

The Dude Ranch



- You know what they say... Save a horse...

- Part 1

Marissa adjusted the brim of her cowboy hat against the setting sun and looked out over the herd lounging in the grassy field. She idly swung her long, tanned legs to knock her boots against the fence on which she sat and chewed the stalk of sweet grass between her teeth. "Time to bring 'em in, I guess."

Angel lay on a horse blanket in front of her, the tiny Asian girl wearing just a cowboy hat and panties. "Already?" she whined. "I've barely started evening out my tan!"

"You were pretty even to start with," Marissa snorted, dropping off the fence. The tall, thirty-something brunette popped open another button on her flannel shirt then rolled her jean shorts as high up her toned legs as they would go. "Let's get the easy ones moving first, and then we'll get the 'ornery ones off their asses."

"Fine," Angel sighed, standing up and stretching in full view of the herd. The small, limber nineteen year-old pulled her arms up to the sky, then behind her back, making her firm B-cups do amazing things. She bent forward, then back, arching her spine and thrusting her nipples to the open sky. A few of the herd moo-ed plaintively.

"You are absolutely shameless," Marissa laughed, taking a good look herself.

"What? I've still got my hat on! I haven't broken any of Miss Archer's rules."

"I just hope my daughters don't turn out like you," Marissa said, watching the young girl slip her barely-there jean shorts over her thong panties and tiny ass. The shorts had so many rips and tears in them, they were barely an improvement over just the thong.

Angel pulled the waistband of the panties over the top of the shorts, then tied a flannel shirt around her breasts, leaving her flat stomach bare. "Yes you do," she laughed. Angel picked up her riding crop and gave a few test swishes before she said, "Okay, I'm ready. Wanna do someone easy first, like Dexter?"

Marissa smiled, swished her own crop in the air. "Oh, definitely."

The herd started to stir as the two women walked through the naked animals, smiling and swinging their hips as they had been taught. Some animals got closer, some edged away. The women found their target lounging nude on his side in the grass, enjoying the warm sun on his skin. They stood over him, their eyes roaming freely over his entire body.

"Such a fine beast," Marissa purred, looking down at him. "Smooth skin, hard muscle tone, polite nature." Her gaze focused on a significant area. "And nice looking equipment. Excellent stock for breeding, wouldn't you say, Angel?"

"I don't know," the smaller girl said, reaching out to nudge his huge blue balls with the tip of her crop. "I like my breeding stock more aggressive. Feisty, dangerous, liable to just throw you down in the field and take you if he gets too horny. But look at these plums, and he's not even making a move towards me!" She sighed and shook her head. "No, I'd probably keep this one around the barn, to let visiting schoolgirls practice their milking."

"Aw, you're so mean!" Marissa replied, bending over near the beast's face. "Me, I'd ride this one every day if I could. You'd like that, wouldn't you boy- getting ridden hard by me every day, huh?" Marissa noticed his rising erection and raised an eyebrow. "Oh! It's like he can understand us! Isn't that amazing for an animal?"

"Are you two about done?" Dexter Seller replied, grinning up at them. "Or should I moo-"

"Shush!" Angel hissed. "Cows can't talk!" She gave his thigh a playful tap with her crop.

Marissa laughed, then clapped at him. "Come on boy- hup! Hup! Time to go home! You gonna be a good boy and hup for us?" When he still wouldn't move, she bent low in his face and shook her chest side to side. Dexter laughed and got up, following the jiggling C-cups spilling out of her push-up bra. Marissa kept them just out of his reach until he was standing, when Angel reared back and gave him a slap

on the ass that he couldn't believe came from such a tiny girl. "HYAH!" Angel yelled, pointing at the farm house in the distance. "Hyah!"

"Okay, okay!" Dexter said, jumping forward to miss another powerful spank on his butt. He started towards the house at a slow walk. He looked back to see the two women working on another member of the herd, a new guy who had only been there two days.

The man was pasty white from where his city clothes had kept him covered, and his muscles were slightly doughy from his desk-bound city job, just like Dexter had been a few weeks ago. The man's wire-rim glasses practically fogged up as the two cowgirls stalked towards him, and his dick was already hard and dripping when they got there, which they made sure to point out loudly enough for the entire herd to hear.

Dexter had to chuckle as the man tried to cover his embarrassing erection and got his hand slapped, then tried to touch Angel's smooth legs and got his hand slapped again. Then Dexter stopped chuckling as Marissa knelt between the man's legs and tenderly stroked his cock as she explained the rules of the Dude Ranch to him again.

The man even refused to move, playing the part of a stubborn beast, until Marissa had taken him to the edge three times, all the while cooing like he was a timid horse. After a fourth edge, Marissa pulled the man to his feet by his now aching balls, and then Angel gave him a thunderous spank on the ass to get him moving.

Dexter watched the new guy strut past him with a smile, cock iron hard but satisfied for the moment, while Dexter's hadn't even been stroked since... this morning! Dexter grumbled at the new guy's cunning, or his own lack of it.

The rest of the herd started angling for the same treatment before they would move, but Marissa looked at the height of the setting sun, whispered something to Angel, and then the riding crops started cutting air. They didn't actually land on any of the herd's full balls, but just hearing that zzzzzzzip! close to the family jewels was enough to get each of them moving.

Two of the herd tried to run, disappearing over the crest of the nearest hill. Marissa sighed and kept marshaling the rest of the men toward the house as Angel took off after the runners. The three reappeared just a few minutes later, the large muscular men with their hands tied behind their backs and the small Asian girl leading them with a tiny fist around each hard cock. The thirty-something men blushed with embarrassment as the pigtailed 19 year-old pulled them all the way back to the house by their dripping cocks, loudly explaining to Marissa how easy they had been to capture, and pumping her fists as she baby-talked to them. Dexter knew from experience that Angel had a sixth sense for keeping cocks on the edge,

and wasn't surprised that the men were openly whimpering by the time the herd reached The Chute.

Two other small herds the size of Dexter's were being driven together at the Chute, merging. One came from the front of the house, where they had spent the afternoon mowing and weeding the Ranch's massive gardens. Or, as the cowgirls called it, 'grazing'. Redheaded cowgirl Millie drove them forward with strategic bursts of a garden hose, mostly to their backs, but occasionally right between the butt cheeks. She whooped each time she hit an asshole directly and got a man to jump. Dexter blushed, remembering.

The other herd came from the 'Equestrian Field'. Every man was absolutely covered in sweat yet cowgirl Kimmi still drove them forward at a fast run with her aerobic instructor's voice and laser-smart whip. Dexter's butt still remembered that whip from yesterday, but the fact that the incredibly fit brunette always wore tight, tight lycra shorts and a low cut sports bra as she put them through their paces made the workouts easier to take. Dexter wondered how he would explain to his co-workers how he had traded 10 pounds of fat for muscle during a two-week 'beach vacation'.

Kimmi noticed Dexter checking out her ass and gave him a wink. She trotted over to him and ran a hand over his newly hard pecs, abs and firm ass without even asking permission. "Looking good, Dex. Can't wait to see you tomorrow- it's kettle bells!"

Dexter groaned as his arms already started to ache. Kimmi laughed and started slowly strutting away, pulling down her shorts in the back to show the top half of her toned buns, and that she wore nothing underneath. "Sorry! You've got to work really hard if you want to get an ass like this!"

She turned over her shoulder to catch Dexter's reaction, and smiled when it was pointing hard at the sky, as were a few of the men around him. Kimmi laughed and pulled her shorts back up, then hopped the side of the Chute as the fences started pushing closer.

With four active cowgirls pushing at the back of the three small herds, they started merging into one, the naked men uneasily getting closer and closer to each other until the fences pushed them into a single file line. The cowgirls didn't have to push too hard, however, because at the end of the Chute was the shower, and the Twins were up to their usual antics.

Dexter didn't get a good view until he was two spots back from the shower, behind the new guy and the tall, black, wiry James. The blond Twins tipped their cowgirl hats back and whistled as James stepped into the open air shower. Tina adjusted the string bikini around her huge fake breasts and Toni licked her lips.

"James! Always a pleasure to wash this stallion," Tina said, soaping his tightly muscled back with her bare hands.

Toni's soapy hands went right to his nine-inch cock. "And this stallion," she giggled, slowly bringing him to hardness.

"Ladies, the pleasure is all mine," James replied in his deep baritone, lacing his fingers behind his head and closing his eyes to enjoy their work.

Tina and Toni's soapy hands worshiped every line of muscle on his body, and his cock never left their grip or the soapy valley between their large tits. Near the end Tina grabbed his cock from one side and Toni worked his balls from the other, pressing their wet bodies against him and whispering in his ear. Their hands and mouths moved with urgency, faster and faster, and right before Dexter almost came just from watching, both Twins leapt away as if from a secret signal. James' large, iron hard cock twitched and bobbed in the air, a just few strokes away from release.

He opened his eyes and smiled. "Ladies," he chuckled with a nod of his head, then began to walk off.

"We'll get a reaction out of you someday!" Tina yelled after him.

"Just wait till you see what we do to you tonight!" Toni taunted as well. James just waved without looking back, stepping into the Holding Area with a big grin. Dexter felt very sorry that the new guy had to follow that.

And the Twins proved Dexter right. The new guy was decent looking, but not the Adonis that James was, and as nervous as a virgin in a whorehouse to boot. Venting their frustrations on him, the Twins broke him in less than thirty seconds.

"Please, just let me cum!" he begged as Tina pulled one soapy hand up his cock after the other. Never down, just up in an endless pleasure tunnel in only one direction. She switched fast to slow, laughing as the man twisted under her fingers. "Please!" he screamed. "I'll do anything, just let me!"

"Hush!" Tina scolded, pinching his balls. "Cows can't talk." She batted his cock against his stomach, then let go to start cleaning his shoulders. Toni, sliding her soapy and barely covered breasts down his leg laughed too, until one of the new guy's hands found her side-boob and the other grabbed his own cock. The reaction was immediate.

The new guy was face down on the wet tiles before Dexter could blink, hands bent behind his back as Toni expertly applied the steel thumb cuffs. The Twins stood up, adjusted their bikinis and hair, and only then lifted the stunned man back to a standing position.

"Bad, bad animal," Tina said, stroking his face. "Now we're going to have to be extra mean."

Dexter almost turned away as the big-breasted blonds used their Playboy-quality bodies to torment the new guy, their hands soaping each other twice as much as they touched him. They never removed their bikinis but their fingers found each other's nipples and pussy lips for long stretches, rubbing under the thin cloth. Dexter almost turned away because he could feel his right hand creeping towards his dripping cock, despite his best efforts.

His cock hadn't been stroked all day, and he had three painful days of cum in his balls. The punishment would be severe, but watching Toni nibble on Tina's neck as her hand made quick, urgent circles under the girl's bikini bottom made him say damn the consequences...

"Oh, I loooove when they do this," Kimmi said, suddenly appearing at his side. She gently pulled his right wrist away from the cock it had almost touched, without saying a word. Dexter blushed and voluntarily put his other wrist behind his back to join the one Kimmi was already holding there.

He was shocked when he felt a set of steel cuffs lock around his thumbs, securing his hands behind his back. "For your own good," she giggled, squeezing a butt cheek. "You wouldn't want to end up like him."

The new guy was writhing now, hands helplessly pinned behind him, rock hard cock waving untouched in the air as the two blondes kissed and rubbed soap on each other inches from him. He looked around for something soft to rub his erection on and only found the laughter of the surrounding cowgirls.

"Sorry boy, it's not milking time yet!" Angel laughed, making a jack-off gesture with her hand. "Maybe tomorrow morning!" He moaned. "Maybe never!" she added and the man almost started to cry. And that was before the Twins finally broke their kiss to begin to wash the soap off him. They circled him like a whirlpool, pressing on him from all sides, going faster and faster. The man stood up on his toes, his balls tightening-

"Come on already!" Kimmi yelled. "We've got other beasts that need cleaning!"

Toni looked over at the nude Dexter, his hard cock already pointing at her. "Well, for Dexter, anything!" She gave the new guy a smack on the ass and he stumbled into the Holding Area, cock hard, balls blue and a mix of water and soap still dripping into his eyes.

"You can thank me later," Kimmi whispered to him, then pushed Dexter into cock-teasing hell.

Tina laughed. "And all ready and trussed up for us! How thoughtful!" she said, noting his thumb-cuffs and desperate cock. She reapplied soap to her hands and started with his nipples, sending electric shocks through his nerves. "It's so nice that Dexter won't be able to paw at us, Sister, no matter what we do."

Toni started with his balls, rolling the heavy sacs over in her soapy hands. "Oh, you know Dexter never tries anything. He's such a good little cow. No matter what we do."

They were setting him up for something, Dexter knew, and soon learned what. The Twins washed every inch of his body with their soft hands, skin or even lips- except for his cock. Helpless with his hands tied behind his back, they spun and bent him to their whim, rubbing their flesh over every part of his naked body except the one he wanted the most.

Near the end, both Twins pressed their wet, barely-covered bodies against his naked one, as they had done to the previous two men.

"Miss Archer's watching," Tina whispered into his right ear as she tweaked his right nipple. "So be a good cow and don't talk, okay?"

"But I want to hear him beg to cum," Toni pouted in his left ear as she pulled on his left nipple.

"Cow's can't talk- Miss Archer's rules!" Tina said, sliding a hand over his ass.

"But I like this one. If he begged me, well, I'd stroke him off right here!" Toni replied, tickling his balls.

The twins started going back and forth quickly, tickling his ears with hot whispers while writhing against him.

"Right here?" "Yep, right here. For all the cowgirls to see!"

"This cow would get into a lot of trouble for that. He might not get milked for another week!"

"But it'd be worth it, right little cow? Just beg me and I'll milk you right here."

"On to your tits?"

"Of course onto my tits!" Toni replied. "I'm a good cowgirl!"

"All for one little beg?" Tina asked.

"Just for one little whimper and whine. But I'd do it! I'd totally jack him off right here."

"Oh, that's making me hot," Tina purred, pressing her breasts against his arm. "Do it little cow! Beg her!"

"Beg me," Toni panted, nibbling at his earlobe and grinding her pussy into his hip. "Please."

Dexter's cock was still painfully untouched, and the Twins bodies felt so fucking good. He looked over at the stern Miss Archer pacing the Holding area, then the sniffing new guy, and finally calm, confident James. Then he looked Toni right in her big beautiful fake tits.

"Moo," he said.

"Oh, Dexter, you're no fun anymore!" Toni pouted, then grabbed his cock and gave him five fast strokes. Dexter almost fainted from the touch but Tina pulled him by the balls back to his feet and into the holding area.

"I would have done it, too!" Tina yelled after him. "You could have cum on these tits! Enjoy going back to the real world knowing you'll never get the chance!"

That hurt Dexter almost as much as his aching balls. Especially when James sauntered over to him as the Twins began washing their next victim. "Yo, man, you just messed up."

Dexter pulled at the thumb cuffs, wishing he could cover his leaking dick in front of the taller, more endowed man. "They wouldn't have done it," he pouted, looking away. "Not for me."

"Maybe not. But why not take the chance? How much longer are you here, anyway?"

"Just two days," Dexter replied, the sun already drying the water dripping from him.

James laughed. "Sheeee-yit! I would have cum all over those knockers with a smile."

"But you never break," Dexter muttered. "You're always cool and collected."

James laughed. "I'm here for another week, man. And those two have been drooling over my cock since I got here. I'm gonna ride one of them, probably both, before I leave. But you? What- are you holding out for a better offer or something?"

The both stopped to watch the Twins stroke a muscular man's fat, long cock faster and faster until he yelled and shot rope after rope of white cum many feet out into the evening air. The watching cowgirls whooped and clapped until Miss Archer

immediately walked up and slapped him into a shiny tight chastity belt, then they just giggled like schoolgirls caught in the yard.

James slapped him on the back. "You're an okay dude. But if you've still got those blue balls on the plane ride home, don't say I didn't warn you." He laughed and strutted off.

Dexter grumbled as the rest of the herd was hand-washed by the Twins, most getting countless strokes from the giggling blonds. The men who tried to stroke themselves were put into thumb-cuffs like Dexter wore, teased some more, then shoved into the Holding area dripping wet.

He pulled at his cuffs and cursed Kimmi's 'kindness'. He hadn't touched himself the entire time he had been at the Ranch! But now the cowgirls coming in late from the house would see his tied hands, and the newest cowgirls who didn't know him would think-

"Finally!" Angel screamed, spotting Dexter with his cuffed thumbs.

She and Marissa had been walking through the Holding Area, using a black permanent marker to write "Wanker!" on the ass of any man wearing cuffs. Any man with faded writing from the previous day was immediately put into a steel chastity belt. Both girls started laughing when they saw Dexter's cuffs and still hard cock. Angel gleefully started writing on Dexter's ass.

"No, it's not like-" Dexter began, then stopped when Marissa squeezed his balls.

"Don't talk or you'll mess up the branding, cow," she said, holding him frozen with her strong fingers.

Angel wrote for what seem like three times too long, and Dexter's heart started racing. The taller, big-breasted cowgirl turned to look at what the teenager was writing and burst into laughs. Dexter tried to turn his neck to see, but couldn't.

Finally, Angel jumped back, pleased. "I got caught rubbing my little dick at Miss Archer's Dude Ranch!" she recited. "A perfect going away present for our favorite cow. I pressed extra hard so that it won't come off for a week!"

"Hope you didn't have any hot dates lined up when you got back," Marissa laughed, releasing her firm grip but giving the full sacks a loving roll with her fingers. "That's going to be hard to explain."

"Dates?" he heard Angel scoff as the two walked off. "His hottest date is jerking off to pictures of teenager's feet on the internet!"

"Oh, Angel, you're so mean!" Marissa replied, sliding an arm around the girl's bare waist. Even with his face burning, he couldn't help but stare at their asses in the tight jean shorts as they walked off.

It hadn't been one of his favorites before, but there was something about a fit, confident woman in cowboy boots, jean shorts and a cowboy hat that now made Dexter's dick extra hard. A cowboy hat made any woman seem confident yet playful, naturally outdoorsy and athletic, no matter what the reality was. Every woman at the Ranch wore the hats whenever men were around. And they were all hot. Some plastic surgeon Playboy hot like the Twins, some natural teen-age hot like Angel and some smoldering mid-thirties MILF hot like Marissa.

