine appeared the name of the author – Ross. She grabbed the book and flipped through excitedly. It was all there – bringing the suspect onto your “turf” and keeping them there as long as possible; isolation from communication with anyone other than the questioners; good cop/bad cop; creating a physically uncomfortable environment. Ross concluded with a summary of the different types of criminals and the appropriate approach to breaking each one. Type 1 was easy. He had a moral sense, felt guilty, and wanted to confess. Type 2 didn’t want to confess but was so stupid he could easily be caught in a contradiction. Type 3 was cocky, overconfident, and would hang himself if the questioner simply gave him enough rope. Then there was Type 4. The toughest kind of all. Smart, wily, well-prepared and able to think on his feet. Ross described in detail the way to break a Type 4 down:

”What is important with a Type 4 is to let him know you will NEVER relent. You will hound him for life, if necessary. The Type 4 must never think, even for an instant, that he can break you. It will take all of your skill to accumulate evidence and adroit questioning based on that evidence to build a trap from which Type 4 cannot escape. Keep the pressure on. Search for a chink in the armor. Pride, shame, hatred, despair – it doesn’t matter what emotional state you push a Type 4 into, as long as it leads to your ultimate goal of proving the lie. Remember, Type 4 is above all, rational. Create an environment in which confession and the consequences arising from confession are PREFERABLE to continuing to face the interrogator. It will take ingenuity and considerable time, but never doubt that it can be done. However, you must have the stomach to create a living Hell, and the fortitude to be the Lucifer of that Hell!”

Tami reeled back. Her hands shook as she replaced the book on the shelf. She had just read the blueprint of her treatment at Campbell-Frank. But Ross, writing as a prosecutor, could not anticipate his Type 4 simply walking away from his jurisdiction. The gates of Hell would open in a few weeks and Tami’s bare bottom would bounce out unsinged. Tami took a moment to calm down and then tramped upstairs to bed, glad that at least a few hours of peace lay in front of her. The bare mattress was again uncomfortable on her healing wounds, but not as bad as the previous night. She looked around the room and sighed. She would be more than halfway home when she awoke, but now that she knew Ross’ plan, she realized he would keep cranking up the pressure.

She was still awake when she heard Ross come in. It was incredibly creepy to lie naked and still in bed while listening to the footsteps of a man you despise walking towards your room, but Tami wanted to minimize contact with him. She was sure he would check to see that she was in bed so she rolled over so that her face was turned away from the door and feigned sleep. Sure enough, the soft footfalls stopped outside her open door. Tami gulped as she heard soft voices. Was someone with Ross? She listened intently but could only pick up a few whispered words. “…top selling item…that ass…worldwide market…well, we’ll see tomorrow…looking forward to it.” Tami lay awake in fear for hours trying to sift through what she had just read and heard before sleep overtook her exhausted body.

It was Lab Six, but it was different. The waiting room was tastefully furnished, with pastel walls and overstuffed chairs in flowery upholstery. Tea and cookies were set out on the coffee table, as well as a variety of magazines devoted to travel and decorating. Opening the door to the lab proper, Miss Tami Smithers, clad in a thick skirt and heavy sweater, wrapped in a long black coat, with a beautiful scarf and elegant black gloves, smiled at the familiar chill. The testing area itself was much the same, although it was all a warm pink hue. The lovely young women absorbed in work at the console, hair pulled back into tight buns, briefly acknowledged Tami’s arrival with nods before returning to their tasks. Tami’s gaze lingered on their long, lean bodies, bending over in their tight white lab coats which revealed only a stretch of shapely calf above white pumps. Their uniform dress, severe manner, and carefully made up faces couldn’t help but remind her of the women in Robert Palmer’s ”Simply Irresistable” video.

Taking her usual seat in the front row, Tami extracted her notepad from her bag and scribbled the date. The subject was already there, held in place by the hand and leg cuffs, spread wide. Precisely at 10 a.m., one of the blondes came forward to put a few drops of lubricant on the anal plunger. Her latex gloved fingers guided it into its usual position, just touching the outer ring of the sphincter. She drew down the apparatus from the ceiling, and the subject’s bulging eyes followed its movements as if it was a snake coming down to nestle in his lap. She delicately lifted the flaccid penis between her left thumb and forefinger as if she was removing a piece of lint from a blouse, then guided it into the sleeve. Just the little pink tip stuck up out of the white plastic cuff. Tami smiled. That would soon change.

There was a plaintive look in the subject’s eyes as the businesslike young woman handled his genitals. He seemed to be searching for some indication of friendliness, some hint that she enjoyed what she was doing, some acknowledgement of his existence as a human being. Instead he was left with a cold plastic ring around his cock and the expectant stares of the female students and faculty occupying the theater seats. They were regulars, and frequently chatted with each other about classes, parties, and boyfriends while they waited for the test to get underway. They too, did not look in his eyes, even as he scanned them. Their attention was focused on the equipment once the process began with its characteristic hiss.

From the console, a pretty brunette controlled the pace of the plunger and the pressure and pumping action of the sleeve. As usual, the glans began to emerge shortly after the stroking action commenced. Tami was always reminded of a soufflé rising, or a prairie dog poking its head out of its hole. The rest of the penis shaft remained lodged in the complex apparatus, which slid together in a telescoping fashion as it stimulated the young man’s sex organ. Tami looked over briefly at the video screen, which was showing a closeup of the urinary meatus, still tightly closed. When orgasm neared, she knew, the head of the penis would be an angry red or even purple, with cute little bumps visible, and the peehole would open wide in anticipation of the gush of ejaculate.

The young man whimpered and strained against his bonds. Tami watched his muscles flex with disinterest. It was hard to see this guy as a sexual being, given his status, his body hair standing up from his goosepimpled skin, riding a rod up his ass while his shaved dick was stuck in the milking machine. Still, she couldn’t resist the occasional tease. Smiling demurely, she put her pen between her teeth and shyly made eye contact. Taking a break from her notes to strictly observe, she laid her gloved index finger against her cheek while the rest of her fingers daintily propped up her chin. Consciously or unconsciously, the other women in the audience made similar flirtatious gestures. A thick blonde mane of hair received a hearty shake and was thrown back over the shoulders with a vigorous neck snap. Lip gloss was freshened in a compact mirror. A high heel dangled playfully at the end of a stockinged leg, crossed over the other at the knee. A peppermint was taken from a purse, slowly unwrapped, delicately laid on a tongue, and noisily sucked.

Meantime the subject was getting vocal. The grunts and groans that were understandable and perhaps even exciting in a bedroom context sounded ridiculous in the otherwise quiet, coldly scientific environment. A glance at the video screen now showed what looked like a deep red volcano, conical with an open crater at the top, rock hard but trembling. Without warning a white fountain abruptly appeared, squirting several inches into the air. Another, smaller spurt broke free an instant later, followed by oozing creamy material. The pistoning sleeve was stopped and the same assistant came forward with a canister of baby wipes. Again the man followed her with his eyes. She mopped the sperm away with all the sentiment of a waitress cleaning off a table and returned to the console. This time, the starting hiss of the mechanism was accompanied by a decidedly unmanly squeak from the subject.

An hour later, the sweat-covered young man was slumped back like the loser in a heavyweight bout, unable to answer the bell. The scoreboard noted that the last four orgasms had passed without any ejaculate, and that nearly ten minutes had gone by since the last climax. The sleeve plugged away relentlessly, but the once wild-eyed subject was collapsed, unable to lift his head. Finally the brunette in charge stood up. “Enough for today, ladies. We’ll reconvene at the same time next week. Mr. Floyd, no sex or masturbation until then, remember.”

The blonde came forward one final time. She unhooked the sleeve and let the wet penis flop against the man’s leg. The anal probe was popped free. She scrupulously cleaned the apparatus, then nonchalantly wrapped her whole left hand around the limp cock. This raised the man’s head and he again looked imploringly into her implacable, beautiful face. Making a fist around the base, she yanked up as if pulling a dandelion. A final pearly bead of thick semen appeared at the tip of the penis and she swiped it off with a cold, fresh wipe. Then she undid the cuffs and left him there, sagged against the bottomless chair, naked and unable to move.

Tami lingered as the room cleared. When she and the subject were alone she stepped forward. The feel of a glove at the base of his penis again got his attention, and he lifted his head. With a wicked smile, Tami licked her lips and bent over the flaccid organ. Opening her mouth, she glanced up at the helpless male. His eyes registered shock, fear, anticipation, and regret. Her little red tongue flicked out to tickle the sensitive underside of his glans. “No, please,” his ragged voice pleaded. Tami grinned. How often would a college guy turn down a free blowjob from a hot redhead? He could feel her every exhalation on his tenderized skin. Unable to keep his head up, he nevertheless had no difficulty tracking the progress of her tongue as she licked all the way around him and began swirling the tip. His cock tasted good despite his ordeal, fresh and clean. There was no pubic hair to get in her mouth or tickle her nose. A kiss on the glans and she could see that the overworked organ was starting to get firm. Cupping his emptied testicles in her hand, she began taking him into her mouth. Given his relatively unaroused state, she easily went balls-deep. The first strong suck drew a moan of despair.

Tami threw every trick in the book at him. She changed speeds and level of suction. Her tongue painted pleasure over every millimeter of his now erect member. She delved the tip of her tongue into his pee hole, as if mining for sperm. Occasionally she popped the penis out to stroke against her velvety cheek. Under ordinary circumstances she would have received an enthusiastic facial or a mouthful of hot semen within minutes. But this poor devil had nothing to ejaculate. Although hard, he couldn’t even have a dry climax. All he could do was whimper as stimulation built and ebbed. He wanted to come, to experience the pleasure and to get it over with. But all he could do was absorb waves of tingling all along his hard cock and feel the dull ache as his pumped-out balls strained to produce a final gush.

After fifteen minutes, Tami gave up. She stroked her finger up the underside of the rigid rod and gave a final warm kiss to the trembling head. “Sorry, big guy. Looks like you’re out of luck today.” The young man seethed. He’d just had the blowjob of a lifetime, but it had been agony instead of pleasure. He’d never be able to score with a woman this hot again. Instead of joy, he had had nothing but frustration. An hour earlier, or an hour from now, and he would have gleefully spattered the pretty girl with shot after shot of hot come. The girl tidied herself up and walked out, giving a final smile and wave as she left. “Miss Smithers! Miss Smithers, please! Please, Miss Smithers, get out of bed right now!”

Tami awoke with a start. Naked, plastic mattress, Henry Ross. Three strikes. Ross again stood in the doorway, today in a gray cardigan rather than a slate one. “Good thing we put plastic on Sarah’s bed. Look, you’ve been drooling in your sleep!” Tami thought back to her dream and blushed. As the befuddled girl made sense of her surroundings, Ross spoke heatedly. “Miss Smithers, do you know a gentleman named Michael Jamison?” “No.” “Well, apparently you called his home last night and treated him to some phone sex. Is that true?” “No! Oh, Christ, I misdialed one time when I was trying to call you and…it just happened.” “Well, perhaps you would have been more careful if you were aware of a little feature known as ”Caller ID.” Now, fortunately for you, thanks to my intervention, Mr. Jamison has agreed not to press charges for your obscene call. He has agreed that if you make a personal apology he will consider the matter ended.” “An apology?,” the sleepy girl repeated. ”Yes. Then there is the little matter of the fact that you failed to call me. Not only did you fail to orgasm but you broke your word!”

”But I did call! It was busy! I left a message!” “Really?,” said Ross. “I confess I gave up on you after half an hour or so and conducted some other business. Let’s just activate my voice mail and see.” With that, he went over to Sarah’s phone and dialed. He put it on speaker and sat on the end of the bed, making Tami shrink. “You have two new messages,” the automated voice droned. “First message. Saturday, 7:45 P.M.” A familiar voice came on. “Hank? Nevada McMasters. Listen, everything is a go for tomorrow. I’ve got the guys lined up and the gear is all tested. Make sure our little miss is as well-rested as can be under the circumstances – there’s a lot riding on her performance.” “Second message. Saturday, 8:11 p.m.” “Mr. Ross, it’s…Tami Smithers…and I’m…UMM…about to or…GASM! SQUISH! SQUISH! SLURP!” Tami blushed at the amplified sounds of the banana fucking her. “AAAAAAH!” BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP.

Ross nodded approvingly. “Quite ingenious, Miss Smithers. I should mention that since you called on my business line the recording is of course College property and must be archived as proof should anyone question my monthly expense report. Since it doesn’t qualify as a privileged attorney-client communication it will be accessible to anyone with a need to know. Still, I can’t imagine too many people will want to hear it.” Tami immediately imagined Gwendolyn King playing back the recording for a room full of snickering staff. What a great start to the morning.

As they walked downstairs, Tami realized she had another rendezvous with the shrubbery ahead of her. Sure enough, she and Caesar both emptied their bladders as the master of the house carefully checked his plants for leaf mold. “Now that you’ve answered your call of nature,” Ross said with a grin as they went back inside, “why don’t you call Mr. Jamison and apologize?” Tami reluctantly went to the kitchen phone and dialed the number Ross gave her, the same as his own with the last digit a three instead of a four. While he busied himself preparing food, a woman answered. “Could I speak to Mr. Jamison please?” “Who is calling?” “My name is Tami Smithers.” “Are you selling something, Miss Smithers?” “No, Ma’am.” “Then what is the nature of the call?” “I…um…disturbed him last night – dialed the wrong number, and I want to apologize.” “Very well. One moment.” Tami twisted the phone cord around her finger. How exactly does one express regret for having a hot, wet orgasm in the wrong man’s ear?

”Hello?” “Mr. Jamison?” “Yes, this is Mike Jamison.” “Hi, it’s Tami Smithers, uh, again. I’m really sorry about yesterday. I dialed your number by mistake.” “Yes, well I must say I was quite startled by the nature of what you did. You sound like a nice young woman. What got into you? Was this a prank or some kind of sexual perversion between you and this Ross fellow?” Tami crossed her legs in shame. What got into her was still making her vagina stick together. ”It was just…he’s a gentleman monitoring some research I’m helping my College with…involving sexual response.” “I see. And what was that infernal beeping noise? It almost deafened me!” ”Oh, uh, I was next to the microwave when it beeped. Listen, I appreciate you being willing to forget this and I promise it won’t happen again.” “Very well. I assure you that the police will be notified if you repeat the performance. Good day, Miss Smithers!”

Tami hung up and realized she was sweating. What a horrible phone call. But yet another of Ross’ ordeals was behind her. “Miss Smithers, what was that you were saying about the microwave?,” Ross asked. ”Oh, I – I didn’t think I needed to go into detail about what the beeps were.” “Why not? You told him you were doing sex research.” ”But why should I…” “Why should you lie? The man knows you were orgasming, he knows you were doing sex research. Why should describing the anal monitor be any different for you than talking about the microwave?” “I don’t know, I just…I thought he might be embarrassed if I mentioned it, since he was offended by the first call.” Ross smiled coldly. “You’re slick, Miss Smithers, and I don’t mean just in the pubic region. It’s a shame your talents are being wasted in this ridiculous pursuit.”

As Ross turned back to his cooking, Tami realized he was right. It was a shame that so much thought and so much heartache were being devoted to the sham nudism. She shook her head to clear her brain. No! She had to remember that everything Ross said or did was calculated to break her. She couldn’t see things his way! Ross conspicuously ignored her as he worked in the kitchen and Tami wandered aimlessly into the dining room. The table was set for twelve. She felt a cold stab of fear. Ross had said nothing to her about morning plans, but that fit into the strategy of making each new horror a sudden surprise. She drifted back into the kitchen to see the attorney cutting up a large amount of fruit. Tami decided to go on the offensive. She was tired of being the passive victim. It was time to throw some questions at Ross. “What army are we feeding this morning?” Ross glanced in her direction but said nothing. She tried again. “Anything I can do to help?” Ross didn’t even look over. “No.”

Tami’s brain teemed as she tried to anticipate Ross’ next angle. Or was this the angle, the silent treatment? She realized that paranoia was starting to creep in. Could he trip her up by easing off? Or was this the calm before the storm, before all Hell broke loose, and Lucifer Ross, laughing triumphantly, shoved the twin prongs of his bident into her vagina and asshole? All she knew was that she was physically and mentally exhausted and that evil was brewing. Exactly where Ross wanted her, if she understood his book. She wanted to scream at Ross to tell her what he was going to do to her. It was clear that he wasn’t even going to maintain an illusion of civility. He would talk to her when it suited him, when it served his purpose. He had no interest in her as a person, only as a Type 4. She was a lab rat, nothing more.

As Ross cooked, guests began arriving. Tami was once again given the job of answering the door. It had been bad letting the artists in yesterday , but today was worse. Yesterday, for example, she hadn’t been marked off with thick lines of magic marker. And yesterday, Caesar had been outside. Today, the friendly Rottweiler was inside, and excitedly bounded alongside her whenever the bell rang. The moods of the girl and man’s best friend could hardly have been more opposite. Caesar wagged his tail and drooled in excitement as each group came in. Tami had a feeling that she would be wagging her tail and displaying bodily fluids too, soon enough. About ten people arrived, most Ross’ age. Tami thought she recognized some of them from around campus. They were dressed formally, which seemed totally out of place to Tami on a weekend morning. When she overheard talk of “last week’s sermon” Tami realized that this must be a group from Ross’ church. Her mood brightened slightly. If Ross was going to services this morning, that would mean a respite. True, he would undoubtedly give her some nasty job to do but she was always more uncomfortable when he was around and in control.

