

Barnyard Bitch

Lindsey Greene

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Stumbling around in the dark half drunk, her cell phone dead and car in a ditch, Charlotte's night was going from bad to worse in record time with no signs of improving anytime soon. Desperate to get home as quickly as possible not only to use the toilet, but to put the night behind her, she climbed over a wooden rail fence at the back of a large farm and made her way across – sticking to the shadows and careful not to spook the horses lazily grazing for a late night meal.

As she neared a large barn, Charlotte could hear faint moans and cries. Curiosity piqued, she tip-toed over to the dwelling and peered in through a partially opened window. Eyes growing wide, hand slapping over her mouth to stifle the shocked gasp, she saw a woman at the left end of the barn strung up from the rafters while several men took turns striking her with floggers, belts, canes and paddles. And at the other end, three women were down on all fours and locked in stocks as a Doberman, Sheppard and black lab took them as if they were nothing more than bitches for their use.

Like watching a train wreck, Charlotte found it almost impossible to turn away as her eyes darted left and right. But she was not the only one watching. In a small room off to the left, sat a naked man named Brent whose sole job was running and maintaining the recording equipment that captured everything inside and out. And as he laid eyes on Charlotte, he grinned. Dressed in a simple white blouse and skirt, her long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail giving him a clear view of her stunning features, his perverted mind went into action.

Stepping out through the back of the barn, Brent snuck around the side of the building and up behind Charlotte. Grabbing her arms, he held her wrists with one hand and clapped his other over her mouth. “Like what you see, cunt?” Charlotte struggled to free herself, but Brent's grip was tight. “Trespassing and peeping are illegal so unless you want to go to prison I'd stop struggling and keep your mouth shut if I were you. Understood?”

Charlotte nodded and when the hand was moved from her mouth, she pleaded. “Please, I just cutting through to get home. Let me go and I'll forget everything I've seen here.”

“Honey, you're not going anywhere just yet. Now shut your mouth and listen because I'll only say this once. I can take you into the house and call the police to have you arrested, or we can go into the barn and have a little fun.”

“F-Fun? What kind of fun?”

“You saw what was going on in there.”

“You can't be serious!” Charlotte said a little too loudly, catching the attention of several men within who looked directly at her frightened face and two of them came out to see what was going on. “T-Th-They're getting fucked by dogs!”

“So they are. The choice is yours. A night of humiliating and degrading sex, or years in prison for trespassing, peeping and assault.”

“Assault? But I never...”

“Pretty sure I just saw you slap him across the face, “Jacob smirked. “What in the hell is going on out here Brent? Who is this pretty little cunt?”

“My name is Charlotte, not cunt. Now let me go!”

“Well, Charlotte, I don't know who the fuck you are and despite the posted signs you're trespassing on my property. Steve, call the police and get this bitch out of here.” Turning to go back into the barn, he stopped when Charlotte spoke.

“WAIT!”

“I gave you a choice,” Brent said. “Prison or sex. Make up your mind now, but be warned that if you go into the barn you won’t be coming out until we’re finished playing with you.”

“I don’t want to go to jail.”

“Are you saying you’ll let us have our way with you?”

“I don’t want to have sex with dogs, if that’s what you’re asking. I just want to go home and forget I saw anything.”

“That’s not one of your choices. Now, there are two things I want to hear out of your pretty little mouth. Call the police, or Have your way with me. Make your choice.”

Weighing her options and finding neither appealing, Charlotte tried to pull free, but Brent’s grip remained firm. Looking back into the barn, she saw the dogs humping their hindquarters like jackhammers into the moaning women’s pussies. She saw the men spanking, flogging and caning the woman at the other end of the building and her heart sank in her chest even as her belly filled with butterflies. Every fiber of her being telling her she was going to regret the decision, she made it none the less. Hanging her head, she let out a pathetic sigh. “Have your way with me.”

“Just so we’re all on the same page here, you’re giving us permission to fuck you however we see fit for as long as we see fit, correct?”

“Yes. Just do it and get it over with.”

“We’re going to need to hear you say the words.”

“I’m giving you permission to fuck me however you see fit, for as long as you see fit,” Charlotte said, her face going red. Inhaling sharply, she froze as her blouse was ripped open and her breasts groped by Jacob. Letting go of her wrists, Brent tore her skirt and panties off and stared at her perky backside. Liking what he was seeing, he grabbed her by the waist, pulled her ass back and shoved into her pussy hard and deep. “Uuhhnnn! O-Oh my god!” she exclaimed as Brent took her from behind.

Placing a hand on the back of Charlotte’s head, Jacob guided her down to his throbbing hard cock. Slapping it against her right cheek and then the left, he pressed it against her lips. When they parted, he thrust down her throat. Unused to taking anything so deep and hard from either end, Charlotte choked, pulled back to take Brent deeper and then moved forward only to gag anew.

“You saw what the women in there were doing. Are you giving us permission to do that to you as well?”

“Yeph,” Charlotte said, Jacob’s dick ramming in and out of her throat.

“We’re going to need to hear you say the words.”

“I said I give you permission to fuck me however you want. What more do you want from me?”

“Say the words.”

“I don’t want to.”

“Then you’re going to jail.”

“God dammit! Fine! I give you permission to do to me what those women are doing,” Charlotte said, her stomach churning at the thought of being taken by a dog. But she kept telling herself one night of humiliating and degrading sex was worth it if it kept her out of jail.

“You’re going to have to be more specific,” Brent said as he pulled out of Charlotte’s pussy and pushed into her ass.

“Uhn...please take it ease. I don’t do a lot of anal.”

“Honey, you’ll be an anal queen by the time we’re done with you. Now say the words. Tell us what you want to do.”

“I...I give you permission to...to...oh god this is so fucking disgusting. I give you permission to make the dogs fuck me like they are the other women.”

“And what those men are doing at the other end of the barn?”

“Yes. God damn it! I give you permission to fuck me however the fuck you fucking like, now just get it over with so I can go home.”

“Get on all fours and crawl into the barn. It’s going to take the dogs a little while to recover after they finish mating their bitches, but there are plenty of men inside to keep you occupied.”

Making as if she were dropping down onto her hands and knees, Charlotte grabbed her skirt and blouse and ran across the farm like a bat out of hell. But she was not alone. Looking back over her shoulder she saw Jacob, Brent and Steve giving chase. Heart thumping in her chest, she dodged around a large, round bale of hay and stumbled as her left foot dropped into a dip in the field. Managing to right herself quickly, she put every ounce of energy into getting as far ahead of her pursuers as possible. Unfortunately, the further she got from the barn, the darker it grew. Unable to see where she was going, she tumbled head over heel as she tripped over a large branch that had fallen from an oak.

Jacob was the first to reach Charlotte and he pounced on her like a wild animal hunting its next meal. Hand pressed firmly against her mouth, he glared into her dark brown eyes. “You know what, we gave you a chance to avoid going to jail, but that offer is no longer on the table. You’re going to learn a very valuable lesson in what happens to trespassers and peepers.” Brent and Steve caught up and Jacob continued. “Take the bitch’s shirt and bind her arms and legs and then gag her with her skirt.”

Brent picked up the white blouse and proceeded to rip it into strips as Steve did the same to Charlotte’s long skirt. Balling up the first strip of cloth, Steve jammed it into her mouth and then used another to keep it in place – tying it off tightly behind her head while Brent secured her arms behind her back followed by her feet. Flipping her onto her belly, they tied her wrists and ankles together and then picked her up like a captured animal and carried her back to the barn.