But what had been one of his dirty secret fetishes was to be naked around such types of women, and the Ranch had lived up to every one of his hopes. Twelve days ago, Miss Archer had met him at his room in the airport hotel, made him strip and lock all his clothes in his suitcase, then escorted him to the waiting shuttle van with only a short towel to protect his modesty.

She had flung the towel out the window on the highway, the van had driven an hour into the country, and Dexter had never felt more exposed and vulnerable in his life. He loved how helpless he was, how unable to cover himself and how cheerfully the women looked at his body. If only they let him cum more than once a week!

He cursed the cuffs again, felt his full, aching blue balls swing in front of him as all the cowgirls lined up in a row. His cock stiffened just looking at the smiling women, some posing for the herd. Angel whispered to Kimmi and then both made jack-off gestures at him and laughed.

The men started lining up in rows, too, facing the women, as they had been trained. Even the new guy caught on and found a place next to Dexter and James.

Miss Archer started walking down the row of men, inspecting each front and rear. She was the oldest woman at the Ranch, maybe somewhere in her forties, yet still made cocks rise just from her presence.

She wore tight jeans over toned, strong legs, a frilly dress shirt, and spurs that clinked with each step of her boots. But what really got Dexter was her stern gaze. It reminded Dexter of every no-nonsense teacher or babysitter he had masturbated to as a young boy, imagining getting spanked over their knee. Miss Archer looked like not only a woman who would spank a fully grown man over her knee, but one men would pay hundreds of dollars to do so.

She finished her tour of the line and stopped in front of James. "James, James, my Black Beauty," she purred, stroking his soft cock. "Where will I send you tonight?" Her one hand only got the massive cock half hard, but when she added a

second hand tickling his balls, even the stoic James sucked in his breath and stiffened fully. She let go and let the nine-inch monster wave in the air.

"You went to the riding barn just last night, so I was going to offer you a night of rest." She looked at his cock. "But I see you're ready to be ridden again."

He smiled. "Yes ma'am."

"And, the Twins have been working extra hard today," Miss Archer mused. "I wonder if you could handle two riders at once? Toni, Tina, do you fancy a ride on this stallion?"

"Yes Ma'am!" they said in unison, then jumped from the line to pull James into the riding barn by his erection. He slipped one hand inside the back of their bikinis as they walked, holding a perfect ass in each hand. It would have gotten any other member of the herd dropped to the ground, but the Twins just giggled and Dexter fumed.

Miss Archer stopped in front of the new guy, running a finger along his still hard cock. "And little Buttercup, the newest cow in our herd. You'll never see the inside of the riding barn, you're not the type. But the girls tell me your little milk pouch has gotten too full already. Poor you."

He moaned as Miss Archer felt his blue balls, rolling them in her hand. Dexter prayed the man would say something, anything, to break Miss Archer's first rule for cows and end his string of good luck, but somehow the man stayed silent.

"I guess it's time to break your seal," she said. "Angel! Marissa! Would you two like to show Buttercup how much fun the milking barn can be?"

The teenager squealed and bounded from the line. Marissa followed in her slow usual gait. Angel was already pulling him away by his cock when Miss Archer added, "And Angel, remember to let him actually cum this time."

"Awww, Miss Archer, do we have to?" the Asian girl whined.

"She didn't say right away," Marissa told the girl. "Our little Buttercup here is in for a very long night." To the older woman, she said, "Don't worry, Miss Archer- we'll get every last drop out of him. Whether he wants to give it or not."

This enraged Dexter even more. To get off in the Riding Barn was the ultimate, tied down on your back with a cowgirl bucking as hard as she could on top of you. But getting off in Milking Barn was a close second. It could be a great orgasm if the cowgirl was inclined to be kind. Or horribly humiliating. Or, if Millie was doing the milking, both.

Dexter had been on perfect behavior and only gotten one Ride and one Milking his entire time here. And now that smug newcomer Buttercup was getting milked on his second day, when he should be punished for trying to touch himself! Dexter chafed at the unfairness of it all, still frowning as Miss Archer came to stand in front of him.

"And now Dexter. I was going to give you a little going-away surprise, since you've always been so good at following our rules." Her fingertips barely, barely tickled the underside of his balls. Dexter bit his lip in pleasure and agony. "But," she continued, "I see you've been naughty today." She stepped around to look at his ass. "Very naughty."

"That's not-"

The flick to his balls was immediate. "Hush!" Miss Archer said. "Cows don't talk!"

"I'm not a cow," he replied sullenly.

"Well, you're not a horse either," she chuckled, then stepped forward and grabbed his hard cock as surely as another person would grab a tennis racquet. Her wonderful strokes quieted him instantly. "Your time here is almost at an end, and I still can't figure out just what you are," she sighed, still stroking him with a wry smile.

Dexter melted looking at her beautiful face while she stroked him, and was on the edge of cumming when- "Oh well, I can't decide, so neither barn for you tonight!" she said, letting go. "Josephine! Why don't you give Dexter some company for dinner, then bed him down nice and early?"

Dexter opened his mouth to protest but Miss Archer's hand was squeezing his balls before he could say a peep. "I've got your wallet and hotel keys," she whispered into his ear. "And no one knows where in the world you are. I could keep you here at the Ranch for another week without letting you cum, if I wished." Dexter stopped breathing.

"And the idea does turn me on a little, imagining you as a whining cow who never gets his full, aching sack emptied. So don't tempt me. Be a perfect little cow for Josephine tonight, and I promise you a fun surprise before you leave tomorrow, okay?"

She squeezed just enough to make her point. Dexter gulped, and nodded. Then he saw Josephine and gulped again.

The curly-haired brunette walking towards him didn't have the biggest tits on the Ranch, or the thinnest body. But her jean skirt was short enough to show her legs were very toned and nice, her t-shirt tight enough to make her normal breasts look great, and her smile... it was so... innocent, Dexter marveled. She could have

been the secretary in the office, a kindergarten teacher or his neighbor's baby-sitter, all grown up. And then innocent woman grabbed him by the cock and pulled him away.

- Part 2

Dexter had no choice but to follow the young woman. Her grip was sure, as if she had handled cocks all her life. He had noticed her from afar before, but had never been this close.

"I can feel your pulse through your dick," Josephine laughed, looking over her shoulder at him. Dexter realized she was probably pretty close to his own thirty-five years. Maybe a little younger. But she had such an innocent face, if she did her hair in pigtails and put on a tiny schoolgirl outfit...

"Oh!" Josephine gasped. "Your cock just pulsed!" She looked at him slyly. "What were you just thinking about?"

Dexter blushed. "Nothing."

"Bullshit," she laughed. "Cows can't lie well either," she teased, starting to slowly stroke him. "Don't make me pull it out of you. I've only been here a few days, but I'm a really good puller." Dexter's cock agreed. He blushed, but didn't talk, even as his orgasm rushed closer.

Josephine sighed, and cupped her other hand in front of Dexter's cock to catch anything he shot. "I guess I'll just feed your milk back to you until you tell me. I've done it to cows before."

"Schoolgirl!" he hissed. "You in a schoolgirl outfit!" To his shock, she didn't stop stroking.

"What, with a short plaid skirt, white shirt, and little pigtails?" she teased. "I'm almost thirty, and you think I'd still look good as a little school girl?"

"Yes, but please," he begged, looking at her cupped hand with fear. "Stop before I... "

"I know," she laughed, letting go just before he came. She smiled as he bucked on the edge, pulling desperately at the cuffs. "I wasn't really going to make you eat it, but darn it if the threat doesn't work every time!" She pulled him by the arm, towards the chow house. "Come on, let's go get some real food instead."

She smiled at him while they walked. "Call me Jo, by the way. And thanks for saying I still look like a teenager!"

"It's true," he whispered, looking around.

"Oh, you can talk normally. I won't report you for that silly cows-can't-talk thing. What kind of dinner would we have then?"

Dexter relaxed a little, even laughed as Jo ordered them two T-bone steaks and vanilla milkshakes at the counter. "A fan of cannibalism, are you?" she asked.

Dexter shook his head. "It's just that, you're a little different from the other cowgirls here."

"Different how?"

Dexter watched the female chef slide two full trays their way and shook his head again. "I don't know. More normal, I guess."

"Nothing about this place is normal," Jo said, picking up the trays and walking away without paying. There was no cashier to pay, and even if there had been, there was no cash on the Ranch to pay her with. "But thank you. Come on, I'm famished."

She put the trays on an empty table then reached behind Dexter and popped his thumb cuffs off. "Don't make me regret that," Jo warned. "Hands above the tablecloth at all times."

"Don't worry, I'm starving too." He cut into the still-sizzling T-bone then took a pull of the ice-cold milkshake and sighed. "Besides, haven't you heard about me? I'm one of the good guys."

Jo looked through her bangs at him while cutting her own steak. "Oh, I've heard about you. Angel thinks you're the cutest little cum-cow ever. Marissa told me you were a pretty decent ride." Jo looked up and pierced him with her eyes. "And I watched Millie pull the milk from you even when you didn't want to give it. Oh, the noises you made then!"

Dexter blushed deeply. Even more embarrassing, his cock tried to leap right off his body, it was so hard. "I didn't think anyone else saw that," Dexter mumbled.

"I came in near the end and stood directly behind you. That was the best seat in the house."

Dexter blushed even more, if possible. "Millie... has a thing about men's assholes... it wasn't my idea... "

Jo touched his arm. "Hey, that doesn't make you gay," she said. "I know you didn't have a choice, and besides, it was still a hot woman doing it to you." She took a draw of her milkshake. "Now, when you bucked your hips back and begged for her to keep going- that makes you gay!"

Dexter wanted to die- Jo was so cute, the only woman at the Ranch he could see himself asking out in real life, and she had seen him do that! Of all things, that!

"Hey, I'm kidding," Jo laughed when he didn't talk. "You should see me cum after a few days of being denied sometime- I flop around just as wildly."

"I didn't really like it that much," Dexter pouted. "And I definitely don't want to do stuff like that again." He jumped when two bare feet poked out of the tablecloth near his lap and wrapped around his cock.

"Sure you don't," Jo said with a wink, and stroked his twitching cock between her soft insoles. She was good with her feet, Dexter realized. Really good-

"Jo!" he gasped, and she let go a second before her feet would have had him cumming onto his steak.

"Keep an interesting conversation up and I won't have to entertain myself in other ways," she smirked, slipping her feet back into her cowboy boots.

Dexter was breathing hard, gripping the table. "I don't know what to say... " Jo rolled her eyes and shifted lower in her seat. "So, where are you from?" he squealed as her foot touched his shaft.

"That's against Ranch rules, you know that." Her single foot pressed his cock against his abs and rolled it back and forth. "Better question: why did you come here?"

"I'm... ah... an accountant in the real world," he said, pinned by her talented foot. "My life is so regimented and safe. My boss wears these hot pencil skirts and high heels to work and flirts with me all the time, and all I do is laugh and pretend she's joking. I don't have a girlfriend because I don't like approaching women in bars and getting shot down."

"Understandable," Jo said, now just using her toes to massage him.

"So I had two weeks of mandatory vacation to take and I just wanted to go somewhere where I would finally get some action... "

Jo laughed and leaned forward, removing her foot. "Oh, there's lot of action here." She motioned with her head to a table behind him and he turned to look.

Kimmi was leading one of the men who had run from Angel. He wore a tight shiny chastity belt around his cock and balls and sat promptly in a chair when Kimmi pointed. She returned to the table a moment later with a tray of steak-tipped salad for herself, and an empty tray for him.

The man blushed as he realized what that meant, then slipped to his knees on the floor. He disappeared under the floor-length tablecloth which Kimmi pulled over her hips. Dexter could see her boot-tips poking out of the tablecloth, her legs spread wide around something, and the kneeling man's bare ass and legs poking out of the other end. Kimmi ate calmly, like she was at a cafe on a sunny day, occasionally moaning and arching her back with delight.

"But not the kind of action you were expecting, huh?" Jo laughed. Dexter just blushed again. She raised an eyebrow at him. "Or should I have ordered you an empty plate like Kimmi did?"

Dexter couldn't meet her eyes. "It wouldn't have been so bad," he finally said, looking at her hips.

Jo laughed. "The night's still young. You may get your chance." She took another suck of milkshake and eyed him with a smirk. "Have you eaten that meal a lot during your stay?"

Dexter didn't say anything at first- he actually liked Jo. Strangely enough, this almost seemed like a first date- he couldn't talk about that! Two bare feet on his cock changed his mind. "Yes!" he blurted out.

"I don't like to keep having to force you," Jo said, rolling him between her soles. "Just answer, okay. If you're honest, it will be more fun for both of us, I promise."

Dexter gulped. "Okay."

A gleam returned to Jo's eyes. "So, who have you eaten?"

"Um... Marissa, before she rode me. And Millie before she... you know. And the Twins once, in the movie room."

"Well of course the Twins - they practically jump from face to face in the movie room. They tell all of us the stories, back in the farmhouse each night." She cut a small piece of steak, swallowed it. "Anyone else?"

Dexter coughed. "Angel. A lot. She corners me somewhere almost every other day."

Jo's eyes got big. "That little girl?" she laughed. "Oh my god- how old are you, like thirty five? And that tiny nineteen year-old has forced you to worship her pussy almost ten times?"

Dexter nodded, blushing horribly now.

"She can't even legally drink! When you were eighteen years old and jacking off to the cheerleaders in your high school yearbook, she was still in diapers! And now she dominates you? Oh my god!" Jo burst out laughing, then her voice got very low. "And you loved it, didn't you?"

He looked at her in shock and when she didn't blink, he nodded again. "A little."

"A little?" Jo laughed, tapping his dripping cock with her foot.

"Ok, maybe more. I mean, a hot college girl like that wouldn't give a thirty-five year old accountant the time of day back in the real world. But here... "

"With just a snap of her fingers you're tasting some sweet young pussy, huh?" Jo said. "And you don't even get to cum at the end!" She laughed again, then sighed. "Hell, I wish I could stay at the Ranch forever.

"So why don't you?"

"I can't afford it!"

Dexter dropped his fork. "What? Miss Archer isn't paying you to be here?"

"Hell no! She charges all the cowgirls the same rate she charges the men. The only real employees are the Twins. They train all the women how to be good cowgirls on their first day."

Dexter was stunned. "That means... "

"That Miss Archer is getting us on both ends," Jo said, standing up with their empty trays. "Just like Millie got you in the Milking Barn," she added as she headed towards the dishwasher.

No, Dexter thought, stunned in his chair. It means that all the women here... that Jo...

"You're doing this because you love it," he said when she came back. "You're a cowgirl because you like having naked men at your command!"

"Well, yes!" Jo laughed. "You thought I was just doing it for the money? This is my fantasy, too!"

Dexter's heart started racing. "Have you ever thought of... continuing it, outside of the Ranch?"

"In the real world? God no! I can't see how. Now come on, it's time to bed you down."

"But-"

"Hup cow!" Jo barked, loudly enough that a few heads turned to her. "I won't ask again!"

Dexter realized how many stares were on him, then meekly rose. His red erection didn't help reduce his embarrassment any. And then Jo grabbed him by it and pulled him along like an errant child.

Dexter blushed as he got harder in Jo's hand, even as he hated her right now.

"Sorry," she said after they had left the barn, giggling back at his frown. "I told you, this is MY fantasy too, and a good cowgirl can't have her cow talking back to her." She gave him a few strokes to soothe him, and Dexter also hated that he was so easily tamed.

He tried again. "All I was saying, is that if a woman who wanted to be a cowgirl, found a man who wanted to be a horse, in the real world, it seems like they would live happily ever after."

"Until the first time I invited my mum over on the weekend," Jo replied. "And then I bet that little horsey would run for human clothes just like anyone else. Come on, Dex, enjoy it while you've got it, then enjoy the memories. And maybe you can come back next winter."

"Maybe," Dexter sighed as Jo unlocked the door to the sleeping barn. It was a large room with soft cotton "hay" pillows strewn all over the carpeted ground. A couple of sullen cows played video games on a huge TV in one corner, their cocks safely locked away in steel chastity belts. A larger group of even more sullen cows watched them, their cocks free but their hands locked in hard, black plastic triangles that fit like mittens.

"Oh my god," Jo laughed, looking at the second group of men. "I never realized that the Hooves kept you from playing the video games in here! It must get SO boring when you have those on!"

"It does make for a long night," Dexter admitted, not telling her how the Twins snuck in every few nights to read the Herd "bedtime stories" in almost transparent lingerie. The Belted men just moaned and clutched their balls those nights, but the Hooved men pounded the walls in frustration, their cocks painfully hard but untouchable. Even now, they looked at Jo bending over in her tight jean skirt hungrily, cocks slowly erecting.

Dexter was snapped out of his thoughts by a Hoof locking onto his right hand. "Sorry Dexter," Jo said. "It's either this or the belt. And I figured you'd want to be out of the steel your last few nights here."

Dexter felt rebellion boiling in him. This WAS almost his last night- he wanted to cum! Now was the time, with the door open and one hand still free. He thought about running, NOW, and finding a quiet spot to jack off with his left hand under the stars- Then the second Hoof clicked shut and he was trapped again. He had failed to act, just like in the real world.

Jo bent over him again, happily ignoring the other men and Dexter's stares on her legs as she fluffed together a bed of 'hay' for Dexter to sleep on. She patted the soft pile of pillows. "There you go, boy, lay on down."

Dexter grimaced. The Hooves weren't uncomfortable, just humiliating. He looked at the floor, dispirited. "Could you turn on the TV in the movie room for me?"

Jo laughed and patted his Hooves, which couldn't even push the buttons on a TV remote, much less open the door to the movie room. "Of course, little cow. I'll even watch some with you. Come on."

The dimly lit movie room was empty, its ten soft leather Lay-z-boys vacant. Dexter settled into one and Jo plopped down next to him. Jo turned on the huge plasma TV and started flipping through the large selection of on-demand titles, lingering on the steamy pay-per-view titles long enough to make Dexter squirm. Then she selected a random episode of "30 Rock" and Dexter's next thirty minutes passed pleasantly.

