

Tabitha Queen

Montana Cowgirl



Bébé Talons



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For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
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By **Bébé Talons**

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Pulling her prize quarter horse stallion, Prince Ally Khan, to a stop atop the rugged ridge, Tabitha Queen looked across the steep sides of the ravine with deep satisfaction at the knowledge that it was all hers. Well, actually it belonged to her dad, but since she was her parents' only heir, it *was* hers by extension!

"Whoa, big fellow," she ordered softly, tugging gently on the reins, "Time for a short time out! These critters will wait a minute or so while we catch our breath!"

The great stallion shook his head as though he understood every word his rider had uttered.

"Whinnny," he snorted in agreement, bobbing his head up and down in quick understanding.

"Oh, you're very welcome!" she giggled as she softly patted his neck affectionately. She glanced at the sky taking note of the impending twilight. "Getting' dark. Most time to quit anyway," she murmured.

Ms Tabitha Layne Queen, only daughter of David G. King and Martha Harmon King, twenty-nine years old, five foot eleven inches tall, weighing one hundred thirty-six pounds with deep hazel eyes flaming auburn hair that she wore in a close-cropped helmet-page boy style, measuring 40 C+ - 28 - 39 and proud of every inch!

She smoothed the front of her woolen shirt and shivered as she brushed across her sensitive, fully erect nipples and she felt a stab of moisture between her thighs. Once more she was thankful that she had slipped a pad into her crotch before setting out for the day's riding chores. A quick blush flushed her face and she was glad no one was there to see her self-imposed humiliation. Surreptitiously she checked between her Levi covered crotch, sighing with relief when her fingers came out warm and dry.

Like most range riders, Tabitha wore tough bull-leather chaps to protect her legs from scratches when riding through the brush as she chased reluctant steers back to the main herd. It was a rough job but she loved it and wouldn't change places with anyone.

Tight, pocketless, stretch jeans encased her womanly hips but with her bikini panties, she did not show any panty lines to distract the men who worked for her dad although several of the men stared at her wriggling butt with great admiration.

She was all woman, aware of her sex appeal, yet indifferent to the stares of men that left her cold. Some called her a frigid woman while the truth was just the opposite. Tabitha was a hot-blooded, sexual being who craved love, except none of the males she knew even came close to set her senses aflame, nor even kindle the slightest desire on her part. Her parents had long since given up on their daughter marrying and



raising a family, producing grandchildren and hope for the future.

But, Tabitha was a hard-bodied, clear thinking Montana woman who was foreman of some twenty-five thousand acres of Big Sky country, having worked for her father, (the aforementioned David King, presently laid up from a recent heart attack), ever since her medical retirement from the Marine Corps two years ago. Seems she had been hit in the head by a flying object thrown her way when a shell had wrecked her Cobra near Fallujah. This had scrambled her brains slightly, thereby making her unfit for world-wide military service, sending her back home with a chest full of medals and a headache the size of all Montana!

She caught sight of three mavericks trying to hide in the scrub and she laughed with delight. "Can't hide from us, so don't even try it!" she called with delight. Her heels touched the stallion's sides gently and they were off down the side of the ravine in full chase of the suddenly spooked cattle. "Whoop! Whoop!" she yelled exuberantly, her lariat whistling in the air as she charged towards the steers at full speed.

As she roused these first three, she found four others trying to hide and added them to her collection, herding them skillfully out of the ravine to join up with others gathered earlier. Whistling shrilly, she drove them into the herd, leaping from the saddle to land lightly beside the two men waiting there.

"Hey, Boss!" called Short Stuff Harry Wilson (so called because he was six foot six in his stocking feet). "H'ain't it 'bout time us'n's wuz a heading back for the main house?"

"Yeah, Boss, my rhumatism's beginning to bother me something fierce," chimed in High Pockets George Knight who was a flaming hypochondriac who had imagined that he had had every disease known to man. "H'it's a wonder I've lasted as long as I have!" he exclaimed as he rubbed his back for sympathy.

"High Pockets," Tabitha laughed, "you'll outlive alla us! But, you're right, it's getting late, so let's get

this bunch home and bedded down afore we call it quits. OK?"

