Rolling in the Hay

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Published on Lush Stories on 03 Jan 2012

Hired farmhand seduces shy farm girl on her grandfather's farm and they make hay in the barn

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Sisyphus

I wanted to get away from my old routine and decided on an adventure. “Why not,” I said, wanting to add a new chapter to my life and two days later, took off. I had been working my way west in my beat up Subaru taking one day at a time, living my philosophy of no expectations when I answered an ad for a temporary farm hand on a little cattle farm just outside of a small town in Kansas. I was hired to help with the haying.

I couldn't believe my eyes when the black pick up truck drove up to the farmhouse and their granddaughter hopped out. Her grandfather told me his granddaughter was coming up from Oklahoma to work for the weekend but I had no idea she would be so hot looking. I was by the barn hitching the hay wagon to the truck and had to stop when I saw her run up to the front porch to greet her grandparents. She was wearing a pair of faded jeans that were so tight it was amazing they didn’t split as they strained over her round ass. She had on an equally tight red t-shirt that stretched across her nice sized tits. I couldn’t take my eyes off of her luscious ass and took a deep breath, my cock twitching and muttered to myself, “Man, This could get interesting.”

I wasn’t certain how old she was but I guessed in her early thirties. She wore her light brown, almost blond hair in a pony tail which gave her a younger appearance. I knew I was probably much older but that didn’t matter to me. When I see a nice sexy body, my reaction is no different than when I was twenty. My cock reacts and I shake my head and hear my voice go, “mmmmmm—now ain’t she nice.” I have to admit I have a thing for younger women and tight jeans.

I watched her hug her grandparents and chat for a minute and then she and her grandfather came over to me by the barn. I could see she wasn’t wearing a bra because her tits jiggled and I could see the small peaks of her nipples through the tight shirt.

“This is our grand daughter, Charlotte, but we call her Charlie,” her grandfather said. I nodded and shook her hand, “Glad to meet you, my name’s Thomas but most people call me Thom. It’s Tom with an H,” I added.

She smiled and had the cutest dimples and deep blue eyes, but then she quickly looked away and seemed tense. I could tell she was shy and uncomfortable around people she didn’t know but sensed that underneath her quiet, tentative manner was a sensual, passionate woman who dressed provocatively and liked men to look at her body--and what a sexy body--but more than that she fascinated me and I remembered the line, “still waters run deep.”

Her grandfather said, “The hay is all cut and dry but my baler is busted so you two will have to bale her up by hand and bring it back to the barn.” He looked up at the sky and said, “It’s suppose to rain later today so you’ll have to work fast to get her in the barn.”

“Well, the wagon is all hitched up so we’re ready to go,” I said.

“Good,” her grandfather said. “I’ll be in the other field planting the winter wheat before the rain comes so I’ll see you all at lunch.”

“Hop in the truck, Charlie. Let’s get started,” I said, smiling at her.

“Just a minute,” she said and ran to her truck and came back wearing a cowboy hat that somehow made her look even sexier. I was already in the truck when she got in and smiled at me, “Okay, I’m ready.”

We took off and Charlie was quiet as we drove out to the field. I glanced over at her and could feel she was tense. She looked out the window, her arm on the opening. We didn’t speak but a few times she turned to me and our eyes met and then she quickly looked away again. I think she liked being in the truck with me, but her shyness made her apprehensive and quiet. I wanted to get her to relax.

“Nice folks, your grand parents. I’m glad I got this job,” I said, trying to break the ice.

“Yeah, I love them and I like coming out here to visit and help,” she answered, looking at me then quickly turning away.

I kept looking at her tits in the tight t-shirt and thought how I would love to reach over and fondle them and could feel my cock getting hard. I knew I wanted something to happen but wasn’t sure how I could get past her shyness.

“So, Charlie, do you have a man in your life?” I asked, looking over at her.

“No, I don’t,” she answered, glancing at me then back out the side window.

“I’m surprised,” I said. “I’d think a sexy woman like you would have guys chasing after you.”

She blushed when I said that.

“You’re blushing,” I said, chuckling,

“I’m not used to men saying I’m sexy,” she answered.

“Well I think you are,” I said, looking at her and added, “very sexy.”

“Thank you,” she responded and looked at me. Our eyes met but again, she quickly turned away and looked out the side window.

I could tell she liked my saying that and hoped that by letting her know I liked how she looked and making little sexual comments I would penetrate her shyness and reach the sensual, passionate woman I sensed lurking there. I guess you could say I was slowly trying to seduce her.