He watched her lap as much as the screen, noticing each time she let her hem slide up her thighs as she laughed and each time she realized and pulled it back down. He also noticed her laughing at the same times he did, and the smell of her perfume. By the end of the first episode, her hand was on his arm.

Halfway through the second episode Millie dragged a tough looking Spanish cow into the room. "What's this, a old-maid party?" she asked, dropping into a recliner. "Where's the porn? Oh well, never mind." She pointed for the Hooved man to kneel in front of her and slid her jean shorts off.

"No, Senorita, please," her cow whimpered from his knees. "It is not manly!"

Millie hooked her boots behind his head and forced his face into her wet silky panties, then draped her calves over his shoulders to hold him there. "Do you guys mind if we watch some gay porn after this?" she asked Jo as Dexter watched the man's cock slowly erect. "I promised Jose I'd show him how beautiful one man blowing another man can be!" The muffled protest from Jose's face rubbing against her panty-clad pussy revealed what he thought of this promise.

Jo and Dexter looked at each other, then she giggled and pulled him out of the room by his cock. "Not the way I wanted it to end, but it's your bedtime anyway," she said, leading him again to the pile of hay pillows she had prepared for him.

He lay down on one elbow, his cock laying against his leg. Jo sat next to him, knees pointed his way. She took off her hat for a second, to straighten her hair, and Dexter saw a flash of her red panties between her thighs. Almost unconsciously his hand moved to his groin, and the hard plastic bumping his balls stopped him.

"God, you are horned up tonight," Jo laughed, putting her hat back on and laying a hand on his knee. "That was too easy! Maybe I should give you the Hooves AND the belt?"

As if on cue, the door opened again and the new guy crawled in, wearing exactly that. He also wore Hooves on his knees, so that he couldn't bend them, and was forced to walk on all fours. Knee Hooves were extra padded to make this comfortable for long distances. Which apparently Angel had driven him.

"Hyah!" the teenager shouted, buzzing a crop at his flank. "Keep going, Buttercup almost there!"

The man collapsed on the floor, sweating. His ass was pointed at Dexter and Jo, and the pink flush around his freshly spanked and shaved ass was obvious. Angel petted his head as Marissa came sauntering in with a bowl of water for him to lap.

"They really worked him over," Jo whispered. "Look at his ass!" Dexter was trying not to, but nodded.

"For anyone wondering," Marissa announced to the group, "our little Buttercup hit for the cycle tonight. He took EVERY tool in the Milking Barn and gave milk three separate times." She crouched down to pet his head. "Unfortunately, his goal was FOUR times, so our little boy owes us one early in the morning," she laughed, then checked his chastity belt for security. Buttercup groaned when she tugged down, trying to make it slip over his balls. Satisfied, Marissa stood up and looked at the fearful herd. "So for heaven's sake, let him get some rest tonight."

She laughed as Angel checked his belt again more forcefully, just to tug on his balls some more, then Marissa noticed Dexter and Jo watching. "Milking barn's free," she told Jo, "if you want to give our Dexter a nice send-off."

"My bunk's free too," Angel laughed, "in case he wants to give me a nice send off!" She wagged her tongue at him suggestively. "Make sure you don't leave without coming to see me!"

The pair walked over until three cowgirls were within a foot of him. He could smell the clean scent of Angel's soap, feel the heat coming off Marissa's bare legs

on his face, and Jo's hand still on his knee, tickling the tiny hairs there. Against all of his will, his erection stiffened and saluted the three smirking women.

"Just think," Marissa said, staring at it, "outside of the Ranch, if you ever want to see a man bare-ass naked like this, you have to let him buy you dinner first!"

"It is a magical place," Jo agreed, watching Dexter's bare pole strain and twitch, untouched in the air.

The longer the three women just stared at him, the harder his dick became. For once, he was thankful he was wearing the Hooves because the urge to stroke was overwhelming, but would have been the most humiliating moment of his life.

"Look at that pole," Marissa chuckled. "I almost want to take the poor guy out for a midnight ride in the fields."

"Midnight riding?" Jo asked. "Just him and me alone under the stars? Are we allowed to do that?"

Marissa shrugged. "Kind of. Miss Archer is very serious about keeping our cows with a full milk sack." She knelt down next to his balls and blew on them. The tingles made Dexter moan, but he had no choice but to let her. "But every now and then she doesn't mind a blow off, as long as she wasn't planning anything special."

Angel laughed. "And anyway, with Dexter it'll be a very short ride."

"Angel, you are so mean," Jo replied, then patted his thigh. "I'm sure he'll do the best he can."

One of the belted herd had been staring at Angel's barely there jean shorts and moo-ed in pain as the chastity belt started fighting his erection. Another one staring at Marissa's cleavage moaned as well.

"Come on," Marissa laughed, "let's get out of here before we start a stampede."

"Okay," Angel agreed, beginning to untie her shirt as she walked to the House door. "I need a long hot shower anyway- do you want to join me? We can soap each other." She smiled at the chorus of painful moos that brought, and a few lucky cows got to see one instant of her shirtless before the door to the farmhouse closed.

Jo turned back to Dexter and shook her head at his iron cock. "Does it really hurt that badly?" Jo said with an innocent look on her face, her fingers slowly descending towards his balls.

"Jo, no-"

She made contact with the barest of feather light-touches and Dexter struggled to push her hands away. She responded strongly, pinning his Hooved hands down with her smooth legs until she was straddling him. Dexter bucked until it was clear that he didn't have a chance to break free of her suddenly strong legs.

"Spin classes, three times a week," she laughed. "Good to know it's paying off. Now, boy, are you ready to go for a little midnight ride?"

Dexter jumped as if shocked. His dates in the real world never went this well! But he still had his balls to think of. "Jo, please!" he whispered. "I can't take much more teasing. If we go, I need to cum."

Jo scooted up his torso and suddenly Dexter's cock was underneath her jean skirt, pressing insistently against her warm panties. Very insistently. She leaned forward to whisper in his ear. "That's too bad- because watching you squirm with your blue balls was really turning me on." She rocked her hips, sliding her panty covered pussy against his tip. If it hadn't been for the thin strip of cotton, Dexter would have been inside her.

"Maybe I'll just ride you for a few minutes, then put you up wet and hard," she whispered into his ear.

"Maybe I'll ride you doggy style," he replied. "Just flip you over and take you, like a filly."

Jo gave him a quick kiss and stood up, straightening her skirt as if they hadn't just been dry humping in front of everyone.

"Come on, cow," she said with a smile, loudly and clearly. "I think you do deserve the Milking Barn on your last night."

"Moo-oo," he stammered, still shocked by her kiss. Cowgirls never kissed on the lips! He got to shaky feet and followed her out. Jo pulled him out of the barn by the cock, for appearances sake.

"So," she giggled as she pulled him into the night, "should I steal an English saddle or a Western-OH! Your cock!"

They were passing two other cowgirls outside, a tall black woman whose long nails had left marks on many of the herd's backs and a tiny blond sorority girl who had once done a full cheerleading routine in a string bikini just to make every pair of balls in Dexter's herd boil. As they obviously checked out Dexter's nude body, his cock pulsed in her hand.

"You really like being a nude pet, don't you?" Jo teased as the women laughed and continued on. She squeezed his leaking cock. "This thing's like a jackhammer any time another cowgirl walks by!"

"No, it's not like-"

A young Brazilian cowgirl suddenly emerged between the barns in front of them. She was literally the youngest woman here, having shown up at the ranch on her eighteen birthday, her month-long stay a graduation gift from her millionaire parents. Her almond eyes drank in Dexter's naked body, and then she suddenly got embarrassed and looked away. But not before her red lips turned upward in a smirk.

Dexter grit his teeth and tried to fight it, but- that knowing smirk! Jo stifled a laugh as Dexter's cock went crazy in her hand. After the girl had passed, Jo turned to Dexter, who was now blushing furiously.

"See!" she said, stroking the offending cock. "You little nudist slut! You love shaking your bare butt for us, don't you?"

"Jo... " He couldn't even look at her.

"Are you going to go back to your accounting office and shake your bare ass for that horny boss of yours? Maybe let her catch you jacking off to some dirty magazines at lunch?"

"No, of course not!" he hissed.

Deborah already teased him about that so much- saying 'Make sure there's no porn on your laptop!' before he hooked into the projector at meetings. And then she had the gall to sit on his desk after wards, crossing her legs so that her stocking tops were right in his sight while she dangled her high heel off her foot. Just the thought of that dominating, sexy woman seeing him completely naked and exposed, hard and desperate to cum-

Jo burst out laughing as Dexter's cock trembled and twitched in her hand. "Yes you are! Oh my god you are!"

"No! I don't want that! It would ruin my career!" he cried. "I'm not a pervert or anything!"

"Oh, Dexter, how many times do I have to tell you- it's my fantasy too!" Jo said, stroking his cheek. "I don't think any less of you for it. In fact, without men like you, I couldn't live my fantasy out, so thank you."

"Um, likewise, I guess." Dexter was confused. Jo looked completely different to him now. Like she was almost glowing. Her skin seemed smoother, her legs

sexier, every movement more beautiful than before. Was this... what love looked like?

"But do you see why we couldn't continue this outside the Ranch?" she said. "So just enjoy today. Oh, here we are!" Jo ran off into the Riding barn, light pouring into the field as she slowly opened the door and snuck in.

She came sprinting out a moment later. "Go, GO!" she laughed. Dexter ran where she pointed and they put a few hills behind them before she stopped and sat on the soft grass, laughing.

"The Twins are still riding James in there. God, he's amazing! But I couldn't steal a saddle without them seeing!" Dexter felt crestfallen until she pulled a small jar from behind her back. "Good thing I managed to snag this!"

Dexter gulped. He knew the jar well. Penis desensitizing cream. Marissa had applied it to him on her ride, and it was the only reason he had lasted longer than a minute with the sexy MILF. He had lasted fifteen minutes in fact, the longest, hardest continuous fucking of his life. And now Jo had brought the whole jar.

"But with no saddle... " he said.

"Guess I'm riding bareback! Come on!" she cheered, and pulled him by the hand into the dark trees.

They found spot under a large oak tree, the grass soft and dry. Jo positioned Dexter on his back, took off his Hooves, then straddled his legs and began applying desensitizing cream to his cock with two eager hands.

"Hey, not so much!" he said as she applied a second coat.

"Shush- we probably don't have much time!" She wiped her hands on her skirt, popped off him, and slid her panties down her legs quickly.

She was about to drop onto his waiting cock when he yelled, "No- wait!" Jo froze, straddled above him, confused.

"What?"

"Just, please, it may be my last ride here- can you take off a little more?"

"Dexter, I shouldn't. If we get caught... "

"Please Jo- I'll probably never see you again!" He sat up, kissed her deeply and found her nipples through her shirt. "Please... " he begged, squeezing her nipples gently. Jo moaned, and Dexter squeezed harder.

His last girlfriend had been able to cum just from nipple play, and Dexter had given her orgasms on the subway, the movie theater, anywhere he could, just to keep her happy. Until she had left him for a man who could make her cum with just his cock. But he used the same motions on Jo now, melting her resolve.

"I do hate wearing denim all the time," Jo finally said. "But we've got to hurry." She stood up and tore off her shirt, bra, and then her boots and finally her jean skirt. She stood in front of him in just her cowboy hat, suddenly a little self-conscious herself. She put hands over her breasts and pussy.

"God, you look amazing," he gasped. "Move your hands- please!"

Jo blushed and did. She posed, pointing her bare toes or tipping her hat back as she did a few turns for him in the moonlight. His dick was diamond hard. Jo stood over him, looking at his face and began lowering herself onto him- then laughed and stopped.

She turned around to face his feet and fell onto his hard cock in one stroke.

"What- the- hell?" he moaned, looking at her back.

"Reverse cowgirl," she giggled. "My favorite! Now shut up and fuck me, you stallion," she said, and started moving on top of him. Even through the cream- it was warm and glorious.

Dexter moaned and ran his hands over her. The freedom to touch whatever he wanted- god he had forgotten! This is how real people fucked! His fingers ran over her hips and butt, along her back and then her tiny bare feet, and finally came to rest on her nipples, and he began his magic once more. Jo started fucking him like an animal.

"Jo," he moaned at her back. "Take off the hat."

She shook her head. "Can't. Against the rules!"

Normal Dexter would have been rolling his eyes back, preparing for a huge cum shot, but the cream gave him a little space, just enough to still form sentences.

"Jo... I think... I love you... "

She moaned.

"I don't want this to end. Please... tell me where you live... we'll keep going... after the Ranch... "

"Dexter, no... "

"I'll let you keep me naked in the house, as much as you want... "

"I don't know," she panted, still fucking him. "And you wouldn't cum... until I let you... just like here?"

Dexter realized they hadn't waited long enough for the cream to fully soak in. The feeling in his cock was returning, quickly. His ability for conscious thought was leaving, one wet pussy stroke at a time. "Yes, but just for a day or two... "

"No," Jo growled, getting close herself. "Sometimes you'd be a horse who could cum when he wanted. But sometimes... you'd be my little cow who has to wait to get milked. Maybe for... a month if I wanted."

"No! I could never- uuunngh!" His dick was doing the thinking now and he lost concentration on his nipple play and just held her breasts.

"I'd show you off to all my girlfriends," Jo said. "They'd look at you, tease you, just like here. It would be like living at the Ranch forever." Dexter almost came then. "But," Jo added, "only if your balls were impressive. Big... full... like a bull... a big, manly bull!"

Dexter was racing towards a great orgasm. He was sweating. Jo was fucking him so hard he could barely think. And then she reached down and started patting his balls. His full desperate balls.

"Don't you want real life to be like the Ranch?" Jo panted, patting him like she was spurring a horse. It was working- this was going to be the most powerful orgasm of his life!

"I do! But I can't take that much teasing!"

"Yes you can! I'll train you to! Just say yes!"

"I... I will if you... just take off the hat!" With his last ounce of willpower, his fingers found her nipples again and he did a move he called, 'Taking Her Home'.

Jo yelled with pleasure and flung her hat off into the darkness, fucking him with pure animal lust. Her pussy felt magical and Dexter was about to fill it with his-

"There!" Miss Archer's voice rang out, and three flashlights were on them. "Grab her, quickly!" The Twins sprang forward and pulled the naked Jo off of him. She tried to squeeze her legs to keep him in, then cried out when his cock slipped out from her.

"No!" she cried, thrashing with her legs. "I was SO CLOSE!"

Miss Archer dropped herself onto Dexter as he tried to sit up, her hands pinning his wrists and her tight jeans against his cock. "Take her back to the House," she ordered.

"My clothes!" Jo yelled as they dragged her nude form away.

"You decided to rut in the woods like a naked animal, so that's what you'll be for the rest of your stay," Miss Archer yelled after her. Then she added, "Toni, Tina, why don't you show our newest House Dog that she should have stayed a cowgirl. Give her the full outfit. FULL."

"Yes ma'am," Tina laughed as they continued to drag the naked Jo into the darkness. "It's been a while since we've had a house dog, but I'm sure we've still got the parts."

"Ooooh, I've always wanted a dog!" Toni giggled, and then Dexter couldn't see them anymore.

"No, please! It's not her fault," Dexter begged, weakly attempting to free his arms.

"Not all her fault, no," Miss Archer replied. "I do remember telling someone to be a perfect little cow tonight, and look what he did." She smiled and settled to a more comfortable position over him. Dexter was keenly aware of the tight ass of her jeans pressing against his aching, vertical cock, of her thighs straddling his hips, and of her breasts straining against her shirt inches from his chin. And of how helplessly the trim older woman had him pinned, far away from everyone, in the dark.

He came down off his pre-orgasm high, beginning to breathe normally, but his heart still raced as he looked at her stern face.

"Oh Dexter, corrupting cowgirls in the fields?" she sighed. "Really, I had expected more of you."

"I wasn't corrupting Jo! It was just a little fun!"

Miss Archer shook her head, some thin strands of her hair falling over her face. "She was about to give you a very unauthorized orgasm. And, worse than that, she took off her hat."

"It's just a stupid cowboy hat," he cried, struggling against her iron grip. "No one saw."

She sighed. "Dexter, what would you do if you could have 10 minutes alone in the shower with Kimmi?" Dexter's cock surged hard against her ass. "Exactly. But she's been alone with you and nine other very horny men for hours, far out in the fields, and nothing happened. Why?"

"She's got a whip."

"Angel doesn't, and she's practically naked most of the time. So are the Twins. And I know you guys notice," Miss Archer laughed, sliding her ass farther back against the iron cock that was trying to split it. That only increased the pressure on Dexter's balls. "Down boy," she teased, and Dexter blushed even as his erection strained harder against her.

"That 'stupid hat' is the only protection my girls have. We pretend to be cowgirls whose orders can't be questioned and you pretend to be good livestock who obey. You are allowed to be stubborn livestock sometimes, but never to see the girls as your equals. Or, god forbid, possible conquests." She finally let go of Dexter's wrists and sat back on her haunches. She took off her hat and used it to fan her face.

"Can you imagine?" she said. "Thirty naked, incredibly horny, muscular men against fifteen barely dressed women? Forty miles from the nearest town?" She shook her head, looking off at the horizon. "It'd be like a fucking Viking invasion."

Dexter looked at her face and saw, for the first time, a worried, middle-aged entrepreneur who was just trying to keep her life's business on an orderly, safe path. And then she dropped the hat back on her head and was Miss Archer again.

"So all the girls have to see what happens to Jo. Don't worry, it's no worse than the punishments I give to wayward cows. Now, do you need the Hooves or can you leave that hot rod of yours alone as we walk back to the barns?" She pressed her tight ass against his erection again for emphasis.

Dexter blushed again. A grown man with a career, a car, and multiple college degrees, there was nothing more he wanted to do right now than wildly stroke his cock like a teenager who had just discovered the pleasure. It would be even odds he wouldn't have the willpower to stop himself. And Miss Archer knew it.

"I... I'd probably be safer in them," he admitted, unable to look her in the eyes.

"Aw, my poor cow," she clucked, reaching above him to retrieve the mittens. "Don't worry, we'll get your little Hooves back on and you'll be nice and safe from your dirty mind." Her fingers quick from years of practice, she locked one plastic mitten on, then the other, then stood up.

