

The Librarian & The Cowboys

JJ Argus



Stories of Bondage and Submission

The Librarian & The Cowboys

JJ Argus



Stories of Bondage and Submission

The Librarian and the Cowboys

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2013

Smashwords edition

JJ Argus has written more than 250 novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests. This work is the result of the long, hard effort and creativity of the author. Please do not post or resell it without permission.

This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

Cover photo courtesy of restrainedelegance.com

Chapter One

Miranda Billings was an extraordinary girl in very ordinary times. She was bright, faithful, kind-hearted, and caring to all. There wasn't a person at the Brightstone Street Library who didn't like Miranda. There were some, however, who found her unfathomable. Even by the standards of library workers in a small city like Chumsford in northern England, Miranda was an old-fashioned girl.

That wasn't to say Miranda was particularly conservative in many respects. She openly embraced multiculturalism, believed in feminism, and was entirely tolerant of gays. Nor was she particularly religious. But there wasn't a mean bone in her body, she could not abide bad language, and there were certain topics which a person of breeding simply did not discuss with others.

She was a well-mannered young lady, and invariably polite. No one had ever heard her raise her voice nor say an unkind word about another. However, she was often appalled and in quite a state of disbelief at the topics others, particularly other young women, would raise in public, and, blushing, would quickly withdraw from the vicinity when that happened.

Those subjects invariably involved bodily functions of some sort, or sex, which were, so far as Miranda was concerned, quite taboo topics. Though she was twenty-three, and occasionally dated, it was presumed Miranda was a virgin. She certainly dressed like one. Not that the librarians were a racy lot in their general attire, nor that the town would permit such dress at the library, but even among them, Miranda dressed conservatively.

She preferred long dresses, preferably loose, though flattering in their style, cut and fashion. She always wore high-necked tops, and her lingerie was designed to diminish, not enhance the noticeable aspects of her anatomy: most particularly that she was generously endowed. Miranda was not above wearing t-shirts on occasion. A former acquaintance had teased and persuaded her into doing so, but she always had a pink tinge to her cheeks when she did.

A modest girl, Miranda lived in the family house owned by her parents. When they passed away, having spent the previous few years attending to her ill

mother, Miranda was at something of loose ends. She solved her excess time problem by volunteering at the seniors center, and joining a sewing club, a knitting circle, and a book club. She was the youngest member of all three clubs, but her old-fashioned sensibilities fit in well with the older women.

Her one weakness was a fondness for so-called bodice-ripper romance novels, which she devoured. She did her best to avoid those with too much sex, and to skip over the sex she found, but she occasionally found herself engrossed, blue eyes and soft lips widening in astonishment before she could pull herself away and move on to where the story resumed.

In fact, Miranda fantasized of romance quite constantly. Nor was she immune to the hormonal calls of her youthful body. She was quite eager to experience sex... once she got married, of course. But she was openly disapproving of British men and their assumption that her body was their playground almost as soon as she gave them her name.

She had felt no pleasure, but only embarrassment at their eagerly groping hands over the years, and so now rarely agreed to even a carefully constrained date with the opposite gender.

That was not to say she took no pleasure of her body. She had weakened in that much, at least, long years ago. And whatever disapproval her parents might once have passed on to her with regard to masturbation had long fallen by the wayside. Miranda was an eager enthusiast at the art of self-pleasure, and every day started and ended in that fashion, her mind filled with images of handsome men with strong arms and bare chests.

Those men were not always husband material, however. Her years of reading had given her a taste for the dangerous, menacing men who did dastardly things to innocent young girls like her, always threatening, at least, if never quite achieving their nefarious goals of deflowerment.

Perhaps it was simply that Miranda could not imagine herself agreeing to sex with any man not her husband, unless, perhaps, some evil (but handsome) man were to blackmail her or hold her prisoner in his castle, or if she were to sacrifice herself on behalf of an imprisoned mother or something like that.

Being ravished by such a cruel (yet handsome) rogue played quite a large role in her fantasies, of course, but as was only proper, she kept that entirely to herself.

Why so many other girls insisted on baring their souls about such things was quite beyond her understanding.

On what came to be a momentous morning for her, Miranda was re-shelving books in the fiction section. This was a task cordially loathed by others, but she enjoyed it. There was something about putting things in order which her mind found quietly satisfying, and she could do it for hours.

“Miranda? Could I see you for a moment?”

She turned and followed Mrs. Stone into her small office, where the senior librarian picked up a letter with a smile and showed it to her.

“Your request for a work transfer has come through,” she said. “Your first two preferences are unavailable, at this time, but your third is. There's a participating library in the western United States which is looking for someone.”

The work transfer program was a means by which library workers could shift their work location to a similar institution elsewhere in the world, and thereby enhance their understanding of the world beyond their own cultural boundaries. It also, of course, them to play the tourist around the world at very little cost for several months at a time without sacrificing their jobs. Miranda would take up work in another library, and a librarian from there would come and take her place here.

It was Miranda's first try at the program, and she felt herself quite daring at doing so. The thought of moving to another country for several months filled her with some anxiety, but she knew she needed to expand her horizons.

“Where is it?” she asked with both apprehension and pleasure.

“A town named Cairns, in the state of Wyoming.”

Miranda blinked. She felt both relief and disappointment. It was not near anywhere she had heard much about, but on the other hand, was not near any large, and possibly dangerous cities either. And the people should be more amenable to her own conservative thoughts on proper behavior. In addition, Wyoming was what she thought of as one of those 'horsy states', and Miranda was mad for horses.

Filled with great anticipation at the thought of galloping across vast tracts of long grass, Miranda prepared herself over the following weeks, and then set out for her first plane trip, and her first visit abroad save for occasional jaunts to France. The airport was a trial, and the cramped confines of the jet for the hours-long ride were not pleasant, though she had brought a number of good books to read.

She found the airports in the United States to be somewhat baffling, and horribly busy, with everyone short-tempered and in a hurry to get somewhere as quickly as possible. It was all quite bewildering and thoroughly unpleasant. Everything was so rushed! Thankfully, each airport she arrived at got smaller and quieter until she finally got off at a place called Caspar and made her way to a bus for the final leg of her journey.

Hours later, she fetched up in the town of Cairns, population about four thousand. It was a lovely town plunked down not far from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. And though weary, Miranda was charmed by her first sight of it as she stepped off the bus. It didn't look like there was a single building over two stories tall, and the streets were wide and quiet.

“Miranda?”

She turned from appreciating the quaint town to see a tall blonde girl her own age smiling inquisitively at her.

“Welcome to Cairns,” she said.

And then, before she could reply, Miranda found herself in a quite uncomfortable hug, eyes widening over the girl's shoulder.

Miranda was not one for physical contact with others. She believed very strongly in the 'personal bubble' of space around oneself which the well-mannered did not intrude upon without invitation.

“We're so happy to have you here!” the blonde exclaimed, her face so alive with happiness and so open that Miranda felt she really must forgive her.

“I'm Hannah! You'll be working at the library with me now that Francis is gone off to England. I bet she has fun there! Hope you're not too disappointed in little Cairns but we do have a real modern library and all!”

“I-I'm sure it will be quite pleasant,” Miranda said, somewhat taken aback by the excitability of the girl.

“Oh I just love your accent! Hannah cried. “Everyone's gonna love you to pieces! Here, let me help with your bags!”

Every word the woman uttered seemed excited, and Miranda found herself somewhat in awe of her energy as Hannah grabbed her two largest bags, then browbeat a thin, middle aged man named Jeff, who happened to be walking past, to grab two more. That left her with just her carry on bag, despite her protests, but Hannah would have none of her carrying anything heavy.

“You must be exhausted after that long trip! Don't you worry. We'll be putting you to good work once you've settled in!”

Her bags were loaded into the back of a dusty pickup truck, and Miranda then raced several blocks up, with Miranda scrambling to grab at the seat belt, to a two story brick building where the woman she was replacing had her apartment.

“I hope you're not disappointed,” Miranda said, grabbing her bags again. “Francis is a widower and kind of old-fashioned.”

“Actually, I'm rather old-fashioned myself,” Miranda confessed somewhat shyly.

“Well, good! You should feel right at home, then! Francis packed up most of her personal stuff, like the instructions said, and they're in storage in the basement. So feel free to make the place your own.”

The apartment on the second floor was simply enormous, at least by British standards. The front room had a fireplace in the corner and a large flat-screen television, two sofas, an upright piano, a rocking chair, a recliner, and an old fashioned roll-top desk. It had four windows along the wall, letting in quite a bit of sunlight.

The bedroom, where Hannah led her, had a huge four-poster bed. The furniture was all solid, gleaming dark wood. No laminated tops here. And the room was in a corner, giving her two windows on one wall, and two more on the other. Overhead, as in the living room, was a ceiling fan with light fixtures attached. The floors were hardwood, as were the doors and frames.

“What a lovely place!” Miranda exclaimed.

True, there was rather too much lace tablecloths about, but that just made it look charming.

Hannah insisted on not only bringing her things up but helping her unpack, but shook her head at the things she laid out.

“Honey, you're gonna need some different clothes,” she said, gazing at a heavy wool dress. “It's high summer soon, and it gets hot here. I don't see no summer dresses in this lot.”

“Well, I thought that as this was a more northern state it wouldn't get quite so hot,” Miranda said in consternation. “I did check on the internet and it said the climate was cool and dry.”

“Huh. What part of the state you get that from? There's some places up higher, like Jackson, that are a lot cooler and dryer, or places in the mountains. But around here, you're looking at eighty to ninety degrees a lot of the time in summer. These here ain't gonna cut it. You can get some shorts and t-shirts for when you're not working, but this town is kind of old fashioned so you're supposed to wear a skirt when you're working.”

“Of course,” Miranda said.

“Don't you worry. There's lots of places roundabout you can pick up some stuff real cheap. I'll take you once you're all settled in!”

Hannah was enough to take ones breath away, with far more energy than Miranda could imagine possessing. But she was also quite efficient. She drove Miranda around, showing her where she could buy food, where the library was – only a few blocks away – and where various shops and restaurants were located. That included the town's main gathering spot, a large bar.

“Oh, I don't really drink much,” Miranda said.

“Do you dance? Lots of dancing there every night.”

“Actually, I like dancing,” she said shyly.

Well, hon, yer gonna be real popular! Not enough pretty single girls around to keep the men happy!”

That did not fill Miranda with enthusiasm, and she bit her lower lip uncertainly as Hannah pulled into a parking space and led her into a small shop full of used clothing. It was indeed inexpensive, but finding things which fit her was difficult.

“It's cuz yer so chesty for a skinny girl,” the old woman who ran the shop said, causing Miranda to blush.

And then to Miranda's shock, she poked a finger into her right breast and asked “Those real?”

“What a thing to ask, Annie!” Hannah exclaimed, though with no great shock.

“Well, you never know with girls these days. Never mind, hon, I can tell they are,” the old lady said.

Miranda folded her arms self-consciously across her chest.

She tried on several light, summer dresses, but most were either too tight or too revealing or both! She finally settled on several of the more modest ones, with longer hems. They were still rather tight across the chest, even with the minimizer bras she normally wore, but they would have to do until she could find better.

And it wasn't like she was wealthy. She didn't want to spend a fortune on dresses she'd never wear past three months.

Like Hannah, Annie thought her accent was “cute” and kept asking her questions just, it seemed, to hear her talk. It was quite disconcerting to Miranda, especially the woman's prying questions about boyfriends and family, which she felt were rather rude.

They went to another place, also run by an older woman, and picked up several pair of jeans and shorts, as well as lighter tops, though they had much the same difficulty there. Miranda wasn't surprised. It was a problem she'd always had back home, too, though there she'd had more of a selection to choose from and was better able to find what she wanted.

It really came down to either paying a lot more for specifically sized clothes, if they could be found at all, or simply selecting from the S, M, L, or XL sized clothes the cheaper brands sported. The larger sizes swam on her, and the smaller ones were uncomfortably tight across the chest.

From there, she was introduced to the library, which was a revelation. Miranda immediately fell in love with the place. It was so different from the modern, carpet, glass and brick library she worked at back home! The floors were all dark hard wood, and the shelves were hand-made of thick, solid oak. The atmosphere of the place was hushed and quiet, and they had nothing but books.

“You don't have an AV section?” she asked. “No computers, or DVDs, or CDs or such?”

“Oh gosh no. Not here! You'd have to go to Casper for that stuff.”

Miranda was quite happy about that! A library, she felt, should have only books! If people couldn't make their imagination function from a good book they were wasting their time.

She settled quite happily into her apartment. Everything in town was in reasonable walking distance, and she strolled along the wide sidewalks, getting used to both the heat and her thin, light, summer dresses. Several were quite cute, she allowed, and were actually quite modest by local standards. Hannah herself seemed to prefer denim miniskirts most of the time when not working, and the shorts most of the younger women wore were far too short, as far as Miranda was concerned.

She allowed Hannah to drag her to the local bar on her second night in town. The dancing was fun and energetic, and none of the men tried to touch her inappropriately. But the conversation at the tables was filled with raucous obscenities which had her blushing much of the night. She reminded herself that these were rural American folks, and shouldn't be held to the same standards as she set back home, but honestly! Was it necessary to use the F-word quite so often!

There were no riding stables as such nearby, but of course, there were any number of farms and ranches which had horses, and which would rent or loan them out for a few hours. Hannah drove her out to one such, a few miles outside town, and Miranda was thrilled at the lovely black mare they let her have. She

was even more thrilled with the scenery. It was like riding through a vast, beautiful park!

They never saw another person, or even a single human building during the entire hour and a half long ride through trees and prairie. It was like nothing in Miranda's experience! She was constantly exclaiming over the lovely ponds and babbling brooks, the plants and trees and one large river they trotted by, much to Hannah's amusement.

Chapter Two

“Are you sure you're okay on you're own?”

“I'm fine,” Miranda assured the woman as she watched her saddle the mare.
“Look.”

She held out her smart-phone, which had GPS function.

“You just press this button, and the phone remembers where you are. See? Now it remember where this place is, and wherever I go it will track me, and I can just look at it to lead me back here again.”

This was her first trip alone. The two previous ones had been with Hannah. But Hannah wasn't as enthused about riding as she was, and Miranda didn't want to prevail on her again so soon. She had packed a picnic, and intended to pretend she was all alone in the world, that it was long before any Europeans had even discovered America, and just enjoy being with nature.

She had planned this expedition for some days, and been quite excited by it. True, it was hotter than she'd hoped, but she had a lovely sun hat, and lots of sunscreen. She decided, at the last minute, to wear one of her summer dresses, even though it wasn't exactly appropriate for riding. Her legs would be bare, after all, at least up to the knees!

But the summer dress would be far cooler than wearing jeans, and no one would be about in any event to see her bare legs. It meant she had to use sunscreen on them, but that was certainly doable.

The first part of the ride was everything she could have wanted! It was lovely out, and she headed generally west, for Hannah had said there was a larger lake in that direction and she felt very much like exploring. Riding the horse, legs astride, pushed the summer dress up much higher than she'd have thought, but that didn't really matter since no one was around.

She had plenty of water, and used it carefully, and also regularly replenished the

sunscreen as Winny, the horse, ambled along. When they reached a large area of short grass she got ambitious and they galloped for a time. It was quite thrilling and she was having an enormous amount of fun. Winny seemed to enjoy that, as well.

After a while they came to an area with animal tracks everywhere, and it was clear to her that this was one of the areas Hannah had told her was used to graze cattle. The smell was rather less pleasant there, due to the many droppings, so she pushed on hurriedly. Winny, however, expressed a decided preference for turning to the right, and Miranda let her have her way for a bit.

Before long, a narrow, rushing river came into view. Winny walked right in, ignoring Miranda's pull at the reins, and when she was almost in to the belly, bent her long neck to drink. She stopped before Miranda's feet would have been in the water, so Miranda shrugged and sat back, looking around. It wasn't the prettiest of areas. In fact, from the amount of hoof marks in the surrounding ground it was used as a watering hole for the cattle.

“Come on, you. Don't get too greedy,” she said, tugging at the reins again.

Winny pulled her head up and turned back to shore. Once she stepped out, though, she began to paw at the mud. Miranda had only a moment to realize what that meant.

“No!” she chided, tugging at the reins.

Too late. The horse leaned forward, then began to roll over. Miranda yelped, throwing herself off as the horse began to roll on the ground. It was far from the first time a horse had rolled on her, of course. Horses would do that from time to time, but she usually spotted the warning signs sooner. More to the point, the ground was very soft and muddy there, and her right foot sank in further than her left, tossing her off balance so that she too wound up rolling in the mud!

Worse. It wasn't just mud.

“Oh ick!” she cried as she jumped up.

There were numerous cattle droppings around, and the wet mud had kept them rather moist as well.

Her pretty summer dress was soaked in mud – and other material. Giving a frantic look around, she yanked it up over her head and tossed it off. However, the mud (and other stuff) had soaked through into her underthings as well. Again she gave a frantic look around, then yanked them off, stripping right there at the edge of the river.

She grabbed her things and moved over to a rocky area where the ground was clear.

“Tck! Gross! Gross!” she gasped.

She quickly removed her shoes and socks, then waded gingerly into the river. Having gotten as clean as she could without soap, she eased out of the pond, picked up her dress by a clean corner, and dragged it into the water, grossed out again as she swished it about in an effort to clean off the mess.

Fortunately, the river, though only a few dozen yards wide, moved quite quickly, and was, for the most part, shallow. She muttered to herself, and glared at Winny, now standing contentedly and munching at some grass.

“Bad horse!” she called.

Winny ignored her.

Miranda continued to look around nervously, for she was, after all, entirely naked. But she hadn't come across any sign of human habitation in over an hour. The river was slightly depressed from the surrounding grassy countryside. The only trees were a scattering along the edges of the river, and, standing, she could see for miles.

That relieved her concern, for the most part, and after washing the dress, and underthings as best she could she spread them on a nearby bush to dry in the sunlight.

Now without the rush of cleaning she felt somewhat odd, disconcerted. Being naked out of doors felt quite naughty, but with no one anywhere nearby she began to rather enjoy it. She began to feel daring and free.

She tied Winny to a low bush, the same one as her clothes were on, in fact, then took out her picnic and sat down on some nearby grass in the shade of a tree to

eat. Eating naked was another thing she'd never done, much less out of doors! Again, she felt very daring, and even somewhat aroused for being so wicked.

She felt she really should put the dress on, wet or not, but she wanted to go into the river again after eating. It was quite hot out, and she would enjoy a little wad.

After a snack, she stood up and waded into the river, then spotted an area of flat rocks just a little way up. She waded carefully through the knee deep water, and found a spot where she could actually sit, and then lay down in the river! While laying on the rocks she was only partially submerged, for the water was only inches deep at that point. It swept over her, however, bubbling past her head and then when she found a spot she could raise that, she discovered she could lay almost entirely under the water – all but her breasts.

It was so calm, so peaceful, and so one-with-nature that she reveled in it. The only sound was that of the rushing water. Being naked began to seem less naughty and more natural.

And then it became entirely too natural, as she heard a new sound intrude into her thoughts. It sounded rather like rattling of some sort. She lifted her head off and looked towards Winny, and saw her jerk her head up. A moment later a snake slid into view, and Winny let out a horsy cry and jerked her head back, turned and fled.

Miranda jumped to her feet in alarm. For not only was the snake entirely too large, and entirely too close, but the bush she had tied Winny too had been pulled out of the earth by the reins tied to it, and as Winny took off, the bush, and her clothing, went with her!

But her immediate thought was for the snake. She squealed and splashed wildly across the river to the other side, heart in her throat as the snake slid towards the edge of the river.

It certainly looked like a rattlesnake! And Hannah had taken great pains to warn her not to get close to them!

The snake seemed content to drink from the river, however, and after some frantic seconds, Miranda stared after Winny and realized that the horse had taken everything but her little (now empty) picnic basket and the remains of her meal with her. She'd even left her phone in a saddlebag lest it get wet.

“You stupid horse!” she cried in frustration.

Of course, she could hardly blame Winny for running from a rattlesnake. So she castigated herself for tying the reins so tightly the same bush as her clothes were on. Not that there were a lot of other suitable bushes around...

She hurried downriver and put her foot into the water, then began to wade across. It was about then the snake slid fully into the river, and with a scream, Miranda hurried frantically back to shore and ran back several yards, heart pounding.

She put her arm across her bare breasts then. It hurt to run when naked!

She had always been rather self-consciously proud of her figure, of her body. Her breasts, though somewhat too large, were, she thought, of a lovely shape, quite nicely rounded, and due to her vigorous exercise regimen – and youth – nicely firm. But they were, as Annie had pointed out, real, and when her body moved abruptly, her breasts tended to move too, uncomfortably so.

Glaring at the snake, which seemed to be gliding comfortably along the surface and heading downstream, she turned and, arm across her chest, hurried upstream. When she was a suitable distance she hurried across the stream, panicking once at a sound so that she fell entirely into the river and then panicking again for fear the snake would turn and get her.

She jumped up and ran for shore, but it was the wrong shore. Almost cursing, she made her way across again, carefully this time, and then stared around helplessly, looking for Winny. The horse had run off away from the river, but angling towards downstream, so there was nothing to be done but follow – naked.

She hadn't gone far before she realized how difficult it was going to be walking without shoes, and, remembering hers, she turned and headed back for the river, even more frustrated. When she reached the spot of her picnic she very slowly and carefully moved in, head turning from side to side warily.

And then she spotted both the snake, and her shoes. The former was curled up right next to the latter.

“You stupid snake!” she cried.

The snake ignored her.

There seemed nothing around she could throw at the thing, so, in hopes Winny had not run far, she turned and headed off in the general direction the horse had fled.

She had been walking for some time when she heard the sound of a horse's hooves. It came from behind her, though, and when she turned, her eyes widened in shock and horror, for while a horse was certainly approaching, it was not Winny. And a man was riding it!

Panic gripped her! Miranda turned and ran as fast as she could in the opposite direction! One arm across her chest to keep her breasts in place, the other pumping wildly, she headed for a copse of trees fifty yards or so away.

She didn't reach it.

She heard the horse's hooves approaching, much faster, galloping. She turned her head wildly and saw the man riding down upon her as if he meant to ride her over! She tried to run faster, her feet sinking into the soft earth as she pelted forward. And then, much to her shock, a coiled rope fell around her and snapped tight.

She squealed in shock and fear as the rope pinned her arms to her sides, then yanked her back. She lost her balance and fell, quickly scrambling to her feet and trying to continue. But the rope dragged her back, and spun her around, and she found herself staring up in appalled embarrassment at a craggy jawed older man wearing a cowboy hat and a scowl.

“Just what do you think yer doing here, girl?” he demanded, as if her nudity was completely unworthy of notice.

He was a tall, wide shouldered man, older, with a thick head of longish, graying black hair and a thick, bushy mustache

Miranda could not bring herself to even speak. She was mortified! She struggled frantically to free her arms so she could at least cover herself somewhat, but the man only pulled harder on the rope, tightening it further.

