

This chronicle is about a woman whose childhood was dark and troubling and perhaps causing one to write her off as just another lost soul. What kind of future would you expect of a child born and raised in a whorehouse? Her troubling childhood haunts her most of her life but, despite that, she grows to be an extraordinary woman who touches the lives of many people.

## **Dulehurst Requiem**

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# DULEHURST REQUIEM

The Saga of a Western Woman

PIANO

Sopran

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Tutti

Tutti

Re . . . qui .

Bsn.

Tutti

Tutti

Re .

. qui . em a . ter .

ter .

Basset Hrn.

Composed by  
**JEFF  
BOLDT**



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## **Table of Contents**

Prologue .....	1
My Sickening of Sex.....	3
My Conflicting Years.....	15
The Trail Drive.....	43
Man Hunting.....	66
Lawmen.....	88
The Romancing.....	113
Parenthood.....	134
The Billing's Hospitality House .....	151
Requiem .....	173



## **Chapter 2**

### **My Conflicting Years**

The day I was to go meet my new employer Mrs. Poole rode out to his place with me. We stepped down off the buggy and she gave Mr. Foster a long, tight hug. I could see they were very good friends. She made proper introductions and he bid us into his home. What a beautiful home it was! It was obvious he was rich and his wife—God rest her soul—must have had very refined taste. There wasn't the gaudy décor of some old whorehouse; this was an exquisite home. We sat down in the parlor and Mrs. Poole explained very carefully and in detail the terms of my employment. He was fine with me leaving three times a week for my piano lessons. In fact there was a piano in the next room.

### Dulehurst Requiem

His wife loved music and had a music room in the house. Mr. Foster gave me permission to use the room any time I liked to practice my lessons. I was thrilled at the prospect. I was to provide two meals a day, occasionally entertaining a client and their guests. I was to take the buggy into town and buy groceries and things for the house. I was to keep the home neat and tidy and keep Mr. Foster's clothes and all the linens washed. Other than that, my time was my own and I had the run of the place. Mr. Foster had a Chinaman named Li Wong who presently helped with domestic chores. I was to be his boss. I was given a large room off the kitchen as a bedroom and eight dollars a week. That was some serious money. I kept three dollars a week for my personal needs and put five dollars a week into my bank account. The arrangement suited me just fine.

I settled in quickly and learned where everything was. It was slow going at first as I didn't have my routine down yet. But Mr. Foster was a very patient man with me and very decent. Li Wong was a big help too except I couldn't understand him. To say he spoke broken English was putting it mild. I think it was English and it was definitely broke.

Mr. Foster had two huge barns. One was just that, a place for the buggies and horses and their

## A Saga of a Western Woman

tack. The other was where he actually made his guns. He had a foundry and he actually poured molten metals and formed them into the shapes he needed. He had lathes and all kinds of tools, some I couldn't guess what they were for. But everything was for making guns of all kinds. Hand guns, rifles, shotguns...he made them all. He could even work on and repair other guns made by other people. He was a pretty talented man and had a crew of five people who worked with him. Sometimes in the afternoons when my chores were all caught up, I would go over and watch the men at work. I was amazed at the whole process. It was fascinating to me how something would start out as molten metal and end up being a working gun. When the guns were finished, they would have to test them. They had a firing range out behind the barns. Sometimes they would let me test fire the guns. That was fun. It got to the point I could shoot fairly straight.

The next few months were a very happy time in my life. I managed to get into a routine so everything ran pretty smooth. Mr. Foster insisted I call him Colt and to please him I did. It was almost like for the first time in my life I had a father figure. Many evenings he would call me after dinner and ask if I would play something on the piano. I would always oblige him. I think in some small way it reminded him of his wife and it relaxed him. There were times we sat together on the front porch, he and I, and he

## Dulehurst Requiem

would confide in me. He would reminisce about his wife and their lives together. I heard stories of how they came out west and some of the hardships they endured as newlyweds. Mrs. Poole was right; he was a good and honorable man. I began to feel deeply for him. I could see why Mrs. Poole did.

