The Barn

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

The barn was not part of the farm that he worked, and he knew that. It was on a piece of land sheltered from the road by a band or trees with a grated gravel road twisting through it, and was bounded on the other three sides by a loop in the river that ran beside the road all the way down the valley to the city. It seemed the perfect isolated storage place where goods could be kept cheaply, but reasonably available.

It was a new building too. Built of steel on a solid concrete pad well above the flood plain with block walls a few feet high. Heath could admire the construction from the other side of the river, and wonder what was inside.

The field further up the hillside was to be planted in wheat, and when a gap in the weather required that it all be ploughed over two days, Heath had to work into the night. When he stopped his tractor and reached for his flask of coffee he looked down at the barn and he thought he could see a light on. He looked closely and he saw light from the skylight on the roof, plus a small light lower down. Then he saw that small light go off, and another change in the light showing on the roof. It was enough to convince him that somebody was living in the barn.

He went back to his work because he was a focussed person, but that same focus and his curiosity kept him wondering about the barn. On his way down the valley to head home a week or so later, he decided that he would stop and investigate.

He parked his truck by the bridge some distance away from the gate – a place where fishermen sometimes parked. He walked back up the road and into the trees. There was a high fence running through with large “Private Property: No Trespassing” signs posted along it. But in places the trees had lifted it from the ground, and he could easily crawl under. It struck him that the barrier had not been maintained for over a year, as these trees could easily be cut back.

This was the country. “No Trespassing” is a given, but not if you are a local. Every farmer knows that if a steer strays across the river you can cross to look for it. It is just that Heath was not farming stock. It was late, but still light in late summer. He could walk around the whole building. The door facing the fence was not the roller door he would have expected, but solid hinged door – to keep people out, he assumed. There was no lock or handle. He guessed that it might be opened by remote.

His thoughts were as to what treasure might be found inside. It was solidly built, and he suspected that it might have an occupant. Who would live here? It must be a guard posted full time. He was not always an honest man. He could be tempted. But not if it was guarded.

Around the far side he found the small window. It was high up and had bars on it, and beside it was a vent pipe showing that it was a bathroom. There was another vent pipe further down, and beside that a door. Again it was solid steel, and it was locked from the outside with a heavy bar and a padlock.

There were no other windows apart from the toilet, but knew that there was a skylight. The fading light of day would keep it bright inside, but if there was somebody inside, they would need to turn on a light as the evening came. That was not far off, so he could wait.

He waited by the bathroom window and saw the light come on. It was dim at first, and then bright. Somebody was using the toilet.

He heard the sound, and then he heard what sounded like crying. It could be a woman crying – it was high pitched. The was more of a whimper than a bawl, but it sounded as if somebody was in distress. That was enough to spur him into action. He wanted an excuse to get inside, and now he felt that he had it.

Not always honest, he had some skill with locks, and he had brought the small tools that he needed to deal with the padlock and then the door lock. He smiled as he worked, with the thought that no door is strong enough if two small tools can just hold back a few tiny springs.

The door opened and he stepped inside.

The inside of the barn was bright and dry. The roof had a heavy Perspex section and there were lights hanging down. But the place did not smell of dung or fertilizer, it smelt like a hair salon or a perfume counter at the department store.

There were racks of women’s clothes. There were some plywood partitions. There was a large van parked near the main door. There appeared to be nothing of any significant value, which was a disappointment to him.

“Ma’am!” he called out. “I am from the farm across the river. I heard some crying. Are you alright? I just came over to check … being neighborly an’ all … are you there?”

She appeared from behind a rack of clothes. She was not a small woman, but smaller than him. She was wearing a short silk robe. She had platinum blond hair in soft curls to her shoulders, and she wore heavy makeup, as if preparing for a night out, but yet to get dressed. He legs were long and smooth, and she wore fluffy slippers with a slight heel.

He could not avoid being slightly aroused.

“Oh my God! Somebody has finally found me!” Her voice was not what he expected. Slightly deeper. But that somehow added to her allure.

“Found you, Miss? Are you here against your will?”

She stepped towards him. In the light there appeared to be something odd about her – something exotic that he could not quite put a finger on. She seemed to be searching for words. She was clearly distressed.

“Yes,” she said, with some uncertainty. He wondered for a moment if that meant they were not alone, but a quick glance around seemed to confirm that they were alone.

“You are locked in?” he said. He went over to the main doors. He could see an electric opening system well out of reach, and no sign of any manual override. And of course, the side door was locked from the outside. Without the remote, she was indeed trapped.

He looked in the van. He opened the door. There were no keys in the ignition.

“There is nobody else here,” she said, apparently assuming that he was searching for somebody else. But he was just trying to understand.

“Who has locked you up in here?” he asked.

“I don’t know his name. He just tells me to call him ‘Master’, so I do,” she said.

“Are you expecting him?” he said. “What with dressin’ up an’ all?”

“If he comes, he comes after dark. He says that if I am dressed like a lady he will treat me like a lady, but if I am not a lady, he will treat me like a bitch.”

“He sounds like a real prick,” he said. Then he thrust out his hand. “My name is Todd,” he said. “And yours?”

“I am Blanche,” she said. She put her hand in his rather than gripping it. It seemed to tell Todd that she was submissive, or perhaps she had been conditioned to be.

“How long have you been in here?” asked Todd. “I work the fields all around here, an’ I never knew.”

“A long time,” she said. “I really don’t how long.”

“Well, you are free now,” he said. “But tell me, this man who has kept you prisoner, when would he be turnin’ up? And would he be armed?”

“After dark. Not for at least an hour. No he is not armed, but he is as big as you.” Then she paused for a moment before asking – “Are you going to call the police?”

