

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) Edited and corrected 2022 by ElliAus (Originally written under the pen name of Suemartin)

It was hot, dam hot and Dusty was seeking the only shade in this god-forsaken hole. The boardwalk had seen better days, much better. However, it provided enough shade for Dusty to be comfortable. He lay just concealed by the overhang of the rotting timber in the cool damp earth beneath. His brown intelligent eyes surveyed everything that moved and there wasn't a lot of movement at midday in Willow Springs.

The long dry spell was about to change so people said. Hank, the ranch foreman and Dusty's despised master, was saying so to the elderly lady with the shopping basket directly above Dusty on the decrepit boardwalk right now.

"Peers that there's a storm brewing over yonder," Hank was observing as he doffed his wide-brimmed hat to the passing matron.

"Indeed it Does Mr Long," was her passing reply.

Hank Long looked about the small town with the broad dusty street that headed North into the foothills and wondered what had happened to the Stage that was bringing Samantha Groves, the ranch's owner, back to resume the running of the prosperous triple C.

Hank chewed his wad of tobacco as he lent against the weathered post of the General store. With a mouth full of tobacco juice Hank looked for a suitable place to discharge the brown glob. Looking down Hank saw Dusty cowering under the boardwalk. A wry grin creased his features and he puckered his lips to give as much force to the spittle and unleashed the offensive orange stream directly at Dusty's unprotected head that was visible between the cracks in the decaying walkway.

Dusty yelped and started in fright at the sudden arrival on the crown of his head. He turned slightly until he could see the grinning offender from one brown eye above him through the wide cracks.

This was the kind of torment that he had endured for months. Unprovoked kicks and slashes with the stock whip and knotted ends of rope seemed to be his lot in life. Not that his life was up to much recently it had deteriorated markedly since Miss Groves had left some months ago to visit her Aunt in the city.

Hank, The ranch foreman had been arrogant with staff and brutal, not just with Dusty but with all the animals. Cattle, horses and the dogs on the ranch had all been treated alike. Why miss Groves had left this evil man in charge of the ranch was beyond Dusty's dog mind to understand. Dusty's resentment had grown into fierce hate for humans and his growing need to retaliate was seething within him.

The final blow that had planted the seeds of revenge in the big dog was in the way that Hank treated Molly, the little bitch that was carrying Dusty's pups. Dusty snarled at the memory of the brutal way she had died under the drunken boot of Hank and several sycophantic Ranch hands two weeks ago.

Yes, he would have his revenge on not only Hank and the ranch hands but on all humans. Miss Groves, who had left Hank in charge of the ranch in her absence was not to be excluded. She shouldn't have done that. She knew what he was like, she must have known. It was her that had left the little bitch, Molly, in the hands of this brute of a Man. It was ultimately Miss Groves who would pay. How he would humiliate her he hadn't yet decided, but he would humiliate her as he had been humiliated?

His mind shifted to the day he had mated with Molly the way she had trembled as he had sniffed and

followed her as she played at being reluctant. Finally, she had surrendered to his demands. Her female scent even now haunted his memory and his anger grew. Dusty shifted back under the boardwalk and whimpered. He felt again the tightening in his loins as he had done then. Then the blissful memory as he finally mounted her the soft fur between his clutching legs, she was so small under him. He recalled the maiden bitch as she trembled, reluctantly, expectantly as he sought and found her swollen vulva. He thought again of Molly and the time he had planted the pups in her belly in squirting gushes. And later how proud he had felt as he watched her belly grow and tighten with puppies, his puppies. Yes, he would have his revenge on Miss Groves.

Dusty's ears pricked and he turned his head to the north. Yes, it was the unmistakable sound of pounding hooves, many hooves on the hard-packed earth. They weren't close, maybe two miles down the trail but approaching at a steady run. It was the coach, late, but that was normal.

Dusty's acute hearing, was only surpassed by his sense of smell. His nose told him that Wint Brown was nearby puffing on his trademark pipe. Wint was never separated from his pipe. The smell of his homemade tobacco was distinct from all of the other smoking men. With Wint and Hank, both in town together was not a good sign. Alone either man was trouble, together trouble was imminent. Dusty edged still further back under the boardwalk dropped his head onto his outstretched fore-paws and made an almost imperceptible whine of fear.

Several minutes later, the distinct rattle of harness chains, and the vocal encouragement of the tired driver, anxious to be home, could be heard as they approached the last rise that would signal their arrival in town.

"Howdy Grisly you're late again," the depot supervisor approached the side door of the coach as it rocked to a stop. "How many passengers are on board?"

"Four," Grisly spat over the side, "only two need accommodation for the night, Miss Groves and a friend will be heading for her ranch immediately."

"Sling the baggage down afore you take the coach around to the depot. I'll have young Dennis take care of it." The coachman nodded and lifted the weatherproof canvas that covered the luggage.

Hank stepped up silently and took the two large cases and the hat boxes that belonged to his boss and with minimal care, he dragged them to the waiting carriage. Samantha Groves stepped from the coach looking tired and dishevelled from the long coach trip. Despite her travel-worn appearance, Samantha looked elegant and confident as she eased herself from the narrow coach door and alighted with the assistance of the effusive depot manager. Behind her, another young lady of about the same age waited for Samantha to step onto the boardwalk before she to was assisted by the coach by the eager hands of several waiting men.

Standing side by side the two women watched disapprovingly as Hank took the extra baggage and added it to Samantha's before tying them securely to the back of the ranch carriage.

"Hank this is Amanda, she will be staying with me at the Ranch for several months I expect you to give her all the help and assistance she may need with horses and such like." Hank touched the tip of his hat, in a subservient way but didn't smile or show any other courtesies to the women, even letting them board the carriage without his help.

Dusty didn't emerge from under the boardwalk until the carriage had gone. Both Dusty and Wint Brown emerged from their respective concealment after the coach and carriage had moved off. Wint followed the carriage with his hawk-like eyes until it disappeared over a low rise then turned and headed into the Four Aces.

He went straight for the bar and winked at the barman of the only hotel in town. "It's even better than we expected Wheezal there isn't one but two cuties now."

Outside Dusty was having similar thoughts. His plan, such as it was, was coming together in his sharp animal brain. He would need a pack to bring it all together, and he knew where he could find the dogs he could dominate to the extent that they would follow him. Dusty understood that people considered dogs subservient to people and mindless, unable to think and plan with cohesion. But that was a human convenience to fit their understanding of their inflated place in the animal world. Pack animals both plan and use strategies to achieve goals in ways that humans will never understand. However, Dusty could and would plan his revenge on these humans. His lips drew back in a silent snarl.

"How have things been since I have been away Hank?"

"Well, Miss we have lost a few head in the North range up by the canyon mostly. Well, more than a few I reckon. Haven't had time to do a proper tally yet but I sent some of the boys out to bring those that are left back closer to the homestead."

"How many more than a few?"

"Well maybe as many as a two hundred head at least," Hank added and Samantha went quiet. A hundred head was a lot of cattle when you turned it into money numbers. Not critical, but if they lost more then it would be of real concern. "Best I can figure, Miss Samantha is that between all the spreads on this side of the high country may be more than a thousand head maybe two thousand have gone missing and I have to tell you the other spreads are getting mighty edgy."

"Has anyone seen anything of these rustlers?"

"No not as such but there seem to be quite a few maybe twenty or so of them from the signs. Came across a camp they used a few days back but they don't stay in one place for more than a day or so it seems there always on the move. Other ranchers have seen the same thing they hit and they run in the evening and by the time anyone notices anything there long gone. They take no risks, pick at the fringes of the herds mostly so they have time to cover their tracks." They travelled the next few miles in silence. Samantha had time to reflect on what she had heard but could make no sense of it at all.

As the carriage pulled into the yard Samantha told Hank that she wanted to take a look for herself at where the rustlers had been working.

"Do you think that's wise Miss Samantha? I mean you may be putting yourself in unnecessary danger if we happen to run across these galoots who knows what might happen."

"It's not likely is it Hank? Meeting up with them in daylight I mean. My guess is they come down from the high country of a night from what you have said, cut the cattle out and immediately drive them south across the border. If they push a small herd fast it would only take them three days at best." Hank was surprised at the way this girl could assimilate information, she was her dad's daughter without a doubt.

"You may be right about them heading south with the cattle. There have been a lot of guesses flying about, but one thing alone seems to make sense. Think about it, because this has started so quickly, and happens so often, I think that they are organised by one person, one very clever person. Coordinated strikes in small groups like wolves racing in taking a few head and driving them off. Some nights there may be as many as four or five reports from all directions of cattle being taken."

“you did say there were signs of quite a few of them?”

“The indications at their camps, the ones we have found, tell us that much.”

“Hank, I do not understand. if they hit our herds in small groups then there must be many less than twenty in each group surely, otherwise, that’s a lot of rustlers operating?”

“Yes’m that makes sense but some of us figure that the person who is organising all of these hits needs to keep tight control on things. with that many bad men together that person has to be someone they fear and respect a lot. The curious thing is there is the occasional break in the raids then they begin all over again. One other thing we did think about is that they may be getting help from one or more of the other ranches.”

“Really why do you say that?”

“It’s just that they work so fast and clean they must know where the cattle are on each ranch to make their raids so faultless.”

Samantha was worried, and her furrowed brow showed it. The Ranch had a normal complement of hands, but they could not be everywhere all of the time, something had to be done to put a stop to this rustling or they will be cleaned out.

Still, deep in thought, Samantha alighted from the carriage with Amanda at her side looking concerned at her friend’s dilemma. The Chinese cook already had the table set and an evening meal ready by the time they had bathed and changed.

Meanwhile, Dusty had his agenda. In long ground-covering strides, he had arrived at the M/H ranch and was greeted by the Mcferson’s large red dog. Together Dusty and Red was a formidable pair that had had their savage altercations on the dusty streets of the town on more than one occasion. Mostly it was about a stray bitch in heat but instinctive rivals where breeding was concerned they were equally good allies when there was danger about.

There was still enough of the pack instinct in both of them for Red to know by instinct what Dusty needed. Predictably, there would be a bitch to be had at the end of the journey. Oddly he did not smell her, but he knew Dusty and trusted his instincts. It had been a while since Red had mated and he could already feel the pressing need in his groin.

Wint Brown and Wheezal had made good time into the high country after the stage had arrived to take the message about the arrival of not one but two girls had arrived on the stage. The Mexican rustlers along with Wint and Wheezal seemed to disappear into the red, rock face of the canyon. They had travelled this way many times in the last two months, mostly pushing a spooked herd of a dozen cattle ahead of them each time. It had become a stolen cattle highway.

The narrow fissure of about three feet wide had only appeared after a rock slide had revealed an entrance to a side shaft of an old Spanish mine. The mine had been concealed by rocks for maybe a hundred years or more, totally undiscovered. Wint had found it quite by accident while searching for a bleating calf on the rocky scree slope of the canyon wall.

At first, Wint had thought he had stumbled on Eldorado, but after spending months looking for Spanish treasure, his flight of fancy was dashed. He had given up looking for treasure only to form another, much more devious, plan for his mine and the valley beyond. However, he would need help.

The old Spaniards had cleaned out any silver and gold that was here hundreds of years before. In the

process, they had used Indian slaves from a Pueblo village that had been secreted in the hidden canyon that was the gateway to the mines' main entrance. The mine, as it turned out, had cut maybe as much as thirty miles off any other trail through the maze of canyons.

Now that very same old and decaying pueblo village was the home of an outlaw band of predominantly Mexican but not exclusively Mexican outlaws of the worst kind. It was a hole in the wall where the outlaws could hide and rustlers could cut miles off of a drive of stolen cattle or better still gather a herd before having to move it. All around them was deep lush grass untouched except for herds of antelope and wild horses. As a bonus, it was well watered. On the pasture, grazing contentedly was the best part of two thousand head of cattle, many more than the ranchers had thought were missing.

The rustlers' camp, was set up well. The adobe buildings had survived reasonably well since abandonment. The old mission church had been turned into a bar, a meeting place for the rustlers. Several large planks on trestles stretched for most of the length of one wall and the stock of tequila and beer had been lovingly brought in by pack mules. The men could do without most things but hard liquor was essential.

A dry camp may have been better but the men had insisted on the establishment of their cantina. The former houses turned into barracks, the well cleared of debris and the spring had reopened delivering enough water to supply the men here, and more besides. There was only one thing missing.

"You said you would arrange for girls senior, so many men and no women are unnatural." the black-bearded bandit, who was not so much a rustler but a renegade, complained.

"And so I shall," Weasel answered. "We have two ladies in mind that will be encouraged to fill that requirement. There are very few girls of that type within a hundred miles at the moment. A few rancher's wives perhaps, but they would not be suitable at all. However, the two young ladies are fresh and naive to such things but very pretty, undoubtedly reluctant I am sure, but I know they will prove to be cooperative when it is explained to them that they must cooperate or they will be sent south to work in some dirty back street brothel I'm sure they will all be cooperative."

"These women senior, they are not, how do you say, willing whores?"

"Not whores at all, not yet. They are both from a ranch near here. We plan to take their cattle, all of them, why not the women as well?" The swarthy bandit flashed his white teeth in an evil grin.

"And when we have taken the cattle senior what becomes of the women?"

"They stay here and whore for me as long as they are needed, afterwards," he shrugged, "Perhaps they will still end up in that dirty back street brothel down south. I hate haughty bitches and these two think that they are special Especially that Samantha Groves bitch. But we will show them that they are just well... just common little cheap whores.

Dusty was making his rounds methodically in a way that would surprise and confound those who doubted animal cunning and understanding. The last to join him was a mangy-looking brindle cur of doubtful parentage. Dusty trotted slowly toward the ranch with his new pack in tow tongue lolling. Instinctively the dogs knew that there was a bitch to be had where Dusty was taking them and that was rewarding enough for them to follow.

The air was cool funnelling from the top of the canyon as the three riders headed for the place

where Hank had said that the rustlers had camped. Samantha knew the spot well it was pretty close to the creek that ran free and clear most of the year. It was fed by a spring halfway up the escarpment. Just under the rim of the canyon wall and at a spot where the rocks changed from hard cap rock to sandstone there was a plunge pool that Sam had called her secret place.

It was secluded more than secret. Many of the ranch hands had used the pool to fill their canteens when they were rounding up the scrub cattle. The chuck wagon was located there for days on end during the round-up. However, apart from those occasions, there was little need for ranch hands to be anywhere near the place. There was even less reason for a casual traveller to pass by. The cottonwoods and cedar that grew along the fringes of the creek provided shelter and privacy.

Sadly, Samantha thought, There would be no skinny dipping this time with Hank in tow but her mind drifted to the many times she had ridden here in summer to bath with a freedom that evaded her in any other place on the ranch.

The sound of fast-approaching hooves made them draw reign and watched the approaching rider. It was one of the ranch hands by the name of Pike who came at a dead run. He nodded briefly at the two young women then turning to Hank he delivered his message breathlessly. "Been hit again Hank, maybe thirty head from the south section Wint was passing and sent me to find you."

"How long back?"

"That's the thing, It must have been just before dawn Wint said, wants you to come to take a look." Hank was in two minds. With the rustlers on the loose, he felt that Miss Groves and her friend needed to be accompanied whenever they were away from the ranch but if the rustlers had hit the herd so recently they may have a chance of catching up with them if he went right now.

"Ladies I think you had better return to the ranch." Samantha began to say something but thought better of it and just inclined her head in submission to his suggestion.

The two girls watched the men ride off to the south, neither spoke for a while then Amanda sighed and said, "That's a shame I was looking forward to seeing that special place of yours," She smiled complicity.

Samantha nudged her horse closer and winked "So we shall, it's hot enough for a swim don't you think." Amanda didn't think it was so hot but she was up for a bit of fun all the same.

"Let's go then,"

Just behind the rocky outcrop to their left was Dusty and his new pack they had only just returned to the ranch in time to see The two girls and Hank ride out and despite their tiredness, they followed. Dusty, and the others could detect the faint scent of a female under the flowery perfume that humans used to disguise their odours. It was a familiar scent similar to the scent of an ovulating bitch, it was just one of the females but he wasn't sure which one.

Just over half an hour of steady riding brought them to the plunge pool. At this time of year, the creek was barely flowing. Instead of the dangerous swirling whirlpool caused by the plunging water as it stepped its way down the narrow creek bed, there was hardly a ripple across the crystal clear pool.

"Gee it's beautiful here," Amanda observed as she spun herself around, arms akimbo, taking in every aspect of the pretty tree-lined glade as she did. "It's no wonder you love this place."

"I do I just love it, I come here to get lost, swim naked and just be me. Be something I could never be anywhere else. When dad was alive I felt so ashamed of coming here and swimming in the nuddy. I felt that if someone had discovered me I would simply die from the shame it would bring on him. I just knew people would talk about, that Groves girl swimming naked up near the cap rock. Those nasty horrible men who leer whenever I pass. I know what they're thinking Amanda. Now I just don't care. It's only me that they can talk about, if such a thing should happen, and quite frankly I would love to shock people. I don't go near that awful place where that slimy Weezle man sells his cheap grog. I won't go into town much. It's hardly a town, Willow Springs is just a stage stop. There are no women there to speak of. there are few other women for a hundred miles. A few girls who work in saloons and we know what they do, don't we?" Both girls began to giggle and that soon turned into unashamed laughter."

"We sure do," Amanda giggled. "Can you imagine laying naked on a bed while all a stranger poked his thingy into you?" The girls both looked at each other stonily then simultaneously both burst into peels of laughter again.

"Sometimes I try to think about it and it makes me go all funny and gooey," Samantha grinned.

"Me as well it is so awful isn't it?" Amanda grinned back, "I wonder what it would be like? Gracious me listen to us go on about such things."

Dusty and his followers had arrived at the creek and had stealthily secreted themselves in the long grasses near the grove of cottonwood not twenty yards from the two girls and downwind so the horses couldn't pick up their scent.

"Want to try the water?" Samantha giggled as she began to unbutton her shirt. It was a plaid man-style shirt that she always wore when she rode, it was much more serviceable than her blouses.

"Aren't you afraid of being seen and talked about," Amanda smiled but followed Samantha's example and began to undress?

"Of course, but that's not very likely to happen is it? There is not even a creature for miles around, not even a thirsty big horn. Besides, It might give them something to get excited about."

"That's what I'm afraid of, but your right there is nothing about but birds are there."

