

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



*Author's Note: Firstly, I should say this story was inspired by, and a core scene borrowed from another story here, California by Rachel Ross. Her's is a much better story, but my interests were peaked by the western theme and it's rarity in stories. I didn't know if doing so is a bad thing, but hopefully it's okay? With so many stories, themes have to get repeated. Here is just the first two chapters. If it catches on, I may write more, but I have also left several others unfinished. As is the case with my stories, its a bit wordy, but I enjoyed it, hopefully a few others will as well! Please leave a review!*

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## **Chapter 1: Picking a fight**

Her horse's movements were fluid and graceful, flying across the dried up creek bed without missing a gait. His hooves pounded hard across the arid landscape, exploding a trail of dust in their wake. With the town of Hoelle in her sight, she pulled up hard on the reins, causing her horse to rear up and neigh loudly from the sudden command.

She looked back over her shoulder and cursed as she saw another rising trail of dust following along her path. She was none too pleased about it but held her position beneath an ancient oak until the second rider caught up nonetheless.

"Damn you Carter John, I told you not to go followin' me," Alara cursed him. He didn't miss that she called him by his full name either. He hated when she did that, like she was Ma or Pa or something. Normally, they called him Bubba. "And you had to bring Dover too?!" she added, then cursed his stupid dog that never left his side.

"Ah, come off it Alara, Pa told you clear as day not to go runnin' off, startin' somethin'. He's gonna send for the Sheriff first thing in the- Click." Bubba was cut short. He had not seen her draw her colt revolver, but he sure didn't miss the click of its hammer.

"Oh shut it, Bubba! Pa's too gullible for his own good and you know it!" Alara yelled at him. "And as far as I'm concerned, we ain't got no sheriff. That disgraceful excuse of a man currently pinning our star to his chest is in Burdoch's pocket, and everyone knows that. He ain't gonna be no help and I don't intend to let these yellow-bellied, scallywagin' cowards get away with this!" Alara's chest heaved with outrage.

Her brother just stared back at her. They both looked a mess, covered in black soot and dirt. There were bags under their eyes from a sleepless night. It had been about two in the morning that the alarm had been raised. Alara and Bubba both had leapt from their beds at their father's wails. Glowing orange blazed through their bedroom window. Alara pushed her brother aside to get out first. Their barn was lit ablaze.

Alara had never seen her father like that, he was near hysteric, and their ma ceertainly wasn't being any help. She wouldn't stop wailing and crying, sick on the floor at the door to the house as she watched her two children and husband dare the fires of the barn to save all the animals. Alara even dared one last round, a decision that nearly cost her her life to drag three saddles out with her. They all worked feverishly for hours, after having saved what they could from it, running buckets of water and beating at the flames with wetted blankets and sticks.

It was well into the afternoon of the following day before they all finally collapsed in exhaustion. Alara fetched the men a bucket of water while she left to find Ma. She found her curled up in her

bed, her face as cold and as blank as a zombie's.

This was going to set them way back. They could hardly make ends meet as it was and though they'd saved the animals, they'd still lost all their feed and tools, and Alara didn't know much, her parents wouldn't let her know much, but she knew enough that their wasn't enough money to replace the barn and all it held.

Alara was getting older now and she should have long since set off on her own. Every other girl of her age had been married off and yielded two, three kids by now. But not Alara. It wasn't as if all of Hoelle's young and older men alike hadn't tried, but Alara was of a different breed.

Leaving her ma without a word, Alara had stormed from the house and headed straight for a saddle and then to her horse.

Seeing her and knowing her temper, old man Koal tried to stop his daughter, talk reason to her, but Alara was a tough ol' broad and he knew well as any that he wouldn't get anywhere with her when she was of this mind. She stormed off. He let her go.

"Well..." Bubba shifted uneasily in his saddle, "what are we gonna do about it then?" Dover whined with excitement, his tail wagging wildly.

"We," Alara said distinctly, "aren't going to do anything. You're gonna turn your horse around and get out of here and back to the house."

Bubba appeared stung by her words. "I can't do that," he said simply. Now it was Alara who squirmed uneasily in her saddle. She was so angry and impatient she was of a mind to put a slug right between his eyes, but that was just her temper. "What are you gonna do, shoot me?" Bubba dared her.

"I ain't got kill you to warn you, but I can make sure as hell you can't go following me any further, Carter John, do you hear me?"

Bubba's smile quivered. He'd once seen her shoot the head of a nail on a post at over thirty feet away and he didn't much like that piece of her's aimed at him. And he most certainly didn't like the look in her eyes, but then again, Alara was his sister, his blood, he wouldn't be a man if he let her go charging into town all alone.

"Well then you can just shoot me right here and now cuz I ain't leavin'."

Bubba shrunk in his saddle as Alara leveled her pistol at him, closing one eye to take careful aim with the other. "You never listen," Alara finally just mumbled, before she pulled the trigger, but with her thumb on the hammer, slowly guiding it down safely to rest. Alara reholstered her gun and turned her horse back to town. Upon a hill, the two could see all of Hoelle laid out before them.

In all, Hoelle was a small town of about a hundred people, but that number would more than triple if you counted all the farmers and ranchers that came to do business and get their supplies from here. There wasn't much to it, a few main shops, a saloon, a barber, an inn, a bank, a post office, a jail, so on and so forth, all the basics.

Hoelle was not a happy town though, there was a dark shadow cast over it. Alara found it as a most misreable place and couldn't wait to leave, but seemed to never be able to get out. She hated everything about it. She hated it's sad, plain, gray, dull, aged wooded shops that lined it's only main road. She hated it's snobbish, goody-two-shoes, holier-than-thou, hypocritic town folk. But if their

was one thing in all this world Alara was committed to, that would be her family. And they needed her.

It was already nine years ago that their ranch had been raided by a renegade band of indians. Alara and her father had held them off for nearly thirteen hours before they ran out of ammo. Her father had been hit in the chest with an arrow. That was Alara's darkest day. They were out of bullets, but the indians were also out of arrows. It came down to hand to hand combat.

Pa nearly lost his scalp. Alara scared her brother and mother with her ferocity. They held the house but Pa was so badly injured, he never quite made it back to his full self. From that day on, Alara took over the main workload, that is until Bubba got older and could help out more himself.

That was also how Alara came upon her beloved horse. They were too poor to buy one. They had Duke but he was a work horse, big and bulky, not much good for riding, just pulling the plow. As they had finally beaten back the surviving indians and sent them running, one of the horses bucked it's rider and came back to the house. He only let Alara come near him. She named him Arrow.

He was an amazing horse, beautiful, he was a rare breed, an Appaloosa horse. His neck was a brownish black, spotted by white, his body and torso white, spotted by brownish-black, ever so seldom across his back, until they became more and more dense near it's legs, becoming solid from the knee down.

The Koal's had been tested, the hardest way, but they pulled through. Bubba grew older, their father healed. Things were finally starting to look up for them... before this happened.

Alara looked over and scrunched her face at Bubba, thinking, debating. "Alright then, reckon you consider yourself a man now, all of eighteen," she mocked, "you wanna get yourself shot, follow me - hyah!" she spurred her Arrow forward.

Bubba followed her as she steered first hard right, off the road and into a broad loop about the edge of town. Once out of the open, Alara traced her way back along the edge of town, back to the road where the stables stood at it's entrance. With the rear of the stables in sight, Alara suddenly bolted the back of her fist upright to tell Bubba to hold it.

Beneath the cover of a nearby tree, Alara stood up within her stirrups and craned her neck to look at something Bubba couldn't see. Alara finally sat back down and turned and waved Bubba forward. She then dismounted her horse and wrapped his reins around a limb as Bubba pulled up and did the same.

"What's the idea?" he asked in a whisper, though he didn't know why. There wasn't a soul in sight.

"That was Burdoch's men that burned our barn," Alara said. Bubba stared back. "Did you see those men out front the stables drinking?" she asked him. Bubba nodded. "Well those are some of Burdoch's men. Did you want to go waltzing past them, letting the whole town know we're here?"

It finally dawned on him. "Oh, we're sneaking into town?"

Alara rolled her eyes at him, "god you're slow. Come on, and make your dog stay here," she took off in a crouch for the stables. Bubba gave Dover the command and as he was as obedient as they came, he'd stay. Then Bubba took off, obediently following his sister, Alara.

The stables were one of the largest buildings in all of town, large enough to hold all the town folks' horses and buggies as well as any passer-bys with several stalls to spare. The stables, just like most

the rest of Hoelle were owned and run by Adolf Burdoch, the hardest, coldest son-of-a-bitch that ever crossed the Mississippi.

Burdoch was an older man, high sixties, low seventies maybe, Alara reckoned. She'd known his name and to fear it since she learned to talk. Nobody said anything in the open about him, and when they did, only in mere whispers. Burdoch was rich and powerful and he used it. He was a sadistic man that owned just about everything in these parts and ran it like his own personal fiefdom, and bad things always seemed to happen to those that tried to stand up to him.

"You trying to get us caught?" Bubba complained as Alara reached the outer fence to one of the corrals and began to scale it. "What are you doing?" Bubba whined, a bit nervous. They could hear the echo's of Burdoch's men's drunken laughs from out front.

Alara looked frustrated, but finally sighed, giving in. "I found three sets of tracks leading away from the barn. One of the horses' shoes was chipped on the front right hoof, missing a piece. If that was Burdoch's men, then they either put their horses up here or out in front of the saloon, but I didn't see any horses out in front of there, did you?"

Bubba just stared back in awe. He hadn't seen any tracks. He hadn't even thought to look for any. And how had she noticed the broken one? And then were there any horses in front of the saloon? He didn't know. Alara knew though. She had always been like this. Always. It both frustrated and inspired her younger brother.

"So, you're gonna look for that horse?" Bubba asked.

"Yep."

"Ugh," Bubba grunted as he leapt down from the high fence, following Alara further. "And then what?"

"Well if I'm gonna shoot someone, I've got to know who."

Bubba gulped as his knees grew a little weak. He wasn't as brave as her and it angered him. Alara started right off, going from horse to horse, picking it's right hoof up to check for the chipped shoe. Bubba followed her around for the first few 'til it finally dawned on him to start checking the others. The sooner they found the horse and got out of here the better.

"Psst! I got it!" Bubba proudly called out in a loud whisper. Alara's head suddenly popped up from behind another horse in the next stall. She quickly slid between two of it's planks and rushed over, snatching back up the hoof to see for herself.

She stared at it for a bit before she finally let it drop. She then stood back and took in the horse for a long moment.

"Well, you know who's it is?" Bubba asked. Alara didn't answer. Instead she pulled out her formidable buck knife from it's scabard at her hip. She picked the horses hoof up once more, bending it back and resting it across her thigh, she wedged her knife in between the hoof and shoe, and after a few good heaves and working it back and forth, she was finally able to wrest the broken shoe free.

Resheathing her knife, she wiped the shoe off, studied it a little closer, and once finally satisfied, she tossed it to her brother. "Take that back to Pa, we've got what we need."

"Take it back to Pa?" Bubba became waried, "what do you think you're gonna go-"

"It's different now Bubba. We've got evidence. We can send for the Marshall if we've got to, just get back home with that and cover up one of them tracks, don't let it get all blown away!"

"What are you gonna do?"

"Just a little pokin' around, not gonna start any trouble."

"You swear?" Bubba eyed her carefully.

"Just get goin'," Alara pushed him around and gave him a swift kick in the ass as she sent him on his way.

Alara watched from the stables as Bubba got on his horse and rode off over the hill, followed closely by his dog Dover. She waited just a bit longer, making sure Bubba wasn't trying to pull anything on her before she herself crawled out of the stables and moved deeper into town by way of the back alleys.

Hidden within the shadows, Alara smiled to herself at her easy ploy and her brother's naivete. If only they could send for a decent sheriff. Then the hoof and the print would be enough, but a Marshall? Even if they could get him to come, it could take weeks. The print wouldn't stick that long, and even if it did, wouldn't change a thing. Burdoch would gladly let his men take the fall, wouldn't get them their barn back. Wouldn't save the farm from going under. Alara had only one thing on her mind at the moment, and that was vengeance.

She was angry, so terribly angry. This was all so unfair, but they would all know - Burdoch, Hoelle - all, once and for all, that the Koal's were not to be messed with. Or - she'd fail and be dead - but still, she'd never have to worry about it again.

A few buildings down from the saloon, Alara ducked her head out the alley to scout the main road. It was getting late, nearing dusk, but there were still a number of people out. Alara frowned, she did not want to be seen, she never did, but these town folk sure had a way of noticing her.

Firstly, Alara had always been an outcast. She was just different, different from the other girls. She had been raised on a farm in the nineteenth century, it was a tough and hard life.

Ever since she was young, many would stop and stare at her, the more so as she got older. At first her Pa told her it was because she was so pretty, which she was, and Alara was young and naive enough to believe it. But it didn't take her long, being snubbed at church and made fun of at the schoolhouse when she could attend.

The Koal's were a poor and humble family and they needed her on the farm more than any. Alara had been far behind the others on her studies.

Then her father told her it was because of her horse, Arrow. It was a sight in these parts. And yes, Alara, could see their jealousy of her horse in their eyes, but there were other things as well. Weariness. Fear. Sorrow. Hate. Hoelle was a sad town.

As Alara became older and wiser, she learned that their glaring wasn't so innocent. All the old farts resented the Koal's disregard for decency by allowing their daughter to ride a horse straddled as opposed to side-saddled, like a proper lady. Well, a proper lady never could ride saddled, not in their dresses, but Alara would never be caught dead in one of those things.

The Koal's were even refused attendance at the town's only church because Alara wouldn't "dress like a lady." Oh, her mother begged and pleaded with her, she even got a little physical with her, but her Pa, Ben, put an end to it at once. Alara was a daddy's girl and she had him wound tightly around her finger.

Alara didn't want to wear a dress, she was a rancher, just like any of the other ranchers or farmers. Dress clothes were expensive and shouldn't be expensed. Alara didn't want to wear a dress. Her Pa didn't make her, so they didn't go.

As Alara grew older and became a woman, most of the men's stares became lewd and unbecoming, but those she could deal with. Alara was a rare beauty, a desert rose in these parts. You could hardly blame them.