He told me he was going to be having a special client come over one Sunday and asked if I'd mind making something extra special to eat. I looked through my recipes and some his wife had left behind and I put together a fine meal. I fixed a rack of lamb with fresh potatoes, summer squash, my famous biscuits and deep crust cherry pie. I was so proud of that meal. He brought his guest to the house and he introduced me. The gentleman's name was William, William Hickok. That gentleman was so pleased with my meal that he had two slices of cherry pie. He was very complimentary to me and my cooking. I guess he and Colt went over to Colt's shop and the man ended up buying guns and rifles worth over six hundred dollars.

After the gentleman left with his merchandise Colt came bursting in the house. He grabbed me around the waist and kissed me on the lips long and hard. "Virginia Ruby, that was the best pie I ever ate and Wild Bill thought it was just delicious too. You made him so happy he bought a lot of guns. You are the best!"



## A Saga of a Western Woman

In August much to my surprise Colt said he was taking me out to dinner; I didn't have to cook. We took the barouche into town and he pulled up to Mrs. Poole's place. She greeted us at the door and guided us into the back room. I was totally shocked. I never expected this. There sat my mom, a couple of the girls from Topeka, Madam Flatley, the guys from Colt's gun factory and Li Wong. They were all there to celebrate my birthday. This was the first time in my life I had a birthday party...one that wasn't interrupted anyway. When I was six, my mom and the girls had a little party for me. It was kinda a tea party and there was a cake. But a bunch of cowboys rode into town and soon all the girls, including my mom were busy. I spent my sixth birthday listening to the sounds of sex and men grunting. One cowboy had his pants down around his ankles and tried to get me to come over and sit on his lap. Yeah, like I was going to let that happen.

I was so shocked that my mother was there. Evidently she had corresponded with Mrs. Poole and told her my birthday was coming up. Mrs. Poole arranged the whole thing. I was happy to see my mom again but it was weird being with her. It was like we had nothing in common any more. She was a whore and I was a respectable lady. It was just strange. We chatted a bit and I told her all about my new job. She leaned over and asked me if I was sleeping with him too. I was shocked! I stood up and slapped her across the face and left the room. I was just turning thirteen! I wasn't going to be a whore at

## Dulehurst Requiem

thirteen just because she was! Mrs. Poole followed me out of the room and took me to her room. I cried on her shoulders for what seemed like hours. I told her what my mother had said. She just hugged and consoled me. We went back to the party and my mother and her girlfriends had gone back to the train station. Colt offered to take me home but we hadn't cut the cake yet. So Li Wong did the honors and we all had some delicious birthday cake.

On the way back, Colt asked me what that was all about. I felt so ashamed and embarrassed. I shamefully told him about who my mother was and about my upbringing in the whorehouse. I was really ashamed and couldn't look him in the eyes. I told him I've been trying to turn my life around and be a respectful young lady, one of poise and proper etiquette. He put his arm around me and hugged me. He bent over and kissed my forehead. He told me not to worry; as long as I was with him I would be a proper lady.

"Colt, don't you miss...I mean...don't you get...do you miss your wife, in that sorta way I mean. Don't you feel the itch for a woman?"

"I do. little lady; I do. We were very happy in that way. I miss her so much."

"Do...do you ever...ever go visit a woman?"

## A Saga of a Western Woman

He chuckled. "No ma'am. I would never want to violate the memory of my wife by whorin' with a woman."

We rode in silence for a while. Finally I blurted out much to my shock, "Then how do you comfort those itchings?"

"You sure are a curious little filly. I...I do what most trail hands do; I take things into my own hands." I thought for a moment then it struck me what he meant. I was so embarrassed I didn't say another word. He just whistled a tune the rest of the way home.

When we got home, Colt put away the horse and buggy, then came and we sat out on the porch. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small box.

"I made this for you. Happy Birthday." I was shocked and surprised.

