Farm Hands

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...are you SURE about this?...

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It was hard to wake up in the morning. Beyond the fact that she wasn't a morning person and didn't drink coffee, there was a silence to her surroundings that she wasn't used to. It had been years since she had worked the family farm and the physical stress was taking its toll. Yet, there it was, the alarm clock announcing to anyone in ear shot that it was time to get up and start the day.

Sadly, she was the only one within earshot. The point was driven home even more poignantly after she silenced the alarm. Rolling over on her back, she allowed her arms to stretch to their length on either side of her...touching nothing. The bed was certainly large enough for her and a significant other to sleep comfortably without ever getting in each others way, butin theweeks since inheriting the regal piece of furniture she had only called it her own.

"Why should this bed be any different than my others?," she quipped to herself.

Alice was not unattractive, by any means, but she had been much too busy working her way towards early retirement to take an active interest in making herself attractive. Shirking vacation time and meaningful relationships in favor of extra business hours and working relationships was effective at acheiving financial freedom and taking care of the florist shop she owned andthe flowers shegrew for salehad left her in pretty good shape for a woman in her mid thirties. Now that she was semi-retired and running the family farm she found herself wishing for a bit of youth to effectively fill the other side of the bed.

She stared at the ceiling for a few moments, studying the cracks and textures in an attempt to change the subject in her mind when a more immediate problem became apparent. The unmistakable sound of tires on gravel seeped its way into her room and got was getting louder by the second. She pulled herself up to a sitting position and moved the curtains from the window to see who was coming.

A trail of dust leading all the way back to the road ended at a brown, early nineties Oldsmobile that apeared to be struggling with the rough driveway. Well, struggling to get ANYWHERE for that matter. A cloud of dark exhaust was leaking from the noisy mufflers and tell-talebounce of a spent

suspension told her that this car most likely belonged to her new teenage farm hands.

"Only someone who desperately needs a job would drive THAT!, she said to herself as she left her bed to confront the day.

Alicethrew on some work clothes and moved quickly down the stairs. She didn't want them on the porch or thinking in any way that they were invited into the house. They were here to work in the fields and in the barn, not to become friendly with the owner while wasting time chatting on her porch or in her living room. She threw open the door just in time to see the unfortunate Olds park on the grass in front of her house.

Normally, this would have caused an issue, but the early morning cobwebs in ther headand fact that they WERE on time kept whatever admonishing tucked safely in her throat. She was further choked up by the sight of the doors opening and the huge human beings extracting themselves from the rusty Olds.

"Are you Alice?," one of the inquired.

'Linebacker on the football' team didn't begin to describe the mass of flesh questioning her, though that's clearly what the voice had said on the other side of the phone when she was called about the job posting.

At least the driver had spoken, the passenger just stoodbehind the door and nodded a bit. Hehad a super hero physique, but didn't look as if hewasa "talker".

"Uh...yes," she said, attempting to regain some composure.

"We'rehere to give you ahand."

Seriously? Not only did he appear to expect that to be funny, but he seemed tohave really put thought into the joke.

She rolled her eyes and went with it, "Well, hopefully, you can give me four."

The two young atheletes laughed, the ice was officially broken.

"It's going to be a long day, boys. why don't you follow me down to the barn and I'll show you waht we're working on today."

The two men agreed and reached into the car for some gloves and sunglasses. They shut their doors, dropping bits of rust on the lawn and followed obediently.

She felt, somehow, the eyes watching her as she made her way down the rest of the driveway to the barn entrance. She had been told over the years that her rear end had a unique swing to it that men found quite pleasing, but had always dismissed it as a line by married businessmen wanting more than flowers from her shop. Maybe she DID have a nice swing...or maybe she was imagining the whole thing because she couldn't remember the last time she was in such close proximity to someone with as much sex appeal as the two specimens behind her. Either way, it was at least fun to THINK they were looking.

The large door on the side of the barn creaked with sound of metal on metal as Alice pushed it aside. The opening it revealed was large enough to takethe tractor and hay wagon behind itwith room to spare.

"We're workin' the hay field today, boys.I know it's hot and there'll be a lot of heavy lifting, but if we getrolling, it shouldn't take us too long."

"Let's do it!," the Driver said.

The Passenger just nodded and slipped on his gloves.

"Oh well," Alice thought, "you don't have to be a public speaker to lift hay!"