It was the women's glaring eyes and snide remarks that would get under her skin. Oh, as they would stop and cover their mouths to gossip to their friends or point and laugh at her, it all drove her mad. Alara was an outcast, a rebel if you will, and the nail that sticks out, especially in this small and conservative town, gets nailed in.

"Howdy there young lady!"

"Ohi!" Alara nearly leapt from her skin.

"Ho-ho-ho!" the old man bellowed, bending over in his rocker, slapping one knee in a fit. "I scare you there, Alara? Whatcha sneakin' around for anyway?" The man became more concerned as the smile faded from his face.

The old man had a long yet neatly trimmed beard, and though his forehead was balding, he had longer gray hair, swept straight back to his shoulders. He was a heavier set man with a full face and round, rosey cheeks. He wore moon shaped spectacles that sat atop a large, round nose.

Alara managed a laugh when she noticed it was the old barber Bart. Bart was a good guy, she considered him a friend. Bart Richards was old school. His family, just like the Burdochs, had been here since the begining of this hell hole. Bart owned a great deal of land himself, but had never worked it a day in his life. He liked to cut hair, he just leased the land out.

Most people thought Bart to be a fruitcake, but Alara knew better. Bart had been a good friend to her father, and he had never, not once, charged her for a cut or wash. He wouldn't accept her money even if she tried to force it on him. Bart was an old pervert though, just like the rest of them. He'd always made lewd and inappropriate comments around her, even to her, but starting a couple years back, he started getting a little more touchy feely with her. Alara didn't mind though, it was all in fun, and innocent enough. Besides, he'd never charged her, not once.

Smiling, Alara broke the pause, "Sorry, couple of the boys just givin' me a hard time is all," Alara played shy.

"That so," old Bart sat up erect, leaning forward a bit in his creaky rocking chair. "Who'd that be now?" he asked gruffly.

"Oh, it's nothing to get in a fuss over, I've got it all handled."

"Mm-hmm," he mumbled suspiciously. "Well, I know you can handle yerself, but you ever need a hand young lady, you know just where to find it, you hear?"

"I hear ya, thanks Bart." Alara was relieved as Bart smiled and relaxed back in his chair, letting it all go.

Bart the barber struck a match and lit it to his pipe, taking a deep drag, followed by a thick cloud of smoke. Alara was about to excuse herself when Bart surprised her yet again.

"Tom came round asking 'bout ya the other day, asking if I'd seen you in the last week or so..." Bart eyed her carefully once more, but was now trying to be more nonchalant about it.

"Did he?" Alara asked uneasily.

"He did. Told him it had been nearly three weeks since I'd last seen you. Now, a good christian, married man like Tom, I asked him what business he had calling on a pretty lady like yourself..."

Alara's face turned a deep red. "Did you now..."

"I did, and let me tell you, he didn't like that one bit," Bart informed her matter-of-factly. "Took it a lot worse than you are now, for instance..." Alara coughed uneasily as Bart paused. "Well... he went on to explain that the two of you had worked out a deal, that you and yer family came upon some hard times and he helped you out. Appears you owe Tom some money?"

"Yeah, but that's none of your business!" Alara appeared to take offense.

"Uh huh," Bart sucked on his pipe. "I've known Tom for thirty years and not once, not once have I even seen him lend another time or sell on credit."

Alara gulped. Tom, the General Store owner, was not a bad man, but a business man. Alara nor liked him, nor disliked him, though she had plenty of reason for both.

For one, the General Store was one of the few shops not owned and run by Burdoch, just like Bart's barber shop. Tom had been around. A middle aged man with a large family of his own, Tom had learned early on not to get himself tied up in deals with the town's poor folk. He was all business.

A couple of years back, during a particularly bad drought, the Koal's came upon a really hard time, just like everyone else. Alara took on a job at a neighbors ranch where she worked in her spare time, away from the chores at their own farm. The McDaniel's were a nice enough folk and paid her a fair wage. It helped earn the family a few extra dollars, which went a long way. She helped buy food for the table and feed for their animals.

When the drought hit, supplies plummeted and prices went up. The Koal's were having a hard enough time feeding themselves, much less their stock. Not willing to see all they'd built and worked for lost, Alara, an attractive twenty year old went to Tom with a proposition. With a little charm and the use of her body, Alara helped Tom see reason and secured the feed they needed and then some. Time went on, it got better, but they always seemed to need more and with Tom's interest, it seemed she could never get out of debt with him.

Alara's Pa wasn't stupid. He knew Tom just as well as any and that he didn't sell on credit and that Alara's meager wages couldn't bring all that she was bringing home. Ben was suspicious, but... they needed the supplies badly and he chose not to bite the hand that was feeding them.

Alara's Ma was a different story. She seemed to take no notice at all. She never did. Claurice, Alara's Ma, was a recluse. She was born a city girl, that fell in love and ran off with a cowboy. The tough years on the farm though had caused her to resent her decision, to resent her life, resent her



husband, and even Alara feared, her own children.

Alara and Claurice were never close, of two different minds, and Alara was fine with that. Claurice did her chores, cleaned the house, cooked the meals, washed the laundry – but she was a sour woman. Alara had always vowed that she would not be that woman.

Then, about two months ago, the McDaniel's barn, just like the Koal's had now, was burned down in the night. There was a rumor going around that the railroad was coming through and Burdoch was in a rush to buy up all the properties. Not many were eager to sell but Burdoch had a way of making people see reason.

After the McDaniel's lost their barn and most their stock, they too sold out, packed up and moved on. It was a sad, heartbreaking thing to see. To make matters worse, Alara was now out her only source of cash and way to pay Tom. She had been avoiding him ever since.

"Well then, whatcha sneakin' around for?" Bart brought Alara out her reverie.

"Huh?" Alara stumbled.

"You were..."

"Oh, yeah, right..." Alara recovered. "You been sittin' out here long?"

"Yeah, I reckon so. Seen my last customer about two hours ago."

"Good. You seen Gus Backthorn come by here any time lately?"

Bart chuckled. "Everybody is looking for somebody! That who been given you trouble?" Bart asked.

"It is," Alara admitted. "You seen him?"

"Sure have, him and his two sidekicks passed by not an hour ago, what is their names, Buck and that Rusty fellow?"

Alara smiled. Gus Backhorn was the town's renown loser and alcoholic. Fat and lazy he couldn't hold a job for shit, but he was known to do work for Burdoch from time to time, and always with his two sidekicks, Buck and Rusty. The three of them. Three tracks leading away from her burnt down barn. One horse with a chipped shoe. That shoe on Gus Backthorn's horse.

"I take it they've been held up in the saloon ever since?"

Bart nodded, "don't imagine they'll be coming out any time soon either, never do. Get on out of here, I'll set 'em straight for you."

"Thanks, Bart, really, but I can handle it myself. No need for you to go starting any trouble for yourself."

"Now see here, young lady..." Bart started, but to his surprise, Alara held up a hand, stopping him.

"Thanks Bart, but I've got it."

Dazed for a moment, Bart finally accepted and nodded once more before he fell back into his rocker. "We'll be seein' ya miss Koal, you take care now, you hear?"

"I hear, thanks Bart," and with that Alara turned and slipped back into the alley.

Alara wound her way around the last few buildings to the back of the saloon. And, just as she hoped, the back door was unlocked. The jangle of the piano's off-key notes and the muffled rumble of an untold number of voices hit her as she entered the back supply room. Kegs and boxes lined either of its walls, leaving a narrow path down the center to another door.

Alara drew her revolver, checked it's dial to ensure it was properly loaded, and then reholstered it. She made her way to the next door, leading to the floor of the saloon. She peaked through, and just where she knew she'd find them, was Gus and his two goons, sitting at the bar.

Alara paused a moment. She could pick Gus off from here, maybe even one of the others or both if she was lucky, that is before the rest of Burdoch's men in the bar turned their guns on her. This was Burdoch's saloon afterall.

She counted twenty-four in total. Gus, Buck, and Rusty sitting further down on the bar from another two, a bartender, a piano player, a waitress, three saloon girls dressed up like Can-can girls, five sitting at a table playing cards, and another eight spread out amongst the other tables. She didn't know how many of them were Burdoch's, no way of telling. Definitely those playing cards, a few at the random tables she recognized as innocent town folk, but the rest... they could all be Burdoch's men.

'No need to over complicate things,' Alara reckoned. Undaunted, she tucked her hat down low over her eyes, attempted to fluff out her shirt to conceal her breasts, and finally squared her shoulders. Satisfied, she eased open the door and slipped in without anyone the wiser, marching right up behind Gus and his two goons.

"Eh-hem," Alara cleared her throat loudly, drawing their attention.

Gus merely glanced over his shoulder before he turned back uninterested to his whiskey. He sipped on his whiskey for a second before he suddenly did a double take. Finally realizing who was standing behind him, he started a loud, guttural laugh, drawing more attention than Alara would have liked. Gus then winked to one of his compatriots before turning himself around, leaning back against the bar, smiling down at Alara with his fat belly poking out.

Gus already looked drunk, with his eyes bloodshot and drool and drink dripped into his beard. "If you come trying to earn a little money selling that pussy of yours, whore, we ain't buying. I know just as well as any that you'se got's all sorts of disease."

Alara cringed inside, eager to pull her pistol. She had to restrain herself, Gus was looking for an excuse. He'd get it soon enough, but on her terms. "I've come because some yellow-bellied bastards set my Pa's barn on fire - just like they did the Thompson's, the Mitchells, and the McDaniel's, but unlike them, I don't intend to buckle before no cowards."

The scene already created, Alara announced this as loud as she could without yelling. The piano player slowed to a halt. The whole bar fell silent to stare at them. Gus's smile faded and his lips grew taut. "Is that so," he said as he turned his back to her and grabbed his glass of whiskey. He threw it back, emptying it in one gulp before he swung back around with his pistol drawn.

He wouldn't get to use it though. To his own astonishment, and to everyone else's for that matter, just as he was leveling his gun at her head, Alara grabbed the barrel and with a twist had it out of his hand. With one quick motion she brought the butt of the gun down on Gus' forehead, splitting it

open and dropping him to his knees. She struck him again, harder, and this time sent him tumbling face first onto the ground, knocked out cold.

Before his two friends could even think she had her own revolver and Gus's pointed at either one of them, aimed right for their bellies. "Just give me a reason and I'll put a hole in both of you!" Alara yelled at them. They each froze, throwing their empty hands into the air, mortified.

Alara heard a loud scuffle behind her as chairs fell back. There was no telling how many pistols were aimed at the back of her at the moment, but she didn't care to look to find out.

"You're gonna pay for this, missy," the one named Rusty threatened with a sneer.

"Oh, I do hope you try!" she spat back at him.

"Alright, alright, good show, enough now," Alara heard a cool, calm and collected voice call over the drama while clapping his hands together slowly, as if amused by a good show. Alara knew this voice well enough. He was semi-new to Hoelle, recruited a few months back as a hired gun for Burdoch when the rumors of the railroad first started. When the barn burning and other intimidation first started.

"It's Alara, isn't it?" he asked coolly, "Alara Koal?"

Alara ignored him. Her eyes were darting back and forth between Buck and Rusty, her fingers holding down the triggers, her thumbs the only thing stopping the pistols' hammers from dropping and them dying.

"Miss Koal, my name is..."

"I know your name," Alara cut him off.

"Very well, miss Koal, then you know who I am. You've got fifteen guns pointed at your back right now. What's these three men done to you or we've got trouble?"

"They burned my barn," Alara seethed through a clenched jaw. A few around the room chuckled. But not Davey, the one who'd been talking to her. Davey was of a different stock than the rest these. He was extremely cold and he looked it. He was tall and lanky, but one of the fastest ever with a pistol, at least that's how the stories go.

He had dark, tanned skin, which could've allowed him to pass as Mexican. His hair and thin mustache were raven colored and sleeked back beneath his black hat. He wore a black shirt and jacket, as well as black pants, and holsters, and boots and guns. And yet the blackest of all was his cold, beady eyes.

"Hmm, is that so?" Davey asked mockingly. "That's a pretty serious allegation, missy, you sure about that?"

Alara did not dignify him with an answer.

"Buck, Rusty? You set fire to this girl's barn?"

Girl? Alara seethed inside. She'd see to it that he paid for that.

"N-na-no boss," Rusty stumbled. "We were out at the ranch yesterday, stayed the night in the bunks." Rusty's lips turned to all smiles. Not Buck's though. He was focused on the revolver Alara

had aimed at him, on edge.

"You see, missy, they were at the ranch, got witnesses. Jones, get me the sheriff, we got some things to sort out."

"No!" Alara nearly screamed, "These pieces of cow shit burned down my barn. I'll put a bullet in them both!" Alara warned. This would be her only chance, now or never... she had take the shot.

"Alright, alright, missy. Calm down. You drive a hard bargain, but I like you. Takes some big balls to walk right into here and do what you did. You got what you came in here for. You've got the ringleader of this trio sprawled out at your feet, the other two's lives held at your mercy. You've made your point. You lower those pistols and I'll let you walk out of here, the score settled, but you keep on..." Davey issued a warning of his own.

She was ahead. It is better to stop while you're ahead, Alara learned long ago. With a deep breath, Alara slowly eased the hammers down and holstered her revolver while tucking the other into the front of her pants. She took two heavy breaths, she knew she couldn't trust this man, but if there was a chance, this was her only one...

"Get them out of here," Davey ordered to Alara's surprise. Four stepped forward and two took either man by either arm and led them out the saloon. Alara wasn't foolish enough to believe either one would see justice, but she'd done her part. Four more fetched up Gus's limp body and hauled him to the doc's on Davey's orders. Some of the scared town folk used this chance to slip out as well.

Alara turned to face Davey. His cold glare made her stomach twinge. "You gonna pay for my barn too?" Alara boldly asked him. Davey stared back wide eyed, taken off guard before he suddenly erupted with laughter.

"That's right, I do like you miss Koal, you've got nerve!" Collecting himself, Davey added, "But I'm afraid I wasn't the one who burned down your barn ma'am."

"That's to be determined," Alara retorted. Davey just smiled and nodded.

"You are pretty reknown in these parts yourself, did you know that?" Davey surprised Alara as she had started for the door.

"No," Alara said flatly, turning to face him once more.

"Well you are, and you've only proven it too true tonight - was pretty ballsy," Davey smiled coyly.

