

Hot Days and Nights in Chihuahua

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Adult Content Warning - this story contains adult themes, including non-consensual sexual acts such as slavery, BDSM and bondage and death. This is a work of fiction and/or fantasy. If you are under the lawful age for such materials (usually 18) or if you would find such material offensive, please go elsewhere.

Categories: BDSM, Slave

Hot. The operative word was HOT!

I trudged along behind Irene and Donna with Alicea, Maddie and Sue behind. We traversed slowly a roasting plain of pea gravel and sifting sands.

I had no one to blame except for myself. What was I to do, to do, to do!

It had began when I met Bob Johnson. A simple man he was with a great black beard. He had plenty of money which I enjoyed even more. He even promised marriage which made me glow.

Then he was shot down by the sheriff for robbing a train. Darn fool for getting caught! With his dying words, he told me where he had hid the loot. Foolishly, I thought only I knew or suspected what he had told me.

I hired five guys, the Clancy gang, to protect me and to help get the stolen gold. The Clancy gang I had thought were halfway honorable and perhaps they were among the human scum from which I had to choose. Tall, dirty and bearded, the Clancys rode north and east with me into the dry and boiling Superstition Mountains where the ghost of the Dutchman lived.

Behind us were Bob Johnson's friends, thirty of them, who trailed us relentlessly and invisibly. Later, I found them tall, dirty, bearded and smelly. King Clancy suspected pursuit but could not shake them.

Sighting through a Saguaro cactus with a trident top with all three spikes twisted to the west by a freak of growth, we discovered the treasure hole and removed its contents: a cool half million in gold. That's when King Clancy had me seized and casually remarked: "Thanks mam, now lets us celebrate some before we head south."

"South?" I quipped.

"South. Pretty young blondes are apt to fetch a good price in Chihuahua this time of year." King Clancy smiled through gritty tobacco stained teeth as he unbuttoned his pants dropping them to his ankles. A large dick had pushed out through his yellowed underdrawers which stared hungrily at my body. He had obviously been anticipating this moment for some time.

His cohorts had seized my arms as I stood in stupid surprise. Now they ripped away my brown cloth gown and then my white chemise. They grinned as they played with my titties as I kicked and screamed.

Soon enough I was on my back with four guys holding me spread in an X while the King stuffed himself into my trembling, frightened twat. In-between fucks I would be kicked in the ribs or crotch to keep me

respectful and not to bite. Only the King wanted a repeat.

He had me seated and personally wrapped my wrists behind me with strips from my gown. He told me to suck dick. I refused. He took out a Bowie knife and began stroking my thighs with it, whetting my appetite. I reconsidered and tenderly licked his dick with my wet, red tongue. Soon he had me gagging with my blonde curls squeezed tightly against his crotch.

The next few nights we headed southward into the Sonoran Desert which steadily became less and less appealing. I rode with wrists bound behind and gagged in the saddle. My crotch was roped to the front horn and my ankles secured into the stirrups. They allowed me my battered chemise as a very brief cover against the summer sun.

I served them supper and then dessert in bed in turns each night. Two or three would jump me each night with another pumping my bones or my mouth during the day. Of course I was up early, still bound, to make breakfast and load the mules with the gold bullion.

Three days later Bob Johnson's pals noticed our burden and overtook us. Bullets whizzed and ricochetted. The Clancy's outmanned and outgunned died in their boots with lead in their bellies. They took six of the enemy with them.

My new owners kicked me in the belly and head before inspecting the gold. Satisfied, they returned to me tearing off my chemise to check out my full bosom, flat belly and fine thighs. They smiled. I frowned.

"Lady, you led us a merry chase for our gold."

"Yours? Why I—" I ventured before being shut up with a rifle butt to the back of head.

"You owe us. Six fine men dead for your greed and thievery." His pants dropped down. Twenty four men to be satisfied. "Your body will do fine. And you will fetch a fine price and earn a living south of the border, too."

Four guys pulled me back and open. I shivered and trembled as the first shoved inside my straw yellow tuft of hair between white thighs. It took hours to finish off the troop from Hell. The guys helped, moving my ass as I tired, biting my nipples and whipping my cunt and thighs with a horse whip.

At least I did not have to serve supper. They left me tied with strips from my chemise, hand and foot. Three other barefoot brown skinned sluts hurried around the camp preparing dinner for the men and slop for the whores. I soon learned their names as Maddie, Donna and Irene. Three Mexican girls that the boys had hustled up to help on their trip.

We all served as best we could. We all hurried off to market following our tethers so that the men could earn a little extra money

to spend on booze, food and women. In the morning, I was popped into an old slip of Donna's. This was not for modesty, it was to protect my skin from undue burning.

Too many horses had been lost in the fighting as well as the stubborn but strong backed mules. The men instead packed us with some gold bars strapped over our backs and hitched our necks together with Donna up front noosed to a dark brown mare. Moving amazingly fast we crossed rolling barren hills and dusky plains and crossed over the Mexican-American border.

South of Nogales, the guys razed a farm and escorted Alicea and Sue off before the ashes were cold along with food and water for the long trip south. Both were dark haired and in their teens. Testing them, they were found to be virgins and declared off limits until sold.

We other sluts groaned. We still had an average of six men each to screw. The new girls trailed us veteran whores wondering what was to become of them and the meaning of the V painted on their foreheads and thighs. In camp their knees would be roped for good measure pressing luscious thighs tight together.

That is pretty much my tale of woe. Chihuahua is in sight now, adobe buildings and rock walls. Young children skip by tossing pebbles at us and screaming insults. Our bare legs plod on, well hardened by miles of footwork.

Ahead are the corrals of the Hacienda de Miguel where we would be quartered, dunked and prettied. The guys had been unhappy the night before because we would not fetch as high a price as thought. A bunch of European immigrants had been interviewed in New Orleans and now waited for sale tomorrow. We would be only six of over 200 females that had to be sold tomorrow.

These Europeans, mostly Germans and Italians, had mostly been suckered into a tour of the Old New Orleans' French Quarter. From there, tied in bags and chewing on rags, they were shipped to Brownsville. From there they had discovered how hot it got in the Mexican hills as they marched in long lines towards Chihuahua being taught a bitter lesson that escape was not allowed.

Now, long legged with bobbing tits, they stood and watched behind the corral's rails as we approached. No point in clothing slaves when they were resting in the shade. No point in leaving their hands unfettered behind them and, perhaps, encouraging them to ponder escape and freedom.

My owner got paid his finder's fee, a few gold pieces. We were officially transferred into an old Mexican's hands. My old owner pinched my ass as he left making me jump. "Thanks for the gold, wench!"

Tomorrow I would be sold. I would ascend the high block at the Hacienda de Miguel and men would bid on my charms. I would also learn Spanish quite well in the years to come in some bordello in

Guatemala, Managua, Colon or Vera Cruz. I would be taken good care of and dressed in flimsy red silks and sheer white frills. Men liked young white and blonde ass that knew its place.

I should have never slept with Bob Johnson. I wished that I hated gold. The gold that I had exchanged for a whorehouse and life long service. Greed sucks. So do I nowadays and in the future on my knees.