When we reached the field where the hay was cut, I stopped the truck and we both hopped out. I went to the back of the truck and got the big ball of twine we would use to tie the bales. I threw her a pair of gloves and put mine on.

“Let’s work together,” I said. “We’ll make up the piles of hay and then you’ll hold them in place while I tie and cut the twine with my penknife.”

Charlie nodded and we got to work. We worked smoothly and quickly and I could tell she was used to this kind of work. We kept glancing at each other and I tried to get a conversation going, but she answered in short tense sentences then quickly looked away. Still, I could feel there was something in the way our eyes met that made me know she liked being with me. I told her where I was from and how I was making my way west and happen to be having coffee in a diner in town and saw the ad.

She nodded as I spoke, “So you like adventure,” she said.

“Yep, nothing like a little adventure to put some spice in your life,” I said, smiling at her.

“Maybe that’s what I need, a little adventure,” she said, smiling at me, our eyes meeting before she

looked away.

We then continued working and neither of us spoke for awhile, but I was certain she was beginning to relax with me. She gathered up the piles of hay into bales and held them tightly while I tied and cut the twine.

“You’re really good at this, Charlie,” I said. “I like strong women,” I added.

“You do, do you?” she said and smiled at me. “And why do you like strong women?” she asked, our eyes meeting. She was relaxing and getting a little playful.

“I think it’s sexy and strong women are usually passionate and I like passionate women.”

Charlie didn’t say anything but just held the hay bale in place while I tied. After a moment I added, “I have a feeling that behind your shyness is a passionate woman.”

She didn’t say anything but blushed, her whole face turning pink.

You’re blushing again,” I said.

“I guess I’m not used to this kind of conversation,” she said.

“So do you think you’re a passionate woman?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I think I am but I don’t have much opportunity to be passionate,” she added. “I’m too shy.”

“I also think you’re sexy,” I said, again looking into her eyes. “Do you like men looking at you?”

She looked down at the ground then at me, “Yes. I like it,” she answered. “I like when guys look at me, but I never know what to say when they talk to me.”

I looked at her tits noticing how her nipples stood out as her t-shirt clung to her sweaty body. She knew I was looking at her tits.

“Do you like how I am looking at you?” I asked.

“Yes,” she answered, smiling, looking into my eyes then looked away.

It seemed she was relaxing and I thought maybe our being in the middle of a hay field was making her less inhibited. After that exchange, we were both quiet as we continued working.

A few times our hands touched as she held the hay bale and I tied. “We’re getting to be a pretty good team,” I said. Again our eyes met, lingering, the sexual tension between us growing.

Within an hour and a half we had tied up about fifty bales and left them in their spot as we moved on.

It was getting hotter as the sun got higher and both of us were sweating. I stopped and took out the piece of cloth I had in my back pocket and wiped my forehead. Charlie did the same, taking off her hat and wiping her face. Both of our shirts were wet with sweat and again I could not help but look at her tits as the shirt clung to her body, making her nipples stand out even more. Again, she saw me looking at her tits and our eyes met but neither of us said anything.

“How about a five minute break,” I said and sat down on the last bale we tied.

She sat down next to me. There wasn’t that much room on the bale and our thighs accidentally touched, but neither of us moved.

“Sure is hot,” I said, looking at her, noticing how strands of her hair stuck to the back of her sweaty neck. She tugged at her tight t-shirt, pulling it out to let some air in.

“Yeah,” she said, looking at me and then out at the field where more cut hay lay. She then looked up at the dark clouds and pointed. “Looks like we’re going to get some rain soon, we better hurry.”

“You’re right,” I said, nodding and stood up. I then surprised her by standing in front of her, grabbed both of her hands and pulled her up off the hay bale. “Up and at ‘em,” I said.

When she stood up, our bodies were close, my hands holding hers. Our eyes met. I kept hold of her hands, smiled and suddenly felt the urge to hug her and wondered if she would resist.

Suddenly, I made a bold move, not sure how she would respond and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her to me. She gasped but didn’t push me away. I then quickly moved my hand down to her round ass and held her to me. She still didn’t push me away but let me hold her. My cock was hard. Our eyes were locked on each other’s eyes and I started grinding slowly, wondering what she would do. I continued slowly grinding against her with my hands holding her ass and she didn’t stop me but started to slowly grind with me, spreading her legs slightly. I was surprised she responded like that and knew I was right. She was a very sexual woman underneath that shy exterior and just needed the right opportunity to release what she was suppressing.