"Well I think it was pretty "pussy" of them!" Alara shot back, stunning most the men.

"Hahaha!" Davey laughed loudly again, along with several of the others. "I like you miss Koal. I'll tell you what, I can't pay for your barn, but I can give you a chance to win it back. We've got a pretty high stakes game going. I'll spot you ten dollars - nearly a weeks pay - if you'd care to play with us. I can hardly imagine... the spice, you could add to it!" Davey was eying her carefully.

"And if I lose it?"

"No harm, no foul."

"You'll buy me a drink?"

"Ha!" Davey was taken off guard yet again. "I'll buy you all the drinks you want, miss Koal. Come,

sit."

Alara eased her body. She pushed back her hat, fluffed and straitened her long brunette hair with her fingers, patted back down her shirt, pushing out her breasts, and began to bat her eyes as she approached the table. As all the town folk had slipped out and minus those hauling Buck and Rusty to jail and Gus to the doc's, there was only Alara, Davey and four others left to play.

This wasn't Alara's first game. She'd played plenty of old men like this before and she could play them well. Show a little cleavage, feed them a bit of alcohol, talk a little dirty and all they'll be able to think about is sex and nothing else, most certainly not poker. There was a lot of money sitting out on the table. If Alara played her cards right, she'd have her vengeance and their barn back too.

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## **Chapter 2: Gambling**

"So what's the stakes?" Alara asked.

"We're playing Texas No-Limit Holdem. You know how to play?"

"Well, I've only seen my Pa play Five-card, but I reckon I can learn, right?" Several around the table chuckled, no doubt eager to claim her ten dollars, but Alara was just putting up a front. Alara could play Omaha, Seven card stud, Five card stud, and Draw with the best of them, but there was little advantage to letting these guys know that. They'd soon find out, all in time.

Alara felt a little uneasy using her normal bait with these men, they were a rough crowd. They all stared without shame at her jutting out cleavage and made continuous sexual innuendos, they growing more and more audacious as the whiskey flowed. She even reconsidered her strategy. If she wasn't careful, this game could have unintended consequences.

There was one, sitting to Davey's left, who caught Alara's eye. He wasn't like the rest, clean shaven, young, he was handsome and well dressed. And Dallas, as Alara had learned his name, was the only one not taking shots at her. The older men would make fun at his expense from time to time, but always cautiously. He was likely another hired gun and they were always sure to show him a little respect. The rest at the table were like Bear to Davey's right, big, burly, and none too friendly looking. They were all out-of-towners, likely Davey's own recruits.

Bear, the one to Davey's right and not too bad on the eyes himself, was all too eager to begin explaining, talking to Alara as if she were a child. His eyes seldom left her chest.

"The blind is fifty cents, ante a dollar," Dallas informed her.

"Seems steep," Alara acted nervous.

"Not for us," one of the others felt the need to add.

The top button of Alara's shirt magically became unbuttoned and all eyes followed, giving this advice and that, adding this, knocking down that, spilling all their strategy and how they play the game right out. Anyone could have picked it up, Alara just knew how to pay attention.

Alara started slow, observing, learning. A good deal of money changed hands, some tempers flared. Alara played cautiously, sticking mostly to the sidelines, awaiting the right time. At two hours past, Alara had doubled her money to twenty. At three hours, fifty.

Of all Davey was having the most success, nearly up a hundred bucks. He had the most money and was a bully of a player, buying the majority of the pots with steep bets. Dallas was perhaps the best, playing against the others talents and bets, not the cards. Bear was cautious, only playing when he had something, but as loose as the others were, he was up as well. The other two, Jimmy and Henry, were both down.

Davey's fortunes continued 'til Alara finally caught an eight and a nine. Not very good cards in and of themselves, but when five, six, and seven hit on the flop, she knew her time had come. And, just her luck, Davey started the betting off by raising five dollars.

Alara's heart beat spiked but she did not let her emotions show. This was perfect! Of them all, she despised Davey the most, and he was likely just trying to steal the pot as Bear had already raised it to a dollar on the initial round. Alara hated the look in his eyes, what he had done to this town, and was eager to have him pay for her new barn. And then just to add to it, he had the worst mouth of them all, giving Alara the worst trouble.

To Alara's surprise and good fortune, Dallas called. Alara acted hesitant at first but eventually called as well. To her continued luck Bear followed by raising the wager to ten.

"God damn Bear!" Dallas cursed him, "so much for a friendly game." Alara gulped, the stakes were getting high. She looked to her cards again, then to the ones on the table just to double check. With those showing, what in the hell could everyone possibly have to gamble so high?

Davey, who had the most cash on hand could have just been trying to steal the pot, but after he called Bear's raise Alara reckoned he had to have something to go on, pocket pair maybe? But even if a trip came out, still wasn't good enough to beat her straight.

Dallas looked hesitant, uneager to let his seven bucks go, but in the end he folded. Alara gathered some coin and bills together to call the remaining five. She put on a little show of hesitancy before she eventually called. Davey looked none too pleased about it either.

"Well alright, we've got ourselves a game!" Bear exclaimed.

A Queen of Diamonds came on the turn but Alara couldn't read either Davey or Bear, but then it didn't really matter, nothing so far could beat her.

"Ten bucks," Davey slapped a bill down on the table, which to his displeased eyes, both Alara and Bear called.

A Three of Diamonds came on the River, again nothing that could beat her straight.

"Ten," Davey said again, all smiles. This round would run both Alara and Bear dry, but Alara had a trump. She leaned over, pulling up the right leg of her pants she dug into her boot and pulled out a neatly folded bill.

"Fifty," she slapped it down onto the table in kind. This was her life's savings but with this hand she could double her money and finally settle her account with Tom, which meant she would never have to suck him off in the back of his shop, or anything else for that matter, again.

"Well I'll be a suck-egg-mule!" Bear bellowed. "Where in the hell you get that kind of cash?!"

Alara just smiled slyly at him. "Put up or shut up old man!"

Bear frowned and shook his head, staring at his cards for the longest time. "It's a damn shame," Bear finally said, shaking his head as he tossed them into the center of the table, folding. That left just Alara and Davey. Alara turned her intent gaze upon him.

Davey wasn't looking at her though, just counting what money he had on the table. Finished with that, he reached into his back pocket and pulled out another wad of cash, counted it, then slapped it on the table. "Three hundred - twenty seven dollars," he finally said, pushing the rest of the money into the pile.

"Dammit Davey, why in the hell'd you have to go and do that!" Alara complained. "That's not fair!"

"Sure it is, let you put in cash from your boot." He was right.

"I ain't got that kind of cash, I can't match you're bet," Alara grimaced at him.

"Well, I'm sure we could work something out.." Davey hinted.

BANG! Alara slammed her fist down onto the table, rattling the glasses and coin. "Dammit Davey!" Alara had put all her money in that pot, her nerves were on edge. There was over five hundred dollars now to be won... they could get the barn back and more with that kind of money. Alara picked up her glass and finished, pouring herself a new one before she asked, "What did you have in mind?"

"I've seen you on that fancy horse of yours, you could put him-"

"Never, that ain't gonna happen!"

"Well, you ain't working with me!" Davey chuckled at her fuming anger. "You ain't too bad on the eyes, wouldn't mind havin' a piece of that action for a spell," Davey boldly propositioned.

"Ha! As if Davey! I'd rather fuck your horse!" Alara threw an insult back at him.

Davey frowned. "Fine then, if that's the way you want it to be, it's a bet."

"Damn you Davey, I was just..." Alara started but then held her tongue. She had let herself get a little too tipsy. She tried reasoning with herself. 'She had the high cards of a straight, there was nothing else out there that could beat her and she didn't have to risk Arrow, her horse.' Without thinking anymore about it, Alara acted on impulse and blurted out, "fine then, let's see your cards."

Dallas had been sipping his whiskey and spat it up all over the table at her words. Jimmy fell over backward out his chair.

Bear just laughed a loud booming laugh, slapping his knee. "Well hot damn, Davey, I sure as hell hope you can beat her!" Bear doubled over, laughing so hard.

"Let's get this straight, you lose, you'd rather fuck my horse?" Davey seemed to take offense.

"Hell yeah! You heard the lady, and I don't blame her," Bear continued dying with laughter, along with the rest, but not Davey.

"I imagine he'd be a better lay than you anyhow," Alara dared, adding to the jousts Davey was already getting from his friends.

Davey stood up and cracked his knuckles as he hovered over the table. All fell silent once more.

"This ain't fuckin' no kids' game. There's over five hundred dollars sitting on this table. You sure you can go through with it, missy, cause I intend to hold you to it!"

"I ain't got nothing to worry about cause you ain't got the cards to beat me!" Alara said, her nerves settling, confident she'd win.

"Then it's a bet?"

Alara took a deep draught from her glass, finishing the whiskey she poured herself another before she finally sighed and gave in, "You've got yourself a bet."

All the guys erupted with cheer, but Davey just stood there with a smug grin on his face.

"Well, lets see 'em then," Bear finally chirped in, eager to see the outcome.

Still smiling, Davey slowly overturned his cards, an Ace and a King of Diamonds. Good cards, but not good enough to beat Alara's.

"Ha! I got you, a straight," Alara jubilantly said as she tossed her cards out into the middle of the table for all to see.

"I don't think so," Davey shook his head, his smile unwavering.

"Huh?" Alara mumbled. Her heart immediately sinking into her stomach as she stared back across the cards. Ace and King of Diamonds... Three of Diamonds. Queen of Diamonds. And from the initial flop, there was one more, a Six of Diamonds. How had she missed it?! "Damn..." she mumbled again, no louder than a whisper.

Dallas looked almost as concerned as Alara did. Everyone was chuckling, pouring more whiskey while Bear continued to die laughing, harder than ever before. "Hot damn this is gonna be even better than seeing that goat fuck the shit out of that Mark's poor ass!" Bear roared, obviously referring to one of their friends, but it didn't give Alara any comfort.

"Wait one minuted!" Davey protested. Bear stopped laughing as all eyes turned to Davey. A small glimmer of hope flickered in Alara's eyes that he might take mercy on her. She even reconsidered offering to be his bunk mate for a night but one glance at him and his wiry frame and she resolved that she'd truly still rather fuck his horse. "I beat her. The rest of you want to watch the show you'd better pony up, one dollar!"

Alara turned redder than a tomato. Not only was she about to have to fuck a horse, Davey intended to humiliate her even further by making a show out of it. Anger boiled up inside her. She reached for her pistol but held her hand on the butt of the gun. Would she rather make a fight of it? No. She had made the bet, she and she alone. She had said the words, Davey had just accepted them. This was her fault. This was worse than the deal she had struck with Tom, the general store owner, but if Alara did one thing, she kept her word. She dropped her hand from the gun. She'd keep her word. - if she only knew of Davey's true intent...

While all the boys were arguing about Davey's price, Alara poured another tall glass, threw it back, poured another, threw it back, then grasping the bottle about the neck she tipped it right up, gurgling down the remainder 'til she collapsed over, her head spinning within her hands, she on the verge of tears.

Alara was taken off guard when two strong hands grabbed her roughly by either arm and took her



guns as if they expected her to try to run.

"Ain't no need for that!" Alara protested.

"We'll see," Henry retorted, pulling her towards the door.

"This is gonna be one hell of a show!" Bear bellowed as he lead the way out the saloon. From the corner of her eye as they exited the saloon, Alara didn't miss that Dallas refused to pay Davey's price and excused himself. The only thing close to resembling a gentleman of the whole bunch.

They practically dragged her down to the stables. It was late, well into the night. Alara wasn't sure what time it was but the sky was pitch black, intermingled by various stars. Fortunately all the town folk had long since taken to bed so thankfully no one saw them, not until they reached the stables.

Alara dug her heels in when she saw them. All these guys were out-of-towners, but Bill and Jed whom were manning the stables were not. They were born and raised here in Hoelle, and Jed was married to one of the only girls Alara could call a friend in this town. Oh, how the gossip would spread!

Alara blushed even further as Jed spotted her and looked on with concerned eyes as they walked her past, a couple breaking off to tell them of what a show they were about to see and Davey demanding his money if they wanted to watch.

As poor stable hands, neither had that kind of money, but Bill talked him into letting them each pay a fifty pence if Davey wanted to use the stables. To Alara's dismay, both Bill and Jed paid it.

They led her to an open area and released her. Alara asked for a drink and they politely obliged her. She immediately took another deep draught from the new bottle. She needed to get dead drunk as fast as possible. Bear and one of the others were already fetching Davey's horse.

Alara's knees nearly buckled when they led him in. He was for all sense and purposes a small quarter horse, something Alara could be thankful for, but right now she didn't see him that way. He looked enormous. Alara sipped her bottle further as she looked the horse over in her drunken haze, then back to Davey. She was still glad she had chosen the horse instead, he was far more handsome than Davey's ugly mug.

Bill and Jed lit a few lanterns to give the stables plenty of light as Bear led Davey's fine horse out the stall to the middle of the stables. They then all gathered around in an arc about Alara and Bullet, Davey's horse. Alara could overhear Bear trying to tell Bill and Jed about the time their friend Mark got fucked by the goat.

Alara knew she'd never live this down, that they'd soon be telling the same stories about her to who knows whom? She'd gotten herself into this mess though, she had intended to keep her word, but now that the animal was here in front of her, her resolve broke.

"I-I can't..." she whimpered, "he's a horse for crying out loud, an animal - OUCH!" Alara was taken off guard as Davey had stepped forward and grabbed a handful of her hair, turning her face around to his.

"Now you're gonna listen hear, missy, and you're gonna listen good cause I'm only gonna say this once. We had a deal and I don't take too kindly to people who don't keep their word. You're gonna fuck my horse here like you said, or me and the boys are gonna have a heyday with you and it ain't gonna be pretty!"

Alara was frozen scared. She could see the devil in Davey's black eyes and she believed every word he said. She felt sick.

"Now for starters, you ain't gonna be needin' this," Davey grabbed hold the open part of her shirt and tore it away, the buttons popping rhythmically all the way down. All the guys hollered, eager for the excitement.

Alara immediately began fighting him off. "Stop it! Stop it, you ain't got to do that! I'll do it, I'll do it," she protested as she wriggled free.

Davey let her go but held his ground before her. "Let's see it then. Strip!"

