

Reverse Cowgirl

Faye Valentine

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When her favorite uncle, Cameron invited her to Mustang Fields – his thirteen hundred acre New Mexico ranch, Jaycee packed her bags, asked her parents to watch the house while she was gone and then jumped in her car for the nearly seventeen hundred mile drive. Knowing her limits, she planned the trip out over a four day period that would see her arriving at her favorite place on earth early Friday morning. She would have much preferred to take a flight, but with the state of things she thought it best to avoid as many people as possible.

Staying the night in Atlanta, Jackson and Fort Worth, Jaycee pulled into the long winding driveway leading up to her uncle's ninety-two hundred square foot all brick ranch style mansion just after eleven on Friday morning. It had been more than five years since college took her across the country, but as she stepped out of her car and took a deep breath while looking around she remembered the place she grew up as if she had never left. Walking up to the front door she knocked just once before it swung open and she was greeted by a young brunette woman wearing a form-fitting purple latex French maid outfit.

"Um, hello?"

"Hi," the woman politely replied. "You must be Jaycee. Please come in."

"Um, and who are you?"

"Apologies, my name is Brooke and I'm one of a dozen members of staff that keep your uncle's home."

"I see. Is Uncle Cameron around?"

"He's resting right now and is not to be disturbed. He has asked that I show you around and make sure you're settled into one of the guest homes."

"Guest homes? I won't be staying here in the main house?"

"He was very specific that he wanted you to have all the privacy you could possibly have. Can I get you a drink before we head out back?"

"No thanks you. I'd actually like to see my uncle."

"As I said, he's resting and is not to be disturbed. I understand it's been a while since you've been here or talked to him and you no doubt have a million questions, but it is not my place to give the answers. What I will say is that he has given me very specific instructions that I'll follow to the letter. Do you remember the layout of the ranch?"

"I do."

"Great. Why don't you go ahead and drive on back to Colt Cottage and I'll give you a hand unpacking?"

"How long will my uncle be resting?"

"Larissa is to wake him at three."

It was then Jaycee saw two women – one a tall, busty blonde and the other a pale-skinned redhead, enter from the kitchen wearing the same style of French maid outfit but in black. "How many maids does my uncle now have and do you really have to wear those ridiculous outfits?"

"Ridiculous?" Brooke said with raised brow. "We'll just have to agree to disagree on that. As to how many maids he has, there are nine of us plus three chefs that take care of the house and all of his meal needs and then there are another sixteen ranch hands that take care of everything else. Millie, Aimee this is Jaycee. Jaycee, this is Millie," Brooke said with a motion of her right hand at the busty blonde "and Aimee," she said motioning to the redhead.

"Nice to meet you," Jaycee replied.

"Likewise," Millie smiled.

"We've heard so much about you and I have to say you're even more beautiful than your uncle described," Aimee said. "I can't wait to see more of you."

"Not now!" Brooke said with a harsh tone. "Sorry about her. Unlike the rest of us she doesn't have a brain to mouth filter so says whatever's on her mind without regard for what it might be."

"I only speak the truth," Aimee said as she made no attempt to hide the fact she was checking their guest out.

"Don't you have work to do?" Brooke sighed.

"We're on break. So, do you need help unpacking?"

"That's my job," Brooke answered. "Go on and drive back and I'll meet you there."

"Um, okay." Giving the three women a nervous look, Jaycee walked out of the house and took the driveway around the left side of the mansion and much deeper into the property. Going past two much smaller ranch style homes her uncle had named the Stallion Shanty and Filly Farm, she pulled into the driveway of Colt Cottage with a single thought on her mind: What the holy hell was going on. She popped her trunk and then leaned against the side of her car and waited for Brooke to show her in and answer whatever questions she could. The walk was a long one so she was not surprised it took the maid ten minutes to show up, especially since she was still in heels.

"Sorry about the delay," Brooke apologized. "And for Aimee. She really doesn't know when not to speak. Anyways, let me unlock the door and then I'll carry your things in."

"I can do it."

"Of that I have no doubt but as I've said before I've been given very clear instructions and one of them was seeing your every need so please let me see you inside so you can relax."

"I can at least help you carry my stuff in," Jaycee said as she reached in and pulled two suitcases from the trunk of her car. "Also, what the holy hell is going on around here? Since when does my uncle have maids and chefs and why would he make you wear something so...revealing?"