"Nothing, there never has been anything here. Come on let's see how cold that water is," Samantha threw her riding skirt on top of her other clothes. She was maybe five-three, with long straight strawberry blond hair. Neither brown nor blond but not mousy. Her lips were full below a straight nose that suited her features. She was attractive without being beautiful. Her figure was by far her best asset, and she knew it, her shoulders held back and accentuated her pert breasts as she stood waiting on Amanda to finish disrobing.

Amanda was a little shorter and a stunning brunet with a jaw-dropping figure. She knew that men were drawn to her like flies to honey but ever since she was a little girl she had learned to handle men and deflect any unwanted attention.

Dusty lifted his nose into the air and sniffed. Yes, he was sure now. It was The Groves women who gave off the scent that entices males. The other human bitch was now giving off her enticing odour but it wasn't ovulation it was something else, female undoubtedly, but not a familiar scent associated with mating. He watched bemused as the two fur-less females entered the water hugging themselves as the cold water chilled their warm flesh.

"God this water is freezing," Amanda complained as she waded knee-deep onto the narrow front ledge of the plunge pool.

"It's not so bad," Samantha replied as she cuddled her chest trying to think warm. She knew that the difference in their body temperature and the cool spring water would not be so evident once they were fully submerged in the water. However, that didn't prevent the goose bumps that covered her naked flesh at that moment. Samantha took a deep breath and braving the shock of cold she dived into the pool. Re-emerging she shook the waterlogged hair from her eyes with a flick of her head. Gasping for breath she called Amanda to dive in. "Come on dive in, it's the best way. You don't feel the cold I promise it is just the thought of getting in but it's not all that cold."

Twenty minutes later they had forgotten the first shock of cold and were diving and floating in the crystal clear pool. It was not big enough to swim more than a few strokes but just the very event of being naked in the open, feeling free and one with nature was a liberating experience in itself.

"How deep is the pool?" Amanda enquired.

"I don't know," Samantha wondered that herself and had tried to touch bottom a few times without success and had let it go at that.

"I'm going to see if I can touch bottom," Amanda felt playful and immediately disappeared into the clear water below.

While Samantha waited for Amanda to re-emerge she heard a sound, a faint sound to her left. It was Dusty. He had emerged from his spindly cottonwood and grass hide where he and the remaining members of his pack had laid low for the past twenty minutes or more. The dog just stood there silently watching. As Samantha returned to the dog's fixed stair Amanda returned to the surface holding something in her hand, she was breathless.

Face plastered in dripping tresses of drenched hair, eyes wide with excitement, Amanda treading water with one cupped hand reached out to Samantha. Aware of Amanda's presence Samantha, at first, didn't turn away from the staring dog, there was something weird, even disturbing in the way Dusty was looking at her. He was a strange dog to be sure at the best of times, she had observed that on many occasions. He was smart and cunning and a quick learner but there was also something dominantly evil about him at that moment. Reluctantly, with an effort, Samantha lifted her gaze from the dog and turned to her dumbstruck friend, immediately stunned.

"Well did you reach the bottom?" Samantha asked almost too abruptly. Amanda edged her upturned palm closer to her friend. Only then did Samantha see why she was so excited.

"Oh!" her jaw dropped and her mouth wide. For a moment she just looked at Amanda's hand and the golden cargo she carried, "That's ..., that's, gold, was..... it?," her eyes looked down as she edged closer to the proffered hand, forgetting the Dog for a moment, "...was that down there?" again her eyes looked down into the clear pond.

"Oh yes, Sam, this and lots moor, the bottom of the plunge pool is covered with the stuff, lots and lots of it. It must have got trapped in the pool for years and years....." About to say moor Amanda broke off with the sound of an approaching horse's hooves. Samantha's eyes swung in the direction of the sound, they were close, only jogging as they approached the plunge pool. A sudden urgency struck both girls.

"Drop that stuff, well get it later, for now, we have to get out of here before we are spotted." Instinctively both girls headed for the pool edge and their clothes. They would have reached them as

well but for the snarling dog that blocked their way. It was only for a few seconds but both girls naked and dripping were confronted by flashing teeth and rolling eyes of Dusty. Then too late the dog retreated from the edge of the creek as six riders broke into the clearing only metres from the two nymphs.

Embarrassed, mortified and worse both girls screamed in unison and grabbed at the bundle of cloths that they had placed haphazardly over several low shrubs. They weren't placed for easy access but to keep them from the ground and the lurking insects that notoriously secreted themselves in folds of warm discarded clothing only to re-emerge to bite the wearer later.

Gentlemen may have retreated to save the girls embarrassment but the six riders were not gentlemen, far from it. Their leader was Weasel the saloon owner who rather than retreat had eased his horse uncomfortably close to the red-faced girls. Neither one was able to say a word, not even to beg the men to go away and let them dress. They just stood there blushing from head to toe holding their assorted garments before them to conceal what the men had already seen.

Finally, Samantha cleared her throat and in a meek pleading voice asked rather than demanded that they go away.

"Ain't no chance that happening girly," Weasel answered disrespectfully. Samantha stamped her naked foot. With more determination than she felt she stepped a little closer to the man on the horse.

"I demand that you do, haven't you any respect or manners," Samantha had taken the lead and in a voice of someone who had always demanded and gotten what she felt befitted her position as the daughter of the biggest ranch owner in the district and now in her own right as the new owner of that ranch since her father's death.

"You're in no position to get uppity with me girl, you are as naked as a jaybird chick." the men behind him laughed their sycophantic support. Samantha, unused to this sort of defiance had become red-faced with anger, a much brighter red than her former blush. As her mouth opened to fire her response at the uncouth bar owner, she stopped her mouth still opening the unformed word frozen in time.

The slight rattle had drawn her attention to what lay coiled behind a rock under the feet of the man's horse. The horse heard it as well. Several things happened at once the horse's ears pinned back its eyes rolled in terror and it reared suddenly and almost vertical to escape the coil of death that struck at the horse's leg even as it moved.

Pandemonium broke loose as riders and horses went in all directions as each tried to avoid the other. Several men became dislodged from their mounts, including Weasel in the maley. For what seemed an eternity both girls watched the chaos as it unfolded before them then Amanda, seeing an opportunity for escape, grabbed Samantha's naked arm and looked in the direction of their horses. They ran.

Naked and desperate to escape both girls reached their horses and one kicked them into action. They hadn't noticed the dogs following them as they drove their mounts forward trying to escape the lecherous bunch of evil-looking men. For fifteen minutes they rode desperately until a look back told them that they weren't being perused, as far as they could tell. What they see was Dusty and his pack loping in their wake but they could see no danger in that.

Reigning the galloping horses the girls had a chance to take stock of their situation. The Dogs, all of them, perhaps eleven beasts of different parentage were loping along at a steady rate following the

two girls, they were now about two hundred yards out and closing. Samantha had not seen these dogs before, except for Dusty and he was acting most unusual. Never before had the big Gunmetal coloured dog run with a pack, nor had his demeanour been aggressive. She felt uneasy but said nothing.

More importantly, was, where were the men? It would have taken some time to get the horses settled and for them to remount before they could pursue the fleeing girls if that was what they wanted to do. Samantha thought they would but said nothing. There was something about the way they had arrived at the plunge pool. It was as if they were seeking the girls out. That wasn't just a feeling either.

As Weasel was confronting herself and Amanda, Samantha heard one of the men at the back of the group of riders say something. It wasn't clear what was said exactly she could barely make out the words as they were said in a low tone, almost a whisper, to the closest rider. What had been indicated, by the few words that Samantha had heard, was that the men, Weasel had been looking for them, both of them. But why would they be doing that?

The two girls, walked their horses in silence, until they reached a shallow gully that Samantha had pointed out. It was little more than a grassy depression in the landscape carved out by water sometime in the past but, now for some reason geological it had changed and was no longer a watercourse except in heavy rain events. It did serve a purpose though. It was barely noticeable except those with a keen eye or knowledge of this part of the country. That made it a good place to hide.

With one last long look in the direction, they had come from both girls dismounted from their horses. "What do we do now," Amanda looked to Samantha for leadership. A brown dog had sidled up to Amanda and sniffed at her hip. She brushed it aside as an annoyance. In the time it had taken for the girls to walk their horses into the depression, the dogs had caught up. The horses felt uneasy with the pack so close. The mounts were tied to a dead tree that had been the victim of a past storm and now offered extra seclusion from a passing rider, should they be followed.

"I don't know I honestly don't. We can't ride into the ranch looking like this, that would be a total mortification. with all of the ranch hands able to see us." Despite the situation, she giggled. Samantha cast one eye on the circling pack of dogs. She felt uneasy at their presence but certainly not afraid. They were just dogs, not wolves, nothing to be afraid of at all. Dusty sidled up to Samantha as she made sure her horse's reigns were securely tied it would be one thing riding back into the ranch naked like that Lady Godiva person she had read about, quit another walking back without her horse because she had been careless and had the horses spooked by the dogs.

"Well wait here till dusk and then head back to the ranch. The men will be in the bunk house by then having their dinner I hope and we can ride around and come in a back way." Samantha suggested and she sounded convincing.

"Good Idea Sam, I wouldn't want those men staring at all my private bits," Samantha smiled at the thought while Amanda paused before continuing. " What do you suppose those men had planned Sam?"

"I think your guess would be the same as mine but I think there was more to it than a casual encounter. It seemed planned." Samantha's brow wrinkled as she spoke and her annoyance was doubled as Dusty's cold muzzle brushed up her inner thigh and sniffed her butt. She made a slap at the dog and caught his preoccupied snout.

Dusty jumped back and snarled his ears pinned back and his long canines flashing white against his red and black gums. Samantha backed away carefully from the dogs. Dusty's reaction was aggressive. "What's the matter with you boy, you haven't done that before?"

"You probably haven't walked around naked in front of him before," Amanda offered. Samantha shrugged.

"Your right, I haven't, but there is something different about that dog. It's as if he has been treated badly. Look at him, look at those eyes they look wild. He was always unpredictable but never aggressive like that," Amanda saw it too.

"There is a bit of soft grass over there let us get our canteens and sit down there Sam, it looks soft and won't scratch your butt or worse. Both girls laughed and ignoring the eleven sets of following eyes removed the canteens from their saddles and went back to the only green soft grass patch for a considerable distance. "Did you notice something about the dogs, all of them?" Amanda asked as both girls settled gently onto the soft grass.

"Can't say I noticed anything special, apart from Dusty's behaviour and the fact that there all behaving like a mottle pack of curs, following a bitch in heat. Have you ever seen the way male dogs gang up when a little bitch is in heat Mandy? Lately, Samantha had lapsed into calling Amanda Mandy, it was less formal.

"I guess that's my point, they are all male, no lady dogs at all," Both girls looked at each other and blushed crimson.

They were more uncertain when Dusty closed in on the now sitting Samantha. Samantha watched him closely, she was even wary of the dog's new mean demeanour now. Dusty approached the sitting girls his head low and ears back, brown eyes watchful. He was mindful of the female's hand. She shouldn't have slapped him before, at the plunge pool, all he had done was what his instinct had compelled him to do.

It was clear to him what his revenge was going to be. He had lost his little pregnant bitch now this human bitch would be his bitch. He had never seen a human without covering before but this female was a bitch. She was a bitch beyond doubt the split between her legs was telling him that.

But even more this light-haired female was giving off strong indications that she was ready to mate. The human bitches scent was not as powerful as that of a bitch of his kind but the signs were the same, at least the pheromones seemed to be. Dusty felt his groin flutter and tighten. It didn't matter that she had struck him, he was going to mount the human bitch and so were the other dogs he had enlisted. He needed revenge for his treatment but most of all he needed revenge on the bitch that carried his pups when she had died.

He knew instinctively that the mostly hairless human would be humiliated to be treated like a bitch. He wanted all humans to know that they were no better than dogs. Humans thought they were better than all animals, but they weren't they were just animals like himself or indeed the horses that they humiliated by riding to save themselves the effort of having to walk. The human portal was not unlike that of a filly. Dusty had observed that briefly back at the plunge pool when he saw her rear end. He would tease her with licks, then she would submit to him as all bitches did. He would fill her belly with his seed then the other dogs would do the same but first he would make her submit.

Samantha watched Dusty's threatening but cautious approach she saw his narrowing eyes flicking this way and that ever alert. The dog's hind quarters lowered his ears remained back and twitching

told that he was listening carefully to what was going on around him as he now began to slink forward in that sneaky dog fashion that indicate he may pounce at any moment. Samantha realised that she was no longer in charge she was this dog, and her dogs pray. What had come over him?

Of course, he had no plan of pouncing but the girl didn't know that he wanted to be able to move away, right or left should the female become aggressive toward him. But a naked human looked anything except aggressive.

Amanda was more aware of the other dogs as they drew closer, taking a lead from Dusty. Most of the animals were open-mouthed with tongues lolling but a few were posturing and had the beginnings of a snarl on their long muzzles but mostly they were just cooling down after their exertions following the two girls on horseback.

"Go away Dusty, do as I say, GO...A...WAY," Dusty took not a bit of notice of the now cringing female who had raised her voice but indicated uncertainty if not fear at his approach. Samantha leaned away from the approaching Dog as she gave her ineffective command. Dusty came closer ever watchful. Dogs know fear and this human bitch was showing fear right now.

"He probably only wants to lick you, Sam, he doesn't want to bite or anything, otherwise he would have done that already. He knows you so he won't bite" Amanda observed in a low tone.

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Talk to him in a low voice but don't smile or anything just whisper to him and keep your eyes down then he will know that you aren't threatening him." Amanda continued to advise her friends' reticence to comply. With one eye on the approaching dog, she whispered back at Amanda.

"I didn't know you knew so much about dogs?"

"I know a bit," Amanda made a halfhearted attempt at a knowing grin.

"What do you mean a bit?" Dusty was no more than three feet away now still vigilant of the girl's right hand.

"Well it wasn't me who told you but they lick nice."

"What do you mean lick nice?" Amanda didn't answer but looked down at her belly. For a moment Samantha retained her blank enquiring stare then her eyes followed her friend's eyes. Suddenly she understood. "For gracious sake Amanda you didn't, not there." Sheepishly Amanda grinned and nodded. Dusty paused as he watched the girls closely. He wished he understood what they were saying to each other but beyond the basic commands, he understood little. He did know enough of the subtle human gestures, however, to know that the Dark haired one was trying to convince her friend of something,

"Yes there and it felt oh so nice."

"That's disgusting."

"Maybe I did feel guilty and for a long time too but it was still nice and I would let a dog do it again if I had no alternative like you do now," Amanda remembered too well how she had felt when her Fathers beagle hound had driven his nose under her skirt last Summer while she rested in the barn and how she hadn't resisted as he licked her silly making her gasp with pleasure.

Samantha thought about what Amanda had said and of course, she was right, She dare not make too

big a fuss or scream because if the men were looking for them it would be a giveaway and she was certain about what they had in mind. If she tried to strike the dog again he looked mean enough to attack. She looked at Dusty then at Amanda.

“Amanda I promise I will kill you if you say a word about this to anyone,” Amanda watched her friend as she uncrossed her legs invitingly, “to anyone you hear.”

“I hear and I promise,” as Amanda assured Samantha it was their secret Dusty saw the female offer herself to him and he was immediately easing himself into the opportunity that she presented.

Samantha lay naked on the ground, every muscle tense with anticipation, of what she wasn't sure. Well, she knew what was about to happen but what would it be like and how would, how did she feel about it? She was about to let a dog, Dusty the ranch dog, lick her private place and she was full of loathing for herself for having to do such a thing.

The beast's hot breath fanned her light pubic hair as he sniffed and panted just inches from her sex. The strange puffy slit with just the hint of emerging folds protruding and the overpowering hint of estrous was weak but certainly present to his sensitive nose.

His head between her soft smooth thighs and slobbering jowls brushing against her soft flesh. Samantha trembled, her stomach muscles were so tight that her belly felt like a band of steel. With her weight on her elbows she watched, not wanting to but unable to close her eyes or turn away. She smelt the distinctive smell of a dog that was no house pet. Never having been bathed to remove the dust and grime that embedded in his thick fur he looked and smelt gross making Samantha wrinkle her sensitive nose. This was awful, so awful she thought but to run or scream would attract an even worse fate.

Dusty lay his head on Samantha's pubic mound and his piercing eyes looked up at the female's face. She was nervous, that was good he liked his bitches to be nervous. He felt her quivering trembles through his jaw. He liked to show his dominance when he took a bitch but first he would play with this human, making her humiliation at being mated by a dog even more demeaning. It was a dog's way they dominated bitches and he was going to dominate and cower this one.

It wasn't just her tense expression that gave her away he could feel the nervous belly flutters as he rested on her pubic bone. The smell from that warm hot place between her thighs was tantalising him but if nothing else he was a patient dog. She wasn't running and that was good she had no tail to cover her sex and that was even better. His tongue slithered across Samantha's taught belly and she gasped. Yes, he was going to like playing with this bitch.

Samantha looked across at Amanda, just a glance but it was enough to see her run her tongue across her top lip. She knew how she felt. Small tremors of excitement were making her tummy muscles quiver even more in a growing expectation as the dog's tongue slithered across her belly just above her pubic hair.

After a short pause, Dusty began to lick the salty flesh vigorously as his tongue worked its way across the females' naked flesh into the lank pubic hair that became instantly wet and sticky with his saliva.

The almost subliminal moans that Samantha tried hard to suppress were amplified and resonated through her bones and Dusty felt them with his highly tuned senses. Satisfied with the human bitches responses the dog continued to explore her softness. His tongue worked toward the wrinkled folds of her breeding tunnel.

Samantha wanted to look away but she couldn't, she was fascinated and excited. The hot, wet and slightly rough tongue pushed and probed. Samantha watched, unable to close her eyes for fear she would not be in control if she did. She was more than fascinated as the animal worked his tongue from the top of her soft folds to the very entrance to her vagina.

She gasped with pure pleasure. Her body was responding to the delicious stimulation of the dripping saliva that lubricated and saturated her portal. Nothing more than her fingers had touched her there before and now a beast was tonguing her to heights she had never known existed.

The tong pressed and pushed and Samantha responded as she became runnier and runnier. The fluids of tongue and pussy were dribbling across her behind making her feel wetter than she was. With the growing flood, she heard the dog's tongue lapping greedily.

Amanda also heard the noise of oral delight and she too became wet with her voyeuristic stimulation. It didn't go unnoticed as the closes dog, a red shaggy beast crawled towards the offering scent of arousal.

It had been so long since she had been licked by a dog and Amanda's memories came flooding back in an erotic cascade and even before she saw the approaching dog crawling toward her, her legs parted and her hand was rubbing the soft wet folds of her tingling pussy.

