**Dixie's Ranch Predicament**

by[Iwroteathing](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4775337&page=submissions)©

Farm life agreed with Dixie, her family had owned the Jackson Ranch for 5 generations, acres and acres of rich grazing land, a historic claim over swathes of the Texan Great Plains. Dixie had only known life on the farm, her father had raised her to be a rancher just like the generations before her, so by the time she turned 18 she could ride a horse, tan and tie leather, smith metals, do carpentry and fix machinery better than any of the stable hands and workers who came and went with the seasons.  
  
Dixie's work on the farm meant that she was tough as nails, she was a bit larger than your average girl but without a hint of fat on her. Many of the stable hands had tried to court the Raven haired Amazon but Dixie never really felt into that.  
  
As her dad was starting to get on in his years Dixie turned her hand to modernisation. She had already proved herself an innovative Rancher, creating new straps and devices that kept the cows in line. Recently she had even convinced her dad to let her run a cable 30 miles to the nearest township just so their house could have internet.  
  
"More and more people keep askin' to see our records, if we have a computer and internet you don't have to spend a day drivin' with a pile of papers every time someone wants to buy a heifer or the taxman wants his cut." She had pleaded with her dad, and now he had just hooked up the fancy computer she got in the mail and connected it to the outside world.  
  
Dixie proceeded to spend days on the computer, looking up new tanning techniques or finding out how to add a bit of tech to their day to day operations to make the work easier. But it was at night after her father went to bed that Dixie got the most out of the computer.  
  
If you are searching leather, chains and binding techniques on the internet it is inevitable that you will come across bondage websites. In the space of a month Dixie went from accidentally clicking on the odd link to spending all her free time looking up different ways of binding a woman and different torments to inflict. It was not long before Dixie became obsessed with the idea of self-inflicted predicament bondage. Especially since she already had the know-how to design and make her own devices.  
  
The Jackson Ranch had several barns dotted about the estate, Dixie had already claimed a room in one of the more distant barns to use as a workshop. At first her mother and father would check in with her tinkering with an engine or varnishing leather, however as her teenage years rolled around, her parents quickly learned they weren't wanted and let her have her space. In the past month the workshop had quickly evolved and all manner of prototype sex toys lined the walls.  
  
As Dixie got more competent with her devices and plan formed. She really wanted to have a full on predicament adventure and it wasn't long until her parents planned to visit family and left her alone at the farm with her plan.  
  
Firstly Dixie had adapted the saddle for her horse. She had added straps that threaded under the horse to ensure once the saddle was on the horse it wasn't going to come off. Next she had removed the stirrups and instead built in rigid leather leg sleeves that forced her to sit upright in the saddle but with no way of supporting herself with her legs. The saddle itself had some additional straps added for the outfit Dixie had planned, and most importantly a dildo and a plug built into the seat, tantalisingly sticking upwards.  
  
Dixie fixed the saddle to her horse and then went to strip off and put on her outfit. Calling what Dixie was wearing an outfit was generous, it was a series of leather straps that she had put together herself for the purposes of trussing herself up without covering anything. It started off criss-crossing across her waist before pulling tight around her breasts, causing them to bulge outwards. The straps then wrapped up towards her neck, choking her ever so slightly, before wrapping around the bottom of her face with a built in gag stuffed into her mouth just short of gagging distance. The whole ensemble pulled round to a set of straps at the front held together by a padlock. However Dixie didn't pull it together yet, as she knew a couple of straps were needed to tie her into the saddle before she could padlock herself into the outfit and her situation.  
  
Dixie had left the keys to the padlock in a box hanging at the height of a rider in her stables. However that box was padlocked and that key was hanging in the stables of a barn on the far side of the ranch. This meant that once she was locked in the only way out was to ride for about an hour to get to the other barn before riding an hour back to get the keys. Dixie also knew this ride crossed a main road at one point with no nearby trees to hide behind.  
  
Dixie was in her outfit and looking at her recently saddled horse.  
  
"That's the predicament taken care of", she said to herself, "now for the peril." The way Dixie saw it the dildo and plug would not be very punishing if she kept the horse below a canter, she needed a reason to hurry.  
  
Recently Dixie had been playing with using ice as a timer. The most common use on the internet was to freeze a key so the poor damsel was forced into a situation for a certain amount of time, but Dixie wanted to improve on this. Dixie's idea was simple, she had a hollow tube that she installed a large spring on the bottom. Just above the point where the spring can be contracted as tight as it can was a slot where a block of ice could be slotted. This meant that after a certain period of time the ice would melt and the spring would be sprung. Dixie had even experimented with how quickly different size blocks of ice melt in the sun in order to make an ice block that gave her enough time to do the predicament but without too much time to spare to keep her on her toes.  
  
Next she went to the barn and fetched 3 large syringes, each one holding 500ml of bull semen collected during the last mating season. These were placed inside the tube with the plunger touching the ice, and each nozzle was attached to a different tube that ran up the saddle or Dixie's outfit. Two of these tubes fed up through the dildo and plug while the one on her outfit went down the centre of her gag. The result of this was if Dixie took too long fetching the key, the ice would melt and the spring would push down on the syringe plungers, injecting bull semen through the dildo, plug and gag.  
  