Dexter's erection smacked against his abs when it sprung free from her ass and Miss Archer laughed, looking at it. "Might have to put the bit and bridle on you too, or someone's going to lose an eye,"

"Please, no... " he started, getting to his feet. The chastity belt was the last thing he needed tonight!

"You know what I do, for some of our best Ranch customers?" she asked, helping him up. "As a special service?" She caught his eye, then caught his cock with one cool hand. "On their last day here, we lock them in a special all-plastic bit and bridle, one that can pass metal detectors. And then, after a week, I mail the only key to their home address. Maybe later, depending on how the girls feel about him."

Dexter fought it with all his will. Every ounce of strength he had. But his cock still twitched in Miss Archer's hand. "Oh!" she said, "I see! I'll let the Twins know to fit you tomorrow!" And then she was pulling him at a quick step back towards the barns.

"No, please! I can't take anymore teasing after I leave!" he begged as he scrambled for footing, following his cock.

"Oh really?" she laughed. "Isn't that exactly what you and Jo were 'negotiating' about when we found you? Sound carries on the open prairie, you know. And it sounds like you said yes- lucky girl!"

Dexter gulped as he followed her. "What are you going to do to Jo?"

Miss Archer smirked. "Come on, I'll show you."

She pulled him by the cock to a window on the front of the farm house. Inside he saw a living room, with cowgirls arranged on couches or along the walls, in their nightclothes. There were no men, so none of the girls wore hats, and their nightclothes were all the old-fashioned slips and petticoats that women wore in western movies.

They were all staring at something on the floor he couldn't see, some cheering, some shocked, but all watching. Dexter stepped closer, up onto his toes, to peek over the sill. And his heart stopped.

Jo was on all fours on the carpet, still naked everywhere that counted. Her "uniform" was a pair of floppy ears spouting from a headband, and furry plastic 'paws' that made her hands as useless as Dexter's hooves. She also had a furry tail, sticking out of a plug in her asshole. Her face was blood red with shame under the other women's gazes.

Angel waved a soft dog toy at her from across the room. "Come on girl, get the toy!" the teenager laughed. Jo didn't move. Angel tapped her foot impatiently. "I said come here, girl!" she repeated, then picked up a strange looking remote control and pushed a button.

Jo's hips started shaking. She shook her head, not wanting to move. After just another few seconds she convulsed onto her back, her knees spread and her pussy pointing at the window where Dexter watched. She flailed her paws at her crotch, as if trying to dig something out.

"A remote control vibrator," Miss Archer explained. "Inserted into the pussy against the g-spot, even the low settings make a girl a quivering mess. Also, very hard to remove without fingers." Angel turned it off and Jo stopped thrashing her furry paws against her pussy. The teenager called Jo again with her finger over the button. Panting heavily, Jo rolled to all fours and began crawling forward.

Angel hit the button again when Jo was halfway across the room. She tried to keep crawling but fell into a quivering heap, pawing at her crotch and moaning in ecstasy. Dexter realized with a shock that Jo wasn't trying to remove the device this time- she was trying to masturbate! She was so desperate that she didn't care that the other cowgirls were watching her humiliation, or that her paws made it impossible. She played with herself in the middle of the room for all to see, moaning, arching her back, getting close. And that's when Angel turned off the vibrator.

Jo cried out in loss and lay panting on the floor, almost crying. Angel called her again and she crawled forward, her head hanging low and her pussy openly dripping down her bare thighs for all to see.

"Angel's getting the hang of dog training quickly," Miss Archer laughed. "But I knew she would. I may have to offer that girl a job some day."

"Please! It's enough!" Dexter said. "Let her cum!"

Miss Archer smiled and started stroking her fist up and down Dexter's cock, at the perfect speed and grip. He gasped. She never stroked off the cows herself! She always had another girl do it! Was this her special-- Dexter couldn't even finish the thought, the feelings were so good.

"Agree to wear the special chastity belt for two weeks after you get back," she said. "And I will."

Dexter moaned. "No! Please! That's not fair!"

"But she's your one true love," Miss Archer teased. "You were going to start a mini-Ranch together, and live happily forever. Can't you take a little blue balls to save her from that?"

Dexter turned to the window again. Angel was making Jo roll over, then patting the woman's belly and tweaking her nipples while telling her what a good little puppy dog she was. Making Jo stay in that position, Angel then used the remote to make her beg and whine for orgasm while every cowgirl watched and laughed.

"Decide soon, Mr quick draw," Miss Archer teased, feeling his balls tense.

Dexter couldn't stop staring at Jo's soaking pussy. His mouth ached to taste it. And the other cowgirls looked so fucking hot in their old-fashioned sleep clothes, like a middle-school sleepover with adult female bodies. But his balls-

"No! Just make me cum now!" he hissed. Miss Archer speed up her strokes- and then let go completely.

"And that," she laughed, "is why Ranch relationships don't last in the real world." She wiped his pre-cum off on her jeans.

Dexter cried out and stamped his feet in the dirt. The Twins looked at the window and he ducked down.

"Luckily, Jo only has about three days left at the Ranch," Miss Archer said, continuing to wipe her hands on her jeans. She looked into the window again and frowned. "I hope just hope Angel keeps her on the hardwood flooring. There's going to be puddles everywhere."

She patted him softly on the ass. "Now go to bed, little cow. Your last day is going to be a busy one."

Dexter hung his head. "Yes Miss Archer."

- Part 3

Miss Archer put him in the steel chastity belt that night anyway, "so he could get his rest," and Dexter's cock strained against it all night. He was awakened early the next morning by the Twins ringing a bell in the cow barn while wearing just their almost see-through baby-doll nighties. They started pushing men towards the bathrooms and the sinks, and his cock strained just from watching the Twins' smooth bodies move under the sheer material.

"And here's our little troublemaker," Tina said, coming to stand over him with her hands on hips.

"Yeah," Toni agreed. "Miss Archer said to prepare him specially. Come on, boy. Time for a morning shower!"

Dexter groaned as they switched his hooves for the thumb cuffs, then led him away. The indoor animal showers were private and lockable, and the Twins closed the door, gave him a wink, and then stripped off their nighties to stand completely nude before him for the first time. Dexter cried out in pain as the metal tube cut into his desperate cock.

"Awww, is our metal beating your morning wood?" Tina teased. "Let's take that belt off... "

"Later!" Toni finished for her, and both girls laughed. The Twins gave him a thorough hand-washing, occasionally using their soft breasts as soap applicators. They pulled at his ears with their teeth, snuck soapy digits down his butt crack and Toni even sucked on his balls, washing them with her tongue.

Dexter finally begged out of frustration, and only then did they remove his chastity cage. Just so they could shave his crotch completely bare.

"So smooth," Toni said, running her fingers over his shaved ballsack as his erection twitched. "We should do this to the cows every day, instead of just every three."

"That's a lot of work," Tina said. "We could bring some vet students in from the university, I suppose."

"Or have the cows do each other!" they both said in unison.

"I'll suggest it to Miss Archer," Tina said. "Now, one last thing to prepare our little cow." She reached into her bag and pulled out a pill bottle. Tina held one little blue pill in front of Dexter's mouth.

"Viagra? Now?" he asked. "I haven't used it the whole time I've been here."

"It's a special day. Now, open up!"

Dexter picked the pill off her palm with his lips, swallowed, and then kissed her palm and started sucking on her fingers. "Toni, please, I'm begging you- please let me cum all over your tits! They're so beautiful and I can't stop thinking about them." He bent forward and started sucking on her pink, erect nipples.

"Oh baby," the blond moaned, pressing her breast further into his mouth. "I've been waiting so long to hear you say that! And it's going to be a really good cum, and I promise not to tell Miss Archer... only... I'm Tina. Toni's over there!"

She started laughing and pulled her breast from his shocked face. Dexter turned to look at the other laughing Twin, toweling off in the corner, and knew she was right.

"That was nice begging, though," Toni said, slipping her bikini bottom on. "It's exactly what I wanted to hear before making you cum- just make sure you've got the right Twin next time!"

They laughed and continued putting on their bikinis, helping each other with their hair and lipstick while he could only watch, rock hard. Then they slipped frayed

jean shorts and tight t-shirts over their bikinis, and a riding vest and leathers over that. They laced up their boots and fussed with the belt buckles they should wear, and the color of handkerchief which should go around their neck.

"Getting dressed for Visitor's day at the Ranch just takes soooo long, doesn't it Dexter?" Toni teased, and he felt more naked than ever. They looked every part the fully equipped, professional cow girl, and he could still feel the breeze of the fan on his naked ass and half hard dick.

"Can you take a message to Jo for me?" he asked when they were about done. "Please, just tell her I'm sorry."

"Oh, Dex, we will," Toni said, opening the door. "As soon as Angel let's her up for air! Girl's been training that dog all night!" They laughed and pushed Dexter out into the herd.

He was the only one cuffed amongst the thirty men milling in the holding area. All the rest were free of belts and hooves, since jacking off in the open area would have been instantly obvious to the cowgirls around the fence's edge. Miss Archer walked through the herd making inspections, her spurs clinking with each step.

"Oh no, this won't do," she said, spotting Dexter's tied hands. She popped his thumb cuffs off and massaged his arms and shoulders. "We want our guests to see the livestock loose and walking freely, as they should be." She met his gaze.

"Now, you disappointed me last night, but you can make it up to me by putting on a good show today. We're going to have a lot of new guests, a few new cowgirls, and so the herd may get skittish under all the attention." She knelt and started massaging his legs. The deep massage felt good but Dexter's heart started racing as her face passed inches from his privates time and again.

"So I need you to be an extra good example today, okay Dexter? Follow Kimmi's commands out in the Equestrian fields, even if you're dying of embarrassment. And if you do... "

She stood up and began a slow, perfect cock and ball massage. "... I may consider letting our house dog go early." Dexter was standing on his toes now, beginning the slow ride to orgasm.

"The Twins gave you the Viagra?" Miss Archer asked. He nodded. "Good. Keep it up during the exercises for our guests and you'll make me very happy." She let go of his cock and his erection stood rock hard and proud, veins throbbing. It was the only erection in the herd.

"Magnificent," she said, looking at it with a smile. She walked away. "Keep it that way during the exercises and Jo will thank you!"

Kimmi yelled for Dexter's herd to form up and ten men shuffled towards the super-athletic brunette. Her shorts were extra small today, her hip bones and start of her mound visible in front and the top of her ass visible in back. Her sports top did wonders for her breasts too, lifting them together in front while still holding them secure. She looked at Dexter's erection and laughed.

"Why thank you Dexter! I guess you're in front today. Now, let's move!"

She led them out of the holding area at a fast jog. The sight of her incredible legs and buns tensing and bouncing right in front of him kept Dexter up and with her during the mile warm-up. For the second mile he focused just on her rock-hard calves flexing with each step, imagining them pythoned around his cock, stroking him to orgasm. He was the only cow to reach the fields with her.

He doubled over, hands on knees to suck air and Kimmi patted him on the ass. "Good job on the run," she said, barely sweating. He felt a sudden hand squeezing his still-hard cock. "This too," she giggled.

The rest of the herd arrived and she had them take their places, a set of weighted kettle bells set up at each man's station. The line of stations were unusually close to the viewing stands today, Dexter noted, only ten feet from the first row.

Kimmi snapped her whip and led them in neck and arm stretches, every man facing her. Then Dexter heard Miss Archer's voice behind them, loud and clear as a tour guide.

"... It's not all lazing around here at the Ranch, however. As you are about to see, the cows are put through a very rigorous exercise regimen, to keep their meat lean and tight."

"All right cows!" Kimmi yelled with a smile in her voice. "Let's stretch those legs! Bend over, but keep your eyes on me!" She demonstrated, bending at her waist and grabbing her ankles. This time, her smile was impossible to miss. "Come on- legs wide- give me a deep stretch!"

Dexter could hear the held breaths behind his back. The herd was nervous, unsure of what was behind them, but too afraid to look. Miss Archer had played tricks on them before. Dexter remembered her words, and Jo's torment, then took a deep breath and bent over, baring his asshole to the viewing stands.

A huge round of applause and giggles broke out behind him and Dexter almost had a heart attack. "Come on, the rest of you!" Kimmi shouted. "Follow Dexter's lead or I'll bring out the whip!"

The other men, some shaking with embarrassment, bent over to ooohhs and ahhs of the unseen crowd.

"What a beautiful sight," Dexter heard a woman say.

"Look at those balls," another marveled. "I haven't seen so much pent up horniness since my prison tour!"

There were many girlish whispers and giggles, the half-heard voices sounding alarmingly young and numerous.

"Okay boys," Kimmi yelled. "Let's get to work!"

And she worked them hard. She swung her lighter kettle bells set as the men swung theirs, trying to match her actions. She had them lift and push with one arm, then the other, then twist with backs and hips, all while maintaining a high aerobic pace.

Dexter could catch glimpse of the front of the crowd during the twists, but all he saw was a blur of bare legs and high heels. The laughs and wolf-whistles behind him only got bolder as Kimmi worked them harder and more sweat flowed.

Dexter couldn't take it anymore. Maybe five women in the world had seen him naked before the Ranch! This would be too much! He tried to will his cock down before it was too late- Jo would just have to suffer! He couldn't show a whole crowd of new women his-

"Lift and turn!" Kimmi yelled. "Full turn- 180!" And because they had followed her previous ten commands in rhythm, the herd did it as one.

Dexter faced at least thirty women, some upper-class women in sexy sundresses and heels as if they were going to the Kentucky derby, some new cowgirls in jeans and cowboy hats, and almost ten nubile young girls in matching soffee shorts, like cheerleaders would wear. All thirty focused on his massive hard-on and exploded in applause.

He couldn't cover himself since his arms held the iron kettle bell above his head. He saw the Kentucky derby women titter to each other behind hands held to their mouths, the new cowgirls smile and elbow each other in the ribs, and the cheerleaders just stare at him, mouths open in amazed smiles.

His cock got harder than it had ever been in his life.

"Now one arm -lift! Now both arms-lift!" Kimmi continued, and the herd did the next exercises while facing the crowd.

Whether it was the Viagra, his blue balls, or the amused stares of the crowd, Dexter couldn't have gotten soft now if his life depended on it, even though most of the other men were too nervous to develop an erection.

One exception was the new guy, Buttercup, who started developing a half boner while staring at the cheerleaders' cute feet, which were right in front of him in flip-flops.

The other was a strong young cow named Brad who had come into the Ranch with the hard, lean muscles of a college football wide-receiver. Dexter had bonded with him since they usually got teased the most in any crowd. The cowgirls loved how quickly Brad's nineteen-year-old cock snapped erect under their slightest attention, and he hadn't been allowed to cum once during the week Dexter had known him.

Brad's cock didn't disappoint now, and he slowly started pointing towards the sky despite the exertion. When the older Kentucky Derby women saw him get half-hard, their air-kisses and whistles took him the rest of the way, even as the humiliated boy struggled to fight it. The crowd burst into applause when it got fully hard and Dexter saw Brad almost drop his weight from embarrassment.

Buttercup dropped his weights for a different reason- his muscles gave out. The crowd took this chance to tease the man about his fitness. Worse, as the young cheerleaders teased and mocked him for not being able to keep up, his dick became incredibly hard. This only caused the women to mock him more.

Other men joined Buttercup, falling out of the routine as their muscles peaked. Kimmi's whip lightly kissing their ass got a few more reps out of most, but then they joined Buttercup, spent on the ground.

Dexter kept going even as his muscles and his face burned, the Viagra fully kicked in now. His cock slapped against his thighs or stomach with each swing of the kettle bells, as did Brad's. Miss Archer started leading the crowd to clap along with the slaps, so that every eye was on the two men's cocks.

Kimmi started leading them in a set of deep throws between widely spread legs. Their cocks would slap their stomachs as the bell went above their heads, then they would expose their assholes as the weight swung between their legs. Two two cock thrusts and slaps towards the crowd with assholes to Kimmi, then a spin and two cock thrusts towards Kimmi, exposing their assholes to the crowd. It was the most embarrassing position Dexter could have imagined. And Kimmi kept repeating it.

Each time she called out the same command again, the crowd laughed harder. By the tenth set, the cheerleaders were howling, falling over themselves. The Derby women finally dropped the hands in front of their mouths and were

openly laughing, forgetting to cross their tanned legs and showing showing Dexter their panties or bare pussies as they tried not to guffaw.

Dexter and Brad kept following Kimmi's repetitive commands as the laughter grew with each rep. Dexter closed his eyes and tried to think of Jo and not the thirty eyes on his asshole until Kimmi yelled, "Eyes open you two- that weight is dangerous!" Even she was laughing at them.

At that, Brad broke and dropped his weight, finally getting to cover his erection with his hands. Until the Twins sprinted over and put him in the thumb cuffs, exposing his dick to the crowd again.

Dexter was alone under the crowd's gaze now and forced to look at them, burning each smirking female face into his memory, as surely his nudity was being burned into theirs. He saw a set of blond curls under a cowgirl hat that he couldn't believe was possible, almost began to cry. Kimmi made him show his asshole to the crowd two more times, then finally called a halt.

He dropped the weight and the crowd gave him and the other naked men a standing ovation. But Dexter was panting, hands on knees, looking at the ground and hoping it would swallow him whole.

"Excellent job, Dexter," he heard Miss Archer say as she walked up to him. "You shook your little ass with all the enthusiasm I knew you had for it! And now, may I introduce you to our newest cowgirl, Deborah."

Dexter looked up into the smiling face of his boss from the real world. "You can call me Debbie," she giggled. "Nice workout- I saw a whole new side of you!"

"How... " was all he could manage.

"We needed some customer e-mails for an emergency, so I had the IT guy break into your laptop," she said, pinning her deep green eyes on him. "You really shouldn't make travel plans with your work e-mail, Dexter. But everything in those e-mails looked VERY interesting, so I booked a few days of fun for myself!"

She looked up and down his sweating, nude body. "I'm glad I got here before you left! Do you like my shorts?"

Dexter had already known Debbie had great runner's legs- she made a point to dangle them in front of him at least once a week in tight skirts and stockings. But with her short, frayed denim shorts, high-heeled cowboy boots and the sun's golden rays, they looked good enough to lick. A tight collared t-shirt and a small, almost childlike pink cowboy hat completed her outfit.