"Colt, you didn't have to get me anything. You gave me the party and..." I opened the box. It was absolutely beautiful. I started crying.

"I'm not much of a jewelry maker but I wanted to try and make this for you. I hope you like it." It was a beautiful necklace. Hanging off the chain was a silver "V" with some diamond chips in it. Hanging off

## Dulehurst Requiem

of that was a beautiful red ruby. "I thought the 'V' and the ruby was appropriate because of your name. Virginia Ruby is such a beautiful name." I was crying real tears of joy. First of all, this was the first piece of jewelry I had ever owned. Second, it was made and given to me by a man I really loved. I handed it to him and turned around that he might clasp it around my neck. I ran to the mirror in the entryway. It was beautiful and I loved it.

"Colt, I am never going to take this off. It is beautiful; thank you so much." I kissed him long and hard on the cheek. He kissed me on the forehead.

The rest of that summer and fall I got real good at two things, playing piano and shooting guns. I had a holster and gun specially made for my size. I could draw from the hip and shoot with accuracy. I could shoot a rifle and hit bull's-eyes at four hundred feet. I was getting to be quite the shot. On the afternoons I didn't have my piano lessons, I took shooting lessons. Colt or one of the guys would work with me and help me become the best shot I could be. One afternoon I was at the shooting range with Tusco Tuninni, one of Colt's men. He was standing real close to me helping me line up a shot. Then for no reason, he turned my head toward him and kissed me right on the lips. He held my head in place and raised his hand and cupped my breast,

## A Saga of a Western Woman

pinching it rough and hard. A man was touching me and I didn't want to be touched. I pulled away and brought my knee right up between his legs causing him some major discomfort and pain. I immediately went to find Colt. I found Colt at the lathe and told him I was leaving. I no longer wanted to be in his employ. I stormed out and went to my room to pack my things. Colt came into the room and asked what happened. I explained what Tusco had done to me and I was not going to stay any place I was to be sexified. Colt profusely apologized and asked me not to go. He said he would take care of it. I sat on the edge of my bed and stewed. All I could think of was as good with a gun as I am, I should have shot him right in his sac.

Colt came back about forty-five minutes later. I had cooled down a bit but was still frustrated. He told me everything was okay. He fired Tusco for what he did to me and sent him on his way. I was never going to see Tusco again or feel his grimy paws on my breasts anymore. I thanked Colt and hugged him. Again he kissed me on the forehead. For the first time in my life, I actually felt like a daughter and that I had a father. I went out to start getting the evening meal ready.

Things went back to normal after that. I continued my piano, although my lessons were now just once a week. With all the practicing I did on

## Dulehurst Requiem

Colt's piano, there wasn't as much a need for lessons as it was just practice. Madam Flatley worked hard at finding me challenging pieces of sheet music to play. So once a week I would visit her and try to impress her with my abilities.

She even arranged a couple of concerts for me to play at. That was quite thrilling and thoroughly enjoyable. I was now fifteen and was accepted in many women's circles in Wichita. Mrs. Poole had gone to great lengths to see I was properly schooled in etiquette and charm. I was often asked to play the piano at many high society functions in the greater Wichita area. I was becoming quite well known as a proper young lady. This girl was never going to lie on her back while some stinking cowboy rammed her. I was becoming a snob.

Then one day I was riding the buckboard into town to get groceries. When you leave Colt's ranch you go for about a mile to a group of rocks then you turn left and pass through the rock formation known as Smitty's Bend. I was traveling along as I had done hundred times before through the bend when suddenly there was a loud thump in the back of the wagon and the buckboard shook. It turned to see what happened and there standing in the back was Tusco. He had jumped from the rock formation into the back of the buckboard. He pointed at me and started yelling.