Apparently finished in the kitchen, Ross again found his manners. He greeted his guests warmly, but only introduced Tami to one man, who was carrying what seemed to be a metal suitcase. “Tami Smithers, this is Ned Ryan. Ned and I go back years, to, what was it, the Chambers kidnapping case?” “That’s right,” the wizened old man answered. “You were straight out of the military Judge Advocate Corps – crew cut and everything.” Ryan turned to Tami. “I’m a polygraph examiner. Well, used to be. Retired now. But people always ask me to bring the equipment to parties to have some fun. Makes ”Truth or Dare” a little more challenging!” “That’s right,” said Ross. “And Miss Smithers, as you can see, many of my friends are a generation or two removed from you and they have expressed doubt to me that a young girl would willingly appear in public the way you do. I don’t want them thinking you’re under duress or mentally ill, so since Ned was coming anyway I thought he could hook you up and let you prove to everybody the genuineness of your convictions.”

Tami’s heart sank. Ross finally had her. She had no grounds for refusal, but she would fail the test miserably. She knew she could dispute the results but her credibility would be pretty much shot. Still, she couldn’t bring herself to admit it now, in front of all of these people. “No, this is really not my religion. I’m a liar. And I hate being nude right now the same way any of you would hate it. I’ve been embarrassed and humiliated every moment for the last seven months but now you can go ahead and expel me and send me home, three weeks from the end of term.” No, it wasn’t possible. She would at least go along to give herself time to think. She was like a gambler, who had invested so much in so many unsuccessful pulls of the slot machine that she couldn’t walk away without dropping her last coin in. “Follow me, young lady,” Ryan said with a genial smile, opening the door to the adjoining room. “We need to do some initial calibration of the equipment to ensure an accurate result.” Tami obediently followed and Ryan closed the door behind her.

Conversation from the next room was still audible as Ryan set down his case on the table. “You’d really like to pass this test, wouldn’t you?,” he asked Tami, his eyes glittering. “Um, I guess it’s out of my control, isn’t it?” the young nude replied. “Don’t sell yourself short,” Ryan said with a grin, walking over in front of her holding a sheet of paper. “Ross gave me a long list of questions, some of them pretty ugly. Let’s just say that my reading of the results might be colored by how friendly you and I can become in the next couple of minutes. Give you an example - I was at a party last week where a husband challenged his pretty little blonde wife, twenty two years old, to get hooked up. She and I went off to “calibrate,” just like you and I are doing, and I told her I thought it would be fun to ask if she ever cheated on him. Well, let’s just say she was extremely cooperative with me, and when I did ask the question she passed with flying colors. So everyone was happy. She saved her marriage, Hubby got scientific verification of her fidelity, and I, well, I got a nice workout for the old prostate.” Tami stepped back in fear, but Ryan advanced even closer. “I haven’t had an eighteen year old since 1946,” he said, reaching out to stroke her hair.

She shoved him away more by instinct than conscious thought. “Fuck you!,” she hissed. “Well, actually what I had in mind was a blowjob,” the old lecher laughed. “You sick old…I could be your granddaughter!,” Tami raged. Ryan’s face went cold. “No, my granddaughters don’t trot their cunts out in front of the general public. And as for wifey, if she had kept her pants on I wouldn’t have been able put her in the position I did. Ross told me about you, and you know what? If you are lying you must be just about the most miserable person in the whole world. I’d hate to be in your shoes – no, even you’re not in your shoes. All right, come on, let’s get this over with.” “But what about calibrating?,” Tami asked, “you said…” “Do you really think that’s necessary?,” Ryan sneered. “Get your ass back out there so everyone can enjoy looking at it.”

Ryan’s demeanor changed as soon as they reentered the room, and he was once again the easygoing old gentleman. He even pulled out the chair for Tami to sit in. Then he put on the blood pressure cuff, finger clip, and the respiration ring around her rib cage, allowing himself numerous bumps of her breasts in the process. The audience had hushed, watching the preparation, and Tami could hear Ryan’s whistling, excited breath as he attached his apparatus to her. Tami’s mind was in a complete whirl now. Had Ryan really tried to induce a bribe out of her? Was Ross behind it? Were they afraid she might pass, and hoping she take the bait Ryan was…dangling, as proof that she didn’t believe it herself? As she tried to sort it all out, Ryan sat down and cleared his throat.

”Is your name Tami Blanche Smithers?”

”Yes,” Tami winced at the mention of her hated middle name, and the crowd tittered at her obvious embarrassment. It was remarkable that such an ordinary peeve could get a visible reaction from a girl who had undergone the extensive program of humiliation that Tami had.

”Do you attend Campbell-Frank College?”

”Yes.”

”And your year?”

”Freshman.”

”Miss Smithers, do you enjoy being nude?”

Tami focused her mind on being nude with Rod. “Yes.”

”And you’re not troubled by other people looking at your naked body?”

Again she thought of Rod. “No.”

”Miss Smithers, you engage in a number of activities on behalf of your college. I’m going to ask you questions about them individually. You act as a model for art classes, do you not?”

”Yes.”

”Nude, of course.”

”Of course,” Tami responded reflexively, then cringed as the observers snickered again.

”Do you like to pose in the buff?”

”Y-yes.” Tami knew she was lying on this one.

”Even with all of those students looking at you?”

”Y-yes.”

”Would it disturb you if you knew that some of the students were taking a prurient rather than artistic interest in your body?”

”Well, I can’t control how…”

”Just answer yes or no, please.”

”Uh, n-no.”

”Because you are a strict religious nudist, no matter what anyone else thinks.”

”Yes.”

”And it makes no difference to you if others ogle your body for their own entertainment or sexual gratification and have no respect for your beliefs?”

”N-no.”

”Dr. Congi’s sexuality workshops. Are those enjoyable?”

Tami focused on the orgasms. “Yes.”

”Again, you don’t mind people not only seeing you naked but seeing you engaged in sexual activity?”

Tami tried to think of her friends watching. “No.”

”Do you like the projects Mr. Winant involves you in?”

Tami tried to think of sun and exercise and not grimy labor. “Yes.”

”You’ve participated in extensive scientific research at the Chalfont Institute. Is that correct?”

”Yes.”

”Did you like working with Dr. Harridance?”

Tami reminded herself of his pleasant personality and tried to blot out the dildos. “Yes.”

”You’re presently involved with Mr. McMasters’ studies, are you not?”

”Yes.”

”Enjoyable?”

”Y-yes.” Another flat lie.

”Miss Smithers, for the benefit of our audience, and frankly for myself, could you describe what it is you do for Mr. McMasters?”

Tami felt a hot flash of shame. “I, um, they, I mean he, um, there’s this machine that measures sexual response and I…help them test it.”

”Can you describe how it works?”

”Yes.” The crowd howled at the reluctant girl’s unintentionally funny response. Even Ryan chuckled.

”Okay, WILL YOU describe how it works.”

”There’s, uh, two rods that power dildos and some sensors that measure my reaction,” Tami blurted, trying to get the details out quickly as if that would cause less pain.

”TWO dildos?” Ryan intentionally slowed his pace in light of the girl’s attempt to speed him along.

”Yes.”

”Both in your vagina?”

”No. One in my…anus.”

”Good, good, well, we’re getting to the bottom of things, aren’t we?,” Ryan joked. Eleven people in the room laughed and one looked like she had just swallowed a poison toad.

”Okay, are there various staff members who assist you with this apparatus?”

”Yes.”

”Do they have to touch you quite intimately in the process of lubricating and inserting the equipment?” Ryan made it sound like an oil change.

”Sometimes…I mean yes.”

”Not a problem for you?”

”N-no.”

”And I understand that there are frequently spectators who watch you…test…as you put it.”

”Yes.”

”And you have no problem being climaxed mechanically in front of them?

”N-none.”

”Miss Smithers, to date you’ve participated in artistic and scientific projects for the benefit of a not-for-profit institution, namely the College. Would you object to doing similar work for commercial purposes?”

The nervous girl’s heart fluttered. “I don’t understand.”

”You’ve been paid for your participation out of the College’s meager funds. Since money is your motivation in doing the work, and modesty is not an issue, I assume you would not object to being involved in projects that involve both the College and a private sponsor or even just a straight business arrangement with a corporation?”

Tami really did not like where this was headed. “No, I wouldn’t just work with anyone. I mean…”

”Miss Smithers, do you intend to get a job after you graduate? I would think life as a naked homeless person would be rather unpleasant.”

”Yes, I do.”

”And unless you suffer some strange reconversion as soon as you leave campus you will performing that job in the nude, will you not?”

”Yes.” Tami could see the jaws of the trap closing. Ryan was just as good as Ross.

”So why would you object to that kind of employment now?”

”It’s just…it’s a question of time, and being able to stay on campus. I don’t have a car or anything.”

”So as long as it’s not too time-consuming, and either near or on campus, or with transportation provided, you have no moral objections to working for private enterprise?”

Checkmate, Ryan. “N-no.”

”Good, good. Miss Smithers, let’s turn to your personal life. Do you engage in sex with people as well as machinery?”

”Yes.”

”With whom? Boyfriend? Girlfriend?”

”Um, both.”

”My goodness. Are you a masturbator?”

”Yes.”

” And with all your research and masturbation and your multiple partners, how often do you engage in sexual activity in a given week?”

Ryan was making her sound like a slut. And her answer wasn’t going to help matters. She had to count the damn panties as well. ”Ten or twelve times.”

Some of the women in the group gasped.

”Have you engaged in sex with more than one person at the same time?”

”Yes.”

”Masturbated with foreign objects?”

”Yes.”

”Urinated in front of others?”

”Yes.”

”Defecated in front of others?”

”Yes.”

There was now a steady murmur of outrage from the spectators. Her brain wanted to scream out the extenuating circumstances but Ryan was firing questions at machine gun pace.

”Have you had sexual contact with an animal?”

Tami sank down in the chair. Caesar had clearly mounted her with lust in his heart. But it wasn’t her fault!

”Yes.” One of the women rushed out of the room, hand over her mouth.

”Very well. That concludes my questions. Thank you, Miss Smithers.” Ryan removed his equipment with the same awkward fumbling that had let him feel her up when he put it on. “I’ll just go next door again to analyze the results,” he said. “No more than ten minutes.”

As Ryan left, Tami turned to face the group who would soon be the first to find out that the whole thing was a lie. Ross hadn’t missed an opportunity to heave one last shovelful of humiliation on her, though. The demeanor of the spectators had changed completely. Where before they had seen her as a mildly exciting curiosity they now looked at her with the utter contempt our society reserves for sexual deviants. She was studiously ignored as they attempted to reestablish small talk, and left to wander conspicuous, naked, degraded, and alone while the weather, changes to Medicare, and this year’s Masters’ were analyzed in depth. Tami turned over her impending confession in her mind. There was no good spin to put on it. She would have to stand there and bare her soul as well as her body. Would someone have mercy and give her clothes at that point or would they just kick her perverted, prevaricating ass out of the house and let her fend for herself?

Finally Ryan returned, grinning triumphantly and bearing the paper scroll from his machine. “This is it,” thought Tami. “The moment of truth, literally.” “Well, Hank,” Ryan addressed Ross, “all I can say is it’s a shame your school gave up football back in the fifties.” “Why’s that?,” the lawyer asked. Ryan lay a dry, cool hand on Tami’s shoulder. “Because this little lady could be the majorette in the halftime show and do things with the baton that would guarantee a full house every Saturday. She’s a nudist, all right, 100 percent. We tried to put together the toughest questions imaginable and she was truthful in all her responses. Not a shred of inhibition!”

Tami’s jaw hung open. She’d been preparing herself to be exposed, but Ryan was pulling a double-cross, further sealing her fate as a nudist! “Well, now, let’s not go overboard,” Ross responded. “It’s a known fact that lie detectors can be fooled.” “But it’s extraordinary,” Ryan enthused. “Her strongest positive answers related to enjoyment of Chalfont and having spectators present while she is stimulated!”

Breakfast was served buffet style, which meant Tami had the privilege of lining up for food next to people who would not want to touch her with a ten-foot pole. After such a complete soul-baring exercise she was utterly shunned. Sitting at the table in the midst of numerous conversations, none of which included or even acknowledged her, she poked at her eggs and fruit and thought dismally about what further ordeals lay ahead. Something involving McMasters, she knew that. And another visit with the scouts. The rest was no doubt already laid out in the perverse brain of the pious man who was preparing for church. How he could go and pray in between sessions of tormenting a nude teenage girl was beyond Tami. Was he repenting for his sins, or did he genuinely see her as the sinner and himself as doing God’s justice in punishing her?

Finished with their food, the group got up and prepared to leave. Ross took Tami aside. “A word, please, Miss Smithers,” he said, and beckoned her to follow him. Here comes the assignment, she thought grimly. ”Come along, Caesar,” he added, causing Tami’s pulse to leap with anxiety. Why was the damn dog necessary? Ross took them into a large laundry room by the greenhouse at the back of the residence. She noted a dog cage in the corner and relaxed. “I know you felt unsafe with Caesar running loose while I was gone yesterday, and took great offense at being locked out of the house. So today, for your peace of mind, we’re going to use the dog cage while I’m out. But I have to tell you that it hasn’t been used since the big guy was a pup being housetrained. I want to make sure it’s strong enough to hold in the event he gets agitated. Would you mind getting in and giving it some good shoves from the inside to make sure it holds together?”

”Me? Get in the dog cage?,” Tami said incredulously. “Remember, it is your own safety that’s at stake,” Ross purred. Tami thought for a second. Getting humped by the cretinous canine had been one of the lowest points of her life, so whatever was necessary to minimize her contact with him was fine. She crawled into the tight confines and Ross shut the door behind her. Tami banged with her hands and pushed with her feet. The metal box was rock solid. Despite the fact that it was open mesh, she felt a little claustrophobic and more than a little embarrassed to see the Rottweiler sniffing curiously around her as she occupied his cage. “It’s good and strong, Mr. Ross,” she called out. “Fine,” the lawyer replied. “Then you should feel nice and secure in there until I return.”

He turned to go. “WHAT? This isn’t the least bit funny. Let me out of here right now!,” Tami shouted. Ross came around to the front of the cage to be face to face with her. “Miss Smithers, I have always had grave doubts about your honesty. The fact that you rifled through my daughter’s personal belongings on your first night here might have been attributable to curiosity about how a normal girl lives. But when I came home last night to discover that you had been searching my library I became downright alarmed. I don’t know if you are looking to steal valuables or simply get dirt on myself or my daughter that you think you can use to your advantage. But given your propensities, I think the safest place to keep you while I’m not present is under lock and key. Goodbye.”

Ross walked out. “GET BACK HERE!,” Tami yelled, rattling the cage. “You miserable…you can’t treat a human being like this!” There was no response. Tami heard the front door slam, then silence. Using all of her strength, she pushed, pulled, and pounded on the metal bars. It was no use. As she had verified, the enclosure was in excellent shape. It was also so small that Tami was forced to remain on her hands and knees, and was unable to even turn around. A carpet in the bottom provided some comfort, but she was otherwise stuck, looking at a blank white wall. “ROSS!,” she howled. She listened intently. Only the ticking of a distant clock could be heard.

Tami took deep breaths to calm herself. Just another technique to break her, she told herself. Ross would be back in what, two hours? Three? Whenever it suited him? On the bright side, she wasn’t being physically hurt, like yesterday, or publicly humiliated. But she was now confined for an indefinite period, unable to help herself. She couldn’t believe Ross would go this far. What if the house caught on fire? She would be roasted alive! What if burglars came in? What might they do to a naked, defenseless girl? She banged again on the bars. She heard paws padding down the hallway and assumed Caesar had come back in to look at her. “Stupid asshole dog!,” she vented. “Your horny, ugly, drooling, miserable butt should be in here! Not me! I’m a person! I’m a per…son!” Tami’s anger lost momentum as she yelled at the dog and turned into a sob. No matter how much she told herself that this was all a plot of Ross’, there was no getting around the fact that she, an honor student, young, beautiful and fit, beloved by friends and family, was going to be spending the foreseeable future locked in a dog crate.

Plus, she had verified that Ross was tracking her. How had he known about her snooping? Were there cameras or could he tell simply by finding a dress or a book slightly out of place? How dare he accuse her of being a thief and a spy? What was she supposed to do with herself when she wasn’t needed for the purposes of abject humiliation; stare at the walls? She was shaken by a fresh sob as she realized she WAS staring at a wall. With the whole afternoon and evening ahead of her, she was already feeling crushed. She knew that Ross was escalating, according to his plan, so that whatever lay ahead would be worse. Her muscles were beginning to ache and she couldn’t move much to relieve them.

After about thirty minutes it all broke loose. The months of calculated degradation. The thinly veiled hatred and suspicion. The constant pressure not to slip up, even for a second. Tami was now alone. Utterly alone, utterly helpless. Under the control of a man no doubt leading prayers at this very moment, respected in ways she could never dream of, while hiding a dark soul underneath. Ross was her opposite, the conservative and perfectly well-mannered family man on the outside, with a sadistic core bubbling over with horrible schemes to destroy her. She, on the other hand, was endlessly derided for her outward appearance, but good-hearted, generous and loving on the inside. It was all so unfair! Tami burst into uncontrollable sobs. “I don’t want to do this! I hate this! I hate you all! You’re so awful! I want to go home!”