"His cock just twitched," Miss Archer said, pointing. "That means yes in cow language. Now come on, Debbie, this herd is going to shower next, you don't want to miss that. I'll make sure you have time to play with Dexter later on."

"Excellent," Debbie chirped and re-joined the tour, looking back at him time and again.

Dexter could feel the tremors building. His life was ruined! Then Kimmi cracked her whip and had them running before he could think about it anymore.

They took the long way back and arrived at the Chute after the tour group did. The women packed the area around the shower, the Derby women sipping their martinis in the nearby shade and the rowdy cheerleaders hanging off the fences, almost on top of them.

Marissa and Angel walked down the line, cuffing every man's hands behind his back. "Miss Archer says you're all wankers today," Marissa replied when Dexter protested. She pinched his ass in goodbye and the cheerleaders saw and started doing the same, reaching between the fence slats to goose the helpless men as they walked by. Dexter felt countless sets of fingers on his buns and hoped the girls weren't as young as they looked, even though their bare coltish legs and bouncing breasts made him incredibly hard.

A huge cheer rang out in front of him and he realized why: Buttercup had just entered the shower. The Twins played to the crowd and the crowd played back- the cheerleaders became a pack of hyenas, mercilessly teasing the man in their high, giggling voices. Dexter started dreading his turn.

The Twins took Buttercup to the edge time and again, the cheerleaders yelling "Awwwww! Too bad!" in unison each time Toni or Tina stopped stroking him one second before his orgasm came. A few young girls sat on the fence and dangled their bare feet into the shower, and Tina dragged his cock along them, making him fuck their toes or soles as the entire group made fun of his obvious fetish. They all whooped when the Twins pushed him into the Holding Area and he fell to his knees, moaning about his balls.

The Derby women came out of the shade when Brad was showered. They all were trophy wives or seemed to come from money, with elegant, haughty smiles and short sundresses over personal-trainer toned bodies. They watched the naked boy's torment as they watched their pool-boys: silently, with a smirk on their faces and lust behind their eyes. Brad broke too, begging for release in front of all of them, and the elegant Derby women just smiled at him, knowingly.

And then Dexter was up.

Toni grabbed him as he entered, and whispered in his ear. "Everything Buttercup and Brad got, plus more. Just because we love you, Dex." And then it began.

He didn't know how many times the blond Twins brought him to the edge, just that it was more than he had imagined he could stand, and then some. He was almost made to cum on at least five sets of cheerleader feet and toes, and didn't know if he was sad or happy that the Twins stopped each time. He was made to look at the elegant women's high heels as Toni and Tina bent him over and washed his ass crack, thoroughly and deeply for all to see. But when they tried to get him to beg for release, Dexter wouldn't, because he could always see Debbie's face in the crowd, watching every second with glee. He couldn't give her that!

"Come on, Dexter, quit teasing us," Toni whispered to him as her soapy hands took him to yet another edge. "Just beg and we'll make you cum."

"Moo," he growled, fighting every manly urge in his body.

"We mean it, we'll really let you this time," Tina added, sliding her bikini-clad cleavage up and down his arm. Miss Archer told us to!"

He shook his head violently, trying to forget James's advice.

"No, we're not joking," Toni said. "This is your going-away present! It's the special surprise that Miss Archer's been building you up to for the last few days! Beg loudly and we'll empty your balls in front of all these women, just like in your deepest fantasies! But you have to beg!"

"I can't!" he hissed to them. "My boss- she's watching! I can't let her see that!"

Tina looked around. "What- you mean that new cowgirl Debbie you keep staring at? Fine, if that's how you want it!"

To his horror, the Twins dragged him over to stand right in front of Debbie.

"Cowgirl Debbie, put your hands through the fence, please," Tina ordered. "You may have to catch something!" Debbie grinned like a kid on Christmas and cupped her hands in front of Dexter's crotch.

"Now our little Dexter," Tina said, pointing his cock at the waiting hands and starting a slow stroke, "beg us NOT to make you cum!" The crowd erupted in laughter.

Dexter shook his head, trying to back away, but the Toni held him firm while Tina steadily stroked him. The crowd started giving him advice, some yelling for him

to cum and some wanting to hear him beg. Debbie just grinned at him the entire time. The sap started rising in his balls.

"No... " he hissed.

"Can't hear you," Toni teased, speeding up her strokes.

"No!" Dexter yelled, looking right at Debbie's smiling face.

"No what?"

He was so close, riding the edge. "Don't make me cum! Please! Not now! No! NO!"

"Okay!" Toni agreed. "Except... cows can't talk!"

She stroked faster and Dexter came into his boss's waiting hands with thirty women cheering him on. He came so hard his balls hurt with each contraction, and his leg muscles tensed, putting him on tiptoe. Each spurt felt like pure heaven as it shot through his cock and landed all over Debbie's hands and wrists.

"Keep going boy, keep going!" Toni cheered, squeezing his ball to get every last bit into Debbie's hands. Dexter collapsed onto the Twins' shoulders.

Toni kissed his cheek from one side, Tina from the other. "Good job, boy," Toni said. "Now you'll always remember this day."

"And so will I," Debbie laughed. "Dexter! This is disgusting, how could you?" she giggled, even as she played with the thick fluid between her fingers. She wiped it on her thighs and Dexter couldn't believe he found himself getting aroused again, at the sight of his cum glistening on those bare legs.

Deft fingers threaded him into a chastity belt. "Unauthorized orgasms are absolutely not allowed at the Ranch," Miss Archer explained to the crowd as she locked the belt. "Usual punishment is one week in the belt, but since Dexter is leaving tomorrow, he'll be wearing the belt home with him!"

She looked him in the eyes and shook her head. "Dexter, how could you? You were always such a good cow," she said, giving him a secret wink.

The Twins led him to the holding area and gently put him on the ground. By the time the rest of the workout herd had been washed, he was shakily getting to his feet. No one else had been allowed to cum, but they all had been mightily teased to the delight of the crowd. Miss Archer directed the cows, now all wearing chastity belts, to see themselves to the chow hall as she led the tour into the farm house for lunch.

Dexter was a zombie as he followed the line and got a steak sandwich and milkshake on his tray. He sat down at a table alone.

"Some day huh?" Brad laughed, sitting down next to him. Dexter laughed weakly, and Brad waved Buttercup over too. The two men helped Dexter come back to the living over lunch, trading stories.

Buttercup, an older man teaching at an all girls' school, had come to the Ranch to relieve the tension of being around a parade of hot untouchable girls every day. Each term brought fresh torments; recently a clique of popular girls had decided to friend their 'favorite' teacher on Facebook.

So now Buttercup got status updates every time his hottest students shaved their legs baby smooth, about how horny they got over the weekends, or if they had decided to sleep in panties or fully nude because of the hot weather. He also got hundreds of pictures of them at the beach, in sexy clubwear, or incredibly slutty Halloween costumes. The students he had to look in the eyes each day publicly posted things which would have been Letters to Penthouse a generation ago, having no idea of the torment it put him through. Or maybe they did.

Young Brad, on the other hand, had been hounded by his mother's friends all throughout his puberty. Some of the older women were rich, divorced and lonely, some just rich and bored. They would throw a "European" pool party and go topless to get his balls boiling, and then sneak into his shower afterwards to catch him masturbating, making him beg to get his clothes back or threatening to tell his mother. Others would slip off their heels at black tie dinners and use their deft feet to fish for his cock under the table all night, daring him to say something in public.

He finally let one take his virginity after coming home from his Senior Prom with horrible blue balls to find one his mother's tennis partners sitting on his bed, patiently sipping a martini with a knowing smile on her face, nude. In exchange for not telling her husband, she had offered to set the nineteen year old boy up with a "dream vacation". It wasn't until Miss Archer showed up in his hotel room and ordered him to strip that Brad had realized he had been set up.

Dexter began to laugh. "What?" Buttercup demanded.

"Buttercup," Dexter asked, "are you attracted to these horny cougars that are giving Brad so much trouble? They're YOUR age, you know."

Buttercup shrugged. "A little. But when older women tell me I don't make enough money to date them, it's just mean. But when I imagine a young spoiled princess saying the same thing to me it's just- " he grimaced as the chastity cage bit him, "so fucking hot."

"And Brad," Dexter asked, "are you attracted to these trouble-making teens that are teasing Buttercup? They're the ones YOU should be dating."

"That's the thing," the young man said. "Physically, sure, they're hot, I guess. But mentally, they're just flighty cock-teases, all of them! Suzanne knew exactly what she wanted. And she was so... skilled." Brad grimaced as his belt forced his cock down too.

Dexter laughed again, finally feeling himself. "So even if we switched your bodies, neither of you would be happy! Is that irony, or is the world just set up to screw men?"

"You should talk," Brad teased. "Just bang your boss when you get back to the real world and you won't have any problems."

"And that would cause a whole 'nother set of problems," Dexter sighed.

"Like what?"

Dexter had opened his mouth to answer when Miss Archer strutted into the chow hall and yelled.

"Herd! Listen up! Some assignment changes for this afternoon!" She walked straight to their table and the men swallowed nervously.

"Our visiting cheer squad would like to practice their routine in the fields. But they need a strong man who wouldn't mind girls crawling all over him when he's the base of the pyramid, or who's not afraid to put his hands everywhere on their bodies to catch and throw them. Do you think you can handle that... Buttercup?"

The man's mouth fell open. "So I take it you're willing, then?" Miss Archer chuckled, already moving to unlock his chastity belt. Buttercup stood up, nodding profusely.

"Good," she said, inserting the key hanging her neck. "Now, just be warned, they've had a lot of caffeine at lunch so they're more bitchy than usual. They're going to be absolutely merciless if you happen to get a-" The chastity cage fell away and Buttercup's cock sprang to full hardness immediately.

"Why do I even bother?" she smirked. "Go on- Kimmi and the girls are waiting in the Equestrian fields!" He ran off, faster than Dexter had ever seen him move. "And try not to cry in front of them!"

She turned her gaze to Brad. "And our ladies visiting from Beverly Hills would like to have a garden party while watching some young cows graze. They may also require a refresh of their drinks, and... other services as well. I know most of them are much older than you, but are you feeling up to a little yard work this afternoon, Brad?"

Brad gulped and nodded, standing up. Miss Archer removed his cage and he was already half hard. "Now Brad," she said, "you've pleased many women with your mouth before, right?"

He shook his head, then blushed as his cock erected before everyone's eyes, giving away his thoughts.

Miss Archer smirked at it, then him. "Well, these women will be patient, so learn all you can. And don't forget to wipe your face between each one! Now go, Marissa is waiting in the gardens, she'll keep you safe!" Brad ran off, his hard cock bouncing before him just like Buttercup's.

"The rest of you," Miss Archer said to the crowd, "line up to get your bit and bridles off and then you're with Millie on Laundry duty." She smiled at Dexter. "Except you."

His herd lined up and Miss Archer removed their chastity cages one at a time, tossing them in the dishwasher with the silverware. After the last cow had jogged off, the older woman sauntered back to Dexter's table and sat on it, crossing her lean thighs right in front of his face. She swung her boots and looked at him, smiling. Dexter felt all of his nakedness again, the smooth wood under his bare butt, the breeze on his back.

"How... how did you know," he whispered, "to assign Brad and Buttercup to exactly what they wanted?"

"That's sort of my job at the Ranch, isn't it?" she laughed. "To give every customer their fantasy? Unfortunately, my fantasy is to see men with constantly aching blue balls, so you'll have to suffer a little. Keeps you guys motivated though."

"But how did you know exactly what they-"

Miss Archer waved dismissively. "Oh, it's not hard to figure out. The old want the young. The young want the easy. And everyone wants what they shouldn't have." She leaned in close to him, and Dexter noticed Miss Archer's subtle perfume for the first time, and the slight sheen of lipstick on her lips. Those lips almost brushed his ear as she said, "And I've got a degree in sexual psychology from Yale. I listen to what the girls say, I watch how you act, and I'm building profiles on all you little pervs, all the time."

She leaned back and Dexter fought the urge to grab and kiss her. She arched her back slightly, smiling at him. "So, did you enjoy being forced to blow your load naked, in front of fifty cheering women?"

His throat went dry. "I've never admitted that to anyone... I never thought it possible..."

"Not in real life," she said with a pleased smile. "But the Ranch is different. Oh, and I had my camera out when you started spurting. I'll mail you some framed 8x10s, so you can always remember the moment."

"Thank you," he gulped. The thought of having proof that he had done such a thing, a real picture hidden in his study, of him surrounded by laughing women while cumming- it started a slight hardening in his cock.

"Miss Archer?"

"Yes?"

"How is Jo doing? Is she alright?"

"She was perfectly fine this morning," the older woman said. "I remember her licking Angel's feet at the breakfast table this morning. Angel would sneak her a bit of muffin from her plate and then Jo would go right back to licking her little toes to say thank you. It was so cute!"

Dexter winced. 'Cute' wasn't why his belt had suddenly gone tight.

"Now go on," Miss Archer said. "Millie's waiting for you. There's extra laundry to do since Brad and Buttercup won't be there."

Dexter stood up and waited for her to unlock his belt. "But... all the other men got to have their cocks free for Laundry," he said when she didn't.

She stroked his cheek. "Oh Dexter, don't you know? You're special! Now go." She gave his buns a nice squeeze and he sadly started off. He was almost at the door when she added, "And besides, Millie would never let you sneak into the farm house to give Jo her rescued-by-a-white-knight fantasy if your cock wasn't locked up! Silly cow."

Dexter's eyes got big and he ran to find Millie.

The Laundry was ten metal washbasins set up on the side lawn, full of lukewarm suds. Seven men took from a table on their left, dunked and scrubbed the clothes on a washboard and then hung each piece by hand on the clothesline behind them. Each table was one cowgirls' pile of jeans, shirts, handkerchiefs, bras and panties. Loads and loads of panties. Dexter had no idea how the girls went through them all.

He saw Millie pacing around the basins, supervising. The redhead wore tight jeans with rips along her ass and thighs and a cut-off wife beater t-shirt with no bra. The shirt was cut dangerously high; her firm rack stretched the shirt to its limit and

just the underside of her breasts slipped in and out of view with each step she took. Dexter ran up and tried to keep his gaze above her hard nipples.

"Millie! Can I-"

"You're late, Dexter! Now get to your station!" She spanked him hard on the ass and pointed to an empty basin and just like that, Dexter was elbow deep in wet jean shorts.

He tried to think as he washed. Millie wasn't even looking at him most of the time, but she would definitely notice if he ran. And the punishment would be bad. He tried to ask again as she passed, but the redhead just responded with a single hard spank to his reddening ass each time.

"Oh, don't you just look so delightfully domestic?" a familiar voice purred from behind him, making his shoulders stiffen. His boss slid in front of him, all smiles and still looking his naked body up and down. "If I'd known you were this good at doing laundry, I would have given you every Friday off to do mine!"

"Deborah, please, just leave me alone!"

"It's cowgirl Debbie here, Dex," she said, hooking her fingers into her short jean shorts. "And here, you're not my employee, just a cow I can molest, at my whim." She reached a hand toward his balls... and passed just a hair below them, picking up a cleaned pair of red lacy panties from the table. "You even fold them so prettily! Oh, Dexter, you're definitely doing my laundry when we get back! I'll even let you do it naked, so that you feel more at home."

"Debbie, just go, please," he pleaded, hoping against hope that she would leave before the tightening in his cock cage became obvious.

"It's only fair, since you're the reason I have to change my soaked panties at lunch each day. Sexy little panties, like this one." She held the red lace over her shorts so Dexter was forced to imagine them around her hips. "Or this one." She reached under his balls again to grab a black micro g-string.

"Which style would you prefer I wear to your next performance review?" she teased, holding them over her hips in turns. "Lacy and transparent or silk and teeny tiny?"

He tried to think of anything else. "I don't care."

"Oh sure you do!" Debbie laughed. "Why do you think I always sit on the couch instead of behind my desk for your reviews? I want to sneak all those little peeks you do- it always makes your salary negotiations go so much easier!"

Dexter groaned as his erection suddenly filled the cage. Debbie fell back laughing. "This is too much fun!"

"Debbie, please- it hurts!"

She pointed a finger at him playfully. "I spend fifteen minutes each Monday choosing the color of my garter belts and stockings for our department meeting and you never once said how sexy I looked! That hurts too!"

"You're my boss! I can't!"

"You could have at least popped a little tent for me more than once! That's just polite. So now you're going to have to answer me. Which do you like better under my skirts- lace or barely decent? Or maybe- nothing at all?" She snatched both panties away from her hips.

Dexter yelled in pain as the image of Debbie's naked pussy peeking at him when she uncrossed her legs on her couch made his cock try to get fully erect in the steel cage.

"I guess we found a way to keep you from getting embarrassing boners at work, huh? Although the screaming would probably be a distraction in the office, too. But we'll work around that."

Dexter held the sides of the washbasin to keep from doubling over as Debbie just grinned at him. "I'm never... wearing this cage again... definitely not in the office!"

"Oh no? Well, the week I get back, I'm going to find a way to leave my damp panties in your desk drawers or briefcase every single day. You'll never know when you might come across a tiny pair of my panties, and who might be next to you," she said, dangling the micro-thong at him. She laughed, watching his cock fight the steel tube and lose. "You can decide how you want to keep your panty fetish from embarrassing you in front of the entire office."

Millie approached them, tracing her finger over the panties Dexter's boss held over her hips. "Panty fetishes have caused a lot of grief during Laundry duty here at the Ranch," the redhead chuckled, outlining Debbie's crotch with one long painted nail.

Even Debbie gulped as Millie's finger slowly scratched over what would be her lips and clitoris if she were naked. Dexter couldn't take his eyes away. "But not for this little cow," Millie added. "He's got more of an... anal... fixation, don't you Dex? You should ask him about that sometime."

All of Dexter's blood ran to his blushing face and surging cock as Debbie's jaw dropped.

"Now if you'll excuse me," Millie said, "I've got to go make someone's day."

Neither Dexter or Debbie could speak as the busty red-head strutted towards a fit forty-something man with slightly thinning hair. In a suit, he could have been a bank president or stock trader. Nude, he was just a fast washer, having finished the jean shorts, shirts and bras already. He was halfway through hand-washing a big pile of girl's panties. And he was rock hard.