## A Saga of a Western Woman

“You! You...you whore bitch...got me fired from Colt’s! I’m going to violate you so bad...” I snapped the reigns sharply and the horses went into a full gallop. The acceleration caused Tusco to lose his balance and flip off the back of the wagon. I kept the horses at a full gallop all the way into town. Once in town, I got all the groceries and things I needed for the house. I went back to Colt’s but as I went through Smitty’s Bend, I gave wide berth around the rock formation and kept the horses at a fast clip. I told Colt what happened upon my return. After that day, whenever I would go into town, I would wear my gun. It hurt my standing with the women’s society to see me walking around with a gun strapped to my waist but I would rather be safe than a snob.

October was a special time at Colt’s house. He and a couple of his friends would take off and go hunting for game to ensure we ate during the winter. Usually they came back with a couple of deer apiece and some rabbits...maybe a pheasant or two. Off the kitchen was a small room ventilated so that the cold air of winter made it into a cool chest to store the meat. I told Colt before he left I had no problem cooking the meat but I weren’t no butcher or skinner. He laughed and assured me they would take care of that part. While he was gone he had half a steer butchered and about twenty cleaned chickens delivered out to the ranch. About ten days

## Dulehurst Requiem

later they returned and the chill chest was full of meat for the winter. Li Wong was real busy canning vegetables he had grown out in his garden; no matter how much snow came in this winter we were sure not going to starve. On one of my trips to town, I stopped into Mrs. Poole's kitchen and talked with Mrs. Basher the head cook and got some recipes on different ways to fix deer meat other than just frying it. I was becoming quite the cook.

Colt and I would often sit together out on the porch talking or when the weather turned real cold we would sit in front of the fireplace and talk about everything. I enjoyed our time together. Colt sometimes smoked a pipe but mostly was a cigar smoker. I loved the smell of his cigars and asked if I could try one. I smoked a little and didn't particularly care for it. But I kept smelling them so whenever Colt and I would sit and chat I would have a cigar. I really kinda like them now. I know it ain't too popular with the women's circles but I don't care. We would sit and smoke and chat. I don't think there wasn't a topic we didn't discuss... including things of a personal, sexual nature. I felt kinda naughty when we talked like that but it was fun. We even admitted to each other our fondness for self pleasure. We would giggle and blush a lot during some of those talks.



## A Saga of a Western Woman

That winter was kinda strange for me. I didn't understand what was going on with me. I was fifteen and my body was pretty much fully developed. I was a very pretty young lady, if I may say so with some modesty and I was healthy. But things were confusing in my mind. I didn't understand certain feelings I had. I had known about sex since I was three and had made the promise to never let a man touch me. I still wanted that but I found myself thinking a lot about men. I was curious about how it might feel to have a man make love to me. The thought sickened me, yet somehow intrigued me. I was having visions in my head about getting married and having a proper, beautiful church wedding. I had dreams of a strong man holding me, hugging me, kissing me on the forehead and protecting me. There were more than a few occasions such thoughts would cause my hand to move southerly and I would succumb to the pleasures of some of those thoughts. I was curious about sex which I found very strange. I thought curiosity was from not knowing, wondering what it would be all about. I knew what sex was all about, a vile disgusting act about bouncing on women and spewing inside them. That thought sickened me. Yet to be held, caressed, loved by a man...that was exciting. I thought about being married, the joys of loving a man and he loving me. But marriage involved sex and that was disgusting. Maybe if it was sex with one man who truly loved me and cared for me and would be very gentle and passionate to me...would that be so bad? I was so confused and

## Dulehurst Requiem

mixed up. Thoughts like that consumed most of my time during those months.

To compound the problem, there was this young man at Henderson's Mercantile, Robby. He was seventeen, tall, handsome, polite, mannerly and just a gentleman. He was so courteous when I came into the store and so complimentary. He had been to some of my concerts and loved the way I played the piano. One trip into town he asked me if he might buy me a cup of coffee or some tea. We went to Mrs. Poole's and we chatted and visited for quite a while. There was a social dance coming up and he asked me if he might accompany me as a date. I was surprised he asked me as I didn't expect it. I hadn't really planned on going to the dance but if he wanted to take me, I was going. He was very charming and very proper. I think I was getting a crush on him. That only fueled my confusion and my conflicted feelings.