Her ass felt so good in my hands, so soft and luscious and somehow, the thin denim of her faded tight jeans straining on her round ass added to the sensation. I leaned back slightly, squeezing her ass, pressing my hard cock against her jean covered pussy and we continued grinding slowly then a little harder, both of us moaning. She also leaned back slightly, spreading her legs, pressing her pussy harder, moving up and down the length of my cock. She then surprised me by grabbing hold of my ass, pulling me to her, our grinding growing more intense. Her cowboy hat fell to the ground as we looked into each other's eyes, both of us moaning, rubbing harder, our grinding turning into humping and I knew I had broken through the ice and now had this hot sensual woman in my grasp. She was breathing heavily as we humped harder and harder against each other.

Suddenly, she pushed me away, panting heavily. Her face was flushed and I could tell she liked what happened, but then got scared and backed off. "We better get back to work," she said, looking into my eyes then turning away.

"You're right," I said. "We better or we won't get this hay in before it rains." My cock was still hard as I looked at her and she glanced at the bulge in my jeans, still breathing heavily and picked up her hat.

We quickly got to work but it was clear that what had just happened would continue later. We didn't say anything as we worked, but there was anticipation building. Both of us were quiet as she gathered the hay and I tied. She then went to the next pile, gathering it into bundles so I could tie and cut the twine. We had a good rhythm going.

While we worked, we glanced at each other, our eyes meeting with little smiles on our lips. I could not take my eyes off her round ass in the tight jeans when she bent over and how her sweaty t-shirt clung to her body revealing her tits and nipples. I know she saw me looking at her and liked it and I didn't try to hide my lust for her.

We worked hard for the next hour or so as the sky grew darker and the wind picked up. "We better get the hay in the wagon and back to the barn," I shouted.

"We only have a few more bales," she said. "Go get the truck and wagon while I get these bales."

"Okay," I said. "I'll be back in a few minutes." I looked up at the dark clouds then ran back past all the tied up bales of hay to get the truck. We would have to work quickly to load up the truck and get back to the barn before the rain.

I drove up around the baled hay to where Charlie was waiting and turned the truck so it was facing the direction of the barn. I got out and we started loading up the hay wagon, working our way

backwards. She stood up in the back of thehaywagon while I tossed the bales. I was impressed with how strong she was as she lifted the bales and piled them up.

When we loaded one area, I would get in the truck and drive another fifty feet and start that routine again. We worked quickly and soon had the wagon filling up with bales of hay, but we had more to do.

“We better hurry,” she shouted as we both looked up at the dark clouds approaching.

“We’ll make it,” I shouted, tossing bales for her to add to the pile. The wagon was practically filled and wouldn’t hold much more.

Finally I threw her the last bale which she put on the stacked pile and then jumped down out of the wagon. I caught her as she fell forward then suddenly I pulled her down on me as I fell to the ground on my back and she straddled me. Though she was surprised at first when I grabbed her ass she leaned over me and immediately started moving her jean covered pussy back and forth over my hard cock. I had my hands on her ass, squeezing, urging her on. I loved how her ass felt through the thin denim of her tight faded jeans as she pressed her pussy into my hard cock, grinding and looking into my eyes, biting her lower lip.

Suddenly, she was moving harder and harder, no longer shy but was now letting her sexuality loose. “Oh Fuck!” she said as she rocked back and forth on my cock bulging in my jeans. “This feels so good.”

I was surprised at how she had suddenly turned from a shy, quiet woman into an inferno of passion as she ground her pussy against my hard bulging cock. She put her arms over my head as she rocked harder against me, looking into my eyes, “Oh baby, I want you to fuck me hard!”

Her words surprised me and I have to admit I didn’t expect things to happen so fast, but I was happy that I had uncorked the real Charlie and that this hot horny woman was more than ready for action.

“You want this hard cock, don’t you,” I said.

“Yeah, you know what I want,” she said looking into my eyes as she moved back and forth on my cock. “And you want my tight little pussy, don’t you,” she growled as she moved harder against me and moaned. Charlie had turned into a vixen, letting the genie out of the bottle and I liked it.

Suddenly, it got windier and we felt rain drops as we lay on the ground fucking each other through our clothes. We kept going at it ignoring the first few rain drops. I then pushed her off of me and got on

top of her, spreading her legs. I humped her as she lay beneath. I looked into her eyes. “You’re going to be my little slut, aren’t you,” I said as I pinned her to the ground.

“Maybe,” she said, smirking at me. “If you think you can handle me.”

“You’ll find out later how I can handle you but now we better get this hay in the barn.”

I pulled her up and we smiled and looked into each others eyes. We then hopped into the truck and I drove down to the barn, driving pretty fast, both of us burning with lust. At the barn, she hopped out and opened the barn door and I backed the hay wagon in before it really started to come down. The truck was outside, but the hay wagon was in the safety of the barn. We would lift the bales into the loft later but now the hay would be dry and it was time to make another kind of hay.