"Yeah, Boss," grinned Short Stuff. "I'm all for that!"

"Me too!" High Pockets chimed in as he groaned for sympathy. "Cain't wait to get back to get summa my medicine."

"All you want is some of Mom's good cooking!" Tabitha teased.

"W'al, there is that too," the man admitted with a sly grin.

The two cowboys started their little herd towards home and were soon out of sight. Tabitha watched them go, smiling at their individual idiosyncrasies, yet knowing she could depend on them to do their job without cutting corners.

She turned her mount up a little used trail, intending to cut across country and beat the other two home where she could tease them about lolly-gagging and frittering away valuable time.

The thought made her smile.

All at once, she paused, her ear cocked to catch a stray sound.

Wait a minute!

What was that?

Something out of the ordinary had intruded upon her conscious.

Was that a calf bawling?

Naw, couldn't be.

Could it?

Unless. . .

It could have accidentally gotten caught on something.

With an exasperated sigh, she turned her mount toward the distant sound, guiding Prince Ally Khan instinctively toward the plaintive bawling.

Getting close, she heard distant voices and she pulled up just short of the ridge, dismounted and crept carefully upwards, making sure she looked around a boulder so she wouldn't be skylined and thereby visible to whoever it was down below.

She eased around the boulder and snorted with disgust.

It was that dangd Kane trio and they were rebranding her cows!

Well, her dad's cows, if it made any difference.

And loading them into the back of a huge cattle trailer behind a powerful KW tractor.

"Hurry up, youse slug-a-beds," snarled Jerry, the biggest and oldest.

"Whu'fer?" his youngest brother Henry drawled. "Ain't nun buddy around fer miles!"

"Don' kid yerse'f, baby brudder," Jerry snapped angrily. "That there fucking Tabitha Queen gal's liable tuh be right around duh corner watching ever move!"

"Aw, Hell, Jerr," Henry's older twin brother (by seven minutes) Richard "Little Dick" laughed, "yer getting' squirrelly in yer elderly age!" he laughed.

"Laff, youse idjits!" Jerry snapped. "But ah h'ain't goin' back tuh prison fer no pussy, not even uh tight assed cunt la'k her!"

"Boy!" Little Dick grinned. "Ah'd give most enny thang tuh crawl betwixt them thighs uh hers and ride her home!"

"Yeah," Henry added. "She'd shore nuff give uh man uh ruff ride!"

"Ah'd shore la'k tuh try!" Little Dick chuckled.

"Dream on, you idjit!" Jerry countered. "Yuh ain't got nuff tuh satisfy that hungry cunt o'hers! Ah'll bet she cud take 'at stallion uh hers up her twat th'out breaking uh fuckin' sweat!" he laughed snidely.

'Why, you bastard!' Tabitha thought angrily. "You utter bastard!"

Taking out her cel phone, she dialed the main house and when her father answered, she spoke softly. "Dad, listen. I'm atop Running Man Bluff and I'm watching the Kane boys rustle some of our cows. Call Sheriff Thompson and tell him to get up here pronto, but to be quiet so's he don't scare 'em off afore we kin catch 'em red-handed."

"Got it, Tabby," Dave answered quickly. "Now you stay put and don't go doing nothing commando just because you was onct a Lady Marine!" he cautioned.

She giggled. "No sweat, Daddy dear," she replied. "I got alla that knocked outta me in boot camp."

"Bull! I know you girl! Now you mind what I said, hear?" he wheedled.

"Yer breaking up, Daddy," she laughed. "Get the Sheriff out here P.D.F.Q.!" She switched the phone off and buttoned it into her shirt pocket.

Making sure Prince Ally Khan was securely tied and her revolver loose in its holster, she slipped out of her chaps and boots and hung them on the saddle horn. Reaching into her saddle bags, she withdrew some moccasins and slipped them onto her sock feet,

"Now you be a good boy and mind your manners while I take care of business, hear?" She patted her horse's neck affectionately.

Moving quietly, she crept down the ridge keeping out of sight of the rustlers. Then she went down the side of the ravine, and still keeping out of sight, she crept up to the back of the trailer on the off-side, making sure to place her feet carefully so that she would not make a stray sound to alert the rustlers to her presence.