Samantha's excitement grew as the vicarious tongue probed and worked. It lapped her into an almost uncontrolled excitement. The girl behind lifted and her groin clenched against the head between her legs. Feelings, new feelings, and sexual feelings were growing and building one on the other.

Dusty tasted and felt the girls' wetness cover his nose and tongue making him lap faster and faster. In turn, Dusty was rewarded by the girls growing excited tension that made her writhe, squirm and moan with uncontrolled pleasure as she leaked her juices onto the exploring tongue.

"God ... Amanda ... I can't take any more of this," Samantha turned to her friend as she made the panting admission only to see Amanda in her throes of exciting delights.

Amanda opened her eyes, only partly as she looked at her friend and gave a slight grin but said nothing.

Dusty knew he had worked the human bitch to a peak of excitement. Now he would get his revenge on this female. His reward would be her indignity but she was at a point where all bitches in heat cannot resist the dominance of the male that needed to mate. Later she would have her regrets but now, he knew, all she wanted was the relief that could only come from being mated. Her vulva was puffy and open for easy access.

It was at that point that Dusty lifted his head ears pricked, obviously listening intently. Samantha looked at the distracted dog then a glance at Amanda and the dogs gathered around told her that they had all heard something.

"What's happening?" Amanda, seeing Samantha look her way enquired.

"I have no idea but they have heard something." Then Samantha felt it, the vibrations through the hard-packed ground that her head rested on were faint but clear. Not only were they clear but they were easily identified, she had heard that sound often enough in the past. It was the sound of hooves on dry ground that resonated through her. It was a sound she had not wanted to hear but suspected she might. She was no man, but a women who had grown up with men and knew them well enough,

two naked women in a land full of hard riding, hard working men, who had few scruples was too tempting a morsel for them to cast aside without some effort to retrieve and detain them for what Samantha and Amanda both new to be their carnal intent.

There was no way that either of the girls wanted to become the plaything of such roughens, there was no telling what their fate may be. The alternative was clear, it was having to submit to these mangy curs just to maintain the silence and not reveal their hiding place. However, it seemed that being licked, ever so intimately, was a preference to a fate worse than death.

The horses grew closer, they were loping along, not galloping hard. Samantha's trained ear could tell that without much difficulty. What she couldn't tell was exactly how close they were and if they might pass by. Again she looked at Dusty and the other dogs and noticed the direction that they were looking. Samantha rolled over onto her belly then rose to her knees to focus on the direction that the dogs were indicating. Now with her head off the ground the sounds were fainter but there was no denying that they were being followed. The horses and their demonic riders seemed to be following the animal trail that Samantha and the dogs had followed.

"Oh shoot they will see where we turned off the trail Samantha whispered to Amanda. There was no need to whisper of course but she did, it seemed the right thing to do at the time. As the riders approached the spot that they had left the trail Samantha's heart beat inside her chest so much so that she felt faint.

"Sam they mightn't take any notice, remember, the dogs followed us exactly and, well, they might have must up the hoof prints enough for them to pass on bye."

"I'm not so sure, they will see that the horses haven't continued that will be as plain as old bill the mule driver." Samantha smiled to herself even though she didn't feel any relief but the image of old Bills face was something only a mother could love and then maybe not even her.

As the riders reached the spot that the girls had left the trail they didn't hesitate but kept going at the same steady pace they had seemed to be maintaining. "See what did I tell you," Amanda's voice was almost gloating.

"I don't think they would have missed that sign at all but it could be that a few yards further on the trail swings to the north and they think we have cut across country heading for the Ranch," In the meantime Dusty had lost interest in the now receding hoof beats and was returning his attention to the presenting bitch in front of his muzzle.

He turned his head first one way then the other. He had never seen a human bitch without her covering before, not this close any way. The place he had been licking moments ago was different. The pink, wet opening petals that had oozed nectar were now closed as the female knelt with her knees together. From his view the human bitch looked more like a mare, yes that was it she looked like a mare with that distinctive puckered vagina. Not like a bitch or even a cow. There was a similarity between a cow and a bitch, well sort of but the woman in front of him presented more like a mare, at least from this angle she did. He stepped forward and licked again. Taken by surprise Samantha squealed and turned her behind away from the inquisitive dog.

He wasn't sure how this would work but he was going to try to mount the human bitch. Before Samantha could make another move Dusty, almost casually, lifted himself over the female with his front paws sliding effortlessly either side of her naked flaring hips. This human bitch was wider, much wider than a bitch with her smooth flowing curves offering an easy purchase for his gripping legs, he gripped tightly.

Samantha Swing her hips this way and that in an effort to dislodge the dog who, even as she tried to dislodge him, had shuffled closer to her exposed vulva. The girl felt the scratching dewclaws, on the dogs front legs, tear at her tender hips as he clamped his legs around the curving flesh and lodging his paws into the convenient groove between her torso and thighs. Samantha winced and made a low cry as her tender flesh was scratched. Dusty had an almost unbreakable grip as he instinctively began to hump his hips at the strange vagina in front of his now protruding member.

The dogs back legs and paws were seeking purchase as he strained to join with and claim Samantha as his bitch and humiliate her. Samantha felt a fear deep in the pit of her stomach as Dusty, her ranch dog, the dog she had raised from a little pup was trying to Rape her.

It made no sense to Samantha no sense at all. Something had changed in this rough tough dog to make him mean and aggressive but what? That the girl did not understand. She wanted to escape, the licking had been debauched but nice but this couldn't happen. Not a dog, she despaired, that was a totally disgusting thought. She had seen bitches taken by dogs in the ranch yard and elsewhere, she had witnessed the uncompromising vigour that the masterful dog had exerted over the unwilling, or it seemed so at the time, bitch.

Worse she had seen the thin pink dart of a penis sink into the reluctantly submitting bitch only to be extracted much later swollen and pale with red blue veins highlighted on the saturated penis. The vision of that funny lump that prevented the dogs penis from retracting back into its protective sheath was gross, worse he seemed to enjoy licking himself clean.

Now she was to assume the role of that bitch. The image was overwhelming and sickening to her. Humans didn't do this with animals but what were her options. Her heart sank and her arms trembled. She had no options other than cry out to the evil pursuers and that was not an option.

Samantha's vision blurred and her senses reeled, on the very brink of fainting with shame Samantha stomach churned then without warning she retched arching her back as she expelled the contents of her breakfast onto the earth in front of her.

Dusty didn't know what to make of the human bitches reaction, perhaps that was what humans did when they mated. It really didn't matter to him what she did, he was about to humiliate this human bitch for all of the indignities that had been heaped on him and his pack. For that matter all animals. Dusty had never felt these strong feelings before.

For some reason something in his brain had begun to focus on things he had previously taken for granted as being the way things were supposed to be. Now he saw himself in an entirely different roll, more human than canine more vindictive than subservient. He liked the way he felt, it was a powerful feeling.

The Passing rides were not unobservant, they had seen that both horses and dogs had left the trail at the point where it swung to the north but Weasel wasn't going to be distracted by searching for the two women. In this country they could be holed up anywhere. He had thought, and rightly so, that they would feel safe from pursuit if he rode on. So that's what he did it was animal cunning that Dusty would know only too well.

Weasel had considered his options on the ride back from the plunge pool and he knew, if he was right that getting ahead of the two girls was his best option. This would then allow him time to set a trap for the women a little west of the ranch. He couldn't imagine both girls riding into the ranch in broad daylight naked on horseback although the notion did amuse him a little. He would spread the men out in likely spots to best detect anyone approaching the ranch around or after dusk. The delay

in taking the girls was unfortunate but he would soon have them back at the hideout and gainfully employed, this too amused him.

Dusty's anxious manoeuvring brought more cries and moans from Samantha. His feet trampled her tender calves painfully as he manoeuvred to make tentative prods with his barely exposed penis tip at the girls slit. The smooth, white, hairless curves of the humans tender rear end partly concealed the unfamiliar sex of this human bitch. Never the less the puffy mound with its sparse covering of fur was swollen open and exposed. He had tasted and seen her cloistered opening and now he planned to put his puppies in her belly. Her kind had killed his own bitch who had been about to whelp now he would make this human bitch his bitch, his bitch and the entire packs bitch.

"No, no ... please god help me," Samantha began to weep but she didn't resist beyond moving her hips to avoid the increasingly and hurtful prods of the bonny penis intent on piercing her. "Amanda get him off of me," she pleaded with her friend.

Amanda edged closer to her friend intending to do something to stop this but Dusty had other ideas about who was in charge. His head swung toward Amanda sharply and he snapped viciously then barked followed by a low rumbling snarl showing his ivory canines.

Both girls were startled by the sudden threatening outburst. Amanda jumped back, surprised but not entirely taken aback at the reaction from Dusty. Samantha felt the bark and subsequent growl reverberate from the dog's chest. She knew from the snap and Dusty's sudden shift of weight that he had a serious intent to attack anyone who interfered. This human was his bitch and he didn't expect any interference. With just a brief pause Dusty continued to probe with short swinging hip thrusts seeking the pleasures of Samantha's exposed vulva. Each thrust of his hips drew closer to his goal.

"Sam!," Amanda only said one word but it conveyed her fear of interfering in the face of the snarling beasts' threats.

Amanda's fear was compounded when the red dog, who had licked her with enthusiasm just moments ago, also obeyed his leader's demand by heading her off, his hackles raised. Red dog nudging Amanda back and away with the implicit warning that she stay away from the rutting pair. The air around the shallow depression was charged with male beast hormones. All the animals were edgy and would be easily provoked.

The pack either lay heads on fore-paws or stood watching, waiting opportunistically, Dusty's attempts to join with the human were under intense scrutiny and more than one animal of the disparate bunch was alive to any opportunity.

Samantha's small bust rocked in time with the dogs exploring, Maybe who would not do what he seemed to want to do she hoped or was he just playing like dogs do when they leg hump people? She didn't think so.

Dusty adjusted his back legs across and forward, lowering his angle and recommenced probing. Samantha made a gurgling sound that came from deep in her chest as Dusty's penis found the slit in her wet puffy folds followed by a sharp intake of breath. Dusty's senses came alive as he felt the warm invitation of the girls inviting pussy. His spraying penis jerked involuntarily expelling more of his atomised lubricant, into his human bitch's vagina. Dusty's saliva and the fine sprays of pre-cum from the probing penis tip had coated her smooth round bum, pubic mound and now her secret place

"Sam I'm sorry....," Amanda whispered staring at her friend with pity and hopelessness.

"Oh god this is so awful Amanda, I ... I ...," Samantha stopped as she felt Dusty pause ever so briefly, she tensed and held her breath. The dog's forepaws clamped even tighter, pulling back at her flared hips. His hips dropped a little lower. Another small adjustment of his feet as he made himself ready to drive home his advantage.

Then with a sudden, more energetic, rising thrust he uncoiled his tensed muscles and pressed forward hard into the captured vaginal opening forcing his still thin penis from deep inside his groin to drive deep into the trembling female with one determined shove.

Dusty's penis sheath that shielded his tender pink penis was now pressed hard against her tender distended mound of the girl. The determined thrust unleashed the rigid baculum (penis bone) of the studs organ so that it now extended deep into the female. Samantha was stunned, it had happened but the hurt she had expected hadn't come. Yes, Samantha had squealed from the stabbing probe but not from pain but the shock it had been the sudden plunging hardness invading her. She expected worse but the initial penetration was almost an anti-climax. It was the knowing rather than the feeling. All she felt was the dogs racing heart his whimpering and the unpleasant doggy breath against her cheek. There was at that moment none of the expected sensations she had expected

Dusty, on the other hand, was feeling the warm wetness that now enfolded his hot penis, and that was enough for him to immediately become frenzied with the need to seed the bitch he held between his grasping forelegs. His hips began to pound rapidly and his penis plunged deeper into the warm wetness with a maddening frenzy deep into the slick sheath that clasped him so deliciously.

She was more spacious than the bitches he had previously served, perhaps less warm but her silky cavern was no less inviting. The friction of the contact grew in seconds as his penis began to engorge with blood expanding, inflating and filling the tiny furless bitch. The original thin intrusion, not much more than a bone covered in flesh was slowly inflating and filling, moulding into the shape of the human bitch cavern.

Samantha made little cries of protest as the clawing rear feet of the dog climbed her thighs in his desperation to penetrate her as deeply as possible. It was a frighteningly, frantic scene. Dusty mouth opened and slobbered but not profusely. He was whimpering, Samantha was moaning as Dusty seemed frantic to get further inside the girl as his knot grew and expanded stretching her spoiled vagina. Red welts appeared along her tender calf's as well as the front of her thighs as the brutish animal possessed her. Samantha's moans now turned to screech protest

Tears flooded Samantha's eyes, little rivulets trickled down her flushed cheeks, her tender breasts swung and rotated from the pounding dogs' brutal thrusting. Her head bobbed with every brutal thrust and several times she all but fell on her face as her arms gave way under the onslaught. It was and had to be utter humiliation for her. It was rough brutal sex, uncompromising in its savagery. Little did she know that that was exactly what Dusty wanted to do. But for now Dusty had forgotten his desire for revenge as his bestial need to plant his seed inside this human female bitch under him grew.

The growing discomfort of the inflating hot penis made Samantha's screeches turn to gasps then into desperate whimpering pants of discomfort. The dog's penis tightened around the neck of her vaginal opening, and deep inside her, rubbing, tugging uncomfortable but also pleasantly stimulating, Samantha felt full. Then his rapid thrusts for greater depth slowed and then stopped.

Dusty lay panting on Samantha's back his heart racing from the effort of fucking her. Samantha sighed with relief as his brutal attack on her secret place stopped. She was perversely glad and disappointed that the taxing brutality of the pounding shaft had stopped. Dusty still gripped his bitch

tightly, he had for the moment no intention of letting her go as his seed spilled into her warm depths.

Now Samantha also felt a pleasant warmth spreading inside her belly each time the tightly seated penis pulsed. The violent contraction of his bloated member conveyed even Dusty's heart beating deep into Samantha's groin. The hot blasts of semen continued discharging in prolonged squirts. Samantha knew by instinct that the dog was ejaculating his semen into her belly.

Dusty felt the same great relief he always felt when he climaxed inside a bitch. The feeling of planting new life inside a female was something he delighted in doing. Now that his seed was spurting into this human bitch that he was holding so tightly a new feeling of victory washed over him. But there was something else, something he didn't expect, he felt a need to protect this bitch he had just mated and who was now carrying his seed in her belly and perhaps his puppies. With confusion in his head, he threw his left hind leg over Samantha's back. Not expecting the dog's response Samantha tilted with the weight shift and together they lost balance.

Samantha squealed as she began to fall sideways. At the same time, Dusty made an unsuccessful effort to remain on three legs. Then with a sudden wrench, they both fell into a tangle of legs and torso. As they fell, the knot, holding them together, wrenched painfully free of Samantha's clinging vagina. Samantha shrieked with the sudden shock of pain from having her vaginal neck stretched and pulled past its limits. Dusty also yelped painfully. The traumatic separation of vagina and penis left Samantha's inner thigh covered in a copious covering of expelled dog cum that had oozed from her now despoiled vagina. She was drained and exhausted from the ordeal. Dusty, a pained expression in his deep brown eyes slunk away to use his tongue on his huge, hurting appendage.

The two young friends both looked stunned, It was hard to make sense of what had just happened. One had witnessed the other participate. Dusty had all but raped Samantha. Well it was and it wasn't rape. The situation for Samantha had dictated she remain quiet as possible and hidden. Dusty just did what dogs, animals in general do. In animal terms that was how things happened. Their foreplay was to follow a bitch until she stood for the dog and that is exactly what happened. Samantha had made herself available, unwittingly but without resistance, when she had rolled over onto her knees to listen for the approaching riders. That was the actions expected of a totally willing bitch.

For Dusty that had been all the sign he had needed. He had licked the human bitch to a point where she had given all the signs of wanting and needing to mate. When she had presented herself he had read that as a sign of compliance and had did what all dogs would do in such circumstance.

What Samantha had done was say yes by her actions. From her perspective she hadn't said yes or even showed an inclination to mate with the ranch dog but that was a matter of interpretation as far as the dog pack was concerned they had all, without exception, read the sign given by a compliant female to a dominant dog and that was the way the animal world had always worked.

Samantha lay as she had fallen dazed and barely aware . It had happened so suddenly as Dusty had tried to dismount and turn she had not been able to brace herself on weary arms and legs. The crashing fall had been inevitable. She was hurting from that sudden uncoupling and the associated stretching of her tight pussy.

The dogs strange swollen penis looked almost bleached and glistening with a tangle of surface veins covering the engorged surface the big swollen bulge that Samantha could hardly believe had been inside her was shrinking now but still brutally large.

The first flush of doggy sperm had flooded from the Sam in a warm thin watery tide. It was slightly tacky as her hand explored herself for damage. All that she noticed was that discharge was slightly pink tinged. She smelled the strong odour of sex and so did the other dogs who one by one were stirring from their patient vigil. The stinging pain of being stretched brutally, on release, now still lingered between her legs. Why was I born female she wondered.

She again felt the rise of bile in her throat as she recalled the event. She swallowed hard in an effort to resist the imminent event and only just managed as the taste of vomit assailed her throat. Neither girl said anything to each other but their exchange of looks said everything. Dusty continued to lick at his still inflated and tender penis and both girls watched it was a diversion from looking at each other. Samantha wasn't the only one to be sore from the over extension caused by the unconventional separation.

Dusty's own mind remained more on the pleasure than the aching pain at the base of his penal shaft. The human bitch had been and felt different to other bitches but she had satisfied him and taken his seed. The Red dog would wait no longer he was ahead of the others that were all showing interest in the prone girl. Samantha was startled from her lethargy by that beast's seeking tongue.

"Go away," She grumbled as she pushed at the snout that tried to burrow between her now closed thighs. For a moment the dog withdrew but only momentarily. Seconds later he was back with more persistence and determination.

"Get... go, go, go on, get away," The tears were returning, Samantha had not cried since she had tumbled as Dusty dismounted. Now she pushed at the persistent, determined dog his mood changed instantly.

His thoughts that this was a compliment bitch in heat had transformed. She was obviously growing reluctant, which surprised him just a little. Perhaps this tail-less bitch was just behaving like other slutty bitches who dropped her tail between her legs to prevent further mating from other dogs. He also knew that this reluctant behaviour was a false reluctance and in the end the bitch acquiesced and mated with other dogs, many dogs. As the animal persisted in spite of her continued effort to prevent him, Samantha finally rolled away from the amorous doggy forplay.