Alara glared at him, but, what could she say, he was right. She turned red as a beet with the thought of getting naked in front of all these dirty men, in front of Jed, and how he was eying her so! Oh, if Ellissa only knew! No, Ellissa could not know.

Henry and Jimmy, the last two from the card game and the two that had hauled her in here, took a step forward as if they intended to give Davey a hand, but Alara angrily waved them off as she tipped the bottle up one last time, taking several gigantic gulps until the last of the brown liquid disappeared down her throat. She coughed and bent over, trying her best not to chuck it right back up. Once she was able to calm herself, she threw the bottle aside followed by her hat.

Unsure of how to continue, Alara squeezed her eyes closed and reached for her gun belt, unbuckling it she let it fall to the ground. She then stepped on either of her heels, kicking off her boots. Next she undid the buckle to her pants, slid out the button, and with her thumbs at her waists, she pushed her pants quickly to the ground, then hurriedly stood back up and out of them. Several hoot and hollered, most ducked down, trying to steal a glance beneath her dangling shirt.

Alara peeled off her socks and took one last deep breath as she let her torn open blouse fall off her shoulders. Alara could hear all the air being sucked from the room as she laid bare that she wasn't wearing any undergarments beneath her clothes.

Alara was perfect. Her legs long and slender, her breasts round and firm, not too big, but most certainly not too small. Her mound above her pussy even appeared to be neatly trimmed. Her body was tone, not an ounce of fat on her. Even her skin appeared soft and smooth to the touch and was a hint of olive colored. None of the men could believe their luck and they all envied Bullet as they reached for their hardening members tucked away in their pants.

Now naked, there was nothing left to do but get on with it, but Alara was unsure of what to do.

"He ain't gonna fuck you himself. Get down there on your knees and get him ready!" Davey prompted her with a shove.

'Get him ready?' Alara puzzled. "That wasn't part of the deal!" Alara suddenly protested when she got was Davey was talking about.

"Ain't my problem, but that dick ain't getting hard no other way. Hurry it up or we'll go to plan B!" Davey threatened, and Alara could see the eagerness in his eyes either way.

Defeated, Alara collapsed to her knees beneath the horse and stared back up at it's groin and massive balls. How could she?

"Ain't gonna say it again!" Davey warned her.

Alara shot him one last glare before she hesitantly reached up and touched his sheath. She almost jumped she was so nervous. His skin was rough and warm as she could also smell his strong must and odors of the stable.

"Hurry up!" another added as Alara continued to massage the horse.

Her heart was racing. She was afraid that if something didn't happen soon, they'd grow too impatient and turn on her.

Finally, the head of his coming cock emerged. A few cat-called at this. From there, grasping and tugging at it with both hands, it extended further and further out at a faster pace. With it, Alara's panic grew as well, he was so big! How could she ever possibly..?

"Come on, let's see you suck on that massive schlong!" another yelled with excitement. There was no way in hell Alara was going to put that thing in her mouth, or so she thought. Liking the idea, Davey commanded her as well, in a much more serious tone.

"You can't be serious..?" Alara looked back, panic stricken.

"Dead serious, now get on with it or else!"

Alara felt as though she would puke. Knelt down, holding onto the horse's now hanging penis, Alara stared at it ominously.

Bullet's cock was solid black and as long and as wide as her arm, it's shaft ever so narrowing until it flared once again at it's head. Alara had plenty of experience giving head, Tom loved it and she much rather suck him off then take a forceful pounding, but this horse... this was a very different story.

Hearing their groaning and moaning impatiently behind her, Alara closed her eyes in angst and slowly pressed her face forward, slipping out her tongue to sample the object. Disgusting. Must, odor, dirty flesh - he was an animal after all, a damned horse! Her audience went wild. Alara's face became flushed with humiliation.

"Come on, suck on him!" one jeered.

"Yeah, stuff that big cock in your mouth!" another yelled.

The horse's cock was thick and heavy. It took a bit of effort to hold it up and aim it at her mouth. Still with her eyes closed, Alara brought the mushroomed head to her lips and kissed and suckled on it for a moment, until she gained enough nerve to wrench open her jaws and stuff the over sized member into her mouth.

It tasted just as gross, but the vomit she had felt in her throat was settling. She was getting used to it. The horse neighed loudly and tossed his head back and forth excitedly, his tail twitching with anticipation as Alara slobbered upon the head of his member. In conjunction with her tonguing and mouthing of his cock, she slid her other hand up and down his long shaft.

The horse paced in place, dragging and stopping his hooves as his haunches began to tense. This scared Alara, but she kept going, that is until a not completely unfamiliar taste suddenly flooded into her mouth. Taken aback, Alara shrieked and pulled him from her mouth as she spit back out large white globs of the horse's precum.

"Don't you stop, you'll be licking up every drop you spill!" Davey threatened, taking a step forward.

Seeing him, Alara quickly shoved the horse's cock back into her mouth and began working his shaft with more fervor. She had tasted cum plenty of times before, especially Tom's, but she didn't particularly like it. She actually hated when Tom wouldn't warn her and would just cum, but she had always been at his mercy.

The horse's cum was just that much worse. Thicker, hotter, more bitter, and just simply so much of it! She glanced at his huge balls, trying to imagine how much cum was stowed away in those massive things.

It was a lot to handle, but Alara managed. She believed Davey's latest threat and did her best to keep up with the horse's coming spurts, but it was still a lot. Plenty of it dribbled out over her chin, and down onto her breasts, belly, and legs.

The horse grew even more excited, his hips humping with more force nearly knocked Alara over, but she held on tight to his dick. And then it happened. The horse's current excretions were just his pre-cum, but now - Alara had done her job well - he came.

The blast was so unexpected and forceful that it nearly toppled her over. Her entire throat and mouth were instantly flooded and the cum spewed back out her lips, to the guys' many cheers. Overcome, Alara tried to keep up, but with each pulse through his cock another insane burst of cum exploded out into her mouth. Alara couldn't help it, his head was propelled from her mouth by the force and he still didn't stop cumming. More and more of it burst out onto her face, onto her chest and body, completely covering her in the mess.

"Ah haha!" they were all dying with laughter as Alara was dying with shame. Davey stepped forward.

"I told you not to miss a drop. Clean this mess up! NOW!" Davey threatened her.

Alara hadn't even had the chance to catch her breath. With cum in her eyes, she could hardly see, but she could see enough that several of the men had stepped up close to her, lead by Davey.

"Clean it up!" Davey repeated.

Unsure of where to start, Alara looked down in horror over her body. How was she supposed to clean it up? "I need a towel."

"Not with a towel, you stupid slut, use your tongue. You've got thirty seconds 'til I run out of patience with you."

Her tongue? Thirty seconds? Then what? Alara didn't want to wait around to find out. She held her hands up to her face and sure enough, they were coated by murky, yellowish cum.

Her mouth and tongue had already been saturated by the foul tasting substance, so it wasn't so bad as she began to suck the wads off her palms, fingers, the back of her hands, wrists, trailing up her arms. She rolled her tongue around her lips, capturing what she could there. She rubbed at her eyes, across her cheeks and chin, drawing it all to her mouth. She swept it into clumps across her chest, raking it onto her fingers she quickly fed the wads into her mouth as fast as she could, then her stomach and finally her legs. Alara had gone into a near frenzy, overcome by emotion, afraid to fail after having gone through all this.

Everything was interrupted as Alara's belly suddenly grumbled. She had swallowed and eaten an insane amount of thick horse cum and her body could hardly handle it. Everyone burst out with laughter like never before.

The obvious wads now wiped from her body and deposited inside her, her naked body glistened with it's remnants in the latrines' light.

"That was fucking hot!" Jimmy said with obvious lust in his voice.

"Now get up, you whore!" Davey grabbed her by an arm and hoisted her to her feet, "you've still got a job to do."

Alara was disoriented, dizzy and nauseous. She only caught a part of what Davey said, but she didn't miss, "whore." She'd get back at him.

"And you better hurry it up or you'll have to get back down there and suck him off again," Davey nodded down below the horse.

Alara looked and sure enough, the horse's cock was already shriveling back up into it's sheath, half the length gone.

Alarmed and not wanting to have to suck on it again, Alara reached beneath Bullet with a sense of urgency and began tugging back at his cock, playing a kind of game of tug of war with it. Bullet was still excited though, not fully sated by the meager stimulation of Alara's small mouth, and his cock once again began to grow.

Two strong hands on her shoulders spun Alara back around and forced her to bend over.

"Come on, stuff it in!" one whined with excitement.

"Yeah, put it in!" another seconded.

They were all now swarming around her, hands groping her breasts and groin, eager to help aid the horse. Alara still had the head of the horse's dick grasped tightly in her hand, and was pressing it up to her sex, eager herself to have all these morons back off, but it was almost comical. His girth was simply far too massive for her tight hole.

The horny men had waited long enough though. Alara protested when roaming fingers were pressed into her pussy, and screamed outright when another shoved his up her ass, but she was helpless against them.

Alara cried louder still as two pulled her pussy's lips apart as others tried to wedge the horse's dick in. It hurt. It was painful and Alara's fears were growing as to what would happen to her if she couldn't go through with it.

They were pressing it now hard into her, fingers shoving its mushroomed head right into her. Bullet was going wild from the excitement. Another had to hold him still.

It was no easy task, but as Alara pushed back against it, finally, the engrossed head slid past her tight opening, into her vagina, filling her completely.

"Holy shit, it's in her!" one said in excitement. Alara didn't need to be told, she could feel it. He was huge, but of course she already knew that all too well.

Bullet neighed wildly again, tossing his head and bucking his hips forward, nearly toppled Alara over, but the men were all holding her in place, pressing her back against the horse.

Alara was crying out in pain. She was being violated in an awful way.

"Come on girl, work them hips back!"

Alara couldn't think straight. She could hardly stand, much less comply. The horse was so big, her senses were exploding. She did her best though, to their added jeers and hollers.

Bullet began raking the ground again with his hoof, twitching his tail. His haunches began quivering as the horse was unsure of what to do, not being mounted, but was hopelessly eager to bury his cock further into that warm, tight hole.

"Look, he likes it!" Bear said, clapping his hands together. "He's wants to fuck her!" Bear felt sorry for the whining horse who couldn't get enough. "He wants to mount her. Over there..."

Alara was only vaguely aware as to what was happening. Out in front of her, she saw Bear spread out a blanket across a stack of bales next to a planked fence. Alara felt an odd sensation as they pulled her forward, allowing the horse to slide from her. She felt... empty. Even Bullet groaned with disappointment.

Alara's relief was short lived. They guided the near delirious girl over and bent her over the hay bales. Alara was shocked awake as two large hooves plopped down beside her head, atop the bales. She tried to look back but was immediately pushed back down.

"What do you think y'all are doing?!" she yelled in protest, but as the realization that Bullet was now mounted atop her and his hard cock pressed into her rear, her breath was stolen away.

Alara cringed and grunted with pain as the guys lined Bullet's huge cock right up with her still slightly gaping cunt and with one forceful thrust, he plunged right into her. Bullet was alive with excitement and immediately went to work, sawing his over sized member in and out of her with gusto.

Alara's lips appeared to be howling, but no sound came out. Her entire face was taut, frozen, and her eyes were held squinted shut.

It didn't take Bullet long to bottom out inside her, and with each pummeling thrust, one could see his cock bend from the force. All cried with laughter and cheers at this. Not Alara, she couldn't even breath.

The sex could be felt in the room. One could smell it, and it was intoxicating, which was a bad formula with a group of deranged, drunk criminals like these.

Bullet was neighing and groaning loudly as his hips jerked and twitched violently. And then, he gave one last forceful thrust and tensed up, holding himself there.

"Dear god!" Alara finally cried aloud, delirious yes, but unsure still of what she was experiencing. It was a sensation like never before. Her cunt had grown near numb, but at the same time it was on fire. And then the sudden gush of hot, thick cum, blasted deep within her, Alara became lost. Twitching and jerking herself, she moaned and cried aloud, all of it incoherent.

At one point Alara became aware that she was laying face down on the blanket and hay. She was

panting and covered in sweat, still sticky from her previous violation. She groaned aloud again as she felt the horse slide from her. It felt like a long journey as it traveled out her. She gasped from the sudden emptiness, and heard a loud splash as an untold amount of cum followed him out, pouring down onto the ground below where it splashed back up onto her legs.

She had been unable to even get her thoughts straight before another rough hand grabbed her by the back of the head and pulled her ear up to his mouth. Alara was defenseless. "I told you not to spill any of that cum!" It was Davey. "Now get down there and clean it all up!"

Alara cried out in protest as Davey spun her around and bent her down. He had his groin pressed into her exposed rear as he forced her to her knees, and still with a handful of her hair, he shoved her face into the nasty puddle.

"That's it, lick it all up, bitch!" he said as Alara timidly stuck her tongue out into it. She could feel him fumbling with his pants behind her, knew what was coming, which was most certainly not part of the deal. She wanted to fight back, but she was totally and completely drained, both physically and mentally. She tried to push herself one way then the other, but Davey had her in a tight and vulnerable position. She tried to speak, but enough air couldn't find her lungs.

Alara felt Davey's skin upon hers, his stiff member grinding into her. It's head pressed into her slit, rubbing up and down and eventually he found her now stretched hole. He slid into her easily, right to the hilt. Alara's eyes bulged from the force, but she refused to make any sound for him. Alara knew his kind. She refused to give him any pleasure from seeing her suffer.

Still shoving her face into the mud and cum, Davey began to thrust violently into her, all the while calling her every foul name he could think of.

"Damn this pussy is a mess! Don't know if it'll ever be the same after that pounding!" He and several others laughed. Alara heard him spit and felt the saliva drip down between her ass's cheeks. Too out of it to realize what he was doing, Alara did not make any effort to fight back as Davey pulled his now pussy and cum coated cock from her and pressed it's head into the spit and smeared it around her anal bud.

Davey then pressed his hips forward, sinking the head of his cock past Alara's sphincter, which was accompanied by a pained squeal from Alara. Though in pain, she did not try to turn back or fight or say anything. Right now she was either too far gone and tired or determined not to give this sadistic man any pleasure from her. It was probably a little of all.