After fifteen minutes she’d cried herself out. The same uncaring silence enveloped her as she lay motionless in the bottom of the dog cage. She was at such a nadir that she at first couldn’t process the sound of footsteps in the hallway. Was Ross back? This early? Had someone broken in? Unable to see behind her, a wave of panic rose as the steps neared. She felt incredibly vulnerable with her bare behind presented to the doorway and no ability to escape. “Ah, there she is,” a familiar voice said. McMasters! She didn’t know whether to be happy or terrified. “Mr. McMasters, please let me out of here,” she begged in a cracking voice. McMasters laughed. ”What makes you think I have the key?” He came over and sat casually on top of the cage, looking down at the trapped girl. Tami was just able to cock her head back enough to look up at his smiling face. “Quite a makeup job,” he said, referring to the black lines subdividing her. “Waterproof, I see.” He was right. Her tearstained face still retained a sharp black line down the center. What if this was permanent marker? How would she explain a faded stripe down her nose when she got to her new job at the end of the term?

McMasters lit a cigarette and Tami coughed as the smoke drifted into her tiny prison. What kind of medical researcher sucked down unfiltered Camels, she wondered. “Please, Mr. McMasters, if you don’t have a key can you cut the lock off?,” Tami begged. “Actually, there is no lock,” McMasters chuckled. “Just a good strong latching mechanism. I need you to stay in there for the time being, however. You’re ideally situated for a little experiment.”

McMasters got up and walked away. Tami could not see where he went, but heard the sounds of a box being opened. To her horror, she also heard other voices. “Is there an outlet nearby?” “Shoot, didn’t think of that.” “Try over by the washing machine.” “We’ll have to move the cage, the cord isn’t that long.” McMasters reappeared on her right side. Another man was with him, leaning over to look in her face. The other man gave a low whistle. “I heard she was good-lookin’, but hoo-wee!,” he said in a Texas twang. “This is Mr. Fleming,” McMasters said. “And over there are Dr. Hoekstra and Mr. Kelleher.” Tami cocked her head to the left to see two more men, both in their late fifties, looking in at her like a newly captured specimen.

”Let’s heft this thing over there,” McMasters suggested. The men each grabbed a corner and raised the caged girl off the floor. “She’s a lightweight,” Kelleher commented as they carried her to the other end of the room. “Yep,” Fleming agreed. “Not an ounce of fat on her.” Tami didn’t appreciate being rocked back and forth and found it utterly humiliating to be moved while boxed. “Please let me out! I promise, I’ll do whatever you need me to do,” she pleaded. “Well, this way it’s nice and convenient,” said McMasters as she was set down. “You’re already in the right position, and we wouldn’t want you jerking suddenly and unplugging anything during the course of the test.”

Tami looked to see what Dr. Hoekstra had removed from a case. It appeared to be nothing more complicated than a metallic rod with an electric cord attached. Set in a black plastic base, it was about six inches long and no thicker than a pencil. Her eyes widened with fear as he dabbed the rounded tip with lubricant while the cord swung merrily free. “Now you’ll see why I call this my Magic Wand,” Hoekstra said to the men as he walked over and plugged it in to the outlet. ”NO!,” Tami shrieked as he approached her from the rear. ”Cage WAS a good idea,” Kelleher muttered as the panicky nude became visibly agitated. “Just relax,” said McMasters, more as a command than a soothing statement. The dildo was slim enough to easily fit through the mesh without opening the door. In the tight confines of the cage there was nothing Tami could do to avoid being penetrated. Hoekstra pushed the full length of the sex toy into her then said, “Okay, start the clock.” He twisted a knob at the end of the base and Tami felt a weird tingle in her genitals. It was raw electricity! Hoekstra waited a few seconds then said, “Let’s try a little more.” Another twist and the tingle grew stronger.

Tami gasped at the sensation. It was not exactly painful, but intense, strange, and entirely out of her control. As it grew more powerful she grabbed at the bars of the cage for support. To her surprise, a bluish spark crackled from her fingers as they contacted the metal. ”Careful,” Dr. Hoekstra warned. “You’re carrying a fair amount of current at the moment.” Tami felt increasing heat in her vagina, and a gentle prickling all along the length of the device. She also felt something else. From nowhere, an orgasm was building quickly as the voltage passed directly into some of her most sensitive nerve endings. Terrified, but unable to move a muscle for fear of another shock, she quivered as the strangest climax of her young life rose at a startling pace. Her whole body was now reacting to the electrical intruder. Sweat began to bead on her forehead and her heart thundered in her chest. Yet there was nothing sexual or even mechanical about this situation. She wasn’t being stimulated by pressure or a moving object. The relatively thin dildo, her moist vaginal walls, and some good Northeast Utilities amperage were all that was necessary to push her into an agonized ecstasy.

It was all happening fast and there was nothing she could do to avoid it. Orgasm hit without passion or pleasure. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. There was no stopping the contractions. Tami realized that she would keep coming as long as the device remained in her. Her neurons were being fired by the device, which overrode any ability she had to stop orgasming. It had taken charge of her, literally. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. Tami’s brain was demanding that she breathe but she couldn’t. Her whole body was trembling uncontrollably, and the observers noted a bright pink flush to her skin. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. She couldn’t speak or cry out. Her eyes bulged unnaturally and her mouth hung wide open, tongue rigid in a silent scream. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP.

Hoekstra casually took a pencil out of his pocket and poked it into the cage to flip a switch on the rear of the dildo. Suddenly the sensation stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Tami collapsed, face down, gulping air in giant gasps. Hoekstra unceremoniously whisked the mechanism out of her and unplugged it from the wall. “What was the time?,” Tami dimly heard him ask. “Thirty three seconds until the onset of orgasm,” McMasters replied. “Yeah, and I started her off easy for the first ten seconds or so,” Dr. Hoekstra said. “We could probably get it down to fifteen seconds tops from insertion to orgasm with a little practice. Now do you see why it’s called the Magic Wand?”

”But what possible market could there be for such a monster?,” Kelleher asked skeptically. “Most people want to enjoy sex, to draw it out. Women particularly want foreplay. Using that thing would be like eating a bowl of ice cream in one gulp!” Hoekstra laughed. ”How many people are HAVING sex these days? The marriage rate is down, everyone is worried about AIDS, and folks are working more hours than ever. A married couple gets home, deals with the kids, then falls asleep on the couch before “Survivor” starts. Does a single gal have time to get off her job at 7:00, eat, go out to a bar, meet a guy, get to know him, and get nailed before she gets in bed at 11:00 to get up at 5:30 the next day? No! This little beauty gives sexual release in the shortest possible time. Sure, it may need a few tweaks, but it means that a whole romantic evening can be compressed into less than a minute, if necessary. And let’s face it, even with a guy she doesn’t even have a guarantee that Romeo is going to get the job done before he rolls off her and falls asleep. This baby can’t miss! With the optional automotive power converter, waiting at a red light will never be the same!”

Tami still lay limp in the cage, sweat pouring down her sides. Her ears were ringing and she tasted copper in her mouth. The lively conversation went on as if she wasn’t even there. “Okay,” said the still-doubtful Kelleher. “But you demonstrated it on a young woman who we know through the data is wildly sexually responsive. What about frigid women? Or old broads?” “Well, I can’t do anything about Miss Smithers’ orgasmic tendencies,” Hoekstra said. “Frankly, we didn’t exactly have a lot of volunteers other than her to test the prototype. Not many females are willing to make their reproductive organs part of an electrical circuit and risk getting their eggs fried! But remember what I explained before. This has nothing to do with youth or responsiveness. We are directly stimulating the nerves that carry instructions to the brain to orgasm. As long as those neurological channels are functional it doesn’t matter if we’re dealing with Jenna Jameson or Janet Reno. Gentlemen, if you recall the premise of this experiment it was to put Miss Smithers in the least sexual mood possible prior to inserting the device. You yourselves sat in the library with me and heard her cries of despair and anger. When we entered this room our actions, as planned, only served to frighten and infuriate her further. Yet half a minute after the apparatus was inserted into this entirely unreceptive subject she was blasting out orgasms like a popcorn machine!”

Tami’s mind whirled. They had been in the house with her the whole time? Listening to her anguish and leaving her to suffer? Of course, it meant she had never been in danger, but what if she’d blurted out some horrible confession, thinking she was alone? All part of Ross’ master plan, no doubt. The cage door was opened and an anonymous hand patted her on the backside as a signal she should come out. Tami was still too shaken by the experience to react to the demeaning gesture. Crawling backwards, naked, out of a cage before four men was hardly a situation worth celebrating, but she was glad to be free from the awful confinement. Of course, she realized that this meant more freedom for McMasters to do things to her. She was sure that he and these other men hadn’t made the trip out just to observe one short demonstration.

Damp, exhausted, and badly shaken, Tami was now formally introduced to the three other men by the gregarious McMasters. “Miss Smithers, our school has been fortunate over the years to have a number of very generous alumni and supporters. Mr. Kelleher, Mr. Fleming, and Dr. Hoekstra have all been instrumental, shall I say, in your research work to date. While Chalfont is a teaching institution, it has always had a mandate to look at the commercial possibilities of the products and treatments developed there. With that in mind, and of course your full cooperation, we want to do some product testing to determine what our best bets for future exploitation are.”

Tami knew full well what was being exploited. She was so close to being done, to being out, but these bastards kept trying to break her. It would be too much to take if she cracked at this point, but how heartless were they going to be over the next few weeks? The men all gave warm handshakes to the naked girl who they had just watched get half-electrocuted in an animal crate. McMasters directed the group towards the back door. As Tami passed, he said, “I’m not forgetting your $30 an hour rate, by the way, Miss Smithers. Technically you’ve been on the clock since you went into the cage. No time and a half for weekends, though!”

After being imprisoned in such a hideous fashion, Tami was glad to go outdoors, even though she was nude and escorted both by strangers and a man who seemed to be consumed by seeing his most perverted sexual fantasies in the flesh – her flesh, that is. A van was parked in the driveway, which Tami immediately recognized as the one modified by Homer Winant to allow him to drive. She was a little surprised to see Brendo accompanying the maintenance supervisor, and more than a little concerned given Brendo’s usual duty of preparing her for penetration. Brendo was busy using Winant’s lift to take a second wheelchair out of the van. Ross introduced Winant to the guests, although it was clear that he already knew Dr. Hoekstra. ”Thank you for coming, gentlemen,” Winant began. ”We’ve been fortunate enough to be able to do some very exciting cross-disciplinary projects this year and the motorized wheelchair in front of you is the result of some of that work. Naturally, I take great interest in ways technology can improve the lives of the disabled. As you are no doubt aware, in recent years the use of mouthsticks, blowpipes, and voice recognition have allowed even the most complete quadriplegics to gain much more mobility, use computers and so forth. We are well on the way to restoring their ability to fully participate in society. However, one of the shameful secrets regarding people suffering partial or full paralysis is sexual functioning. While some victims lose the ability to feel sensation others remain just as capable of desiring and achieving carnal gratification as normally-abled people. And many of those, who are not fortunate enough to have a spouse or partner as I do, are put in an embarrassing position. They can’t stimulate themselves due to their physical condition, but if they under the care of family members or professionals they feel they cannot ask for outside assistance. Miss Smithers, as the most sexually active person present, I’m sure you can imagine how difficult it would be to go from, what is it, thirty orgasms a week to zero, while still having the desire for that kind of fulfillment? And anyone can be put in that position in a heartbeat.”

Tami bowed her head. Yep, thirty bucks an hour, thirty orgasms a week. Those are my vital stats, gentlemen. Winant zipped over beside the second wheelchair and patted the seat. Apparently this was the universal signal to Tami to situate herself somewhere she might otherwise not want to be. Noting a long slit down the center of the fabric covering, she sat down reluctantly. Brendo quickly appeared at her side. With a roll of duct tape he began tightly strapping her wrists and elbows to the arms of the chair. “Don’t be alarmed,” Winant commented. “We’re merely replicating quadriplegia for purposes of displaying the chair’s functions. Brendo moved on to restraining Tami’s legs, wrapping the sticky tape thoroughly around the muscular girl and the frame of the seat and footrest. Not surprisingly, this left the naked girl’s legs nicely parted. She tested her bonds and gulped when she realized how strong they were. ”Replicating quadriplegia,” indeed. What they had ensured was that Tami had no ability to resist whatever they had planned for her!

Winant produced what looked like a large video game controller, complete with joystick, and told Tami they were ready to begin. As Winant fiddled with the buttons, the center of the seat began to vibrate, slowly at first. When Tami showed no signs of reaction, Winant increased the intensity with another push on the remote. The sensation was not at all erotic, it felt more like a harsh drumming. “Can you tell us how it feels, Miss Smithers?,” Winant asked. “I’ll be trying a number of different parameters and you need to keep me apprised of how aroused you are.” “Well, this isn’t arousing at all,” Tami said, happy that, for once, someone’s little mechanism didn’t have her orgasming all over the place. Winant dutifully applied different frequencies and areas of coverage to the girl’s nether regions without success. “It’s just making my butt and thighs shake,” Tami observed. “That was my fear,” Winant said. If we can’t get good contact on the genitals of someone in as good a physical condition as Miss Smithers, a more obese person confined to a chair would be a hopeless cause. Okay. Let’s go with Plan B.”

Brendo rolled the wheelchair back to the van and began making adjustments, under Winant’s direction, using pliers and wrenches on the mechanism below Tami. She was not surprised that when Winant next operated the control a dildo rose from the slit below her and began blindly poking around her perineum. She glumly adjusted herself so that it entered her vagina. There was something wrong, however. It seemed to be not the right size, and at the wrong angle. Winant pushed the appropriate buttons to get it going in and out of her, simulating sex, but she could tell immediately that it wasn’t going to get the job done. This created a dilemma. Should she tell him of the shortcomings so that it could be adjusted to get her orgasming and get this over with, or should she be silent and let these assholes publicly fail in front of their business buddies?

Out of sheer vindictiveness, she opted for the latter course. Brendo adjusted and readjusted the dildo, slightly improving things, but nothing brought her within range of climax. In the meantime Ross returned. ”Sorry about the little lockup,” he said, smiling at the naked girl now helplessly bound to the wheelchair. “Just had to set the mood, so to speak, to show off the good doctor’s little invention to the maximum advantage. No hard feelings, I hope.” He mockingly extended a hand to the girl who was now in a different kind of restraint. Tami just glared as her vagina was pointlessly plunged. The businessmen were looking impatiently at each other and Winant was becoming slightly flustered. Ross inquired as to what was going on. When it was explained, he smiled. “Miss Smithers responds very well to vibration, I found. Can you add a little bounce for her benefit?”

Winant and Brendo consulted. “At this point, the chair can’t both vibrate and do intercourse,” Winant said, visibly downcast. “The motor really only supports one sexual function at a time.” “Hmm,” said Ross. ”Well, why not run the chair over some bumpy ground while the dildo is operating? It worked when she masturbated in my car on the way up here.” Desperate for any solution, Winant used the remote to get the wheelchair rolling and ran it up and down the driveway. Tami felt utterly ridiculous, being sent this way and the other, run around in circles, whizzing past the observers. His car-chasing instincts triggered, Caesar began lumbering after the ungainly device, adding to the absurdity of the situation. Whatever satisfaction she may have derived from Winant’s downfall was at least temporarily balanced by the incongruity of being on a perverse carnival ride, tits bouncing as she hit the minor bumps of the driveway.

”Not enough vibration,” Ross mused. “Driveway’s too smooth. You need some rough road - or maybe run her along the gravel shoulder out front here.” “You figure that’s safe?,” Winant asked. “Heck, yes. Sunday afternoon there’s hardly any traffic,” Ross replied. “You can control her from the van and maybe build up some good speed going downhill.” Tami couldn’t quite process what was going on. But in no time the men were piling into the van. Winant drove and Brendo held the remote in the passenger seat. The businessmen sat in the back, looking out of the windows, and Ross and McMasters took the rearmost seat. Tami was left alone. At least for a moment. The van drove past and Tami felt a jerk as the chair began to move. It trundled down the driveway behind the big vehicle. The gate swung open automatically, and the van headed out to the main road.

Strapped down, Tami could do nothing to avoid following. Brendo had his head stuck out of the side window, watching her progress as he operated the chair. Reaching the main road, the van stopped and put on its turn signal. Tami was pulled up close to the rear bumper. The van sat for an inordinate amount of time, given that the road was clear. The men were apparently discussing how exactly to proceed while the young nude sucked down their exhaust fumes. Finally, the van pulled out slowly and Tami kept pace alongside it on the gravel shoulder. Under Brendo’s control, the dildo began popping into her vigorously. The ride was uneven and dangerous as the chair rocked and bumped over the potholed surface. The maximum speed of the chair on level ground was just a few miles an hour, but they soon had Tami going downhill, picking up speed rapidly. Comfortably crawling along the smooth blacktop road, the men watched her out of the van windows like senior citizens on a bus tour. Teeth rattling, eyeballs jouncing, Tami began to feel sick. Bound naked to a wheelchair, on a public road, she jostled violently and worried that the whole thing would tip over. She had no means to protect herself if it did. But the scientists, businessmen and college attorney all had interests that outweighed her desire for comfort and safety. They also knew her genitals better than she did. The jolts to her G-spot were doing the trick. No more than three hundred yards from Ross’ house a familiar sound split the quiet of the countryside. “AAAAAAH! BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP.

The van did a U-turn and Brendo courteously deactivated the dildo and directed Tami’s chair up onto the asphalt to follow behind. Fortunately only a car or two came the other direction, and they went past so quickly they probably never even saw Tami. Still, she was in close to the rear of the van again and rapidly adding carbon monoxide poisoning to the motion sickness she had suffered on her downhill ride. The van parked around back again, and Tami was pulled up next to it. Her head was spinning as Brendo hopped out and began matter-of-factly undoing the tape. As relieved as she was to be released, she yelped as the sticky substance yanked out the hairs on her arms as it was unwound. The other men got out of the vehicle and Tami could hear them grumbling even as her eyes filled with water due to the pain of the procedure and she fought back a wave of nausea.