That winter we stayed close to Colt's ranch. I would do my chores and spent a lot of my afternoons working in Colt's gun shop. I would do odd jobs like filing metal parts clean and some assembly work. I got to learn all about guns and how they were made. Then late afternoon I would head back to the house and start the evening meal.

## A Saga of a Western Woman

Colt and I spent a lot of time in front of the fireplace those cold winter evenings chatting and getting to know each other. I don't think there was a story about him and his wife I didn't hear. She must have been a remarkable woman and he loved her with all his heart. Of course, I didn't have a lot of stories to share with him. He pretty much knew about my slutty past so there wasn't much to tell there. He was really like a father to me and I felt so at ease with him, I confided in him about some of my conflictions...about sex that is. He said it was pretty normal for a girl my age and that there were probably a lot of hormones coming into play. He told me I just had to be true to myself and that someday the right man would come along and I would be very happy. I wondered sometimes if Robby was that right guy.

Come March I learned it was Colt's wedding anniversary. His wife had been dead two years now and I knew he missed her a great deal. On the day of the anniversary, he seemed very despondent and didn't talk much. He didn't go to work that day but instead sat in his parlor sipping whiskey. That afternoon I went in to see if I could get him anything and he asked me to play the piano. A waltz...he wanted to hear a waltz because he and his wife danced them all the time. I did as he asked but I wasn't sure I was helping things. I think my playing just made him think of her all the more and then

### Dulehurst Requiem

made him even more despondent. By evening he was close to drunk. He sat next to the fireplace and stoked it a bit. I sat in the chair close by.

“I don’t have to tell you I miss my Caroline,” he slurred.

“I know you loved her very much and I am sure she loved you just as much.”

Tears came to his eyes. He shook his head up and down. He stared into the fire continuing to sip his whiskey. “I was a wild young man before I met my Caroline. I whored a lot of women and sexed a lot of ladies. But none of them could make me to climax and gush forth like my Caroline.”

I was shocked at what I had just heard. I knew he was drunk but still, it caught me off guard. “Mr. Foster, please, I am but a young lady not prone to hearing such talk.”

“You are the product of a brothel and probably know more about such matters than I. My apologies to you; I do not wish to offend you.” He stood up and leaned over and kissed my forehead. But his balance was impaired and he leaned heavily onto me. I helped him to straighten back up then stood up and leaned him against me. I walked him to his room and set him on his bed.

A Saga of a Western Woman

“Oh but to be able to gaze upon your nakedness as I pleased myself,” he said as he lay down. I covered him up fully clothed but did the service of removing his boots.

“Good night, Mr. Foster. Let my nakedness dance about in your dreams.” I ran back to my bedroom and could not contain myself. My hands went southerly and my fingers danced the dance to pleasure.

Then one evening we sat by the fireplace, as we did most evenings, talking. We would talk of a great many things during our fireside chats. We even talked sex on occasion. He knew all about my background and he also knew I was trying to become a respectable woman. But this night he was quieter, as if he were deep in thought. Something was on his mind but he would not speak of it. He rocked in his chair puffing on his pipe.

“Did you like the roast this evening? I tried a new method to make it more tender.” He stared off and did not answer. “Colt, are you feeling well this evening?”

Colt shook his head yes. He turned his stare to me. I smiled at him and he cracked a little one himself. “You seem very deep in thought; perhaps I should leave as not to disturb you.”

## Dulehurst Requiem

“Please, no, please stay. I have something I would like to ask you but I am not sure how to approach it. Please stay.”

“Colt, you know you can ask me anything, I enjoy our evenings together chatting, being friends. You need not be shy around me.”

He shook his head yes. “In some matters I must. I have very dear feelings for you and I respect you and care for your well being. I would never want to say anything that would give you offense.”

“Colt, does this have anything to do your... hardness problem?” We had discussed that a time or two before.