Davey didn't care. As he pressed again, sliding past Alara's final inner barrier, which sent her eyes bulging from the intense sensation. Davey then plunged himself the rest of the way in as Alara beat her fists upon the ground, but still without a sound. Having now fully entered her bowels, Davey picked back up the name calling.

"You like a cock in your ass whore?" he taunted her. "Damn it's good! Much better than that beat up pussy!"

Davey was as rough as he could be, pulling nearly entirely out of her before he slammed it back in. Fortunately, though while his cock was long, it was thin. And as with her pussy, her ass grew numb to the violation and Alara just laid there with her eyes closed, her teeth gritted and took it.

"A-ah.. o-ohh!" Davey tensed up, pressing himself fully into her. Alara knew what was coming. Dare she admit, as Davey flooded her rectum with his cum, the warm liquid was almost soothing. Davey then collapsed over onto her though, drooling onto her face as he panted from exhaustion.

"D-damn, that was some mighty fine ass. Best I've ever fucked, and I've fucked a few," Davey chuckled at his own moronic joke. Alara just cringed and tried to shield her face from his dripping spit. To her added disgust, Davey roughly licked up the entire side of her face, before he then stood up. It was the strangest sensation for Alara as his cock slid from her ass, followed by the slow trickle of his cum.

Davey grabbed her roughly by the hair once more and hauled her face up to his dirty cock.

"Clean it, whore!"

When Alara refused and held her lips and mouth tightly closed, Davey slapped her hard across the face, and with her jaw tightly within one of his grips, he forced his cum and ass coated cock right into Alara's unwanted mouth. His crew cheered him on.

Alara cringed from the taste. It was all she could do not to bite down, but she knew that would bring even more trouble than she reckoned for.

Davey was just as violent as before, ramming his cock right to the back of her throat, into her throat. Slamming his hips back and forth like a violent hammer, Davey finally crushed her face right into his hairy, smelly groin, holding her there.

Though not thick, he was long and his cock pressed deep into her gullet. Alara's face began to turn red and blue from lack of oxygen. She tried to push him back. She tried to shove him back. She beat her fists against him, but Davey's eyes were rolled back in his head, his cock buried in her throat was raking him with orgasm after orgasm as spurt after spurt was choked down Alara's throat.

Finally, and not a moment too soon, Davey released her and Alara fell over choking and coughing, spitting back up wads of cum. Everyone thought this was hilarious.

Standing tall above her, looking down upon her as if disgusted by the sight of her, Davey began in a low and menacing voice, "As I said before, took a lot of balls to do what you did today, you should be dead, but I can respect it. But now you've been warned of what happens to those who fuck with me. There won't be a second time. Do you understand, miss Koal?"

Alara, aware enough, heard him, but did not dignify it with a response. With nothing more said, Davey spit on her, tucked his softening cock back into his pants and turned and walked away.

Alara, if the situation weren't so serious, almost laughed. Standing behind Davey and now in clear view as he left, was the rest of the barbarians, Bear and the other two from the poker game, and then the stable's keepers, Bill and Jed. All were mostly naked, a couple still in their boots and shirts. All with stupid, shit-eating grins on their faces and rock hard cocks in their hands, stared down at the helpless Alara, drunken hunger in their eyes.

When the first approached her, Alara didn't resist. It was going to happen, one way or the other, and the less she fought it, the faster she got it over with, the better.

It was Jimmy. He hauled her back up by an arm and pressed her face down to his groin. Alara compliantly opened her mouth and took him in with a pleasant moan of thanks whimpered by her rapist.

Bear walked up behind her and hoisted her to her feet by her hips. Alara held still for a moment, allowing Bear to line his cock up with her hole and he slowly pressed forward, he also groaning with delight as her gushing pussy swallowed him in.



With Bear inside her, Alara went back to work on the man's cock in her mouth. Bear was much more gentle with her than her two previous assailants, and dare she admit it, it was even invigorating. Bear eased himself forward, slowly working more and more of his cock into her, which was a good thing, because Bear was big.

There was no denying that she had been loosened up a great deal by the assault from the horse, but her body was already beginning to readjust, her pussy tightening back up around Bear. And there was certainly no lack of lubrication. Alara didn't even know it, she just believed it was all the cum, but her pussy was gushing juices.

Jimmy had been willing enough to allow Alara to suck him off at her pace, she being so compliant, but as he neared climax, he lost track of his better senses and running his fingers through her brown hair, he slowly began to force Alara's head further and further down onto his cock.

Luckily for her, Alara had already been given the short version on how to deepthroat a cock and this guy wasn't that big, so when he finally began to grind his hips into her face, her nose buried in his stinky pubic hair, it didn't cause her that much distress.

Bear had even been doing such a nice job on her pussy, rhythmically, slowly yet forcefully grinding his large cock in and out of her, it building a growing flame in her groin, that she didn't even mind, nay, wantonly began drinking the man's cum as he orgasmed, coating the back of her throat with his seed. He held her there for a moment, recollecting himself as Davey had, but he was at least polite enough to part with a "thanks!" as he pulled his spit coated cock from her mouth.

Bear was still working her over, her ass cheeks now slapping against his hips as he thrust into her. Alara unknowingly began to moan aloud from the intense pleasure of Bear's cock until the last from the poker game, Henry, stepped up and shoved his cock into Alara's agape mouth.

Henry wasn't as nearly as forgiving as Bear or Jimmy. He was too excited and immediately began pounding his hard cock right into Alara's throat. Alara was right there with him though and hungrily sucked on his cock, slobbering all over it and didn't resist as he forced her to choke on it.

She had never experienced an orgasm, Tom had never taken to her needs - there fucks usually being very quick as he would hump atop her only a few short jabs before he came, and he would never cum inside her.

Bear though was showing her things she never knew existed. He reached around and with one finger began toying with Alara's clit. She lost it.

Alara began moaning loudly about Henry's cock, that is until he rammed it down like all the rest, crushing her face into him. His hips quivered as he began to loose his cum into her mouth.

Alara could feel her own pussy clenching and grasping about Bear's cock of it's own accord. It was too much for him. Bear then too tensed up, pressing himself fully into her. Still rubbing vigorously at her clit, Bear burst a huge load of steaming hot cum deep within her, and as it flooded inside her walls, Alara came too and she came hard, her screams of pleasure only muted by the cock in her throat.

Alara was gone. She was not even aware as he pulled his cock from her mouth and slapped and rubbed it around her face, spreading the cum and spit off it. She wasn't even aware when Bear pulled from her. She blacked out.

When she finally came to her senses, she was still standing. A new hard cock was being pressed to

her lips. New hands were gripping her hips. Bill and Jed still had their turn.

It was Jed at her mouth. Alara couldn't believe he was doing this to her, to her! A friend! And to Ellissa! Men - PIGS! she thought with disgust.

Alara gripped his cock tight in her fist and looked right up at him as she brought her mouth forward. She wanted to be looking him right in the eyes as he forced her to do this. She wanted to see the fear in his eyes... but there was none. Only wanton pleasure.

Alara grunted as Bill shoved himself into her. She was either getting really stretched out or Bill was tiny. Jed held still as he allowed Alara to work his cock over, and still looking him in the eyes, Alara continued to give him the same treatment as she had the rest, licking, and sucking and slobbering all across his cock, that is until his eyes rolled back in his head.

What Bill lacked for in size, he tried to make up for in gusto, hammering himself into Alara. He was violent and rough, slamming himself into her, slapping her ass with his hands, reaching beneath her and pulling and pinching at her nipples, even her clit. Alara cried out each time in pain, but that only solicited laughs and taunts and further abuse. Alara didn't like Bill. She was about to not like him a lot more.

"This pussy is too fucked up! I can hardly feel a thing!" Bill complained.

'Cause your dick is so small,' Alara mused to herself, but Bill would have his vengeance.

"Push her down onto her knees," Bill waved Jed down. With Jed's hands atop her head and Bill's on her hips, they pushed her down onto her hands and knees. Jed kept his cock in her mouth and now began to thrust more into her. Bill sank his small cock back into her pussy, but only to get it nice and lubed up.

Without any warning, Bill pulled his cock from her pussy and jammed it right into her already abused anus. Alara cringed at the pain and cried out, but they all only laughed, even Jed! Bill wasted no time at all, immediately picking back up his violent thrusts.

"Oh yeah, that's much better. Nice 'n' tight ass!" he sang aloud, slapping her ass again for good measure. Each cheek was now a glowing red from his abuse. Bill was small, but rough. It took a bit before her ass could adjust to the intrusion.

And fortunately, neither lasted very long.

Bill was practically convulsing at her rear as he began to cum. He reached around once more and pinched harder than ever on Alara's nipple, just as Jed began to cum. Alara was not ready for it and choked on it. The bitter substance even shot up through her naval passage, burning and coming back out her nose. Everyone found this especially funny.

Finally, they had all been taken care of! Alara's nightmare was over, or so she thought. One of the guys from the poker game snatched the blanket off the bales and spread it out on the ground.

"Bring her on over here, gotta get me a sample of that ass," he said as he grabbed Alara by the arm and hauled her over to the blanket.

"Here, let me get beneath her," Jimmy said as he laid down on his back.

"Now you're usin' that noggin of your's," Henry said leading her over by her arm. Alara was made to straddle Jimmy and lower herself down onto his upright cock. Alara went slow, but he entered her without complaint.

To her dismay though, Henry moved back behind her, and while Jimmy fucked her one hole, he lined his own cock up with her only other available one! 'They couldn't possibly... at the same time?!' Alara began to panic.

Alara started to protest, but eager Bill came over and violently grabbed a fistful of her hair and shoved his dirty cock from fucking her soiled ass into her mouth. Alara grumbled over it, her face squinthing by the disgust and foul taste of it.

Henry pressed himself forward, spreading apart her ass. His cock was unlubed, but for better or worse, her rectum was full of cum from Davey and Bill. The two, Henry and Jimmy, worked in rhythm, one in, one out, as they fucked her. Bill was just ramming his cock into her mouth with wild abandon, it too small to reach her throat at least.

The two fucking her were really getting into it, moaning and swearing this was the best piece of ass they'd ever had. Two cocks pummeling her at the same time, a third raping her mouth was all too much. Alara was slipping. The passions and the fervor of it all was overwhelming. She was alive. Her adrenaline was pumping. Her senses... were on fire. She was moaning and grunting, but not just from pain.

The three grew rougher, each trying to outdo the other. Jimmy began bucking his hips up off the ground, driving himself hard into her. Henry matched him by pounding down as hard and as fast as he could into Alara's poor ass. And Bill wouldn't give her a chance to cry out, filling her mouth with his cock and cum.

They continued pile-driving her for what felt like and eternity. Bill kept her from slipping too far though, he was just as dark and sadistic as Davey. He continued to call her names, "whore, slut, bitch," as did he continue to pinch and pull at her now extremely sore and sensitive nipples. He even had the gall to spit in her face! He even slapped her and smeared the spit in forcefully with the palm of his hand.

Alara was too distracted by Bill's abuse that she didn't even realize Jimmy and Henry had cum in her til she felt the warm gush of it inside both her pussy and bowels. Bill had already cum twice.

They all abandoned her, leaving her knelt, heaving and panting, but it was still not over. Henry and Jimmy both approached her to have their cocks cleaned while Bear moved back behind her for another turn. Alara frowned but quickly sucked it up when she felt Bear place the head of his cock at her anal bud as opposed to her pussy. She was nervous, Bear was much bigger than the rest.

Bear was also the gentlest though. With an easy hand on her hip, Bear slowly pushed himself forward. Alara didn't want to, but she couldn't help but release a slight groan as Bear's big cock slid into her now well used ass.

As Alara finished cleaning off Henry's and Jimmy's cocks, they all stood around watching as Bear gave her another good fucking.

No longer sucking any cock, Alara, again unknowingly, began to moan aloud as she swayed back and forth on Bear. As Bear, somehow just as expertly as he serviced her pussy, fucked her ass, the pang and burn of it subsided and Alara felt the first hint of pleasure rise within her.

Bear grabbed her by her hair and used it like a horse's reins, pulling her back onto his impaling cock. But this too did not hurt her. Alara was slipping again into that wanton hunger, and his toying with her only heightened it. Alara pushed herself back into him with each thrust.

The others were cat-calling, hoot and hollering, but it was all background noise to her.

"Get her Bear, fuck that ass... Fuck her Bear, tear that ass up... Show that whore who's boss!"

Bear was saying nothing, just grunting and fucking her now with all his might, slamming his huge cock deep into her ass.

Alara didn't care, she was loving it, it's rimming, it's taboo, it's exoticism!

Bear then reached around once more and began rubbing her clit.

"Oh - oh - oh god yes! Oh - Fuck me! Right there - oh - rub me there! Yes! Oh - Fuck my ass!" Alara had no idea what she was saying, she was so lost within a sex craze. She came. She came from Bear's cock in her ass. And Bear came, releasing another hot load deep in her bowels. The sudden influx sent her orgasm only higher, soaring.

Alara collapsed in a heap on the ground. Bear slowly slid his large cock from her ass. Alara could feel the cold night's air rush into her gaping, yet clenching ass.

"Will you look at that?" one commented, approaching her rear which was still dangling in the air. With a cringe from the defeated Alara, he gripped either of her cheeks and pulled her ass wide apart. "Holy shit!" he nearly giggled, "you can see right into her!" He let go with one hand and shoved one of his fingers right up her still partially open sphincter, wiggling it around inside her rectum. Alara writhed beneath him, but was too weak to move away.

It was still not over. Her assailant pulled out his finger only to be replaced by the head of his cock. Alara built up just enough energy to look back behind her to see Jed sink his cock into her ass. Alara cussed and collapsed back down as Jed worked himself faster and faster into her. Alara had blacked out by the time he came.

She only remembered faint glimpses from there on. They positioning her this way and that, at least two, usually three cocks pounding into her. They had her upside down at one point, her ass stuck up in the air, her legs bent over, her feet beside her head as they rammed her ass and pussy. They had her held up in their arms, her legs straddled around one guy while another reamed out her ass. They had her laid on her back, on her hands and knees, flat on her belly, rested within their laps, any which way they wished for her to please them.

She remembered the cum, it's warm bitter taste engraving itself in her memory. It covering every part of her, inside and out. Their dicks growing tired, they still continued her humiliation by inserting various objects into her and fucking her with them, handles of tools plunged into her pussy, a plug in her ass.