Thinking that he would lose interest if she stood Samantha made an effort to get to her feet. The spurned dog decided that she was playing hard to get. He knew this game and he wouldn't be put off by her avoidance. Even as Samantha began to stand the red dog pounced onto her back with an almost playful growl.

Samantha squeal she fell forward onto her knees. The Red dog had moved quickly and his front feet were immediately around the girl's slim neck and shoulders. Red made an effort to hump her but he was too far over her back.

Samantha was no match for the 110lb dog as he wrestled with her in an effort to dominate her. He growled, a deep grumbling growl from deep in his chest, as another dog approached. He knew if he didn't take this bitch soon one of the other dogs would intercede and have her. He repeated the growl, a deep resonating growl and the girl froze.

"Sam for god's sake don't make him mad you might get hurt." Amanda watched as the other dogs closed in waiting for an opportunity.

"What the hell do you mean might get hurt ..., I already have been" Samantha almost snarled at her friend but she hadn't seen what her friend had seen. Amanda's eyes indicated Sam should look to her left. When Samantha did turn her head toward where the dogs had been resting she saw them

closing in on Red dog and herself. Some of the more ambitious studs had their heads low to the ground with teeth exposed, eyes rolling and hackles raised. The dogs were intent on being the next dog to fuck the human bitch. The tensions within the pack were rising to a point where they were snarling and snapping at each other.

Samantha was in little doubt that she was a street bitch and the dogs, the most powerful of them were in charge of the outcome for her.

“Oh god! Oh god,” she whimpered instantly decided she was going to remain as much in control of the situation as she could. Slowly, with the remnants of reluctance still remaining. With a deep sigh she swung her butt under the demanding Red dog's belly. Samantha groaned silently then dropped forward raising her behind in full surrender to the Red dog.

The snarly mean pack fired up by rising loads of testosterone were close as the red dog mounted adjusted his hips with a rush. Now the full weight of the beast was upon the girl. She turned her head toward the gathered pack she knew what she had to do and attempted to raise her hips toward Red's thrusting crotch.

Samantha's head swam with all sorts of mixed emotion. What she was allowing to happen was beyond everything that she had held as decent. In fact she had never, not ever, considered anything like this happening. Sure she had watched dogs humping, at the ranch and in the town streets, they didn't seem to care about who or what was watching them. She had thought the way the little bitches had allowed the dogs to take them was totally slutty.

Yes that was a human construct that other animals didn't have to deal with. They just did what their bodies urged them to do. She, a human, most likely would do the same without society constraints and values setting the line beyond which one didn't go. Generations of civilisation made these human values part of the very fabric that held human society together. Animals had no such values. Sure there were some humans who crossed the line, she knew that, it was a wild lawless country with little polite society to re-enforce what was right and what was wrong, but for the most part people were constrained to the values that were expected of them.

Dusty and the Red dog had no such rules, at least none Samantha knew about, they were driven by instinct and need. Right now Red dog's need was to breed with her as he would a bitch. He didn't consider differences between their species. He had seen her mate with Dusty and he had smelt the familiar scent of a bitch in heat. Now all that he knew was that he had to mate her before any of the others claimed her.

Dusty's seed was already swimming around inside the bitch. Her vagina leaked testament to that. and now Red wanted, no he needed, to place his sperm inside the bitch hoping they would dominate over Dusty's. It was nature's way of ensuring the survival of their species. If he thought of the difference between the female and himself it didn't show any sign. His clamping legs and probing hips were no different in approach to this female than they would have been to a canine bitch.

Samantha felt the probing, spraying point as it sought her tender stinging vulva. She watched the seething pack milling close angry and bestial. She was no longer able to see Amanda.

“Just do it do it please get in me please,” the fear of an impending dog fight for her pussy made her tremble with a sick fear, she almost shouted her encouragement for him to get inside and lock her to him so that the other dogs would desist.

She felt puffy and open down there, wet and still dripping. Samantha sighed and moaned lowly with utter dejection. She saw the dog packs combined temper ready to burst. However, with Dusty, apart

from the total indignity of the unnatural event she had uncomfortably nice. Yes nice, it was hard to explain even to herself but she had felt comfortably full and feminine.

It was that special spreading warmth as the dog inseminated her that was, well nice. She hadn't realised she had slipped into an almost trance like state as she waited to be served for the second time until, from far away, she heard Amanda speak. How long had she been speaking?

"Whattt?"

"I said are you ok, you look a little funny Sam," Amanda looked intently at her friend over the head of the impatient pack. One dog braver than the others, a brindled mutt of huge proportions came close and Red hackles like a lions mane and sniffed the air near her behind she stiffed and Red Dog did as well. Red began to rumble deep inside, the rumble turned to a tremble then with a lunging snarl he viciously snapped at the interloper while still clamping his legs firmly about the girl under him. Samantha barely held her balance so sudden and scary was Red's response to the intruder.

"No I'm not ok, god Amanda this is awful, I feel so sick and Argh ... The probing Red dog had jabbed into the tender area between Samantha's bottom and her vagina. Then another probe and another painful miss.

"For gods sake get it in please pleaseeee," Samantha was almost panicked but the next exploratory probe found her wet and inviting portal. As the Red dog felt the wetness unfold his probing penis tip he unwound with a vigorous heave of his hips that thrust his thin penis deep into Samantha's accommodating gap. Samantha closed her eyes and lifted her head with relief.

Amanda watched as the big Red dog worked furiously on top of her friend in an effort to go even deeper than was possible, like Dusty, his penis became tumescent with blood, inflating both the shaft and knot so that the furious pounding ceased and the Red dog became still. His head rested on Samantha's back as he commenced to cum, his lolling tongue dribbled saliva between her shoulder blades as his copious discharged built pressure in the tight confines of the young woman then seeped back past the close fitting knot that plugged Samantha's vagina.

All the time she was being coupled Samantha's head was bowed down, her hair trailed in the dirt as she was rocked too and fro by the rutting stud. Looking back she saw the thin escaping seminal fluid dribble from her pubic hair, where it had momentarily accumulated. She was startled by the quantity. "How much was inside her if this amount was being expelled," she wondered. All the while she was breathing hard trying to settle, to control her feelings.

Although Samantha had been brutalised by both dogs, she was satisfied that the impending dog fight had been averted. She had seen the viciousness of fights over bitches before. The blood from the rent fur, the limping, maimed animals defeated in the aftermath of such fights and it made her feel sick. Now with the steadily pulsing discharge from Red dog mixing with Dusty's copious deposit she felt a strange feeling of power and accomplishment.

From several yards away Dusty watched the Red dog have his turn at humiliating the young Ranch owner. He had set out on his journey of revenge but at the moment of copulation, for a reason unfamiliar to him, Dusty's anger had softened toward the human bitch. She had become less an object to suffer humiliation and more an object to be protected. She was his bitch from now on.

However, he wouldn't interfere with the Red dogs copulation nor would he prevent the other dogs from having her, this was the way in the canine world. He turned his head onto its side as he focused on the rutting pair in front of him. From the corner of his eye he saw the other human bitch as she watched her friend being mated. When it was her time Dusty mused he would have her as well.

Samantha had felt the searching penis tip wedge into her cervical opening with a sudden stabbing pain that lasted just a moment but it had made her nauseous and faint. Finally the dogs vigorous efforts subsided and he settled over Samantha not yet fulfilled. His firmly planted penis pulsed and pulsed again. The spreading warmth Samantha had felt as Dusty had sprayed her insides with his pent up sperm was different with the Red dog. This time she felt the pulsing penis against her tender cervical protrusion and with each pulse she felt a warm surge was her insides as his thin canine semen squirted time after time deep into her private place. Well that's what she thought was happening and she felt a shiver of accomplishment. She now liked being a woman she liked the feeling of fullness no man could ever feel or understand.

Samantha bit her lip until she felt the taste of iron in her mouth. The red dog didn't dismount as Dusty had by cocking his leg over her back but remained in position on her back as his penis pulsed and pulsed almost in time with his beating heart. She felt and saw the runny semen in her pubic hair dripping in a thin continuous stream onto the earth between her knees. The panting beast lay, mouth open jowls dripping for several more minutes. Samantha felt a slight tightening inside her tummy as the pulsing discharge slowed and then stopped. He had finished.

The red dog felt the racking sobs of the human under him as he made his first effort to uncouple from her. What he was unable to understand was that it was sobs of satisfaction and pleasure. It didn't take a huge effort although his penis was only just deflating inside the female's engorged breeding pocket. Her swollen sex was slippery and distended from abuse, her groin muscles were more relaxed, less tense from the vigorous use. Anxious to disengage Red had turned on Samantha relatively easily. Samantha had expected it this time and braced herself accordingly. With a slithery wet plop, he broke free, allowing the accumulated semen to gush from her distended vagina. Sam felt open, empty and cold.

Even as the Red dog was making his move to dismount Samantha was looking at the other dogs. She knew and secretly hoped it would be the brindle dog next. He had seemed the most determined. Potentially the most volatile and certainly the biggest and shaggiest of all the dogs.

Brindle had been prepared to take a chance with the Red dog several minutes ago so he was keen and determined. Undoubtedly he would demand her next Samantha was sure. Amanda looked at Samantha's face but Samantha didn't look up, she remained on her hands and knees and turned slightly toward the brindle dog, as the Red dog moved off a short distance after licking Samantha's puffy pussy to lay down satisfied to lick his swollen penis clean. Briefly, the girl wondered how such a thing big and swollen had been inside her.

Needing little encouragement, the huge battered looking brindle dog replaced Red in moments. After several tries but little effort he had burred his not unsubstantial hardness inside Samantha's accommodating softness.

Brindle was ageing and battered from many years of territorial fights. He knew what to do, he had observed. Brindle was bigger and perhaps longer than the other two younger dogs. He was the old bull no longer vagarious enough to stake a claim as Alpha male but smart enough to always be ready for the opportunity.

He took his time and slithered into Samantha without effort. She felt his length stab against the back of her already stretched sheath. He humped with less vigour but more purpose than his predecessors. Samantha looked around at the rest of the pack, but she could not find the next dominant male. Of the the remainder no individual stood out over the other.

When she did identify the most likely one, she would try to be sure that he was the entitled one so she could prevent a pack fight for hierarchy turns. At that moment it was a milling pack of dog

testosterone unsure but determined to relieve their suppressed seed into a female, any female.

It was by no means dirty sex with animals any longer, it never was, it was sex to pacify a pack of randy, demanding dogs and stay safe from the likelihood of being bitten in an ensuing fight.

"Yes," she liked the power that allowing access to her pussy offered her. She would now forever be aware of that power that her pussy had over men and beasts.

Brindle did dismount as Dusty had tried to do but Sam was anticipating the move and she had braced herself against being tipped over. For fifteen long minutes, maybe more, the brindle dog remained tied with Samantha. His spraying discharges diminished she no longer felt the surge of warmth each time he pulsed, but she did feel the throb of his penis and the large bulge rubbing inside the neck of her vagina.

The tiny electric thrills made her tingle all over it was a feeling she suppressed by sheer willpower. The excess seminal fluid seeped from around the blocking knot and dribbled then trickled down her inside thighs.

Finally, after several minutes where nothing happened and the pleasant aching full feeling she had felt had gradually diminished. From behind Samantha heard the Brindle dog whimper and he stirred, shuffled his feet several times then with just two sharp tugs Brindle broke the tie ever so reluctantly. Samantha felt empty and cold as the gentle breeze reacted with the discharge that now flowed from her red and bruised vagina.

Dusty's fat, well-soaked penis hung obscenely down between his legs. It was huge and even grotesque. It looked so raw and tender that the girl felt it probably was. As Samantha's thoughts wandered she looked long at the thing that had somehow fitted up inside her tiny body with a degree of shocked wonder. The Brindle turned alongside her his tongue licking her butt. Samantha could see his raised tail and matted fur of the Brindle. The black shiny bundle of his testicles protruded below his behind as he licked deliciously at her distended and leaking vagina. The patience of the other dogs was wearing thin.

For the next hour maybe more Samantha assumed the role of a stray bitch in heat as a dog after dog either took her or scratched her unmercifully in attempting to achieve an unnatural coupling. In the end, all dogs, as far as she could tell, tried to mate her some had tried numerous times. Eight of eleven dogs had succeeded with a tie amid snarling and scuffling a few times several of the dogs demanded to be next. The last three dogs were short-lived efforts.

It was way past noon. Amanda guessed it was perhaps two in the afternoon and all of the dogs were laying in the shade. She looked again at Samantha who still lay in the fetal position she had been in since the last dog had mated with her. She had cried herself out and now just an occasional sob racked her body, otherwise, she lay there unmoved. Although Amanda had tried to talk to her friend several times she had received no response and Amanda was concerned. Another hour passed.

Samantha sat up suddenly, "What time is it?" Her dusty, tear-streaked, face was a little gaunt and tired looking but otherwise, she looked like her regular self except for her eyes which were wide red-rimmed but sparkling. Startled Amanda shrugged before answering.

"I guess, maybe three o'clock perhaps after." Samantha looked up at the partial cloud cover, then she wrinkled her face a little, then nodded. To Amanda's surprise, her friend stood up and stretched. Her lithe body was something to behold. Her perky breasts, not overly large but in proportion made her look like the nymphs Amanda had seen in the paintings in the Art museum back home.

She looked beautiful almost medieval standing there in the middle of nowhere naked surrounded by

the dog pack who watched her every movement. "Sam, are you ok?" Amanda asked with a puzzled look on her face. She hadn't known what to expect from her friend but there was a dreamlike calmness about her that, while not exactly worrying, was nonetheless a little strange.

Samantha stretched and smiled,

"Yes, I'm OK." She looked about surveying everything about her. "We'll give it another two hours and then we will head back to the ranch. It'll be dark by the time we get there," Amanda squinted her eyes puzzled by her friend's casualness.

"I mean, after what just happened, are you OK?" Amanda tried to clarify her question. Samantha just smiled, a distant smile that heightened Amanda's concern for her friend. God had she completely lost it Amanda wondered expecting renewed hysterics, not a smile.

Samantha took a few steps toward her friend and sat down next to her. "I'm OK, really I am. I hope what happened goes no further though," She took Amanda's cheeks in the cup of her hands and kissed her. Amanda was again startled.

"Sam' you are scaring me," Samantha took her hands away from her friend's cheeks and looked directly into her eyes.

"Look Mandy," She never addressed Amanda that way, "All I am saying is that something wonderful happened, not when those mangy dogs were mating, Oh! Hell fucking with me but afterwards. I was almost hysterical, to begin with I know but as I lay there in the dust afterwards with the dog sticky stuff all over my thighs and belly," Samantha looked down at her crotch that had dust matting her pubic hair and outlined where the dogs leaking seaman had coated her thighs, bum and belly. " I became calm. I realised then that it was done."

"I can't explain why, but I knew right then and there that I couldn't undo what was done and no amount of hysterics or recrimination would change that. Whatever happened, happened, it was nice in a weird way. I didn't want it to happen and I felt dirty while it was happening but it felt nice in retrospect. It was a sort of out-of-body experience and for a while, I was not me but a bitch to those dogs and I had to go through with it. At some time as I lay there in the dirt wanting to be sorry for myself, I felt this calmness wash over me from my toes to my head. It was a wonderful calmness Mandy, it was. I have never felt that way before. At that very moment, I knew I would never feel guilty about what happened to me and what I encouraged in some way, or about anything in the future. I guess I made peace with myself and from now on I don't care what others think."

It was dark as the two naked girls on horseback, followed at a discreet distance by the loping dog pack approached the back of the ranch complex of buildings.

Wint Brown had joined Weasel and the other five rustlers as they picketed the Ranch approaches. Weasel had been right when he had predicted that the women would wait until dark and make their approach from the rear of the Ranch.

Here the ground sloped up, only a slight grade but not before an approaching rider crossed the skyline when they topped the ridge, descended for about a quarter of a mile, crossed a creek then eased up the slope toward the first of the uninhabited ranch buildings. Once within the shadows of the buildings it was easy to cover the short distance to the back of the sprawling main house and into the detached kitchen before using the covered walkway into the main house, undetected.

That had been Samantha's plan and Weasel knew it would be.

"Here they come Weasel," Wint observed the women top the rise and silhouette themselves.

"I see 'em."

"How do we work this?"

"Whistle the boys up and I want three in that stand of trees yonder and three along this wash, I'll stay put and block their approach now get the boys in place."

Reign up ladies" Weasel's warning was full of menace and any thought of flight disappeared as the rest of his crew closed in on the two tired and frightened girls. It had been easy, too easy.

Three hours later they were heading single file into the old mine tunnel heading for the adobe buildings on the other side of the hill where the rustler's hideout.

"You won't get away with this Wint Brown," Samantha was glad for the darkness that hid her nudity. As she hissed at the closest rider. " Hank Long will be looking for us at this very minute."

"He can look all he wants but he won't find this tunnel or you and your cute little friend." For a short, while all was quiet except the echo of the horse's hooves as they picked their way through the tunnel carefully with only the light of one burning torch to assist them.

"Why are you doing this to us, we can't possibly help you, were no threat. If you hadn't brought us here we wouldn't know where you were." Wint and Weasel both laughed.

"Well?"

"Oh lady," Weasel answered. "You don't know how much you can help." He laughed again before he continued. "You, my sweet little naked doves, will be a great relief to all of my men I am sure you know what I mean If you don't you won't have long to wait to find out." Samantha's stomach churned with fear. It wasn't the words but the way they were delivered that carried Weasels meaning

Weasel kicked his skittish mount forward and left Samantha to contemplate his words. The tunnel grew wider and Amanda, seeing an opportunity, drew alongside Samantha. There wasn't enough room to ride abreast and the horses bumped and jostled one another, but Amanda had to ask Samantha what Weasel had been saying.

"What did that beast say, Sam?" In the tunnel, the burning torches provided a ghostly light that flickered and danced across both girls' faces making the whole event even more sinister. Samantha didn't answer immediately but continued to ride deep in her thoughts for another twenty yards or so.

"It wasn't so much what he said Amanda, it was what he implied. I think I know what he meant but I'm not sure."

"What do you mean?" another long pause followed. Ahead there seemed to be a small patch of oblong light that must be the tunnel entrance. Samantha Turned to her friend and leaned even closer.

"We don't have long hun but I think they have plans for us." Returning the whisper Amanda was only inches from her friend's ear.

"Plans, what sort of plans?"

"Nothing good if I'm not mistaken and I am sure I'm not."

"You don't mean?"

"To be honest I don't know what I mean but I'm sure that we are going to be expected to entertain the men, the rustlers who are hiding out here."