I saw Charlie’s grandfather driving the tractordown from the other field. He saw that we had backed the wagon into the barn and waved. He parked the tractor down by the house, got out and ran up on the porch to get out of the rain. He then turned to us.

“Good, you got her in just in time,” he shouted through cupped hands.

Charlie stood in the barn’s entrance and waved. “We’re going to unload the wagon!” she shouted as her grandfather went into the house.

Charlie stood at the open barn door and smiled at me, sitting in the truck. “Come on, Mister,” she yelled and ran deeper into the barn.

I hopped out of the truck and dashed after her, getting a little wet. I saw Charlie running then stop by a ladder heading up to the hay loft. She smiled then with one foot on the ladder turned, facing me, “If you want me, come get me!” She smiled and then started climbing up the ladder. She didn’t know that I actually had my sleeping bag and backpack there because that’s where I was staying.

I followed quickly and climbed the ladder looking up at her just above me, her tight jeans clinging to her round ass. When we got to the top, she started running to the hay bales at the other end of the barn and saw my rolled up sleeping back in the corner. I shouted, “Welcome to my bedroom.”

It was dark in the loft except for the dim light coming from the barn door below. The rain was beating hard against the roof. Charlie dashed to the other end of the hay loft then stopped when she reached a wall of hay bales. She turned around, facing me, watching me move towards her, licking her lower lip, luring me to her. Neither of us spoke as I moved closer to her and she backed up against the wall of hay bales, our hungry eyes locked on each other’s eyes.

All inhibitions were gone. We were now like caged wild animals. Raw unbridled lust was in the air. She looked at my cock straining against my jeans. I looked at her tits, the hard nipples practically piercing her shirt, her tight jeans gripping her crotch as she leaned back against the wall of hay bales, spreading her legs, arching her back as if offering her pussy to me, licking her lips, her eyes on my bulging cock.

Suddenly I was in front of her. I grabbed her arms and turned her around roughly and pushed her hard up against the hay bales. I lifted her arms above her head, gripping her wrists while I spread her legs slightly, pressing my body against her, rubbing my cock against her round luscious ass. I quickly grabbed and squeezed one of her tits with my hand and gripped her pussy with the other hand.

“You’re a little cock tease, aren’t you?” I growled into her ear.

“Yeah, I am,” she snarled back. “What are you gonna do about it?”

“You’re asking for trouble,” I said, one hand gripping her pussy harder, the other roughly holding her tit, my hard cock grinding into her ass. “I’m going to fuck your brains out,” I said.

“You are, are you?” she said, turning her head towards me.

“You’re going to be my little fuck slave,” I growled into her ear, gripping her pussy tighter. “That’s what you want, don’t you.”

“Yes,” she gasped. Suddenly, I turned her around and threw her down on a hay bale and pounced on her. I spread her legs wide apart, my cock throbbing in my jeans pressed against her pussy, her jeans stretched tight against her crotch. I pinned her arms over her head, my mouth just above hers and looked into her eyes.

“You want this cock, don’t you,” I said as I began to grind and hump her.

“Yes,” she said looking hungrily into my eyes.

I was humping her harder, my cock grinding into her pussy while she lifted her ass off the hale bale giving me her pussy.

“I want you to beg for my cock. I know you want it bad,” I said.

“Fuck me!” she shouted.

“No, I want to play with you,” I said, looking down at her desperate face and got up on my knees between her legs. I unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans and took my cock out and held it in my hand over her jean covered pussy. She looked at it, her mouth wide open, her eyes hungrily looking at my cock then at my eyes. I quickly unbuttoned her jeans and lowered the zipper, moved back and pulled her tight jeansover her hips. She lifted her ass as I peeled them down her legs, over her feet and threw them in back of me. I then ripped her panties off, looking down at her dripping pussy. I grabbed her legs and pulled her slightly forward so that she was lying on the hay bale with her feet on the floor, her legs wide apart.

“You’re going to beg for my cock before I’m through with you,” I hissed as I got down between her open legs and placed them over my shoulder and quickly lowered my mouth to her pussy, moving the flat of my tongue hard against her wet pussy and began lapping her juicy pussy up and down from her ass hole to her clit.

“Oh fuckkkkk!” Charlie shouted as my tongue licked against her dripping pussy. “Oh, fuckkkkkk! she screamed, her head thrashing from side to side. She then put her hand on my head, pulling at my hair, forcing my tongue deeper with each lick. She lifted her ass off the hay bale pushing her hungry pussy harder against my mouth screaming, “Oh baby, yes! Yes! Eat my fucking pussy! Don’t stop!”