At one point she remembered waking up, thinking it was raining. She tried to sit up in the dark, but as the water splashed onto her face and into her mouth, she suddenly realized it wasn't rain or water at all. She made to wretch as she realized that they were all standing around pissing on her.

The final time Alara awoke, the stables were empty, the first twinge of light from the coming dawn illuminated the stables. All was quiet. At first she had no idea where she was or what exactly had happened. Alara's head was pounding from the whiskey. Every part of her ached from the night's

abuses. Flashbacks immediately started coming to her though, but she struggled to push them back.

Dawn approaching, people would be out soon. She had to get out of here. She crawled over first to her clothes. It took far too long for her to dress herself.

It took all she had to make it to her feet, and crouched, she half stumbled and half crawled out the back of the corral to where her horse Arrow was still waiting for her. She had to fight to get across his back and immediately collapsed over onto his neck in her saddle, but Arrow knew the way home.

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### **Chapter Three: Recovering**

Alara now lay awake, staring at the ceiling of her room. She had been awake for some time now, but she just lay there, motionless, staring at the ceiling. What the time was, how long she'd been asleep, she did not know? But then again, she had many more questions than just these, and she wouldn't find out any from this bed.

There was sunlight coming through her open window. The house was mostly quiet except for the occasional shuffle of feet, the opening and closing of a door, etc. That was likely just Claurence, making her rounds about the house. Alara wondered where the other two were, what had happened since she'd been out? She dread the thought of what they must suspect had happened to her.

Alara, thankfully, couldn't remember much of the previous night. She had awoken with a strong hangover, and was in and out for several hours. She couldn't remember getting home or crawling into bed, though she slightly recalled finding Arrow and crawling onto his back. Slowly, the horrors of that night crept back to her as she watched the ceiling.

A million different things were running through her head at the moment: the barn, the farm and stock, her family, what rumors were already being spread around town...

Alara tried her best not to think about the events of that night. Davey however, he and his smug face, his black, beady eyes and his foul, disgusting mouth refused to go away. He'd hear from her soon though, Alara swore to it.

She was feeling surprisingly better. One, her headache was starting to fade, and two, other than the familiar effects of a hangover, her body really wasn't all that sore. She'd expected much worse.

With a deep breath, Alara collected herself and pushed up out of bed. She stretched and yawned, rubbing at the crust in her eyes before she began to look herself over.

"Yuck," she groaned. Her clothes were a mess and dirty. So were the sheets. She was glad to find her boots at the foot of the bed. She had at least managed to kick those off in the night, but otherwise she was still fully dressed. She even had enough humor left to laugh at the mismatched buttons down her shirt, leaving it askew. Alara corrected them, slipped back on her boots, grabbed her hat and hesitantly left the room.

"Well, good afternoon, glad to see you're up," her mother greeted her shortly without looking up from the dishes she was cleaning.

"Afternoon?" Alara asked, unsurprised, "where is everyone?"

"Thursday afternoon," Claurence corrected while looking up to watch Alara's reaction. When she got

none, she continued, "You slept in all day yesterday. You feeling okay? Your brother hinted that-"

"I'm fine," Alara cut her off, her mood no better. Was it true, had she slept all of Wednesday away?

"What's happened?" Alara asked a bit unsettled, "Where's Pa?"

"The Roberts' needed a hand with some cattle, he thought it'd be a good chance to earn a little extra money."

"He call the sheriff?" Alara demanded to know, afraid of the answer.

"He did."

"And?" Alara asked impatiently, but her mother just sighed, pausing another moment.

"Went just about as you told him it would. Sheriff made it out yesterday afternoon, you were still asleep. Oh, he took a look around, but didn't offer much more than that. Then your pa showed him that horse shoe Carter came home with-"

"He did what?!" Alara asked angrily.

"Hey, don't go and get that tone with me, young lady, I had no part in this. That night - no telling what you got in to - your brother came back with that horse's shoe, said it matched one of the tracks leading away from the barn..."

"And he gave it to the sheriff?!" Alara couldn't believe her brother's stupidity. After all that, they just went gave their only evidence right back to them. "Well, what'd the sheriff have to say?" Alara hated to even ask.

"Nothing. He took the shoe, said he would look into it. Then he had the gall to warn your pa that he'd have his eye on him, that he didn't want any trouble out of us, ha! Our barn gets burned down..." Claurice had to stop and take a deep breath to choke back the tears, "And just as he was leaving, asked us if we'd thought about selling! Well, your pa got a little upset at that..."

"Good," Alara said as she then turned and headed for the door.

"Now where you off to?"

"To the Hole, I need a bath."

"Hmm, I'd say so, you look an absolute mess! And what's that smell?"

Alara just rolled her eyes - if her mother only knew! "See ya," Alara threw open the front door and headed off outside. Claurice went back to her dishes.

Alara and Bubba simply called it, "the Hole." No one knew else knew about it. It was a place where Bend's Creek, which ran through their land, hit a snag and swelled up to create a small pond, though it was still large enough to swim in, and Alara loved the water. It was only about a fifteen minute ride from the house if she put Arrow at a good pace, and still on their property. She and Bubba had wasted away a number of hot summers here.

When she reached it, she spared only her hat, holster and boots on the shore. Done with that, she eagerly dove right in, clothes and all - they needed a wash anyways. Alara swam right out into the middle, allowing the clear water to rinse through her hair and clothes, across her face and skin. A

dirty cloud followed in her wake.

With her clothes now thoroughly soaked and wetted down, Alara leisurely made her way over to a small group of trees that stood bunched together at the mouth where the creek fed into the pond. She let her hair fan out within the water, giving it a good scrub and combing through before standing up, letting her toes squish into the mud and gravel. Alara tipped her head back, baring her face to the warm sun. It felt good. She ran her fingers through her wet hair, pushing it back and out her face, letting it drip back into the pond.

The water here was not quite waist high, and Alara's shirt, drenched, clung tightly about her chest and body. The chill of the water had her nipples erect and this did not go unnoticed by Alara. It wasn't like they hadn't been hard before, but this time, as she ran her hands over her body and across her breasts, teasing her nipples, some sort of shimmer ran through her. This disturbed her.

Alara rubbed the water out her eyes and then ran her hands back down around the curves of her chest, bringing her fingers together at the top button of her blouse. She paused only briefly, glancing up to the far rocky hill where she'd once caught Carter and one of his friends spying on her. She'd given them a good enough scare then though that she didn't think they'd try it again.

A fair distance from the house or road, Alara unabashedly began to strip. It was nothing new, she'd been skinny dipping here plenty of times. She peeled off her soaked blouse and gave it a good scrubbing before she draped it over a low hanging branch to dry. She then did the same with her socks and pants.

Now naked, Alara surveyed her body once more, carefully running her hands over her bare skin. Wasn't bad at all, couple of bruises here, a small cut there, but nothing out of the ordinary for her and not even necessarily from that night. Alara even gently ran her fingers across her sex, testing it. Again, a little tender but otherwise okay.

Alara had never given much thought to sex. She had done what she had to with Tom, for the farm, but she'd never felt the urge for it. She'd never allowed herself to, but something about the other night... Alara lingered a little too long, gently stroking her finger up and down her slit, slowly, gradually working her way in. She wasn't even conscious of what she was doing, but a faint glimmer of some unknown pleasure began to build within as she teased herself.

Alara's mind started to drift. Her feet shifted further apart. While one hand delicately explored her sensitive clit beneath the water, her other gradually worked its way up her body and began to caress one of her breasts. She even dared to pinch and pull at one of her own, hard nipples, relishing the zeal it gave her.

Perverse images from the other night began to invade her thoughts: Bear, Jimmy, Henry... Bullet. Alara considered some of her past exploits with Tom. Oh, how tame they all seemed now.

"Mm-hmm," Alara's lips parted and gasped. Hearing herself, Alara's eyes suddenly shot open with alarm. What was she doing? Embarrassed, Alara glanced once more to the rocky hillside, ensuring none had seen her like this, before she dove back, deeper into the pond. Alara held her breath as she glided forward beneath the surface, letting the chilled water cool her burning cheeks.

She plunged deep, right to the bottom. Water flooded her ears but she welcomed it. Anything to choke out all the noise and chaos of the world above. Here, beneath the water, she was in a different world, protected and forgotten from all the woes above. But alas, she could not stay here forever. She held out for as long as her lungs would allow, before she then pushed off violently from the bottom, erupting out the placid surface of the pond. Alara took a deep breath, replenishing her

lungs, before she rolled onto her back, floating, staring at the clear blue sky.

Alara's thoughts returned to business, there wasn't time to daddle. On her way out, she had noticed that her pa and brother had corralled the animals inside what had survived of the fence and what they could put together to fill in the gaps left by the burnt down barn. So they'd need wood and tools. If she had a saw, she could cut some trees for posts, but they didn't have a thing - no saw, no ax, nothing. Everything was in that damned barn.

So, first things first she'd need an ax or a saw, or both would be better, and then a hammer and some nails, or even some tie. They could definitely use some rope, and then feed was a whole other matter. Winter was just around the corner and they were already starting to put some out here and there for the cows, not to mention the chickens, pigs, goats and horses. And there was only one place around here one could get all this... Tom's General Store.

This should have made it all but impossible, but after her survival from the other night, Alara had hope. Tom was a decent enough man. He was getting up there in years but still handsome. His arms were strong, his chest big, and his head only starting to bald. His two children were already grown, and his wife was getting older too and rounder for that matter, year after year. If Alara knew men and she felt that she did, she knew Tom had more needs than just money, and that was her angle.

Securing all these goods wouldn't come cheap, especially that she was already two months behind in payments. Alara would have to pull out all the stops, and that she didn't mind. If she could bear all that she did the other night, she could certainly deal with whatever Tom could throw at her to save the farm. The problem though was, what exactly could Alara offer to entice Tom to deal?

Tom was business. But... Alara had already proved he could be persuaded, with the right persuasion. Alara tried to think back, recalling little snippets of their previous engagements. Tom had at times hinted at other things, dared this or that, but Alara had always kept him on a narrow line, only doing what she was comfortable with.

Alara remembered one awkward time when Tom had tried to get her to lick his balls, but she was repulsed by the idea and refused. There was another time she'd had to repeatedly slap his hand away as he tried to toy with her buttohole. Alara just didn't get it. That was gross.

And then there was still this other time when she was on her rag that Tom had joked and hinted about the "other option," but at the time, Alara had simply assumed that he meant a blow job. 'Did Tom want to fuck her in the ass?' A shiver ran through her. She didn't like the idea, but after the initial pain, it hadn't been all that bad. If it could save the farm...

These ideas were all fine and dandy, gave her something to work with, but Alara needed to ask for a lot. She didn't have a penny to her name, and she was already two months behind as it is. She wasn't too sure how Tom would even receive her, if he'd even give her the chance. If this was going to work, she needed something good, something Tom couldn't refuse.

As Alara's thoughts lingered around sex and the various ploys she could use to lure Tom in, they eventually turned to the rougher scenes of the other night. She didn't like thinking about it and had done her best all day to push them out of her head, but then she considered there might be something to it.

They were animals, quite figuratively and literally. They had used and abused her roughly, and Tom wasn't like that, he was decent, but Alara figured that deep down, that all men had some of the same desires. Give him the opportunity and the beast would rear its ugly head.



They'd done what they wanted to her. Alara became lost in the images, the sweat and the cum, the lust and the eroticism of it all. The raw, beastly sex. Refusing to lick Tom's balls seemed almost silly to her now. She'd swallow them whole if that'd work. She'd even learned some tricks from the other night. She could take Tom's cock deep in her throat – show him that. She'd even let him put it in her butt if he wanted – that should win her a heavy bargain. She could swallow his cum – no problem.

As Alara was considering all this, her hand once more mindlessly wandered back between her legs. She slipped a finger between her slit, exploring the nub of her clit. She couldn't explain what was happening, but she was becoming hot and flustered. Her breasts heaved out the water as her chest began a slow, rhythmic pant. Her crevice became slick and as Alara pressed her finger further down, it slipped easily into her tight hole, evoking another slight moan out her parted lips.

Alara suddenly wrenched herself up, startled. Floating on her back, her ears had been underwater, but she was sure she'd heard someone yell. She immediately looked to the hills, but nothing. She lowered down, concealing her breasts with one arm and within the shadows of the water as she more carefully scanned the landscape. Alara felt a shiver run down her. She felt as though she was being watched.

But then... something, moving down the edge of rocky hills! Alara's heart skipped a beat, 'had someone seen her?!" Someone... something... black!

"Wrooff! Wroof – Wroof, Wrooff!" a booming dog's bark echoed down.

"Dover!" Alara finally sighed in relief at first, but if she knew one thing, it was that Dover doesn't wander far from Carter if he can help it. Alara jerked back up, expecting to see him, ready to murder him. "Carter John, are you out there?!" she screamed at the hillside. She craned her neck every which way, squinting her eyes like a hawk's... but nothing.

"Just great..." Alara complained as a loud splash interrupted her search. Dover had come hurdling in a full speed. A lab, he was never shy of the water, but he always pissed Alara off as he would swim right to you and try to climb on top of you, scratching you and pushing you under. Alara let him draw nearer as she continued her look out for Carter, but there was no sign of him.

"No Dover!" Alara finally turned on the approaching dog. "No, get back! Dammit Dover, I said NO!"

Alara's commands were in vain. She pushed at his head, shoving him away – and just like that, dejavu. Alara was startled. It was like a flashback, her pushing a dog's head away from her, but not Dover...

"Ow!" Alara cried as Dover's nails scratched at her bare skin. "You stupid dog, GET BACK!" Alara tried kicking at him, but it was all useless. Dover never listened to her. She treaded backwards as fast as she could, but Dover kept right with her, his huge tongue hanging out the side, his mouth turned into a foolish grin.

"Damn you Dover, get out of here!" She cursed, but all was now lost. Alara knew he wouldn't quit 'til one of them drowned, so she made a line for the closest shore, Dover hot on her trail. Alara trudged up the muddy bank 'til she was hardly ankle deep. Her attention was once again on the hillside – nude, she didn't want her brother seeing her – but as so, she missed Dover rushing up from behind her. He leapt back up on her once more, toppling her over into the mud.