She slipped into business mode from there and began outlining their day more specifically. The new hands were certainly not communicators, but they understood what was excpected of them and seemed to be looking forward to the physical challenge. The quietness was awkward at first, but Alice started catching on that the silence was more about focus than lack of brains. They learned quickly and performed their tasks betterthan she had anticipated.

As a bonus, she got to look at them. At first she felt embarrassed looking at two college kids half her age, but that feeling wore off as the day went on. Maybe it wasthefact that she was in charge of themor the feeling of emptiness she felt that morning, but shegot over the embarrasment and started enjoying the sight of the two athletic boys in her charge. Her heart even skipped a beat whenthey took their water break shirtless.

She tried to think back to the last time she was this close to a guy without his shirt on, but couldn't quite recall.

"It's happened so little, you'd think it would be easier to remember!," she thought, watching the water and sweat mix on their baretorsos.

Honestly, the day ended a bit too quickly for her from that point. It was all just gratuitous ogling and sexual fantasy, but she enjoyed the fantasies. After all, they were hers alone and they weren't hurting anybody. However, there was only so much to be done and at some pointthe work had to be finished.

She pulled the tractor into the barn and hopped down.

"Thank you for your effort today, guys. That went a LOT smoother than I thought it would!"

The Driver spoke up, "yeah, it was a decent work out. Usually, we'dwork this hard at practice and have to come back for a second workout in the afternoon!"

"Well, if you WANT more to do..." she said.

"Ha ha, oh no, that'll be enoughfor today," he replied with a smile.

"Ugh, myfeet are killing me.This is silly, I'm used to being on my feet all day long. I spent half of this one on the tractorwatching you two do all the heavy lifting. I'm such a wimp!,"said Alice.

She slipped her boots and socks off and began squeezing her aching feet.

"Not like that, here let me," said the Passenger.

She was shocked, he hadn't spoken a complete sentence all day and here he was not only talking, but reaching out to touch her. He cupped one of her feet in his big hands and began rubbing away like he'd been doing it all his life.

"My degree is going to be in sports medicine...you're not doing it right," he continued.

She wasn't sure if a person could have an orgasm from a foot massage, but the feeling of being touched...even if it was sort ofmedical in nature...by a man was about all she could take. She felt her cheeks flush and a few tingles in places she forgot she had, but managed to keep herself from showing what she was feeling. Then she realized how much better she felt.

"Wow...uh...you're REALLY good at that!," she said.

The Passenger laughed and pointed at the Driver, "Yeah, he's the best in class, though, I'm just

getting the hang of working the muscles properly."

THREE full sentences...this guy was way smarter than he led on!

The Driver jumped in, "It's a gift!"

"Well, I'll trade you some air conditioning and lemonade for a massage," she said, hoping to get some more time with her boys and a second feel.

"Sounds lie a deal!" he exclaimed.

She gathered up her boots and started walking up towards the house. Making a conscience effort to shake her rear end on the way. Even if it was all in her own mind, she still liked the feeling that these guys were somehow atracted to her and were really coming into the house to spend more time with her and not just get a lemonade.

She had only made a few changes to the house since taking it over. One of them was a big screen tv in the living room. It looked a bit like the monitor from the Starship Enterprise in the living room of the Waltons, but it was sure to make an impression.

"You guys sit on the couch and find something to watch and I'll be right back."

They sat on the sofa. She looked back into the living room and couldn't believe how much she was enjoying herself. Two 18 year old college atheletes in her house waiting to give her a massage on her couch. She hurried into the kitchen and got their drinks ready.

"How did I guess...football!," she said, returning to the living room.

She sat in between them on the couch and waited to see what would happen next.

The Driver took a drink, thenset his cup down on the coffee table in front of them.

"Now for aREAL massage!," he boasted, moving her long hair off of herback andrubbing his hands into her neck.

"There are WAY more nerve endings in the feet!," the Passenger said scooping up her feet and setting them on his lap.

Alice sat on the couch in luxury and lust. She hadn't been touchedin a long time and she couldn't

recall EVER having been touched like this. Tingles and shivers moved through her body in waves of pleasure as she savored the four hands caressing her. They were strong, but gentle.Taking their time relaxing every little muscle they came in contact with.

Slightly under her breath she heard herself let slip a ,"Mmm. that feels good."

Alice opened her eyes,hoping she didn't just screw up the moment.

The Driver laughed, "Enjoying yourself?"

She felt her cheks flush again and put her hands over her face.

"Yeah, it's turning me on a bit," she said, trying to downplay the embarrassment.