“This is private property,” he growled a deep voice which spoke of vast

irritation. “You got no business traipsing around on it like its some kind of nudist paradise.”

“I-I wasn't... I-I didn't... you let me go this instant!” she cried, face flaming.

His scowl only deepened. “Girl, no one gives me orders, especially not on my own land. Especially when they wasn't invited.”

“I-I wasn't... I didn't know it was... private!” she stuttered. “My horse ran! I – .”

“Your horse, huh? And what kind of horse was it?” he demanded.

He pulled on the rope as if reeling in a fish, and Miranda's struggles to stay back were futile as she was forced to stumble closer and closer!

“Well?”

“I-It was black!” she cried.

He snorted in disdain. “Black? That ain't a breed, girl.”

“I don't know what it was! It was a horse! Let me go this instant or I'll – .”

“Or you'll what?” he demanded, pulling her right up to the side of the horse and leaning over with a scowl.

“I-I'll tell the police!”

He snorted again. “I don't know what kind of foreigner you is, girl,” he growled, “But around here I got the right to shoot trespassers!”

Miranda was appalled and bewildered by what was happening. She was naked! She was completely and entirely naked! She wasn't even able to cover her private parts as this horrible man, this, this cowboy, stared at her without the least hint of regret! How dare he!

It was also somewhat disconcerting that he barely seemed to even take notice of her being naked, of course. Miranda had lived her life since puberty with the certain knowledge that perverted boys and then men would give almost anything for a glimpse of her naked body. And she had made sure they didn't get that

glimpse! And yet, here was this crass, ignorant man staring at her naked and he didn't even seem to care!

As if seeing her naked was not at all worthy of notice!

Miranda knew she was very attractive. She couldn't not know it given the level of interest shown her by men of every age. She had taken care not to show any measure of great pride in that given it was hardly her work (well, except for her careful exercise and diet), but still, it had always been a part, an assumption of her character, of how she saw herself. She saw herself as a very attractive and desirable woman.

So why wasn't this pig of a man showing any attraction or desire given that he was seeing her completely NAKED?! That thought should not have really occurred to her. She even found it, in part, a relief, easing her fear slightly. But it also fueled a kind of resentment and indignation at the same time.

“How do I know yer not some sort of thief?”

“Thief!?” she exclaimed indignantly. “What is there to steal out here? Grass!?”

“Horses and cattle, girl,” he snapped.

Miranda struggled again to pull her arms free.

“Release me at once!”

His eyes narrowed. “I told you I don't take well to orders. You give me another one I'm likely to tan your bottom for you. And it wouldn't be no effort seings how you ain't wearing no clothes.”

Her face heated even further. “I was wearing clothing!” she shouted. “My horse ran off with it!”

“Yer horse took off your clothes and ran off? Even your undies?”

For perhaps the first time in her life Miranda felt like cursing at someone!

“I fell in the muck and had to wash them!”

She could hardly believe she was having to carry on a conversation with a man while she was stark naked!

He shook his head in disbelief.

“Will you please untie me, you wretched, ignorant, uncouth man!?”

He frowned, and brought his hand to his chin, rubbing it thoughtfully.

“I don't believe I will,” he said. “I believe I'll take you back to the sheriff.”

“But... you can't keep me naked!”

He raised his eyebrows. “I wasn't the one who made you naked, girl. And I don't carry around spare dresses when I'm riding the range. Anyways, it don't look like you're doing too badly. It's warm enough.”

She struggled again, furiously, and he jerked on the rope.

“Damn you!” she shouted.

That, to Miranda, was an appalling breach of civility, for to curse was simply unacceptable, under any circumstances. Well, almost any. These circumstances were extreme. Still, she was sorry the moment the words left her mouth, though not for the sentiment.

She was even more sorry as the man yanked the rope even closer, so that she actually ran into the horse. He reached down with a strong, rough hand, slipped it entirely around her arm, and yanked her up and forward to land sprawling across the horse just in front of him, belly down.

“I'll teach you what young-uns should always learn early in life,” he growled, “That being respect for their elder n betters!”

With that, his big hand came slapping down across her naked, upturned bottom with a resounding impact that rent the air with the sound of flesh on flesh, followed a moment later by her squeal of pain.

“Oww!”

Crack! He slapped her again.

“Oww! Stop that!”

Crack!

“Oww! Stop it! Don't you dare touch me!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Miranda squirmed and kicked her feet and legs frantically, pulling her arms wildly against the rope pinning them to her sides, but she could offer no meaningful resistance as the man rained sharp, stinging blows down on her bottom.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Don't! Ow! Oww! Ahh! Stop!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“I don't told you not to try to give me orders, girl,.” he growled.

Miranda felt the stinging pain in her buttocks growing, felt the skin getting warmer, then white hot. But it was not the pain which brought tears to her eyes, but the shame and sheer frustration. She felt the tears welling up, and then spilling out as she lost the words to protest and sobbed helplessly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Don't think crying is going to stop your punishment, girl,.” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“I raised kids and I know how to teach them proper behavior.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Pleeeeeease!” she sobbed.

“You ready to behave?”

Crack!

There was no word which would suffice to stop him other than one.

“Yeeees!” she sobbed.

She gasped as he jerked her back. She felt herself sliding down the horse, stumbled, and would have fallen but for the rope pulling tight again.

“You just come along with me and we’ll see what’s what,” he said.

And then, without another look back, he started forward. Miranda stared at him with her bottom on fire, and a look of disbelief in her eyes until the rope went taut and she was almost jerked off her feet. Gasping for breath, still sniffing, unable to even wipe the tears off her cheeks, she was forced to scurry after the horse, the rope still cinched tight around her arms.

After some seconds, she called out to him.

“Please! Please sir!” she gasped.

He turned and looked at her.

“What is it?”

“I can't run very far! And... and I'm naked!”

“We ain't going far, and naked is how we're all made.”

His horse continued to move, and Miranda continued to hurry after him. It wasn't running, precisely, but too fast for walking. She had to walk a little, then jog, then walk again.

“But...”

She hesitated. She was about to tell him what he must do, or what he couldn't do, and her bottom was still very hot.

“But it's not proper for me to be naked around you!” she cried.

He looked back again. “Proper is as proper does,” he said rather enigmatically.

What on earth did that mean!?

“Where's your husband anyway?”

“I'm not married!”

He turned again, looking back over his horse.

“Now that's a fool shame thing,” he said. “You look built to have babies. And any young man would find you pleasing to the eye, especially those big breasts.”

She flushed red again, but he turned his head away as if not particularly interested in looking at her. Fortunately, they didn't have far to go. In fact, they headed towards the copse of trees she had been running to, and as they got closer she saw there was a low structure there, a cabin of some sort, though roughly made.

Perhaps he was gay, she thought hopefully.

That would make it slightly less horrible to be seen naked, and make him considerably less threatening. Though to be honest he hadn't shown much interest in her body, much less molesting her.

It would also assuage that part of her which found that lack of interest quite insulting.

It had always been a part of Miranda's assumption that men would court her, and that eventually she would allow one, presuming he met her stringent criteria for acceptance, to get the pot at the end of the rainbow which was her virginity and body. It had not occurred to her that men might not find her quite so golden and desirable.

This was the first one who had seen her naked, and he was clearly not impressed.

But whyever not!?

Chapter Three

They reached the little cabin and the man got off his horse, then tied it to a low rail and tugged on the rope. Panting, Miranda stumbled forward, blushing furiously as he looked at her. For now they were both at the same level and it was ... worse somehow. He looked at her more consideringly, too, his eyes starting at the top and working their way down.

She felt her heart thumping faster and her face flushed more deeply.

“You got some sort of disease?” he asked.

She blinked in confusion.

“You ain't got no hair between yer legs. But I know for sure you ain't no little girl. Not with these.”

And he poked his finger into the center of her right breast, much as Annie had back at the second hand store. Unlike then, however, her chest was not encased in a tight, constricting bra, and his finger sank into her soft flesh right over the nipple.

Her face burned, eyes widened and she opened her mouth in outrage, then his steely gaze snapped her jaws closed.

“I.. it's the fashion,” she stuttered.

In fact, she simply liked the look of herself this way. It looked and felt cleaner, and whens he masturbated, she felt more sensitive. She wasn't about to tell him that, though!

“Fashion? Why on earth would it be fashionable to shave down there? Who's gonna see it?”

Her mind squirmed in embarrassment.

“It just is! What business is it of yours!?”

“Yer right, I suppose. The things women do is beyond me to understand. Just making sure you ain't diseased.”

“I am entirely healthy!” she said icily.

He shrugged and then his eyes showed the first sign of appreciation for the sight of her, a sign which both worried and reassured her.

“You do look that,” he said. “Can't believe some young fella hasn't taken you as his wife yet. Yer a little skinny, of course, but you've got decent hips, and these breasts would feed a passel of young-uns.”

She flushed indignantly. How dare he speak so openly about her body parts!

“Do you intend to molest me then!?” she demanded challengingly.

His lips curled into a deep and genuine smile, then he laughed.

“Girl, I never yet laid with a female that didn't want it a lot more than I ever could. With a body like you got I bet you're always think about having a man inside you.”

“I-I do not!” she sputtered indignantly.

He smirked, then looked down at her breasts. “Got some experience with females,” he said in a low drawl. “Know what this means when it's not cold out.”

And with that he reached out with big, rough hands and cupped her right breast.

Miranda was too astonished, too shocked to respond at first, but merely gaped as his thumb and forefinger came up and pressed against her very hard, very erect nipple from either side, rolling it between them before he dropped his hand.

“Well, if you want me inside you you're gonna have to ask, and ask right nicely too.”

Her mouth still open in outrage she started to call out an insult, but he turned and strolled towards the cabin, tugging on the rope so that she had to tumble after. He stopped by a tree and tossed the rope up above a low hanging branch, then pulled it taut so she was forced directly beneath and the rope cinched in very

rightly around her. He turned away and walked into the house, leaving her behind, face burning, mind spinning.

Miranda could hardly believe that uncouth old man had dared to touch her like that! He had touched her with such casual familiarity that she could still not keep her mind from sputtering. How dare he!

She pulled against the rope, looking up at the branch overhead, then down at the coil around her arms. The direct pull upward had slipped the rope higher on her arms, sliding it up above her elbows now. That allowed her to move her hands to cover her breasts or groin. That seemed pointless, though, at this late stage. More to the point, now that she could touch the rope she tried to loosen its grip around her.

Unfortunately, the knot was now behind her, pulling up sharply, and she couldn't get her hands behind her. The rope was also squeezing in against the undersides of her breasts rather uncomfortably. To loosen it she needed to make the rope go taut, but she couldn't do that without somehow climbing upward, which she could not do.

She tried wriggling and turning and twisting around so that she could reach the rope, but the knot seemed secure behind her.

It did not escape her notice that her nipples were extremely hard. They had been that way for some time, despite the heat. She had no understanding of why, though she was aware of the strange, confusing sexuality to her being naked with a man for the first time in her life. It was similar to the feelings she had experienced at simply being naked out of doors earlier, but stronger.

It infuriated her, in part, and made her anxious. What if that awful man thought that meant she wanted him, that she was aroused? But then, hadn't he said he would make her ask for it? How absurd! As if she would! Did he not see the difference between an intelligent, attractive, shapely young woman like her, and a craggy, dirty old ... old... mountain man like him!? Why on earth would he imagine she would want any part of him!?

She stood still, panting, sweating in the heat, though at least she was in shade here, frustrated, anxious and still embarrassed. She stared at the open door of the cabin warily, wondering what he planned. What if he had a phone in there or something and called the sheriff, and the sheriff came and found her like this! In

a way, it would be a relief, but in another it would be another horrifying humiliation! At least she was somewhat used to this man seeing her naked. She could not bear the thought of another man looking at her!

Or two! Didn't they usually drive around in pairs! The thought of two men, two civilized men from town seeing her like this was horrifying! They would probably gossip about it all over town, too!

He came out again, glanced her way, then carried the things he held to a low pit, a fire pit, she saw, as he sat on a log and began to make a fire. How dare he ignore her!

There certainly didn't seem to be any lust in the man, at least. That was reassuring, in a way. In fact, she had never thought to experience a man, except perhaps a doctor, who would take the sight of her body so calmly. She again experienced a sense of self-doubt. Could it only be her imagination that she was attractive? No, of course not! Many men had said so and pursued her!

Of course, none of them had seen her naked. Now that one had, he seemed uninterested. Whyever was that! Why wasn't he drooling and panting at her!

She remembered Stephen, the pig, the last man she had dated, four months previously. He had not touched her rudely, but had, at the theater, slid his hand along the back of her neck under her hair in a caressing manner which she had found made her slightly breathless. But then later he had spoiled it completely with his crudeness by telling her that the mere touch of her skin against his fingers had given him an erection!

This man had touched her skin. He had touched her breast! Men had tried that, had groped at her, but always over her clothes, or one one occasion, under her shirt but still over her bra. The feel of a male hand on her breast was utterly unfamiliar to her, yet it had been, though shocking, not unpleasant. His hand was calloused and rough, but he had been gentle, his fingers only sinking into her flesh a little, just enough to sort of lift her breast up a little briefly while he rolled her nipple.

Her nipple, which had given a pulse of sensation at the touch which had helped shock her into immobility. She liked to stroke and pluck her nipples when she was masturbating. Even though it kind of ached and stung, somehow it made her more excited and made the sensations coming from between her legs more

intense.

His fire was going nicely, and he now had some sort of pan over it on a metal grille. He was cooking lunch, she supposed, and again felt a sense of frustration and indignation. How dare he do that while she was tied up like a prisoner! Naked!

“Aren't you going to untie me?” she called.

He looked over at her. “After lunch, if you're good.”

“I already had lunch! I'm not hungry!”

“I am.”

She fumed. What she was, though, was thirsty. All that energetic moving around in the hot sun had made her throat parched.

“It would be polite of you to inquire as to whether I needed something to drink,” she said with a frown of disapproval.

He looked at her again, then picked up a canteen and got to his feet. He strolled across to her, and Miranda felt her heart beating faster, her face flushing as he got nearer.

He opened the top of the canteen as he stood in front of her, and spilled some onto his hand, then to her astonishment, he reached out with two wet, dripping fingers, and gently caressed her dry lips.

She didn't know how to respond to that. Was it some sort of thing western cowboys knew to do when someone's mouth was so dry or something? Or was it – ?

He spilled more water into his hand, and his fingers returned, circling her lips, then dipping inside. Miranda was so parched, so overheated, that with her mind spinning its wheels in confusion her body instinctively took over. Her mouth very much wanted the liquid on this fingers, and her lips closed around them, her tongue licking at the tips of his fingers briefly before he pulled them free.

Almost instantly she realized what she'd done, and her face flamed, mortified,

but he seemed to take no special notice, now holding the canteen itself to her lips. She could not resist drinking now, and did so, deeply, filling her mouth and letting the cool liquid sluice down her throat.

“Not too much at once,” he said. “I’ll give you more later.”

He turned away, leaving her horribly chagrined, and with no idea what to say or do to ease her embarrassment or indignation.

She watched him eat. For the most part, he looked out away from her. Now and then he turned to look her way, though, and ever time he did she felt her face flushing. Anxiety filled her. What was he thinking of doing!? She wouldn’t be able to stop him, no matter what it was! But there was more than anxiety in her mind. There was also a strange, fluttering sense of confusion and the memory of a hundred bodice-ripper books about pretty heroins in the hands of wretched, cruel (but handsome) men.

He was handsome, she was forced to admit. He was far too old for her, of course, but if he weren’t, well, yes, he would be quite handsome, in a rough, countryman sort of way. Certainly not the sort of person she would consider dating or marrying. For she preferred her men sophisticated and capable of carrying on an intelligent conversation about politics, philosophy, and society.

Her breasts, she realized, were throbbing. The rope was squeezing in tightly around her chest, and had pulled up tightly against them, sort of squeezing them up. That also was making her nipples tingle, and they were both terribly hard. They were so sensitive she could feel the light breeze blowing across them.

He looked across at her again, and, flushing, she covered her breasts, or at least, the center of her breasts, with one arm, dropping the other hand to cover her groin.

He blinked, then chuckled to himself, and she blushed all the more, as if he thought she was a silly girl.

Who was this... this American redneck to consider her a silly person, she thought indignantly! She was far and away more educated, sophisticated, cultured.. why, he probably hadn’t even learned to read and write, the brute!

The next time he glanced her way she forced herself not to raise her hands. He

had already seen her naked, gotten as good a look at her as he possibly could want, so in a sense, she was indeed being silly trying to cover herself. She glowered at him until he looked away. What had she to be embarrassed about anyway? Wasn't she beautiful? Didn't she have an excellent body, even by what he said?!

But the memory of his fingers between her lips made her cringe again and again. The memory made her feel somehow inferior to him, as if she had been acknowledging his own words that it was women who hungered for men, and not the reverse. It made her feel like a weak slut! And also, the memory was tinged with a deep eroticism the likes of which she did not really understand.

The feel of his fingers between her lips, against her tongue, had been so... intimate, that even the memory tightened her chest, and left her slightly breathless. And he'd been quite gentle, too, surprisingly gentle.

Damn him!

When he finally finished, and then came across to her with the canteen again, her mind panicked. It made no sense. He clearly wasn't coming over to threaten her. But she did anyway. Anger and frustration filled her, and when he opened the canteen and held it out to her she lashed out with her hands, knocking it out of his surprised hands.

“I don't want your filthy water!”

He seemed quite astonished, but his brows quickly furrowed. He spun her around and his hand cracked stingingly against her bottom!

“Oww!”

“Little brat,” he said. “Do you think water comes out of a tap here? I have to go to the river and fetch it.”

Crack!

“Oww!”

“The problem with you is you wasn't raised proper!”

Crack!

“Oww! I was too! Stop it! You.. you lout! You thug!”

Crack!

She felt the rope pulled down behind her, then his big hands jerked her arms back behind her. An instant later the rope swept around her elbows and she squealed as it jerked tight, forcing her arms back and making her shoulders creak and pop and ache. Then he tossed the rope up again and tied it off.

Crack!

He gave her a final slap to the bottom, then walked away with the canteen, leaving her panting and squirming and both her face and bottom overheated.

Only now her shoulders ached, as well, and her arms were pinned tightly behind her. What was worse, the shortened rope was even tighter around her upper arms, or more to the point, pulled up more sharply against the underside of her breasts. The pressure squeezed the soft, sensitive flesh up and out tautly, even with her standing awkwardly on the balls of her feet.

Well, that had certainly been a foolish thing to do, she thought anxiously. Why on earth had she done it!? It hadn't been something she'd planned to do, after all. Angering him clearly was not the thing to do. Now she was in an even worse position! What was more, keeping herself as high as she was could not be an indefinite effort. Already her ankles were trembling a little, the ache building up.

She did not understand her actions, and a part of her felt she ought to apologize. Another part of her, however, thought that was absurd. The man had taken her a prisoner and tied her up naked! She had no need to apologize to that awful man for anything!

But this position was untenable! Her breasts were really starting to throb and redden!

But she couldn't tell him that!

“Damn him!” she said aloud, frustrated.

This time she felt no regret at the curse.

“Damn! Damn! Damn!” she said.

And then for good measure “Damn!”

But despite her fuming, she realized the need for some sort of communication, and the need to keep it... modest... mild-mannered, if not actually meek.

She didn't think she could manage 'meek' just then, but she had to do something!

When he next appeared from cleaning up his pan and plate she called out to him.

“Excuse me!”

That hadn't been at all mild, she thought, castigating herself.

“Sir!”

He turned and wandered slowly over to her, and she felt her face flushing again as her mind spun in turmoil.

“I... this position... it's hurting me,” she said, trying to keep anger and indignation from her voice, but only partially succeeding.

“Doesn't look painful to me.”

She glared at him. “The rope... is too short!” she gulped.

He raised an eyebrow. “Rope's long enough. Yer boobs is too big is all.”

She glowered angrily. How dare he talk about her breasts!

But she held her tongue as he reached up and undid the rope above her. She gasped in relief as she was able to sink her heels into the earth again. The release of pressure from her breasts allowing them to resume their normal shape was also greatly appreciated.

He pulled the rope up and away from her shoulders, but unfortunately, kept her arms bound behind her.

“Are you going to keep me tied up naked forever?” she demanded.

“I kin think of a lot of men who would want to,” he said with a slight smile. “But no, I'm planning on finding your horse, putting you on it, and getting rid of you.”

Well, that certainly sounded like what she wanted! Miranda felt a great sense of relief.

“You don't need to tie me up, you know,” she said, in a slightly less challenging tone, but then spoiled it when she added, somewhat sarcastically. “I won't molest you.”

Well, what a stupid thing to say! Just when things were turning around! She flushed angrily at herself.

“You won't, huh?” he said, apparently not angry.

And then he reached out, catching her still very stiff, very sensitive nipples between the tips of his thumbs and forefingers, pinching them, and tugging them upwards and forward.

Miranda squealed, forced up onto the tips of her toes, back arching as her chest thrust forward.

“You promise?”

“L-Let me go!”

“I done told you not to give me orders, girl.”

But he released her nipples, so that she stumbled backward and then fell on her bottom on the grassy earth.

Infuriating man! Ignorant, uncouth cretin!

Her nipples throbbed hotly.

And then he ignored her, walking over to his horse. He climbed atop it, and rode away, leaving her sitting there staring after him, naked and still tied up!

Odious man! Arrogant man! She scrambled to her feet, glaring after him. She

walked to the cabin, looking for something she could use to help untie herself. Now that she was alone she was reasonably certain she'd be able to do that easily enough.

She was wrong.

There was nothing sharp in the camp, at least, nothing she found, that she could rub against the rope to cut it. Nor could her hands get anywhere near the rope knotted tightly around her arms at the elbows.

The inside of the cabin was hotter than outside, more stuffy, with a dirty pine floor and a bed, if you could call it that, made of straw. There weren't any sheets, either, not that she could use them to cover herself without somehow getting untied first.

She thought about leaving, heading off in search of civilization, but that seemed pointless so long as her arms were tied and she had no clothing. She had no desire to meet up with anyone else and expose her body to their eyes. Besides, he was looking for her horse now. Surely he would soon return, then she could get her dress and... leave.

Presuming, of course, that the horse was still dragging behind the bush, and that her clothes were still attached to the bush. The more she considered that the less likely it seemed. In fact, they had likely dropped off within the first minute or so of Winny's mad dash. If it hadn't been for that snake forcing her to backtrack and circle around she might have even found them.

“Damn it!” she said aloud, stamping her foot into the ground.

And she was getting awfully thirsty. She'd only had a few mouthfuls from him, and she'd been sweating since, well, since she'd gotten out of the river what seemed like hours ago!

And then she spotted the rain barrel off to the side of the cabin. She wasn't sure what it was, at first, but with nothing else to do she peered in and saw the water. Was it clean? She saw the pipe coming from the roof. Perhaps it was clean rain water. She licked her lips and wondered how to get at it. The barrel was far from full.