He shook his head yes. “It is getting more difficult to reach the point of pleasure as I cannot maintain my stiffness.” He looked down; he could not look me in the eyes.

“And you want me to help in some way?”

“Does that offend you? I know how you feel about men and sex and this would not be that. I don’t want to offend you in any way, just perhaps stare at your nakedness so it would stimulate me to hardness...that I may seek the pleasure I so much need. No one would ever know so that your reputation may stay virtuous.” He chanced a look up into my eyes to see if I was disgusted or not. I

A Saga of a Western Woman

wasn't. I thought back to the old days at the whorehouse when my mother made me undress and stand naked before men...men who were strangers...men who were pigs. Colt wasn't like that; he was a decent, honorable man who just needed help with his hardness problem. That was two different things in my mind.

"Colt you are a very dear and special man to me. You have given me a home, a job and many wonderful memories. You are a very special man to me and I feel deeply for you. I seek to make you happy. Let me think on your offer and let you know. I am not offended by your request, as I hope you will not be by my decision. Let me think on it and I will answer you later." I turned and left and went into my room. Later that night when I was sure Li Wong was fast asleep, I went to Colt's bedroom. He was stunned to see me and even more when I dropped my robe and stood before him naked. He stared at my womanly delights then started getting stiff. He stared and stared at me until his pleasure was released. He walked over to me and kissed me on the forehead.

"Thank you."

The next morning there was no mention of what had happened the night before. Now about three or four times a month, I stand before Colt naked as he looks upon me and pleasures.

## Dulehurst Requiem

One Tuesday afternoon toward the end of winter when snow was still on the ground yet the air smelled and felt of spring, I saddled up the dapple grey and went in to town. I wanted to see Madam Flatley and visit and I wanted to visit a certain young man at the mercantile. The air was still brisk so I wore my deerskin britches and heavy coat. I also wore my gun. I know it isn't very lady-like when calling on a gentleman but the pants were warmer than a playful breeze blowing up my petticoats. I was so excited at getting to see Robby. Somewheres I must have swallowed me a bunch of butterflies as they were now fluttering around in my stomach and southerly region. I so much wanted to surprise Robby. But the surprise was all mine.

I walked into the mercantile and there were three men. One had a gun pulled on Robby and Robby was clearing out the cash drawer. One of the robbers saw me enter and pulled a gun on me. I drew my gun and shot him right in the head. The gunman who was holding the gun on Robby shot and fired and hit Robby in the belly. He turned toward me and I shot him right between the eyes. The third man drew on me and I shot him but my aim was a little wide and I ended up flesh-wounding him in the shoulder. He ran out the back way. I ran to Robby lying on the floor. He was bleeding badly. Another customer ran out to get the doctor. I kissed Robby on the cheek and ran out the door.



## A Saga of a Western Woman

I jumped on my horse and took off after the man I had wounded. I could see his dust cloud up ahead and followed it. Soon he headed into the hills and there was no longer any dust to follow. I slowly and carefully followed him into the hills, knowing he could be behind any rock or tree lying in wait. I kept very aware and listened intently for any sounds that might give him away. Soon I saw blood on the ground—very prominent against the snow—obviously from the wound I had inflicted. There was a lot more of it as I followed the trail. The man had to be weak from loss of blood. I just got this strange feeling in my gut. The hairs on my neck were tingling. I climbed down off of my mare and walked around looking for signs of my fugitive. I climbed among rocks being careful not to stand in one spot too long to allow him to draw a bead on me. A few minutes later, a shot ricocheted next to my left ear. I spun around and there draped over a large boulder was the bleeding man I sought. He barely had the strength to hold up his gun. He was pretty near dead as it was. He tried to draw down a bead on me again; I just fired up and shot him in the head. Fifteen years old and I have already killed three men. I guess there goes my standing in the women's circles.