The presentation had clearly been a dud. Kelleher, chewing a toothpick, was downright mean-spirited in his remarks. “So our handicapper wants to get off discreetly. All they need to do is get themselves undressed, somehow, head down to the main road and hope they don’t wind up upside down in a ditch with a dildo sticking out of them! Can’t imagine too many straight fellows would appreciate the dildo option, either. This thing works strictly for women, and young men are far more likely to be paralyzed through accident or injury than young women are! Look, guys, I appreciate the tits and ass show, but it’s not enough to sell me on further funding of the product!”

As Brendo released Tami’s legs, McMasters held up his hands and attempted to placate the businessmen. “Please, this is all new ground and we’re trying to accumulate data as quickly as we can. As Dr. Hoekstra himself said earlier, volunteers like Miss Smithers are hard to come by. In fact, we are about the only institution in the world that can perform this kind of testing, thanks to her. We are certainly sensitive to your concerns, but I think our next set of features that we will display address some of them. Homer?”

”Yes,” Winant began. “We are in fact working on robotic arms for the chair that can dress and undress the user, which from a day-to-day standpoint really is more important for toilet and washing purposes than for sex. We are all fortunate that we don’t have to face the humiliating prospect of having an audience when we urinate or move our bowels.” Ross smiled knowingly at Tami, who was struggling to reestablish circulation in her extremities and keep from throwing up. “Eliminating the need for another person to wipe the bottom or pull the pants up will be a considerable addition to the quality of life of a paralytic. Understandably, we cannot demonstrate this feature on Miss Smithers since getting dressed would violate her religion. But trust me, with appropriate Velcro fasteners on the clothing the robotic arms can dress and undress, wash, and lift a person on and off a toilet.”

Winant paused as Brendo again attacked the underside of Tami’s chair with wrenches and screwdrivers. “As for the “strictly female” issue, what we’re about to show you is our breakthrough innovation for helping a disabled man have a complete relationship. Funnily enough, it derived out of one of our earliest initiatives, an innocent attempt to modify the chair to push a seated person into a standing position. One day I happened to catch a couple of my assistants joyriding in the prototype, with the lift and lower mechanism operating at top speed. It occurred to me, with a few tweaks, that a man capable of erection sitting in such a chair could in fact use the lift device to move his pelvic region in such a fashion as to put him in control of sexual intercourse. With Miss Smithers’ assistance I’ll show you just how effective this method can be.”

Tami stared at Winant, mouth agape. Then she noticed Brendo retrieving a strap-on dildo from the van. “Don’t worry, Tami,” Winant chuckled. “Modesty IS an issue for me, and I’m sure these gentlemen aren’t interested in what’s between my legs.” Brendo lifted Winant under the arms and the maintenance supervisor quickly belted the device around his hips. Brendo then carried Winant over to the specialized chair. Winant took a tube of lubricating jelly from his shirt pocket and began to grease the formidable plastic penis with the same level of detachment as if he’d been oiling a hinge. He continued his description of the chair’s features. “The mechanism can be worked either by hand-held remote, hard-wired joystick attached to the chair arm, or, most exciting of all, voice command.” He picked up the remote and patted his thigh. “Come sit on my lap, Miss Smithers.”

Tami uncertainly perched herself on Winant’s legs with her back to him. “I’m sorry,” Winant laughed. “I have this impulse to try to preserve your dignity which I suppose is kind of ridiculous. I should have said, climb onto the dildo.” The other men were still chortling over the misunderstanding as Tami reluctantly positioned herself over monstrosity protruding from her boss’ crotch and began lowering herself. She noticed that the object was not shaped like a penis, but was rather squarish with bulges in the center and at the very tip. With two hands on the arm rests to support her weight, she once again experienced the complete incongruity of being vaginally penetrated in the great outdoors before a group of fully dressed spectators. The position was awkward for her and the dildo seemed to go on forever. There was total silence, punctuated only by her occasional gasp or squeak as she slowly descended the full length of plastic. Finally she encountered the soft warmth of Winant’s corduroys. This was as close to wearing clothes as she ever got – the vicarious thrill of touching someone else’s garments.

She did not sit still for long. With the push of a button, Winant began a slow oscillation of the seat. Ever the gentleman, he kept his hands by his sides rather than submitting to the impulse to take hold of his partner. Tami felt ridiculous, as if she was on some stupid amusement park ride, bobbing up a foot in the air, then down. She could not see Winant manipulating the remote but he was clearly increasing the tempo. Her hair and breasts began to bounce in unison as he took her up to two thrusts per second.

The situation may have been artificial and absurd to Tami’s brain, but from her vagina’s perspective, a nice big cock was pounding into her at just the right speed. There was something weird about the dildo. Its odd configuration seemed to be hitting just the right spots inside her. “Oh, God,” she moaned. “I can’t check the nipples,” Winant announced. “How are we doing for stimulation?” The other men crowded around, trying to get a good look at the girl’s tits as they rose and fell. Not wanting to make his colleagues seasick, Winant dialed back the intensity just as Tami was wishing it would speed up. “Harder’n a Hereford’s horns,” came back the report from Mr. Fleming. “Good, good,” said Winant. “Now let me demonstrate the joystick.”

He came to a complete stop, leaving the panting, frustrated girl impaled helplessly as he twiddled with the controls. The joystick allowed for one finger operation, Winant pointed out, and left the hands free to roam once a pleasurable tempo was achieved. He demonstrated the various ways the chair could be tilted to achieve stimulation of different areas. Tami was once again building to orgasm when he abruptly shut things down. It made no difference to him, since he was only receiving the mild pleasure of a pretty girl bouncing in his lap. Tami squirmed like a bug pinned to a board. “Now I’ll demonstrate voice command,” Winant said, putting on the headset and turning on the microphone. “Let’s make love, nice and easy.” The chair began working slowly again, raising the couple as if they were bodysurfing in the ocean. “Oooh,” moaned Tami. Kelleher took the toothpick out of his mouth. “C’mon, we’ve already seen that. Let’s see how fast can you get this thing going!” he barked impatiently. ”Faster,” Winant said, and the motor began pounding out RPMs. “Faster,” he said again, and they were back up to two thrusts a second. ”Faster.” Now Tami was getting pounded, the tip of the strange artificial dick slamming into her cervix. Orgasm was again moments away, but she was concerned about getting hurt. “I want to get off!,” she screamed.

Instead of stopping, the machine somehow found yet another gear. The engine whined and Tami’s breasts, which had once gently jounced in response to the pistoning action, were now practically a blur, and her body shook like a rag doll being worried by a dog. The enormous dildo was an anchor now, keeping her from flying off into space. Her cries were unintelligible, but luckily there was no mistaking the strident chirp of the orgasm monitor. By the fifteenth beep, the observers were looking at each other in amazement.

Tami wasn’t sure how Winant stopped the machine this time. She was too far gone even to hear a vocal command. As her senses reasserted themselves and she came to rest with a final plop on her boss’ lap, she became aware that the men were laughing uproariously. “Miss…Miss...ha ha…Miss Smithers,” the bemused Winant struggled to explain,” I should have...tee hee…should have mentioned that we’ve programmed certain slang phrases into the machine as well. Can’t expect people to use the Queen’s English under these circumstances. I’m afraid your little comment got misinterpreted. Still, no harm, no foul, right?”

Tami didn’t answer, but instead tried to raise herself off the sex toy and escape. She underestimated the depth of penetration, however, and how much the thunderous orgasm had drained her. Three quarters of the way off she slid back down again, precipitating more hilarity from the onlookers. “Looks like y’all got a repeat customer, there, Homer,” Fleming observed. “She’s comin’ back for more!” ”Let me help you Tami,” Winant said, activating the chair’s feature that pushed the user into a standing position. Still limp with exhaustion, Tami quickly found herself horizontal to the big dick. She had been so slow to react to the movement that she ended up doggie-style, with her hands on the ground. This was the position from which she now more or less crawled to freedom.

Kelleher had gone from being gruff to ecstatic. “With all due respect to your Magic Wand, Dr. H, all other non-electric dildos are obsolete!,” he cried, pointing to the device as it popped out of Tami back into the warm sunlight. “Our competitors have never gotten past the presumption that the penis was the perfect shape for the device, but thanks to Chalfont’s research we were able to create a design based on the nerve clusters within the vagina. Look at the effect!” Tami had collapsed face-down on the pavement, butt pointed to the sky. “I just hope we haven’t made men obsolete,” Winant said wryly as he unstrapped the instrument of Tami’s ecstasy. Kelleher was still bubbling with enthusiasm. “It’ll cost no more to produce than a conventional marital aid, but the patented design means pure profit!” “And royalties,” McMasters chimed in. Fleming couldn’t take his eyes off of the flushed, naked girl who had dusted driveway grime off of her knees and was now trying to put her hair back in some kind of order. It was easy to overlook the black lines on her torso given her engorged lips, erect nipples, and hugely dilated pupils. Tami unselfconsciously panted to get her breath back

Dr. Hoekstra now seemed the least impressed of the observers. “Suppose your man wants to do something other than look at the back of his lady’s head,” he groused, scratching his beard. “Seems to me this thing doesn’t work for face-to-face relations.” “Not at all,” Winant countered. “There is enough room for the woman to slip her legs down the sides, between the seat and the wheels. An athletic girl like Tami could even put her legs over the gentleman’s shoulders.” Hoekstra squinted doubtfully at the leg holes. “Why don’t you try it out yourself?,” McMasters urged, in his best used car salesman tone. “No, no,” Hoekstra said with a wave of his hand. “I’m a married man.” “So am I,” laughed Winant, holding up his ring as evidence. “Look, from my perspective there is no more sexual contact here than there would be in a game of touch football. You’ve seen the tapes – Miss Smithers gets mechanical stimulation to a much greater degree on a weekly basis.” Hoekstra stroked his chin. “Well, I guess if my company’s buying the thing I should at least get first hand experience with it…”

The ever-efficient Brendo had already produced another identical strap-on and was putting a light layer of lubricant on the head. The elderly doctor clearly felt a little ridiculous as the unusual phallus was fastened around his hips. He settled in the wheelchair and the plastic pole protruded like a bayonet awaiting the enemy’s charge. Tami knew what was expected of her and went ahead before the order could be issued. She climbed aboard, holding the back of the chair as she guided her legs down the sides and her vagina onto the dildo. The resulting position was unexpectedly intimate. Her whole torso was pressed against Hoekstra’s, and she had to hold her head back to avoid cheek to cheek contact. Winant operated the remote and Tami found herself grinding against the length of the doctor as they rose and fell together. He smelled vaguely of gin and tonic and his beard tickled everywhere it touched.

Unlike Winant, Hoekstra had no compunction about holding on to Tami. His liver-spotted hands grabbed her ass and even helped guide the penetration. Tami was being too stimulated by the dildo to protest, and besides, it didn’t seem so awful given that her breasts and face were rubbing all over his face and upper body. Still, she was aware that her limitations were being further eroded. The line between “equipment demonstration” and actual sex was about at its limit. But damn, this dildo was amazing! So much so that she could set aside the revolting conditions and just concentrate on the pleasure it produced. “UMM! AAH! OH YEAH!”

Around the chair, the other men watched with interest. Fleming was clearly taken by the young redhead. “Wherever did you find a magnificent creature like this?,” he asked Winant. “Oh, she just kind of fell into our laps!,” the maintenance man replied, and everyone had a good chuckle. On Hoekstra’s lap, fingers digging into the back of the wheelchair, breasts unavoidably and unabashedly slapping and squashing all over his ruddy cheeks and white beard, Tami Smithers prepared for orgasm. Trying to maintain some control of the bouncing girl, the doctor’s bony hands dug deep into her asscheeks, pulling them wide open and letting a brisk afternoon wind into her rectum. Unbeknownst to her, his fingertips would leave ten distinctive bruises on her behind, leaving no doubt to the many observers who would see her bottom later as to what kind of activity she had engaged in on her weekend away from campus.

BEEP!\*BEEP!\*BEEP!\*BEEP!\* BEEP!\*BEEP!\*BEEP!\*BEEP!\* In the throes of orgasm she pressed herself even harder against the doctor, grinding into him like a lapdancer behind on her rent. His frail body had never been on the receiving end of such an outpouring of sexual energy, since sex in his youth had consisted of a furtive quickie in the back of a DeSoto. Fascinated, he put his ear to her neck and listened to her galloping heart. His nose in the hollow of her shoulder, he drank in her delicate smell and felt the smoothness and warmth of her skin. Her breathing was so ragged it sounded almost like a sob. The exhausted girl gradually regained her senses and again had the task of getting off the special dildo, this time while also extricating herself from the legholes down the side of the chair. She was too tired to object when the men came forward to assist her, grabbing onto whatever body part was handy and pulling her free like a cork coming out of a wine bottle.

Tami’s legs quivered like a newborn foal as she was set back on the ground. While the other men helped the thoroughly rumpled Dr. Hoekstra out of the wheelchair, Tami noted Fleming ducking back into the house and emerging with a briefcase. She was now getting the dim understanding that each of the businessmen had brought some kind of dildo to test on her. She had survived Hoekstra’s electric rod and Kelleher’s bulbous monster. What did Fleming have in store for her? The same question was apparently occurring to the other men. “The floor’s yours, Harv,” McMasters said. Fleming adjusted the bolo tie around his neck. “Well, I don’t mean to sound inhospitable or anythin’, but I’m afraid my invention still in the early development stage.” Tami felt a wave of relief. Maybe Fleming didn’t intend to actually use it on her!

The Texan fiddled with his tie again and looked at Tami. There was something wholly unsettling in the way he regarded her. Tami was used to seeing surprise, disgust and even occasionally pity in people’s eyes. She was also accustomed to the same impersonal ogling that strippers endure, where strangers simply revel in the novelty and delight of seeing bare sex organs, without taking any real interest in the person to whom the organs are attached. Fleming’s look was different. It was the intense, focused stare of a man who had spotted the woman of his dreams. With the right person, across a crowded room, such a look could be the beginning of a love-at-first-sight relationship. But the bug-eyed, portly, powder-blue suited 58 year-old could hardly stir the reciprocal emotion in Tami.

”What I’m sayin’ is, we’re at a highly experimental phase with the polymers. We believe we’ve already got the most lifelike feeling any dildo ever produced, but I still want to keep it under wraps. Not that I doubt any of y’all’s integrity.” “Very well,” said McMasters. “So you won’t need our subject’s services today?” Tami’s surge of joy was cut short as Fleming waved a fat hand in the air. “Now hold on! That’s not what I’m saying. What I’m saying is I need to test in private. I don’t even want Miss Smothers to get a look at this thing. It’s kinda held together with duct tape and balin’ wire, if you know what I mean, and I don’t want anyone seeing how the various gels and plastics interact. Y’all have patents pending, I know, but mine isn’t that far along.”

Ross shrugged. “ I can’t have any gels spilling on the floor inside the house, but you’re welcome to use the equipment shed. You can close the door for privacy.” “What are you going to do about the girl?,” Kelleher asked. “Blindfold?” Fleming shook his head. “Not good enough. No way of telling if she can still get a line of sight. I need some kind of hood.” The men wandered over towards the little barn to see what could be used to cover Tami’s head. A cardboard box was tried, but clearly was too likely to fall off during the sexual activity. An empty plastic topsoil bag was considered and rejected, not because it would pose a danger of suffocation and leave the redhead filthy, but because it had small tears that might have allowed her to see. Finally Ross produced a tall, slim plastic bucket. ”This should work,” he said. The men made Tami get on her knees and the bucket was pushed down over her head, hard enough to make her yelp as her nose was squashed against the side. “Is that good and tight?,” Fleming asked. The container was tugged and turned, causing more pain for the girl as it rubbed against her ears and forehead and pulled at her hair. Her protests were apparently muffled by the thick plastic. “Let’s try this,” a voice suggested and a hefty thump on the upraised bottom of the bucket wedged her head in to the maximum, bringing tears to her eyes. Unable to breathe though her flattened nose, she gasped for air through her mouth.

”Still can’t be sure if she can see down,” Tami heard Fleming say. “I’ve got an idea,” McMasters said. Tami stiffened slightly. McMasters’ ideas tended to run towards abject degradation for her. She couldn’t see how that could be possible here. In fact, she couldn’t see at all. The bucket was so tight around her face that she was practically in complete darkness, much less being able to examine the stealth technology incorporated in Fleming’s top-secret strap-on. Tami remained kneeling, like some perverse altar girl. Abruptly she became aware of a sensation of warmth near her left nipple. Suddenly, OUCH! she got burned! She reflexively clapped her hand over the wounded breast. “Not even a flinch,” McMasters said, taking a fresh drag off of his cigarette. “I’m willing to bet if she had a line of sight downward she wouldn’t have let me use her as an ashtray!”

”Okay, fellas, that’s just fine,” Fleming said. “Now if you’ll be good enough to mosey along…” The other men left and Tami heard the big wooden door close. Her hearing was drastically reduced by her headgear but she thought she heard paper tearing, plastic crinkling, and maybe even a zipper. Unable to see, she felt around awkwardly for something to hold onto. Fleming chuckled at the ridiculous sight of the otherwise naked girl blindly fumbling her way around the room while sporting a bright green bucket on her head. He took hold of her arm and positioned her standing, bent over, with her hands on a worktable. Several minutes passed and she wondered what kind of trouble he could possibly be having with the dildo. She wished he would hurry up – it gave her the creeps to be in here alone and sightless with a guy who obviously had more than a scientific interest in her.