After a while she decided to try it, and carefully bent over, sticking her head and

then her shoulders down into the barrel. She had to reach rather far. In fact, the lip of the barrel was digging uncomfortably into her belly by the time her lips reached the water and she was able to slurp some of it up.

“Well now, ain't that a view fit to please a man,” she heard.

Her eyes bulged, and she scrambled to pull herself up out of the barrel, but got stuck until a bit hand came in, grabbed her hair and yanked her up and out.

Chapter Four

Her face burned as he looked down at her. She saw his horse behind him, and tied to that, Winny. She felt relief, then, but still blushed hotly at him seeing her like that.

“I don't generally use that for drinking water,” he said. “Never know what varmints have been into it.”

He opened his canteen and held it to her mouth, then his other hand came around behind her head again, fingers tangling in her hair as he tilted her head back. It wasn't rough, but almost gentle, and she had concerns mostly for the water, which she swallowed again and again. When he pulled it back she licked her lips, gasping for breath.

“Feel better, girl?”

She nodded.

“My name is Miranda,” she said.

He nodded. “Sam.”

“Thank you for... finding my horse... Sam,” she said, face hot. “Now if you'll please untie me I'll be on my way.”

“Fraid not,” he said, turning away.

“What?! But you said...”

“Your horse looks like she's hurt her ankle. She needs to rest.”

He demonstrated as much when he pulled Winny forward. The horse was definitely limping.

“I-Is it bad?” she asked.

“Don't think so, but she needs to rest a bit.”

Frustrated, she looked after him as he tied off Winny, then gave her water – from the water barrel, watered his own horse, then turned to her.

“You might as well sit down.”

“But – .”

He took her arm and led her over to the fire pit, then sat her down on the log next to it.

He took the saddles off both horses and set them in the shade, then returned and sat down next to her, taking out a pipe to light.

“Those are bad for you,” she said in disapproval.

He shrugged and nodded but otherwise ignored her as he lit and puffed from it.

Then he looked at her again, looked down, for he was quite a bit taller.

“So what are you doing in this country, Miranda?”

It seemed absurd to carry on a conversation with a man while naked and tied up, but what alternative did she have?

She was almost getting used to being naked anyway, if not tied up. He had looked at her naked for so long the embarrassment had eased to a dull pinkening of her cheeks and a fluttering in her stomach.

It felt rather wicked, though, even though it wasn't her idea. And with that came a return of that vaguely sexual sense which was partly anxious about what he would do, and partly, well, something that approached arousal but didn't actually make it that far.

“I'm a librarian,” she said, explaining about the exchange program.

“Interesting notion,” he said, puffing on his pipe. “I know Francine. She's a little older than me. Never been married. Never had a boyfriend that I know of. Ugly as a hatchet.”

He looked down at her. “You are not ugly. How come you've got no family to tie you down?”

She flushed at both the backhanded compliment and the presumptuousness of him asking.

But oddly, she also felt free to speak around him. What secrets did she have from a man when she was literally naked before him.

“I haven't yet met a man who isn't... who meets my requirements,” she said.

“You mean a pretty boy?”

“I mean a thoughtful and sensitive man who will treat me like more than a sexual object!”

“You are a sexual object.”

“I am not an object!” she growled.

“Fine then. Like a sexual animal.”

“I'm not an animal either!”

“We're all animals, girl.”

She sniffed.

“Seems to me that you don't like what a lot of other girls would kill for.”

She looked at him in confusion.

“You don't like that you're so pretty men want you.”

“I don't... I don't... you wouldn't understand,” she said.

“Try me.”

“I understand that men... want me. I understand that they look at me and immediately start thinking lewd thoughts and running... pornographic images in their minds. What I can't stand is their lack of restraint and manners. We might

be animals but we don't have to act like them! WE can repress our ... our animal urges!”

“Sometimes,” he said. “But those animal urges are what makes the world go around. It's what gives us children, so there's more people after us. We were made to give in to those animal urges.”

“Some of us aspire to something better,” she sniffed.

He snorted. “If you thought you were more in control, Miranda, you wouldn't hide yourself away from men.”

“I don't hide from men!”

“Really? Working in a library and complaining about how men look at you? I bet you hardly ever date either, for fear some man is gonna get all those urges when he sees you an touches you.”

“I'm not a big strong, hairy man! I have to be worried about what men will do to me!”

He smiled. “Yer not worried about what men will do. Yer worried about what you will do.”

“Don't be absurd!”

“You're worried, miss high-falutin library girl, that you're just an animal like the men are, and will give in to those urges.”

“You know nothing! You're just an ignorant... cowboy!”

“I might not have a lot of book learning,” he said. “But I know a lot... about people.”

And with that he slid his big hand into her hair and pulled her head sharply up and back, causing her to gasp, her back to arch. At the same time, his hand shot down between her thighs, but not to touch her. Instead his hand lay on the log, just between her thighs. She could feel the hair of his wrist against her thighs until she jerked them far enough apart she couldn't feel him.

Her heart was pounding suddenly for fear he was about to attack her. But he didn't do anything further. He made no effort to touch her... other than her hair.

“L-let me go!” she gasped, staring up at him.

“I told you before I don't take orders.”

She gulped, panting, her heart thumping, but he still did nothing.

“Wh-what are you doing?” she gasped.

“Nothing.”

Then let me go! No, she couldn't say that. He didn't like being told things.

“Then... why are you pulling on my hair.”

“Maybe I like the sight of you like this.”

She flushed further.

“You know where my hand is?”

She knew very well where his hand was! She couldn't see it, or feel it, but she knew it was very, very close to... to dangerous territory.”

“Do you?”

“Y-yes.”

“I'm not touching you though. My hand is on the log.”

She trembled slightly, her pulse racing.

“Want me to untie you?”

“Y-Yes!” she gasped.

“Then prove you're not an animal.”

“H-How?” she squeaked.

He leaned over, his voice lowering. “Just scoot yourself forward an inch until you feel skin against you.”

Her eyes widened and then rolled wildly. “I-I will not!”

“Not my hand. My hand is against the side of the log. All you'll feel is my wrist.”

“Wh-why!?”

“Because when you feel a man touching you, when you feel a man's skin touching you... down there... you're going to feel something, and you're going to understand there's still an animal inside you.”

“I... that's ridiculous!”

“Then do it!”

“I-I won't!”

“Okay.”

Smug bastard! How outrageous! How dare he!?! She was infuriated on several levels! But it was clear he could do anything he wanted to her, could have all along, and he hadn't. And the smugness in him! As if she would turn into some kind of raging nymphomaniac at the mere touch of male flesh!

Yet that strange bubbling emotion that was not quite arousal, that awareness of the sexuality of being naked around him, rose higher, making her insides squirm and throb. A part of her wanted him to touch her just so she could show him how wrong he was. But another part of her just wanted... wanted him to touch her.

But not sexually, never that! She was no slut! But then again she was tied up and helpless!

She shifted slightly, and her inner thigh touched his bare skin. She jerked it back, but it was a delicate balancing act. She didn't want to open her legs any wider than absolutely necessary! But at the same time she didn't want to touch him!

“I got lots of patience,” he said.

Damn him! Damn him!

Defiantly, she slid herself slightly forward, very slightly, then very slightly further forward, and then she felt him against her, the soft flesh of the underside of his wrist, very warm against her naked sex. Her face burned fiercely, the heat rolling right down to her chest.

“Just hold yourself there for one minute,” he said.

Glaring at the sky, she did so.

But the burning spread lower. That a man was touching her ... there... was a shocking thing. No one ever had before. She had certainly touched herself there often enough! But the touch of someone else, even the back of his wrist was indefinably different from her own touch, and she felt an urge growing within herself to grind her hips forward against that soft, yet firm flesh.

Her thighs were actually touching his wrist now, and the pounding of her heart was echoed by the throbbing between her legs and a strange fluttery sense to her chest and stomach.

“Your nipples are still awfully hard,” he said.

She cringed and her hips jerked back.

“No, the full minute.”

She realized at once and pushed herself forward, too hard, the sudden movement altogether too like rubbing herself against him. The sensation alarmed her, the heat sweeping into her lower belly.

Damn him!

“Please,” she gasped.

“Please what?”

His hand didn't move, but his wrist pushed harder against her, and another wave of sensation and alarm swept up through her body.

His wrist seemed to be.. moving without moving. It remained firmly pressed against her, but the pressure rose and fell, rose and fell, and she felt a swirling crackling storm of sensation roll through her each time it pressed harder.

“D-Don't!” she gasped.

“Okay.”

He eased his wrist entirely back, and her hips thrust forward to maintain contact, almost unthinkingly.

The wave of sensation was even more powerful this time. Miranda felt a shockwave of sensation rolling through her body. Her mind swam in an increasingly thick miasma of heat and a hunger for which she had no experience. She felt her skin growing electric, and realized she was now grinding herself helplessly against the soft skin of his wrist.

“Don't!” she whispered.

He angled his wrist in more and she let out a helpless gasp of pleasure as her clitoris made more direct contact with the soft, firm skin, her knees parting of their own volition. She felt her hips angling forward, her back bowing more as she ground herself against him. Her mind was filled with alarm and shock at her own behavior, but it was drowned out by the floodwaves of sensation and dark heat and hunger.

She wanted something desperately, and nothing else seemed to matter. Her breathing came in short, ragged gasps as her body throbbed with dark excitement, and then – .

Oh no, no no!

The orgasm exploded within her, and she cried out, arching back even more sharply than his grip required, her hips grinding frantically against him as her body flared with a climax more intense than any she had ever experienced in her life. Her head jerked against his grasp and her hips bucked spasmodically into his wrist as the orgasm shook her from head to toe and drove her mind into tumbling confusion.

And then it slowly, slowly faded, leaving her limp, gasping, wrung out, jaw slack

as he pulled her head up and forward again and removed his hand.

“You see? You're an animal just like the rest of us.”

Miranda could only moan helplessly, head lolling against him as he chuckled softly and caressed her thighs.

She felt him entangling his fingers in her hair again, and felt her head pulled back, but more gently than before. She groaned, eyes still slitted, chest still heaving, as he bent her head back. Then he leaned over and she felt his mouth against her right breast, felt his lips and teeth and then his tongue. Her eyes widened and she jerked convulsively, awareness of what was happening around her, to her, starting to push through the languorous afterglow of the orgasm.

But with it came an extreme discomfort and embarrassment, her face coloring as she tried to reposition herself along the moral lines she had always stood behind in the past. That was difficult to do given she had just revealed herself before him as, well, the sexual animal he claimed her to be. She had, in effect, and her mind cringed even more darkly from the thought, masturbated against him.

He had done nothing, simply held his hand in position, and she had been so helplessly aroused she had ground herself against him like the worst sort of slut! That thought filled her mind, stunning her, shocking her, and she hardly knew how to think about or react to him as he began to suck and chew on her breast!

The only thing left her was instinct, and her instinct was to deny, to deny him, to deny herself.

“No!” she cried, or rather, whispered, her throat constricted, her chest tight.

Her eyes were wide in alarm, and yet flinched as the sensations rippled through her swollen breasts. It had been something, after all, she had often fantasized about: the feel of a man's mouth on her breast. And the sensations accompanying the shock of reality unbalanced her further. Her nipples had always felt exquisitely sensitive when erect, and they had been erect for some time now. The soft, moist, warmth of his mouth around them and his tongue swirling across made her mouth form into a soundless 'O' as his teeth began to dig into the soft flesh surrounding.

“No!’ she moaned again.

And then she was jolted by the feel of his hand – not his wrist, but his hand – against her sex. His fingers stroked up and down against her, then his open hand cupped her pussy.

Her eyes bulged, and then his hand slid up, two fingers pushing into her, penetrating her, forcing their way inside her body!

And doing so rather easily, for she felt very slick, very wet.

His fingers pushed into her tight depths, and then his thumb slid up across her clitoris, and she did cry out, but her hips jerked forward violently, not back, and that drew another helpless cry from her open mouth as she gulped in air in deep, ragged breaths.

“Has a man ever touched you like this?”

She couldn't speak. His thumb was rubbing softly against her and her hips were starting to grind against him, her face a mask of anguish and shock.

He raised his head, raised hers, and his lips were on hers, and her eyes were blinking into his face as she felt his tongue caressing her lips then sliding across to tease her own tongue. She grunted as his fingers pushed even deeper, and her body writhed uncomfortably in his grasp, her instinct to jerk back fighting the heat rising anew, and the desire to give herself to it.

Her face burned but her body was hotter, and she tentatively kissed back, unable to stop herself, her tongue rising to somewhat timidly meet his even as she gasped and moaned to the touch of his fingers between her legs. She felt the sexual pressure rise with shocking speed, to the point she was physically trembling against him as he pulled her forward.

And she found herself on her knees in the dirt, gasping as he turned her to face him, and to face... to face...

Her eyes widened as he unzipped his jeans and pulled his organ out. She knew, of course, what they looked like. She wasn't dense, wasn't stupid, wasn't totally beyond the pale. And it wasn't as if she hadn't, on very rare occasions, been curious on the internet. But it seemed so ... thick... and long... and... not menacing exactly, but deadly determined, almost dangerous as he pulled her head forward by the hair.

She opened her mouth to protest, and the swollen head of his organ pushed into her mouth!

She gurgled and rolled her eyes up at him, and yet rather than pull back, which was her initial thought, she felt a sense of wonder and determination. Of course she knew this was what girls did. Of course it was a part of, well, some considered it almost outside sex, if not a prelude. It was an act in itself, and she had heard some of the girls did it almost as an act of casual friendship!

She had never done it before, however, and part of the anxiety which rushed in upon her was that she knew little about how. Another part was the raw blast of erotic sensation which slid through her mind and body as the soft, yet taut flesh of his cock caressed her lips on the way in and then slid across her tongue.

Suck. That much she knew. How hard? She sucked, and her tongue began to caress the underside. He pulled her further forward, further down, and she moaned as she felt his other hand on her breast, kneading the soft flesh as she sucked on him. He eased her back, then forward, and she remembered what she knew of the act, and started to rise up and down, sucking as she moved.

She should have been outraged and revolted, but the heat enveloped her mind, and her body pulsed with hunger. She moaned into his cock as he pulled down on her hair, taking the head almost into her throat, sucking intently.

He pulled her slowly back, and completely off, and she stared – gaped – up at him.

“Have you sucked a man's cock before?”

Her face colored at his language, and she wanted to protest indignantly, but knew that would be rather silly under the circumstances.

What was even more shocking was that was precisely what she had just been doing!

She, Miranda, had been... doing that!

He pulled her forward by the hair again, aiming his thick, now slick cock for her open mouth. Had it grown even thicker. She moaned as it slid through her lips and over her tongue again, sucking and licking as it pushed deeper and deeper.

And then much to her shock, as he pulled her along, with her eyes closed, she felt the head, so soft, slick and lovely, pushing right into her throat and then sliding right down.

Her eyes widened and she stared, almost cross-eyed, at the thick shaft and his approaching groin. And then her face was pressed against his jeans and she could feel him filling her throat. Oddly, she felt no particular urge to gag, nor did she choke. She felt shocked, and then afraid as she found herself unable to breathe. But that eased as he pulled back on her hair.

Now she felt something like a sense of gagging as his thick flesh caressed her throat on the way up, but the heat wrapped around her mind caused her more excitement at what she was doing than fear, and it popped free so that she could gulp in air even as he turned her head up to face him.

“You ever deep throated a cock before, girl?”

She flinched again. “N-No,” she whispered.

“Well then, you're a real natural,” he said.

He pulled her down again and she widened her lips as his cock slid through them. She sucked and licked as he held onto her hair, and she bobbed up and down on her own, forcing herself lower with a strange fascination and determination. She took him into her throat, gagging a bit this time, but managed to get all the way down as his other hand stroked up and down her back.

He pulled her back up, and then up further, drawing her up by the hair until his lips were on hers again, his hand kneading her breast as he pulled her almost into his lap. Miranda shuddered and moaned, dazed by what was happening, amazed at herself, and hardly able to think straight for the heat and sensuality churning within her.

He pulled her forward and into his lap, wrapping his arm around her, squeezing her against his powerful body as his lips crushed hers. She felt his slick organ beneath her buttocks, and then gasped as he gripped her bottom and raised her up.

Her knees found purchase on the log on either side of his body even as he gripped her hair again and forced her head up and back, forcing her body up as

well. Then the pressure reversed and she sank down, feeling at once the pressure against her opening. Her mouth opened wide and she squealed in denial and frantic uncertainty. But then she felt the moist walls of her opening forced in and back and the thick, slick intruder sank into her.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Please! Oh!” she cried breathlessly.

She felt herself forced downwards by his pull on her hair, felt the thick girth of him pushing up into her body, further and further. There was no hymen to break for she had explored herself completely on numerous prior occasions. And so there was no real pain, just a deep and strangely wonderful ache as her insides were forced apart and she impaled herself on his thick, hard shaft.

Her eyes could not have been wider as her buttocks came to rest upon his thighs and her mind exploded with the feel of him inside her, so deep, so thick, so hard, pulsing angrily as she trembled in amazement. How had this happened!? How had she allowed this!? This wasn't how she was supposed to – .

And then he pulled her into him and his mouth was on her right breast, sucking hungrily as his hand squeezed her other breast. His other hand was on her bottom, grinding her against him, and despair at the what she had just allowed to happen was washed away by a new wave of heat and hunger.

Chapter Five

Miranda's mind continued to feel a wild sense of unreality even as she was ground against his thick spear of flesh. Its unfamiliar hardness lay deep within her belly, and the sensation of THAT filled her world! Everything else that was happening was irreverent.

She needed little urging from his hand to start moving. Her body wanted to move, and did, first grinding against him, then starting to hesitantly rise and fall. She increased the pace of that, eyes filled with wonder and heat as she rode him, as she exulted in the sensation of his manhood plunging up into her belly again and again and again.

She began to squeak and moan and gasp every time she sank down upon it, and only his firm grip on her hair stopped her, as he pulled her down, and turned her face towards his.

“Do you like that cock, baby?” he growled.

His words made her squirm with discomfort, but he would not abandon the question. He tightened his grip, jerking on her hair so she winced in pain.

“Answer the question.”

“Ow,” she complained. “You're hurting me!”

“Answer the question.”

Why was he bothering her! She only wanted to... only wanted to.. to ride up and down on him!

“Don't ... “

“Don't what?”

“Don't use... that word.”

“What word?”

She refused to say it, and then his hand slapped against her bottom sharply.

“Ow!”

“What word?”

“The ... c-word.”

“You mean cock?”

She blushed despite herself.

“That's what's up inside you right now, baby. My cock. That's what you had in your mouth and down your throat earlier. My cock. You were sucking my cock. Do you remember?”

She tried to twist herself free of his hand but he pulled her in closer.

“Say it.”

“No!”

“Say it,” he said, holding her still.

It wasn't the pain of his fingers in her hair which made her unhappy, but her inability to ride up and down on his ... cock.

“Cock,” she said, flushing.

“My cock is inside you.”

“Your... your cock... is inside me,” she gulped.

He smiled, and then she gasped as she felt his finger down between the join of her body.

“Do you want to ride my cock, baby?”

“Please!”

“Do you?”

“Y-Yes!”

“Ask.”

“Please... I-I want to ... ride your ... cock.”

The words shocked her and yet aroused her even more deeply.

“Again.”

“I-I want to ride your cock!”

“Once more.”

“I want to ride your cock!”

“But I said to ask, not tell me.”

Horrid man!

“Please may I ride your cock!?” she gasped.

He released her hair and she moaned and started to do that very thing, riding up and down, working her leg muscles, frustrated that her arms were still bound behind her so she couldn't use those to help her movements. Every time her body sank down she felt a powerful gush of heat and pleasure as it drove up into her belly. Another orgasm was approaching, and nothing else seemed to matter as she rode harder, gasping and panting and whimpering at the tidal wave of heat gripping her.

And he stopped her.

“Nooooo!” she moaned.

“Do you like having that cock inside you, baby?”

“Yes! Yes!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I like having your cock inside me!”

He gripped her buttocks and lifted her, and she began to ride him again as his mouth bit delicately, then less delicately at her breast. She rode up and down more and more frantically, her cries rising as the pleasure intensified, and then another orgasm shook her and she screamed helplessly as the pleasure swept her mind into another universe.

* * *

She was a slut. That was all there was to it. She was a filthy slut!

The only redeeming thing was that she had done this awful thing far from home and anyone she knew. She held to that thought. At least she could go back home, and return to her life as if nothing had happened, and no one around her would ever know she had acted like a cheap whore.

She glared up at him as he worked at the horse's hoof. He was bent over now, the horse's leg bent as he worked at the hoof. He was an awful man! An evil man! He was an awful, evil man! He had made her do those awful things!

But he had removed his shirt in the heat as he worked and her eyes skimmed over the lean, muscled arms and chest with a helplessly feminine appreciation. His body was certainly... not unattractive... for a man his age.

He straightened up, stretched, and she looked at his abdomen, and the way his jeans gripped him, and then he turned to look at her and she hurriedly scowled.

“Are you going to untie me?” she demanded.

“I dunno. You need your arms for something?”

“What an absurd question! Of course I do!”

“What?”

She stared at him, flustered. What an idiotic question! She need her hands to... well, to do things! Of course, she wasn't doing anything...

“Are you afraid I'll molest you?” she demanded.

“Again?” he asked with a smirk.

Her face heated.

“You abused me!”

“That's an interesting word. I seem to recall you begging me to let me ride my cock.”

Her face flamed even worse. The fact she had actually done that very thing made the foul words even more terrible!

“You are an awful, terrible, obnoxious man!”

He shrugged carelessly.

“When I tell the police that you kidnapped me they'll lock you away forever so that decent women will be safe!”

He walked over to her and she gulped and went silent.

That he stopped right in front of her, with his groin almost in her face only made her more anxious. She jerked her eyes up at him as he looked down.

“Say 'cock' again.”

She glared. “I shant!”

“Why not? It's a perfectly acceptable word.”

“It is not acceptable!”

“It is around here.”

“Well I am not from around here!”

“Well that's fuckin' obvious.”

She gasped and glared even more. “Please do not use language like that around me!”

“You don't like fuck either? That's what we just did, you know.”

She stood up angrily, stepping back from the log.

“You are a filthy mouthed man! You're a... a primitive!”

He shrugged.

“If I wasn't tied up I would slap your face!”

“Well, that's a good reason to keep you tied up then, isn't it.”

“Dunno. Maybe after we fuck a few more times.”

Her eyes narrowed. “You are not going to be doing anything to me again, you... pig!”

“I'm getting mighty tired of your insults, little girl.”

“I am not insulting you! I am defining you! I am describing you! I am – Hey! You let me go!”

He dragged her forward even as he sat down on the log, pulling her down as well... across his lap!

Her legs kicked wildly and she squealed in protest but he ignored her, placing her properly across his lap.

Crack!

“Ow! Stop it!”

Crack! Crack!

“Ow! You unhand me this instant!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Stop! Ow! Don't!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Miranda's legs continued to kick as his hand slapped down across her rapidly heating bottom. Each blow brought a sharp stinging pain, and as the blows continued, her bottom turned hot and the pain grew worse. Yet the stinging from her buttocks seemed to echo right through her lower body and produce a resonating vibration between her legs.