I quickly reloaded and holstered my weapon and mounted my mare. I raced back to town to see if Robby was alright. He wasn't; he had died. Gut shot dead for a few dollars. What a waste. I had future visions of maybe him and me becoming a couple

### Dulehurst Requiem

and maybe even marrying. I had even thought about having sex with him as a proper wedded wife. But all that was gone now...gone in an instance of foolish greed. I never should have drawn my gun while the robber had his gun on Robby. If I hadn't, Robby might be alive right now. But when I saw that man pull and aim at me, it was just reaction. It was as if I didn't have the capacity of choice. I just shot. I reacted. I couldn't believe Robby was dead. I didn't know what to do. I ended up going over to Mrs. Poole's and crying in her arms.

The next few months Colt and I commiserated together. We were both just shells of ourselves going through the motions. He still grieving over the loss of his beloved Caroline and I had an emptiness about me over the loss of Robby. I am not saying that my pain of Robby's death in anyway compared to Colt's loss. I barely knew the boy. But I was saddened by his passing and I suppose I let it show in my work a bit. Colt and I would often spend quiet evenings in front of the fireplace after dinner. Neither one of us did much but each of us enjoyed the other's company. Occasionally we held hands.

Li Wong was a very early riser. He was up at four in the morning rattling around the kitchen usually waking me up. So he was always in bed by seven-

A Saga of a Western Woman

thirty. This allowed Colt and I to share our evenings in front of the fire uninhibited. That is why we would converse so freely. One evening I don't know what swept over me. I was feeling very feminine and well, lovey-dovey and very cuddly. I went over and sat on Colt's lap. He didn't seem to mind; in fact he put his arms around me and hugged. He kissed me on my forehead. I gently rubbed his broad chest over his shirt. We stayed like that for a bit.

"Colt, do you remember me telling you about my confusing feelings? About men I mean, kinda like the ones I had about Robby?"

"Yes."

"Colt...I think...I think I am having some of those feelings...for you. I ain't ever been in love so I don't know what it is or how it feels but I think it feels a little like I'm feeling for you."

Colt kissed me on the forehead. "I do know what love feels like as I have loved the greatest woman in the world, my Caroline. And I am not disrespecting my feelings for her when I say I am having feelings for you too. You are a wonderful young lady who I care for very much. Would it offend you if I were to kiss you?"

"No, Colt, it wouldn't." Now understand, I have never really been kissed before; I mean passionate on the lips. I don't count what it was that Tusco did

### Dulehurst Requiem

to me. Colt...he could kiss and I felt as if I were turning to melted butter. We sat in front of the fire and did that for a long time. My southerly region was tingling. My breasts were aching to be touched. I don't know why I brought Colt's hand up to them and he did caress them. It felt good. After a while, I led him to his room where I undressed and stood naked before him. He had no hardness problem that night.

The birth of spring was now upon us and everything cold and dead was once again bringing forth new life. I think spring is my favorite time of year. The chill chest was now close to empty and Colt decided to go on a hunting trip with his friend Carl Ferbam. I asked if I could go along as I wanted to shoot some of the big guns. At first Colt was against the idea but I persisted and finally he and Carl invited me to come along. It was just for two days and two nights and I was to come along because neither Colt nor Carl was good at campfire cooking. I was excited. We took along some rifles and a new one Colt had made that he wanted to try out. I wore my holster and gun and carried a long range rifle in my saddle. We each had a horse and we took two mules along to hopefully carry back some deer and pheasant.

The first night we made camp. I didn't sleep real soundly as I kept hearing noises out in the woods. I

## A Saga of a Western Woman

suppose they were just normal everyday woods noises but they weren't normal to me. So I didn't get a real restful night's sleep. The next morning we were out early. We spent most of the morning and early afternoon trudging around the woods. Carl shot a pheasant and Colt got some rabbit from a few yards away. We wanted to get a deer but wanted to wait till tomorrow to shoot it. That way, we could butcher most of it and load it up for an early trip home the next day.