"He doesn't make us, okay, the uniforms are required for the job but your uncle is very good to us so you won't hear any of us complaining. As for how long he's had maids, I was his first and started working here shortly after you went off to college. The others were hired shortly after." Putting a key into the lock, Brooke pushed the front door open. "Just so we're on the same page, your uncle has tasked me with being your live-in maid so I'll be staying in the spare bedroom" she said as she stepped aside so that Jaycee could carry her luggage in. When Jaycee came back out for more she followed her to her car and continued. "I'll also be preparing all of your meals so give me an extensive list of foods you like and I'll go shopping right after you're settled in."

"That really isn't necessary."

"I think you know your uncle well enough to know the futility of arguing with his decisions. I promise to stay out of your way as much as possible."

"Alright, well, seeing as how I have no choice in the matter the least you can do it be honest with me. What really is going on here?"

"I don't understand."

"Don't give me that bullshit," Jaycee bit back. "Uncle Cameron never takes naps and even if he did it wouldn't be this early in the day. He also wouldn't put me up in one of the guest homes. Now tell me what's going on or I'll march into the house and ask him myself."

“I really wish I could answer your questions, Jaycee, but there are things your uncle wants to tell you himself. All I ask is that you be patient for a few hours and when he’s ready he’ll explain everything.”

“Fine, I’ll give you a few hours but if I don’t get answers then I’m calling the police.”

“I assure you there’s no need for that. Your uncle will explain everything when he gets up. Now, make yourself comfortable and I’ll get the rest of your things. Actually, if you would there should be paper and pens at the desk so if you could make a grocery list that would be great.”

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While her new maid was out shopping Jaycee carried her bags into the master suite to unpack. She slid the door to the huge walk-in closet open to grab some hangers but instead saw row after row of latex and leather tops, skirts and dresses. A rack built into the left wall was lined with all manner of footwear from heels and knee-high boots to thigh-high boots and some ending in what appeared to be hooves. Mouth agape, she stepped deeper in search of a free bar to hang her clothes only to see even more fetishwear a wide range of costumes and outfits. Turning her head to the right, she inhaled sharply as her eyes focused on five, six foot long shelves lined with dildos, vibrators, butt plugs and anal beads in silicone, glass and metal. Hanging to the left were canes, paddles and floggers while gags and clamps hung from hooks to the right.

“What the actual fuck?” she exclaimed. Not sure what was going on, Jaycee walked out of the closet and sat on the foot of the queen-sized bed. *This has to be a joke*, she thought in an attempt to rationalize what she had seen. *Or a mistake. Maybe Brooke told me the wrong house to stay in.* Getting up, she walked back over to the closet when someone knocked on the front door. Knowing it was too soon for it to be Brooke, she ran out hoping it was her uncle. Unfortunately, when she pulled it open she saw a smiling Aimee.

“Hey babe!” Aimee said. “Mind if I come in?”

“Will you give me more answers than Brooke?”

“Probably, but only if you change out of those boring clothes and into something a little more exciting.”

“Y-You mean the clothes in the closet? So it isn’t a joke or mistake?”

“Mister Newsome gave us very detailed instructions on how we were to stock the closet for you.”

“My uncle? Bullshit! There’s no way in hell he would ever...”

“And yet your closet is fully stocked with clothes and toys. He wants to fuck your brains out, Jaycee,” Aimee grinned. “Not only that, he brought you here so that you could have his babies.” As if slugged in the gut, Jaycee stumbled back into the living room. Aimee followed and the door closed behind her. “I want to fuck you too,” Aimee said as she gently cupped Jaycee’s left cheek. Jaycee stared wide-eyed at her. Aimee grabbed the hem of the startled woman’s tee shirt and tugged it up and off. “Mmmm, no bra. Very nice.”

“W-What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Jaycee demanded to know as she took another two steps back, nearly tripping over the coffee table.

“As I said when we first met, I only speak the truth. And the truth is I want to have sex with you. Please say yes.”

“You’re out of your mind! GET OUT! And when my uncle hears about this...”

“He’ll be disappointed at how closed-minded you are.”

“That’s it! I don’t know what the hell is going on around here but I’m going to get answers whether you want to give them or not.”