Alara was taken off guard and disoriented. Her hands and knees sank right into the mud and the murky water splashed into her eyes and mouth. It took a sec for her to collect herself, but just as she was, something hit her like a jolt.

"Ahhee!" Alara screamed awkwardly. Her head snapped forward, her eyes bulged open. She waited for it... Bam! - it happened again, The sensation was so intense, mind shattering. It sent an electric charge surging through her - electrifying her, paralyzing her. The feeling was so intense and incredible that she didn't want to move, she didn't want to disrupt it, but as her senses returned, her humility did to....

"Dover! You animal!" Alara screamed in near panic, but still, she did not attempt to escape. Dover, her brother's dog, was at her rear, lapping madly between her legs. Alara made to yell once more but came up short. The air was robbed from her lungs as another jolt rocked through her. Alara's body tensed and jerked. Her eyes rolled back in her head, his tongue was just so... "O-oooh god... Dover... Don't..." Alara mumbled half heartedly as some type of energy - pure, intense, erotic - coursed through her.

Alara held still, her mouth agape, still unable to form those last words. She knew this was wrong. She knew that she had to stop it - and that she would - but damn, it just felt so very good. Without thought, she even, ever so slightly, pushed her butt back into the dog's snout.

Dover's tongue was amazing. Alara's sex had still been a bit sore, but Dover's smooth, velvety tongue erased all that. With each swipe of his glorious tongue he ensnared her further, leaving her more defenseless, more paralyzed. Alara had never experienced anything like it. Broad, it swept across wide swathes of her sensitive flesh, covering all parts of her.

It broke in between her thighs and across her slit. It delved easily into her, splitting her pussy's lips he attacked her clit. Alara almost lost it then. Her pussy now flooded with her juices, Dover went wild when he tasted her. He worked around than ever, lapping his tongue across her entrance, burrowing his tongue deeper and harder into her.

Dover sank his tongue into her, lapping at her like he'd never had a drink in his life! His lush, sleek tongue even ran up across her puckered rosebud which caused Alara to melt. She liked it. What did this mean?

"N-no..." Alara mumbled, trying desperately to get a grip. She was fighting an epic battle, struggling between the insane bliss Dover's tongue was creating and what she knew was so terribly wrong. She had to put an end to this.

It took everything she had to reach her arm back. She placed her hand atop Dover's head and clenched at his fur, yet still she did not have the strength to stop him. Alara fought to turn her head back, but then, just as she saw his head stuck between her legs, the flashback struck her once more.

It wasn't dejavu, it was real, it was a memory. And it wasn't of Dover, but of Sam, Tom's dog. It had been only a few months back, Alara had been naked, bent over sucking Tom off when a similar feeling had struck her. It had been Sam. He had tried licking at Alara's exposed cunt as she worked on Tom. Tom had found it hilarious, he had even tried to get Alara to go along with it, that "poor Sam had just never had any girl before," but Alara had been so disgusted she'd gathered her clothes up right then and there and stormed out on him. Neither of them brought it up again.

Alara gasped. She put down her hand and turned back forward. She was beginning to pant. There was a fire growing in her loins and she couldn't stop it - she didn't want to. It was so amazing.

Alara folded her arms together in front of her and sank her head down into them, arching her back, giving Dover better access to her. Could Tom really have wanted this? Could she do it, could she let Tom's dog lick her? Dover was licking her now and it was incredible, why not? But in front of Tom? To save the farm.

Alara's gasps and moans were becoming louder and heavier. She pushed back harder against Dover's hungry tongue. She reached up with one hand and once again began to massage and knead one of her breasts and tugged at her nipple. Alara was staring blankly into the water, mumbling incoherently when suddenly it all stopped.

Alarmed, Alara made to turn back but was stopped short as something bum rushed her once again. She cried out in pain as sharp claws scraped against her hips. The tongue now gone, she was slowly coming out of the trance, but the heavy weight of a dog coming down atop her back, his soft fur against her flesh, sped her senses right up.

"What the... dammit Dover, get off!" Alara yelled at him. She had no clue what he was doing. He had her waists clamped tightly between his forelegs and he was jerking or convulsing or something atop her. She tried to reach back with one hand and push him off but he only tucked his body closer to hers and gripped her tighter still. "Dover! What the fuck are you doing?! GET OFF ME!" she screamed at him.

It wasn't easy, but eventually Alara was able to wrestle herself from underneath him. Dover growled at her and tried to leap back atop her, but Alara stopped him with a strong hand to his chest, and that's when she saw it. Alara froze. Perhaps from panic, perhaps for other reasons, but nevertheless, Alara's eyes locked on to beneath Dover's belly. There, jutting out his hairy sheath was a large, glossy red, meaty, veiny cock.

"D-Dover..." Alara mumbled. It was only just beginning to dawn on her. Dover had tried to mount her. He had tried to mate her! "Dover!" she yelled at him louder as he struggled to get to her.

Her pussy was wet and aching, the fire still burning in her loins. Dover could sense it and was going mad trying to get to her. Alara simply held him back, her gaze locked on his member as darker thoughts crept in on her.

Alara struggled to shake them off, then abruptly stood up before things got out of hand. Dover was still going at her though, but a harsh swat on his nose and a fierce scowl sent him tucked tail, running away.

Alara had to go, she had to move. She had to act. Her mind was too shook up to come up with a plan, to even think straight, but her insides were burning and if ever she had the nerve to make Tom an offer he couldn't refuse, it was now. Alara redressed, hopped atop Arrow, and made a line straight for town as fast as she could.

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## **Chapter Four: The Bargain**

It was beginning to get late as Hoelle settled in for the evening. Most the shops had closed with the planked sidewalks and dirt road now near empty. The shadows falling, it was growing dark, but lamps still shone bright out the wide glass windows of one of the largest of the buildings. A large sign sat above the entry marking it as the General Store.

"What?!" the large man standing behind his counter bellowed. "That's extortion!" Seeing his master grow angry, the large mutt of a dog in the corner growled at the men.

"Taxes go up," the one in the middle of the three retorted shortly, eying the dog carefully. He'd killed more men than he could remember, however he'd hate to have to shoot a dog.

"The hell they do! By two hundred percent?!" the shop owner's face burned red with anger as his dog jumped up from his perch, growling. "I'm trying to run a business here!"

"And we've got a town to run. And you'd best get a handle on that dog of yours!" the slanky, dark gun slinger warned with his hand on one of his pistols.

The shop owner eyed the three warily. Each of the grisly men were wearing two six-shooters at their hips and none looked too shy to use them. He grumbled unpleasantries as he first waved Sam, his dog, back, then ducked beneath his counter to turn the dials of his safe. The clank of the metal rang loud in the quiet shop as he opened it, void of all customers. He pulled out a short stack of neatly organized bills, then strung them out across the counter at the men as he stood up. "There's your ransom," he spat at them, "now get out!" he pointed at the door.

"The one in the middle smiled coolly as he collected the bills and folded them away in his black jacket. "I'll have to tell the boss how uncooperative you've been," he threatened.

The shop owner did not respond, eying them with enraged contempt. As they turned to leave, the one on the left committed one more insult as he plucked a stick of jerky, sitting in a container atop the counter. The shop owner simply frowned and shook his head as he watched them leave, helpless to stop them.

The one in all black smiled crookedly at his comrades as he glanced back at the general store as they made their way down the walk, satisfied with their handiwork. They'd take a fair cut then turn the rest in to Burdoch, which would still be more than the regular take. "We might even get a bonus!" he chuckled to the others.

"Yeah, this town's eezay pickins'," the one to his left added with a laugh, but fell short when he saw the smile from his boss's face fade. The one in all black suddenly spun around in a double take.

"What is it?!" the other two mimicked each other, drawing their guns in unison. The one in black stared long and hard down the road a ways, his own hand once again on his right pistol.

Three buildings down, panting hard from her adrenaline and tucked tight against the nearest wall at the mouth of the alley, hovered Alara, her own revolver drawn, her thumb on its hammer. She wanted desperately to use it, but these were hired guns she faced, she herself just a poor farm girl. No matter how good she believed she was, she wasn't so arrogant as to stake her life on it.

Regardless of what she wanted, she had been sure he'd seen her. Were they coming? Alara tried to calm herself as she listened for any creak in the wood of the sidewalk or jingle of polished spurs... but, nothing. Slowly, Alara ducked her head back around the corner to find instead Tom Washburn now standing outside his shop, watching the three, Davey, Jimmy, and Henry - Alara's tormentors and the town's new tax collectors - walk into the saloon.

Alara watched nervously as Tom pulled out his pocket watch, checked it, then stowed it away back in his pocket. She heard him sigh aloud as he walked back into his store. It would be closing time, she'd have to move fast, but faced with her daunting task, Alara found it hard to command her limbs.

Tom passed his neat rows of tables holding all sorts of useful and interesting goods as he marched right up to his counter and leaned over it, clenching hard at its edges as he cursed Burdoch and those damned men for every sin they'd committed against Hoelle and its poor people. He clenched so hard with anger that his fists turned white in contrast to his red face. He paused a moment, breathing deeply as he tried to let his anger settle. Burdoch was going to put him out of business. Tom reckoned that was the idea anyways.

At forty-three, Tom Washburn wasn't as young as he used to be, but he was still handsome, with a broad chin and chest, strong arms and sharp eyes. His brown and peppered gray hair was only just starting to recess atop his brow. No one would ever accuse him of being a generous man, but he was a fair and honest one. Times were hard and he had a family to provide for of his own, just like anyone else. His two oldest had since moved out, but he still had his girl and youngest boy and Mrs. Washburn to provide for.

Swallowing it all, Tom turned back to the delivery he'd received earlier that day. He wasn't in much of a mood for work anymore, but he wasn't eager to get back to his nagging wife either. No one would come by, but if he had to be here, he found no reason to lock the doors. Instead he turned to the stack of new goods to begin putting it away.

Tom silently made easy work of the feed bags, moving them off their pallet into a neat stack in the back of his shop. There were cans of nails be placed on one of the many tables. There were new kerosene lamps and waxed candles that belonged on the shelves along the walls, where he also stored away the new cans of whitewash. He'd even received new fabrics for sowing and after a few more paltry items, he'd be done. Then, he'd make his slow trek home.

Tom's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the jangling of bells tied to his front door. He was surprised, not expecting any customers at this later hour. He grumbled, not in a mood to have anyone, as he rushed out the back to find a young woman turning his open sign to closed.

"Hhrumpf?" Tom grunted as young Alara turned round to face him. "And what are you doing here?" he scolded her. "Bring me my money?" he fussed, but immediately regretted it as he saw the flushed, distraught look upon her face.

"Tom, I..." Alara faltered as she took a couple of hesitant steps forward. Sam jumped up from his spot, tail a'wagging, and rushed forward to greet his good friend. He liked Alara and ducked his head beneath one of her hands, eager to have her scratch at his ears.

"Ah, never mind," Tom frowned, waving her off. It wasn't her fault. She wasn't the one taxing his store out of business and she had only been trying to do right by her farm and her family. "Sam, leave her be!" Tom unnecessarily scolded his dog in his foul mood. Sam unhappily tucked his tail and slowly made his way back to the corner.

"I..." Alara sighed, "I meant to come sooner..." Alara forced herself to look from Sam to Tom.

"I know Alara," Tom gratefully relieved her. "You've made good on all your payments these last couple of years, it's not you I'm angry with. I heard what happened to y'all's barn..."

"But, Tom..." Alara started but Tom stopped her with a raised hand.

"You've been more than fair to me..." Tom himself stuttered, recalling some of their previous visits, "I reckon I could help you out this once. Let's just call it even."

"Even?" Alara was taken aback. By her count, she still owed him over a hundred dollars and that was no piddly change.

"Even. Now get out of here before I change my mind," Tom said as he turned back to his work.

Alara was left speechless. Even? That was enough to celebrate and she hesitated, taking a step back towards the door, tempted by his offer. But no, that wasn't why she was here. Even, wouldn't save

their farm.

"I.. I'm afraid I can't do that Tom..." Alara stuttered nervously.

"Ha!" Tom chuckled to himself, turning back to the young lady. "And why not?"

"Cuz I owe you, and a deals a deal. I was working extra hours at the McDaniels... that is before Burdoch chased them out, that's how I could pay you before, and why I couldn't anymore once they picked up and moved on, but I don't intend to let that happen to my farm! I need your help Tom, just this once more..."

"Haha, you've always been the persistent one, but I'm afraid-" Tom started but was cut short as the beautiful girl closed the distance between them, placing her delicate hands upon his hard chest. He looked down into her bright blue eyes and was alarmed. He could see so much there. He always had a soft spot for the young miss Koal.

Alara said nothing more. It took all the courage she had to come this far and she wouldn't give in without a fight. She sensuously rubbed her hands down Tom's chest and over his abdomen as she dropped to her knees right before him.

"Alara, don't..." Tom tried to mumble, but his heart wasn't in it. His cock was already growing beneath his pants and he didn't have the will to stop her. Instead, he just leaned back against his counter and enjoyed the great sensation Alara was gifting him.

Alara nervously fumbled with the buttons of his pants. She had no idea what she'd have to do to get Tom to deal, but she had to try - anything - anything she could. She finally succeeded in getting his pants undone and sheepishly fished out his stiffening cock. Seeing Tom give over to lust and with her confidence growing, Alara took a firm grip on it, shucking her hand back and forth a couple of times as she looked up to Tom's eyes, trying to get a read on him.

Without breaking their eyes' gaze, Alara lifted up his thick member and slowly ran her out-stuck tongue from the base of his shaft to it's head. She could sense his knees wobble as he let out a little whimper as she took his now fully hard cock into her warm, wet mouth.

"Damn..." Tom moaned as little by little she swallowed more and more of him. He'd always loved their trysts, but there was something different about this time. She was working him over with more fervor and skill than ever before as he listened to her slobber across him.

Tom was forced to close his eyes as they rolled into the back of his head. Alara shifted her hand further down as she pressed her face forward and Tom felt the head of his cock press into the back of her throat. 'This is amazing!' he wanted to yell with jubilee.

Alara found it almost funny that her rape the other night was helping her now - all that she had learned about men and their perverse desires. Easing her muscles, it caused only the slightest of gags that she quickly mastered as she forced his head deeper into her throat. Tom was trembling, she was doing it!