Her pussy throbbed to that vibration, and she felt the sexual hunger creeping over her once again. He was so rude! So filthy! So violent! The way he was manhandling her! The crude, brute force of him! It was all simply beyond the pale! And yet, it made something inside her simmer with a rising heat. Perhaps it was somewhat like the books she read, though of course, the girl being spanked was never naked!

“Nasty little slut,” he said.

Crack!

“You need to learn proper respect for your betters.”

Crack!

Tears filled Miranda's eyes once more. Physical violence was something she was completely unfamiliar with and poorly suited to cope with. Then again, this wasn't the normal sort of physical violence, and she had no idea why it was producing a strange sort of dark hunger within her.

And then his fingers stopped slapping and started caressing her sore bottom. They traced the curving lines of her body down and under and she felt them sliding up and down against her sex.

“D-Don't!” she whimpered.

“Why? You know you like it.”

His fingers sank into her, and she kicked her legs feebly, but his hand was firmly lodged between her thighs, and as his fingers twisted and pushed deeper she gave a sob of frustration and heat that turned to a whimper of pleasure as his other hand slid under her chest to cup and fondle her breast.

She felt a sense of helplessness and resignation as her own body betrayed her,

and began to pull her mind into the same dark, sluttish fever she had felt earlier. She squirmed and tried to resist, but more smacks to her bottom made her yelp in pain, and made other use of his hands far preferable.

He turned her over, and pulled her into a sitting position across him, but kept his hand between her trembling thighs. His other hand gripped her hair, as before, and he pulled her back so he could lick and suck and chew at her throbbing nipples and breasts while his fingers molested her!

She felt overwhelmed by the sensations, and by the wild, animal hungers he was rousing within her. Everything about this was utterly forbidden by her own sense of morality! Why was she letting him!? She tried to assure herself it was entirely against her will and she, being bound, had no choice, but that was only partially successful.

“Ohhh!” she gasped, as she felt a third finger pushing up inside her.

His thumb was producing shocking sensations as it danced and stroked against her clitoris.

He pushed her, rather abruptly, and she gasped as she tumbled onto her back and side in the soft earth. Then he stood up and unzipped his jeans. He pulled them down over his lean hips and his cock sprang up with alarming and menacing stiffness.

He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his jeans, and then he was naked, standing before her as she gazed up at him with alarmed heat.

“Get on your knees, girl,” he growled.

Almost without thought, she complied, and trembled as his cock pointed at her face.

“You know what to do.”

The arrogance of the man was appalling! She had enough self-control to refuse, to turn her head away, though it seemed increasingly difficult to breath.

She gasped as he seized her hair, jerking her face forward, then his cock brushed across her cheek, then her lips. She opened them and licked at it, but he pulled it

back. He pushed it forward and she opened her mouth, moaning as it pushed slowly through and over her tongue.

God! This was so ... so.. outrageously slutty! It was pure hedonism!

But she found a real and excited fascination with the feel and sight and taste of his cock as it pushed into her mouth. She moaned around it, sucking as he pulled her forward, then slid back.

He pulled her back by the hair and rubbed the slick cock over her mouth again.

“Do you like sucking cock, Miranda?”

Her face flushed further. Horrible man! Awful man!

“Answer me,” he growled, jerking her head back.

“Ow! Don't!”

“Say it.”

“I-I... I do!”

“Say it.”

“Please!”

“Say it.”

“I.. I like ... sucking... cock.”

“Again.”

“I like sucking cock,” she moaned, defeated.

He released her hair and she dropped her chin.

“I'm a whore,” she said.

“A cocksucking whore,” he said.

She turned her eyes up, glaring.

“Say it.”

“I'm a cock-sucking whore!” she said angrily.

It was anger at herself, more than him however.

He pushed his hips forward and she took his cock into her mouth again, sucking. She slid her lips slowly up its length, glorying in the sensation, in the erotic delight of watching it, of seeing it, of feeling it as it slid deep into her mouth. This was so slutty! This was wild and insane and ... and animalish!

She took him into her throat, feeling a wave of excitement roll through her body.

He eased back, and she let herself be pulled off with something like regret.

“Say it again.

“I'm a cock-sucking whore,” she said.

“And do you want me to fuck you again?”

She dropped her eyes. God!

“Say it.”

She shook her head helplessly.

“Say it... slut.”

She gasped at the word.

“I... do.”

“Say it.”

“I want you to... fuck me,” she said, cringing at the word.

“Ask, don't tell.”

“Please fuck me,” she whispered.

“Louder.”

She glared at him. “Please fuck me!”

He chuckled and she found herself glaring at him.

He knelt and his big hands twisted her so her back was to him, then she felt his fingers at the rope, undoing the knot. It pulled free and her arms were released at long last. She groaned and moved them around in front of her.

Then she felt herself pushed sharply. She fell forward, catching herself on her hands, then turned to stare at him.

“On all fours,” he said, “Like a bitch in heat.”

The words struck her with a combination of shocking heat and terrible embarrassment. But the heat was the more powerful, and as he sank to his knees behind her, she felt him grasp her leg and jerk it wider.

Crack!

She gasped at the slap to her bottom.

“Raise your ass and spread your legs, girl.”

The words were awful! Terrible! But even more shocking was that she did as he bade, and found herself in that oldest of all positions, like... like... a bitch in heat... ready to be mounted!

Was this her!?

Am I really doing this!?

She gasped at the feel of his cock sliding up and down against her overheated opening, and moaned, her bottom automatically rising higher. Then he pushed slowly into her body, his hands sliding up her hips and then along her ribs before sliding under to cup her breasts. The feel of him sliding into her was exquisite, and Miranda shuddered, her head rolling back as her eyes slitted in pleasure.

She gave a little squeak of pain when the head jammed too deep, mashing up against what must, she thought, be the very deepest part of her, but even so the thick girth of him, the fullness inside, left her ... breathless.

She felt him slide back, and her head fell forward with a groan, but he was only halfway free before sliding back into her again, producing that same aching sensation. His hands slid up and down her bare back, then under her ribs to cup her breasts, kneading them in hard fingers. But he quickly abandoned them, gripping her hips, jerking her back now to meet his thrusts so that she gasped and squeaked continuously.

She still felt somewhat ashamed of her own behavior, and appalled at what she was doing. But a deep sense of eager fascination had settled over her, as well. And as her inhibitions melted away she felt as though she were submersing herself into a role. Was this not, after all, the way women had been taken since time immemorial? Was she not, kneeling there in the dirt, in a direct link with all the women who had preceded her however many thousands of years in the past?

And it could certainly not be denied that this was far more entertaining an experience than any book she had ever read!

The feeling of the slick, thick organ sliding back and forth between the tautly stretched lips of her sex was another delicious sensation, and added to the dark heat swirling within her mind and body. As he continued to thrust, and thrust harder still, she had to shove her hands further forward and apart to brace herself against the impact of his hips against her bottom.

But that did nothing to ease the fascination, the delicious excitement of the experience, of the wickedness and wildness and raw sensory storm of it! It was so deep inside her! She moaned and gasped as he used longer strokes, his hips striking her harder still, then cried out as he entangled his fingers in her shoulder length hair, jerking up and back sharply.

At the same time, he slapped her bottom, then again, and Miranda felt the wildness and rawness of it all sweep through her like a storm. She felt completely out of control, as if nothing, not even her own body, would behave in any sort of predictable fashion. He was like an animal! And kneeling there, legs spread, gasping and moaning, so was she!

She was dazed with the shock of it, the unbridled lust churning inside her and

melding with a sense of forbidden joy and excitement to make her nerve endings crackle with electricity. Her very skin felt electric as her full breasts wobbled and swung beneath her, and his hips continued to ram into her from behind. His cock moved within her, not simply in and out, but shifting angles and directions as his body and hers both continued to move.

He slapped her bottom again and she cried out, her head forced up and back, but jammed down between her shoulder blades by his powerful fist in her hair. Then he released her hair, and she half collapsed onto her elbows and hands, panting, gasping, moaning helplessly. She felt his body fall atop her, his chest against her back as his arms wrapped around her, his hands mashing her breasts against her rib cage as his lips came down on the nape of her neck.

Did she hear a growl, or was that her imagination!?

He was rutting into her like an animal! And despite the almost instinctive abhorrence she still felt for such 'primitive' behavior Miranda felt herself very much wanting to be an animal back. Certainly her body did! Her hips were grinding and jerking and thrusting back against him without any conscious thought on her part!

His teeth bit into her throat, his hot breath singing her skin as his lips sucked hard against her. His fingers were twisting and mashing her breasts as his hips ground against her and thrust in and out. He would thrust hard and fast, then, buried in her, would grind his hips in a clockwise manner, then reverse them, then thrust once again, hard, deep and fast, so that she gasped and shuddered breathlessly.

It was all so... so... primitive!

And she was drunk on that primitive heat, feverish with the burning hunger and passion within her body and mind. That carefully bred, hesitant, restrained part of her cringed at what was taking place, but that part of her was no longer in control. And then the pleasure slipped across some unknown line and began to grow rapidly in power.

She cried out weakly, her head jerking up and back, mouth open in a soundless cry of pleasure as it tripped over into an even more powerful orgasm than before. It was an orgasm that shattered her mind, sending her nervous system into overload and sending sizzling sexual electricity crackling back and forth through

her body.

On and on it went, as Miranda trembled and shook and gurgled in wonder and delight, and the only thought on her mind was a desperate need for it to continue... forever!

But of course it could not. Yet on and on and on it went, until she forgot to breath, forgot to think, forgot who she was, before finally seeping away and leaving her dazed and gasping. She half fell onto her face in the dirt, her arms losing what strength was left to them. Yet he rose up off her, gripping her above the waist, keeping her in position as he thrust into her again and again.

Her cheek lay pressed against the ground, eyes glassy, mouth open as she gasped for breath and drooled slightly. Her body continued to jerk back and forth, her face rubbing against the grass as he rode her. And then, finally, he changed his pattern, burying himself inside her, holding, pulling back sharply, driving deep, holding again, and again, and then with a sigh, he eased back and she felt the thickness of him diminishing even before he withdrew.

He released her and for long seconds she remained in position, gasping, bottom raised high, knees spread wide, face against the ground, and then her bottom slowly sank down to the ground even as he stood up.

She felt another slap on her bottom.

“Yer a good ride, girl,” he said.

Her old inhibitions began to rouse, the prudish side of her cringing once again.

What have I done!?

He pulled on his jeans and went back to work on the horses as Miranda slowly rolled onto her side and groaned, spreading her legs out below her.

Chapter Six

“The thing about horses is, once you've given them a good hard ride, they learn who the master is and they tend to do what they're told afterward.”

Miranda glared at him furiously.

Awful man! Horrible man! What a disgusting, contemptible primitive!

How dare he treat her like this!

“Now you just hang tight while I see if I can finish changing that shoe.”

He turned and walked away, leaving Miranda, literally, hanging.

She glared at him silently, for he had tied a rag around her mouth. Even now it dug in against the sides of her lips and was lodged securely against her teeth. Nor could she remove it, for her arms were bound tightly behind her back, bound to her ankles, in fact, which were raised up and back. Hog tied, in fact.

Some part of her recognized it as her own fault. She shouldn't have been quite so sarcastic and demanding, shouldn't have pointed out to him how ignorant he was, and what ought to happen to people with a backward sense of the world. But after she had been so ... so completely and thoroughly taken advantage of, her pride felt the need for her to assert herself.

She had never been one to let some big, hairy man tell her what to do, nor to admit to any sense of inferiority, to anything less than complete equality of intellect and strength. To simply allow herself to be so utterly used went completely against who she saw herself as being! That he had actually untied her before doing it made it much worse! She could not even pretend she had no choice!

Kicking him in the pants as he bent over to attend to the horse's shoe probably hadn't been a wise decision though.

And then, after he had hog-tied her, she had shrilly complained about being left

in the dirt with bugs and who knew what germs, and further insulted him. Whereupon he had gagged her and then placed her in her current position, hanging from the tree, her arms and ankles forced up and back together above her, her body bowed somewhat, breasts and head both hanging down.

It was surprising how heavy a head was, she decided, after a time. Her head naturally hung low, and she had to raise it up and back in order to look anywhere but toward the ground underneath. She kept trying, but it was getting more difficult to raise her head, never mind keep it raised.

And then, as if noting this and taking pity on her, he came back, holding rope which was quite a bit narrow in hand. He tied it around her waist, then ran it down between her legs underneath, and back up between her thighs. She felt him gathering her hair up and back together behind her, then twisting it into something like a braid.

At least her head was up and back, she thought in relief, and without her having to use as much of her aching neck muscles to do it. But her hair hurt!

And then he released her hair and she gasped in alarm and then rolled her eyes up at him in reproach as he walked away. The rope had gone between her legs, and now the pressure of her head had forced it to sink right in between the lips of her sex. But never mind that. At least she could watch him now, could look around.

Her hair still hurt, though, or rather, her scalp. At first it stung quite a bit as some hairs were pulled out, and some were stretched and strained, taking more of the load than others. But that all evened out after a minute or so.

Awful man! Horrid man!

But she found the bondage oddly soothing, as well. She wasn't at all certain why, nor did she spend much time considering it. Certainly being tied up meant that she was robbed of most responsibility for, well, for anything. That was something of a relief. Her mind didn't have to keep racing to consider how to react, how to respond, what to say to this or that outrage.

But above that was the exciting feel of being in one of her bodice-ripper books, of being the helpless heroine captured by the evil prince... or in this case the barbaric cave man. That sort of thing almost required she be tied up or locked up

in some way.

Though she certainly had never envisaged anything like this!

The strain on her scalp was continuous, and if not beyond her ability to cope, still quite uncomfortable. When she could, she rolled her head back further to take some of the weight off the pony tail he'd tied the rope to. That, of course, also took weight off the rope jammed in between her legs. More particularly, there seemed to be an especially thick, especially hard piece of that rope positioned just... just sooo.

And every time she moved her head, it ground against her clitoris. This caused her considerable discomfort at first. Over time, however, the discomfort became something else. That too, was discomfoting, only not so much physically as emotionally. The grinding against her, the sensation, even though it ached, being tied up and helpless and still remembering the seething heat and pleasure she'd felt when he'd ridden her, Miranda started to rouse once again.

She ignored it as best she could, furious at him, and at herself. She was a civilized woman! She was an educated, knowledgeable, intelligent woman! She would not allow herself to be so responsive to her... her base instincts!

Damn him!

He walked over to her, checking the ropes around her wrists and ankles, and then paused to grin at her.

“I'm enjoying the silence. How about you?”

She glowered at him.

“You'll find you get treated here how you deserve,” he said. “Act like a brat and I'll treat you like one.”

As if it weren't him who had acted improperly, she thought indignantly.

“I must say this position becomes you,” he said, holding his hands up to cup her breasts.

Miranda's face reddened as his fingers kneaded the soft flesh and flicked across

still-hardened nipples.

“If you promise to do what you're told I'll let you down,” he said.

Then he bent and put his face right against hers. “Exactly what you're told.”

She glared back, but her scalp was stinging, her wrists aching, and that rope was grinding against her in a way which both ached and felt darkly exciting. Did she want to remain hanging here?

“Will you?”

She tried to nod her head.

He reached for the cloth he'd tied over her mouth and undid it.

“Well?”

“A-all right,” she said breathlessly.

He snorted. “All right? I don't think that's good enough.”

“What do you wish, a promise to obey you faithfully forever?”

“Forever might be a tad unnecessary,” he said dryly. “But you can promise to obey whatever I tell you to do without complaint.”

She glared.

“Or stay up here.”

“How do I know you... you won't take advantage of me?” she demanded.

He snorted and fingered her nipple again, pinching it until she yelped.

“What, again? I don't think you'd be too upset if I did, honey.”

Her face heated, but she understood what he meant. He was already seeing her naked, already pawing her whenever he wanted, and had already used her to his heart's content. The ways in which he could 'take advantage' of her by her giving such a promise seemed limited.

“All right,” she said sullenly.

“Promise.”

“I promise.”

“The full sentence. You're a librarian, ain't you? You know what a complete sentence is.”

She snorted indignantly. “I promise to obey you!”

“You promise to obey every order I give without whining about it.”

She sighed. “I promise to obey every order you give without protest.”

“Good enough,” he said, reaching for the ropes, “Though it's few women that can actually keep a promise.”

“I'll have you know I am a woman of my word!” she exclaimed.

“Uh huh.”

“Only a sexist pig would think men are more honorable than women!”

“You want to stay up here?”

“No,” she said after a short pause.

She felt herself sinking, and her body slid down to the ground. She lay on her belly as he untied her ankles and wrists and tossed the ropes away. She sat up, rubbing her scalp and glaring at him.

“If you don't do as you say I'll take a paddle to your backside,” he warned, pointing a finger at her.

And then the first order he gave her was to fill a bucket from the water barrel, take a harsh wire brush, and clean the floor of his hovel!

What a wretched man!

But she had given her word, and so must crawl about on hands and knees

cleaning his miserable little shack for him! Every little while he came in to look at her, a strange smile on his face, and Miranda always fumed and blushed as he did. It was very difficult not to give him a piece of her mind!

When she had finished, and went back outside he told her to change the 'bed'. This involved carrying out the old straw and pulling in more from a pile out back.

“You're taking advantage of my promise!” she said accusingly.

“Not really. Just getting a small bit of work out of you to compensate for the inconvenience.”

“Inconvenience!? It seems to me you've gotten more than sufficient to compensate you for any inconvenience Mister Jones!”

He frowned. “How'd you know my name?”

“It's on a book in your hovel!”

“And what were you doing reading my book?”

“I wasn't reading it! I simply glanced at it in passing. I am a librarian, you know. I have an interest in books. I'm just surprised you can read.”

His eyes narrowed. “You looking for another spanking?”

“Oh yes, that's your answer to everything, isn't it!? Brute force!”

“Not necessarily,” he said, “Get down on your hands and knees.”

She gaped at him. “What? Why?”

“Because you promised to obey my orders.”

Glaring, she did as he bade. Her face flushed, and she felt her chest tightening. Was he going to.. to mount her again!? She should never have made such a broad ranging promise!

And why did that idea of him... molesting her again make her lower belly purr like a cat?!

“Crawl over to that water barrel.”

She blinked in surprise. “But...”

“Without arguing. Wasn't that the promise?”

Glaring, she crawled across the yard to the water barrel, then looked at him.

“Now crawl back.”

Indignation filled him. He was just trying to humiliate her! That and get her to break her promise, no doubt so that would justify his sexist opinions! Well, she wouldn't give him the satisfaction. She crawled back to him, grateful the earth was soft.

“You crawl like a hog,” he said.

Miranda started to rise angrily.

“I didn't say to get up.”

She sank back to her hands and knees.

“Crawl back to the barrel, but roll your hips a little. Do it more slowly, crawl like a cat. Don't you have any kind of grace?”

He was insane! That was all there was to it! What on earth was this in aid of!?

“Do it.”

She pursed her lips, then began to crawl back to the barrel, more slowly, flushing as she saw his eyes on her backside while she 'rolled her hips' in a way she knew very well was suggestive.

“Keep your movements fluid. Like a cat, remember.”

Idiot man! Pervert!

“Now crawl back.”

She had half expected it, and turned, crawling back towards him, even more

flushed now, with anger, with embarrassment, and with the certain knowledge he was making her put on a salacious sort of show for his perverse enjoyment. She reached him and cocked her head up and back, glaring up at him. Then he sank to a squat before her, allowing her to lower her head.

He grinned and reached out to take her hair on either side of her head. She started to rise, to grasp his hands, but he stopped her with a word.

“On all fours. That was the order. Are you going back on your word?”

Glaring, she dug her fingers into the grass as he tilted her head up and then, to her astonishment, he bent over further and kissed her!

It wasn't a harsh kiss. In fact, it was surprisingly gentle, and she felt her heart starting to thump as his lips, amazingly soft lips, slid against hers in a long moment of sensuous hunger before his tongue dipped lightly into her mouth. She responded without thinking, and for several seconds their kiss deepened and had her pulse racing.

Then he pulled back with a grin.

“Turn around.”

Her eyes widened, and she wanted to refuse, but, trembling, she obeyed.

“Spread your legs.”

She bit her lips, and obeyed.

“Raise your bottom in the air and lower your chest to the ground.”

Again she obeyed, feeling her face burning with both embarrassment and a rapidly rising sense of erotic need at such a blatant, obscene display!

She gasped as she felt his hand slide between her thighs, felt his long fingers gently stroking against her sex. She groaned as a finger penetrated her, then another stroked across her clitoris. She wanted to tell him to stop, but the heat blossomed inside her, even as he shifted, moving forward to kneel beside her. She gasped as he gripped her hair again, jerking it up and back. Her hands rose –

.

“Hands on the ground.”

She settled back, panting, gasping as a second finger slid into her, then a third, dipping and twisting as he stroked her clitoris. Her lower body began to burn and throb, and she had to fight to keep her hips from squirming and rolling back against him!

He paused, leaning down towards her, so close she felt his breath against her ear.

“Are you going to disobey now?”

She said nothing, panting and gulping in air.

He chuckled throatily, then released her and rose. “Wait there a minute. Don't move.”

She obeyed, panting, face against the ground, face red, feeling horribly obscene and shameless as she displayed herself so openly, but she found herself caring about that less with the burning in her body and heart and mind.

He returned and knelt beside her again, something in his hand, like a short belt. She was startled when he slid it around her neck, then pulled it back and tightened it, to buckle in place.

“This belonged to my favorite dog, Max,” he said.

Her eyes widened, and her jaw dropped in shock and outrage. He had put a dog collar around her throat!?

He stood up, and she realized, turning her head up, that he had a leash attached to the collar. Was he insane!?

“Now let's see how long it takes to break your promise,” he said with a grin.

What an awful man!

He walked forward, tugging on the leash. “Let's go, girl. Crawl.”

Horrid, wretched, evil man!

But Miranda felt raw determination fill her. She would not give in to his obvious

attempt to make her foreswear her word!

He walked slowly, so she could keep up.

“Heel,” he said, tugging on the leash.

Miranda muttered under her breath, but crawled alongside him, across the yard to the other side.

“Now sit on your heels.”

She sat back on her heels almost gratefully.

“Knees apart, pretty girl.”

She glared, but obeyed. She also noted him calling her “pretty girl.” It was the first actual acknowledgment, other than riding her like a whore, that he found her attractive, and some part of her ego felt a surge of pleasure at the words.

“Hands behind your neck, arch your back.”

She blushed but obeyed, starting to feel the rise in heat again as she posed for him.

“Now that's a pretty picture,” he said.

She flushed anew, anger and heat surging and swirling within her, mixing with that strange, darker heat with which she had so little experience.

“Now back on all fours.”

She sighed and fell forward onto all fours.

“Face and chest against the ground, bottom up, knees wide. Let's go. Move it.”

She yelped at a slap to her bottom, and hurriedly complied.