"And I wonder what you might be thinking about, Mister Nelson?" Millie mocked, flicking his straining erection with her finger. He tried to put down the blue thong but Millie said, "Oh no, no! Keep washing, dirty man!"

He blushed horribly and slowly kept dunking the silk panty under the water and then rubbing the tiny bit of cloth on the washboard and between his fingers. His cock started leaking.

"Awww, Mister Nelson, are you going to cum without even being touched?" Millie teased. "Just from washing a young girl's panties? These are Jenny's, you know. That little college-aged yoga instructor? She can touch her forehead to her toes but she can't even drink yet! She's soooo much younger than you, I can't believe you'd even think about her that way!"

"I don't," he gasped, picking up the next tiny pair to wash.

"That's good," Millie said, grabbing a virginal white pair he hadn't washed yet and holding it in front of him. "It's good that you don't think about how these panties covered Jenny's pussy just yesterday as she stretched and bent, and probably have her innocent juices still on them. Don't think about that, even if I do this."

Millie draped the panties over his desperate cock and used her fingers to swirl the silky material around his tip. "Don't think about that, because you're not a man who wants to cum in young girls' panties, are you?"

The man moaned and dropped his washing, gripping the sides of the tub. "Keep washing Mister Nelson or else!" the cowgirl warned. He thrust his shaking hands into the water and fished the panties back out.

Millie smiled at the man. She noticed Dexter, Debbie and the other cows were all watching and started stroking the man with Jenny's panties.

"Now, none of the other cows decided to get this hard while washing young women's panties," Millie said. "Which means you have someone waiting for you back home, don't you? Some young girl whose panties you've been sneaking peeks at?"

"No!" he cried. Dexter could tell he was desperately fighting not to cum.

"Tell me or I'll make you squirt right now, in front of everyone!" Millie laughed. "Is it your step-daughter? A student? Who's the young girl whose panties you've been thinking about?"

Millie's strokes were insistent, remorseless. The struggle tore at his face. "My... my au pair!" he finally yelled.

The redhead whooped in victory. Her strokes on his cock slowed, but only slightly. "Describe her!"

"She's got straight brown hair... and she's thin, so thin."

"Keep going! How old is she? What do you like about her the most?"

"Nineteen! And she always smiles when she sees me! She's so cheerful and bouncy!"

Millie smiled, still stroking him. "And how often do you see her panties?"

He grimaced, face three shades of red. "She lives in our guestroom- to help with the kids."

"Annnnd?" Millie prompted, swirling the soft material from his tip to his full balls.

"I... the laundry, once a week... all she wears are thongs, so many different colors- I try not to look!" he cried.

"Yeah, I bet you try real hard," Millie chuckled. "But I'm sensing there's more."

"She was wearing a tiny skirt one day," he panted. "She always wears things that show off her legs. And she fell asleep on the couch, watching the kids. When I came home, her skirt... was flipped up, around her waist!"

"And you got a good, long look?" Millie asked, stroking him faster with the silky panties.

"Yes!"

"And then you fucked her?"

"No!"

"Jerked off onto her legs?"

"NO! Of course not!"

"No, of course not," Millie repeated in a mocking tone. "You would never want to jerk off onto those thin legs while staring at those tiny panties, would you Mr Nelson? Picture her now! Remember how she looked on the couch- NOW!" Millie grinned as he closed his eyes and leaned his head back. "What's her name?"

"Becca."

Millie stroked him faster with the white panties. "Yell it louder as you picture her asleep on the couch!"

"Becca!"

"Louder!"

"BECCA!" he cried as his cum exploded into the white cloth, soaking the panties and squeezing out between Millie's fingers and onto her wrist. He bucked his hips into the panties, fucking them as Millie provided a perfect pace. She kept stroking him until he was just making little gasps of pleasure, then held the cum-covered panties up for all to see.

"Ug! Mister Nelson! These panties are disgusting!" she laughed, shoving them into the pile of ones he had already washed and mixing them all together. "Wash them all again," she ordered. "Get hard again and I'll make you cum in another pair. Don't get hard... and you'll be in a cock cage for three days!" Millie laughed and left him to his decision.

"Oh, I wish I could do that to you," Debbie said throatily. "Maybe as a Christmas bonus? My niece has a pair of red and green panties perfect for the occasion!" she laughed as she walked off to the next man.

Dexter trembled as he watched her leave, his stomach in knots.

Still, he gathered his courage and waved Millie down her next time around. "Millie, please- my bladder's killing me! Can I get a bathroom break- just for a minute!"

The redhead seemed in a significantly better mood this time. She looked at his belt-encased cock and smiled. "Sure Dex. You've always been a good little cow - hurry up and use the one in the farm house."

"Thanks Millie!" he squeaked, running off, already planning on how he would approach Jo.

It was only a minute later that Debbie looked up from the cow she was teasing and noticed Dexter missing. Her brow furrowed and she left, trying to pick up his trail.

- Part 4 - Conclusion

Dexter tried the doorknob on the side of the farm house. It turned easily and he quietly entered the holiest of holies.

It started with a large kitchen, the smell of freshly baked blueberry muffins, crisp cut flowers and light hints of perfumes mixing together wonderfully. It made Dexter ache to kiss a soft female neck but also reminded him: this was a place for women only. He was an intruder here.

The ground floor was all common rooms, thankfully unoccupied during the day. The living room where he had seen Jo humiliated, a dining room large enough for fifteen, and a clean, sunny exercise room. There was also a room marked "Miss Archer's Private Office".

He put an ear to that door for a few seconds, then snuck inside. He exited four minutes later.

As he passed the bathrooms and took the stairs up, Dexter gulped. If he was caught now, he had no alibi. But people were counting on him, he had to see this through to the end; he had to nail the landing.

The upper floor was all bedrooms, a long hallway of wooden doors. Each door had a square glass window at eye level that Dexter peeked in as he passed. To check for Jo, of course.

The first occupied room had the tall black cowgirl in it. She was on all fours on her bed, absolutely nude from head to toe. A slight sheen of sweat glistened on her skin as she thrust her pussy backwards against a dildo sucker-cupped to the headboard. She pulled herself forward off the dildo, and Dexter could see that it was pure alabaster white.

Her long nails scratched marks into the sheet as she rocked her hips to tease her pussy with just the fat white tip. "Please Master," Dexter heard her mew to the empty room. "I'll be good! I'll be a good girl, just put it in!"

She pounded the bed in frustration as her hips teased her pussy again, letting the first inch of the dildo in then pulling it back out. "Please Master!" she begged, the tip of the cock sliding around the outside of her wet lips but never in. She pushed her head to the bed, face down and ass up, in a completely open and horribly degrading position towards the headboard and the window where Dexter watched.

"You can do anything you want! Use me as much as you want, and then sell me down the river- I don't care, just fuck me now- please!" she cried, pulling her knees even farther apart.

Her stretched open pussy hovered motionless in front of the veiny dildo for a moment, then plunged to the base in one stroke. The nude black cowgirl tore at the sheets and fucked against the cock with a furious anger. If it had been real, Dexter would have called the cops to arrest the dildo for rape. Aggravated sexual battery, at the very least.

"YES MASTER!" she yelled. "I'm yours! I'm your property! I'm just a fuckhole for you to use!"

Dexter gulped, watching her tendons strain and long muscles work to the limit. She was definitely building to something- her thrusts started shaking the door. If she looked up at the wrong moment... Dexter tore his eyes away and continued creeping down the hall, belt aching.

His earlier cum had taken the edge off- his skin wasn't alive with tingles anymore. But the sudden dose of Viagra after days of denial, his unending nudity, the constant females around, it all meant his balls were far from empty. Seeing the black cowgirl had kicked his arousal train away from the station again.

The second occupied room only built the momentum. The young blond sorority girl who had teased Dexter's herd with her bikini cheers also had a sucker-cup dildo, hers flesh-colored and sticking straight up from her desk like a proud flower. She sat anxiously in front of the fake cock wearing a pink sleep shirt that ended a third of the way down her baby smooth thighs. Dexter had to stop and watch.

The sorority girl applied a thick coat of red lipstick to her pouty lips and pressed them together to even the color out. Then she took a deep breath and suddenly deep throated the dildo. Her tiny mouth slid lower and lower on the stiff eight-incher until she gagged and her eyes watered. She pulled off, then stamped her pretty little feet when she saw the lipstick mark was only halfway down the shaft.

She sat back, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath, composing herself like an opera singer in Carnegie Hall. Then the tiny blond opened her eyes with a grin, leaned forward over the dildo and gave the tip a few loving licks while looking up into some imaginary man's eyes with a coquettish smile.

She gave a real blow job this time, swirling with her tongue and producing lots of saliva which dribbled down the plastic cock ahead of her advancing lips, easing the path. She reached about the same spot as before when her mouth bottomed out. The young woman whined with her mouth full of cock, trying to force her lips lower and failing as her eyes filled with tears.

Dexter expected her to pull off, but instead one of her hands yanked up the hem of her nightshirt and the other started rubbing her shaved pussy. Dexter's eyes almost came out of his head as her fingers became damp, then slick, and then two pushed inside her tiny snatch. She fingered herself with one hand and vise-gripped the base of the dildo with the other. Unbelievably, her lips started sliding down the shaft again, fighting forward a millimeter at a time.

The faster she masturbated, the more cock it seemed she was able to take. When Dexter thought she might finally orgasm, or pass out, or both, the rich girl pulled herself up off the cock, breathing hard and stretching the kinks out of her jaw. Then she saw her new lipstick mark, three-fourths of the way down the eight-inch dildo.

"FUCK!" she yelled and slapped the dildo so roughly that Dexter's dick hurt. It wobbled in front of her and she slapped it again so hard the massive sucker cup almost pulled off the table. "Fuck!" she cried again, stamping around the room in her bare feet, occasionally looking at the wet cock with hate.

After a few trips around the room she finally sighed, smoothed her hair and calmed her breath. She gently picked her chair up off the floor, then sat down in it and started playing with herself again. When an aroused flush returned to her cheeks and neck, the girl lovingly licked the dildo up and down to wet it, then began her slow trip down the shaft again. Dexter staggered down the hall bow-legged, so to not put any pressure on his aching balls.

He almost didn't look in the third occupied room, but stopped dead when he saw it was the eighteen year old Brazillian cowgirl. She always wore a full-sleeve shirt and tight but long jeans outside, jealously protecting her body from the herd's hungry view. Now she sat at her desk, wearing just a pair of g-string panties.

Dexter devoured every inch of the nearly-naked girl: her perfectly painted and manicured toenails, her naturally light-brown skin, her curvy thighs and tiny but pert breasts. Her g-string was so thin it almost wasn't visible between the round, smooth globes of her ass that Dexter was dying to grab and kiss.

Her nipples were erect from the air-conditioned breeze as she read an SAT-prep manual, chewing on the eraser of her pencil. Dexter pressed expectantly up against the window as she pulled one knee up to rest her chin and idly traced her fingers on her thigh, just inches from the triangle of black fabric now stretched incredibly tight over her young pussy.

He watched her every move anxiously, waiting for her to slip off those panties and bring out her dildo, or to start tweaking her aching nipples and move to the bed. But she just continued studying the college entrance test, trying to improve her chances to get into an elite school and start a meaningful career.

After two more minutes of watching her do nothing, Dexter started down the hall again shaking his head. "Weird," he muttered.

Two more doors down he found Jo, curled up and sleeping fitfully on a blanket at the foot of Angel's bed. She still wore the disabling paws on her hands and the floppy ears on her head, but the butt-plug tail was gone. Dexter looked through the window carefully- there was a pile of clothes on Angel's bed, but no Angel and no cowboy hat.

Dexter quietly opened the door and snuck in. "Jo," he whispered, touching her bare knee. "Wake up!"

She woke with a start and Dexter shushed her, even as the black cowgirl's moans echoed down the hall.

"I'm here to rescue you," Dexter hissed, "now hurry!"

"My arm is cuffed to the bed," she said, pulling against the chain wrapped around the large oak leg.

Dexter smiled. "No problem." He lifted that corner of the bed off the floor with more than enough clearance to slide the chain under. It wasn't difficult, compared to the kettle bells.

Jo rubbed her wrists and looked up at him with devotion. "My white knight," she said, eyes almost starting to tear over. "Thank you."

"I'd move more than that for you, Jo."

She thrust her furry mittens out to him anxiously. "Then take these damn things off! Please!"

He shot a glance over his shoulder. "Jo, at any second Angel might-"

"There's no hat," Jo said, pointing at the bed. "She'd never leave it here, she's out in the fields. Now take these damn things off me!"

As Dexter knelt in front of her and struggled with the tight laces and triple knots on Jo's furry mittens, their bodies got closer and closer. Knees touching knees. Knees touching thighs. His balls resting on her bare thigh, her knee knocking against his ass as he tried to pull the stubborn cords free. And that's when he realized how naked Jo still was.

He had only seen her in the moonlight before; now in the warm sun, feeling the heat off her close body, he saw her anew. His mouth ached for her breasts, her beautiful pussy called to him. Dexter's belt suddenly got very tight and his throat very dry.

"Jo-" he croaked, now just randomly pulling at the knots.

She was breathing faster too. "Dexter, hurry," she begged.

"I know." He tried to put her nudity from his mind and focus on the knots. The longer he took, the more Jo fidgeted and rubbed her thighs together. Her every motion jiggled the round breasts and erect pink nipples right in front of his face. A flush spread along her neck and her pussy lips moistened before his eyes, making his mouth water.

"I just can't take it any more!"

"I know!"

"Forget it!" Jo cried. "Just help me with this!" She pushed his head down with two hands while laying back and splaying her legs, forcing his mouth against her pussy. He started licking out of reflex and Jo cried out in relief. "Finally!" She tilted her hips to give him a better angle and pushed down on his head harder.

She started moaning and bucking under his mouth more quickly than any woman he had ever licked and the cock cage constricted him painfully. The harder his dick tried to get, the stronger the cage's ring pulled down on the blue balls swinging between his legs. His nuts felt like balloons full of lead.

"Jo, it hurts-" he begged, looking up.

"Keep going!" she growled, pushing his head back down and scissoring her thighs around it. That really made him fill his cage. Cowgirls cajoled oral sex from the herd, they never just took it. This was so animal and raw; would Jo be like this in the real world? Did she welcome her boyfriends home from the office each day with a handful of hair and a force-feeding of pussy, smiling as their full balls ached untouched? The thought was almost enough to make Dexter shoot a load right in his-

"Well isn't this the cutest little animal crossing?" Angel laughed from the doorway, a towel wrapped around her wet body and her cowboy hat perched on her still-dripping hair. To their shocked looks she added, "I never take the hat off. You should know that."

"Angel, look, we were just going to..." Dexter began as she calmly walked to her bed and started sorting through her clothes.

"Now... where was it?" she mused. "Oh yes." She lifted the dog remote and pressed the button.

Jo convulsed in Dexter's arms, her pussy almost knocking out his teeth. Angel turned off the vibrator buried inside Jo for a second, then hit her with another burst. Jo started rocking back and forth, holding her paws over her pussy. "No... no..." she whined. Dexter pulled his legs under him to make a leap at Angel and she froze him with a stare, her finger over the button.

"Try it," she dared. "The remote is set to maximum. Think you can get to me before I press this button and throw it out the window? Jo's brain will melt from pleasure while you and I wrestle."

Dexter remembered her bringing back those two runners yesterday; one of them was an active Marine. And he had seen the tiny Asian girl easily hog-tie men twice her size while laughing and tickling their balls. He settled back on his haunches, frowning at her.

"Good boy," she giggled. "You know who your Daddy is."

Still holding the remote, Angel set her cowboy hat down on the bed and peeled the towel away from her body, to sit fully nude in front of them. She crossed her perfect legs primly and shook the water out her long black hair, smiling at the hungry looks Dexter AND Jo were giving her.

"You two make a good couple," she laughed, dabbing at her calves with the towel. "A nice matching set of house dogs. Training will be much more fun with two!" She extended her right leg in front of her and slowly, teasingly, applied after-shower moisturizer from her toes to her hip with both hands. Angel's fingers rubbed the white cream into her tan skin sensuously each inch of the way, and she smiled as Dexter grimaced in his belt and Jo whimpered with need. Then she extended her left leg in their direction.

"Now, who wants to do the other one?" she laughed.

"Angel, please," Dexter begged. "Just let Jo cum! She can't take any more teasing!"

"Maybe," Angel giggled, wiggling her toes at him, and Dexter got the message. He crawled forward, squirted lotion into his hands and started rubbing the teenager's left leg.

"Mmmm, Jo, you definitely have good taste," Angel purred. "Don't you just love the feel of Dexter's hands on your legs? They're so strong and manly." Dexter heard Jo whimper again in response.

Angel started rubbing his thigh with her right foot as he covered her left calf with lotion. "His touch feels sooooo good. It just makes a girl want to... open up to him." Angel rested her right leg on his shoulder as Dexter still knelt and rubbed

lotion into her left. It forced him to look right into her shaved teenage pussy. His legs started shaking.

"Angel, please... " he said, not even aware what he was begging for. His nervous fingers finished rubbing slick lotion onto the inside of her toned thigh, stopping where it met her hip, inches from her pussy.

"Hush, puppy," she giggled, tousling his hair. "I need to use your mouth for something else right now." Angel wagged her tongue at him and he blushed.

"No, Angel, not in front of her," he whispered. "That would be so... "

"Mean?" Angel giggled back to him in a whisper. "Don't you know anything about me by now?" She looked at the other woman. "Jo? You don't mind if Dexter uses his magic tongue on me instead of you tonight, right?" Angel asked, her finger tracing around the dog remote button.

Jo lowered her head, her thighs openly dripping. "No, Angel."

"You should ask me, because I'm not going to do it!" Dexter said, his cock trying to tear the cage open.

"Should I just leg-scissors around your head and force you to, like she was?" Angel asked, scooting forward and placing both thighs with perfect control gently around his ears. His nose almost brushed her outer lips. "No, that would be wrong." She nonchalantly held up the remote again. "Jo, please ask your boyfriend to lick me."

"De..Dexter, please lick her," Jo whispered.