"Entertain?" Samantha heard the fear in her friend's voice and reached across and patted her knee.

"Yes! Entertain. Entertain like those bar girls entertain I expect." Amanda's breath drew sharply but she said nothing as the horses broke from the tunnel into the moonlight. All around them were rusted metal and broken boards and posts. All the discard you would expect from a mining operation, especially an abandoned one.

"This way," Weasel directed and swung his horse toward a low squat adobe building about fifty metres away. The men split away and headed for a larger, well-lit building next to the one Weasel had directed the girls toward. These two buildings were among a dozen or so buildings that clustered about, most in various stages of disrepair. In several buildings, lights were showing and the sound of voices, drunken voices. The one the men headed toward had a large corral with many horses inside as well as several saddled horses tied to a hitching post. The faint sound of an ill-played squeeze box wafted gratefully toward the approaching party.

"Where are you taking us?" Amanda demanded in a wavering voice.

"Well, ladies you need to clean up some before you can socialise," fed up with Weezels alluding tones Samantha wanted a straight answer.

"What is going to happen to us?" Weasel paused and looked at both naked girls in the soft moonlight. He had to admire both of them. They were indeed treasures and he knew the men would part with a good proportion of their ill-gotten gains to have their turn with one or both of them. But it wasn't just supplying girls for the men, no, it was more than that. To have these two delicious bodies out of the way, missing. He would clean out Samantha's ranch. Then when the time was right he would be able to have her sign it over to him.

"Well, my little miss prim and proper that's easy. You and your friend here are going to be entertaining my men. All thirty or so of them. By entertaining I mean you are going to work in the bar and serve drinks and clean the place when you are not taking whoever pays their two dollars to fuck you."

"That's... that's," Amanda stammered when she was able to close her dropped jaw.

"Yes, you are going to be bar girls, sporting girls, scarlet ladies, prostitutes for two dollars a time and you are going to like it." Weasel expected an outburst from one or the other of the girls, perhaps both but they remained silent. Samantha felt her stomach churn and her legs go weak. Tiny beads of perspiration covered her face as her skin grew hot as her colour rose to a bright crimson from her toes to her hairline.

"I won't, you can't make me," It was Amanda who replied defiantly. Weasel dismounted in front of the back door of the building he had made the girls head toward. He looked up at Amanda who refused to meet his steady gaze.

"I can and I will. You do this willingly or otherwise, but do it you will. Make no mistake there are some among this crowd who would like it none better than to have you fight for your virtue. They have raped before and some have a taste for it.

Now as I said. You get cleaned up and when you do you come over to the bar of your own free will. He pointed to the larger building where the noise had risen appreciably since the kidnapping party had returned. Do you hear me? Your own free will with a smile on your face. Don't have me send someone for you because if I do you will not like what will happen. Trust me it's better you do this my way because if you do I'll protect you from anyone who wants to get rough. If you don't then I will ignore any protest you make if the men get rough and some will.

Oh! almost forgot, you'll find some appropriate pretties inside near the tub. Borrowed them from the girls at the bar in town." He stood back as the girls entered through the low doorway. They were beaten and cowered. He knew it and so did they. What happened from here on and how they survived was going to be up to them.

With startling suddenness, the door slammed back on its hinges and two naked girls flew blindly past in a flight of urgent panic. The cacophony within the bare reached a roar of angry indignation as the men realised that their evening's entertainment escaped.

The front group of men threw the colourful apparel aside and began to chase. One of the men, tangled in a discarded dress and crashed to the floor bringing down the following posse. What with the initial pause of surprise at the girl's sudden defiant attempt at flight and the disorganisation caused by the tangled mass of falling humanity, if the low life could be called human, the girls gained valuable time in their dash for freedom.

Dusty watched as the girls flew past the closely gathered pack. From the corner of her eye, Samantha saw the pack leader and her heart leapt in surprise. To know the dog and his pack were there with them was somehow comforting. Strangely, she now felt a bond with this masterful beast and his pack, she wanted to stop and stand defiant with her protector but common sense prevailed and she continued around the back corner of the adobe building and headed toward the front of the building where they, Samantha and Amanda, had previously noticed several tethered mounts. If the men had decided to leave by the front the girls would have been caught. However, the inebriated men on mass followed the half-naked girls out of the back door.

As the men sorted themselves out they finally emerged from the building. Hesitating momentarily on the threshold while they tried to figure out where the girls had gone. The pursuers looked right and left. It was certain that the girls hadn't run directly east from the back door or they would still be seen against the rising moon. Just as the men had decided to split left and right and circle the building on both ends a low, almost imperceptible rattling growl made the leading group, pause. As they paused the sudden awareness hit the leading men that a new obstacle in their pursuit of the women had emerged.

The raised hackles and glinting teeth of the snarling pack were now lined up in a solid, threatening wall of angry dogs. A snarl and a bark from the grey leader made the men back peddle. More dogs joined in the angry confrontation with some diving at the men that were brave enough to stand their ground. Confusion in the close confines of the narrow entry to the adobe building generated anger among those unable to see what was happening. From the safety of the back of the mass of would-be pursuers, a man called angrily.

"What the F***k is going on up there?"

"Bloody dogs that's what." another answered.

"Where did they come from?" yet another voice enquired a little hysterical.

"How in the hell do I know you silly bastard but there here."

"Well, you got a gun don't 'ch."

"Sure! We all got guns you dopey Pr..k

"Well?" One word was enough.

"Yar! Shoot the f****n mongrels why don't you."

Men were offering advice from the back while the front of the group braved the flashing fangs of what seemed a seething mass of vicious dogs. It seemed like good advice to shoot their way out but in the close-packed mall of pushing bodies, the rear guard forward and the front men pushing back, it was difficult to clear leather and shoot.

Hooves sounded at the front of the building and a lone cry gave a warning as two horses broke into a gallop, but the men were unable to hear them over the noise that they were generating in panicked confusion. Suddenly a shot rang out. It wasn't aimed with any certainty and only grazed the grey dog at the front of the antagonistic beasts. However, it was enough to make the pack scatter into the cover of darkness before a second and a third shots rent the otherwise still night, the dogs had disappeared.

The girls entered the house and sought the lamp on the table and soon the room was bathed in a pale, warm, yellow glow. Samantha slumped into a chair at the table. Amanda did the same.

"I didn't say anything on the way back, didn't have a chance really but we owe those dogs a lot for our escape." Samantha felt weary as she spoke too hyped up to sleep.

"Yes we do, don't we," Amanda replied, "Where did they come from do you suppose? I mean they seemed to be waiting for us right there at that horrible place."

"Well they were following us I suppose, I hardly like to think why but I could guess. You do know what dogs are like they can find anything anywhere, their sense of smell I guess. Perhaps it concerns me. Maybe I am giving off a smell that attracts them. Maybe that's why they pack raped me earlier. I just don't know for sure." Samantha leaned forward at the table, I could murder a cup of coffee right now."

"Me too, the stove is still alight, I'll put the pot on. How about some eggs and bacon there are some here in the cool safe." Amanda got herself busy with the frying pan after stoking the kindled embers into life under the coffee pot. Looking over her shoulder at Samantha she saw her friend sitting legs at full stretch under the table. "you tired?"

"No! Well yes, I am a little but mostly just aching," Samantha answered

"Me too, what are you thinking" It was clear to Amanda that Samantha was troubled about something.

"Oh not a lot, just wondering if one of the dogs had been shot."

"Shot what do you mean?"

"Well as we were leaving I heard several shots and we can guess who was being shot at, Didn't see a dog with a gun did you?" They both laughed

"One way of finding out," Amanda said as she was flipping the bacon over. The smell of the frying bacon reminded her that she hadn't eaten for the best part of a day.

"Look?" Samantha suggested.

"Yes. Let's do that after we have eaten"

"How many dogs were there earlier?" Samantha asked then blushed. Amanda coughed and turned away embarrassed before answering.

"Eleven wasn't there." but she didn't say you really should remember.

"Yes, yes of course there were. Do you suppose they all came to that hideout?"

"I think they would, they were running as a pack and dogs like that tend to stay together." Amanda wanted to scream at her friend to go count them but she remained controlled.

Samantha rose slowly and felt her stiff tender limbs protest at being disturbed from their rest. Outside she cast her eyes over the pack who had gathered on the verandah as the gathering clouds and falling temperature indicated an approaching storm.

She counted the dogs Dusty rose lazily to his feet and stretched. It was then that Samantha saw the raw red slash across the dog's shoulder. She knelt and called the big dog to her. He sauntered over to her with a slight favouring of his right foreleg. It was a wound all right, a graze that sloped down the shoulder ploughing the fur away but not entering the dog's heavily muscled shoulder. Sam rose and looked down at the dog feeling responsible for the dog's wound.

"Come with me boy," she offered a conciliatory hand that begged the injured animal to follow.

"What's wrong Sam?" Amanda looked up from her cooking.

"Dusty, he's been hurt, probably the result of one of those shots." Samantha went to the mantle and retrieved a jar and returned to the dog who made himself at home near the stove. The still half-naked Samantha squatted next to Dusty and gently applied salve to the dog's wound.

As she worked the other ten dogs entered the kitchen attracted by the smell of frying bacon. Dusty smelled the bacon as well. However, he was attracted by another smell much closer to him. Samantha worked on his wound for some time to make sure the wound was clean. She snipped matted fur away to give her clean access. Dusty's head slowly turned toward the enticing odour of this human bitch that he had shared with the pack earlier that day.

Amanda put the bacon and eggs on the table to accompany the freshly poured coffee whose odour permeated every corner of the room and enticed Samantha to leave her tendering of the wounded Dusty and sit at the table.

"How is the dog?" Amanda wanted to know.

"It's only a flesh wound, he'll be stiff in the shoulder for a while but otherwise he will be fine, fortunately," Samantha answered between mouthfuls of her greasy meal, it tasted delicious after so long without food.

"Not the only thing that is getting stiff," Amanda glanced down at Dusty had remained on his side as Samantha had left him. Following Amanda's eyes, Samantha immediately saw what she meant.

Dusty had become excited by the ministrations of her gentle hands as they administered the soothing balm to his wound.

Not just her hands excited him the closeness of the human bitch and her enticing odour was overriding any sense of discomfort his shoulder may be giving him. He rose, stretched and yawned before again slumping to the floor, this time under the table close to the two pairs of naked legs and thighs. Several other dogs joined him.

Forgetting the dogs for a moment the girls finished their meal and began to sip at the coffee that had cooled enough to drink. Outside the rumbling thunder drew closer and the flashes of lightning told the animals and humans alike that the storm was about to unleash its latent fury. Heavy drops of rain falling on the iron roof confirmed that things were going to become a little ugly momentarily. Flashes of lightning lit the sky blending with the rolling crashes of thunder that seemed to rock the substantial building.

Samantha stiffened then giggled. Amanda looked at her quizzically but soon her question was answered by a strong powerful tongue lashing along her thigh leaving a wet trail from her knee to her lower belly. Samantha was biting her lip and her eyes were closed tightly as the furry head pressed between her parted thighs and the damp muzzle touched her lower belly. She attempted to draw her knees together but too late. Samantha shuddered with the memory of the previous day and she bit her bottom lip.

"Oh! Bugger," she groaned then slid her hand under the table and rested it on the head between her thighs. She considered for a moment but didn't push the dog away instead her gentle fingers rubbed the crown of the animal's head and fondled his ears. Slowly her head tilted back and her eyes closed as the dog between her knees lapped at her delicious offering.

Little moans escaped Samantha's lips as the dog between her fluttering thighs worked his tongue between and along the increasingly tumescent folds. That working tongue continued to open up like petals in the early morning. Her labior engorged further with each slobbering lash that started near her butt and finished as it plastered her pubic hair with a sticky wet mucus.

Amanda watched her friend as she became increasingly tormented from the delicious ministrations of the slobbering tongue on her aroused vagina. Then it was her turn to be driven beyond her ability to control what she did or felt. There were tongues everywhere as the pack jostled for the prime position between the inviting space. A dog licked her leg as another had somehow been able to push his head across her hip and he now wetly assaulted her pubic mound with achingly delicious swipes of his probing tong.

Neither girl spoke but allowed the dogs beneath the table to enjoy what they had to offer. It was little enough for helping with their rescue Amanda thought as she drowned in her ecstatic pleasure.

Another dog was lapping at her very source of pleasure and she, like Samantha, had her eyes closed as she absorbed the sexual pleasure of multiple tongues as they worked over her legs, belly, pussy and beyond. The table shook as dogs jostled and growled, even snapped for their share.

It was an auditory sensation and excruciating pleasure. Loud slurping tongues on every part of her being, jostling fur and endless searching tongues seeking every morsel that dripped from Amanda's sexually charged vagina. Then from nowhere a tingling grew in her groin and sent little electric shocks along her spine. Sharp and tormenting at first then the tingling spread throughout her entire body and she stiffened and shuddered. Her behind lifted from the chair and she slipped further onto the probing tong that sort her deeper offerings of delight.

Without prior warning, a powerful contraction clamped her hips tightly onto the probing muzzle of the anonymous beast. Amanda's entire body stiffened and then relaxed before the next delicious surge sent her body writhing out of control.

Sometime later, maybe seconds maybe longer she lay slumped in the chair with her arms dangling. She felt weak and drained unable to push the now unwanted attention from her secret place. How many times had she felt the thumping contractions that rocked her, she couldn't remember but she guessed six maybe seven? She had orgasms self-inflicted before but this was beyond compare. Slowly she opened her eyes and straightened in her chair closing her thighs on the searching tongue that was continuing to feast on the copious orgasmic discharge.

Samantha had a dazed look on her face and Amanda took a while to realise that both she and her friend had both reaped the result of the oral pleasures that a dog can offer.

"I guess they got their reward for our rescue then?" Samantha looked at her friend as she came down from her total reverie and made an attempt at a grin.

"I guess they did. But I'm not sure who got the reward are you?" It was Amanda's turn to smile then "Let us say each took our pleasures as we found them. Speaking of pleasures, I think I need to bathe and dress for bed. I wasn't tired before but I am bushed now." The flashing lightning was almost continuous now as Samantha went to the window to look out into the at times brightly lit ranch yard.

"Oh god, it's the ranch hands returning. Look at us we look like two tarts." Samantha followed by Amanda ran for the bedroom to dress. They both instantly realised that with the return of the men they would have a bit of talking to do to explain why they were here and where they had been.

After hearing the story, Hank Long was not pleased. He quickly realised that Wint Brown had deliberately sent him on a wild goose chase for the rustlers that had been someplace else. He would kill that traitorous sidewinder when the opportunity arose, no one made a fool of Hank Long and lived to tell about it.

When Hank and Samantha had finished comparing the events of the last 24 hours Hank immediately sent riders out to all of the other ranchers. They had to know that he knew where the rustlers were hiding out.

While he was in the house Hank Long and Dusty eyed each other with suspicion. Dusty sensed that Long was a rival for the human bitches affections but he knew that Long would not have her as long as he was around. Dusty and other dogs had bred her as an act of revenge but now Dusty looked on Samantha as his bitch. He would share her but not with this man who had treated him so badly in the past.

The bad vibes of animosity were felt by both humans and dogs. Because of that animosity, Dusty would remain wary of the man's boot while he was close. For his part, Hank had restrained his temper while Samantha was around. He had not been so restrained when the woman was away from the ranch nor would he be in the future.

By daylight, the rain had ceased and the overcast heralded a cool day. The dark rich volcanic soil stuck to men's boots in cumbersome cloying lumps that grew bigger as the men walked through it. It was very much like the effect of a snowball rolling down a hill gathering more snow only this was sticky mud.

The additional problem for the gathered riders that formed the posse was that the rain had turned the normally placid creeks into raging torrents. Torrents that still grew and would continue to

become even deeper and wider because high up on the escarpment the clouds hung heavenly and it was still raining up there at the source of all the streams. There was little chance of the streams dropping in the short term all of the riders knew.

With three deep, and now wide, and dangerous streams to cross the rustlers might have time to make a getaway with the cattle that they had corralled near the old mining village. The girls hadn't seen the cattle in their brief captivity there but they had heard them and by the noise that they were making it was a big herd.

After the girls escaped and the men that had been sent to bring them back returned empty-handed Wint decided that it would be prudent to move the cattle south without delay. The rain he realised would cover their tracks and give them time to escape even if the inevitable posse could ford the raging torrents that poured down from the escarpment.

"Shame about them women Wint, fancied a bit of split tail, especially the blond one" One of the rustlers offered as Wint rode past with his hat pulled down over his face as far as it would go. Streams of water poured from the battered hat in sheets and it made his mood worse.

"They ain't got away free, mark my words. They'll wish they never run when I catch up with them." He rode on but his mind seethed with ideas of how he could recapture those women who had made a fool of him.

The following day the riders were finally able to leave the ranch. The twenty-four hours had given the Rustlers time to make a clean getaway. However, it had also allowed the posse time to be more prepared for a prolonged chase.

Although Samantha had argued for her inclusion in the posse calmer heads had argued that she would be better served if she stayed with Amanda at the ranch and who had a lot less experience with horses than herself.

In the end, it was agreed and the two girls stayed at the Triple C ranch. Both girls waved the posse off. It was an impressive site with scores of riders taking part, the Rustlers would have no chance if they were caught Samantha surmised.

"Will they catch them do you think?" Amanda asked. Samantha Shrugged was still peeved that she wasn't with them.

"Maybe, maybe not it's hard to know. It depends on where they might have gone or even if they left their hideout at all. If they have left the hideout it becomes a question of how far they have been able to go. There is of course one other thing. How much of their tracks were washed out by the rain?"

"Oh so many if's my head hurts." Amanda smiled and turned to go inside

"Well we won't know for days I expect so we best find things to do."

"We could go and take another look at the gold." Amanda brightened up.

"We could but the creek and waterhole will be so full there is no way we could go in diving for gold yet."

"I guess not, shame. There seemed to be lots down there, maybe you don't need to have a ranch. It is not a real girl-friendly country." Amanda was a little crestfallen but understood what Samantha

meant.

"Oh?" Samantha looked at Amanda. "Not a girl-friendly country is it? Tell me you don't fancy one or two of those cowboys."

"Of course I do, there were lots of cute ones in the posse, cute in a hard cowboy way I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean. I saw the looks you gave Johnny Boyd from the T-bar-T." Amanda gave a cheeky grin and went to say something but stopped.

"What?" Samantha seeing Amanda's expression and the way she had been about to continue then stopped, and asked.

"Nothing," Amanda blushing replied

"It's something alright look at you blush." Samantha was smiling broadly.

