**A Really Big Show**

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There are two shows on Friday night before the guests leave the Lazy X dude ranch and fly back home Saturday morning. One is a talent contest. The cowboys do rope tricks and sing corny songs like, "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." The only song I liked was "Big Ball's in Cowtown," which means exactly what you think it means.

After the cowboys are done hamming it up, the guests perform. Some lip-sync popular songs, other try to sing (but so badly that you wish they were lip-syncing). Guys put balloons under their shirts and wear tutus and prance around like ballerinas. Women put on guy clothes and pull fake dicks out of their pants. Smart asses tells stupid jokes. At the end of the evening, the guests vote for the best skit and bottles of champagne are given to the winners.

The other Friday night show is a private event for the more adventurous. It costs an extra $200 and the guests are warned ahead of time that the show is, well, explicit.

Let me tell you about the first show I went to.

The guests were led through the forest and seated on logs in a large circle around a campfire. Abe came out and said that, long ago, the Ute Indians roamed throughout the West, mostly on lands that are now part of Colorado and Utah. The horses they captured from the early Spanish explorers became a big part of their aggressive, warlike culture. The Ute are related to the Comanche and, like the Comanche, the Ute were great horsemen and fierce warriors who often rode into enemy camps to capture horses and slaves who could be traded for horses. In fact, the Utes and Comanches boasted that they let the Spaniards live so that they could raise horses for them to steal.

Abe said, "The people you will see tonight are real Ute Indians, descended from these legendary warriors."

Abe left and a half dozen Indians, four men and two women, rode bareback out of the forest. After they tied up their horses, the women laid blankets on the ground inside the circle of guests. The Indians sat cross-legged on the blankets and smoked something—probably something that wasn't legal.

After a bit of smoking, laughing, and babbling in their native language, the males climbed on their horses and rode back into the forest.

The guests were not sure if the show was over or just beginning. Then they heard screams from perhaps a half mile away, followed by the sound of horses racing through the trees. Soon, the four Ute come rode into the campground yelling and celebrating. They were leading several horses that have evidently been stolen. And one of the Ute had a body thrown over his lap. The other Ute dismounted and lifted the body off his lap. It was a white woman with her hands and legs tied and a handkerchief in her mouth.

They laid her on her back on a blanket and stood in a circle around her, staring at their prize, while she wiggled helplessly and looked at them with the wide eyes of a frightened deer. Her screams were muffled by the handkerchief.

One of the Ute took out a long knife and quickly cut the ropes binding her. Then the other men held her arms and legs while he slit open the front of her dress. He stared for a few moments and mumbled something. Working quickly, her clothes were soon shredded and she lay there completely naked, surrounded by dark-skinned men who feasted on her white nakedness.

The Ute women brought a bucket of water and a cloth. The men stood back and watched while the women washed her white skin and muttered soothing sounds. When she was clean, their hands went to work on her naked body—rubbing, touching, massaging—preparing her for what is to come.

One woman caressed her face, her breasts, and her tummy. The other worked on her feet, legs, and thighs. The touching was soft and gentle, a light massage meant to relax her, and then excite her.

Sure enough, the white woman calmed down and began to enjoy the treatment she was getting. They removed the handkerchief from her mouth, and she panted slow and soft instead of screaming for help.

One Ute woman squeezed the white woman's breasts hard and pulled her nipples taut, as if she was trying to make her firm breasts even fuller and her plump nipples even bigger. The other Ute woman put one hand on the white woman's tummy and the other between her legs, rubbing softly before entering her with two fingers. The white woman wriggled and moaned, not out of fear, but because she wanted more. An orgasm was building and she wanted it.

I was sopping wet, too.

The male Utes watched these preparations intently, muttering something among themselves. Then the largest man removed his loincloth, revealing a hard cock that was at least a foot long. Most native Americans have really small dicks, so Abe snuck a well-endowed black guy into his show.

Big-Dick walked over to the white woman and stood between her legs staring at the treasure they had kidnapped. The Ute women waited for him claim his prize.

Big-Dick dropped to his knees between the white woman's legs. Her mouth was open, but she didn't protest. She knew what he is about to do and she wants him to do it.

Big Dick said something and the two women spread the white woman's arms wide and pulled on her nipples, lifting he breasts off her chest. As they rolled the chubby nubs between their fingers, the white woman's hips rotated up and down rhythmically with her pussy lips quivering, wanting what we all knew she wanted.

Big-Dick put his hands on either side of the woman like he was about to do 50 pushups. She lifted both legs wide so that he had a clear shot. He slowly slid in. She wrapped her legs around his back and he went to it while the Ute women continued to pull and twist her huge nipples.

I don't know where Abe found this guy, but he was fucking amazing. He banged away for maybe five minutes straight while the white woman had pretty much a nonstop orgasm. She was moaning, gasping, and weeping for Christ's sake. I thought the crying might be part of the act, but she was damn convincing. I rubbed myself and had my own silent orgasm.