"That didn't sound very enthusiastic," Angel giggled, pressing the button. Jo thrashed for a second and finished breathless and on all fours.

"Dexter! Lick her! Please!"

Angel exploded into laughter as Dexter's tongue attacked her pussy. She grabbed a fistful of his hair and directed his head exactly where she wanted him. "Watch closely, Jo! This is how you ride a cow like Dexter!" Angel moved his swirling tongue over her clit, then down inside her hot opening, then back. She slid her bare feet up and down Dexter's back, spurring him on as she got wetter and wetter.

"You're such a good licker, little cow!" she giggled after a minute, between squeaks of pleasure. "So much better than Jo was last night!" Angel just laughed at Dexter's suddenly wide eyes. "That's right!" she laughed looking down at him, and Dexter groaned into her pussy as his cock cage stretched his balls with a vice-like grip. That only made Angel wetter.

"Ohh, you like that thought?" Angel giggled as Dexter lapped faster before the sudden surge of new juices drowned him. "Before she leaves the Ranch, Jo will taste my pussy as much as you did- you two will have so much to talk about!" Dexter tried not to moan; but his cock surged against the chastity belt trying to get hard and the resulting pull on his balls was unbearable! His vibrating lips on Angel's mound broke open the floodgates.

"Ohh, here we go," the nineteen year old moaned as her free flowing juices finally overwhelmed Dexter's licking. The fluid started to build around his face and he felt Angel's grip on his hair tighten. "Watching Jo?" she panted, and then ground her soaking pussy back and forth against his nose, eyebrows, chin and cheekbones until his entire face was dripping with her juices. Dexter was helpless to stop her; Angel's legs easily pushed away his flailing arms and she had his hair by the roots. The teenager laughed and rubbed his face against every part of her sopping pussy two more times for even trying to resist.

Dexter had closed his mouth under the assault but Angel growled, "Keep licking!" so forcefully he started licking faster than ever, mindlessly tasting anything the young girl forced him to. That's when she started forcing his swirling tongue down off her clit to her dripping pussy lips. Then down further, to the tight skin between her pussy and her freshly washed asshole. He tensed, but kept licking. Angel's other hand went to work furiously rubbing her clit, and then the tiny girl gave his head one last push downwards.

Dexter tasted the slightest hint of soap as Angel came thunderously on his face, almost popping his head between her clenching thighs.

Angel held his tongue deep in her asshole as she bucked and moaned in orgasm, and even as she came down, when each reflexive jerk of his tongue gave Angel a sharp aftershock of pleasure. She gave one final sigh and released his hair, laying back on her elbows to look at her handiwork. And burst into laughter.

Dexter knew what he must look like; his face felt like a wet hand towel had been wrung out over it, his cheeks and chest burned red from embarrassment, and his full balls were literally blue, having been pulled away from his body by the steel ring to their absolute limit.

"Oh, what a perfect picture!" Debbie squealed from the doorway, tipping back her pink child-sized cowboy hat and pointing her camera phone at them.

"Cowgirl Debbie- pictures are not allowed at the Ranch," Angel said weakly, draping the towel back around her. "Put that away."

"Oh, don't order me around, little girl. Respect your elders!" Debbie said, wagging the phone at her. "In fact, I'm taking this one to my room- you've given me a great idea!"

"Cowgirl-in-training Debbie," Angel barked, now wrapping her towel tightly around her. "You are not yet allowed to ride any of the herd, or even touch them! Or have you forgotten the color of your hat?"

Debbie's flabbergasted look was enough to make the exhausted Dexter chuckle. "I was wondering why you were wearing that silly little thing."

"Laugh all you want, cow," Debbie said then snapped a picture with her phone.

"Dexter," Angel barked, "restrain Cowgirl Debbie and take her phone." Dexter, pussy juices still dripping from his face, spun on his knees to leap towards his boss.

"I've got the office e-mail list already pulled up," Debbie said before he launched. "Just one push and this picture goes to everyone." Dexter froze.

"Dexter," Angel growled, "take that camera or Jo won't remember her name tomorrow!" He saw her finger resting on the remote's trigger.

"Try me," Debbie dared him, showing him her finger on the SEND button.

"Now Dexter," Angel said, pointing the remote at Jo.

Dexter looked down at the floor, between his legs, then up again. He was caught in the middle of a hair-trigger stand-off, nude and completely unarmed. Well, almost unarmed.

"You know Debbie," he said, wiping the wet from his eyes, "your profile said you'd do something like this."

Debbie didn't buy it at first. "What profile?"

"The sexual deviance profile Miss Archer keeps on you, just like she makes for every guest of the Ranch. The one in her private office downstairs."

Now doubt crept into Debbie's camera hand, making it tremble. "No one's allowed in there."

Dexter laughed and shrugged. "It's my last day- what's she going to do to me?" He stood up off his knees, wiped a wet hand on his thigh. "I only had a few minutes in there, but it was an interesting read. Delete that picture or I'll tell everyone in the office what sick thoughts you have running around in your head."

"They'll see this picture first!"

"They'll picture what I tell them for much longer. Especially with the way you've teased the horny guys in the office. They'll jack off imagining you and your dirty fantasies every day of the week."

Debbie's lip was quivering. "You wouldn't!"

"He would," Angel laughed. "Now Dexter, grab that phone."

Dexter didn't move. "Yours was pretty interesting too, Angel. Especially the thoughts you had about... your fellow sorority members. Give me the remote and I'll never tell them."

"Jo will regret this!" Angel threatened.

"And so will you, when you get back to campus."

Angel's grip tightened on the remote, Debbie's on the camera, and Dexter put on his poker face, waiting for one of them to make the first move. There was no sound except their shallow breaths and the clock ticking on the wall.

"What have I told you cowgirls," Miss Archer laughed from the doorway, "about Ranch rules on Mexican standoffs!"

Angel lowered her eyes. "They're to be avoided," she recited sadly.

"Exactly!" the ranch owner replied. "Now Debbie, erase that picture! Angel, give me that remote! And Dexter..." She laughed. "You know full well I keep those files locked inside a combination safe. But that was an excellent bluff."

The two women shot Dexter icy looks as they followed Miss Archer's commands. He just grinned.

He was still grinning when Miss Archer added, "Since we've got two cowgirls fighting over the same man and two herd animals fighting for their freedom, it seems to me there's only one way to settle this." She tipped her hat back, smiling. "It's time we had a Rodeo."

It took the rest of the afternoon for the herd to move two viewing stands to the farm house lawn and set them up facing each other, about the width of a basketball court apart. Then they unrolled soft gymnastics mats in between the stands, making a large rectangular "Rodeo area". Lights and bug-zappers were also strung up, along with two open bars and a tent cooking the most delicious steak kabobs Dexter had ever smelled.

As dusk gave way to dark, he and Jo found themselves kneeling at one the edge of the Rodeo area, within feet of the stands. Jo's paws were gone, as was Dexter's chastity belt, but now one spreader bar kept their wrists shoulder-width apart, and another did the same to their knees. A final bar between the two spreaders forced them to stay on all fours, and almost motionless. The young Brazilian cowgirl sat behind them with a huge feather hand fan, lazily pushing air over them to keep bugs away.

He could feel every puff of air right on his exposed asshole and his shame reflex would overtake him every few minutes, making him try to jerk his thighs and buttocks shut. Of course the iron bars held and the high schooler would just giggle something to herself in Portuguese as his balls and asshole stayed completely exposed to her.

A few working cowgirls started driving the entire herd in from the fields, every man's cock free but their hands Hooved. The rest of the cowgirls started filtering in from the house, their hair and makeup all done up.

"Dexter, I'm so sorry I got you into this," Jo whispered as some of the rich Beverly hills women clicked behind him on their high heels, chuckling at his position. Every now and then he would feel manicured set of nails just barely tickle his hanging balls or taint, followed by laughter as he squirmed.

"No, Jo, it was my fault as much as it was- oh GOD just stroke me ALREADY!" he yelled as one trophy wife got particularly devious with her nails on his balls.

"Is that you or you cock talking?" a woman's voice behind him teased.

"Isn't it one and the same?" another woman laughed.

Dexter grunted as he got ten more seconds of attention to his balls but none to his cock, and then the women walked away chuckling, towards the nearest open bar. He barely had time to catch his breath before a group of cows walked in from the fields to stand right behind Jo, taking a long look between her spread legs.

She was probably the first fully naked woman most would have seen at the Ranch, and Dexter was relieved they couldn't grab her with their Hooved hands. Their cocks, however, waved hard and dripping in front of them as they looked at her open, defenseless pussy and whispered to each other. One of them stepped closer, lowering his face towards her ass.

"Hey, enough!" Dexter barked, straining to turn his neck. "You got a look, now move on!"

The men took a step back, and the Brazilian cowgirl shooed them away. Only then did Dexter relax.

"Thank you. And I'm still sorry, what ever happens," Jo said, and Dexter knew she was sincere, even before she added, "Jo Stanborton, Sydney, Australia."

"Australia?"

"Yep. We've got some great nude beaches there, you know. Come look me up and I'll take you. If you're good I won't hide your clothes after."

Dexter tried to take her hand, and was stopped by the spreader bar. "Jo, I'll find you after this, no matter what happens!"

"I'd like that. But, what IS going to happen?" she asked with suddenly scared eyes. "They took out the remote, and even my earrings!"

"I don't know. I'm still trying to figure out why the Twins gave us an enema."

"What? They didn't give me one," Jo replied, and that's when Dexter started to get scared.

Over the next thirty minutes, he saw most cowgirls pick up a juicy kabob and a few drinks. The men of course, couldn't hold a thing. Some women let their favorite cows take a sip or two and a few bites when they asked for one, some not even after the men had begged and begged. Dexter couldn't see Angel, Debbie, Miss Archer or any of the cheerleaders in the mingling crowd. He spotted the Twins right away though. Everywhere they circulated, the busty blonds left erect, scared men with a suddenly emboldened group of women closing in on them.

Marissa broke from the crowd in a slow saunter towards Dexter and Jo, the younger Brad following her like a trained puppy. She stood in front of Dexter and let him look at her dusty cowboy boots for a second, then crouched down on her knees and let him look at something much better.

"Oh, Dexter, Dexter, Dexter," she said, rubbing a hand through his hair. "How could you come to this? You were always such a good little cow."

Dexter tried to look anywhere except the incredible tits right in front of his face. "I don't know- it was... "

Marissa shook her head and said "Always such a gentleman. Here you go." She leaned forward and plunged his nose deep into her warm cleavage then shook side to side, making him motorboat her for a good thirty seconds. She leaned back on her heels with a smile. "Feel better?"

His face was red because he knew his cock was fully hard now, and that Jo could see it. "What's going to happen? What's a Rodeo?" he asked.

Marissa shrugged. "I'll find out when you do. But I'm going over all the possibilities, and I half wish I could get in on it myself! That'd be fun, right Stardust?" She laughed and pulled down Brad's iron cock, letting it go so it slapped against his hard abs. Brad grimaced as she rolled his balls around in her hand possessively.

"Stardust?" Dexter laughed.

"That's the cow name the older women gave Brad during the tea party," Marissa said. "Those cougars were really hounding our young stud. They would have given him a lot more if I hadn't been there to save him!"

"They would have given me an orgasm!" Brad squeaked as Marissa openly stroked his cock, stopping seconds before he came.

"Oh, you don't want a silly old orgasm, not a young virile cow like you," she laughed, toying with his red erection again. Marissa turned to look at the naked Jo as if she was appraising an antique table. "So this is the girl it's all for, huh?"

She let go of Brad's cock and walked around Jo. She slid a hand down the smooth lines of Jo's back, over her butt, then along the inside of her legs. "Not too many miles on this one, Dex. Good posture, nice shocks, should be a pretty sweet ride if you can tame her." Marissa reared back and gave Jo's naked ass a loud spank, bringing a flush to the kneeling woman's cheeks. Both sets of them.

"Just hope it was worth it," Marissa laughed, and then dragged Brad away by his hard cock. "Come on Stardust, let's fill your young balls up some more."

Jo's cheeks burned red and she turned to Dexter angrily. "And she was your favorite cowgirl before me?"

"She's usually nicer," Dexter muttered. And then Miss Archer was walking to the center of the padded Rodeo Area with a bullhorn in hand.

"Ladies and Domesticated Animals," she said, her voice carrying to the hills. "Thank you for attending our impromptu Rodeo. We usually hold one each year to close out the ranching season, but special circumstances have caused us to move the schedule up."

She walked over to where Dexter and Jo knelt, smiled down at them. "These two pets here," she continued into the bullhorn, "will have a chance tonight to win their freedom, and live out the rest of their Ranch time as humans. If," she smiled evilly, "they can resist their animal urges."

Dexter gulped, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

"But first our visiting cheerleader team would like to perform a routine to get all of our 'spirits' up! Please give them a warm welcome!"

The cheerleading team burst out from the farm house door, running, skipping and tumbling towards the stands in their matching outfits. Pink cowgirl-in-training hats, the loops tied tightly under their chins so they wouldn't fall off. On top, sleeveless leather riding vests tied closed across the front with a shoelace and nothing else. Each girl's young breasts threatened to slip out the sides or burst the tight shoelace with every bounce they took, but somehow they always stayed hidden. On bottom they wore tiny white ruffle skirts pulled low on their hips yet still barely covering the bottom of their smooth asscheeks. And in the middle of that barefoot group of energetic girls, huffing to keep up, was Buttercup.

The man wore glasses and nothing else, no belt or hooves, and his average-sized dick was already bouncing steel hard in front of him as he ran to the center of the mat. The cheerleaders formed up around him, and for one second everything was still. Then one of them hit play on the boombox she was carrying, and suddenly all the girls were in motion, perfectly timed to the blasting rap song.

From his knees Dexter got a better view than most; as the front line kicked he was looking right up into the girls' white-pantied crotches. The one closest to him caught him staring and gave Dexter a knowing wink and a little extra hip shake as she kicked extra high. He blushed and tried to look elsewhere.

Other parts of the crowd had pretty good views, too. Four of the girls were doing handsprings from one end of the mat to the other, their tiny skirts flipping up for all the world to see. The girls weren't wearing the usual wide tumbling panties that covered all of a cheerleader's butt, they were wearing thin white thongs that wedged deeper with each motion, exposing more and more of their firm, golden young asses as the routine went on. Some of the cows started getting agitated.

The girls at the corners played on that, each doing a wide legged split with their backs to the crowd. They went lower and lower until they were laying on the mat, their torso and legs forming a perfect 'T'. Then they rolled their hips naughtily against the mats and blew kisses over their shoulders, teasing the cows who were literally feet away from their fully exposed, stretched legs and thong-covered asses, but could do nothing about it. The men groaned and pounded their hooves against the stands in frustration, their cocks all pointing skyward and begging for the touch that didn't come.

When the four girls lowered their heads to the mat and raised their asses slightly, pushing their barely-covered pussies towards the crowd as if their nubile bodies were just begging for a hard fucking, more than a few men had to be restrained by cowgirls as they tried to rush the mats.

As tough as it was for the crowd, Dexter thought Buttercup had it worse. The routine called for one pyramid after another, and Butter was at the center of each one. Sometimes they just boosted a girl to sit on his shoulders, her warm thighs on either side of his head. Sometimes the girl would be lifted onto his shoulders, and he

would have to hold onto her soft bare feet while looking up her skirt, but still trying to concentrate. Sometimes he would have to hold a tiny girl up with his balled fist under her ass, while another cheerleader held his ass for stability and snickered. But the dismounts were the worst.

It seemed like every girl was going to have a chance at the top of the pyramid, and as each one came down, they toyed with him in a different way. Some twirled and made him do a basket catch, forcing the man to grab a handful of their bare ass or legs to keep them off the ground. Some slid down his back like he was a fire pole, their warm skin pressing everywhere against his. The bolder ones slid down his front, laughing as his hard dick poked their ass before they stepped over it. But every girl gave him a big kiss on the cheek and a bat of his hard cock before they skipped away. Near the end of the routine, his cheeks were covered with lipstick kisses and his cock was pouring pre-cum, ready to explode without even being stroked once.

Dexter groaned on his friend's behalf, watching the devilish pixies bend and contort their bodies just out of, and sometimes inside, Buttercup's grasp, yet just laugh and ignore his cock. The routine ended right as the song did, one girl draped on Buttercup's left leg, one on his right, another on his shoulders, and the captain of the team doing a tumble ending in a handstand right in front of the quivering man, balancing perfectly so her long legs pointed at the sky and then tipping over to rest her toned calves against his lips.

The females of the crowd exploded into cheers as the men just groaned in pain, eyes devouring each smiling co-ed. Every cheerleader held her position pressed around Buttercup as the claps continued. Dexter saw him tremble and say something to which the girl on his left gave him a hard spank. "Tough it out," Dexter heard her laugh.

"Very good girls!" Miss Archer said into the bullhorn and the formation peeled themselves away from the desperate man one nymph at a time. The long-legged cheer captain was last, rubbing her calves then her feet over his lips and laughing as Buttercup couldn't keep himself from kissing them. She pretended to act shocked and the girl twenty five years his junior dragged the man away by his hard cock, to the cheer of the crowd.

Miss Archer strutted back to center stage. "Now, for the main event!" She smiled down at Dexter and Jo. "These two animals say they want to be free. But I say they are prisoners of their lust! And the Rodeo will decide! Angel, Debbie, enter, please!"

The farm house doors opened again and the tiny Asian girl and Dexter's boss walked out, small bikini tops covering their breasts. They also wore smooth pink strap-ons.

Angel seemed perfectly at ease with the harness around her waist and legs, swinging her hips so that the pink cock wagged as she walked. Debbie was flustered and embarrassed, hands alternately trying to cover her pussy under the strap-on or her bare butt behind her. Angel came to stand confidently facing Jo, Debbie anxiously in front of Dexter.

Looking at the size of the six-inch strap-ons, Dexter started pulling at his bonds. Miss Archer just smiled at his struggle and went over to Debbie, stroking her strap-on as she talked. "Each rider will mount their beast and I will start a five minute timer."

"The first the beast to throw their rider regains their right of orgasm for life. The second beast to do so, only gains freedom for one day." Jo and Dexter looked at each other, shocked. One of them would have to lose.