Fortunately, she was on the passenger's side and as she passed the nose of the trailer, she reached in, pulled the lock lever and grinned when she heard the sound of the pin coming free. Then, to add insult to injury, she disconnected the air hoses for the trailer brakes.

'There, that should slow you boys down!' she thought triumphantly. At a sound from the rustlers, she slipped up to the open cab door and glanced inside.

'Well I'll be a monkey's uncle,' Tabitha thought, almost laughing out loud and giving herself away. 'They left the keys in the switch. Danged fools! So, I'll just add to their misery and take them off their hands.' In seconds she had the keys in her hand and was stuffing them into her shirt pocket.

"How many more us'n's gotta go?" she heard Jerry asking.

"'Bout thirty er so," Henry replied. "Why fer you askin'?"

"Us'n's gots room fer 'at many?" was the reply.

"Sure. H'it's uh fitty feeter," Henry laughed. "Plenty uh room 'n more uhsides!"

"OK, hurry it up, will ya?"

"Us'n's're goin' as fast as us'n's kin. It'd go faster if'n youse wud lend a hand wit duh werk!" the man complained bitterly.

"Ah'm supervisin'!" came the cold reply.

"Yeah, sure, goofing off, as usual!"

"I'm oldest."

"So?"

"So that makes me boss by birth!" he laughed.

"T'ain't fair!"

"Tough bananas!"

The cel phone in Tabitha's shirt pocket vibrated alerting her to an incoming call.

"Yeah?" she whispered.

"It's Sheriff Thompson. Me'n the boys're on toppa the ridge. Where in blazes are you, girl?"

Tabitha stuck her head around the engine compartment and waved. "Here I am!" she whispered into the phone.

"Stay right there outta trouble. There might be shooting," he ordered. "Ah don' wan' yuh tuh getting' hurt!"

"They're not going anywhere!" she laughed.

"'Sides, I've been shot at before. I was in the Sand Box with the Marines, remember?" she laughed.

"Mind what I tell yuh!" he ordered

"Yes, Sir," she giggled.

In a few seconds, she heard a bull horn blare, "OK, listen up! This here's Sheriff Thompson and I have ten men with me, so you men down there, drop what you're doing and raise your hands above your heads!"

La'k Hell!" Jerry yelped as he fell to the ground and rolled under the trailer, then ran along the truck and scrambled for the seat.

Tabitha heard him swear bitterly. "OK, witch onna youse dumb bastids took duh fuckin' keys?" he yelled in frustration.

Tabitha stood in the door, dangling the keys in her hand. "Looking for these?"

"Gimmie them fucking keys!" Jerry ordered, lunging across the seat towards her.

Laughing, she slammed the door in his face. "Don' wanna!" she retorted.

When he recovered, he found himself staring down the barrel of her 44 revolver!

Long seconds later, the three chagrined men were hand-cuffed.

"Ah warned yuh she wuz around!" Jerry sneered to his brothers.

"How'n Hell wuz us'n's tuh know?" the other two protested.

"So you'd like to ride me?" Tabitha taunted Little Dick. "Nevah gonna hotchie, G.I., not in this life-time!"

"Fuck yuh!" Little Dick growled. "Yer proolly too sloppy fer uh real man enny haow!"

"When I find one, I'll let you know!" she laughed. To the Sheriff, "Better get him outta here afore ah fergit ah'm uh Lady!"

The Sheriff laughed. "OK, boys, show's over. Let's get these wannabe rustlers back to my jail and get 'em bunked down fer the night."

"But what about that truck and them there steers?" one man asked.

Just then, her father, High Pockets, Short Stuff and three others came riding up.

"I think they know what to do," the Sheriff laughed. "Howdy, Dave. You got here just in time. Alla the real work's over, as usual."

"Howdy, Pete. I'm s'prised you found yer way up here, being as it's not town," was the humorous jibe.

"Had duh boys show me duh way!" He waved a hand at the others.

"Well, thanks anyway. Guess me'n the boys can handle it frum here on out."