“I don’t have much to do with the police,” said Todd. “And we have no cell phone reception up here. I will take you to them if you want me too, but it seems to me that this animal who keeps you in here might be down for a li’l home country justice. As it happens, I am packin’ some firepower.” Just in case, Todd had slipped cheap revolver into the pocket of his jacket. He showed it to her.

“Oh,” she said. She seemed pleased, as if he had pulled out his cock in front of a woman who appreciates girth in a man. “So you want to wait? Just to warn you, he does not turn up every night. He just expects me to be ready if he does. Should I dress for him?”

“Dress to get outa’ here,” Todd suggested. “And pack anything you need”.

He followed her to the partitioned area. There was a flimsy bedroom, but with plywood walled papered in a pink pattern on the inside, and with pink covers and cushions on a king sized bed. There was a kitchenette with a large freezer and a small fridge, and an open pantry that seemed to contain provisions for months. It was clear that she was left to prepare her own meals.

The table was for two. Perhaps her “master” expected her to cokk for him too, and he would sit an admire his pretty captive. And next to bathroom he had positioned there from outside were the means for her to stay pretty - a dressing table outside neatly stacked with a quantity of cosmetics and hairstyling equipment.

In the open space there were shelves along the walls with boxes of underwear, stockings and other items, and the racks of clothing took up most of the floor area. It was like every woman’s closet that Todd had ever seen, except tidy and twenty times the size.

She could see his amazement. She said – “He gives me everything a girl would want, in the hope that I will be like this forever. But without freedom, everything is just not enough.”

The door looked solid. The walls were too. It was a good prison. No escape that he could see.

“Sure enough. We all put a high value on freedom,” said Todd. He was thinking of the times it had been denied him. The waiting had driven him to the point of insanity. “I suppose we just have to wait a while. How long do you think?”

“At least an hour,” she said

He assumed that she had let her robe gap a little, but it may have been accidental. It revealed a breast that surprised him. She must be his age but the breast he saw was like a teenage girl’s. It excited him. He sat at the table to conceal what his jeans could barely hide. But she must have seen something. She stepped around the table.

“I have never taken advantage of a woman in my life,” he said. “You’re safe now. I want you to know that. I am your rescuer, but goddam it Woman, you are as sexy a woman as I have ever met.”

“I am not a virgin,” she purred. He visibly tented.

“I did not come prepared,” he said.

“I am clean if you are,” she said. “And I cannot get pregnant.”

She pulled her robe open. Her body was soft and smooth, with those tiny childish breasts poking out and something else poking through the panties.

“What the fuck?” said Todd. It was small, and not rigid, but what it was under the black lace was unmistakable. “Whoa! This is not my thing.”

“I am okay with that,” she said. “We do have time, and I know how to please a man … probably better than most women, but I understand. I still need rescuing.”

He looked up at her face. He could see it now, but only the barest trace. Male maybe, but not a man, he decided. Pretty, and plucked, and as soft as a feather bed. It was not like he had never fucked a butthole before. A good, clean, tight one is better than some sloppy trench. And it was on offer. With time and damn comfortable looking bed. And his prick was telling him that it was good to go.

“Like I said, Ma’am. I am not one to take advantage.” He only said it to make sure that it was her idea. He wanted it.

“Why do you think I am here. I am here for him. His feminized plaything. He takes, but I never give. But I want to give. I want to feel what it is like to give myself to a man. I want this, if you do.”

The robe had fallen to the floor and she was close to him, with her scent intoxicating him, and her lips quivering to confirm the truth of her words. She stroke his face, creased by years working the land and rough from stubble for a man who only shaved on a Saturday.

He picked up her near naked body and she shook off her slippers. She was heavy, but not to heavy for him. He was suddenly aware that this woman had once been a man, so this was not a man at all. It thrilled him. It was something new. He was ready. It was just that he preferred not to remove her panties. He would fuck her face to face, and push the lacy fabric to one side. He liked to watch a woman’s eyes roll back into her head. He considered himself indulgent in that way.

He could not help but notice the baseball bat beside the bed. He said: “How can your “master” get anywhere near you with that at hand?”

“I always mean to, but I can never do it,” she said, smiling mischeviously.

There was something in her asshole, which in the dim light he only barely saw her remove and cast aside. She was open for him, and his shirt and boots were off and his jeans down so that he could enter without further delay.

She squealed. It was the sound a virgin might make. He had heard it before. A long anticipation of pleasure met with a moment of slight but expected pain then the slow swallowing of a hot shaft by the body. She was no virgin, and yest it seemed that she was.

He worked her as he liked to, watching for her pleasure as he took his. He had no point to prove. He had time. He liked the heat that a female orgasm gave in that short moment. Would it be the same for this creature?

She toss her blonde curls about in her ecstasy. That pleased him. But he could not wait – things had moved faster that he anticipated. His hips were now driven by his lizard brain. He was pumping and she was moaning.

It was great sex. He filled her so that she just lay there oozing. He flopped down beside her, lying on his back and looking up at the ceiling. It was a mirror. A sheet of mirrored Perspex to serve as a ceiling suspended by the warehouse roof. Beside him lay the woman that he had just fucked. Her panties were off and he could see that small penis and tiny patch of pubic hair left by the razor. It had deposited a small amount of cream on to her smooth belly.

He turned away. He would rather not see that. He saw instead a small side table with a box on it. He could just see a key ring keeping the lid from closing. He rolled over and opened the box. It was a car key and a door opening fob.

He was puzzled. This made no sense. It cold not be for this building? He pushed the “Open” button. Outside the room he heard the machinery burst into life. He knew that the doors were opening.

But he had no time for further thought. The baseball bat came down squarely on his head and everything went black.

The End

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