"No, it's nothing." With her curiosity heightened Samantha was not about to let her friend slip back into a shell like a scared tortoise.

"Come on spit it out, we share things, private things, remember." Amanda hesitated for several seconds as Samantha looked intently into her friend's eyes.

"Well, it's kind of silly, curiosity is a funny thing isn't it?"

"It is, ...but I hardly know what you are curious about, do I?"

"I was just thinking, well wondering I guess, not that I wanted it to happen you understand."

"Spit it out, girl." Samantha showed her frustration then

"It is just that... you'll think I am awful I know, but I was wondering what it might have been like... to, you know... With all of those men at that horrible place." Samantha continued to stare at Amanda who dropped her eyes as her colour rose to bright pink. Then with a faint twist of her lips, Samantha replied.

"Me to, well ... sort of. You know what I mean. Not be used like that by those disgusting brutes the way they were going to but the idea is sort of well, you know ..., it makes you think about being a woman, makes me sort of runny the thought of what happens, it does. Samantha paused and like her friend flushed hot and red before she added more demurely. I am being just silly and so are you girl. It would have been just awful."

It was quiet for a moment before Amanda again looked up at Samantha and they both giggled at their secret thoughts. Dusty who had not been more than a few metres away from Samantha since returning decided that he would take this unguarded chance to inspect his bitch.

Samantha looked down at Dusty and back up at Amanda. "The men will be gone for a couple of days at least, there won't be a sole about, " as she spoke she looked down at the dog once again a smile curled the corner of her mouth so slightly. " I think I'll send the cook into town, there are things I need for the kitchen. He will need to restock the cook house as well with the extra mouths to feed this morning, don't you think?" Five minutes later Samantha was back on the verandah and the cook was harnessing up the dray for his journey to town.

"Well, now there it is just us! Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"The dogs?" Amanda returned the question with a question?"

"Yes, the dogs."

"Oh Sam just looks at them there all muddy and wet, you can't be serious.?" Samantha looked the pack over. Amanda was right they were muddy and wet and smelly but all night she had been thinking about the dog lapping at her vulva and she needed that feeling again.

"Your right there gross, but that's going to make it so much more feral don't you think?"

"Feral ...? feral ...? god Sam what has come over you it is one thing having them lick you and even like yesterday when you had no choice other than to be mounted by them but this is so weird, it's not right." Samantha was already undressing right there in the open as the cook drove the dray from the yard.

"Sam, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," but Amanda knew better, her friend had a strange look in her eye, a far-off look. The events of the last few days had taken their toll. The conservative lifestyle she had lived was shattered when she had given herself to Dusty and his pack. The subsequent events had been cumulative without Samantha showing any signs of flipping out but she had.

Dusty sat at the foot of the steps that led to the yard his piercing brown eyes were singularly fixed on the now naked human bitch that he was willing toward him. Samantha cast her clothing in a careless pile onto the deep verandah and stepped down into the muddy rain-soaked yard.

After the storm and the initial heavy rain the sky had remained heavy and showers had persisted but now the rain had all but gone and the overcast was lifting. Scudding showers of cold light rain continued to pass over the ranch regularly.

"Sam!" Amanda called lamely but Samantha paid her no heed as she stepped into the ankle deep mud of the yard. The creamy ooze squeezed between her toes as she walked toward the big chestnut tree in the yard that provided shade in summer. It had been planted by her Grandmother all those years ago and had been a favourite place for Samantha to play as she grew up. The sprinkling rain made her shiver and she rapped her hands across her chest as the goose bumps made her normally alabaster skin dimple like pewter.

Like a bitch in heat she was followed by the pack, lead by Dusty whose intentions were clear. His muzzle brushed the young beauty's hip, his nostrils drinking in her delicious scent as he followed. Samantha paused several yards from the swing seat that hung from the sturdiest branch. Like a woman in a daze, which she was, Samantha looked back at her friend who had made no move to join her.

"We owe them Mandy, we owe them," her innocent girly voice beckoned her friend to join her. With an almost angelic smile Samantha slowly dropped to her knees her graceful form misplaced in the muddy setting.

Dusty immediately came to the wanton bitch and with an almost lovers kiss licked her full on the face and along her neck. Samantha flicked her long hair from her face and edged forward onto her hands and knees. She made an almost whimpering sound as if she had suddenly realised what she was doing.

Dusty herd the whimper of invitation from the same sound. Samantha had said nothing but had

Involuntarily said so much. Her inviting nakedness was totally submissive and the dog accepted the invitation. He placed his head on her hip and pressed down, Samantha remained stationary ready to mate. She looked again at her friend still standing confused on the verandah as another scud of rain passed over.

Dusty felt a certain pride in his easy conquest. Of all the bitches he had mated this one was the easiest to seduce. He licked her smooth fur less hip that flared wide, smooth, round and plump before him. She was different to all those narrow rumped bitches he had mated previously. Human bitches, he decided, were more luxurious, more curvy and soft against his warm belly. With their narrow waists flaring sharply though smoothly into wide hips they offered so much more to clamp his fore paws around enabling hip purchase to draw himself into the female.

Samantha didn't know why she wanted the dog so badly that she was prepared to be so wanton, but she did. It was Amanda's brief comment about being a whore to all those men that had somehow made her mind turn to carnal thoughts that she justified by feeling indebted to the dogs for her escape from the that horrible place.

On top of that was the way that dammed gorgeous tongue lolled as he had looked at her as she stood on the verandah. Those piercing brown eyes willing her to be his bitch one more time and his wet, musky, raw feral dog smell that was both revolting and alluring.

Her groin felt suddenly tight, achingly, damp and needy. It was a need she hadn't fully understood until yesterday but having been mated by most of the pack, feeling their flesh inside her most secret place, their tense rippling muscled bodies covering her, fur against skin. The searing fullness as the dogs penis engorged inside her own engorging wetness had been magical, not then but on reflection. It was something she had wanted and needed without knowing what she had wanted and needed. Why the rash sacrifice to strip and walk across the oozing mud of the ranch house yard in what would be a place of total activity every day, she wasn't sure but as Dusty licked her bum she felt her fire rise and reality slip away again into a fog of rolling lust.

The clouds that had hung over the escarpment all morning again closed in on the valley and the rain began to fall steadily. It wasn't a passing shower, rain like this lasted for days and sweetened the pasture before the unrelenting hot days of summer descended over the territory turning everything brown and crisp. At the moment Samantha hardly noticed the rain or for that matter cared less. Dusty had his nose firmly planted in the soft folds of her behind and his tongue was savouring the delights of her nectar filled garden.

Samantha closed her eyes tightly to enable her senses to focus on what, at that moment, was the most abandoned sensual experience she had yet to experience. Her hair was hanging down across her forehead in wet tangles that were channelling the growing torrents of water across her breasts to focus on her puffy, chilled nipples before falling in twisted rivulets on to the muddy earth between her bracing arms.

Dusty was in no hurry to consummate the union as he continued to explore the human bitch before him. She didn't have the strong odour of peak heat that she had exuded yesterday but her waning ovulation was still emitting enough invitation to make his testicles stir with need. He moved his head from the bitches crotch and slid it over her ample round behind. Raising his right paw he stroked Samantha's right hip and whined a whimpering pleading sound that sought confirmation from the human bitch.

The sharp dewclaw of the dogs four-paw scratched Samantha's hip as the foreleg of the beast slid along the outside of her thigh. The bedraggled girl gave a start of surprise at the sharp stinging hurt

and made an inventory yelp in response as she drew her leg forward away from the offending claw.

Sensing a measure of reluctance from the notionally complaint girl bitch Dusty moved with her. He was not about to let the female have second thoughts or for that mater play hard to get. In a reflex motion he lifted his upper body onto the plush fullness of Samantha's rounded curves and instantaneously stepped over her dragging lower legs to press his jerking groin directly against the bitch that he had been teasing only moments previously.

The dog whimpered as he closed in on the soft roundness of the females hairless hips. He felt the giving softness, cold against his warm smooth, relatively fur-less groin, as he began to actively seek the wet warmth of the compliant female she lowered her hips in response to his initial thrust. The trembling body beneath was exciting him to greater efforts as he moved his hind legs onto the protruding calf's of the human bitches legs. She yelped at the digging claws cut into her. The soft under pads of the dogs hind paws sank into her tightly muscled calf and began to dance across her unprotected flesh as his hips thrust and bounced against the padded behind. There was no tail to protect the female from unwanted attention but her plump roundness worked almost as well as he enthusiastically sought the only patch of fur on the bitches body other than her head.

Samantha lifted her head and looked about. A few of the pack were using the swing seat as shelter but most stood about tails drooping, head bowed in deference to the rain that had grown in intensity as they waited patiently.

Dusty felt the giving flesh of the receptive female against his partly protruding though not yet engorged red spear. Dusty thought that a reluctant bitch might lay down and drop her tail between her legs this human bitch was showing her genuine desire to mate by standing quiescent.

Encouraged by her manner Dusty prodded with gentle persistence. Probing thrusts of his hips that sought the swollen vulva of the female. The human female condition was different to that of a bitch. Her vulva was not as obviously swollen but never the less his perceptive canine eye had noticed that her vulva had become more bloated as he had plied her with his tong. Dusty's searching penis was moving closer and closer to its ultimate goal. The fine spray from his penis coated the females vulva in glistening droplets. The per-ejaculate, smoothing the passage into her breeding receptacle.

Samantha felt the warm pressing penis as it got closer and closer to her vulva. She could feel the occasional squirt of something fine and warm first on her behind now on the fine pubic hairs that surrounded her vaginal passage. She moaned with expectation and flicked her sodden hair from her eyes.

This was so revoltingly wicked and promiscuous, It was so not her that it was difficult to reconcile what she was doing at that moment. Was she? Had she, become a slut? Worse a dog slut whose needs knew no bounds at all. Well maybe she was maybe she had her mind answered her own fractured thoughts.

Here she was, crouched on all fours, in the ranch yard in poring rain with mud up to her calf's giving herself to the farm dog. No not just the farm dog but an entire pack of dogs. She smiled sheepishly as she resigned herself to the depths she had sunk to in such a short period of time.

The girl, the human bitch, grunted as Dusty bisected the slender folds of her vulva. Once twice three times he dipped into her female recess only to retreat as he failed to adjust to the unfamiliar angle that differed from human and dog. The forth time he felt the smooth warmth enfold him.

He lifted on his powerful hind paws, digging into Samantha's vulnerable calf and thighs with brutal carelessness in his effort to drive his hips forward brutally against the human bitch. His lower body

hunched with the driving force of raw animal need. He clenched tightly with his forelegs and dragged back as his back arched with effort.

Dusty's penis sank deeply guided by the mating urge that required his seed to be planted deep inside the fertile female. His forward thrust engaged his baculum bone that stiffened his penis from within giving it a rigid hardness to penetrate. Fully seated inside his bitch Dusty's penis quickly engorged as his virile blood flowed to the place it was needed most. The dog's hips and legs worked frantically as his penis thickened until his shaft fitted snugly within the girl, his human bitch. She felt soft and warm, totally female under her dominant stud, his rapid thrusting groin slowed as the resistant fullness wedged tightly.

Samantha had moaned then screamed with the sudden sharp intrusion into her inner depths. The delving penis poking hurtfully against her tender cervical opening as the dog climbed and thrust at her, hurting her with his penis and hind claws simultaneously. As the dog pounded her ferociously the bulbous gland at the base of his penis began to engorge uncomfortably inside Samantha's vaginal passage.

The friction of the thickening bulb against the sensitive outer vaginal opening was both uncomfortable and excruciatingly erotic. As the penis thickened, filling her tightly the dog's hips slowed and finally stopped moving. Samantha felt her vaginal neck stretched around the bulbous penis just inside her. There was another sensation added to the pressing stimulation of the lumpy penis and it was much deeper. The squirting discharge of doggy semen was spreading a warmth deep into her belly.

Samantha, overwhelmed by accumulated sensations felt her head spinning and her eyes loose focus for several excruciatingly delicious seconds that felt like minutes. She was shaken from her reverie just in time as Dusty lifted his left leg over her tender bum and succeeded in adding another scratch to her tender flesh.

The stinging scratch of the claws and the painful tug on her tender vulva forced an involuntary yelp from the girl. Thinking the dog was trying to disengage from her Samantha tried to pull in the opposite direction away from the attached beast. Dusty's stretched penis was twisted and he also yelped and growled but the combined force of two individuals moving in opposite directions resulted in both of them losing balance and tumbling sideways into the clinging mud still joined.

Stunned and confused Samantha lay with her back to Dusty. She felt her heart pounding in her ears, an audible pulse that was racing as if she had ran a brisk one hundred yards. Dusty's left hind leg was above Samantha's hip and twitched occasionally, his head was firmly against her back and his panting was regular and controlled.

Every twenty seconds or so the girl felt another twitch of the penis followed by another surge of warmth deep inside her belly. For twenty minutes maybe more maybe less the girl and the dog lay in the thinning mud washed by the torrential rain that seemed determined to cleanse the yard and its rutting occupants with its unrelenting volume. Neither girl or dog moved.

Samantha gradually returned to some sort of emotional normality as the minutes passed. Her feelings were mixed and confused. She had wanted and needed the interaction between herself and the Dog but now she felt deflated perhaps unfulfilled. It had been an exciting roller-coaster of unconventional behaviour that left her depleted of emotional values.

To say she felt a certain self disgust would be less than adequate to describe how she felt at that moment. Her carnal needs had been sickeningly fulfilled but she had taken the ride and found

something missing. Sex was one thing but without emotional fulfilment it was a hollow event .

A red shaggy dog similar in size to Dusty ambled over to the copulating pair. He lowered his head to where the girl and dog were joined and sniffed. Dusty snarled his resentment and lifted his head showing a grizzly set of canine teeth. The red dog's hackles stood on end and he growled a rattling growl of defiance but stepped back. His reverie interrupted Dusty started and the now disgorged penis flopped wetly from Samantha whose engorged and open vulva was swollen and open.

With a certain animal indifference Dusty sauntered off, after a few cursory licks of his bitch, penis dangling. He dislodged several smaller dogs from their shelter under the tree seat swing. The red dog encouraged Samantha to go to her hands and knees. She groaned and mumbled, "not again," but complied with the dogs wish expressed with nudges.

It took some time for the red dog to find her but when he did he really became rough in his enthusiasm. Samantha felt insignificant, detached from everything that was happening to her. Apart from several grunts and moans that were forced from her by the exuberant dog. She seemed disinterested and distant as if it was not even her that was the subject of the beastly rut.

The dog slammed into her with such rapped thrusts that he was soon swollen, filling her entirely as he added his copious cum to that abundant deposit that was already there. As Samantha braced for another tie, feeling the large fleshy knot blocking and stretching her bruised portal it was not an unrealistic expectation in the situation. She felt suddenly used and exhausted. The euphoric trance she had been in before Dusty had taken her had worn off but she knew she had to be available for the rest of the pack or at least those that wanted her. Fortunately the expected tie wasn't to be. Dusty had left her vaginal open stretched and far too distended to hold the smaller knot of the red dog.

With a sudden tug the knot and engorged shaft spilled from her with a wet suction like sound and the doggy seed gushed from her open and vacated vagina to spill across her pubic mound and mat the sparse hair that covered it with thin sticky doggy cum and mud. In fact Samantha was almost black from her time laying in the mud tied to Dusty

Samantha turned to watch her second doggy lover depart. His penis dangling and engorged almost touching the wet muddy ground as he waddled toward the same shelter that Dusty had commandeered and where that dog still lay gently licking himself. She was amused and in awe of the penis that hung down red and swollen, it looked so awkward and gave the appearance that it could become detached if its doggy owner wasn't careful. As she watched another suitor was about to stake his claim and in spite of her now less than enthusiastic feelings to be humped again she lowered her hips in an invitation to this smaller dog who fancied himself a stud.

It must have been near noon but with the rain still falling it was impossible to tell. Amanda had moved from the verandah to the kitchen and back again many times. She was nervous for Samantha. Not so much what she was doing, Amanda had watched as the dogs had mounted or at least tried to mount her friend the previous day. It seemed longer than 24 hours with so many events being packed into such a short time but yes it was yesterday.

Leaning on the verandah post and watching absently as Dusty again mounted her friend Samantha, Amanda looked up at the rutted trail into the yard and then back at Samantha who looked tired and worn but like a stray bitch being pursued by a pack she was patiently serving all those who wanted her. As for the dogs, they waited patiently for their turn to mount and mate. The bedraggled animals cared less about the rain as an inconvenience as their primal instincts demanded they seed the female while she was receptive.

The rattling of chains was the first indication that the cook was returning. Like everything else the old cook and the horse pulling the dray were miserably wet.

"Oh shit," Amanda said to no one in particular and immediately ran toward the kneeling woman who was partly covered by Duty's, grey humping frame.

"Sam! It's the cook," Samantha looked up at Amanda vaguely.

"Cook?"

"Yes the cook he's returned, just outside the yard right now," she pointed urgently in the direction of the entrance to the triple C ranch yard. "Come on quickly," Amanda reached down to help Samantha stand ignoring Dusty altogether. Still somewhat dazed Samantha made a move to break free from the rutting dog.

Dusty growled at the restless female but he was unable to keep his clasping forelegs sufficiently tight around her smooth narrow waist. Even as Samantha staggered uncomfortably to her feet the dog kept humping but by now he had lost contact with the slack overused vagina.

With the kitchen dray about to swing into site the two girls one, supporting the other, slipped and stumbled toward the security of the house. Even as they made their way to safety from prying eyes Samantha's senses were returning and her shaky legs regained her circulation. The dog pack watched, confused by the bitches sudden departure. Some, the more alert and perhaps desperate had begun to follow as dogs do when sex is on offer.

It took the best part of an hour for Amanda to assist Samantha to clean up in a warm bath and untangle her hair. Samantha's hair was tangled and caked with mud her body scratched and raw from her numerous encounters with the amorous dogs. However, after the bath, she felt the return of her usual inner glow.

"You ok hun?" Amanda asked Samantha as she stood behind her brushing the long blond tresses back to their original shine. It hadn't been easy and the hurt of the tug of the numerous knots had made Samantha seque in pain and brought vociferous apologies from her friend.

"I think so, the scratches are on fire. I feel kind of swollen down there but yah I'm okay." She had had time to think about what she had done and now it didn't seem real. It would take more time, a lot more time, for her to understand what she had done. For now, she had a lot of souls searching to do.