Finally, Big-Dick pulled out and he was still a foot long and as hard as could be. Big-Dick hadn't come yet!

The white woman lay there with her arms and legs spread and her mouth open, looking like she had just been satisfied like she has never been satisfied before.

The other Indians walked into the audience, looking for volunteers to be kidnapped and fucked. There were several eager hands. Some women begged, "Me. Me. Pick me." The Ute chose a plain one.

She looked like she dressed up for the big night, but she was still unmistakably frumpy. She was wearing a simple yellow dress that highlighted her ample breasts, but didn't hide her weight.

She was probably in her late thirties or early forties, with that beaten down look women get from a crappy job or a bad marriage with no realistic escape plan. In the lottery of life, she didn't get a winning ticket. This may well be the most exciting night she has ever had, and she was so fucking grateful she practically ran to the blanket.

Not so fast. The Indians had to make the abduction realistic. Two Ute males grabbed her arms, lifted her off the ground, and carried her to the center of the circle. One grabbed her hair with one hand and put his other hand over her mouth. The other one ripped off her dress while Big-Dick watched and shouted orders.

They really did rip her dress. No pretending there. I'm guessing that she didn't complain because she thought her shredded dress would make a great souvenir back home.

"Sarah, how did your dress get torn up like that?"

"Oh, it's a long story, but let me tell you,..."

Or maybe she was just so horny and friggin excited that she didn't care what happened to her dress.

She stood there in her underwear, with one hand over her bra and the other covering her panties. Even with the bra on, you tell that her breasts were sagging badly. Her tummy was sagging too. Not a pretty sight.

Two Indians pulled her arms away from her body, while the third Ute used his big knife to cut open her bra and panties. Now, she was completely naked, with her arms held wide apart. The Indians turned her around in a slow circle so that everyone could see everything there was to see.

Her boobs were heavy and gravity was pointing her nipples toward the ground. She didn't have much bush, and there was clearly some premature gray in there.

After everyone had a good look, the Indians forced her down on her knees and formed a circle around her so that she could take turns sucking them. They all had their cocks in their hands, so it was hard to tell how big they were, but I'm sure they were nothing compared to Big-Dick. As she went around her blow-job circle, each Ute grabbed her by the hair and face fucked her. When they were ready to come, they pulled their cocks out of her mouth and shot their load on her face.

She may not have known that this was part of the deal when she volunteered, but she didn't complain. She took one face shot after another until they were all done.

Then they laid her down on a rug and went to work on her body. They were pretty much doing the same thing the Ute women did to the first white woman, but they were a lot rougher—squeezing, pinching, and grabbing the loose flesh on her helpless body. One man held her arms together above her head while another Ute scrunched her floppy breasts like he's squeezing the water out of two sponges.

All the time they were abusing her, the Ute men were laughing and shouting strange words. I wish I knew what they were saying.

Maybe roughing up this woman was a small payback for everything the white people did to their ancestors. "You fuck with my people? I'll fuck with your people." Or maybe they were just amazed that she volunteered for this shit and liked it. Either way, they were laughing loudly and having a great time.

She didn't complain. Maybe it was liberal guilt? Or, maybe, she was so excited about the idea of a plain girl like her being chosen to be fucked by Big-dick that she was willing to put up with anything?

Big-dick stayed hard the whole time, just by lightly stroking his pole while he watched the white woman being abused. I started to wonder if his dick was real, but I don't know if they can fake something like that. Can they do dick-jobs for guys, like boob-jobs for gals?

Finally, the boys were done with her and Big Dick moved in. She lay there on her back, a little bruised but still game, and Big-Dick again positioned himself above her like he's about to do pushups. She knew what to do. She raised her legs like the first white woman did, and Big-Dick slid his enormous cock straight down and in. She wrapped her legs around his back and Big-Dick turned on his fuck machine.

Again, he went nonstop for maybe five minutes while her body was wracked with one orgasm after another. Just like the first woman (who I thought might be acting), this Simple Sarah moaned and gasped, with tears running down her face. She wasn't acting. She was deliriously happy to be fucked like this after years of no sex or sissy sex back wherever she calls home.

At last, Big-Dick stopped drilling her and went back to his pushup position, like he had turned off his fuck switch.

She let her legs slide off his back and lay there with her arms and legs spread, completely exhausted, just like the first white woman. And Big-dick still hadn't come! He moved himself up her body and sat on her shapeless breasts. He stroked his massive pole furiously and shot an enormous load on her face. Now she was lying there with cum shots all over her face and smiling, probably for the first time in years.

Big-Dick said something unintelligible and all the Indians hopped on their horses and rode into the forest, whooping and hollering over their latest conquest.

Abe said that the show was over and the applause was thunderous.

The best part for Abe is that most of the women in the audience will come back to the Lazy X next year, hoping to be the lucky volunteer who is plucked and fucked.