"However, the first beast to give in to the pleasure the rider is delivering and orgasm on the mat loses their right to orgasms for another two weeks-" She looked at Dexter significantly. "Even if they are leaving the Ranch!" Cowgirls cheered. "The second beast to orgasm, only for one week."

"Finally," Miss Archer said, quieting the crowd with her hand, "to make it interesting, we've decided to use double-sided dildoes for this Rodeo." She whacked down on the stiff cock protruding from Debbie's crotch and Dexter's boss mewed in pleasure, clenching her thighs. "Each of our riders will be just as full as our mounts, so it is possible that a wily mount could buck and thrust in the right way to turn the tables and make our riders orgasm." Miss Archer grinned widely, the crowd straining to hear her next words.

"If that happens, then the rider who came will lose their rights to orgasm for two weeks, and become pets to the mount!"

Dexter's eyes got large. His cock-teasing boss, not allowed to cum for two weeks and at his mercy? The thought made his balls pull up and almost empty right then, which was exactly the problem. He met Debbie's eyes and both could read each other's thoughts for a moment.

"Riders, take your positions!" Miss Archer cried, and then Dexter felt a slick finger suddenly penetrate his asshole. He whipped his head around to see Toni lubing up his ass.

"Thank me later, Dex," she giggled as her sister Tina did Jo's pussy, longer and deeper than was required. Jo was already moaning in need when Tina pulled her slick fingers out.

"Dexter," Jo moaned, "I'll just cum- I won't fight it. That way the worst you can get is one week."

Dexter was watching in fear as the Twins lubed up the women's strap-ons, and shook his head. "Jo, no, try to throw Angel- she's half your size! Or try to make her cum!"

"Don't you get it, that's a trap!" Jo hissed. "You'd know that if you'd ever taken a cock! The more you thrust and push back to try to get them off, the closer you'll get yourself! You'll be handing yourself to Debbie!"

"No, I think that-"

"Miss Archer! Mind if I join this Rodeo?" All eyes turned to see the source of the yell, which was a smiling Marissa, standing on the mat next to an utterly shocked Brad.

"Three may get a little crowded," the owner mused, "but I'll adjust the rules accordingly." Marissa smiled and dragged the still shocked young stud out next to Dexter and Jo.

"Any reason," Miss Archer asked, "that you decided to jump in?"

Marissa stuck her hands deep in her shorts pockets, mosy-ed over behind Dexter, then suddenly crouched and grabbed his cock and started stroking. "Everyone knows that Dexter is my favoritest little cow and that we had so much fun on our ride together, didn't we Dex?"

Dexter couldn't even speak- Marissa's strokes were perfect, firm, her slick fingers sliding over every part of his cock in the way that would make him spill his seed on the mat in just another-

Marissa stopped stroking, leaving him stranded on the edge. "So I wanted to see him lose access to his cock for two weeks up close and personal! And besides," she added, standing up and slapping Brad on the butt, "this one's an ass virgin! He might cum right in the gate, and then I get him for two whole weeks!"

Miss Archer chuckled. "Very well. It will take about fifteen minutes to get you outfitted. Twins, why don't you spend the time 'preparing' Brad's tight opening? Oh, and where's our cheer squad? Maybe they can entertain us for a few more minutes."

The Twins forced the trembling Brad to all fours and spent the next fifteen minutes slowly sliding their tiny slick fingers in and out of his ass, while using their other slick hands to tease his tight egg-sized balls and stroke his cock. They brought him to the edge of orgasm time and again, laughing as he begged them not to make his chances at winning even worse.

The cheer team ran Buttercup out to center stage for a game the captain called "Blind Man's Boner." One of the team, a smaller, curvy girl with good sized breasts and shapely thighs, stood in front of Buttercup and moved his hands over

her hourglass shape, as if he was blind. Then she slid her panties down her legs while he licked his lips. Suddenly the captain of the team blindfolded him and yelled, "If you can find the bare pussy you can fuck it!" And all the girls scattered, giggling but staying on the mat.

The next fifteen minutes were torment for Buttercup. The crowd laughed as he lumbered blindly around the mat, the girls skipping away from his arms at the last second, giggling. When he finally did catch one, she let him rub his hands all over tiny breasts and long legs, then laughed as he yelled in frustration when he realized it was the wrong girl. Two or three other girls including the leggy captain let themselves get caught just to increase his horniness and his despair when they were the wrong shape.

What the crowd saw but he did not, was the short curvy cheerleader slip her panties back on after five minutes. Now the women were crying with laughter as the man lurched from one giggling girl to another, always hoping this would be the one.

Buttercup actually found the original girl in the swirling, giggling mix and the crowd laughed even harder his face lit up under the blindfold, his hands feeling her large breasts and wide hips. And then he dared to sneak his hands under her skirt to find panties over her crotch. He bellowed as she danced away laughing.

Not caring anymore, he fell to his knees and started stroking his desperate cock to the release it needed. The cheer captain skipped in and knocked his hands away with her long nimble feet. "Three minutes left!" she teased. "We won't let you cum at all if you don't find her!"

Buttercup grew frantic. Each girl he caught now he threw down on the mat without preamble and ran his hands over her covered breasts, then up her smooth legs to her crotch. And each time his fingers met that soft cotton guarding their treasure he yelled in despair and pounded the mat.

He had thrown every one of the sexy cheerleaders down twice and run his hands along their legs, pussies and tight asses enough to fulfill a life-time of stroke fantasies when the cheer captain called time and removed his blindfold. So he could see the short curvy girl sitting on her butt five feet in front of him, her panties dangling from a finger and her knees apart to show her slightly moist pussy to him.

The Twins had to use the thumb-cuffs on him then, to keep Buttercup from touching her as the girl slowly slid her panties up her curvy legs right in front of him. The cheer team led the sweating, shaking erect man to the stands as the crowd gave them a standing ovation.

By then Marissa had swaggered out of the farmhouse, her own lubed, pink strap-on sprouting from her crotch. She kneeled behind Brad and grabbed his hip. "Ready, Miss Archer!"

"Please, please, please, don't do this," Brad begged as the tip of her cock brushed the edges of his slick asshole.

"Hush young'un. This will be a good learning experience for ya," Marissa laughed and then slid her cock into Brad's ass. The tall muscular man squealed as she slid forward and back to get comfortable, finally resting her knees outside of his.

"Yes, Jo, you too will learn much from this," Angel giggled and slid her cock into Jo's pussy. Jo grunted and then flushed as Angel reached around to tease Jo's clit with a few deft fingers. Dexter could see she wouldn't last long. Then he felt the sudden probing at his own asshole.

"And don't think I don't know what you were thinking," Debbie said in a low voice. "I know you'd love to have me as a sex slave for two weeks. Well, don't forget this." She forced her cock into his tight ass, making him moan. "I'm your boss."

Dexter's ass fell full, impossibly full. Debbie's warm thighs pressed against the back of his, both her hands gripped his hipbones and he could feel her breath on his spine, her soft breasts pressed against his back. It was a very intimate position and his dick did start to tingle and grow towards full hardness again. Oh god, no-please no! he thought.

"Go!" Miss Archer yelled and suddenly he was getting fucked.

The first minute was a blur of animal instinct- he tried to run away from the cock in his ass and it followed him wherever he crawled. Debbie rode him like an expert steeplechaser, leaving no space between their bodies. Somewhere off to his side he heard Marissa whoop and Jo make a low moan.

He reached the edge of the mat, stopped, and decided to turn the tables on Debbie. He locked his arms and thrust his ass back in rhythm against the cock violating it. The crowd cheered, assuming they were watching a straight man give in to lust and beg for more from the woman fucking his ass. Dexter smiled as even Debbie grunted and gripped him more urgently. And then the tingling started radiating from his butt.

His balls tightened to his body and his full cock started shaking. Oh god, no! "I'm going to fuck you like this over my desk!" Debbie hissed into his ear, her hips matching his rhythm expertly. "Make you cum all over my carpet!"

Dexter panicked, clenching the muscle at the base of his cock as he galloped in a zig-zag towards the center, trying to throw her. Debbie gripped her arms tightly around his waist as she laughed. "Run, boy, run! Tire yourself out so I can fuck you properly!"

Dexter shook his ass side to side as he neared the other couples. Marissa was riding the bucking Brad effortlessly, laughing and waving her hat in the air as if

she was just biding her time. Angel, however, had Jo pinned in a classic face-down ass-up position and was going for home.

"Yeah, you like that?" she sneered, reaching around to squeeze Jo's tits as she fucked her faster and faster. "You like having a girl's cock in you? Yeah, you like it!"

Dexter saw Jo's lower lip quivering and knew she wasn't resisting any longer. After days of teasing, her pussy just wanted release! Dexter reached out as he galloped by and shoved Angel in the ass, throwing the tiny girl off her rhythm. "Fight it Jo! Fight!"

Jo growled and started whipping Angel side to side with the sudden brute strength of a woman denied a long building orgasm. The teenager struggled to stay on. Dexter collapsed with the effort of crawling that far with a grown woman on his back and Debbie really started fucking him.

"That's right Dexter- take it!" she laughed, lengthening her strokes. Her pink cock's full length plunged in and out of his ass as the crowd cheered. Debbie pushed his head down to the mat and planted her feet securely, fucking him downward into the ground. "I'm going to love doing this back in the real world! We'll fuck as much as I've always wanted to- except you'll be getting all the rug burns!"

Dexter couldn't even swallow. His balls were clenched hard and tight against his body, his dick freely leaking. He was going to cum! He could see the women in the stands cheering for his downfall. Smirking rich trophy wives and giggling barefoot cheerleaders. Red-headed Millie, of course, enjoying every second of his humiliation. Athletic Kimmi just smiling and shaking her head at him. The Twins, each with a hand slipped under their waistbands. Their sister's, of course. And Miss Archer with her knowing smile, ticking down the seconds until her Yale education predicted he would cum from having a dick sliding in and out of his ass.

The wonderful tingle started building in his balls. "Yes... " he hissed, finally giving in and spreading his knees to let Debbie in deeper. That's when Marissa leapt off Brad and shoved Debbie out of him.

The cock disappeared from his ass and he saw everything around him in one brief second of crystal clarity. Jo and Angel were wrestling, but Angel was winning, forcing Jo onto her back. Brad was as stunned as he was, still on his knees. Marissa was just getting up to all fours dazed, as was Debbie. Dexter saw his opening.

He was on the sexy woman, ripping out her strap-on before she could think. Then he flipped her onto her back with his strong arms and plunged his dick into her, using his shoulders to spread her legs wide open. Dexter smiled as the warm silky wetness welcomed his dick, and he grabbed her tiny ankles and started fucking her like an animal.

"OOOOhhhhho!" Debbie squealed. She fought for an instant, then Dexter could feel her whole body beg for him. She started moving her ankles towards her head and Dexter helped, until he had his boss bent in half, her pussy as open as humanly possible. "NoooOOOoo! No!" she begged.

"Yes," Dexter hissed into her ear, then kissed her. Her pussy responded and her breath fluttered, and Dexter knew he had her racing towards orgasm. But would it be fast enough? He looked up.

Angel had Jo on her back too, and also had Jo's ankles pinned around her head. But the tiny girl had somehow reversed her position, so she was standing and fucking towards Jo's ass, not her face. The teenager smiled at Dexter and started pile-driving Jo. Dexter fucked Debbie as fast as his muscles would let him. His fingers found her nipples as his shoulders held her feet around his ears.

"No! NO!" Debbie yelled, but then her mouth quivered, as if she had forgotten how to form words. She opened her eyes to look into Dexter's, then orgasmed as he kissed her passionately. Dexter heard Jo and Angel scream out in ecstasy at exactly the same moment.

"Time!" Miss Archer yelled, laughing.

The outdoor hot tub was usually reserved for cowgirls only, but tonight an exception had been made. Dexter and Brad soaked their tired muscles along with Angel, Jo, Debbie and Marissa under the twinkling night sky.

"So does anyone know what just happened?" Debbie asked. "Did anyone win at all?"

"All I know is I get to cum tonight," Brad boasted. "I threw my rider."

"I jumped off, boy," Marissa laughed. "That doesn't count. I might keep you bottled up and teased for another whole week, just for thinking it does."

"Awww, come on!" Brad whined, but his suddenly hard cock poked above the waist-high water at the same time.

"Ahhh, I love nineteen-year old cocks," Marissa laughed. "You can always tell what they're thinking!"

"It's you girls in those little bikinis!" he said, gesturing to the tiny black triangles over each woman's nipples. "Nothing else!"

"Sure it is." Marissa licked her fingertips and started swirling them around Brad's exposed cockhead. "Don't worry, I'll make it fun for you," she purred. He squirmed and blushed, but didn't pull away.

"So it doesn't count either that I was thrown off," Debbie said. "Because it was Marissa and not Dexter who did it!"

"Yes, but you came before time was called," Angel said, "just like my little puppy here." She threw her arm around Jo's shoulders, and now it was time for someone else to blush and squirm. Angel lightly traced her fingers around the large areas of Jo's breast that weren't covered by the tiny black triangle and, to Dexter's amazement, Jo just snuggled into the teenager's side.

"You came too," she muttered, looking down.

"Yes, but I was the rider," Angel replied. "That means I get you for another week." Angel's hand slipped down Jo's side, under the water. But it was very obvious to everyone that her fingers had slipped inside Jo's bikini bottom. Jo just bit her lip as a flush rose to her cheeks.

"No, that means Jo gets you," Dexter argued, looking at Jo slightly peeved.

Angel just laughed and winked at him. "Same thing. We're both very happy at who was wearing the strap-on, right Jo?"

Jo just nodded and gripped the sides of the tub hard. Angel was definitely fingering her under the water.

"Jo!" Dexter cried.

"I still like cock, Dex," she panted as Angel looked at him innocently. "And when you-mmmmm- come find me in Australia I'll be a cockteasing cowgirl just like you want. I just want to-aaah!- explore Angel while I'm at the Ranch."

"And my strap-on wants to explore her. Win-win!"

"Ohh!" Marissa giggled, still grasping Brad's cock. "My boy likes that!" She stroked him. "Little twitches always tell the truth! You want to watch Angel and Jo go at it?" Brad blushed, then finally nodded. "It will cost you... three days of not cumming!" The girls laughed when Brad's face fell. "Sleep on it," Marissa laughed, letting go of his twitching shaft. "I can wait!"

"I can't," Dexter growled. "Come on, Jo, let's get out of here. We need to finish what we started before I leave."

"Oh, Dex, I just can't," Jo said sadly. "After all that pounding at the Rodeo, my pussy can't take anything else in it tonight!"

"I guess my cock can't either, even though my balls are telling it differently," Dexter laughed.

"I can!" Brad begged. His rock hard erection still waved above the water. "Someone? Please! I really need to cum!"

"Stop wining," Marissa laughed. "If you don't whine again until bedtime I'll do that thing you really like." Now Brad really blushed, then clamped his jaw shut. Even when Marissa started to lazily trace one fingernail up and down his shaft while pressing her great tits against his arm.

"I really hate doing that thing he likes," she explained to the girls, making them laugh.

"Wait," Jo said, pushing Angel's hand away and looking at Dexter. "You rode Debbie and she came... that means... you get her too."

"That didn't count!" Debbie whined.

"Dexter mounted you," Marissa said, still teasing Brad's cock. "And you came. You're his bitch."

"There's no way Dexter could have fucked me that hard without cumming! He cheated!"

"That is a little weird, Dex," Jo said. "You didn't last that long when you were in me."

"He did when he was in me," Marissa said with a big smile. "With the help of some desensitizing cream!"

Debbie pointed at her. "That's why you rubbed his dick fifteen minutes before the Rodeo! You had cream in your pocket!"

Marissa shrugged, making her great tits roll and Brad gulp. "A girl scout's always prepared! And I had to help out my favorite cow."

"See, it doesn't count!" Debbie gasped, pounding the water with her hand. "Why are you all laughing?"

"Miss Archer's Ranch rules," Angel answered between chuckles. "No matter what she says, her first rule has always been 'Nothing leaves the Ranch'. It's up to us what we do in the Real World. Even Dexter. So relax."

Debbie crossed her arms in front of her chest but did relax lower into the hot water. In the crowded tub, that meant one of her smooth legs now rested on Dexter's thigh. He didn't move it.

"All I know is that I'm glad to be wearing clothes again," Jo said. "Even just a bikini! How do you do it Dexter, being naked all the time around us?"

"It's not easy. But it's easier if a woman is demanding it. Lots of practice helps, but it's still a little bit of a rush-" He blushed and cut himself off, realizing that Debbie was looking at him very wickedly. And that his boss was clothed while his cock and balls were still visible to her under the calm, hot water.

"You used up all of this year's vacation coming here," she said with a smile. "You won't get another for 6 months. It'd be a shame if Dexter forgot all his good Ranch training before he saw you again, don't you think... Jo?"

Dexter choked. "Now hold on-"

Jo sat up in the tub, drawing Dexter's eyes to the little rivers of water that ran around her nice breasts. "That would be a shame. He's learned to cum only once a week here. Back home, he probably comes once a day!"

"No, I... " Dexter started when all female heads turned to him. "Look, that doesn't-"

"And I know I don't want him going shy when I leave him stranded on a nude beach with just a hard-on and my girlfriends for a few hours," Jo added.

Debbie smiled. "I could arrange for him to work at home every Friday, set up a little web-cam, make sure he does it in the nude. And our places are close enough, I could drop in randomly over the weekend to make sure he doesn't dress until Monday."

"Three days a week should keep him trained until I see him again," Jo agreed. "But what about his whacking off habit?"

Debbie smiled again. "We'll give the poor boy Sunday's off. But Monday's through Saturday, I'll give him the choice of leaving the office in a cock cage or leaving with me. I don't mind watching him some nights." Debbie's leg slid possessively around his.

"I don't want the two of you having sex," Jo worried. "He's still my boyfriend- I don't want him penetrating another woman. Or vice versa!"

"Oral only?" Debbie offered.

"Him giving and you receiving only," Jo countered. "And only for the next six months."

"Deal!" Debbie chirped, extending her hand.

"Deal!" Jo replied, shaking it. "Do you agree, Dexter?"

Dexter was about to yell his response but then his cock poked out of the water, waving painfully hard for all to see.

"Fuck," he muttered.

- The End