We got back to camp mid-afternoon and I started making a fire. Carl was skinning one of the rabbits 'cause he wanted some fried rabbit for supper. I could manage that. We were all busy when a shot rang out. I looked over and there was Carl falling to the ground with blood coming out of his chest. I spun around and drew my gun at the same time. I saw a man lining up a shot on Colt. I fired at him. At the same time I heard a man yell out, "Hey it's a woman!" Then I felt a body come flying on top of me and it knocked me down. The man rolled me over and pinned me to the ground and straddled my legs. He started pulling open my coat and shirt. Soon his hands were on my breasts. I heard another shot ring out and saw Colt fall to the ground. I struggled trying to get this pig off of me and get his hands off of my breasts. "I ain't done me a whore in a long time," he slobbered. I don't know what pissed me off more...the fact he was touching me or the fact he had called me a whore. He undid my belts and pants and flipped me over. He pulled down my

## Dulehurst Requiem

pants and lifted me so I was on my knees. My gun was lying right there underneath me. He held on to me with one hand and undid his britches with the other. Soon I could feel the hardness pressing up against me. He was trying to enter me and came close to doing so. I managed to get a hold of my gun and I put it down between my legs. I pointed it away from my ass and vitals and pulled the trigger. The man flew off of me backwards. I had shot him right through his sac. I jumped to my feet with my pants down around my ankles. I saw the other man with the rifle and he pointed it at me. But he had to look. He couldn't just shoot me...no...this guy took a moment to look down at my ladyness. That was all the time I needed. I put a bullet in his left eye. I looked back down at the man who tried to mount me; he was lying there writhing in pain holding himself.

“Move your hands away!” I ordered.

“What?”

“Move your hands away from your body.” He did and I could see him clearly...that thing he was trying to shove in me. I fired two shots and it flew clean off his body. He yelled in pain and I shot him in the head. I quickly scanned the area to see if there were any more threats lurking about. Everything seemed quiet. I reach down and pulled up my pants. I got myself together and went over and checked on Colt. He was still alive but bleeding

A Saga of a Western Woman

badly. I checked on Carl; he was dead. I ripped some cloth from Carl's shirt and used it to pack Colt's wounds and slow down the bleeding.

I made one of those slings that attached to the saddle and the other end dragged on the ground. I put Colt into it and packed his wound tightly. The bleeding had stopped for the most part but he was real weak and kept fading in and out of consciousness. I got him back to town and to the doctor's. He had lost a lot of blood and they didn't know if he would live or not.

I took the sheriff and a couple of his deputies out to where it all happened. They recovered Carl's body and brought it back for his family. The two attackers...they just buried out there in shallow graves. The sheriff recognized one of the men, Hurley Madison, wanted in three counties for robbery, horse theft and one murder. They were kinda grossed out by the guy whose pecker I shot off. They couldn't understand why anyone would do that to a man. I told them I didn't understand why any man would try and shove one of those things into a woman. They let the subject drop and just buried him without his pecker.

### Dulehurst Requiem

We got back to town and I was hit with the news. Mr. Foster had passed away from his wounds. He was now reunited with his love, Caroline. If only I had been more aware, I might have heard them coming and could have stopped them from killing Colt and Carl. I should have done more.

Once again I was back over to Mrs. Poole's crying on her shoulder. She cried with me as she had lost a dear and long-time friend. I caressed my necklace that Colt had given me.

These past five years were in fact very conflicting years for me. Here I was a whore baby who was becoming a proper woman with a confliction of ideas. And my hatred of sex was conflicted by my curiosity of men. I was sickened by the act but strangely curious about the emotion. I was also conflicted about whether I would ever love another man. To love someone like I loved Colt, only to have them depart. I don't know if I will ever want to go through with that again. I didn't know if I would ever get this straightened out in my head.



This chronicle is about a woman whose childhood was dark and troubling and perhaps causing one to write her off as just another lost soul. What kind of future would you expect of a child born and raised in a whorehouse? Her troubling childhood haunts her most of her life but, despite that, she grows to be an extraordinary woman who touches the lives of many people.

### **Dulehurst Requiem**

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