“Wh-what is this in aid of?” she gasped, face against the ground.

“Seeing if yer actually able to honor your word.”

“I don't think that's all you're seeing, Mr. Jones!”

He chuckled. “I don't deny you have a real purty body and posing it in certain ways makes a man happy.”

“You're a pervert!”

“You think so? How many men do you think would not want to see such a pretty girl posing in such ways, hmm?”

“Normal men have respect for women!”

He made a rude sound. “They act the way they have to act to please women, that's all. Isn't a one wouldn't love to see you like this.”

“Clearly you have no interest in pleasing women!” she said snippily, face against the grass.

He bent over and she gasped as she felt his fingers tangling in her thick hair, pulling her head up and back. He kept pulling, this time, forcing her upright, then up onto her feet, all so swiftly and smoothly she had no idea what he intended until she felt her breasts flattening against his chest and his lips were on hers.

He released her hair, and his hands caressed her back all the way down to her buttocks as his tongue darted between her lips. His big hands seized her buttocks, then, and before she could even consider an objection he had pulled her up off her feet. It was natural for her legs to wrap around him, for her arms to slide over his shoulders. It was simply instinct, and then her thinking was interrupted by the long, deep kiss.

It was very hard to think straight while being kissed like that!

She felt another sense of astonishment – she had felt so many today – at finding herself in his arms, and more! She had never thought to kiss a man so brazenly, with her legs wrapped around him, held aloft like that! And he seemed to have no difficulty whatever holding her up as his lips slide sensuously against her own.

In fact, a little extra pressure and she felt herself lifted higher, then his lips were

off hers and onto her right breast, where her nipple began to throb and burn in his mouth, his tongue and lips and suction working to make her gasp and moan helplessly as the sensations spilled through her mind.

He lowered her again, his lips returning to hers, and Miranda felt herself getting lost in the kiss, the longest, most wonderful of her life. She analyzed every movement of his tongue and lips and mouth, and anxiously imitated them, for some reason she couldn't understand, wanting to impress him with her ability, her sophistication, her non-existent experience.

He had been treating her like a little girl, right down to the spanking. A part of her felt a deep sense of comfort with that idea, for it absolved her of all need to make decisions or to show initiative. Another part of her, however, wanted to challenge him, to make him respect her. He was so overbearing and arrogant, after all!

He finally eased her down to the ground, but then pressed her back against the wall of his little cabin. She felt squeezed in between them, his big body blotting out the world beyond as he continued to kiss her, as his hands moved up and down her back and bottom. Her breasts pressed in against his warm chest now, and as her right hand slipped off his shoulder she let it trace slowly down across his chest and caress his soft skin.

And then he pulled back, leaving her heart pounding and breathless, staggering slightly as he grinned down at her.

“Hands and knees, pretty girl.”

She blinked uncertainly, and then, blushing sank to her hands and knees.

He snapped the leash to the collar and she frowned as he tugged on it.

“Crawl.”

“But...”

“Crawl.”

He tugged, and the collar dug into her neck. She gurgled, and crawled forward a she led her across the yard.

“Stop when I stop. Start when I start.”

“But – .”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“No talking.”

He had picked up a slim wooden stick, a switch, really, and it stung when it struck her bottom.

Scowling, but her mind still swirling and churning with a dark hunger and heat, Miranda crawled as he directed, stopping and starting each time he did, mentally shaking her head in astonishment at what a strange person he was.

“Face down, bottom up,” he said, at a pause.

She was slow, and got the switch across her bottom again, making her yelp and hurriedly place her chin down on the grass, raising her bottom high.

He stepped back a pace, and she gasped as she felt the smooth wood slide between her legs and up against her sex, rubbing slowly back and forth.

“Knees slightly forward, and further apart.”

When he was satisfied, he tugged her up and they crawled on, but again stopped.

“On your heels, hands behind your neck.”

She sat back on her heels, arching her back, interlocking her fingers behind her neck as he looked down at her.

He sighed as he looked at her, and shook his head.

“What a little beauty.”

Miranda flushed, partly in annoyance, but partly in anticipation and pleasure.

Then it was crawling again, then bottom up and face down, then crawling, then

kneeling.

“My knees are getting sore,” she complained.

“Obviously they haven't gotten nearly enough exercise.

He had her kneel again, hands behind her neck, then unzipped his jeans. Miranda felt a shock of heat and anxiety as he held himself out before her. He was not quite hard, but neither was he flaccid. She started to reach for him but he shook his head.

“No, hands behind your neck. Learn to use your mouth properly.”

She snorted disdainfully, but when he placed himself against her lips she licked and sucked, then pulled the head into her mouth. She was pleased that it hardened almost immediately, that the shaft thickened and hardened behind it as he pushed deeper into her mouth. It was soon slick and she once again felt a wild elation at the soft, slippery, delicious warmth of his shaft as it caressed her lips and tongue.

His hand slid behind her head, pulling her face forward as he pushed his hips against her, and his cock pushed into her throat. It amazed her again how smoothly it went, but the excitement within her aided her in swallowing it with too much difficulty. That excitement redoubled at the feel of him sliding down her throat, and then again when her lips were pressed so firmly against the base of his shaft.

She rolled her eyes up at him and was doubly pleased to see the excitement and pleasure in his eyes as he held her there, buried within her. But she could only hold her breath for so long, especially with her heart pounding as it was. She began to feel a tightness in her chest and a pressure in her head as he slowly drew back. When he popped out, she gulped in air desperately, chest heaving.

She drew in deep breaths air, but soon he was again in her mouth and then again down her throat, and there was the pressure again as her chest burned. He drew back, and she gasped raggedly, but then once more pushed into her throat. She began to get light-headed from the continued lack of air, and with that rather lost track of what they were doing until he put her back on her back.

“Knees up and wide apart,” he ordered.

Chest heaving, she obeyed, and he knelt beside her, taking her right hand down between her thighs, holding out two middle fingers, and then using them to rub against her clitoris. She moaned at the touch, even as he removed his hand. She continued to rub, as he took her other hand and placed it on her breast.

It felt so good that she didn't want to stop, but almost immediately, despite her light-headedness, realized what she was doing, with him watching her. She felt a deepening flush to her face, and deepening sense, not of self-consciousness, nor even embarrassment, really, but of a dark, burning heat at her own shocking, obscene behavior.

She was nearing an orgasm, and feeling a strange, panicky feeling at so revealing herself to him, like this!

“Stop.”

She couldn't, until he pulled her hands away.

“Put your feet flat on the ground, legs apart.”

She moaned, but he jerked her knees down, and her legs fell to the ground. She reluctantly and dazedly put her feet flat on the ground, and he slipped two fingers into her pussy, then curled them and pulled 'up'.

“Raise your hips, pretty girl.”

“Wha.. what?” she gasped.

“Raise your hips up.”

She raised her hips off the ground, her legs bent, feet flat on the ground. It was a yoga position of sorts, she remembered, or at least, she remembered doing this sort of thing before. But of course, that had been alone, and wearing her sweatpants, not naked with a man watching!

“Hands under your hips.”

Grunting with effort, she braced her elbows against the ground and put her hands under her hips to hold them in the air.

“Hold yourself like that for a bit, pretty girl.”

He got to his feet and walked away, leaving her somewhat dumbfounded, panting for breath, flushed, and staring up at her body. Her head was still against the ground, her chin against her chest, her body angled up as she held herself in position.

What on earth was she doing!? What on earth was he doing!?

He returned, long legs striding across the grass and mud until he was squatting beside her.

His hand reached down and squeezed one of her breasts, then slid up her body, his fingers rubbing at her swollen clitoris.

“All right. Kneel with your head back.”

“But – .”

“Now, pretty girl.”

She gasped and let herself fall onto her back, then grunted as she sat up and rose on her knees. She settled back down, hands going behind her neck, but as she sank down towards her heels she felt something pressed against her.

“What – ?!”

“Sit on your heels, pretty girl.”

“But – !”

She felt his hands slide behind her neck, then felt him crossing her wrists there. He pulled down a thick tendril of hair, pinning it with her crossed wrists, then pulled her downward. She had no objection, until she felt something against her again, something below.

“But – Oh!”

“Down, pretty girl.”

“No, no!” she gasped, her face reddening.

It wasn't pressed against her sex. It was pressed against her... her bottom! And she could feel that it was slippery as it pressed against her, and seeking entrance... back there!

“No!”

“Are you going to break your promise?”

“But I didn't promise to – .”

“To obey my orders and not argue.”

“But not this!”

“Why? Is this special?”

“It's... it's disgusting!”

“Is it? Most people do it from time to time.”

“Not me!”

“No, not you. Because you're too good to do the kinds of nasty things ordinary folks do, isn't that right, Miranda?”

“It has nothing to do with that!” she cried desperately.

“Too much pride. You think you're special, don't you.”

“I do not!”

It was impossible to keep herself up very high. After all, she was arched, and on her knees, legs apart. Gravity wanted her down, and his hand was tugging against her as well. She felt the round thing against her wrinkled little back opening, felt the pressure growing on it. There was no pain, but the thought was shocking and revolting!

“Oh! Please!”

She felt her sphincter slowly being pushed open by the force of her own weight. She struggled to rise, but that intermittent movement only served to make what

would otherwise have been a steady push a sort of up and down pressing motion which actually eased the entrance of whatever thing was below her.

She gasped at how thick it felt as it passed up into her body, as it spread her achingly wide apart! He was behind her, holding her wrists, but now he seemed able to release the ... whatever it was... for his other hand came around her hip and she felt his fingers stroking nimbly against her clitoris. Heat and sensation surged up through her, and a churning flood of sexual hunger and passion swept in with it.

“Please!” she gasped, eyes wide. “Please I ... You mustn't!”

“Oh but I must. For like any wild young filly you need to be broken to the saddle so you can be properly ridden.”

She felt the walls of her back passage spreading wide as the intruder sank into her, or rather, as she sank down further, inch by inch, and it pushed up into her belly. It felt shockingly thick, and she groaned and gasped and whimpered as his pull aided gravity in forcing her down further and further. His fingers stroked her clitoris, and her mind seemed to swim through a pounding surf of sensations that washed over her again and again.

Chapter Seven

There was no letup, no surcease, until her buttocks finally reached her heels, and were thus able to support her. Even that relief was temporary. She felt his lips and tongue against the back of her neck below her pinned wrists, then felt them sliding downwards, along her spine, even as his fingers continued to caress her clitoris.

Sitting on her heels, the balls of her feet bent back, could only last so long. The pain to her feet began to grow quickly, especially since she'd done this so often this day. She began to shift her heels apart so she could sink lower, only belatedly realizing that meant she must slid further down onto whatever was below her.

Something seemed to give inside her, and she groaned as she sank down several easy inches, the thing pushing so deep she felt bloated and overfull. She was almost down enough now, enough to straighten her feet below her. Then she did, letting the backs of her feet press against the cool grass as she knelt, half sitting on the bottoms of her feet.

But then he abruptly released her wrists and shoved her forward. She almost fell on her face, but he caught her shoulders just long enough for her flailing hands to spread wide against the ground below.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom a moment before he jerked her thighs apart.

Crack!

He slapped her bottom again, and jerked her head up and back by the hair.

“Knees wider,” he ordered.

Moaning, she complied, and then felt his cock against her, sliding up and down, up and down against her opening. It sank in, finally, pushing down through the mouth of her sex, stretching her out, and then sliding deeper. She groaned aloud with the fulness of two thick ... shafts... inside her. She still had no idea what

he'd put into her bottom, but now his cock was sliding deep into her belly, and the pressure felt enormous.

And then he began to 'ride' her.

His hips moved in and out as he pulled on hers in time, and she felt his cock sliding in and out of her steadily. But as he pushed deeper, his hips began to strike her bottom, and that included that... whatever it was he'd pushed into her there, for it wasn't entirely buried by any means. She gasped and groaned each time his abdomen struck it and tried to force it deeper.

It ached, but the ache was lost amid the turmoil within her. Being doubly penetrated made her feel so stuffed and so deliciously overfilled that the sensations coming from her body seemed far more intense! She could do nothing but gasp and moan as he rode her, as he drove himself into her, as his body hammered the base of whatever thing he had forced up her bottom.

Her fingers pushed into the soft soil and grass, trying to brace herself, trying to hold herself down, but his body was an irrepressible force behind her, his hands jerking on her waist, pulling and pushing her as he rammed forward.

Then he was atop her again, his bare skin against hers, his lips on the back of her neck. The added weight forced her down onto her elbows, as he continued to thrust against her. His hands seized her breasts, squeezing and kneading roughly, even as she squealed and moaned and gasped and cried out at the wild torrent of sensations sweeping through her mind.

She was near orgasm, a fever taking hold of her, her eyes dazed and glazed as he pulled up and back. She grunted as he stopped. She felt him drawing back, then felt the pressure inside her relent as the thing he had stuffed into her bottom slid back out, long, long inches pulling free of her in a delicious sense of relief and pleasure, until it pulled finally free and she felt an incredible sensation.

And then his cock pushed into her there.

He pushed into her quite smoothly and easily, for he wasn't as thick as the other thing had been, not quite, but the sudden realization that he was in her, that his... his cock was in her back there jolted Miranda, and she shuddered helplessly as she felt her anal muscles squeezing down around his thick organ.

Almost immediately, she felt him drawing slowly back, and then, abruptly, he thrust into her again, his hips slapping against her upraised buttocks. He did it again, and then again. It was a sensation the likes of which she had never felt. She had certainly had an active enough masturbation life, but she had never thought to touch herself back there!

But now he was sliding in and out of her, fairly freely, and she realized that not only did she feel no actual pain, but the wild sexual fever which had enveloped her was still in place, and that her body was reveling in the hard, deep strokes he was delivering. Or was it her mind? She had no idea. But her initial revulsion and shock faded in the face of a tremendous heat as he drove his cock down into her bottom again and again.

This was so obscene! It was so awful! It was so shocking! How could this be happening!

And then the orgasm surged up through her nervous system, and her eyes went wide, and her breath rattled out of her in a long, shuddering, gurgling cry of pleasure as his hips slammed against her upraised bottom and his thick spear of flesh drove down deep into her ass.

She lost her mind, or at least, it collapsed under the crackling shockwaves of pleasure, and her vision whited out. She gurgled helplessly, staring sightlessly at the blades of grass before her as her body continued to shake to his hard, deep strokes, as his hips continued to slap against her buttocks. But then he finished, and with a shuddering groan, she sank down onto the ground, groaning, muscles turned liquid.

Crack!

The sound wasn't accompanied by a stinging blow to her bottom, and it was repeated.

Crack-Crack-Crack.

And it came from a short distance away. She groaned, turning her head, looking through bleary eyes to see... to see a man sitting a tall horse, clapping his hands together in a slow, ironic applause.

The world returned in a shocking jolt of clarity, and Miranda's eyes widened as

she realized there was a stranger there watching... watching her... watching what... what – !

Squealing, she scrambled forward in the grass, trying to hide herself behind a tree.

Jones chuckled and got to his feet.

“Your timing could be better,” he said to the stranger.

“I thought my timing was awfully good, dad,” the man said with a grin.

He took a package of cloth from his saddlebag and handed it down to Jones.

“I thought you were crazy when you told Annie you wanted one of her summer dresses,” he said. “Or I thought you were getting awfully weird out here. But I told myself that Annie's dresses wouldn't fit you so...”

“They'll barely fit her either, but it's the best make-do I can think of.”

“Where's her clothes?”

“Long story involving a horse and a snake.”

The man, she saw, peeking, face flaming, was much younger than Jones. In fact, he was about her own age. He wasn't quite as tall, but had wider shoulders. He had the same square jawed face, but softer cheeks, and his eyes were less crinkled. She ducked back as he looked at her, mortified that he had seen her, not merely naked, but in the process of being sodomized! Worse! He had watched her climax from that sodomy!

She wanted to dig herself through the ground and disappear!

“Come out of there, pretty girl,” Jones said.

She felt another shock hit her. She couldn't possibly! Not ever! Not until that other man, his son, went far away!

“You heard me, girl. Or are you going to break your promise?”

She most certainly was!

He snorted and shook his head, then walked across to the tree. Miranda frantically tried to scramble away, but if she moved too far around the tree the other man would see her! Then Jones grabbed her arm and yanked her out from behind its protection, and despite her squealing protests, he simply pulled her hands up and back behind her neck, pinned them there with a thick chunk of hair and then marched her out from behind the tree!

Utterly naked!

Holding her head back so she couldn't stare at the ground, and not incidentally, forcing her shoulders back and her chest out, he marched her forward to stand before a handsome, younger version of himself on the horse.

“This here is Cal,” he said. “Cal, say hello to Miranda. She's English, come to work at the library for a while.”

Cal had a cowboy hat and a green checked, short sleeved shirt with the first two buttons open. He grinned at her, and reached up to touch the brim of his hat.

“Pleased to meet you, Miranda,” he said.

Miranda could not possibly have spoken. She was simply burning up with humiliation as she was forced to stand there under his appreciative gaze!

“She's got a lot to learn,” Jones said, 'But there's real potential in this one. I'm thinking she'd make a right good wife for some young fella looking to make a family,” Jones said.

Cal stared at him, then at her, then bit his lower lip as his face took on a mulish look. But that look was offset by the way he couldn't keep his eyes from feasting on Miranda's naked body. Whatever he thought of his father's suggestion, and it clearly was just that, he seemed to be excited at the sight of her.

“Dad, you know I have plenty of time – .”

“Plenty of time?” Jones sniffed, “You think the right girls are found in bars and clubs? I'm telling you this one has got all the material to make a perfect little woman for you.”

Miranda felt indignation starting to burn away at her humiliation, but still

couldn't bring herself to talk, so horrible was the latter.

“Look at this body,” Jones said.

She gasped as she felt his other hand slide up and down her belly, down almost to her sex, then up to glide across one of her taut breasts.

“It surely is a fine one,” his son admitted.

“And she's sweet, and biddable too. T'aint spoiled like so many young women.”

“That's as may be, dad, but that don't mean she wants any part of me.”

“Pht. What's not to want? Yer a good looking young fella with a well run ranch, kind of heart and with a good stiff cock from what I saw when I caught you and Betsie in the barn a few years back.

Crack!

His hand slapped against her bottom.

“And this one likes a good stiff cock, let me tell you.”

This new humiliation was simply too much!

“I-I don't!” she gasped in a strangled voice.

Cal snorted in amusement, echoed by his father.

“Don't mean I want her for a wife,” he said.

“I tell you she's sweet, biddable, has good hips for bearing children, a nice tight pussy, and her backside is even better.

Crack!

Another slap on her bottom!

“And those children will never want for milk, neither,” the man said, reaching around her and giving one of her breasts another squeeze.

“Well, dad, I'll give it a thought, okay?”

“That's all I'm saying,” Jones replied.

Her arms were abruptly released, and as she dropped her arms belatedly to try and cover her nudity he bent and scooped up the dress he'd dropped, then tossed it to her.

“Here yar. Put this on, girl. I know you're still feeling shy about people seeing your titties n all.”

Could one DIE of humiliation!?

But she scrambled to pull the dress on, turning away from Cal, and yanking it over her head, pulling it down over her breasts and letting it fall past her hips with a sense of deep relief.

It did not fit properly, of course. It was too tight across the chest, and too short, but at least it covered all necessary parts, other than her legs. And compared to being naked it was like being dressed as a nun!

“Anyway, her horse can't be ridden for a while. I figured you could bring it back to the ranch and give the girl a ride. Her car is parked there.

Cal nodded doubtfully. “What's wrong with the horse? That'd be Winny, isn't it?”

“Ayup. Looks like a strain, but a light one. She should be right as rain in a couple of days.”

“I'll have a look when she's back in the barn.”

He turned to look at Miranda. “Come on, girl. Take my hand and I'll get you back to your car.”

Miranda's mind squirmed. She didn't want to go anywhere near him! She didn't want him looking at her! Didn't even want to be in the same area! She turned desperately to Jones.

“C-can't you ride me back!?” she begged.

“I got things to do, girl. You'll be fine with Cal. He's a nice young fellah.”

He swept an arm around her, pulled her in against him, then kissed her abruptly on the forehead before pushing her towards Cal. Cal took her arm and swung her up and behind him. She squealed in surprise, scrambling not to fall off, then sat herself down, legs astride the big horse.

“You settled properly, honey?” he asked over his shoulder.

She nodded her head, face still burning, then realized he couldn't hear.

“Y-Yes,” she gulped.

Jones brought Winny over and handed the reins to his son, who tied them to his own horse, then nickered and turned away.

“You better hang on or you're going to fall,” he said.

She was trying her best not to touch him at all, but there was just no way that could continue. Miranda was forced to put her arms around his waist to hold herself to him as his horse started to canter. That, of course, pressed her breasts right up against his back with no bra, but only the thin summer dress and his shirt between them. Her face burned all the harder at that thought.

What was more, her legs were basically bare right up to her upper thighs, sticking out on either side of him. She prayed it would be a quick ride!

“I heard about you coming to town,” he said over his shoulder. “Didn't hear you was so pretty, though, or you had such big boobs.”

Miranda flushed yet again. Had he no tact at all!? God! He was like his father!

“And pa is right in that I've seen a lot of girls naked, but none of em are as fine looking as you.”

That was undeniably complimentary, but still contained that reminder of what he'd seen, and so she cringed again.

He chuckled a bit. “I can feel yer nipples against my back.”

Oh God! And they were still erect, she realized, face flaming once again.

“Would you please stop talking about my body!?” she cried desperately.

“Well, it's kind of on my mind, you see. And it's surely a topic worth talking about.”

“It's unspeakably rude!”

“Rude? I don't reckon so,” he said thoughtfully. “I mean, sure if I saw you in the library it wouldn't be a polite thing to bring up. But first I laid eyes on you was you on all fours with pa bugging you right hard and those fine breasts of yours swinging beneath you. I swear the sight made me hard in a second.”

Another jarring blow to her psyche made Miranda want to scramble off the back of the horse and run away.

“You like anal sex, huh?”

“No!” she cried desperately. “Don't talk about it!”

“No? You sure looked appreciative. In fact, you looked like you was having a pretty darn good orgasm.”

“Please!” she moaned, tears filling her eyes.

“Nothing wrong with liking cock, you know. Too many girls don't have enough appreciation for a good hard cock up inside them. Nice to see one that does.”

It was too much!

Miranda half dove, half leapt off the horse. That was easy enough. The landing, however, was much more difficult than she had imagined it would be. She tumbled end over end down a short sloping hill before landing on her back, the wind knocked out of her.

She heard him curse, then a moment later he was kneeling beside her.

“Are you crazy, girl?” he demanded in annoyance.

Miranda could not answer. She couldn't even breath. She was wheezing, gasping,

face red now from lack of air rather than embarrassment. He shook his head and tsked, then grabbed her legs and pulled them up, bending them and pressing her knees back against her chest.

“Just take slow breaths,” he said.

He pressed her knees in and out, jamming them softly against her breasts each time. The position could have been sexual, but wasn't, and she was soon able to slowly draw breaths into her lungs. He waited patiently, looking down at her, even brushing the hair back from her eyes.