Dixie placed this device on the slot she had added to the saddle for it. She then liberally applied lubricant to the dildo and plug, before climbing on the horse. It was more tricky than usual without the stirrups, but soon Dixie found herself slowly lowering her legs into the sleeves, and allowing the plug and dildo to slowly enter her.  
  
Once she was fully mounted she threaded 2 leather straps on her outfit through some D rings on the saddle before pulling the straps tight. The outfit constricted around her body, her breathing accelerated, her tits bulged and the straps pulled her tight to the saddle. Finally she looped the remaining straps through the padlock and allowed herself a moment to reflect. Once the padlock was clicked into place that would be it, she would be trapped on this horse until she spent the afternoon riding across the ranch, her every hole invaded and punished, with the constant threat of being filled with disgusting bull semen hovering over her. She took as deep a breath as the tight outfit would allow and pushed the plunger into place with a click.  
  
She let out a deep moan and the horse whinnied as she spurred it into action.  
  
As she left the barn she saw the sun low on the horizon to her left. She realised with a start that this would leave tan lines in the shape of her lascivious outfit and decided that she should spend some time tomorrow sunbathing nude to conceal this.  
  
Dixie started off going at a slow mosey, letting the dildo and plug squirm inside of her and get the juices flowing. She let out a deep moan into the gag and before she knew if she was urging the horse to speed up and up. It wasn't long until the horse broke into a gallop and Dixie was driven wild with a mixture of pleasure and pain. She screamed into her gag and pulled onto the reigns hard as she climaxed on the open plains. The horse came to a stop and waited patiently as Dixie ground herself on its back.  
  
It was longer than Dixie would have liked before she realised she had been stopped for a while. The threat of what awaited her when the ice melted took some time to break through the fog of orgasmic bliss but it wasn't long before she was spurring the horse on again, choosing to take it steady and keep herself on a light simmer in order to make some progress.  
  
After some time she reached the road that bisected her family's ranch. It was then that she noticed her first oversight. There was a fence running the length of the road on both sides. Dixie felt the pressure to make a choice and quickly as a car could drive down this road at any minute, revealing herself to its lucky driver in this depraved state. She could jump the fence, but there was a difference between the hard pounding of sex toys at a gallop and the damaging impact of a jump without stirrups. Dixie knew that would cause her an injury even if she wasn't being penetrated. The only alternative was to use a gate, Dixie had put this fence up herself, she knew that she had put a gate every 5 miles, but with the sun low in the sky and the heat ripples coming off the ground, she couldn't see where the nearest gate was. This meant she would have to guess a direction and ride up to 5 miles out of the way along the road, not only increasing the length of time she was in this situation and the ticking clock on the bull semen device, but also extending the risk of her being seen by a passing car.  
  
Dixie realised she had no time to lose, she pulled the reins to the right and spurred the horse on, beginning another burst of galloping. Dixie tried to keep her head clearer this time, but it wasn't long before she found herself moaning hard into her gag while feeling warm and gooey sensation spreading from her pussy and ass getting a vicious pounding. She got so caught up in the moment she almost missed the gate as it rapidly approached her. She tried to pull on the reins but instead just felt herself grabbing the horse by its neck and squeezing hard as she shuddered into another monstrous orgasm. Her screaming and moaning pulsating against the gag. She was so caught up in the pleasure of the situation that she didn't notice the sound of an approaching car until it was too late.  
  
Dixie looked up to see a muscle car barrelling over the nearest hill. Her eyes widened with the realisation that she was trapped, there was nothing to hide behind nearby and she was tied to her predicament. All she could do is wait for the car to pass and make peace with the fact that she was going to be seen.  
  
Dixie wasn't sure if it was because she had just had an orgasm, the eroticism of the situation or something else entirely, but at the back of her mind she began to have a niggling feeling that she should enjoy this. In amongst her panic and the sinking feeling in her stomach was an undeniable sensation that deep down she wanted to be seen. As the car drew ever closer that feeling grew stronger, and blushing from head to toe Dixie began to surrender to that thought.  
  
The car was close enough now that there was no doubt it could clearly see Dixie. As if on its own her body began to move, once again grinding the saddle, her hands stroking the curves of her body, allowing herself to indulge her deepest desires for physical pleasure in front of someone she had never met and would probably never see again. Thanks to the tinted windows she never saw who was in the car, but the honking of the horn confirmed that they had seen her and once again Dixie fell to her own pleasure.  
  
With the car passed, Dixie could now cross the road. It took some awkward fumbling at the gate with her toes but she was able to get it open and trot across the road. As luck would have it she could still see the tracks that lead to the barn she needed and although this diversion had wasted some time, she was still confident she could make it before the ice melted. So she decided to ride a slow canter to stop her getting carried away again.  
  