Tami was still thoroughly lubed from her wheelchair activities and her labia parted easily as the head of the object finally pushed in. Fleming inserted the whole length at once and she could feel his polyester pants rubbing up against her legs. “How’s that feel, honey?,” he asked. “Hits foine,” came the muffled response. “Good.” Fleming began pushing in and out, and Tami did have to admit his dildo felt incredibly like a real penis. It was even warm, no doubt due to some chemical reaction in the gels. Like Hoekstra, Fleming was not averse to handling her, and took hold of her hips to keep her in the right spot. Tami guessed that was okay, since she couldn’t see and it was permissible for sighted people to use touch to guide the visually impaired.

No more than a minute or two in, it was clear that the simulated sex was pretty rough on the out-of-shape entrepreneur. He was soon puffing like a freight train and Tami could hear him groaning with effort. After the almost instantaneous stimulation and orgasms the other devices produced, she felt unlucky that she was stuck in private with a guy who obviously had the hots for her and whose product just felt like an ordinary dick, but who wasn’t up to a vigorous fucking like Rod had accustomed her to. Fleming, too, must have been feeling the pressure to bring the girl to orgasm after the impressive displays of his rivals. He began encouraging her vocally. “C’mon, darlin’ that’s good…oh yeah, real nice…you’re doin’ great…” Meantime, he picked up the pace. Tami’s ability to get into it was curtailed by the pain and humiliation of wearing the bucket on her head, and she was further put off by the feeling of his potbelly rubbing all over her bare butt. She just wanted to get this over with. In someone else’s hands, the dildo might have done a decent job, but Fleming was barely up to the task. So Tami began fucking back, pushing her hips in time to the Texan’s feeble thrusts. “Hooee!,” he responded. “Jesus jiminy, that’s a girl!” Tami used the technique she had used with the rake, and the jangling handle of the bucket provided a similar musical accompaniment to her efforts as the clang of the rake against the wall.

Fleming now sounded ecstatic, no doubt mistaking her impetus to finish this idiocy for a passionate response to his technology. “Oh, baby, look at you go! Give it to me, come on, little filly, you know you want it!” Sure enough, her hard work was getting her over the hump. “UHH!,” she groaned into the bucket. She was now slamming her butt back and it was only Fleming’s 250 pound heft that kept him from being knocked over. She struggled to get enough air in the stuffy confines and regretted that her multiple recent sexual encounters had left her feeling weak just when she needed strength and energy the most.

Not only doing all the work, Tami had to listen to what sounded like a rodeo going on behind her. “HEE-YAH! Oh, Lordy! My gracious goodness! You go, girl!” When she stiffened to orgasm, she felt Fleming’s fingers digging deep into her flesh, leaving another set of small bruises for later observers to speculate on. BEEP!\*BEEP!\*BEEP!\* She came weakly, reflecting all of the circumstances. Fleming seemed exhausted and utterly winded. He lingered for a moment, his full weight bearing against her, then slowly pulled the device out. She stood up and went to try to lift the bucket off of her sweaty head. “Nooo!,” Fleming cried. “Gotta let me put the ol’ X100 away before you get that off.”

Tami again heard muffled noises. This time she was almost certain a zipper was involved. “Okay, let’s see that purdy lil’ face again,” Fleming said. He helped her push the bucket up and off. The change in Fleming’s appearance shocked her. His face was beet red, and what little hair he had was plastered down with perspriration. He had taken his suit coat and bolo tie off and unbuttoned his collar. Something about his manner was even more disturbing. Instead of his usual state of being eager and edgy and looking at her with a gleam in his eye, he was relaxed, almost drowsy, and seemed to be trying hard to keep a smile off of his face. His case still sat in the same spot in the corner, closed up like it had been when she had last seen it.

A horrible thought occurred to Tami. She knew Fleming wanted her – badly. She had been alone with him, unable to see, and had just experienced his “amazingly lifelike” dildo. What if…what if he had just used his penis instead? How would she have known the difference? She gulped hard. If he’d used a condom she’d never know, and she thought she remembered hearing tearing and crinkling sounds. She looked more closely at the case. It had metal latches, no zippers. Still, there could be an interior case with a zipper. Tami’s mind whirled. Would Ross really subject her to unwanted sex? Was it rape? Of course, Ross had no control over what had just happened – Fleming might have tricked him, too. Or was this a mind game, like the dog cage, where she was left to think the worst even though no harm would come to her?

The unmistakable beeps of the orgasm monitor had signaled the other men that the test was over, and a knock at the door was answered by Fleming’s “Come in.” They couldn’t help but laugh as they gathered around to listen to Tami’s debriefing. Her hair still retained the shape of the bucket, and McMasters couldn’t resist saying, “She looks a little pail!” The disheveled Fleming did his best to restore his appearance before questioning Tami. “So how was it?,” he asked. ”Good and lifelike?” Tami noticed that the twinkle was back in his eyes. “Very realistic,” she said guardedly, thinking carefully about how she could extract further information about what really happened. “It was even warm – is there some chemical reaction in the gels that causes that?” Fleming looked baffled. “Not that I’m aware of. Guess it just got heated up in the trunk of the car! Still, interesting idea – like those handwarmers hunters use, huh? So you liked it?” “It was okay, I mean, I came and everything.” “I’m glad it was good for you. Personally, I’m more than satisfied!” He mopped his brow and wiped around his neck with his handkerchief. “You know,” Fleming continued, his bulging eyes fixing Tami with a stare reminiscent of an iguana tracking a juicy insect, “I like the cut of your jib, young lady. Would you be willing to consider a position as a summer intern at my firm down in Houston? Wouldn’t pay great, but there’d be plenty more product testing opportunities!” Tami realized she was in a delicate position. “I’m sorry, I have other plans for the summer.” “Really,” said Ross. ”What are they? I’m curious as to how our local nudist plans to blend back into life off-campus.” Her mind still in a turmoil over what might have just happened, Tami gulped. “I-I don’t think I’m under any obligation to keep you informed of my whereabouts, Mr. Ross.” ”Good heavens,” the attorney replied, acting wounded but clearly making a mental note of her reticence. “Simply a friendly question about how one of our top students will be spending her summer. No need to bite my head off!” “Hell, just keep one of those monitors up her ass and track her like a migratory goose!,” the curmudgeonly Kelleher grumbled. Ross laughed. “That won’t be necessary,” he said with a casual assurance that gave Tami a chill.

All the sexual activity had left Tami with an urgent need to urinate. Trying to regain some control of the situation, in which she may very well have just had sex with a fat old pervert, and given Ross further ammunition to continue to put her in jeopardy, she announced, “Mr. Ross, I need to do number one. Shall do it in your rhododendron bed?” Ross feigned bafflement as the other men looked at Tami in shock. “I’m sorry, Miss Smithers?” “Would you like me to pee on your plants?,” she asked, her resolve cracking. ”Why no,” Ross responded, scratching his head. “Tell you what. There’s a stubborn chalky stain on the lower greenhouse windows – some sort of alkaloid runoff from the aluminum frame or the paint. I wonder if the acids in your urine could address the situation. We’ll head back in that way and see if it does any good.”

Tami reluctantly followed the men, wondering how long Ross had spent planning her weekend activities. It was all flowing so seamlessly. She also wondered if Ross’ efforts to break her through shame were having the opposite effect – hardening her to humiliation. The Tami of August of last year avoided public restrooms because she found it hard to go knowing that other women were on the other side of the stall. Now she was about to play window washer with her own pee while a group of men looked on. Had she simply become stronger or was Ross pushing her bluff to such an extreme that she WOULD wind up not needing clothes for the rest of her life?

The greenhouse windows went all the way to ground level. Ross told Tami to press herself against the glass to ensure the stream didn’t wind up in the surrounding dirt. Meanwhile, he and the other men wandered into the structure, ostensibly to gauge the results without running the risk of being splashed. They assembled right in front of her, enjoying the view of the pretty teen’s distorted tits mashed up against the panes. Tami felt it was somehow appropriate that she was on the other side of clouded glass from these men, whose view of her was so occluded and dirty. Her first burst of urine, however, cut a clean swath through the residue, allowing the observers inside an intimate view of the remainder of the process. Tami had no idea that her pee was making the window crystal clear as she did her best to keep her urethra aimed onto it.

When she finished, she stepped back, only to see the faces of the men, crouching low, through the sparkling pane. She was filled with revulsion but did her best to act unruffled when the came out to congratulate her for a fine job. “You should hire yourself out,” Fleming joked. “Put on your card that you DO do windows.” “You mean pee-pee, not doo-doo,” Dr. Hoekstra commented wryly.

”Speakin’ of commercial possibilities,” Fleming continued, tossing an arm around the young beauty’s shoulders in his best wheeler-dealer fashion, “I’ve been thinking about ways to take advantage of your…ah…unique way of life. Mutually beneficial, of course. Hear me out on this.” The portly entrepreneur was now strolling along the back of the house with the naked girl, literally, under his wing. “Y’all attract a lot of attention. Let’s face it, fellers will pay good hard money to see ladies in your condition in go-go bars. But you’re not making a cent for yourself – you’re givin’ it away free! Hurts me to the bottom of my profit-maximizing heart. Now I realize you’re following your religion and not trying to cash in, but I believe I have a win-win proposition for you.”

Bemused, the other men were walking along behind, within earshot of the oily businessman and within eyeshot of the undulating buttocks of the eighteen-year old. “What I propose is this,” said Fleming, stopping suddenly and making a sweeping gesture with his free hand. “A tattoo on your back advertising Fleming’s Love Products. You’d never see it yourself, only folks tagging along behind you would.” He shot a look at the other men, who burst out laughing. “You’d be a walking billboard – a real eyecatcher. I’d be willing to pay you $75,000 a year as long as you stayed permanently naked and made reasonable efforts to get out and about in public.”

Tami looked at the man in shock. “You want to put an ad for dildos…permanently…on my skin?” “No, we’re not just about dildos. We offer a full line of products for the liberated couple. And no specifics would be mentioned. Let me see…” He turned Tami’s back to him and began approximating the placement of text on her with his hands. “FLEMING’S LOVE PRODUCTS in inch-high letters…probably need to do it in two lines across the top here.” Tami felt him blocking out a large area across her shoulderblades. ”Then down here, smaller type, we could say, “I use them, I love them,” or “Ask me about them,” “Available at fine adult establishments”…Needs to be smaller, though, pull people in close to read what it says.”

Tami broke away from the hands now touching her lower back. “Are you crazy? No way are you turning my body into a commercial for sex toys!” Fleming held up his hand. “Just an offer, Miz Smothers, for you to think about. It’d all be tastefully done – nice fancy typeface if you want it. Seems to me you’d be getting a good living wage for doing nothing more than walkin’ around like you already do.” “Yeah, and having perverts stopping me to ask about vibrating butt plugs! The answer is no!” “Aw, come on, Honey, you’d have full approval over the final text. Maybe all we put on you is www.flemingslove.com. Would that be okay? Hell, you young folk all walk around with tattoos these days. Face it, you’re not going to be cutting edge in fashion in any other way, are you? Seventy five grand buys a lot of sunscreen, and frankly I don’t see you working for any Fortune 500 company – even one with a casual dress code.”

Ross now stepped in. “What exactly IS your objection, Miss Smithers? I hate to see one of our students turning down a lucrative job offer. Given the popularity of tattoos, and the fact that your contemporaries who wear clothes have no problem advertising any number of designers and beer manufacturers on their shirts, I’m not sure what grounds you have for opposing to some tasteful mention of Mr. Fleming’s firm.”

”It’s unthinkable!,” Tami cried. “It’s sleazy…exploitation! I chose this lifestyle to be true to nature, not to create marketing possibilities!” Fleming chuckled. “I just love a good hardball negotiation,” he said. “Tell you what, I’m willing to up the money. Of course, in return, you’d need to offer up some more interesting body parts to be tattooed.” “It’s not about money!,” Tami fumed. “I don’t care what you’re willing to pay, my body’s not for sale!” Fleming pouted, then brightened. “Okay, let’s talk about something different. How’d you like to be the Fleming’s Girl? You could represent us at conventions, do product demonstrations…” “No,” said Tami. “I’m not interested. I’m a student, I don’t need a full-time job!”

”Yes, quite right,” said Ross. Tami whirled in shock. Ross was supporting her? “In fact, if I remember correctly,” the attorney continued, “your criteria for employment were being on or near campus and not too time-consuming. I assume the lie detector was accurate on that point?” “Y-yes,” Tami hesitated, knowing Ross well enough that another shoe was sure to drop. Ross looked at Fleming. “Well, unless you can offer something that meets those very reasonable restrictions I think you’re out of luck.” Fleming clapped his hands triumphantly. “I’ve got it! As you might have guessed, I haven’t been in the marital aids business my whole life. Matter of fact, I started out running my Daddy’s used car business in Lubbock. We used to do T.V. commercials every week where I’d walk through the lot and show off the latest creampuffs we had for sale. Seems to me, what with the Internet, we could do the same thing with my current products. I’d talk about the product, Miss Smothers’d show how it works – we’d be the most popular webcam couple around! We could film a bunch of spots in a weekend – hell, people would probably pay just to see the commercials!”

Tami was rapidly going from anger to fear. Fleming was not giving up, and with Ross’ help she was going to end up getting trapped. She knew what was coming next – Ross arguing that there was no material difference between what Fleming was proposing and her being paid to be filmed masturbating with a dildo at Chalfont. She could see it now, her splayed out naked on a bed, pistoning some dayglo-colored rubber dick into her vagina while Fleming in cowboy boots and a Stetson stood in the foreground, barking into the camera, “Shoot, I’ll even throw in some anal love beads at no extra charge! Miss Smothers’ got a set up in her right now! Pull ‘em on out, Honey, and let the folks see how good that feels!”

In her bafflement, for once Tami did the right thing. “Let me think about it, Mr. Fleming,” she said. She saw Ross open his mouth, pause, and then close it again. He had no reason to insist that her decision be made instantly. Score one for the Type Four, she thought. “Okay,” said Fleming, pulling out a business card. “Geez, I guess you’ve got noplace to stick this. Well, let Henry know your decision and he can get back to me.” The businessmen packed their gear, and Winant, Brendo and McMasters put their things back in the van. In a matter of minutes the whole group was gone, leaving a thoroughly orgasmed young woman alone with her chief inquisitor.

”All right,” said Ross, with a clap of his hands. “I’m afraid we’ve gotten away from your primary mission for the weekend, which is yardwork.” Tami suppressed the urge to laugh. If ONLY I could concentrate on yardwork, she thought. “Since you brought the deplorable state of the pond to my attention, you will no doubt be eager to help rectify the situation. I let it drain overnight so that the accumulation of silt at the bottom could be removed. Help yourself to a wheelbarrow and shovel from the shed and spread the material you take out in the flowerbeds. Should be as good a fertilizer as your own stools!”

The last reminder had been thoroughly unnecessary, Tami thought, as she headed for the outbuilding. She put a shovel in the barrow and pushed it down to the bottom of the yard. A foul stench was evident long before she reached the site of the pond. To her dismay, it emanated from the slimy muck that coated the concrete bottom of the ornamental pool. She would have to get in there, and get her feet covered with it. Tentatively, she poked the shovel into the green-brown glop. It sank in a good three inches. The pond wasn’t that large, but it had steep, sloping banks. This was going to be one miserable job. Still, it killed time and kept Ross from grilling her more. It also preserved her dignity from a sexual standpoint, although from a labor perspective it was about as demeaning as you could get.

Tami stood on the grass and began taking shovelfuls out from around the rim and dumping them in the wheelbarrow. The silt was still saturated with water, making it heavy and hard to dislodge. It was also difficult to get the stuff out of the barrow and spread around the flowers. Tami couldn’t decide what was worse, the back-breaking effort or the putrid stench of decaying sediment. When she’d cleared the banks as best she could, it was time to step in. She walked carefully, using the shovel to help maintain her footing on the smooth, slippery concrete. The muck was cold and felt absolutely disgusting as it squished around her feet. How long would it take to get the smell off of her skin?, she wondered.

Now she had to lug each shovelful back to the bank in order to dump it. All went well, until, carefully negotiating the slick concrete bank for the thirtieth time, she suddenly lost her footing and fell backwards with a splat. The ooze cushioned the blow but left her back coated from head to heel with the horrible, smelly glop. Even her hair was covered in it. Getting back on her feet, she shuddered at the feeling of gravity pulling the thick, cold sediment down the length of her body. She couldn’t wait to get done and get into the shower. Then she remembered. Her medicinal skin treatments had to stay on for twenty four hours. That left about six hours before she could wash. As she released more layers of the material, the smell got even worse, bringing her to the point of retching. There was no escaping it now, since she herself was carrying a coat of it wherever she went.

Angry, Tami rolled the barrow down into the pond so that she could avoid having to climb out with every load. When the time came to empty it, however, she realized she’d made a mistake. The heavy container was almost impossible to push up the slippery side. Tami strained with all her strength, her feet digging for traction in the soupy slime. She was halfway up when it happened. Her feet shot out from under her, and she landed facedown in the mud. Suddenly released from her grip, the barrow rolled backwards, flipped on its side, and deposited its load atop her. Struggling out from under the cart, she was now totally covered. Her left ear and both nostrils were full of gunk, but her first priority was spitting out the healthy portion that had wound up in her mouth. With her hands thick with muck, she couldn’t even wipe it out of her eyes without adding as much as she was taking away.