"You have really soft skin," the Passenger said.

Was he opening a door?She had to find out.

"Surelyit all feels the same after a while, doesn't it?"

"No," said the Driver. "Honestly, yours really does feel nice...sexy even."

Her heart jumped inher chest. Not only was that door open, but could it be possible that they were both walking through?

She stopped them and turned around to sit on the coffee table in front of them. Reaching out to grab each of their hands, she tried to think of the right thing tosay.

"Really guys, it's turning me on. I would LOVE to sit here and let you touch me all day, but I'm not sure I can handle it. It feelsAWESOME, but I'm not sure what you guys are offering is exactly what I'm wanting."

The Passenger spoke up, "Don't sell yourself short, Alice, you really are soft to the touch. I...I think I'd like to keep touching you...ifyou want."

"I've been watching you all day, " The Driver said, "I'd like to stay, too."

Her body was glowing and electric like it had never been before. She still couldn't believe it was happening.

Reaching out to touch their faces, she said, "Are you SURE about this? Please don't tease me, because I'm serious."

The looks on thier faces said all she needed to know. She leaned to her right and kissed the Driver. His hand came up and cupped her left breast through her shirt.Then she felt a left arm around her waist and another mouth on her face, neck and ear. She turned to her left and let the Passenger taste her mouth. They spent some time there with her on the coffee table and them facing her either sidefrom the couch.

Sensing that they were ready for more, she let her hands slip down their chests and abs to theirlaps.She closed her eyes and felt around for their erections through their pants. Her hands felt tiny against thegrowing flesh under their zippers and she couldn't help but rollthem around their bulges.

She stood up and said,"You guys really need to take a shower. Would you like to see the bathroom?"

Their eyes were glued to her body. She unzipped her pants, slipped her thumbs under her underwear and wiggled her way outjust inches from their faces.It hit her that these young ones robably hadn't seen what they were lookingfrom this distance much, if ever, andbeame aware that she might be taking advantage of their inexperienc a bit. However, the moment shut down any thought of turning back. So, she turned and showed them her bare bottom as shewalked towards the bathroom.

She felt their eyes on her for sure this time.

They folled her into the bathroom and shut the door behind them. She bent over provocatively and turned the water on and turned around to see themboth undressing.Leaning against the wall, her legs crossed a little to enhance the tingles between them, she watch the clothes drop to the floor and the skin exposed.Theirerections were already at full readiness when their pants came off and each long enough to reach their belly buttons if pushed back against their abs..

The room was already beginning to steam up as she slipped behind the curtain. Moments later, they joined her, one at a time. The sight of each hard, nakedman stepping into the steam with her was intoxicating. She reached for them, standing shoulder to shoulder in her shower and proceeded to explore their bodies with her hands. They reciprocated by enveloping her in touching and kissing for all angles.

She closed her eyes and giggled a bit at the sensory overload. Then reaching around, sheput her hands on their bare back sides, savoring the hot wet skin in her hands and hugging them together.

Nothing could have prepared her for the feeling of thetwo hardcocks her hips,pleasuring themselves with little thrustsagainsther. She had to touch them.

She pushed them back a little and put her hands on their faces, then slowly moved them down their chests and abs untilshe could feel she wet curly hair above their erections. Looking down she gave each over their dicks a simultaneous squeeze. The each let out an approving sigh. They throbbed in her little fingers as she began to stroke them andnoticed they were farther along than she expected.

She tried to memorize every sight and every feel, watching teach penis flex in her hand. It seemed they would let her do anything in that moment, so she decided to fullfill one more fantasy.

Stroking a little quicker, she moved the two mensmost private parts towards each other. Her heart beat fast as she touched the tips against each other.They tremored when they touched, but not in the way she expected. She looked up in time to see them open their mouths and let out sounds of approval.

It brought a smile to her face and spurred her on. She rolled the heads around each othermaking mental notes of their most sensitive areas. They were facing each other and making glorious noises.The sight of the two men pleasuring each other was the sexiest thing she had ever seen. She moved their cocks closer and touched the undersides together, rubbing softer. It was more than they could take. Looking down, there was just enough time to see them releasing the orgasms on each other. Streamscame out, flowing down the longshafts and through her fingers.

They finished and held on to each other.

"You boys got anything left of me?" she said, coyly.

The look on their faces told her that this was just the beginning of the evening. She smiled to heself as they began to focus on her again, her bed would mostcrtainly be FULL tonight!