Amanda continued to brush Samantha's hair until she was sure that all of the knots had been removed. Even as she put the brush back on the dressing table a knock at the door made both girls start. They looked toward the door and were still doing so when the hard wrap came again. Samantha raised her eyes and as if thinking out loud enquired of no one in particular. "Who can that be do you think?"

"There's no one here, on the ranch but the cook."

"Yes! I'll see what he wants."

"It can't be anyone else it must be him." Samantha went to the door and tentatively append it. It was the little bearded cook who gave every impression that he sampled more than he served.

"Scuse me mama but I got this message for you." He handed over a letter that looked wet and limp.

Samantha reached out and took the letter from the little fat man. It was addressed simply 'Miss Groves' in ink that was running badly on the partially wet envelope. The cook turned and headed back to the cook house. Samantha watched him leave then shut the door and turned her back and leaned on the inside frame as she looked quizzically at the peculiar message.

"What is it, Sam?"

"A letter from town?"

Who from?" Samantha turned the envelope and its single-page message over several times before answering.

"Don't know it doesn't say who it's from." Samantha frowned

"Well, what does it say?"

"That's just it, not a lot."

"Well?"

"It says if you want to get back what you lost meet me at Wheezal's Saloon this evening at 6:00 pm" Amanda looked at Samantha for maybe thirty seconds before replying.

"Lost what? Your cattle? And why Wheezal's place it does sound suspicious."

"I guess it does sound suspicious, I don't know what this is all about, it's way too strange. But if the note is talking about the cattle and if the posse doesn't get them then I guess that there lost. No one will get them back once they cross the border and my guess is they have"

"Why do you think that?" Amanda was curious. So many weird things had happened in such a short time.

"Because of all this rain, I don't think the posse could have followed the rustlers and caught up in time." Samantha was herself once again and the crazy Samantha was being replaced by a clear-thinking young ranch owner.

"So why send you a message to meet this ... this person? Do you think it is this Wheezal person?" Amanda was beginning to look worried.

"Well ... it might be but I don't think so. My bet is Wheezal will stay with the herd until he gets paid, he won't trust any of the others to collect the money. He will also know that he will be heading for a rope if he returns here, No I don't think it was Wheezal who sent the note. My guess is he is behind whatever they have in mind though. I am sure he asked for the note to be sent. My first thought was, why did he send the note to me and not one of the other ranchers, then I realised that he must have known that the other ranchers were in the posse. "

"Maybe it's that Wint person?"

"Yes, maybe or someone close to Wheezal. Anyway, I won't be going to meet with whoever it is."

"It may be something not related to Wheezal at all ..., it's possible," Amanda suggested

"Yes it is, I guess we may be jumping to a conclusion I have to admit."

"Where did Cooky get the letter? Samantha frowned.

"He didn't say, I didn't ask." Samantha felt stupid for failing to make an obvious enquiry.

"I'll go ask him right now Amanda said and was still speaking as she exited the front door.

Amanda returned ten minutes later, "He said it was one of the bar girls from Weezels place, not sure of her name but he is pretty sure it was Sarah or Sahara, something like that."

"A bar girl? I wonder what she knows? For that matter, I wonder what she means by getting back what we lost. I assumed she had meant the cattle but it's a bit of a mystery. If she had meant the cattle she would have said 'If you want to get your cattle back or something like that. Don't you think?'"

"Now that you mention it, yes, well at least I would have written that way, but it does seem to be deliberately vague."

"It does but if it was one of the girls who sent it I think I'll go. We know that Wheezal won't be there so there doesn't seem to be any real danger and who knows this Sarah woman may have some information we can use if not us then the posse."

Right on the dot of six, the buggy made a wide loop in the muddy main street to come to a halt outside the seedy though busy bar and gambling house. With their skirts held high to clear the mud that instantly made a mess of their shoes the two young women mounted the steps onto the boardwalk. There were few people about. Most of the men had joined the posse and the women were indoors not knowing what to expect.

The rain had stopped but the clouds hung heavy and threatened even more rain to come. As dark as it was outside it was even more depressingly dark inside. There was only a minimum of lamps lit, there was no need for more with a lot of the men on the posse there was only one customer inside. The two girls in gaudy bar girl skirts that were typical were both flashy and over-painted to disguise their age more than make them attractive. In a town of few women, age didn't seem to matter a great deal.

Neither Samantha nor Amanda had been in a bar before, well not a proper one. They had been forced naked into the make-shift bare in the old mining town but this place was different it was purpose-built for drinking, gambling and whoring.

Samantha felt uncomfortable standing there looking around at the bar fly at the end of the bar and the two girls. No one spoke. The two groups of girls eyed each other suspiciously and the man at the bar seemed more focused on the drink in front of him. There was something not right here. Samantha had the sudden feeling that she should leave but there was nothing obvious that should cause concern.

"Which one of you is Sarah," Samantha finally asked the two girls who looked back at them through their heavy make-up.

"That's me," the brassy blond replied sullenly, "You must be the Groves woman. I didn't think you would come." Amanda and Samantha walked over to the two bar girls who hadn't moved.

“Why?”

“Oh I don’t know but you shouldn’t have” Samantha frowned

“No you shouldn’t have, but we are all glad you did.” Samantha and Amanda both turned as if choreographed toward the voice from the bar. There were now two men at the bar and one was Wint Brown and a down-at-heel cowboy.

“What’s going on here?” Amanda spoke for the first time since entering the bar. Both men moved toward the startled girls.

“Nothing going on here but Wheezal seems to think that he has some unfinished business with you two tarts. Tie ‘em up Shorty, Weasel threw shorty a length of rope as he pulled his gun to cover the girls who were rooted to the spot with fear it had all been so sudden and a trap. The two bar girls looked on with expressionless faces as the girls were taken out through the storeroom

Bound and gagged the girls bounced about at each rut in the road. Hitting the bumps seemed to be a playful challenge to Wint and his skinny friend. They had chosen the buggy to transport the hapless girls, It was easier all round, with the men’s horses following, their Leeds tied to the back of the buggy. To have their horses at hand ensured their mobility in an emergency, although an emergency was an unlikely event given the further south they went the more sympathetic the people were to the outlaws.

After many hours of travel, the shuddering rattle of iron tyres on timber indicated the loose cross beams of a bridge. The length of the bridge and its height above the river indicated that they had crossed the border. Samantha felt her final hopes of rescue disappear with the knowledge of where they were.

Several hours more, just as the first faint rays of dawn were creeping across the landscape the buggy topped a rise and paused for a moment. Below, the river made a big sweep forming a horseshoe bend narrow at the open end and enclosed perhaps a thousand acres of good grassland that must have constantly flooded, adding new alluvium annually to the already rich soil.

The slight rise in the otherwise flat expanse was closest to the open end of the horseshoe it was an ideal and safe place for a ranch house. It was no surprise to see the expansive buildings clustered around a white-washed hacienda that was a magnificent structure.

“Well ladies the way I hear it Weasel ain’t too pleased with you too at all. Figures you have some unfinished business for him. Oh, by the way, this place use to be Wheezal and his brother’s place, left to them by their parents. The brothers had a falling out about how Wheezal wanted to stock it. Well, the long and the short of it is that Wheezal’s brother just up and left late one night, nice and generous, don’t you think?”

Wint and his skinny friend broke out in uncontrollable laughter at some inside joke they were not about to share with their two captives.

As the buggy descended the long slope into the valley and the open end of the horseshoe bend many low to the ground, shadowy figures topped the rise and stopped where the buggy had stopped.

Amanda and Samantha were bundled through the door and into the rather large living-dining room, part walking and partly being carried reluctantly by the two ruffians. Both girls were thrown onto the plush rug that was spread the width of the room in front of an ornate desk, behind which Wheezal sat. Two poodle bitches shared the rug and they eyed the new arrivals with utter disdain

befitting their aristocratic-looking appearance.

“Well, well, well, what have we here Wint?” Wint felt compelled to answer.

“It’s the Groves girl boss ... and her friend.” Wheezal looked up at the smiling Wint, who appeared like an obedient mutt who had just retrieved a thrown stick. Now he sought the praise, a pat on the head by his master.

“I can see that you idiot.” Wheezal snapped then he then turned his attention sharply to the two frightened girls. “Well, ladies what a pleasant surprise. I had some work for you to do at the hideout but as it turned out your unfortunate escape has just prolonged the duration of the service you will now do for me.” He got out of his plush chair and walked around the desk to look down at the two girls still crouched on the rug. He looked at the two poodle dogs who sat quietly, as well-trained animals will do, then flicked them each a treat of some kind.

“See those two bitches there,” He pointed to the two poodles, “There French from France, pedigrees and all. The papers give them fancy names I can’t even pronounce. They are not your common street bitches to be used by barnyard dogs to whelp mongrel pups, no, no, no ... they are being saved for a very special sire that has come from France to serve them both.

They will gladly submit to the dog I have chosen to be the sire of their puppies. Breeding pedigree Poodles has been a family tradition of mine. Sadly, of late, when hard times hit it was a luxury we couldn’t afford. Now, Miss Groves, with your help I am no longer just the owner of a down at heels bar and whore house, I am a man of property again. Consequently, I intend to continue with that tradition as is my right.

Now over the years, it hasn’t avoided my notice, that you Miss Groves,” he pointed at her then swung his pointing finger toward Amanda, “ ... and I rather anticipate your friend as well, both of you, think that you are a special breed of woman. Someone who can use their money and influence to belittle common people like myself, a despised saloon owner. Well, I expect that is what you thought. In that respect, you both are not unlike my two bitches here, destined to breed with the best and have your aristocratic babies. Isn’t that so?”

Neither of the girls said a thing. Samantha had known Wheezal was common and course. He made his living from alcohol and women, but what they had heard, and we’re seeing now, was a vindictive psychopath. Wheezal had little or no empathy for anyone or anything, except for his two Poodle bitches. He stood, arms folded, looking down on the two women and spat his contempt for them, then returned to his desk.

“Wint ..., Skinny these two bitches who think they’re something special is now just common whores. Take them to Benita, she knows what to do with them and they will be available whenever the men want them. Tell Benita there fifty cent whores without privileges.”

The shadowy figures of the pack that had followed the buggy all night were resting in the shelter of the orange grove, the dogs were now tired, foot saw, thirsty and hungry. Dusty moved carefully and looked into the big white building. He saw his bitch, his human bitch, being treated rather roughly by the men. He heard the raised voice of the men, but the two females remained silent, looking scared.

Then the girls were lifted roughly by the two men and taken from the room. Because of the tall wall with a sturdy locked, wooden gate, that divided the orchard from the rest of the yard, Dusty, was unable to follow. There was something else, the smell of a bitch in season, not a human bitch but a canine.

Then he saw not one but two white, fluffy dogs, tall and slender with clipped coats, the like of which he had never seen before. His heart began to race as he watched the two strange, aristocratic creatures leave the room behind their master Weasel. Dusty stayed at the window for some time watching and waiting.

The girls were both taken to an L-shaped building fifty metres behind the big house. It was a beautifully maintained building like all the other buildings, a testament to easy money from the prolific rustling of other people's cattle. The walls were covered in the same brilliant whitewash that was covering all of the buildings. Next to the L-shaped building, which seemed to be a bunk house, was a huge stable block.

Wint and Skinny hassled the women forward across the intervening courtyard

"I can't fight any longer, Amanda I will do whatever they want. I'm tired and can't think straight." Amanda nodded her agreement. Neither girl had slept much in the last two days, and their brains were not functioning.

"I know how you feel but I wasn't going to fight at all, " Amanda replied.

"You weren't?"

"No, I was not. I said yesterday that I get this funny tingle when I think about all of those beastly men wanting to have their way with me." Amanda paused, "Do you know what I mean? you do, don't you?" Samantha shook her head to say she didn't understand but in a way she did understand what Amanda was saying.

"Here's the two whores you let escape last time Benita, have 'em ready in ten minutes. Weezels says that the men can use 'em whenever they want, and as often as they want. He wants 'em broken in, properly so they won't run.

The boss says to charge fifty cents a time, Just make sure they understand what they are here for." Benita looked at the two men disdainfully and ushered the girls to the table where she proceeded to pile bacon and eggs onto each girl's plate.

"The night yard shift is fed and in bed and the day riders have already left." she snapped cantankerously. Wint just screwed up his face and snapped back.

"Still want 'em ready in ten minutes don't we Skinny?" Skinny looked confused as he tried to fathom what Wint had said. Wint waited a few seconds and seeing that his dumb friend couldn't understand made a deep sigh.

"Shit Skinny do you want some pussy or not?" Skinny brightened.

"Oh oh sure Wint you mean we can", he pushed his bony chin in the girl's direction indicating he now understood clearly.

"Were cow hands ain't we?"

"Well yes, sure we are, aren't we Wint?" Wint sighed again.

"Tell you what Skinny you take your pick, don't matter none to me which one you choose they're both prime split tail and I sure would be happy with either one.

"Can I have the blond one Wint? I always hated that bitch for the way she puts on airs and scowls at

us cow hands, she's not friendly, Wint. I said to the boys' lots of time I would like to fuck some manners into her.

The girls heard the conversation going on behind them, about them and despite their resolve to be compliant both felt uneasy. Skinny was showing his long pent-up hate for his former boss. He had a problem with women, especially those who told him what to do. He was a man of his time and misogynistic. Although hungry neither girl ate much before the men's impatience overtook them.

"Right on your feet ladies," Wint ordered. "What rooms do you want them in Benita." The old woman looked at both men, unable and unwilling to hide her dislike for them. Taking the girls gently by the elbows as she guided them along a short hall where two rooms probably served as the ranch foreman's rooms or for someone else that was slightly above the lowly cow hands. Now the rooms would be serving another purpose.

She stopped at the first door, opened it and indicated to Amanda that this was her room. As Amanda went tentatively forward, followed into the room by Wint who was already removing his gun belt.

At the next door, the withered crone paused after ushering Samantha into the room. She blocked the way to prevent Skinny from rushing in after her. Her bony finger poked Skinny in the chest.

"These girls are my responsibility, if you hurt 'em ill be telling Mr Wheesal so mind your manners you hear me?"

"Get out of the way you stupid old crone," With a firm shove he pushed the fragile old woman out of the way and slammed the door behind him.

"Look Skinny, I'm not about to resist, I'm not stupid and I know I can't escape or even prevent you from doing whatever you want to do with me so don't be rough, ok, you heard the old lady. If you do the right thing I will do whatever you say."

"You'll do whatever I say anyway, so start by getting naked." Samantha looked at Skinny who was already shedding his own few garments with undisguised haste. Samantha sat on the bed and slowly removed her shoes placing each one tidily by the bed. Hoisting her skirt she removed her stockings rolling each one in turn and placing them in her shoes.

"For Christ's sake," he sounded exasperated, "what the fuck are you doing, stop stalling and get them clothes off and show me them titties." Samantha looked at the uncouth man who had spoken to her. He stood barely two feet from her and he was naked. It was clear how he got his name. He was skinny dressed and now undressed he was positively skeletal. His ribs were prominent, as were his hip and collar bones.

As she looked up at this pathetic human, things got worse, he was grinning. He showed his yellow tobacco-stained teeth and the two missing front ones. She looked at his hairless body, hairless except for the dense patch of pubic hair that was the nest for his two hanging testicles. The biggest part of the man was his thick, rigid penis that twitched with expectation. Skinny harried Samantha into getting her clothes off.

Samantha groaned inwardly but she realised that she had no alternative. For this skinny man to be her first man made her feel quite ill. Slowly she removed her blouse and Skirt rising from the bed to let the voluminous skirt fall to the floor. Skinny kicked it aside.

"Your under-ware, come on, get it off, get it all off," but his patience was at an end he reached forward and clawed at Samantha's button and loop bodice. As the buttons popped they reveal her

pert breasts, which were firm with puffy nipples.

Samantha struggled to remove the rest of her underclothing petticoats and draws as Skinny's rough hands clawed her breasts. His hands were coarse, rough and strong as was the man himself.

"Don't ... do ... that," Samantha snapped, slapping the hands away. Undeterred, Skinny dragged the now naked Samantha hard against him and grinned as his belly met hers.

For just a moment, Samantha and Skinny stood face to face, his vile breath assaulted her face. She turned away knowing she was about to throw up.

Skinny laughed and dropped his head to her chest, his drooling lips closed around her puffy nipple, nipping hard. His tongue wrapped around each one in turn as he began to suck loudly like a feeding baby.

Samantha, her fists balled beat hard on the skinny man's back in a futile protest. She felt his hardness expand into the gap between her thighs and she tried to clamp her legs closed against the sticky hardness. Feeling the girl's resistance Skinny, his lips still sucking frantically, pressed his groin forward and held the struggling girl tightly to prevent her futile resistance.

"You are a whore lady, a cheap 50cent whore and you gonna get fucked good," with that he slapped Samantha hard across the face, first one way then the other. He threw her bodily onto the narrow cot. For a few seconds, Skinny looked down at the defeated girl. She looked so frail and small. His erection tugged painfully at his groin, demanding relief.

Samantha looked back at the man standing above her, Her eyes pleaded silently. The bony man now focused on her parted legs. Samantha swooned at the overpowering stench of the man's unwashed body it reeked of sweat and urine but mostly her own eyes focused on the man's incredible groin. She could hardly believe the size his penis had grown to, and his churning testicles below it.

Samantha closed her eyes to the wanton act of lust about to be committed on her body. Even as the man's hands began to explore her most intimate parts Samantha heard rather than saw a scratching at the window. Skinny's hands followed the contour of her body down to her hips then across her belly into the sparse pubic thatch. The desperate bark seemed a long way off as Samantha began to swoon again as Skinny covered her and became more demanding with lips and hands.

Samantha couldn't believe that this incredibly ugly man with sour Body Odour and breath was able to make her body feel this way. A finger slid into her soft groove and dipped into her vagina. Sam gasped then gasped again as his tongue worked back and forward across the tip of her nipple. A second finger rubbed along her pussy groove and circled her nub which immediately hardened.

Skinny felt the girl's hips rise and he smiled to himself and worked harder with his long talented tongue. Her nipples were tugging at the very fabric of her breast with a tingling so delicious. She felt her groin becoming runny and her body get hot and inflamed as the blood filled the fine veins all over her skin and the glowing heat of an erotic blush made her loose sense of indignation.

Skinny had not had a woman for a long time and he had never had one as beautiful as this uppity bitch. The bony hands now clawed at her thigh's and her knees parted a little. It was wrong, oh so wrong. It was not the way Samantha had envisioned her first time with a man. Her often dreamed, a knight in shining armour riding a white prancing charger came to sweep her off her feet in some romantic tryst. But this ... this ... was, her stomach turned, ... was, in reality, a semi-illiterate cow hand that, for reasons only he knew, detested women with a burning hatred that required him to dominate and take what he wanted from them with a brutal self-satisfying lust.