It wasn't long before Dixie arrived at the barn, to her relief nothing had gone wrong with the box, it was still hanging at about head height and she was easily able to retrieve the key. She took a moment to stare at the key, this tiny lump of metal was her only means of escape, if she dropped it now she would be stuck on this horse until someone else cut her out of her outfit. Her hand shook a little and she quickly clipped the keyring around a hook on the saddle to make sure she didn't lose it. As she did this she took a moment to admire how wet the saddle had become with her own juices, but quickly decided she should start riding back so that it remained just her juices dripping on to the saddle.  
  
Dixie retraced her route from the road to ensure she went straight to the gate this time. The sun had disappeared over the horizon but its light was still present and keeping the trail illuminated. Dixie felt she could take it slow as she had timed the ice in direct sunlight and it would melt slower as the chill of the evening arrived.  
  
After some time she reached the road again. She was quite far off and could not see any cars, but this didn't stop her from worrying about the long journey from the nearest cover to the edge of the road. As Dixie felt she had been going quite slowly she decided to rush the part of the ride visible from the road, and maybe get a bit more pleasure from this final stage of her ordeal, she spurred the horse on and once again broke into a gallop.  
  
The thundering horse beneath her made Dixie moan with delight, she was moving at quite a pace but at this point didn't care as waves of pleasure ran through her body, however it wasn't long before she once again heard the tell-tale sound of an engine cresting the nearest hill and saw the cloud of dust in the dying sunlight.  
  
Dixie had already reached the point of no return, she couldn't get to cover before that car could see her clearly, nor could she make it across the road before the car. She was once again destined to be seen. Dixie decided to throw caution to the wind and keep riding for the road, yes the car would see her but not clearly in the dying light. She spurred on the horse keeping her eye on the approaching dust cloud, and as the car crested the hill her heart practically stopped, it was without a doubt her families brown pickup truck, no doubt driven by her dad with her mother in the passenger seat.  
  
Dixie knew she had to turn back if she wanted any chance that her parents wouldn't see her in this state, she slowed the horse and pulled on the reigns hoping to get him turned round and riding away from the road as fast as his hooves could carry him, but as the horse slowed to a trot Dixie heard an almighty cracking noise.  
  
When Dixie was testing the ice melt rates, there was one factor she had not considered and that was the heat emanating from a galloping horse. After the firm gallop to the road, steam was boiling off her horse and at about 100 metres from the road, the last of the ice gave way to the spring.  
  
The shock drove all thoughts from Dixie's mind as she felt the sticky mess pump into her. She started choking as the disgusting fluid flowed into her mouth, and with the gag in place she had no choice but to swallow mouthfuls of the bull semen as more poured in. She felt every ounce of the fluid pumping into her pussy and ass and felt herself grinding on the saddle with the horses movements, churning it deep inside of her. And as the family car drove along the road right in front of her, she could only weep a little as she was once again brought to an Earth shattering orgasm in front of her parents while being filled with bull semen.  
  
Dixie took a moment to compose herself and realised that if she wanted to get through this time was of the essence. It wasn't night but it was slightly dark and if when her dad got home she was in her workshop she could pretend it wasn't her they just saw. Ignoring the bull semen still pouring into her, she spurred the horse into the fastest gallop she could handle, not allowing the pounding below to keep her from her freedom.  
  
By the time Dixie got back to her workshop, her pussy was raw and she knew she wouldn't be able to sit comfortably for a while, nevertheless she was able to open the box and get the key to her outfit. She slid off her horse and wanted nothing more than to lie on the floor catching her breath, but she knew she needed to clean up and quickly.  
  
Firstly she removed the customised saddle and her tight outfit before hiding it in her usual hiding spot, underneath the bonnet of one of her father's derelict tractors. Next she released the horse to roam the plains and began to focus on herself. She was sticky and sweaty from head to toe, and although there wasn't a shower in the barn there was a hose that they used to rinse off the horses so that would have to do. Dixie stood naked in the horse pen, turned on the hose in the corner, and felt the cold water wash away the filth. She was careful not to get her hair wet, but she made sure every inch of her body was rinsed and spent some time washing out her insides.  
  
Dixie had barely put her old clothes on and walked to her workshop when she heard hoofbeats approaching, and before long her father was bursting through her door.  
  
"Dixie! Thank God you're ok. On the way back from Aunt Marie's, your Mom and I saw somethin' attacking one of our horses. It was all brown and sticky and it was on the horses back doin' something horrible to it." Dixie found herself suppressing a chuckle knowing her parents didn't know the truth. "We're going to need to look into it tomorrow in the day, but for now I'm just checking your safe."  
  
"Thanks pop, I ain't seen anythin' but if somethin' came at this barn, you can bet my buddies Smith and Wesson would help keep me safe" Dixie replied nodding to the hunting rifle she kept in the corner. Her dad smiled and began to rise back to the house.  
  
"Don't stay here too late inventin' We got a lot of work to do tomorrow." He yelled over his shoulder. Dixie breathed a sigh of relief as he rode off and turned back to her desk. Despite everything that had gone wrong Dixie was thrilled about the nights events. She pulled out a new sheet of paper, a ruler and a pencil, and started to jot down plans for her next predicament adventure.