“You all right?”

She nodded shakily.

“Say it out loud.”

“Yes,” she said, still panting.

“You hurt anywhere?”

She shook her head. “No.”

“All right. Let's get on. Sorry if I embarrassed you. But you really got nothing to be ashamed of. You got the finest body I ever saw in my life. You should be proud of it, not ashamed someone saw it. I thought you Europeans went to the beach naked all the time.”

She colored, but not as badly as before.

“Many girls do, but not ... British girls so much. Some go topless,” she admitted. “I have never done so.”

“Well, just as well. Everyone would likely stare at a body like yours. And I'll say no more about it. Let's go.”

He stood up and took her hand, half lifting her to her feet, then held her as he walked back to where the horses waited patiently. He boosted her up into the saddle this time, which was a bit embarrassing given how short her skirt was. Then he climbed up behind her. Now his arms framed her on either side as he

took the reins of the horse.

That was good in one respect. Her breasts were no longer pressed against his back. It was bad in others. For one, her bare legs were right in front of them, and she had to keep clutching at the hem of the skirt to keep the breeze from flipping it up. For another, well, he was pressed in against her buttocks, and as the horses started moving that started to feel rather like a grinding motion.

And very soon, he was erect. She could feel him pressing into her. He didn't say anything, and she couldn't say anything. She was taut with tension for some time, waiting for him to do something, to say something, but he didn't. Slowly, the tension eased out of her. That was rather an amazing thing in itself, she thought. A day earlier she'd have been shocked, horrified, and nearly catatonic with humiliation.

But then, she'd been a virgin then, and now... well, Mister Jones had been rather thorough in his introduction, and had pounded much of the innocence out of her where nudity and ... male organs were considered.

They rode in near silence. She could tell he was trying to squirm a bit back, which spoke well of him. She tried to squirm a bit forward. But there was only so much room in a saddle built for one.

She wondered, after a while, how long he would stay hard. Or was it possible with continued grinding that he would... climax... in his trousers without doing a thing more? What a strange concept! Rather gross, too, if not so much as it would have been a day ago.

He certainly was an attractive man. How shocking that his father would come right out and name her as a potential bride! Even more astonishing given that Cal had witnessed his father sodomizing her! What kind of people were these cowboys!? Surely they weren't the norm around here!

The horse gave a bit of a lurch and he ground into her again. God, she thought, he felt even bigger than before, even bigger than his father!

What would he look like naked, she wondered.

The sexual tension slowly settled around her shoulders. And with it, the anxiety and much of the embarrassment eased. She felt the heaviness in her breasts, and

the sharp pinpoints of her nipples, and felt quite wet below. She tried to think of other things, but with a handsome man pressing his erection into her bottom that was awfully difficult, especially since there was nothing to take her mind off it.

Yet she felt again that sense of amazement that she could feel a man's organ pressing up persistently against her buttocks and not be horrified. Perhaps it was the recent very up front and personal experience she had had with such organs, and the echo of pleasure and heat that had filled her upon that acquaintance.

There was less dark mystery to the thought of ... well, of doing what men and women did. There was less fear and alarm, not merely of physical pain but such close physical proximity. The thought of a man seeing her naked body was no longer as terribly daunting given how utterly exposed she had been to Cal and his father that very day.

And, too, there was something so strangely comforting about their casual attitude, their lack of shock or the sort of lust-crazed behavior she had come to imagine most men held within them. Cal's father had been deliberate; excited yes, but deliberate, and had not turned into some raving animal. Though, to her blushing remembrance, she had come close to that herself.

Her mind was still in somewhat of a daze, however, from those shocking memories, and still trying to rebuild her understanding of who she was and what moral strictures she was to hold for herself. She was no longer a virgin, after all, and her entire view of sex and sexuality was undergoing a radical remake under the remembered echo of the intense and thrilling pleasure she had felt while being... being ridden by Cal's father.

Ridden like a bitch in heat, she thought, somewhat breathlessly, like a wild sexual animal, just as he described her. The memory shamed her but at the same time it was so filled with sharp edged life, so wild and exciting, so much different than her placid, calm, quiet, and frankly, rather uninteresting life to date had otherwise been.

And even now her pulse was going quite rapidly, her body tingling with an unaccustomed sense of excitement and anticipation, and her mind, while squirming with discomfort at the feel of Cal's organ against her was also fluttering about like a bird in a too-small cage, trying to figure out how she could get him to do... something, even though she castigated herself for any such

desire.

“So, have you... had many women?” she asked, blushing for the way it seemed to be blurted out.

“Some,” he said.

“I thought Americans in the mid-west were conservative, church-going people,” she said with rather more accusation than she had wanted.

She really must gain control of her voice and emotions, she thought a little frantically.

“Yeah. Pretty much,” he said. “I don't know that conservative means what you seem to think it means. It mostly means traditional.”

“And is it traditional to seduce many women prior to marriage?” she said with disapproval.

“Well, the parson would say not, but realistically, it pretty much always has been. Not that most men are as successful at that as they'd wish. Women tend to try to ignore their nature in things like this, you know.”

“What nature? Surely you're not going to try and tell me you believe in your father's sexist view of women?”

“Ayup, pretty much. Women lie to themselves a lot about it, though, so I can see why you'd think so.”

“I don't think considering sex something which is more than two animals rutting in a field is a lie,” she said.

“We're all animals, when you come down to it.”

“Some more than others,” she sniffed.

“Your nipples still hard?”

She blushed and squirmed involuntarily, which of course, ground her buttocks back against his erection.

“Involuntary physical responses do not change the fact that we are governed by intellect,” she said. “We can resist those physical impulses, and civilized people have done so quite easily for a very long time.”

“Really?”

She felt his breath warm against the back of her neck.

“But why should we?” he asked.

“Because... well, because we're not animals!” she exclaimed.

“Ah, but we are,” he said, his lips all too close to her ear.

She half turned, frowning at him.

“You might be,” she sniffed.

“So you're not subject to those physical impulses, is that it?”

“My mind is in control of my body, not the reverse,” she said, somewhat haughtily.

“Really? So if I was to touch you that wouldn't affect you at all?”

“You're already touching me, far too closely, Mr. Jones.”

“It's a small saddle.”

“And speaking of physical responses, a gentleman would do his utmost to resist and ignore his own physical impulses,” she said more hotly.

“Who says I'm a gentleman?”

“Clearly not I!”

“Then again, I haven't dragged you out of the saddle, stripped off your dress, put you on all fours like you were the first time I saw you, and rammed my cock into you as I'd like. So you should grant me some credit for resisting my impulses.”

Miranda felt her stomach muscles tighten at the words, even as her jaw dropped in outrage (thought not as outraged as she'd once have been) at the scandalous rudeness in saying them.

The mental imagine of his words made her chest flutter and her buttocks grind involuntarily, if briefly, against him.

“If you would... sit back further,” she gulped.

“I'm sitting back as far as I can. Maybe you should sit forward more.”

He reached down and gripped her hips, then shoved her forward, no more than an inch, really, but that brought her up against the narrow, rounded saddle horn. More particularly, the horn now jammed into her crotch, into her sex. With the way the horse was moving, and how wide her legs were spread this produced a continual rubbing motion with nothing between it and her but the thin sundress.

And given the way her body was already fraught with sexual tension, that produced an immediate surge in excitement and heat as a flood of pleasure rushed up through her body to flush her cheeks. Yet if she moved back, she thought desperately, he would take that as some sort of invitation, perhaps even giving lie to her words! He would think she wanted him to grind himself against her!

The sensations within her built up slowly but steadily, to the point she barely trusted herself to speak. Her lips were clamped tightly closed and her eyes wide with desperation as she tried to ease herself just enough back to keep herself from touching the saddle horn while not coming up against his own 'horn'.

“Stop squirming, girl,” he said.

“I-I am not squirming you... you hideous man!” she gasped, tight lipped. “A decent man would let me ride while he walked!”

“Yeah but I'm a cowboy, so you're lucky I don't make you walk alongside me.”

“I would prefer that to your close company!” she cried.

“Fine. I'm tired of your snottiness anyway.”

He stopped the horse, and slipped a hand under her left thigh, lifting it up and swinging it to her right. This overbalanced her and she squealed as her body swung to the right and then slipped right down off the side of the horse. She was so close to the horn, however, that the hem of her dress caught on it as she slid down, yanking the dress up the full length of her body and over her head.

She squealed and stumbled backwards, slipping completely out of the dress, much to his amusement. He laughed in delight as she lay briefly, dazed, on the grass, entirely naked.

Then she scrambled to her feet, frantically trying to cover herself with her hands and arms.

“You-You pig! You beastly man! You and your father are both savages! Your whole country is made up of ignorant, depraved savages!”

“You watch your lip, little girl,” he said, pointing a finger at her.

Miranda was outraged! She was also terribly embarrassed. And yet she was also still intensely aroused and now feeling the thrill of ... anticipation. Some part of her, she realized, wanted very much to be naked in front of this handsome man. Some part of her wanted... something depraved! Perhaps it was the sexual hunger of her body fueling the wild arousal in her mind or perhaps it was the reverse.

“Fuck you!” she shouted, astonishing herself with the obscenity. “And fuck your father! And fuck your whole family! And your miserable country!”

Eyes narrowing, he slid off the horse, and Miranda backed up.

“Fuck you!” she said again, feeling horribly guilty even as she said it.

But guilt didn't matter nearly as much as... as provoking him into action, she realized. She desperately needed to provoke him into some action, even while not really knowing what that action would be.

But she did, of course. She wanted to be, as he said, down on all fours while he mounted her, just as his father had!

But she couldn't do that again, some part of her wailed! Not with a second man

on the same day! What kind of a woman would do that!?

Voluntarily... ?

Chapter Eight

She turned and bolted, expecting him to chase her down, but he didn't. After a few dozen yards she stopped, panting, turning to glare at him. He was getting back onto his horse. Was he going to chase her down and lasso her like his father had!? But no, he turned the horse away, and started it walking!

The filthy – !

A part of her felt a sense of relief, but then she realized she was once again utterly naked and out in the middle of a broad plain. She presumed the way home was the way he was heading, but perhaps not. She had little choice but to hurry after him, making as quick a pace as her dignity would allow her while keeping a hand over her groin and an arm across her breasts.

The grass was knee deep, and it was difficult walking in bare feet. The temperature hadn't gotten any cooler either.

Filthy man!

He had gotten exactly what he had said he should, too! He was riding comfortably while she was walking, or doing her best to!

“You are a terrible man!” she cried.

“Ayup. If you say so, girl.”

“What would your mother think of your behavior!?”

“She'd probably think I should have put you across my knee and reddened your backside for your language.”

“That's your answer to everything, isn't it! Beat a woman until she obeys!”

“It's not my answer to everything but it's an answer to certain things involving children and women who act like children.”

“Your mother should have beaten you!”

“Oh my mother didn't spare the rod, I can tell you that. People don't tolerate no backtalk or bad behavior from children around here.”

“And what about from pig-ignorant men!?”

“If you can spank me, girl, you're welcome to try,” he said with a laugh.

Miranda stepped on a sharp stone and fell over with a yelp of pain. She sat in the grass, rubbing her foot and clenching her teeth as the horse stopped and then turned and ambled slowly back.

“Hurt yourself?”

“What do you care?!” she demanded, eyes tearing with frustration.

He sighed and climbed down, and Miranda squirmed away.

“I already seen every part of you there is to see, girl.”

“Get away from me, you pig!”

She slapped him and he cursed under his breath, then grabbed her by the hair as he moved back. Miranda squealed in pain, forced to her feet and made to stumble back to the horse. He whirled her around then, pressing her into the side of the placid beast even as she swung her fist wildly back at him. He captured that easily enough, and in a quicker time than she would have believed possible both her wrists were tied together to the saddle horn above her!

And he was pulling the thick leather belt free of his trousers!

“Wh-what are you doing?” she gulped, heat and anxiety flooding her.

“Doing what we always do to spoiled brats.”

“I am not – “ Crack! “Ow! Don't!” Crack! “Oww!”

The horse held still even as the belt snapped down across Miranda's bottom again and again. Her desperate, flailing efforts to pull free made it turn its eyes to gaze at her with interest, but it held its position even as the belt cut across her

buttocks repeatedly.

“Oh don't be such a baby,” he said to her cries of pain. “I got worse when I was ten.”

“You.. you...”

“You want me to keep beating your butt or you want to grow up?” he demanded.

“I-I don't... want you to... continue...”

“Fine then. For your nasty language you get ten good ones. You stand there and take it like you got a bit of maturity and I'll give you back your dress and be done. Otherwise I'll keep tanning this pretty butt of yours until you beg my forgiveness. However long that takes!”

She bit her lip and blinked her angry eyes rapidly.

“F-Fine!”

His hand slid between her belly and the horse and jerked her back, pushing her bottom out.

“You hold still like that, for ten.”

She moaned, but the position had the benefit of no longer mashing her bare breasts against the side of the horse, at least. God, she'd so need a bath after this!

Crack!

She gasped, but repressed a cry.

Crack!

She closed her eyes, gulping in air.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Much better,” he said. “Not like you're dying.”

She repressed a curse. Her bottom was on fire! Almost as bad was the

humiliating position, arms extended up and forward, so that, in effect, she was almost leaning on the horse, bent forward at the hips, bottom pushed out, ankles tight together.

Crack!

“Don't think I like doing this either,” he said. “But it's necessary to teach you girls.”

Crack!

Pig! He was a pig!

“Otherwise you just don't learn your place.”

Crack!

“I-I know my place!” she gasped aloud.

Crack!

“Do you really?”

His hand slipped around her hips and pushed out against her belly again, but lower down, more against her abdomen. She bit her lips at how close his fingers were to dangerous territory.

“I don't think you do. Pa said you was a biddable girl but you only been acting like a brat. Maybe what you need is more carrot and less stick to teach you how to act proper.”

His other hand was now on her bottom, and her eyes widened as the first hand slid lower along her abdomen so that the fingers just ever so gently brushed the moist, swollen arousal of her clitoris.

“I think the last blow should be by hand,” he said, as his hand caressed her bottom.

It was a softer hand than that of his father, but if anything, even larger. Miranda felt her breath leaving her as it kneaded her buttocks, and the other hand moved

ever so slightly lower. She moaned helplessly, gulping in air, face flushed, body overheated in more ways than one.

“Such a pretty butt too,” he said. “I’ve seen as good, but not many, and none with the rest of the package.”

“D-Don’t!” she gasped, the words so soft she hardly heard them herself.

His fingers weren't moving, but she found herself moving against them, if ever so slightly at first. The jagged sensations of sexual electricity rippled through her to the point her head felt like it was swollen and throbbing with pressure.

“Spread your legs,” he said.

She moaned and obeyed, having to rise up to the balls of her feet to properly maintain her existing position. She felt the fingers of his left hand, the one pressed against her abdomen, starting to rub against her even as the right hand slid down under her buttocks. His fingers spread open the lips of her sex, and then two pushed up inside her.

Miranda moaned again, embarrassment and hunger suffusing her face with a deep flush as his fingers twisted and turned and pushed deeper.

“You are freaking wet!” he exclaimed.

Embarrassment roiled her mind, but she could do nothing against the wall of heat and hunger as his fingers pushed deeper and deeper, then began to pump in and out. She felt her hips jerking spastically, then with more desperate need until she was bucking back against his plunging fingers in lewd, animal motion that sent the heat exploding up through her body.

And then, just as she was almost at the peak, that glorious peak, he stopped, pulling back both hands.

“Do you want me inside you?”

Miranda couldn't speak at first.

“Do you want me inside you?”

“Y-Y-Yes!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“Please,” she moaned.

Crack!

His hand slapped down against her buttocks.

“Say it.”

“I-I w-want you... in-inside me!” she gasped through ragged breaths.

“My fingers?” he asked, his fingers returning to caress her. “Or something else?”

Filthy man! Evil, cruel man!

“Say it,” he said.

“Y-Your cock!” she moaned.

“Say it.”

“I want your cock inside me!” she half sobbed.

“Spread your legs and push that butt out more.”

She obeyed far too quickly, too desperately.

“Say it again. What do you want me to do? I think you know the words since you used them to describe me and my family and my country. You want me to do what to you?”

“Fuck me!” she whimpered. “Please fuck me!”

She felt something pressing against her there, something so ... deliciously, wonderfully soft and yet firm and warm. It nudged her opening, rubbing up and down against her soft, bare sex, then pushed forward to spread her open and force its way inside. She shuddered helplessly as his hips gripped her buttocks, and then she felt his thick cock pushing up into her, the sensations overwhelming

her to the point of orgasm before he had even reached bottom.

Her hips bucked frantically and she cried out in helplessly pleasure as he buried himself inside her. Her muscles spasmed again and again as he ground himself against her, and her hips rolled back hard and fast as she gasped and moaned and her mind tumbled and turned amid the waves of pleasure pouring over her.

He did little, however, but remain in place until she all-but collapsed. His hands seized her hips then, pulling them back, keeping her in position, bent forward, legs apart. Only then did he begin to move, his thick organ sliding in and out, in and out, jamming against the back wall of her sex with every stroke.

The feel of him caressing her insides was incredible, the feel of him stroking in and out of the straining lips of her sex amazing and darkly sensual. And when his right hand slipped her hip and his fingers touched her clitoris her body jerked convulsively.

“Oh! Oh please!” she cried at the overwhelming intensity of the sensations.

His other hand jerked back on her hair, forcing her head back, and his lips and tongue and teeth met her throat, chewing and kissing and mouthing her soft skin. His hips continued to move in and out in a deep, steady stroke, slapping against her buttocks as she slowly regained control of her body and pushed herself up and back.

She didn't know what else to do! She panted and moaned, legs apart, bottom pushed back, upper body leaning forward, rope tight around her wrists. The horse seemed to be even more interested now, to the point she wished it would turn its great head away and stop watching her! But she could hardly protest. She could hardly even think!

His hips struck her buttocks harder as he thrust into her, and she gasped and grunted with each blow, the feel of him driving up and down inside her making her body thrum with heat despite the intense orgasm she'd just experienced. She shuddered as he cupped one of her breasts, the other hand fingering her clitoris, and her hips jerked and bucked against him as he bit into the nape of her neck.

With astonishing speed her body was once again burning with passion and hunger, and her mind was swimming in a sensual steam-bath as her body crackled with sexual electricity.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Uh!” she gasped, her insides twisting and writhing as the heat burned away at her mind.

Her eyes went glassy, and she hung against the ropes around her wrists, grunting at the deep, fast strokes of his cock as another orgasm approached. It swept over her like a tidal wave and then crashed down to shatter her mind. She heard herself cry out in a long, shocked, warbling voice of pleasure as he rammed himself up into her again and again.

She forgot to breath, forgot to care about breathing, wanting nothing in life but to hold this instant of intense pleasure forever!

And then it slowly seeped away, leaving her breathless and dazed. For a long minute he continued to thrust against her, then stopped, grunting, gasping, holding her tightly against him with his cock deep inside her. Slowly, he eased back and out, and left her literally hanging, as her legs got rubbery. The horse complained at the weight pulling down, shifting its feet, and his hand slapped against her buttocks, waking her mind sufficient to stand.

“Way to resist those animal impulses, Miranda,” he said with a grin.

* * *

Miranda tried, tried very hard, to put that day out of her mind. It was, of course, impossible. Not only were the memories too shocking, too fresh, and imbued with too much emotion (and pleasure) but they were too recent. And too shocking. And too.. life changing. Her outlook on certain aspects of life, of relationships between men and women, had taken quite a beating... so to speak.

Her sense of morality had considerably eroded. More importantly, her previous thinking on sex, her interest in it, had enormously increased. She had simply not had the first notion of what intense pleasure, of what incredible thrills could be had! She wasn't happy with the arrogance and ridiculous sexism of the two men she'd had sex with, or their presumption she was some sort of wayward child that needed their guidance (strict guidance) but even so, a part of her found that attractive, as well.

It wasn't like she really had any idea what to do in sex, and she was also fighting the guilt clinging to her behavior. Convincing herself that they had forced her, or at least, had left her no choices, softened that guilt considerably. They had tied

her up!

In the days which followed, she focused as best she could on learning how things were done in the local library, on where everything was, and on the methodology they followed. It wasn't terribly difficult, for the system was relatively unsophisticated compared to what she was used to. Nor was the library overwhelmed with visitors.

With school closed for the summer, she learned, most young people only came in when dragged in by parents. And that usually happened in the afternoon.

“People do chores around the house and farm first thing in the morning,” Hannah said, and when they come into town, they usually want to do it around noon time so they can drop in at Al's or The Stampede and have lunch with whoever's around. From nine to eleven this place is pretty much dead. You can read, or restock shelves or update the library catalogs if that needs doing.”

Sometimes there were two of them during the day, but in the mornings, usually just one of them, and that usually Miranda. She didn't mind. She was pleased at how quiet and peaceful the quaint little library was.

She was having more trouble at her apartment. There was no air-conditioning there, and she was spending her nights tossing and turning, her mind wrapped around things she knew she ought not be thinking about at all. It was so hot and humid she'd wound up sleeping naked, and with what was on her mind that just led to more... problems in sleeping. The resulting sense of arousal led her to masturbation, which left her even more sweaty.

Thinking about Cal, mostly, wondering what he looked like naked. His father had been a strong man with a strong body. Cal looked like a younger, stronger version of him, but she'd never gotten to see any part of him naked!

She alternated between castigating herself as a slut, and imagining them together in her big double bed, his big body atop hers, his cock inside her. She thought about going to see him, for she knew his ranch was right next door to the one she had rented a horse from. But she could not bring herself to do so. What would she possibly say to the man? “I've come for you to beat and molest me again?”

But she felt a sense of breathy excitement each time she thought of performing those lewd positions his father had forced her into doing, but for Cal. She

thought of prostrating herself before him naked, of spreading her legs obscenely wide in open invitation. Yet that simply wasn't her! She couldn't possibly be so bold, so shockingly lacking in pride and dignity!

It was several days after that when she saw him again. She was in the library, shortly after she'd opened it. She was wearing gray knee-length houndstooth dress which was too heavy for outside, but fine for the air conditioned library. It was a modest dress, that buttoned down the middle, with black cuffs on its short sleeves, and a black cloth belt. Beneath it, she wore a lacy black half bra and matching thong and garter belt with dark stockings attached.

The library was a former house. Her desk was in the front hall. The former living room and dining room were just before it, which had the bulk of reference material. The previous kitchen was now the reading room, with several rows of large, hand maid, wooden tables, chairs pushed neatly in around them. Upstairs was the fiction section, broken down into separate rooms by men, women and children.

The floors were hardwood, as were the shelves. And the only sound in the library that morning was the soft hum of the air conditioner in the window of the front room. She was not surprised to hear the sound of footsteps on the wood as she inspected the shelves in the reading room to resort the magazines and newspapers. They did get an occasional early visitor, after all.