Tami was forced to roll in the grass in an attempt to wipe off as much of the fetid material as she could. She was well aware that she looked like a dog rolling around. Her stomach gurgled with the urge to vomit and the taste and grittiness of the sediment would not leave her mouth. Not only couldn’t she wash, she couldn’t even go back inside Ross’ precious house like this! What would she say when she saw him? Tami looked down at her gleaming brown figure. She looked like a chocolate bunny. Still, she thought with bitter irony, not only wasn’t she being sexually abused, she was actually covered up for once!

Tami returned to her task. If Ross had been watching through the windows he had shown no concern regarding any injury or ingestion of bacteria. She wondered if he had even planned this. A cool breeze and bright sun meant that the material was quickly drying on her skin. She wondered if she could rub it off once it got dry enough, but an effort to do so just smeared grit around. Tami got a good whiff of herself and realized that she now looked and smelled exactly like a piece of shit. Tears welled in her eyes. That was it. She had been mortified when Ross made her produce feces, but now he had reduced her to the level of shit herself!

Still, Tami scraped and lugged, content to remain in this private hell since she preferred it to whatever unknown horrors Ross might otherwise visit upon her. When she finished, she realized that she should use the hose to wash the equipment, but couldn’t clean herself. Even a shovel and an old wheelbarrow rated higher than her in this household! She walked back to the shed and sprayed the tools off, leaving them to dry in the sun.

Ross must have been keeping track of her, because he came out of the back door as soon as she was done. With him, not surprisingly, were a group of six or seven people. Tami couldn’t decide what was more embarrassing, being seen by strangers in this condition or in her usual state of nudity. The visitors wrinkled their noses at the stench, and two of the women went so far as to hold handkerchiefs over their mouths. Tami stood awkwardly, looking like the Creature from the Black Lagoon, not knowing what to do with herself. ”Well, Miss Smithers,” said Ross, “it looks like you decided to give yourself a mud bath!” “I slipped,” the weird, dripping figure explained. “So I see,” Ross said politely. “Would you mind standing over there, downwind, while I give these good people a tour? Thank you.”

Giving Tami a wide berth, the visitors walked around the garden while Ross pointed out items of interest. Tami saw them looking closely at the roses she had fertilized yesterday, and had no doubt Ross was giving them the full details. A chuckle from the group and a collective look in her direction affirmed that they were now fully up to date on her defecation schedule. Finally the group returned to Tami. One of the men spoke to her. “I must say, you’ve done a fine job of organic husbandry here! Nothing but blood, toil, tears, sweat, and a couple of other substances I won’t mention!” The group laughed again while Tami blushed under her layer of mud.

”This is the Flower Club,” Ross told Tami by way of introduction. “We meet every Sunday afternoon for tea and discussion. You are welcome to eat with us, but I’m afraid your current condition is a little unappetizing. I can’t allow you inside in that state to clean up, so…” Ross reached for the hose and began turning on the faucet. “Um, Mr. Ross, aren’t I supposed to not wash for twenty four hours?,” Tami hurriedly asked. In a perverse way, she liked spoiling Ross’ garden party with her odious presence, and she didn’t mind terribly that her new acquaintances were unable to stand and gawk at her bare vagina. Ross looked thoughtful for a moment. “You’re quite right. Still, I think the treatments have had sufficient time to work. I would have thought your foremost concern would have been getting your skin back to its natural state.” He looked at her skeptically, then finished cranking the valve to wide open. Before Tami could protest further, he told her to turn around, pointed the nozzle at her and squeezed the trigger. Tami was blasted with an icy shower that as much blew away the hardened mud by sheer force as it did wash it off. Ross began with her legs and worked upward. Her buttocks jiggled and flattened under the intense stream. The vicious torrent next pounded onto her back and she cried out from both the impact and the cold. “Sorry, needs to be good and strong to knock that stuff loose,” Ross shouted above the gushing water. Tami bore up as best she could, anxious herself to be rid of the noxious mud. The downpour hammered against the back of her head, and the visitors became aware for the first time that the attractive young woman emerging before their eyes had red hair. Ross now rinsed back down her body, leaving clean pink skin as he went. Returning to her bottom, he took a few steps forward and aimed the thunderous discharge directly between the buttocks of the unsuspecting girl from no more than a foot or two away. The force spread her cheeks, exposing the only skin that had actually remained clean in the first place. As Ross gratuitously rinsed the area, a direct hit on her anus caused it to open, and Tami received an alfresco enema. Her orgasm monitor rode the surging surf high into her rectum. Ross directed the hose away and gave her a moment to recover. Shivering with cold, Tami instinctively voided the water that had invaded her bowel. The crowd watched with interest as what went up came down in several gushes.

Ross stepped back and told her to turn around. The weird half-swamp creature/half-human complied, turning its filthy front to the spectators. Although Tami had gotten rid of the water in her rectum, she realized that the monitor had been driven up beyond the range of her excretory muscles. Before she could sort out that situation, however, Ross again started on her legs, the hissing stream spattering against her skin with a sound like bacon frying in pan. Then he directed her to hold out her arms. As he rinsed off her upper limbs, Tami realized that he was stripteasing her for his friends, leaving the best parts till last. Sure enough, the water next exploded into her midsection, jackknifing her body as she recoiled. Struggling to maintain some dignity, she regained an upright posture, just in time for the attorney to start on her left breast. The soft flesh danced and bounced wildly under the water pressure. Ross tossed the tit this way and that, ostensibly to thoroughly clean it on all sides, but in reality just to make the girl feel uncomfortable and ridiculous. The left breast then got its turn to act as a punching bag, bobbing on the waves of water pressure. The spray got in Tami’s eyes and she reflexively shut them. She yelped in pain as Ross scored a direct hit on her nipple, just in time for him to move up to her face. Ross callously aimed the stream into her open mouth, causing her to gag. As she attempted to simultaneously spit, swallow and breathe, the rest of her face was blasted clean. Water shot up her nose and poured off her hair into her ears so quickly that it sounded like she was underwater.

Ross held the hose low, at his hip, and aimed with the confidence of a veteran gardener. To the observers, standing off to the side, it almost appeared as if he was launching a powerful stream of piss at the girl. Still spluttering and barely able to see, Tami endured a rinse from head down as Ross worked his way to the last muddy area. His expertise had ensured she had been left with the equivalent of a bikini bottom of grime. Ross now obliterated the layer of covering with a flick of his wrist. Tami looked down her slightly reddened skin to see the now familiar black stripe and her clean-shaven pudendum restored to its usual state of public display. Ross pointed the hose off to the side momentarily. “Did any get inside you?,” he asked. “I don’t know,” Tami answered. In truth, her vagina was still sticky from banana residue. “Put a finger in and see,” the attorney suggested helpfully. Tami hesitated, then realized she had no reason to decline. Parting her legs slightly, she winced as she wiggled her index finger in to herself before the interested spectators, who were now fully appreciating the sleek, muscular form that had just been carved out of the smelly mud.

When she pulled her finger back out, it was lightly coated with a good gritty loam. More than one of the Club members found themselves thinking that the girl’s warm, moist sex organ in its present condition would have the ideal characteristics for planting orchids. Ross instructed her to turn back around and bend over. “Open your legs…wider…raise your behind.” The staunch churchman quickly had the limber girl in a XXX-rated position, her fully exposed labia parting under the strain. Tami trembled visibly from the cold, the difficult posture, and the knowledge of what was coming. Ross swung the high-pressure stream slowly over the back of her leg, so that she could once again feel the pounding and anticipate it reaching her tender genitals. The girl gasped and her legs quivered as the water approached her most private area – relatively speaking, of course. Ross again strode forward to ensure that the cleansing jet had sufficient power to pop the orifice open and sluice it out thoroughly.

There was a change in the sound of the spray as it entered Tami’s reproductive tract. Instead of surface spattering, it now gurgled like a pot being rinsed out. Tami felt as if she had sat on top of a fountain, and was almost surprised that water didn’t spout out of her mouth when she opened it to give a cry of discomfort. Ross douched her long after the water ran clear, no doubt out of concern for her health. When he shut off the flow, the once-repulsive, filthy person now faced the task of being reintroduced to the Flower Club as a vibrant, gorgeous, naked young girl, shivering and dripping in the cool springtime air. Ross commented, “That’s the worst of it off, but we’ve still got the smell to deal with. There’s some soap by the sink in the equipment shed. Why don’t you go get that and use the hose to wash yourself thoroughly.”

As she walked to the little outbuilding, Tami noticed for the first time that two employees of a catering service were setting out a formal tea on the picnic table. Formally clad in black and white uniforms, the man and woman, both about her age, had clearly watched the whole spectacle. The slim, dark haired young man’s face was animated and he openly ogled the redhead as she went past. The girl was ashen, her eyes darting back and forth as laid out silverware, no doubt wondering about her own safety in this place. She was a gorgeous blonde – no doubt the caterer considered physical attractiveness when hiring its staff. Tami felt even more conspicuous under the gaze of the discomfited girl. Part of her wanted to reassure the shaken blonde, let her know that she was the only person who would be subjected to gross sexual indignities this afternoon. But part felt a strong pang of jealousy that while both she and the waitress were simply performing jobs in Mr. Ross’ pay, the blonde’s job consisted of serving finger sandwiches, while hers consisted of fingering herself.

Tami got the soap and walked back to the hose. She would rather have hidden away behind a tree to do what she had to do next, but as a committed nudist had no excuse not to bathe in the open. Tami knew full well it was an erotic spectacle to watch a girl lather up and hose herself down, and could see that every person at the table had oriented themselves so as to have a good view while they nibbled canapés and debated the virtues of various types of bark as a mulch. Nevertheless, she cleaned up, noting that her stripes faded only slightly despite her efforts with the soap and water. The gushing hose seemed incredibly phallic under the circumstances, but she had no choice but to point it at every bare inch of herself. When she was done, she shook herself to get rid of the excess drops, realizing only after the fact that Caesar dried himself in the same fashion.

Ross beckoned her over to the table. Now she was pink, scrubbed, and fresh-smelling, nipples erect, hair slicked back. She awkwardly perched at the end of one of the benches and the waiter came over and leaned close to her ear. “Something to drink, madam?” “Um, hot tea would be nice,” Tami shivered. Conversation about horticulture stalled awkwardly as the naked newcomer took her seat. “So,” the man who had spoken to her earlier eventually said, “I must say I’m a tad jealous over Henry’s ability to secure a source of cultivated fertilizer for his roses, particularly one so charming. I’ve won the blue ribbon the last three years running but I feel like I’m at a disadvantage now. One can certainly buy manure of any variety, cow, pig, goat, but you never can be quite sure as to what the diet of the animals providing the stuff consisted of. But by controlling what she eats, Henry can alter the mix of nutrients however he pleases!”

”Now, now, Ron,” Ross said, shaking his head. “I’m merely experimenting with a sample of Miss Smithers’ feces. You make it sound like it’s her full time job!” “Nevertheless,” the man replied, “I think it would be gentlemanly of you to level the playing field. Let me have a similar “sample,” as you call it, to take home and apply.” “Well, that’s not up to me,” Ross replied, “that depends on Miss Smithers and her need to evacuate.” He looked over at the girl who was visibly cringing at the memory of yesterday’s defecatory debacle. Pinky raised as he nibbled a cookie, he asked, “How about it? It must be twenty four hours since your last bowel movement. Can we make this a fair contest for Mr. Everett?”

Tami looked around the table desperately. The waiter had apparently gone inside to fetch more hot water for her tea, but everyone else was regarding her with polite expectation. “I don’t feel like I need to go,” Tami said, “and the…uh…monitor kind of got pushed up inside me by the hose.” “Oh dear,” said Ross. “I hope it’s not up so far that digestive juices are getting at it. You can’t push it down at all?” Tami tried, but it seemed like the thing was beyond her rectal muscles. In fact she couldn’t feel it at all. The girl’s face contorted and reddened as she strained, doing her best to put on a good show without actually succeeding. It made for an interesting spectacle amid the stylishly dressed Flower Club members enjoying their elegant meal. ”Sorry,” she eventually gasped. “Just have to wait for nature to take its course.”

”A splendid thought for a naturist,” Ross said, “but one that makes me look like a bit of a poor sport. Luckily our Club’s philosophy is to give nature a helping hand, when necessary, and we have the botanical know-how to do it. If you’ll excuse me for a moment.” Ross got up, just as the waiter came back out of the house with a steaming pot of hot water. Ross stopped and spoke to him for a moment before proceeding into the garden and snapping a sprig of leaves off of a bush. Returning to the table, he said, “This is supposed to be a potent herbal remedy for what ails Miss Smithers. I’ll just sprinkle these leaves into her cup, and if this young gentleman would be good enough to add some water, we can let it steep for a minute then see how successful it is.”

Ross stripped a few dozen of the small leaves off and piled them into Tami’s teacup. As he resumed his seat, the waiter reappeared over her shoulder. Obviously a tit man, he insinuated himself as close as possible to her in the guise of providing attentive but inobtrusive service. “Pardon my reach, Miss,” he murmured, placing a hand lightly on her back and practically touching cheek-to-cheek as he bent to fill her cup. “Will there be anything else?” “No, thank you,” Tami replied coldly, anxious to get him, literally, out of her face.

Meanwhile, the water in her cup was turning a bilious yellow. Tami had no doubt that her herbal tea was intended to have a laxative effect so she was not anxious to drink it. She wondered how Ross knew what the correct dose was – or if he even did. Ross was in an animated discussion about aphids and several minutes passed before he noticed she had not touched her drink. He got up and scooped the soggy plant material out of her cup with a spoon. “Drink up,” he said. ”Help yourself to cake or cookies if it tastes too bad.” All eyes were on Tami as she took a tentative sip. Yuck! It was incredibly bitter! She took a sugary biscuit and bit into it, swirling it around her mouth to try to chase the sour sensation away. Another sip caused her face to pucker involuntarily. “How is it?,” asked Everett in response to her obvious revulsion. “Good! You want to try some?,” she said with mean-spirited sarcasm. Her comment got big laughs from the group, who thought she was making light of the situation. Everett smiled and held up his hand. “Thank you for the offer, but I can’t run as fast as I used to and I don’t want to bet an expensive suit on my ability to get to the bathroom after a dose of that stuff!”

Tami looked into the fine china teacup. There were still several swallows of the fearsome liquid left. She was feeling no effects, however, and maintained hope that the solution was so weak that it would not produce results. The big problem at the moment was the horrible flavor. She decided the easiest way around that issue was to gulp down the rest while holding her breath. One big mouthful got rid of most of it and she grabbed another cookie to kill the taste. Tami felt ridiculous in these surroundings. The linen tablecloth and napkins, silverware, fancy pastries – even a doily in the saucer where she placed the cup – all spoke of refinement, proper manners, and good taste. And here she was, stark naked and freshly bathed, drinking a solution intended to facilitate her provision of a stool sample for an amateur gardening enthusiast.

Tami shifted around a little to judge whether anything was happening. She still felt normal so she drained the rest. Admittedly, the hot liquid and her body’s shuddering reaction to its taste had helped warm her up. Meanwhile, Ross had mentioned Tami’s “Stalking Wild Plants” class and the club members began including her in the conversation. They seemed quite interested in her explanation of how various wild plants could be used for food. Responding to their intelligent, insightful questions she was able to forget for a moment that they were total strangers and that she was totally nude. She also forgot that she had a bellyful of a potent laxative that had steeped in her cup at least twice as long as was necessary to give thorough relief. It was while she was emphasizing a point about the uses of the marshmallow plant that she first felt an internal ballooning sensation.

”Actually the root is the most nutritious part. It can be boiled and served like potatoes or any other root vegetable, or…oh, my goodness!…chewed raw to relieve toothache.” Ross saw the same look on Tami’s face that he’d seen prior to his golf outing yesterday. Shock, discomfort, and uncertainty mingled together. One hand went to her stomach while the other grasped the edge of the table. ”One should need good sturdy boots, I would imagine, to gather a marsh plant,” one of the women observed. “Tell me, how long do the roots remain usable after they are harvested?” “They can be dried and…uh!…last almost indefinitely, I think…we didn’t really…oh!…go into that aspect very much.” “And what is the appropriate method for storage, whether fresh or dried?” “Fresh you would need to refrigerate, dried, I…I…I’m having a problem! I need to go! Oh my gosh! Mr. Ross!”

The panicky girl turned desperate eyes to her worst enemy. Ross made a show of getting up hurriedly. “Great Scott! We need a container for Miss Smithers to move her bowels into! Find something, quickly!” The tea party broke up as the various members went in search of an appropriate vessel. Her hated bucket from the shed was produced, but rejected since it didn’t have a lid. Meanwhile, at the table, the pressure in Tami’s abdomen was growing unbearably. She wasn’t sure if the monitor was blocking anything but it felt as if nothing was moving down out of her stomach. She leaned to the side, trying to take some of the weight off of her middle, supporting herself on her left hand. Her legs scissored together as the discomfort grew.

Meantime, the Flower Club members seemed to be treating the event like a light-hearted scavenger hunt. They examined flowerpots, watering jugs, even pesticide jars. Everything was dismissed for one reason or another. Finally, it was the beautiful waitress who saved the day, producing a one quart Styrofoam box with a plastic lid that had been used to transport fruit. Tami was helped from the table and into a squatting position in the grass over the container. Anonymous hands helped steady her as paroxysms of pain hit. Her body, still damp from the hosedown, was no longer chilled. Instead sweat began pouring out of her. “Take it easy, now,” Ross cautioned. “Remember that the monitor will be the first thing out and we can’t have it getting damaged. When things start moving go nice and slow, let it out gently.”