As Tom ran his fingers through her soft brown hair, Alara took hold of his trousers and began to work them down. Tom eagerly helped her as he kicked off his boots and stepped out his pants, pushing them aside.

As she continued to work her amazing mouth across his rock hard cock, each time pressing her nose and chin right into his groin, allowing the head of his cock to slip into her throat, Tom looked down

to find her unbuttoning her blouse. Tom immediately followed suit, fumbling with the buttons of his own shirt as he watched for her beautiful breasts to become exposed. He loved her firm, young tits. Mrs. Washburn's sagging ones were nothing to compare.

"Oh god!" Tom moaned as Alara sucked her lips off the tip of his cock and lifting it up, she started to lick across his tender, hanging balls.

"Do you like this?" Alara sheepishly asked as she sucked one of them into her mouth as she continued to jack his cock with a free hand.

"Please... please don't stop," Tom begged as she moved over to the other one. Alara did stop however as she could feel his cock begin to throb within her tight grip. She was asking Tom for a lot and she still had to give him a lot more before he blew his load.

Tom first frowned, confused, as Alara abruptly stood back up, but his disappointment was short lived as she then began to unbutton her own pants and kick off her boots. Oh, how badly did he need to sink his hard cock into her tight pussy!

With both of them now naked, Alara stepped beside the stunned Tom and bent herself over onto his counter. She looked back and nodded towards her rear. The drooling Tom tripped over himself to get behind her. He wasn't too sure what this was going to cost him but there was no stopping it now. He had to have her.

Tom gripped her firmly about her waist as he lined his cock up with her wet slit. Alara moaned with desire as he rubbed the head of his cock up and down her, teasing her clit, before he finally lined it back up with her leaking hole and pushed forward.

She was pleasantly surprised as Tom struggled slightly to enter her. Her poor cunt had managed to tighten back up from the other night.

Tom was trying to be as gentle as he could, he was still a gentleman after all, but he could hardly stand it. Alara was just so tight and so wet and so hot, he was nearly losing his mind from her clenching cunt wrapped around his hard dick.

Alara moaned aloud as Tom first started slowly, but with each thrust he pushed harder and deeper into her, picking up the pace. It wasn't long before Tom was slamming into her with wild abandon, his hips and her ass slapping together in rhythm with each thrust.

"G-god y-yes, f-fuck me T-Tom! F-fuck me with t-that hard c-cock!" she coaxed him, grunting between thrusts.

Tom couldn't believe his luck, to have a girl like this! He tried as hard as he could not to cum, he didn't want this to end. Alara could sense this and knew she still had to take it a step further to get what she wanted. She fell across the counter as she reached back, grabbing at the cheeks of her ass, she pulled them wide apart, giving Tom a good view of her sensitive anal bud.

Tom saw this, staring at her little pucker with wanton desire, but he'd been here before and he didn't want to ruin the moment. Alara figured as much and as Tom continued to fuck her, she stuck one of her fingers in her mouth, moaning loudly around it as she got it nice and wet, before she reached back and began to toy with her own asshole!

"What the..." Tom mumbled to himself, unsure of what he was seeing. This couldn't be true?! Young,

hot, Alara playing with her own ass?! And he nearly lost it as the gorgeous girl – too amazing for a guy like himself – finally pressed directly into her tight rosebud, sinking her own finger right into her own butt.

“Mmm,” Alara whimpered, “this is so good!” She couldn’t believe what she was doing, but at the same time, she was proud of herself. This was working, and better yet, she could feel the sensation of an orgasm building inside her. Increasingly excited, Alara pressed even harder back against Tom, all the while daring to finger her own ass.

Gripping her ass cheeks firmly, Tom began to rub his own thumb about her rim as it clenched tightly about her finger. Feeling this and assuming Tom had taken the hint, Alara slipped her finger out to let Tom have his way.

He took the bait and fervently dug his thumb into her now vacant asshole. Tom couldn’t believe his luck, he’d never been more turned on in his life!

Alara pulled her ass cheeks apart for him again as he continued to fuck her and finger her ass. The sensation was overwhelming and she moaned aloud like a wanton whore.

“Y-yesss, please, fuck me Tom! F-finger my tight little ass!” she begged him. Tom obliged as he worked his thumb back and forth in tune with his thrusting. “I... I’m gonna cummm...” Alara groaned as Tom worked her over. “Donnnn’t stop! F-uck, I’m gonna cummm!” Alara groaned with ecstasy.

This was just too much for him. “I-I can’t... I can’t hold it any longer...” Tom grumbled back at her.

“NO!” Alara shrieked, suddenly pushing Tom back and out of her. Tom stared back dumbfounded, unsure of what he did. “I want you here...” Alara looked back at him with a coy smile on her face. “I know you want to...” she said as she rubbed a finger across her quivering butthole. Alara could hardly believe the words coming out of her mouth, unsure herself now if it was for the farm or for the burning desire deep within her.

Tom froze. His dumbfounded look turned to that of being starstruck. Was she serious? He knew she was as she bent her knees slightly, lowering herself a little for him. Alara needed it. She needed to feel his big, hard cock stretching her tight little butthole.

“Eek!” Alara suddenly startled as she felt a warm tongue lick up the outside of her thigh.

“Get out of here Sam!” Tom slapped his dog away. Sam had become excited himself from all the action, but Tom wasn’t going to let anything mess this up for him.

“Silly boy,” Alara giggled as she looked to Sam, but Tom was staring with lust at her tight rosebud. He’d never done this before but had always dreamed of it and nothing could stop him now. Tom licked his own hand then wiped the spit onto the head of his dick as Alara once again spread her ass for him. A little nervous, she laid back down on the counter, closing her eyes as she waited for it.

She jumped as Tom pressed it against her rim, but otherwise held still. Tom pressed forward a little and was surprised by her ass’s resistance. He grew unsure. “You okay?” he asked concerned.

“Yeah, go on,” she mumbled, pulling her ass as wide open as she could and tried easing her muscles.

Tom pressed harder still, leaning into her as with a slight groan, her tight rim unwillingly gave way around him.



"Oh godddd!" Alara howled outright as her orgasm broke almost immediately. Without thinking, she pressed herself back against him, needing more of him, sinking him further into her, spiking her orgasm to untold heights! "YEESSSS!!!"

Tom was putting on so much pressure to get into her, added by that of her pushing back against him, that when he finally did slip past her barrier, his cock nearly sunk entirely into her.

Tom lost it as Alara's tight ass swallowed him in, clenching angrily in protest about him. He lost all control and wantonly began thrusting into her ass like a wild animal. Alara didn't care though, she, lost herself within a sex craze, and shrieked and cried aloud with ecstasy with each of his thrusts. She was being so loud Tom even became concerned someone might hear them, but that thought was quickly pushed aside as her ultra tight ass clenched and drew at the cum in his balls.

It didn't take long for Tom's big cock to bottom out inside her and their skin began the rapid clapping once more. Finally, Tom could take no more and tensed up, pushing himself as deep as he could inside her ass and came.

Alara could feel each throb, each pulse of his cock as burst after burst of steaming hot cum emptied into her bowels. She came again, hard, and howled at the ceiling. "Oohhhh, YES! Give it to me, pump all that hot cum deep in my ass!" she begged him.

Spent, Tom collapsed over onto her back, panting. Alara was weak herself, but she still had a job to do. She had to put the finishing touches on. She slipped out from underneath him, experiencing the strange sensation as his cock vacated her used ass. Tom was in a daze as Alara turned him around. He couldn't believe his own eyes as she then knelt back down, taking his cum and ass soiled cock right into her mouth, cleaning it for him.

Meanwhile, with all the heat and sex in the room, Tom's dog, Sam, couldn't stand it anymore. Braving his master's scolds, he hurried over to the alluring scent of Alara's exposed sex. Alara jumped with alarm as the first lap of Sam's tongue as it swiped up her, but kept Tom's hard cock in her mouth nonetheless.

"Omhm!" Alara mumbled as she felt the wide, smooth tongue lick across her tender pussy. Tom was about to yell once more at his dog as he didn't want Alara to stop, but choked on his own words as Alara didn't react.

Alara dared not glance back lest she lose her nerve. Instead she just focused on Tom's cock. She had felt this before, she had even enjoyed it, just as she was now, but... this was a dog for crying out loud! An Animal! No matter. If this didn't seal the deal, nothing would.

It was the moment of truth. All or nothing. This could seal the deal for her... if she could go through with it. Sam's tongue felt amazing, it wouldn't take much to convince her body to let it happen, but her mind was screaming at her to stop, that this was wrong, that this was a dog behind her and Tom was witnessing it all!

The fire in her loins came raging back though... 'No!' she had to stop this or she would lose all control. Alara made to back off Tom's now spit cleansed cock when he suddenly gripped her by her hair and plunged her face back down onto him, burying his cock right back into her throat.

Alara gagged and choked from the sudden invasion, pushing back against him, but Tom did not relent. She couldn't see it, but Tom had a crazed look in his eyes, that of an animal, as he watched his dog lick hungrily at beautiful Alara's unprotected cunt.

"Hmmm! Thhoomm!" Alara struggled, muffling protests out across his cock.

"Alara, please, I'll give you anything..." Tom begged, drooling.

Anything... this is what she needed. Resigned to her fate, Alara relaxed her muscles, allowing Tom's rock hard dick settle into her throat as she let Sam lick her.

Now that she stopped fighting it, the fire in her pussy raged. Alara began to suck Tom off again as Sam hit every part of her, her thighs and pussy, her sensitive clit and even her ass with his wide, glorious tongue. Alara couldn't take it. She came once more.

Sam apparently couldn't take it anymore either as he suddenly leapt up onto Alara's back. Unsure of what was happening and alarmed by the sharp claws at her hips, Alara struggled to get out of the way once more, but Tom still held her tight. The struggle lasted only a brief moment though, for as soon as Sam had her in his grip, Alara froze as she felt something hard and pointed stab aimlessly at her exposed rear.

As Alara froze in fear, the reality of what was happening slammed into her like a brick wall, she gave Sam the opportunity he needed. With one lucky jab, Sam sunk his tapered red dog cock right into Alara's wet and still slightly gaping cunt.

Alara screamed bloody murder out and around Tom's cock but he only forced her face harder down onto his lap, using his cock to choke off her pleas. Letting the dog lick her was one thing, but letting him fuck her? No! She had to stop this. A dog was fucking her!

Alara tried to fight back, to break free, but Sam's blows came hard and fast, knocking the wind right from her lungs. He slammed into her like a steam piston, his red cock moving in a blur in and out of her, Alara's moans and the sloshing of her cunt around him drowning out all other noise.

Alara's pussy felt like it was exploding. She wasn't exactly sure when the orgasm hit her, but it hit her hard and consumed her. She forgot that she was trying to stop this, she forgot to fight back. She forgot a dog was fucking her!

Sam's huge cock reached to the very depths of her womb, piercing her, filling her, stretching her. Her channel convulsed and massaged his mighty shaft, begging it, goading it for cum. And just when she was sure she could take no more, something more came. A slight bulge, forming at the base of Sam's cock, began to slip in and out of her, further teasing her clit and cunt. Alara came harder and higher still. She was fucking a dog! A dog was making her cum! And Tom was witnessing it all...

Sam continued to fuck her without mercy, with all that he was worth as his knot continued to swell. It grew so wide that eventually it became hard for him to force it into her and when he finally did, it would become stuck until Sam would then suddenly jerk it back out with one of his violent thrusts. Alara was crying, pleading, begging, moaning, but about what... she did not know. She was no longer in the right state of mind. A dog was fucking her. A dog was making her cum.

Finally, Sam's huge knot grew so large that he could no longer force it into his bitch and this just would not do. With his instincts in overdrive, Sam tensed up, pressing as hard as he could into poor Alara, until finally, with a curdling wail out around Tom's cock, Alara lost it as her pussy painfully stretched apart to accept the obscene organ into her.

In near unison, Alara would feel both a warm flood of steaming hot dog cum in her womb and Tom's hot, sticky cum in her throat. She choked it down as best she could as she savored the pungent yet fulfilling taste and the warmth in her belly, her climax still unwilling to let her go.

Alara was only slightly aware as Tom slipped his cock out her throat and mouth and let her collapse over onto the ground. Sam, panting loudly and drooling, remained straddled across her back. She could still feel the throbs of his cock inside her and she could feel her insides being stretched to the max from the flood.

Next thing Alara knew, she felt Tom's fingers exploring her dog tied pussy, rubbing about her lips that were locked around Sam's knot. She could feel drips of cum leaking from her cunt to the floor. She felt ashamed.

"N-no... please, don't..." she burned with humiliation, wanting nothing more than to get up and run away from here, to forget everything. But she couldn't. A dog's cock was tied within her, cumming. Cumming and cumming, so much so there was just no telling how much was trapped inside her nor how it all fit.

Alara buried her face in her arms on the floor, too ashamed to look up. Finally, some relief came as Sam then abruptly lifted himself from atop her and dismounted, but her pussy refused to let him go.

"Ow!" Alara cried as the knot pulled at her "Stop him!"

Tom grabbed Sam by the collar and held him still. A long silence followed as both Alara and Tom were too embarrassed to say anything.

"Get him out of me!" Alara finally begged.

"I-I'm sorry, but I don't think I can..." Tom regretted, looking over her swollen pussy with the red dog cock jutting out of it, disappearing once again into a hairy sheath., Alara dared a glance back and was appalled to see Tom staring at the tie with drool dripping from his chin and his cock rising once again into a hard erection.

The minutes passed like hours until with a loud and painful plop, Sam finally tugged himself free. Alara gasped from the sudden shock and relief as a loud deluge of cum splattered out of her onto the floor.

Alara was left weak and before she could even struggle to raise herself, Tom was right back behind her and to her astonishment, plunged his hard member right back into her dog ruined pussy.

Alara held still, grunting once again and Tom pummeled her poor pussy with even more fervor than before. He fucked her hard, trying to mimic his dogs powerful thrusts. They came together.

After that, nothing more was said. There was nothing to say. They were both embarrassed and couldn't even look at one another. Tom helped Alara to his washroom in the back.

"Take all the time you need, just lock up after you leave. I'll be by tomorrow with some supplies..." and with that, Tom left her alone in the shop.

Alara smiled to herself, she'd done it!