She turned with a smile as the footsteps, a heavy male tread, came closer, then froze as Cal came through the doorway, the heels of his cowboy boots heavy against the floor. He was wearing jeans, as she remembered him, but a white shirt now, though with ivory buttons. He had his hat in his hand as he looked across the room at her, and Miranda felt the breath catch in her throat as his lips pulled up into a smile of pleasure.

“Well hello there,” he said. “Was in town early and thought I'd drop by and see how you were doing.”

Given the nature of their previous acquaintance, Miranda found herself utterly flustered for how to respond to this, especially as his boot heels sounded loudly in the room as he crossed the floor.

“F-Fine!” she squeaked.

“Hope you're getting on well in your new job. This is a fine town with friendly people.”

“I-I... ye. Yes,” she gulped.

There had been few instances during the past few days where her mind had not thought of him in one manner or other for more than a few minutes at a time. That included when she was in her bed and her fingers had glided across her naked body!

She backed up, but into one of the tables, as he came closer, her heart beating in her chest as he grinned down.

“You look nice in that dress,” he said.

She looked up at him, wide-eyed, hardly able to speak.

His hand reached out and she jerked her hand up to block it. He took her hand, gently but firmly, pulling it up to his face, and sniffed softly at the knuckles.

“You even smell nice,” he said.

“I-I... you.. you shouldn't... be in here!” she gulped.

His eyes widened. “Why?”

Of course, there was no reason why he shouldn't be in the library, at least, none Miranda could think of voicing!

He moved closer, and she gasped, head going back. She felt her legs weakening, her body starting to tremble as he released her hand. Then his hands slid around her and his lips came down on hers, and she moaned into his mouth as he kissed her.

She almost instantly felt herself lost in that kiss, even as his hands moved up and down her back, and down onto her backside, stroking and squeezing gently.

He eased back a little, smiling.

“Pa was right. You are biddable, but the carrot works better than the stick with

you, girl.”

She wanted to object, and would have if she'd had breath for words, and if she quite understood what he meant. He was gripping her by the wide black lapels of her houndstooth dress, and his fingers slid in together and undid the top button.

Miranda gasped, jerked back, but she felt the table against her thighs.

“I-I...”

His fingers slid down to the next button.

“Y-You mustn't!” she gulped.

He grinned, and undid the third.

“S-Someone might... someone might... see!” she gasped.

He opened the cloth belt and then undid the next button.

“C-cal!” she moaned.

He pulled the dress completely open, then turned her quickly, pulling it back over her shoulders and off.

“Oh! Oh don't!” Miranda gasped.

She heard his throaty chuckle, then felt his hand against the back of her neck, pushing her forward, bending her over the table, or rather, over one of the wooden chairs pushed in against the table. She gasped again as her chest reached the table top, her breasts swollen and hot within her bra, pillowing out against the cool wide.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

Moaning, mind reeling, she did nothing.

Crack!

His hand slapped against her bare bottom and her legs jerked apart.

Crack!

She gasped, spreading her legs wider.

She felt his fingers slide down between her legs, then tug aside the crotch of her lacy black thong. Then his fingers were probing her there, tracing the line of her sex, sliding down to rub lightly against her already swollen clitoris. Miranda gasped at the burst of sensation, her hips jerking against the chair as she tried to stand, but his hand came down between her shoulder blades, forcing her back down.

Crack!

His hand slapped against her bottom, then returned to her sex, spreading open her lips, exploring the mouth of her opening as heat and hunger flooded her. His thick thumb pushed in, making her mouth open in a soundless 'O' of astonishment as she felt other fingers press up against the soft flesh on either side of her clitoris and squeeze in together. Already she could feel the moisture flowing into her pussy as his his thumb pushed in and out of her, and shuddered, eyes closing as she felt beads of sweat starting to dot her forehead.

“Please!” she gasped, then “Oh!” as she felt a finger rub lightly across her quivering clitoris.

“You have a marvelous ass, Miranda,” he said. “It's easy to not notice given those great tits of yours, but your ass is pretty damned fine, too.”

The words, though flattering, in a way, made Miranda's mind squirm with rebellion at the rudeness of of them!

“D-Don't you talk like that!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“You don't get to tell me what to do, pretty girl,” he said.

Crack!

“I tell you what to do. That's the natural order of things.”

“But you can't – !”

Crack!

“Oh, I can, all right.”

Indignation and outrage swirled within Miranda's mind. She tried to push herself erect, and almost succeeded. Then, with two fingers squeezing in against the side of her clit he began to rapidly stroke a third up and down across it. She felt her legs get rubbery as the sensations rushed through her, and then his hand grasped her hair behind her neck and forced her down against the table again.

Crack!

“Stay where yer put, woman,” he said.

Crack!

His fingers withdrew and he gripped her thighs, jerking the wider.

Crack! His hand slapped across her buttocks again.

Then it was something other than fingers touching her there, something softer but thicker, and she mewled helplessly as it slowly pushed down her tight, quivering tunnel.

She felt his hands slide up and down her back, then gasped as he jerked her hair, forcing her head up and back, lifting her chest slightly off the table. His other hand tugged her bra cup down below her breast, filling itself with her warm flesh. Then the other hand abandoned her hair and did the same on her other side, fingers caressing her as he forced his cock deeper, achingly deep into her body.

“Please!” she moaned dazedly.

But she didn't know if she was begging him or her body. Her body was out of control, and cared nothing for her feelings. Already her bottom was grinding back at him in a shameless display of lust as he started to pull out, then push in,

and started stroking against her.

Dazed, shocked by her own shamelessness, by how brazen he was, Miranda could only gape at the far shelf as he used her, as his cock thrust into her again and again. Every stroke sent a crackling wave of sensory delight through her body, and the harder he thrust the more intense it felt. She felt her hair yanked up and back again as he leaned over her, his teeth against her neck.

And then something snapped inside her as she realized that she was still not able to see him, not at all! She wanted to see him! She needed to see him!

She twisted violently, taking him by surprise so that he stumbled back and he slid out of her. Then she fell, gasping, almost falling on her face. He caught her, easing her down to her knees, and she stared up at him, then at his cock, so thick and long, pointing right at her. God, it looked so... beautiful!

She reached out for it, licking her lips, wrapping her hand around the base. It was so big! She stared at it in fascination, then leaned in, licking at the underside as she rolled her eyes up at him. She saw the intensity in his eyes, and felt another hot surge of pleasure, sliding her lips around the head, sucking him into her mouth.

Her right hand slid up his body, exploring his firm stomach and muscular chest through his shirt. She felt his hand take her wrist, then he reached down to take her other wrist, holding them up above her, pinning them together, wrists crossed. His other hand came down on the back of head, pulling her forward.

She gurgled softly, tilting her head back a bit anxiously, and looked up at him as he pushed his cock deeper into her mouth. Then she felt just a bit of gagging as the plump head entered her throat, and slid slowly down into its depths.

With her face jammed against his groin, she felt his cock throbbing and pulsing with life deep within her. He drew slowly back, and his cock caressed her tongue and lips as it slid out. He continued to pin her wrists together above her, taking his cock free, rubbing it against her flushed, sweating face as she gulped in air, then pushed it into her mouth once more, then down her throat to the hilt.

“Real talented girl,” he breathed excitedly.

He pulled back, then raised her to her trembling feet, turned her and shoved her

down across the edge of the table again. Panting, she started to push herself erect, and then gasped as he drew her arms back behind her back. She twisted her head around to see that he had removed his belt from his jeans and now quickly slipped it around her elbows and cinched it tight.

Indignation rose, but a dark heat rose hotter and melted it away as he shoved her forward across the table, then gripped her thighs and spun her in place, lifting her up and then settling her on her back along the table. Before the startled, gasping young woman could react with more than a squeak of surprise he was on his knees in front of the table, staring into her... staring at her... there!

Her mouth opened to protest, and then his mouth closed... on her sex. Miranda stared, appalled, at first. She knew what he was doing, of course, though no one had ever done it to her previously. Then she felt his tongue on her there, felt his lips squeezing around her, suction pulling at her throbbing flesh. His tongue swept across her and produced a rush of sensation that threw her head back onto the table and caused her back to arch involuntarily.

“Oh!”

Her hips bucked up as she twisted and writhed as his tongue started sweeping furiously across her already over sensitized clitoris. His arms came down on her thighs, elbows pressing her knees wide to pin her down as his fingers slipped into her opening. Miranda had never felt anything like it in her life, and gurgled helplessly as she felt him sucking and licking at the most sensitive part of her anatomy.

Then she stopped thinking, other than to beg the universe to let the pleasure go on forever as a massive orgasm tore through her mind and body. She twisted and writhed atop her own bound arms, head thrashing and back arching again and again as convulsions wracked her slender frame. It seemed to go on and on forever, rattling her brain in her skull to the point she became little more than a mindless gasping, moaning, grunting beast!

She did not quite lose consciousness. Rather, she lost the ability to put together any coherent thought. Her eyes continued to see, and her ears continued to hear, but they seemed disconnected with her brain, which wallowed in a flood of pleasure. When she next noticed anything in the room he was standing before her, and, she realized, was inside her, thrusting and thrusting as he his big hands

gripped her legs behind the knees.

She stared up at him through a haze, mouth agape, and he grinned, raising her legs up high, lifting them, in fact, over his shoulders. He leaned into her, and she groaned as his body pushed her legs back and raised her buttocks. His hands slid down to knead her breasts, and she moaned again, helpless to do more than gasp and stare, as he drove himself into her again and again.

But it felt... good. She wanted him inside her. She felt natural, proper, with him inside her. Yes, it was good. It was... wonderful... natural... with him inside her. And she moaned softly at the feel of his thickness thrusting into her, at the sight of his hands on her breasts, and the hot rush of sensation coming from them.

She stared at him, entranced, her mind still only partially functioning so soon after the shattering climax, and then felt another wave of pleasure sweeping over her. It was much softer, almost relaxing in its way, though she jerked back her head, rolling up onto her shoulders as it swept over her body. Then, in a confusing haze of movement, he was gone and she found herself, unbound, at least, but laying on the table, legs spread, chest heaving, staring sightlessly at the ceiling.

Chapter Nine

“Oh Cal will be a real catch to some woman someday, “ Hannah said when she showed up and Miranda was able to ask about him. “But it’ll be a long time before anyone catches that buck. He’ll dabble all right, but he’s not ready to settle down and be a husband, not by a long shot.”

Miranda had been able to put herself back into some semblance of order by then. Her clothes were back in place, though Cal had taken away her thong! Miranda felt quite exposed with no underwear, despite her skirt being past her knees. Every time a man came into the library she felt like blushing, as if he could somehow sense it. She felt quite... naughty, really.

“He’s like his father, in a way. Jeb never married neither, though he did manage to father a few wild kids off a few wild women,” Hannah said with a laugh.

She gave Miranda a long look. “Don’t tell me Cal has been after you?”

“Oh no!” Miranda exclaimed, perhaps too quickly. “He was in the library, you see, and I wondered.”

“Cal in the library?” Hannah raised her eyebrows. “He wouldn’t be in here for a book, that’s for sure!”

“No, no it was a uhm, magazine he was looking for, one about horses.”

“Oh, well, I suppose maybe someone told him about some story or other,” Hannah said.

“What kind of name is Cal?”

“Short for Calvin. His grandfather’s name. Old, but not really unusual around here. We’re a tradition minded folk.”

“And uhm, Jeb?”

“Jebediah. Lots of rough edges on that man, let me tell you. Not bad looking,

though. Barely forty, I think. Looks a might older because of all the drinking and fighting and time spent outdoors. Finally married Annie Porter a few years back. Now there's a strong-willed woman for you! I'd like to be a fly on the wall at their house! You should hear them sometime in town, the way they talk to each other! Annie's got her own rough edges, and a tongue like a straight razor!”

The word 'tongue' made Miranda's insides squeeze down involuntarily. She couldn't forget the feel of Cal's tongue on her pussy, on her clitoris. It had been an incredible sensation! It was so exquisitely soft and warm and slick and... and wonderful!

Then another wave of shame and guilt swept over her and she castigated herself for her sluttish behavior and weakness. She should have slapped his face and thrown him out of the library, not acted like a bitch in heat!

Her colleagues at Chumsford would have been astounded that she would have done such a carnal thing right there in the library! Why it was not only utterly shameless it was practically sacrilegious to engage in such perverted behavior in the library!

She had simply been taken by surprise, she told herself. If she had had any notion he would have been so brazen and outrageous she'd have been prepared, and would have put an instant stop to it!

But every time the memories swept over her she felt her knees getting weak and her insides start to churn. Then she'd feel a rising sense of arousal that started between her legs and soon had her nipples tingling and her chest getting tight. Then she had to fight off the desire to touch herself, to hide behind a shelf and... and do things that were simply shameful!

She was glad when it was time to go home! She trotted quickly up the streets, fumbling the old-fashioned key to her door and dropping it on the floor before hurrying inside. Her mind was awash with thoughts and memories, with anxiety and worries. What was she going to do about this absurd and perverse situation!? She couldn't go to work every morning fearing Cal would show up and... and turn her into his whore!

Of course, she could simply summon the courage for a firm and absolute “no!”, rather than the quivering, uncertain, plaintiff moans which had been the entirety of her resistance that morning, she told herself acidly. What had happened to her

spine!?

She quickly stripped out of her dress, blushing all the more for her lack of panties as she saw herself in the mirror. She stared at herself a moment, then tugged the bra down below her breasts, face flushing at how he must have seen her that day. God, so brazen!

She stripped off the bra and her stockings and garter belt, then headed into the shower. Already, she was sweating, for the walk home had not been leisurely, and the inner turmoil kept her pulse hammering away. A relaxing shower would do nicely to calm her down.

She started the water in warm, then switched to hot. Afterward, she would switch back to warm, then cool, and if she could summon the courage, icy cold. That would be most refreshing.

Soaping herself up was an exercise in strength of will. Running her slick, soapy hands over her soft, wet skin produced, as it always did, a tactile sensation of delight. And given the emotions swirling within her, it was very difficult to keep from spending more time on her breasts with their rigid nipples, and then between her legs.

Though she told herself that, given the events of the day, it was only proper that she clean herself especially well there.

Sinking her fingers between the lips of her sex, sliding them up and down, produced more powerful sensations, given her state, than would otherwise have been the case, and she hesitated longer than she should have as she slid then up and down repeatedly, leaning back against the wall.

It did feel... good.

And it was that swirl of emotions and pleasure that perhaps caused her not to notice the shadow on the shower curtain.

She cried out as the curtain was pulled aside, eyes going wide. Shock and astonishment filled her first, then a wave of embarrassment. She realized of course, what he saw, with her leaning back against the wall beside the claw-foot tub, legs apart, fingers between them, her other hand cupping her right breast.

Of course, the one benefit of the position was that it took little movement to try and shield herself from his sight. She simply clamped her closed hand over her privates and shifted her arm across her breasts.

“H-How dare you!?” she cried.

She had intended it to be an outraged cry of protest, but it came out as something of a breathless squeak.

“Came by to say hello,” Jebediah Jones said with a grin.

“H-How did you get in!?”

“Those old locks take mostly the same keys,” he said, as he peeled his shirt up over his head.

Miranda was momentarily speechless at the sight of his bare torso. He looked so.. well, the term 'savage' came to mind, as did 'barbarian'.

“Wh-What are you doing?!”

He smiled and undid his belt, then opened his jeans and pushed them down, stepping out of them. He must have already removed his cowboy boots, she thought, her mind already overcome with shock. Yes, there they were by the door.

Then she was speechless again. She had not seen him naked before, not completely naked. Nor had she seen Cal that way. She had never, in fact, seen a completely naked man in the bright light and altogether like that, standing up tall and proud. And surely, his body was magnificent.. .in a wild, animalistic sort of way.

“D-Don't” she gasped as he climbed into the tub.

“You'd begrudge a man a shower after he's gotten all hot and sweaty?” he asked.

It was not a large shower, and Miranda had nowhere to go as he stepped up to her.

“Remember your promise?” he asked softly.

“I-I...but – .”

“It didn't have no time limit on it.”

“But that's... ridiculous!”

“Not if you're a woman of your word,” he said.

He grasped her wrists and lifted them effortlessly away from her body, pressing them back against the wall above her head as he leaned into her. His eyes were dark and intense as he leaned down. Then his mouth was on hers and their lips were moving together. Miranda moaned a protest, squirming against her, but already her warm, heavy breasts were pressing firmly into his chest, and the sensual heat was sweeping through her body.

She felt him shift his grip on her wrists, pinning them with one big hand as a part of her tried to compare his kisses to that of his son. He was more assured, more passionate, and fiercer, she thought, but Cal had a tenderness to his kisses Jeb lacked.

Then she forgot to think about much of anything as his now freed hand slid between her legs and began to slide back and forth over her soapy pussy. She cried out into his mouth, hips jerking helplessly as his fingers insistently ravished her, stroking harshly, forcefully, the sensations rushing through her again and again so that she couldn't keep her hips still.

He drew back and spun her around, seizing her hips and then jerking them back.

“Your pussy belongs to Cal now,” he said.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“But this is mine.”

She felt his hardness squeeze between her soapy buttocks, then he drew back and pulled her hips out. Staggered, her hands pressed against the wall to support herself even as she felt the hard, fat head of his cock pushing against her back passage.

“Oh! Oh don't!” she gasped.

“I don't take orders, girl, I give em,” he said, pushing into her.

Gasping, moaning, her head was swirling with heat, excitement, embarrassment, indignation and indecision as Jeb used used the slick soap as a lubricant to push up deeper and deeper into her bottom. When she tried to twist around he wrapped one big arm around her, hand sliding down between her legs and finding her clitoris.

She could mount no real resistance after that, could only shudder and moan and half-sob at the waves of pleasure rushing through her as Jeb's fingers made her body writhe and jerk and her hips buck back against his hard cock. He pushed into the very depths of her belly, his heavy testicles jammed in against her buttocks as he bit into the side of her throat.

“Oh God! Oh God!” she moaned.

“Just me, baby.”

He kneaded her breasts roughly, then jerked her hips back further, forcing her legs apart as he picked up the pace of his thrusting. Mind reeling, Miranda could only balance precariously against the wall as the heat burned hotter and hotter and then swept her over the edge into an intense orgasm.

* * *

“But I-I can't!” she moaned.

“Yep, you can.”

“But people will see me!”

He snorted in amusement and pulled her down the stairs.

She was invited for dinner, he said, by Annie, his wife. Cal would be there. And 'no' was not an acceptable answer.

In fact, she wasn't permitted to do anything at all! He had rinsed her off after sodomizing her. He had dried her with the fluffy towel she'd had handy (after

drying himself) and then even brushed and dried her hair, slapping her hands whenever she tried to interfere. Then he had found a light, short-sleeved checked shirt for her to wear – without a bra! He had simply buttoned two buttons between her breasts, then pulled the lower parts up and together, tying the shirt tightly beneath her breasts and leaving her stomach completely bare!

For a skirt, he had examined what she had, then cut most of the used denim skirt she'd bought off and had her get into it. Now it barely came past her bottom! And she wasn't allowed any panties!

“Cal said you aren't to wear panties no more.”

“Cal isn't allowed to tell me what to wear!”

He smiled and shrugged.

“Brought these for you. Annie was sure they'd fit.”

They were cowboy boots, with high heels, and they did indeed fit, but Miranda felt silly in them. That was mild compared to how she felt at the thought of going outside half naked, of course, but Jebediah wasn't giving her the option of saying now.

“Truck is right outside,” he said.

And then they were on the street, and she was being guided into the pickup truck. Her breasts felt naked with the tight fabric of the shirt squeezing in around them, and without a bra, so Miranda wasn't about to do anything to draw attention to herself!

And then they were driving off, and she gulped, stricken, head spinning, not knowing what to do.

It was something of a relief when they passed quickly out of town, for at least no one could see her and remark upon it.

“This is.. indecent,” she protested.

“Take it off then. Annie won't mind.”

She glowered at him.

“And what does your wife think of you... attacking other women?!” she demanded.

He shrugged. “Annie knows I like a nice piece of ass. That's why I married her. She wouldn't give me hers otherwise.”

“You gave her a choice!?”

He chuckled. “No one does nothing to Annie she doesn't want done. She ain't as biddable as you.”

“I am not... not biddable! You simply force yourself on me!”

He gave her a smirk, a kind of knowing look which made her face flush.

“Well don't you worry, little girl. Annie won't let no one do nothing to you that you don't want done to you.”

That was only somewhat reassuring since she easily understood his inference. After all, he had said the same thing about himself, that he would only ... that she would have to beg him. And she had!

She must control her body, and stop letting it control her!

His house looked small, but neat, as they pulled up before it. It was odd how the garage was bigger than the house, but there were two more pickup trucks parked there. Americans and their trucks, she thought resignedly.

She squeaked as he gave her breast a solid squeeze before slapping her bottom lightly and leading her into the house.

It was much larger than she had suspected. It was, it turned out, on top of a low hill, and there was a second floor down below, which gave way to a deck looking out onto a small lake. It was, surprising her, rather lovely.

“Well, now, so this is your little Brit girl,” said a short, pretty blonde.

The woman looked much younger than Jebediah, but Miranda remembered what

Hannah had said about his rough hewn looks being affected by drinking, fighting and weather. Annie, for who else could the woman be, had thick, collar length blonde hair and a short, slim, almost petite body. But there was nothing dainty or delicate about her as she examined Miranda with intense blue eyes, raking them up and down.

“Certainly got the body for a lot of pleasant rolls in the hay,” she said. “I can see why you and Cal appreciate her.”

Miranda blushed and opened her mouth in protest.

“Let me show you around, girl. Dinner is already on.”

She took Miranda's hand in a surprisingly strong grip and led her into the kitchen. It was large, taking up much of the floor, with a big, square island in the middle which contained both a dishwasher and oven on one side, and a washer and dryer on the outside. There was a long counter behind it, and cupboards a refrigerator and freezer built in across. Next to it, against the window, was a gleaming wooden table with places already set.

Annie showered her where everything was, and then led her into the living room, again, quite a comfortable one, with a lot of thick black leather sofas and chairs and a view of the lake. Then it was down the stairs to the 'great room' which had a twelve foot ceiling and a huge glass wall.

“Off to those sides are the bedrooms,” she said.

She led her to the master bedroom, with its huge four-poster bed, then to Cal's across the floor from it, which had the same kind of bed and the same kind of heavy wooden furniture which Annie, who never seemed to let Miranda get a word in edgewise, told her were all a century old.

“There's a guest bedroom between,” she said, leading her there. “This'll be your room. Cal likes to sleep alone, most nights.”

“M-My room?” Miranda squeaked.

“Ayup. It's nice and comfortable. Has a nice TV that hooks to the satellite dish. Call will show you how it works.”

“I don't understand. I'm... not staying here.”

“Why not?”

Miranda stared at the woman.

“You can be close to Cal, and both of you can enjoy each other all you want. Cal passes near the library when he goes to pick up Bob Hosten, our hired hand, and can drop you off every morning, and Jeb goes to the delivery officer for all the things we order near every evening, so he can drive you back.”

“But I... I can't live here!”