The position and the pressure caused the ball to shift from its unknown location and slide down Tami’s rectum. She could feel its slow progress until it ultimately settled in its usual spot against her anus. Tami could now use her muscles to strain but the monitor was still a significant obstacle. Her squatting posture allowed the observers to watch her sphincter bulge and the white surface of the device emerge then getting swallowed back up as her muscles relaxed. Each time she pushed, she got it a little further out. What started as a few sympathetic words of encouragement rapidly became outright cheering as the crowd got into the battle. “Push!” ”Attagirl, you’ve got it going!” “Just a little more, don’t quit!” “Oh! That’s okay, try again!”

No one wanted to help, both to preserve the modesty of the nude girl squatting in the bright sun, and since whoever released the plug would likely be drenched in the resulting flow. The pressure and pain in Tami’s stomach kept getting worse, but she could not force herself to endure the agony of passing the ball through her tiny butthole. Finally Everett, feeling guilty that his request had caused all of this, had had enough. He took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, then went into the shed and emerged wearing a pair of long rubber gloves. He crouched by Tami’s side, looking like a vet helping a cow deliver a calf. The suffering girl made no objection as he used his right hand to adjust her hips and placed his left hand on the back of her right thigh. “Go ahead and push,” he instructed. ”You’re going to feel my finger inside you.” Eyes popping, Tami again produced the leading edge of the monitor from her sphincter. She then felt a textured, latex-covered finger entering her moist vagina. Everett hooked the finger up, pinning the back side of the ball through her perineum. Clamping his thumb over the visible external portion he began wiggling the mechanism out. Tami was now caught between the suffering of having her anus slowly stretched by the overly careful gardener and the unexpected sensation of having her G-spot roughly stimulated by the nubbly surface of the glove and the vigorous digging action of Everett’s finger inside her.

”No, stop!,” Tami squealed, recognizing all too well what was happening in her genitals. “Bear up, young lady, this has to be done,” Everett said sternly. “Hold on, it’s coming!” In the spirit of the moment, Tami began coming too. BEEP\*BEEP\*BEEP. The monitor was louder than ever as it was worked free. When it popped loose and landed safely in the palm of the glove it abruptly stopped beeping. Everett’s finger was momentarily trapped by a powerful vaginal contraction but was still able to whisk it out before the flow started. The herbal remedy had apparently liquefied the contents of Tami’s bowels and despite the intense pressure that she was feeling the fluid came out in controlled stream. Everett again adjusted her hips slightly to ensure that her anus was properly aimed into the container and Tami filled it with grateful gasps of relief.

While Everett carefully sealed the lid on his prized fertilizer, the pretty waitress wordlessly handed Tami a handful of paper towels to wipe herself with. Tami looked at the young woman, so much like herself, yet so different, like a caged bird enviously watching wildfowl through the window. A mere accident of chance was all that separated them. Under different circumstances it could have been her in the elegant black uniform watching in amazement as the naked blonde pumped out diarrhea for an appreciative rose fancier. She still felt the impulse to assure the other girl that she was a perfectly normal person caught up in a web of circumstances that left her stripped, striped, shaven and shitting.

But was that really true? Were permanent changes being wrought? Most likely, the blonde would have broken down crying the night of the streaking incident, admitted everything, and batted her gorgeous blue eyes often enough to have gotten off with one term of academic probation. But Tami was a fighter. She wasn’t going to be the weak female, begging for mercy. No indeed. Whatever it took, she was going to win, and win on her terms. Taking stock of herself, she realized she was not so inured to the constant nudity that she didn’t feel ashamed when new people saw her. She knew that any College- arranged sex exploit still required a deep breath and a blanking out of her mind before she could go through with it. Yes, the real Tami was still inside her, and the real Tami wanted to be inside a pair of corduroys and a sweater. Of course, that’s what made it all so hard. It would almost be preferable if Ross really had broken her, and she simply jerked her legs apart like a marionette whenever he pulled the strings. Still, she’d made it this far through the year, this far through the weekend. She couldn’t lose it all now.

On that ennobling note, Tami finished wiping and took the soiled paper over to the trash can. The waiter, timing his move carefully, arrived at the can with some food waste at exactly the same moment. “Hi,” he said. “I’m Jay.” He did not extend a hand, and Tami understood why. Her right hand had a big wad of shit-smeared paper in it. ”Hi,” she replied, as noncommittally as possible, keeping her head down. “What’s your name?,” the ladies’ man persisted, a confident smirk on his face. “Tami,” she muttered, dropping the paper in and cringing as a hovering fly made a beeline for it. “Yeah?,” he whispered conspiratorially. “So what gives with the Lady Godiva act? These old farts paying you or are you in some kind of trouble?” Tami wanted to reply “both,” but instead she just said, “I’m getting paid.” “Man,” said the handsome server, “I can’t imagine how much someone would have to pay me to do what you just did. What’s your rate? Some buddies of mine are throwing a bachelor party and it would be fuckin’ epic if you would come and work it!”

”No, thanks,” said Tami. “Technically what I’m doing is scientific research for the College.” The waiter laughed. “Research? You just took a dump in my kiwi fruit box! Listen, tell me who to submit my findings to and the guys and I will be happy to help you with any experiments the College wants!” Tami looked desperately over at the Flower Club, hoping that they would call her away from this lothario. She caught the eye of one woman, who shot her back a wistful look as if to say, “Ah, young love.” The attendant had dropped any semblance of the politesse that he had used on the tea party. “C’mon, babe, you’re hot! Shit, if I could get you and Tina over there together we could all make a fortune. “Tami and Tina,” it even sounds good!” Tami looked over at the waitress, who was bending over the table to pick up plates. Her delectable ass pressed up against the back of her short skirt and Tami felt a shot of moisture inside her vagina. The waitress must have sensed their eyes on her because she glanced over and then approached. The waiter grinned at her but her countenance was cold. “Leave her alone, Jay,” she hissed. “She’s got enough problems. Help me gather the utensils.” Jay shrugged at Tami and walked away. She didn’t know whether to be grateful to the waitress or offended. What she did know was that the little ice princess now had her cunt in a lather. She could see why men liked women in cute little uniforms. Tami watched the heads of the male Flower Club members turn in unison as the blonde swished past on her trendy platform heels. Amazingly, a pang of jealousy went through her. All this time hating being the center of attention, and she still instinctively reacted to being one-upped by a prettier rival!

The party now broke up. Everett, bearing his precious pail of poop, came over to thank Tami once more. “It was nothing,” she said automatically, then blushed. It was now late afternoon, and Tami realized she was in the home stretch. Alone again with Ross, she noted that he seemed a little downcast. She also realized that her despised anal monitor was nowhere in sight. It disturbed her that none of the Flower Club members had commented or questioned it – it was if they knew about it all along. She wondered if Everett might have kept it as a souvenir. In any event, she didn’t feel compelled to ask Ross about it. Then a wild thought entered her head. She had survived everything so far – why not get in Ross’ face a little bit?

”I don’t see my orgasm monitor anywhere, Mr. Ross,” she said sweetly. ”Shouldn’t it be back in?” Ross gave her a startled look – another point for the Type Four! “Uh, no, Miss Smithers, that won’t be necessary. You’ve certainly fulfilled Mr. McMasters orgasm quotient already. An even dozen by my count, that is if you did indeed orgasm when Mr. Everett was extracting the monitor the last time.” The fight wasn’t out of Ross yet. “Yes, I did,” said Tami, not letting her brave front be shaken. She gave the attorney a friendly smile. “If you’re telling me we can leave the monitor out I suspect you have some other plans for my anus!” Ross did indeed look uncomfortable for a moment. Then he straightened himself up and smiled. ”Indeed I do, Miss Smithers.” He consulted his watch. “In fact, your friends in the scout troop should start arriving any minute for your follow-up visit. Why don’t you head downstairs and get ready?”

Tami wondered what getting ready she needed to do. Being nude seemed to be about all that was required of her; the actual details of her activities were in the hands of horny men. Still, she went to the rec room and waited, hoping for a disappointing turnout. As she listened, what seemed like a battalion of sneaker-clad youths assembled upstairs. Ross apparently was giving them some kind of pep talk, and she heard occasional cheers. Tami wondered if there was a less enviable position for a naked girl to be in – killing time as a group of teenaged boys were whipped into a frenzy prior to meeting with her. All too soon, the basement door opened and the lads thundered down.

Tami was surprised that thirteen of the scouts returned for a second look at her in person. After all, little had been left to the imagination the previous day. They wouldn’t even get a chance to touch her today! It turned out that a number of them had brought cameras, apparently they were now all suddenly working towards that Photography Merit Badge. Tami quickly found herself in the midst of a mass photo shoot, feeling like a celebrity attacked by paparazzi. Except that these kids were shooting close-ups, ostensibly of the condition of her skin. The two absent boys undoubtedly would need hours to go through the documentation of the healing process that their fellow troop members were so thoughtfully providing. Ringed by flash-popping shutterbugs, and under the watchful eye of Ross for any hesitancy, Tami did her best to respond to a barrage of barked orders. “Move your legs apart!,” “Lift your hair!,” “Look over here,” “Keep that hand out of the way!” “Bend down…further...further!”

When the photoshoot was over, Ross stood, looking thoughtfully as the boys stowed their cameras and the precious film. “We can develop them over at my house,” Adams said enthusiastically. “If you want to get the Merit Badge you need lots of practice making exposures.” As the teens prepared to leave Ross held up his hand. “It seems a shame to have had so many of you come out just for this,” he said. The scouts looked at each other in confusion. How could a nude photo session with a pretty girl be considered a waste of time? “As long as most of you and Miss Smithers are here I would like to do another aspect of our lifesaving in the wild program. Is that all right with you?” The group nodded. More time with naked women made excellent sense.

”Recall our discussion on hypothermia and the best way to treat that silent killer. Mr. Trombley, do you remember the method?” The shy kid turned bright red, but it was not clear if he did so because he was being called on to speak or because of some aspect of the details. “You…undress the victim and get in a sleeping bag with them.” ”Exactly! Miss Smithers has saved us that difficult first step and we certainly have a sleeping bag that we can dedicate to the purpose. To show the effectiveness of the treatment, however, our subject needs to have a reduced body temperature.” Ross reached into the first aid kit and took out a thermometer. “Mr. Yu, can you obtain an initial reading for us?”

The youngster shrugged and stood up. Taking the glass tube from his scoutmaster, he approached Tami. She obediently opened her mouth and lifted her tongue in anticipation. Ross chuckled. “Miss Smithers is apparently unaware that a proper medical kit uses a rectal thermometer! Imagine sticking that thing in her mouth with her teeth chattering, or trying to get a measurement while she’s unconscious! Not a wise idea! Miss Smithers, turn around so everyone can see.” Almost blind with hatred for the pompous attorney, Tami presented her backside to the boys. “Does she still have that transmitter thing in her but-bottom?,” Yu asked, placing his left hand on her lower back. “Nope, you’ve got clear sailing in that respect,” Ross replied.

Tami bent over in response to pressure from Mr. Yu’s hand. He apparently made some gesture with the thermometer that drew giggles from his fellow scouts and a sharp “Mr. Yu!” from Ross. Tami felt the familiar sensation of anal penetration. Tami stood up again, with the glass tip protruding from her buttocks like a tail. Ross spoke generally about hypothermia while the group waited for the thermometer to register. “The motto is, nobody is dead until they’re warm and dead,” he concluded. “How inspiring,” Tami thought. The flip chart again was used, showing a graph with the amount of time it took an unprotected person to enter the danger zone, dependent on the outside temperature. She wondered how Ross intended to reduce her body temperature but was not inclined to ask.

Mr. Yu extracted the thermometer and verified that Tami was maintaining a healthy internal temperature of 98.6 degrees. Ross told him to reinsert it and then took Tami’s elbow and began walking her to the rear of the rec room. She felt ridiculous, knowing that a little glass tail was waggling between her buttocks with every step, entirely visible to the group of scouts following. Ross took her through a door in the modernized part of the basement into a musty, brick-walled area, where she stood facing a gleaming steel door with a small window set inside it. A large walk-in freezer had been added to the basement when it was anticipated the old Conservatory might be used as a conference center. Ross had no use for it generally, but had gotten it up and running prior to Tami’s arrival. Now the dial on the gauge outside registered minus 10 degrees Fahrenheit.

Ross pulled the heavy door open and cold air began to pour out. He gestured politely with his hand, like any proper gentleman allowing a lady to go ahead of him. Tami gingerly set her foot on the concrete floor inside, and immediately felt it sucking the heat out of her body. She turned back to Ross to protest but saw the heavy door rapidly closing behind her. Instinctively she jumped all the way in to avoid being caught. The door slammed shut. Needles of cold penetrated her body instantly. She gasped and a cloud of vapor emanated from her mouth. The shelves of the freezer were empty, and the only illumination came from a single naked bulb, far overhead. Through the window she could see Ross and the scouts still gathered around, but her arms were clutched around her so tightly in an effort to retain some warmth that she could not gesture for help. Instinctively she began running in place, at the very least to keep her feet from frostbite on the mercilessly frigid floor.

Her lungs were so shocked by the sudden change to dry, Arctic air that she felt like she could hardly breathe. Even so, she softly cried out. “Please! It’s too cold! Please let me out!” The scouts looked in curiously but it was clear that they were not doing so in response to her pleas – rather simply to watch a pretty naked girl hopping madly. Tami circled around, desperately searching for some source of warmth. Then she saw it. Hanging off the end of one of the racks was a full-length parka, with thick fur inside. “Ooooh!” It was torture, absolute torture. The cold was almost unbearable. She turned away from the tempting sight of the coat only to notice that the men had gone. There was no one monitoring her! How long would they leave her in here?

Her muscles were beginning to feel heavy and unresponsive. The cold was pitiless in its penetration, attacking her whole body at once. Her nose hairs were frozen stiff. Her nipples were tiny brown buds. She had lost feeling in the soles of her feet and her hands were tingling painfully. As she hopped in circles, the coat grew more and more tempting. This was life and death! She could at least put it on for a minute and hope the scouts didn’t come back!

As with the electric dildo, it quickly became hard to tell how much time had passed. The sensations were so intense it soon seemed as if she’d never been warm in her whole life; never known anything but cold. She was starting to feel weak, having expended tremendous energy in her initial frenzy of activity. It had all been useless. The cold reigned supreme in here. There was no escape. Well, there was one escape, but she couldn’t use it. No, her goddamned nudism, and Ross’ creativity in exploiting it at every turn, ensured that the coat remained tantalizingly useless.

Tami’s joints were now being affected. She was feeling thick and immobile. There was no need to carve a statute of her – just freeze her solid. What pose would you like, Mr. Ross? Something masturbatory? How about a sled dog next to me instead of Caesar? A memorial statute of Tami of the North Pole, with the Pole up her vagina, of course. And why not stick the South Pole in her ass while you’re at it? The shock of the cold and the pain were causing her to lose touch with reality. She was now hunched, arms wrapped around her waist, and the only motion was a tremor of her blue-tinged lips. After spending minutes fervently wishing for it, she didn’t couldn’t even react when she heard the door opening. The touch of warm hands on her body felt so good she gave an involuntary grunt of pleasure. It took her a moment to realize that Mr. Yu and Mr. Trombley were standing on either side of her, preparing to pick her up. Feminine modesty and basic human dignity demanded she resist and walk out on her own, but she couldn’t. She was lugged out like a piece of furniture.

The warmth was almost too intense. It felt almost like stepping into a bath, even though it was just air. Placed back at the front of the rec room, still in her bent over attitude, she presented an ideal posture to remove the thermometer. It came out without further ado, and was held up to the light. “95.8,” said Mr. Yu. “Excellent,” said Ross. ”Into the sleeping bag!” Tami’s ability and motivation to avoid a fate as horrible as a session in a sleeping bag with two nerds was overcome by the need to get warm. She was lifted again, turned to horizontal, and slipped into the sack. Trombley crawled down behind her, and the smaller Yu slipped in the front. The three teens made a tight sandwich but Tami could only concentrate on the heat flowing into her body. It felt so good she could hardly object to her naked body being subjected to such close confines with undoubtedly horny boys.

The other scouts couldn’t help but giggle at the strange, three-headed monster wriggling around on the floor. As Tami recovered through the early stages of hypothermia she again reached the shivering point. The whole bag began vibrating as the muscular girl shuddered violently. Her living hot water bottles pressed close to enjoy the sensation. Hands were busy on her numb flesh but she welcomed every touch, soaking in the heat. Ross carefully monitored the situation, and ordered everyone out of the bag before Tami felt totally recovered. Again the thermometer went up her butt, and verified that the fast-acting scouts had restored her temperature to 97.9. Ross seemed satisfied. “She’s out of danger, but we’ll use some brisk physical exercise to ensure that her body is capable of generating its own heat. Some jumping jacks, Miss Smithers?”

The full-body exercise put the superbly conditioned young athlete on perfect display. Her lithe muscles rippled, her firm breasts bounced, and her vagina popped open with every leg spread. Ross next had her do pushups (“Touch those nipples to the floor!”); situps, with a lucky boy holding her ankles; deep knee bends; and squat thrusts. When he’d exhausted the list of the most humiliating calisthenics for a nude girl, he’d exhausted the nude girl. She stood panting as the rectal temperature gauge was again poked in. 98.4. ”Hot food should finish the job,” Ross proclaimed. Thankfully, unlike the previous health demonstrations, there would be no repetition. The group proceeded upstairs and Ross fired up the outdoor gas grill. Not surprisingly, it was a weenie roast, and Tami soon found herself holding a steaming hotdog while twenty six teenaged eyeballs waited for her to put it in her mouth. The boys did their best to be nonchalant about the naked girl at their cookout, but couldn’t always restrain themselves. “What would you like on your wiener?,” the scout doing the serving asked. “Tami!,” more than one of his troopmates replied under his breath.