Skinny felt the parting thighs yield to his brutally searching fingers. He smiled again his missing teeth added to his simpleton appearance. He felt the soft yielding of Samantha's vagina now wet with her sticky secretions. His fingers and her bodily instinct had eased the way for him, he smiled drooling as he did. Samantha groaned as the Skinny's fingers curled, parted then entered her vagina.

"God you are a hot little bitch, just like a bitch in heat ain't 'ch. Where's the high and mighty graces now hay? You are just begging for it bitch and you gonna make old Skinny a happy cowboy, ant 'ch. You gonna enjoy this and say thanks to Skinny for fucking yah. I'm gonna put a baby in your belly for sure. I can feel it in my balls. Just imagine you with my baby, now that would be something to be rightly proud of."

"No Skinny, please don't, don't do it, please." Samantha knew that he was probably right, she was herself fertile at that moment and had been for a day or two. The dogs had known and Skinny maybe did know as well, in his simple-minded way.

"Now ain't that something? you begging me not to fuck you and saying please wiff it, hell you never afore said please to anybody have you?"

"Skinny! I'm sorry if you think I have been different but it is just my way with people, really it is, I don't deal with people all that well and...."

"Shut the fuck up and spread those legs, I'm busting for it." Suddenly Samantha was slammed back onto the bed and Skinny was on top of her, His body between her parted thighs and his bony hardness seeking her vagina."

Samantha made a gurgled protest as the skinny man's ass began to slam at her unprotected groin. She grunted in surprise as he bucked his haunches, paused the penetrated her with a single forceful push. Samantha stifled a gurgled scream of defeat. Her head swam, the room tilted, and she lay dazed in surrender, swooning, enduring as the skinny man covering her heaved and pressed his erection into her, brutally and deep.

He made yipping sounds to accompany each thrust. After little more than thirty seconds he stiffened, groaned and shuddered. Samantha felt a slight pulsing then a warm bubbling feeling deep inside her. Not as hot or as strong as the dogs had been but she knew he had cum.

Samantha felt a sudden surge of panic and relief. Was that it? Was he finished with her? But he gave no sign of finishing as he lay on her, his heart thumping rapidly against his bony chest occasionally lifting and rolling his hips sharply.

Once in a while he twitched and made several timid thrusts, but he did not attempt to lift himself from Samantha. Samantha just stared at the ceiling a lone tear rolled down her cheek and she asked god to forgive her and free her from this evil man's clutches.

All the while Skinny remained covering Samantha's beautiful ripe body. Firmly embedded within her slippery orifice, enjoying the wet clutching warmth of the woman he had just inseminated. His breathing returned to some semblance of normality. His bony paws squeezed the girl's clammy breasts and he bit her neck sharply.

Samantha felt the exploring, rubber like, lips slobbering along her neck. Shuddering she turned her head to avoid his clumsy, slobbering kiss. She shut her eyes and mind to what was happening just wishing he would get off of her. The thick lips paused, sucked gently for a moment. Samantha rolled her head to the side. The lips followed trying to kiss her on the lips and again she rolled her head

away.

Skinny snarled and cursed at being denied what he wanted. He pushed Samantha's head to the side. For a moment Samantha was relieved. Skinny had stopped trying to kiss her. To her surprise, the bony man suddenly bit her savagely just below the ear in retaliation for her reluctance to kiss him. She screamed from the sharp, stabbing pain and tried to roll him off but he bit her again and made that weird yipping, barking sound that he had made when he was fucking her.

For a time he lay quite still on top of her forcing Samantha to endure his entire weight although it was not a huge burden, just bony. Skinny began to grow tense. Little shudders racked his body from time to time then his substantial penis hardened against her wet groin. The skinny mans breathing increasingly, his heart rate rose. Sam could feel the thumping heart against her right nipple.

"You might be an uppity bitch but I'm gonna tame you, I'm gonna fuck you till you scream for more of skinny's seed in your pussy, I am." Skinny's excitement grew and Samantha felt, as well as heard, the aroused irregular breathing of the aroused man. He slid effortless back into her pussy, a wet trickle of expelled fluid dribbled across her butt.

Skinny began to kiss her neck and face seeking her lips with his. Samantha avoided his thick slobbering mouth and bad breath for the most part. Undeterred, his wet kisses continued and extended along her neck to her nipples. Her tender buttons hardened in response to Skinny's expert teasing. Samantha groaned, and Skinny smiled.

"Ah! You like that girly dont'ch. I can feel your pussy clutching my prick. Your a good ... good whore yes you are girly.

Moments passed, and then slowly, the man's hips began to move against her open crotch. She felt him tighten inside her saturated sheath. His hips gradually increased in speed as he rocked back and forward. The slapping wetness of their groins was obscenely loud in the small room. Samantha rolled her head away from the grinning yellow teeth. Skinny's breath was a sickly stench on her face and she felt the bile rise in her throat. The risk of him biting here again was a lesser concern than being violently sick all over Skinny and being brutalised for her troubles.

At the window, Samantha saw the face of Dusty's face between his two bracing paws. He just watched jaws open tong lolling, his brown eyes burning into her soul.

She felt something inside her head saying that she was Dusty's bitch. Somehow thoughts came telepathically from the dog. The voice told her that she was Dusty's and this man was not welcome to mate with her. She wriggled her hips to escape as the voice demanded. Her struggles resulted in her getting another slap for her vain effort. Dusty could do nothing to prevent it. Dusty's eyes and thoughts were filled with hate for the man covering his bitch.

Seeing the dog at the window gave Samantha hope, the hope of escape, but when? Perhaps after dark, that seemed to be the message that Dusty was sending to her as his eyes looked deeply into hers, but it was hours till then and god only knew how many men would have used her as their receptacle before then.

Skinny bucked and humped his hips violently, biting at Samantha's shoulder yapping crazily as he did. The thin bedding bounced. First, he moved slowly against Samantha then gradually increased his hip thrust to long probing strokes. His thick dribbling lips left a wet trail from her neck to the point of her shoulder.

Samantha's breasts jerked and rotated with each brutal thrust and Skinny punctuated his efforts

with the now familiar obscene noises that set Samantha's nerves on edge. Twice she thought he was about to finish as he went rigid and still, his breathing slowed and he gradually relaxed. Then he began again slowly, groin rotating against her groin. Then, as before, he picked up his pace until he was brutally fucking her again.

The second time he gasped when he had regained control, "I ain't ready to cum yet girly, I gonna make it last, I sure am" With that he grabbed a spare pillow and pushed it under Samantha's butt lifting it.

"What are you doing," Samantha snapped.

"When I cum I want to keep that baby goo inside you till it takes hold, that's what," Then he began his steady, long deep stroke. Samantha gasped as Skinny brought his mouth over hers and began to kiss her brutally. Samantha struggled briefly, then give up the struggle.

Samantha didn't respond to the slobbering kisses at first. She was sickened by the foul-smelling man but gradually under his enthusiastic assault, she began tentatively responding. Not because she wanted to it was a sort of reflex. Skinny kissed and fucked her, his slim behind driving into Samantha's groin relentlessly. His slimy lips devouring hers.

Samantha felt her reality slipping, her senses blurred as she desperately clung to conciseness. Her nausea increased and she caught the bile in her throat, perhaps preventing her from fainting completely. When she thought it would never end, the man above her stiffened, shuddered, grunting several times before howled like a dog. Samantha felt a chill down her spine then felt the thick penis jerk several times before he slumped onto her breathing heavily. Minutes passed before Skinny finally roll from her, gasping for air, almost exhausted.

"Dam girl you drained me," he panted as he recovered enough to speak.

Dusty maintained his watch for a little longer then his paws slowly slid down the dusty pain and he disappeared. With him went the rising hope of being saved and Samantha felt alone, her growing sense of hopelessness increased.

The door cheeked open, "you finished skinny?" Skinny rolled onto his elbow and turned his sweat streaked face to Wint.

"For now but I sure do want another crack at this bitch later." Samantha shuddered. Wint laughed.

Skinny rose slowly from the cot and slapped the girl on the rump as he left. "I'll be back miss high and mighty. I've had better fucks but I wanna make sure you have a little Skinny bastard in yah belly so I can tell everyone that's my kid you have. Now wont that be sumpin?" Samantha stared at him with a hatred she had never felt before. As he dressed Skinny's eyes kept roving over Samantha's gorgeous body that lay curled up in a fetal position not wanting to look at the man who had just raped her. To make her feel worse Skinny walked around to where she could see him then blew a kiss before he finally left the room.

The old crone appeared several minutes later with a basin and a towel. "Best clean you up some and maybe sleep some a'fore the rest of the men wake, they gets up around 9:00 9:30 and they'll be wanting a bit oh your tail for sure. There will be three shifts I reckon so on and off you two will be busy till after midnight," And they were.

The old crone went to the door and looked back at the lithe figure on the bed. She was amazed at the taught young body with small but pert breasts that jutted out with prominent puffy nipples. Her

alabaster skin seemed almost transparent as she sat at the edge of the bed legs spread widely and dangling.

The nipped waist and flaring hips were built for child bearing and her strawberry blond hair framed a sweet face that was now, unfortunately streaked with tears. When Samantha flicked her hair the ugly bruises left by skinny showed red and purple on her neck. The old lady scurried away and reappeared with a cream that, she applied to the distressed girl. Satisfied the old crone again left the room. As she left she scooped up Samantha's skirts and blouse as well as her underclothing.

Fifteen minutes later Samantha was in Amanda's room. Amanda had not been as roughly used by Wint as Samantha had been by Skinny. In fact she had no complaints and was oddly calm about what lay ahead. Both girls sat on the bed and compared what had happened and discussed what they could do. Amanda was reluctant to agree with Samantha's plan to try to escape after the last man had left that night. However, when she heard that Dusty and his pack had followed them she agreed, although reluctantly. After maybe half an hour they were interrupted by Benita who Shooed Samantha back to her room.

"You needs to be ready for the others they'll be here soon, now shoo girl." Amanda looked at her and grinned at the almost bizarre mothering approach of the old woman. Samantha was more reticent, she was not looking forward to a long day giving her body to sweaty, smelly, course men with bad breath, but she just sighed and complied with Benita's directions.

It was two in the morning when the last man climbed from Samantha's bed. Tired and weary Samantha lay there fighting against her weary body afraid she may fall asleep. She heard the creaking bed next door fall silent and soon after the naked feet of a heavy man walked by her open door. He paused and looked in at the blond girl still laying on the bed, he was big and hairy and his stomach reminded Samantha of a big hairy bubble on legs. For a moment she thought he might enter but he looked for a moment, winked and then moved on. Benita again returned with the basin, washer and towel then left telling both girls that there would be no more men until morning. She flipped the big heavy latch on the dividing door and shuffled off.

The stable was dark as they entered. The moon outside had made it easy to find there way but when the barn door closed behind them the darkness was total. The girls stood absolutely still letting their eyes get more accustomed to the blackness.

Ahead the shuffling of hooves and an occasional snort indicated the horses were just ahead. What might have been easy was difficult in the dark but with a lot of fumbling and dropping of all sorts of things Samantha was able to saddle two horses. She hoped that the girth strap was tight enough but at the moment it was the best she could do. Adjustments could be made later, hopefully.

Amanda swung the big door open a crack and peeked outside to see if there was any movement about before she swung it fully open. There wasn't. Even as she was looking around Samantha brought the two mounts forward only to be joined by the shadowy figures of several dogs that fell into step with the women. It made the horses a little edgy but the dogs spent a lot of time around ranch horses and knew how to give them space. As they passed the barn annex leading the horses and remaining watchful they were brought up short by a whining noise. Amanda, closest to the barn annex, saw the kennels that housed the farm dogs and the two poodle bitches of Weasel.

"Can you see what it is Amanda?" Samantha was looking toward where the sound came from.

"Yes its the kennels, Wheezals fluffy dogs I think," Samantha went to move on but Dusty and the other dogs had moved toward the kennels.

"Oh shoot those dam dogs are going to bark," Amanda hissed.

"Quick let them out quick. Ill hold your horse." Amanda quickly moved to the kennel and looked about for the door latch, "Is it locked?"

"No, should I just let them out."

"Yes but be quick and if there are leads put them on the bitches."

"The leads are here but I,m not sure....."

"Grab the rains Ill do it." Moments later the dogs were on the leads and following the two girls. The dogs were following the bitches as the two naked riders crossed the river and headed toward the boarder.

"Does this remind you of something Mandy? Amanda laughed.

"Sure does were doing a lot of naked riding of late."

"What will we do with Wheezals dogs Sam?" Amanda asked and Samantha just giggled and said nothing. "Well?" Amanda insisted.

"Well Skinny said to me he was going to put his baby in my belly, ... god I hope he hasn't, but what I do know is that sooner or later we would both be pregnant It wasn't going to take long if we stayed at that place.

They forced us to fuck those horrible men for fifty cents Amanda that is what those common whores get in those crib things I have heard. They, Wheezal particularly, wanted to belittle me because he considered that I, no both of us, thought our self above him and the cow hands because we had money and property.

Wheezal called us two high and mighty uppity bitches and I am sure he would have delighted in one of his horrible men getting us both pregnant. It would have been in his eyes bringing us down to his level. He would steel my cattle and brake me and turn me into a tramp. He was going to make us whore for the rest of our lives or more likely sell us to one of those horrible whore houses down here, Right.?"

"Well yes I guess, I hadn't thought about it too much at all."

"Well I did, I thought about it while I was looking at the white-washed ceiling over the shoulders of all of those men back there." Secretly Samantha had not entirely hated being used by those men. The dirty feeling of the growing wet patch under her bum that became bigger and soggier after each man had ejaculated into her belly and left her. It was awful, crude but exhilarating as well. In the end, it had not been her decision and she was a young lady who decided for herself the path she took in life. After a long pause, Samantha continued.

"So I have been thinking, wouldn't it be justice to treat his purebred bitches, the same way as he was going to treat us?"

"What do you mean?" Amanda asked

"Well, he thinks his bitches are special and he is going to cover them with some special and expensive stud dog he has imported from France. It's been a family thing for him breeding only the

best dogs to his well-bred bitches. He has a lot of family pride invested in his purebred poodles.” again she paused as she looked back at the bitches following the horses obediently.

“Well the mongrels in Dusty’s pack are street dogs, some are ranch dogs and I am sure some are just plain feral animals Dusty chose to run with. That pack of assorted breeds of no-account animals is just like the men who were fucking us. If he thinks we saw ourselves as superior to those rough men he must see his bitches as being superior to those pack of assorted miss-bred dogs. Dusty could take our revenge for us. Imagine Wheezal’s prized fluffy dogs having Red dogs or Dusty’s puppies. There is a size mismatch but dogs manage as we had to.”

It was just after sun up when the two girls rode into the ranch yard, yet again. Like the last time they were followed by the pack but this time the dogs weren’t following Samantha they were following the two fluffy poodles of Wheezal’s. One had gone into heat yesterday and the other bitch had gone into obvious heat today. It was not unusual to find one female synchronising her heat with another animal if they were kennelled or even lived together for an extended period.

After dressing and having a quick breakfast provided by the still stunned Cookie who had watched the two naked girls ride into the ranch, Samantha and Amanda, now fully dressed sat in the swinging seat on the verandah and finished off their tea.

The dogs lounged around on, or near, the verandah watching and waiting for the two poodles to reappear. Samantha had taken them inside to keep the dogs from mounting them. Several times on the ride back one or both of them had been subjected to a dog trying to mate them but they were discouraged by one of the girls.

“Sam, can I say something?” Amanda broke the long contemplative silence that they had both sunk into.

“Sure if you want to.”

“Well it is a little delicate, I ... I’m not sure how to say it exactly.” Amanda fiddled with her hands as she spoke.

“Just say what you have on your mind.” Samantha put her palm on Amanda’s leg reassuringly.

“Well... I...,” A long pause then the next words came from Amanda in a rush like water from a busted Dam. “I think I like being a whore, I know you didn’t like what happened to you but I did. I don’t know why but I did, I have tried to tell myself that I am sick and deviant but I’m not, well I don’t think I am. I just enjoyed every moment of the sex. The site of the men naked, the smells, and even the BO of the unwashed cowboys were not abhorrent to me. The smell of their stuff that soaked into the mattress was ...was ..., well it was stimulating me to want more. Sam, I want to be a whore I can’t explain it but I don’t think one man will be enough for me now.” She stopped for breath and Samantha put her finger to her lips to ask Amanda to be quiet.

“Look love I know what you are saying. Your right I didn’t enjoy it entirely. Being used and abused that way without my permission but if you did well...” A brief pause then Samantha added, “it’s your body and your life. Can I ask one thing?”

“Yes,” Amanda mumbled and she failed to meet Samantha’s probing eyes.

“It is just that I have an Idea and I would like to see if you agree.”

“Ok,” Amanda feeling no threat of chastisement by her friend grew in confidence and raised her eyes to meet Samantha’s.

"I don't know if I will get the cattle back or not. The men are still away and that's a good sign so here's what I was thinking. I was a little ahead of you though I didn't think you wanted to be a sporting girl full on I was thinking you might like to run a place for me, Wheezal's place.

I think I can buy his saloon and whore house and with the money from the gold, we found in the plunge pool it won't matter if I get my cattle back or not. I hope I do of course but if not then we have that gold to fall back on.

When we do cash in the gold you know what will happen don't you," Amanda looked vague for a moment then brightened.

"Arrrh a gold rush."

"Exactly, a gold rush and you know of course that will means lots of men willing and wanting to spend money on gambling, booze and of course girls. If you can run Wheezal's place I will take some men up to the abandoned village, do it up and run a whore house up there. That is providing I can get the girls to work there."

"If we can't?" Amanda enquired.

"Well, until we can, you and I both know now what it takes to be a whore so ... I can do a few more days contemplating the ceiling and you, well you can maybe make your wish come true. What do you say?"

"Let's do it!"

"Yes lets Samantha repeated but wondered exactly what she had committed herself to do. "In the meantime, I think we can now take that revenge on Weasel." Samantha went to the door and released the two poodle bitches.

For the next day or so the immaculately groomed bitches became a rusty red from the ingrained soil and were in a constant tie with one or the other of the dogs.

Hank long and the posse returned to town two days later with most of the cattle and Wheesal, Wint and Skinny as prisoners.

Before Weasel was hanged for rustling, Samantha had the pleasure of telling him that the new poodle puppies wouldn't be poodles at all.