“Why not? You think it's better to live alone in town? What are you gonna do there every night?”

“But... but...”

“You can help me around the house, and I can teach you how to be a proper woman to Cal. Might be he'll like you enough to get his own place with you one day.”

The woman was crazy!

“I don't.. love Cal!”

“So? Yer not marrying him yet. But let me ask you this, girly: What's gonna be more fun, sitting alone in your room every night, or being with Cal, and maybe Jeb if I'm feeling lazy?”

She swept her arm to the window.

“Plus you got this. It ain't paradise but I doubt it's much off. Beautiful place, great swimming, fishing, got horses out in the barn, and we can teach you how to plant vegetables at the side of the house. Ain't no reason at all for you to go live by yourself and do nothing all evening. From what Jeb says you been missing a good stiff rod up inside you for all too long, and you'll get a lot of that off Cal and Jeb.”

“That's ... absurd! You people are all ... perverts!”

“Perverts?” Annie asked, raising her eyebrows.

“You don't just have sex because you want to! You have to... to love someone! You have to have a relationship!”

“Well now why would you say something that's so obviously damned untrue? Unless Call and Jeb were lying about how your eyes rolled back in your head and you started to bounce around like you were having fits from all those orgasms you have.”

Miranda's face flamed.

“Nothing to be embarrassed about having a good climax, girly. I've been known to scream a few times myself. And you look like you're built for the bed. Damned shame you ain't been getting any rod in you, but we'll see you get as much of that as you could want.”

“You people are insane!” Miranda said desperately.

“Don't go getting insulting or I'll take a strap to your backside, girly!”

Cal came into the room, then, beaming.

“Well there's my girl!” he said.

“I am not your girl!” Miranda gasped as his hand openly cupped and squeezed her breast.

She slapped his hand off, face flaming.

“She's still shy,” he said to Annie.

Annie snorted. “I can see that. Fool girl. Got a heck of a body on her. She sure has nothing to be shy of.”

“Well, we'll have to cure her of her shyness,” Cal said, giving Miranda a slap on the bottom that made her squeak.

“See you do. I got to check on the ribs,” Annie said, turning and leaving the room.

“I am not staying here!” Miranda cried as he closed the door behind her.

“You think of one good reason why not?” he said as he peeled his shirt up and off.

“I-I..”

Oh my!

Cal's body was more muscular than his father, the skin smoother, softer, and with much less hair. Miranda stumbled back a bit breathless as he undid his belt. Then he was naked, and he put his father to shame. He was... beautiful! His skin was golden, tanned, and she longed to run her fingers across it!

Which kind of distracted her from arguing.

Her protests, weak as they were, he ignored, as he led her into bed, stripped her, then tied her to the four corners.

“I noticed you seemed to appreciate the skill I put into this earlier,” he said with a self-satisfied grin.

Then he bent over her and began to apply that skill, the skill of his tongue and mouth, as well as his fingers, to driving Miranda out of her mind.

And very nearly succeeded.

At first, she did her desperate best not to react. Then she frantically tried not to make any noise, mindful there were others in the house. But his oral skills were amazing – especially to a girl who had little previous experience of oral skills at all. She was soon writhing and gasping and arching in helpless response to the sensations rolling up her spine.

Then she lost herself to orgasm after orgasm. For not only was Cal immensely talented at oral sex, but he developed a habit of bringing her to the edge of orgasm, then thrusting himself deep inside her, giving her that incredible, amazing, wonderful sensation of being deeply and fully penetrated. He would ride her into and through the resulting orgasm, then ease off her – out of her – and start anew.

Nor was he above forcing her to beg, as his father had. And with her mind filled with a wild, carnal sexual passion and heat, her pride fell by the wayside very quickly.

She did not want to go to dinner after he finally unstrapped her. She was exhausted, drained and worn out. Her muscles ached, and her throat was sore... from the cries of pleasure and passion she was certain the others had heard!

But Cal made it ten times worse!

“You need to get over your shyness,” he said, unsympathetically.

And so he bound her arms together behind her at the elbows, then led her – NAKED – out of the bedroom and up the stairs to the upper floor where his father and Annie were about ready for dinner.

Jeb had seen her naked, of course, and she was not so much embarrassed around him as around Annie, but Annie took it in stride.

“Good idea,” she said to Cal's explanation.

Cal sat her at the table, and put her back each time she tried to dash off, finally bending her over for a swift, sharp spanking before setting her down on her seat once again.

“You do as you're told, girly,” Annie said, pointing a finger at her sternly.

“And how am I supposed to eat!?” she cried.

“That's Cal's problem.”

Cal's solution was to feed her, using his own spoon and fork.

“This is unsanitary,” Miranda complained sullenly.

“You had my dick down your throat twenty minutes ago,” Cal said. “I don't think wrapping your lips around my spoon is gonna hurt you none.”

Miranda's face flamed again.

It felt very weird, though, even when her initial intense embarrassment began to

fade. Cal sat on her left and Jeb on her right, with Annie across from her.

“Try some of this,” Jeb said, holding out a spoon full of something.

And if she argued, she knew, he'd have the same argument for her as Cal had.

So she took food from both of them, as Annie looked on as if it was the most normal thing in the world to have a naked girl tied up at her table!

“Don't tell me this ain't more exciting than eating some TV dinner while watching the news,” she said. “And afterward, you get more of Cal's dick inside you. God knows he's good with that thing, too.”

“Not as good as me,” Jeb said.

“Well, he's pretty damned close,” Annie said. “You just got different styles is all.”

Which was kind of what Miranda had been thinking, but she stared at the woman in surprise.

“What? You think I ain't had that dick in me? Cal isn't no relation to me, and he's got as fine a body as I've seen in a man. Why wouldn't I take advantage of that?”

They were crazy, Miranda thought in amazement.

Saying so, especially as bluntly as she did, proved to be unwise. Miranda found herself bent across Cal's lap for a spanking, which, given his father and Annie looked on as they continued to eat, was twice as humiliating. Moreover, it left her bottom so sore she couldn't sit down comfortably.

Cal solved that issue by taking away the chair and having her kneel beside his. He continued to feed her by hand, sometimes literally, which made her blush and made her mind squirm even more. Kneeling naked beside him and licking food out of his fingers turned eating into a darkly sexual act made all the more shocking for its audience.

There came a point where her mind was no longer quite so shaken by such embarrassments, and it was at that point she began to feel a sense of arousal. It confounded her and angered her, but did her best to ignore it, to give no sign of

the sense of excitement within her.

With dinner finished she hoped to be allowed to go to Cal's room, to have some privacy, perhaps put some clothes on, but it was not to be.

“Help me with the dishes, girly,” Annie said.

Miranda stared at the woman as she gathered up the plates.

“Have you forgotten I'm tied up?” she demanded.

“I ain't blind, girly,” Annie snorted.

She put the plates on the island by the dishwasher, then returned and slid her finger into Miranda's hair.

“Ow! Ow! Don't!”

Annie casually pulled her forward, forcing Miranda up on her knees, and making her stagger across the room on them until she was beside the dishwasher. Then when she released her hair it was to put one of the dinner plates in front of her. All the food had been taken, but there was still smears of grease and butter and mashed potatoes on it.

“Clean this off so's I can put it in the dishwasher.”

Miranda stared up at her in confusion.

“Lick it clean, girly,” Annie ordered.

“I-I will not!”

“Oh yes you will. You got to learn to do as you're told.”

Annie then produced a hickory switch, and introduced it to Miranda's bottom. The British girl squealed and then howled as the switch snapped across her already reddened buttocks. It did not take very many blows before she gave in. Then as Annie held the dishes out she licked them clean, still whimpering a bit because of her sore bottom.

Annie then made her kneel in the corner and think about obedience, while she

continued to bustle around the kitchen cleaning up.

How have I gotten into this, Miranda thought dazedly.

After a few minutes, Jeb came out from the living room, where a football game was playing.

“Best to get you ready for later,” he said to her with a grin.

He had an odd object in hand. It looked like a thick round plug, attached, by a tiny stem, to a round, flat base. It glistened as though oily, and that was the last she saw of it as Jeb squatted behind her, gripped the back of her neck, pressed her face against the corner of the wall, and then pressed the thing up against her bottom.

“Oh! Oh! What are you doooooing!?”

“Just getting your ready, little girl.”

The thing went up into her, spreading her wider with every inch, then she felt her sphincter closing behind it as Jeb stood up and left.

The thing was inside her bottom, but the flat round base was still outside, and pressing against her. What on earth!?

“Dad loves your little ass,” Cal said as he came in for a bear. “I might have to try it myself before too long.”

Miranda blushed and her mind squirmed, for Annie was in the kitchen too.

“She don't look like she's much into good lovin',” Annie said. “Thought we heard her yells earlier.”

Miranda's face flushed again.

“Oh yeah, once you get through the guilt and all she's a wild one,” Cal said. “You just got to make her forget she's supposed to be all prim and proper, and that a man's supposed to beg her for every kiss and promise her a ring before he gets to third base.”

“Well, you should get her one of my toys, then. That'll show her what's what,”
Annie said.

Miranda heard a bark of laughter from Cal.

Chapter Ten

There had to be some limit to her humiliation, Miranda thought dazedly. So far, however, it had not materialized. She was handling the humiliation better, but it seemed to keep coming.

But the growing anxiety within her was that she was going to do the same, and with the others watching!

She was still on her knees, though now in the living room, face pressed against the corner. The advantage was that her knees were now on soft carpet. The disadvantage was all three of them were sitting on the sofa watching the ball game, and watching her.

Annie's 'toy' turned out to be a vibrator. It had a long, thick body which slid up deep into her belly, and a second part which, with the first inside her, slid up on the outside of her body and squeezed down, right over her clitoris. That was the vibrating part. It was squeezed in hard enough against her that it wasn't falling out, and the vibrations were getting harder to ignore by the minute.

She was sweating with the effort, but she was even wetter inside, and her breathing was becoming more ragged as she pressed her perspiring forehead against the corner of the wall.

And every time a commercial came on the television they would discuss her in the most obscene and embarrassing way!

“She does have a nice ass on her. You fucked her ass yet, Cal?” Jeb asked.

“Not yet. She's got a pretty tight pussy, after all. And I like her mouth a lot too.”

“Got some big jugs on her,” Annie said.

Both men agreed enthusiastically.

“Those are some great tits,” Cal said.

“Nice shape and feel to them,” Jeb agreed.

“Even the nipples are nice, not so big or nothing. And when you tweak them you can really see her jump.”

“Try biting them. She likes that, though she complains some.”

“How is she with her mouth?” Annie asked. “She need lessons there?”

“She ain't the expert you are, Annie,” Jeb said.

“But she's a natural,” said Cal. “My dick slid down her throat smooth as can be, with only a little gagging.”

“Sometimes gagging can feel good around your cock,” Jeb said.

“Just not too much.”

“Yeah.”

Then Miranda yelped in pain as she felt a thick tendril of hair being pulled up and back. She bent her head back, arching back, off-balance, to see Annie looking down at her.

“You still blushing, girl? We're gonna work you out of your shyness, I promise you that,” she said with a smile. Turn around and face us.”

Miranda didn't have much choice with the woman tugging on her hair, and she was soon facing the two men across the small room, blushing yet again.

“Sit on your heels, now spread your knees wider so they can see your pretty pussy,” Annie ordered.

Miranda blushed more deeply, but obeyed, and as the game resumed on the TV she was now looking towards them, still naked, the dildo/vibrator protruding from between the tautly swollen lips of her straining pussy, her breasts pushed out nakedly and obviously with their hard nipples.

“Keep those shoulders straight, girl,” Annie warned when she tried to drop her eyes to the floor.

When she complained that her back was sore Annie turned her around and bent her over, face and chest to the floor, bottom raised and legs wide, pointed right at where the three of them sat.

Yet it could not be denied that she was indeed losing her self-consciousness about being seen naked by them. The heat in her skin was diminishing as she got used to them seeing and commenting on her naked body.

That embarrassment did rise once more after the game, when Annie again tugged on her hair to get her to move closer, and she found herself in front of Jeb as he undid his fly.

“Now I've gonna find out if you know what you're doing with your mouth and what all I need to show you,” Annie said.

“But – !”

But no protests were accepted, and she resignedly slid her lips over Jeb's cock, letting her saliva slide down with her lips as she began to suck and bob her lips up and down. Annie started giving instructions in how to ease back, how to slow down and extend the pleasure for the man, how to mouth his testicles, and massage the head of his cock properly, as well as how to relax her throat more gradually so it didn't hurt when Jeb's big cock slid down it.

She pulled Miranda off before Jeb could come, however, and had her work on Cal's instead. Seeing them both naked and hard made Miranda appreciate the differences between them. Cal's was a little longer, while Jeb's was thicker. Cal's gleamed pink and red, while Jeb's seemed oddly swollen nearly the base, and was hairier and paler.

She let her throat muscles massage Cal's cock as she pressed her lips tightly around the base, then, under Annie's instructions, forced her tongue out over her lower lip, licking at the skin just beneath

It was amazing how easily she got used to the bizarreness of performing oral sex on a man while naked, while other people watched, Miranda thought dazedly. Then she moaned in denial, despite her arousal, as Annie tugged on her hair to force her up and forward, to make her straddle Cal, who held his cock up.

She moaned even more loudly, though, as she felt him penetrate her, and as she

sank down onto it and felt his slick hardness pushing up inside her. Breathless, she grunted and gasped, rising slowly up and down, leaning forward as he sucked and chewed on her breast.

She saw movement out of the corner of her eye, but paid it little heed until she felt fingers at her bottom, felt the butt-plug there pulled free. Then Jeb was sliding into her, and she gurgled and shuddered with a redoubling of sensations, including a sense of shock and wonder at feeling a second cock sliding up into her slender belly.

Her eyes were enormous as the two men squeezed her between them, their cocks up inside her, their arms around her, their hands on her, their lips and teeth sinking into her soft flesh. Her mind was soon lost on a seething flood of wild carnal heat, and could not repress passionate cries of pleasure as she climaxed again and again.

That was far from the end of her evening, however. Under Annie's direction, she was placed on a low, narrow table set against the wall, propped up against the wall. Then her ankles were lifted up and back above her head on either side and tied in place there to display her obscenely once more.

Annie then placed a strange looking device, a thick white round plastic thing on the end of a short handle so that it was leaning in and pressed against her clitoris, then turned it on. It turned out to be a much more powerful vibrator than the one she had worn earlier. With a thick dildo in her pussy and another up her bottom, they gagged her and left her in place while they went down to the lake.

Miranda thought she'd lose her mind!

Orgasm followed orgasm until she was drenched in sweat, her muscles twitching and her hair matted against her skull. Her eyes were glassy and her breathing was shallow and ragged. Her belly ached from the muscle spasms. Yet she could not repress them, not for long anyway. And the more she fought against them, the more she delayed them, the more powerful and intense they became, to the point she would scream, howling like an animal into the gag as her body was wracked by convulsions.

She thought she would be too worn-out, too twitchy, to have any sense of pleasure from sex after that, but she was wrong. Cal took her downstairs, half carrying her, bathed her, washed and dried her hair, then put her to bed. Having

sex in bed was a novelty, and it was gentle sex, with a lot of soft touches and kisses, and after that she fell quickly into sleep.

The next day, Cal drove her to her place where she put on an appropriate dress. Cal let her wear a bra, since not doing so would be quite noticeable in a woman her size, but he refused to allow her to wear anything else under the dress. He took away most of her work clothes, as well, since, he said, she could then dress properly at the house.

Miranda argued against all of this, but not with full vim and vigor. It didn't seem like arguing did any good with these people, after all! All it got her was a sore bottom! She felt like a whore, a secret whore, at the library, wary that someone else would know what she was doing in her off hours. She would not have been surprised if someone came in, looked at her, pointed and shouted "Whore!"

Given her preferences, she would have gone home afterward to rest and consider things, but Jeb picked her up, and all her things were at his house now. And while the thought of peacefully sitting on the chair and watching TV was attractive, it didn't hold quite the same degree of sharp edged pleasure as what might happen to her at Jeb's place.

As soon as she got there she had to strip, which she did, blushing hotly, despite her previous experience. Then she knelt on the floor and performed oral sex on Jeb while Annie looked on and corrected what she considered to be her deficiencies. But at least she got to use her hands this time!

When Cal got home he took her out by the lake for skinny dipping, and then sex on the beach in front of it. It didn't even shock her when Annie rode close past on her horse.

Then it was back in the house to help Annie prepare dinner, and be instructed in how to cook the way the boys liked it. Of course, she stayed naked the whole time. She thought she had been good, and was surprised when, just as they were sitting down for dinner, Jeb tied her wrists together behind her back, and then bent her over the table.

It wasn't for a spanking, though. Instead he slid a pair of dildos up deep inside her, then had her kneel beside the table to take her food from his and Cal's hands again. This time it was mostly direct from their hands, instead of forks and spoons, and she had to lick their fingers clean each time. She was indignant and

resentful at first, but it turned eating dinner into a darkly sensual and erotic act which had her hotly aroused for the entire meal.

Then, on her knees, she had to lick the plates clean again for Annie while the boys went to watch TV. Annie patted her and told her she was being very good, then slid a collar around her neck. It was thicker than the dog collar Jeb had once put on her, rather soft and pretty, actually, and Miranda didn't understand the why except that Annie said it would really look good on her, rather like a choker.

With the dishes properly set into the dishwasher, she finally untied Miranda's wrists.

“Let's go see the boys,” she said.

Miranda started to get to her feet, but Annie's hand on her shoulder pushed her back.

“You can crawl in,” she said.

“But why?” Miranda demanded in confusion.

“Because it will help teach you humility.”

“But I'm not... I am – .”

“You think yer better than us, don't try to deny it. You think yer an educated girl from the city, from England, and we're rural bumpkins. I can see it in yer eyes, girly. Don't ever try to lie to me or I'll tan your bottom.”

Of course, Miranda did indeed, and always had thought of them as strange country folk, rednecks, but she had thought she had politely hidden this. Now she really had little choice but to crawl after Annie and into the living room on all fours.

There she had to sit on her heels, knees apart, slide her fingers behind her neck, and arch her back while they watched TV and discussed the show – and Miranda.

“She's getting much better,” Annie said, “She doesn't blush so much any more.”

“She's getting used to the feel of her own skin,” said Jeb.

“I'm getting used to the feel of her skin,” Cal said with a grin.

And that was when his cousin Jethro came barging in from outside, having come for a visit.

Jethro was a few years older than Cal. He was bigger, but in a pudgier way, as opposed to the solid firm belly Cal had. Nor was he as handsome as Cal, his face being rounder with duller eyes. The moment he came in Miranda squealed in horror and sprang up to run downstairs out of sight, laughter filling the air behind her.

Of course, Cal just dragged her back up, and she spent the next hour kneeling in place, arms tied behind her, as they all discussed her. Then she had to lay across Cal's lap for a short spanking, after which she had to do the same across Jeb's lap, then Annie's, and then, to her squirming embarrassment, across Jethro's lap.

Her bottom was glowing red by then, and so she felt more of a sense of relief than dismay when Jethro showed more interest in fingering her pussy and fondling her breasts than slapping her bottom. Of course, after that she had to take him into her mouth, because he'd gotten hard, and then down her throat.

That led to her riding Cal's cock, while Jethro pushed into her bottom, and Jeb pulled her head down to the side to slide himself into her mouth and throat.

Following all that, she was instructed, despite her aversion to it, in how to perform oral sex on a woman. Annie started it by demonstrating that she had the knack, and was quite a bit better than Cal at making Miranda writhe and buck and twist. And so she didn't really feel able to refuse the turnabout.

The four of them kept her gasping and moaning for most of the evening, and again it ended in Cal's bed, for more gentle sex and kisses.

Over the next weeks she got used to being naked whenever she wasn't at work, and having sex with Cal, Jeb, Annie, and any number of their relatives and friends, sometimes with half a dozen or more people looking on (or joining in). Miranda's inhibitions melted away, though she never really lose the sense of squirming guilt at her hedonistic and sluttish behavior.

She wrote home and resigned from her job at the library, telling them she had met a man and was getting married. Her former colleagues were happy for her. She did marry Cal, for it was necessary to remain in the country, but nothing really changed insofar as her remaining naked. She pointed out she was no longer all that shy, but Cal said he liked to see her naked, and Jeb voted with him. Annie abstained, so Miranda remained naked around the house.

What also didn't change is that her body was made available to anyone that wanted her, friends, relatives, male or female, who stopped by. Miranda was indeed, by nature, a biddable girl, and her bottom paid the price on the few occasions she rebelled. That made her even more biddable and agreeable to whatever she was told to do, be it chores or sex.

But at no point could she deny that she was so very much more alive now, that her life was far more lively and exciting and filled with fun and pleasure and novelty than it ever had been before. She never dreamed of fleeing back to her dull old job in an English library, and even began to take a degree of smug pride in how excited people got when they saw her, naked, collared, and obedient to everyone's least sexual whim.

Perhaps she wasn't entirely a sexual animal, as Jeb had once told her, but she was certainly a creature of sex and passion now, and didn't have to read books in order to escape the quiet solitude which had once surrounded her.

And perhaps one day she would return to her old town, and amaze everyone with the changes which had come over her. Of course, that would involve wearing clothing again, which did not fill her with much enthusiasm. For now, she was content to enjoy her new life, and let tomorrow look after itself.

* * * * *

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Zoe's New Job * Working For The Smiths * Two Teachers * Twins in Training *
Twenty Nine * Tomb of Darkness * The Wicked Stepfather * The Slave Girl *
The Shackled Brat * The Senator's Aide * The Secretary * The Ring * The
Racist * The Punished Schoolgirl * The New Neighbors * The Naked Niece *
The Mouse * The Master's Choice * The Hooded Co-ed * The Haunted House *
The Interview * The Girls in the Band * The General's Aide * The Director *The
Detective * The Dark Passage * The Country House * The Cheat * The
Challenge * The Candy Striper * The Butler * The Barbarian's Toy * The
Banker Babe* Stripper * Sorority Girl * Sore Bottoms! * Small Town Girl * Sir
* Slave of the Vampires * Slave Daughter * Rich Man's Yacht * Pleasure Toy *
Personal Services * Nigger's Girl * Miranda's Tower * Melissa's Master *
Kendra's Dark Seduction * Kendra's Brotherly Love * Journey into Slavery *
Jade's Submission * Into The Past * In the Vampire's Lair * In The Summer Heat
* Her Very Own Pirate *Girl on a Leash * Girl Next Door * Fiona's Need *
Family Ties * Erin's Four Masters * Emily's Debt * Destiny's Need * Darker
Games * Cry Uncle * Courtney's Boring Life * Courtney Gets Caught * Chains
of Ice * Chained Heat *Chained Cheerleader * Bound in Red Tape *
Blackmailed * Biker Bitch * Behind the Mask * An English Girl in China *
Amy: Student Slave * All Work, No Play... * A White Girl in Harlem * An
Office Affair * A Life of Slavery * A Darker Shade of Gray * A Dark Spirit * A
Dark Desert Heat * Anything *