Tami declined the offer of a pickle and had no desire for either the Popsicles and chocolate éclairs offered as dessert. She did wolf down two hotdogs, however, with as much dignity as a young nude could muster under the circumstances. The meal could not end, however, without the appearance, and disappearance, of the rectal thermometer. It affirmed that Tami was now fully recovered, at 98.6. The scouts were reluctant to leave, until Adams reminded them that they could develop their film at his house. “I gotta a couple shots that I can’t wait to see!,” Kearney enthused. Other troop members grinned in agreement. “What about the law enforcement training you mentioned?,” Holzer asked Ross. “Oh, heavens. That won’t take place until the Fall sometime. Still, let me know if you’re interested and I’ll see what I can arrange. If there is enough demand I could probably set up a special session just for you.” Tami shuddered as she saw all the heads nodding enthusiastically. “Keep a grip, Tam m’girl,” she told herself. “The only cavity searches those dweebs are going to be involved in will be at their dentist’s office. You’ll be long gone by Fall.”

The scouts left sadly, casting many a backward glance, as if to imprint the redhead’s form on their memory forever. Tami, for her part, was quite drowsy even though it was just 7 P.M.. She wasn’t sure if it was simply physical and nervous exhaustion, or whether the lowering of her body temperature was affecting her. Maybe even some side effect of the herbal tea. In any event, she could hardly keep her eyes open. This didn’t trouble her in the least, since once asleep she was off-limits to her host and her weekend of torment would be over. Ross didn’t seem overly downcast as she told him she was going to bed, which troubled her slightly, until she remembered his advice about never letting a Type Four think they’ve beaten you. “But I have beaten you, Mr. Henry Ross,” she told herself as she trudged up the stairs. “You never laid a glove on me!” For some reason, the last thought struck her as extremely funny and she couldn’t stop giggling. Yet the oppressive tiredness kept her from the feeling of utter glee that she had so richly earned. She toppled onto the mattress. “Not a glove…not a finger…”

”Out cold, Henry, entirely appropriate considering the way you froze her ass,” McMasters whispered, craning his neck around the doorframe. Ross flicked on the light, but the nude form on the bare bed did not stir. “Still looks pretty hot to me,” said Dean Jorgon, excitedly undoing his pants. Rank demanded that he go first, and he impatiently snatched the box of condoms out of McMasters hand. ”Too bad those students who claim the administration’s out of touch with them can’t see this,” he chuckled as he rolled Tami onto her back and yanked her ankles apart. Naked and spread on the white slab, she looked like a virgin sacrifice as the august men huddled around her defenseless body. As Jorgon got down to his underpants, wrinkled hands aggressively kneaded her tits and probed her vagina. Scowling, the Dean ordered everyone out. “A little privacy, here, as this train pulls out of the station!” The others headed back downstairs, laughing as they said “All aboard!,” “Choo-choo!”

Jorgon wondered if the little minx would have been quite so cheeky about showing him her genitals if she had known this was coming. He had been waiting for this moment ever since that display in his office. The girl was not so defiant now, taking deep, even breaths, her well-formed breasts rising and falling above her visible ribs and concave stomach. “This is for every one of those sluts who walks around my campus in a miniskirt, or showing off her pierced bellybutton. You think just because we’re old men in suits we don’t notice? And you’re the worst of them all! You can only push men so far!” Now Jorgon was doing the pushing – shoving his erect penis into the vagina that had been so generously displayed to him. It felt so good he almost forgot his hatred – God, she was beautiful, the line of her jaw, the soft skin taut over her cheekbone…

It took only minutes for the inevitable to occur. Jorgon climbed down and peeled off the condom. Quite a load – not bad for 63! From now on, no matter how mouthy she got, he had a little something in the back of his mind to make him smile. “Fuck you, Dean Jorgon!,” was her attitude. “Consider it taken care of, Miss Smithers!”

Ross came next. He turned his daughter’s picture to face the wall. As a prosecutor, he knew that sex crimes were about power, not carnal gratification. This was about punishment and revenge, not lust. To be honest, his fixation on destroying the girl’s lie had made her attractiveness immaterial to him. Asleep, she was peaceful and benign. He paused as he thought about the rapists he’d put away over the years. How stupid could they be, letting their victims get skin samples under their fingernails, leaving semen behind? This was the way to do it. In fact, it really wasn’t even violation if she didn’t know if happened and didn’t suffer any ill effects. “Victimless crime,” he chuckled as he plunged his penis into her and began fucking, literally, with a vengeance. When he’d finished and dressed, he went out in the hallway to inform McMasters that the young woman actually did have one redeeming quality.

McMasters matter-of-factly flipped Tami on her stomach. “I’ve done enough research on this ass. Now it’s time for a test drive!” He struggled to get his large organ through her tight anus, and shook his head at the resiliency of the human body. He’d seen that asshole spread wide enough to fit a baseball through, but it still grabbed onto him like an octopus on an oyster. McMasters reveled in the sensation. He’d charted, measured, scanned, and recorded the girl’s rectum in every conceivable fashion, but nothing could compare with direct experimentation.

The rest of the cast now followed. Brendo, Zipkin, even gentle Dr. Harridance and his East Asian colleagues. Ned Ryan still couldn’t have his blowjob, but made do with what was offered. Anthony Noyse went ahead and stuck it in her mouth regardless, enjoying the vibration of her light snoring and stimulating himself until he filled the reservoir tip of his condom. “That’s a good way to shut you up,” he snarled as he left, little placated by the oral service he’d just helped himself to.

Tami awoke with a start, expecting to see the next male dropping his drawers at the end of her bed. Her room was empty, silent, and dark. Her hand flew down to her vagina. It was a little moist, as sometimes happened when she dreamt about sex. Her anus was slightly sore, but that was not uncommon after a day where it had seen considerable traffic. She flicked on the bedside lamp and looked down at herself. No stray hairs, no scratches, no wet spot on the plastic mattress cover. If she could prove she’d been drugged and gang-banged…but no, Ross was too smart. There would be no evidence. They probably wiped everything down with alcohol, vacuumed her body and the mattress…God, total paranoia! It was bad enough that they controlled her body sixteen hours a day, now they were creeping into her subconscious as well! And they did control her body. Even if she was in her room studying, or in her own home, she had to be naked at all times!

Tami began to feel angry. She had won, despite everything Ross had thrown at her. But what further layers of post-traumatic stress had he laid on her? Would she still dream, forty years from now, about wrinkled old men shoving arthritic digits into her? She made one simple mistake, but these sadists kept ratcheting up the pressure on her. Who knows what lies ahead, she thought. It can only get worse, until such time as I’m out of here for good!

Tami calmed herself. It would do no good to let Ross know he’d rattled her. No, a committed nudist would have taken every event of the weekend in stride. Still, feeling empowered by her victory, she decided to turn the tables on Ross. She crept down the hallway to his room. “Rise and shine, Mr. Ross,” she said loudly. The lump under the blankets stirred in the darkness. “What in the…oh, Miss Smithers…” “Time to take me back to campus, sir,” Tami said with mock respect, hiding her giddiness. “Oh, but…it’s 5:30 in the morning!” “Always good to get an early start, wouldn’t you say?” Tami helpfully flipped on the overhead light as Ross sat on the edge of the bed, feeling around for his slippers. He cringed at the brightness. The always dapper attorney looked ridiculous in his rumpled pajamas, his usually well-groomed hair sticking out in every direction. Tami paced the room as if she owned it, in the same fashion that Ross had done to her when he’d rousted her in the morning. Then she saw it.

Ejected from the video player, but not yet put back in its sleeve, was a tape. On it was marked simply “TS – 3/15.” Tami froze as she recognized her initials. “Mr. Ross, what is on this tape that says TS?,” she blurted. “Oh…,” the attorney replied, eyes uncharacteristically darting nervously, “I don’t stay up late enough to watch the Tonight Show so I try to record it. I’m a big Johnny Carson fan.” “But Johnny Carson retired years ago,” Tami said, a sick feeling growing in her stomach. “Oh, yes, I meant, um, whatshisname, Dave Leno. I certainly enjoy his monologues.” Tami thought about correcting Ross again but her tongue suddenly felt thick and stuck to the roof of her mouth. She did a little mental arithmetic. March 15th had been a Thursday, a Chalfont day. Tape had most certainly rolled as she was put through her paces, nude and helpless, anus and vagina stretched to capacity by McMasters’ diabolical dildos. Had Ross been watching that tape…in bed…alone…for entertainment? She caught her breath. Or was this just another sophisticated trap he’d set, hoping she would stumble in?

Ross walked past her on the way to the bathroom. She heard the shower go on and felt an incredible temptation to check the tape, but resisted it. Just because the water was running didn’t mean Ross couldn’t suddenly reappear to check up on her. Feeling creepy in the man’s room, where he might have been masturbating to her naked suffering, Tami bolted out. She put on the light over the stairs and wandered down to the darkened library. Somehow she felt safer there – more like she was a college student and not a naked houseservant. The stately rows of legal books reminded her of her fantasy of one day suing Ross, Dean Jorgon, the College, and every other bastard that had cruelly exploited her for their own jollies while steadfastly maintaining that they were acting in the institution’s best interests. Her dream, in its most extreme form, had the school renamed Smithers College, a women-only institution devoted to feminist scholarship. The toad-like men of the former administration were now doing their court-ordered community service in the Chalfont Institute for the Study of Male Sexual Dysfunction, providing the eager young female researchers with plenty of data concerning erectile difficulties, diminished sperm count, and urinary incontinence.

As Tami strolled past the shelves in the room, dimly lit by the light in the hall, she inadvertently knocked a legal pad off an end table. It hadn’t been there when she’d gone up to bed the night before, and she picked it up to put it back. By now, however, Tami recognized Ross’ handwriting. Scrawled on the front of the pad were the following. “Call Dr. Evans -McLean Hospital –involuntary commitment factors??? Current state of “in loco parentis.” Transcribe Wanda notes!!” The intelligent girl felt a flash of cold through her stomach. McLean Hospital was a mental institution just outside of Boston – specializing in disorders in adolescents and young adults. She suddenly realized that by courageously meeting the outrageous, sadistic escalations the administration had tested her with she had conveniently built a case that she was insane! There was plenty of documentation, on videotape, in photographs, the lie detector transcript - even the damn voicemail orgasm she’d left for Ross! There were also plenty of people who would testify against her. Wanda had been keeping notes? She could only imagine how that bitch would describe her behavior. She also knew what “in loco parentis” was the college’s ability to act in place of her parents as a guardian. Could Ross himself really have her committed? With his connections and his friends in this state? Would they make her dress at the hospital, or should she try to keep up the charade? If she admitted she was lying, would that be more evidence that she was crazy? She shuddered as she imagined herself nude, or wearing just a straightjacket around all of those drooling weirdos.

This thing was going too far. Ross had her truly scared, now. Yet…yet…what if it was another bluff? Why would the secretive attorney casually leave this information lying around? Tami heard the shower go off and hurried back up to her room, shutting off the light behind her. She sat back on the bed, clutching her knees, and tried not to shake too hard. She WAS crazy – this whole situation was crazy! Neither she nor Ross could back down. It seemed like a good strategy this far, but had he ultimately outsmarted her? She imagined herself, nude, standing next to the dapper attorney at the intake room at McLean. A nurse writing down her particulars and Ross signing her freedom away, shaking his head in feigned sadness “Such a promising student…so sad an end…” Male attendants putting on restraints and lifting her into a wheelchair. Ross smiling at her as if to say, “Remember your last ride in a wheelchair? Well this one won’t be so much fun! Don’t worry, with your life expectancy you shouldn’t have to spend more than, oh, about sixty years here! Have a nice day!” One attendant unlocks the door and Tami Smithers rolls into oblivion forever.

She shivered. She heard Ross come out of the bathroom and go into his own room. In a few minutes he emerged, clad in a dark blue pinstriped suit. He seemed quite cheerful. Had he done something, or found something out last night that elevated his mood? Tami looked up at him as he paused at her door. She got off the bed wearily. If he had her already - if he’d won - she had even less enthusiasm for going through the routine degradations like pissing in the flowerbeds. But she had to go, nonetheless. “Where should I urinate this morning?,” she asked flatly. Ross laughed. “Try the toilet, Miss Smithers. We need to civilize you again if you’re going to go back to dorm life.” Tami felt confused as she headed to the bathroom. Was Ross letting up since he didn’t need any more evidence? Or was he quitting because he knew he couldn’t beat her?

She sat on the toilet and tried to make sense of it all. She emptied her bladder, then fear and nervousness produced its predictable effect on her bowels. Out of habit, she had left the door open, so just as a large stool passed Ross poked his head in to remind her to take her toothbrush and comb. She answered him with a loud splash. No, she thought with a rueful grin, he hasn’t given up on humiliating me. There was something perversely comforting in that. Tami wiped and flushed. On top of everything, she had a very full week ahead of her at school. The weekend hadn’t been much time off. She gathered her things and went downstairs. Ross was already at the breakfast table, eating toast and coffee and studying the morning paper. Tami couldn’t help but notice a large, freshly cut white rose in his lapel. He gave it a conspicuous sniff as she entered, to remind her that this symbol of her degradation would accompany him all day.

Ross now seemed anxious to get rid of her. Tami assumed he had used up everything he’d planned to break her over the weekend and had no further purpose for her at the moment. Still, he remained himself. When Tami had eaten a bagel and juice, he handed her the box with her anal monitor. “See that this gets back to Mr. McMasters, would you? You’ll likely see him before I do. You’re welcome to show if off to your friends – even show them how it works – as long as you make sure no harm comes to it. Oh, and I’ve included a note in the box to verify that you complied with his instructions.”

The roads were deserted as the Town Car made its way to campus in the predawn. It was too early for either of the enemies to have put together an agenda so the ride passed in silence. Tami could almost physically feel normalcy flowing back into her body as familiar landmarks appeared. Like the survivor of a sinking, she couldn’t wait to put her feet back on solid ground, out of Ross’ custody. Now she could do what she wanted, see who she wanted, piss where she wanted…There was her building, bright, warm, and inviting. Ross pulled up and nonchalantly parked in the space out front designated “Authorized Vehicles Only.”

To Tami’s surprise, the attorney got out with her. She got a momentary fright, wondering what he was going to do, before she realized his purpose. Standing directly in front of the main doors, with students streaming out to early classes, Ross slowly counted out money in twenties, pressing each bill into her hand. “You did an outstanding job, Miss Smithers,” he said. “One forty, one sixty, one eighty. Worth every penny. Two hundred, two twenty. I must say I was very, very satisfied. Two forty – oops, looks like I don’t have a ten. Well, here’s another twenty – keep the change. Thanks again for a wonderful weekend.” Tami fumed. The implications of what he was paying for were clear. She would have wanted to throw the money back in his face even without the cheap shot in front of her dormmates. Instead she controlled herself and folded the bills up. “You’re welcome, Mr. Ross.” “I’m sure I’ll be seeing a lot of you around campus,” he said, heading back for his car. “As usual!,” Tami replied lightly. Despite a feeling of impending doom, it was an enormous relief to be out from under Ross’ scrutiny and control. Tami bounded up the stairs gleefully, just as she had on that Friday afternoon that now seemed so long ago. Still, once behind closed doors, her stomach tightened as she wondered whether she really had scored a victory in this weekend of horror, or if she had unknowingly signed her own commitment papers.

Speaking of papers, Tami’s curiosity got the better of her as to what Ross had written regarding her orgasms. She opened the monitor box and removed the slip of paper. On Ross’ elaborate letterhead was written the following:

“AFFADAVIT OF H.M. ROSS, ESQ. This document will attest that I was personally in attendance during ten (10) orgasms experienced by Miss Tami Blanche Smithers, a freshman student at Campbell-Frank College, between the dates of April 6 through April 8, 2001. I also have evidence of an eleventh orgasm recorded as a voice mail message, and oral statements by reliable witnesses establishing a twelfth orgasm during this time period. The orgasms were verified by the activation of a device (patent pending) designed by Mr. Nevada McMasters, which was present in the rectum of Miss Smithers and capable of measuring the anal contractions consistent with her characteristic sexual climax and reporting said contractions through audible beeps. I have no reason to believe the device malfunctioned in any respect and can confirm that each orgasm that was reported occurred at the height of an episode of extreme sexual stimulation for Miss Smithers. My conclusion as to her level of arousal is based on my direct observations of Miss Smithers, who was totally nude at all times in the previously stated period, and displayed an elevated rate of respiration, flushed skin, dilated pupils, engorged lips, erect nipples, and made excited utterances appropriate to a young female approaching climax.”

Tami sat on the bed and snorted at the carefully worded statement. No doubt it would become part of her permanent record here at Campbell-Frank. She folded it up and put it back in the box, and placed the box next to the retainer panties and bristle bra that had lain untouched on her bedside table all weekend. She would be getting back into those soon, back into her whole routine, no doubt with the occasional horrible surprise to attempt to break her before the end of the semester. She decided to focus on the positive. She hadn’t made any obvious mistakes despite Ross’ cunning efforts over the course of two and a half days. She would take some free time today to go do a little research herself on mental health issues. Maybe when she got done Ross would have to revise his book to acknowledge another type – Type Five, the one that got away…barely…