Her screaming and dirty talking was urging me on and her pulling my hair and lifting herself against my tongue made me know what a hot, wild woman she was, how right I was about the passion hidden behind her shyness and I was determined to give her the released she craved. I then found her clit and started sucking on it, gripping it with my lips, my tongue licking it, causing her to shudder and shake, screaming, “Ohmygod, do that do that Yeah! Yeah! Eat me, baby!

While licking her pussy, I moved my mouth to her clit, put my middle finger in her tight pussy feeling it gripping my finger as I moved it in and out. Her shrieking, thrashing and bucking was so frenzied it was all I could do to hold on to her clit. She was out of her mind. I could hear the slurping sound of my finger going in and out of her wet tight pussy as my tongue licked her clit. I then entered a second finger and then a third, loving how tight she was as I devoured her clit. I curved my fingers and rubbed her g-spot and that took her over the edge as she bucked and screamed, “OHHHHHHHH FUCK I’M CUMMMMMMING! OHHHHHHHHH HERE IT COMES!” she screamed, her whole body shaking violently as a huge orgasm swept over her. I kept my fingers rubbing her g-spot as spasm after spasm caused her to orgasm again and again as she continued screaming, “OHHHHH YES! OH FUCK! YES ! OHHHHHH BABY DON’T STOP! DON’T STOP!” she yelled, pulling my hair as her cum gushed all over my mouth and fingers.

By now my hard cock was a red hot pole, but I was determined to give her the fucking of her life.

Behind me was another hay bale. I suddenly pulled Charlie up, gripping her ass in my hands and sat down on the hay bale leaning back Charlie straddling me. I wrapped my arms around her as she came down hard on my cock causing her to scream, “Oh Fuck! Your huge," she yelled as I filled her tight pussy with one thrust.

The height of the hay bale let her keep her bare feet on the ground so she could lift her self up and come down hard on my cock. It was as if her feet were in the stirrup and she could stand up and come down hard on my cock. “Ride me!” I yelled as she came down hard then lifting her self up came down harder and harder, picking up speed as if she were galloping on a wild horse, her hair flailing.

“Ride me! Ride me! Come on cowgirl ride me!”

She still had her tight t-shirt on and I could see her tits bouncing underneath as she rode me hard. Suddenly she grabbed her t-shirt, pulled it over her head and threw it in back of her. She then leaned back slightly and put both hands on her round tits and started rubbing them, pinching and twisting her nipples. As she leaned back, arching her back, she quickly moved one of her hands to her clit, rubbing as my cock filled her tight pussy. As she leaned back, her feet still on the barn floor, I loved watching my cock going in and out of her dripping pussy as she played with her clit, my hands holding her ass. I could not imagine a hotter sight as we fucked each other with such abandon.

“I’m cummmmmming!” she screamed, rubbing her clit, my cock filling her pussy. “Ohhhhhhhh this is so good. I love riding you! Ohhhhhhhfuck me, stud, fuck me, fuck me!” She was crazed with lust, completely uninhibited, no longer shy as she screamed to the roof of the barn, “I’m cummmmmmmming!Oh fuckkkkkkk I’m cummmmmming!” Her whole body shook violently as spasm after spasm rippled through her causing her to shudder and then fall forward on me, still shaking then go limp.

I knew I wasn’t going to last much longer as this wild fucking and her screaming was driving me insane. I wanted to fuck her. I and quickly lifted her off of my cock and pushed her onto her back on the hay covered floor. She was on her back, her legs spread wide apart. I got down on my knees between her legs. Our eyes locked on each other.

“Take me!” she screamed, looking up at me as I hovered over her, my cock just above her dripping pussy. I was crazed. My hard cockthrobbing, swelling. I knew I could not hold back much longer.

Her screaming and yelling for me to take her was too much and I reared back andwith one hard thrust, my cock went deep into her tight pussy. “Fuck me! Fuck me you little slut!”

“Yeah fuck your slut, fuck your cock loving slut,” she yelled.

I instinctively knew talking dirty would drive both of us over the edge. “Give me your cunt!” I screamed, pounding her harder and harder.

‘Yeah! Fuck your little whore bitch!” she screamed. “Fuck me!”

This was the raunchiest, hottest fucking I had ever done and I couldn’t believe what a wild passionate woman had been unleashed. I grabbed her legs and put them over my shoulders, lifting her round ass off the hay covered floor giving me an angle that let me come down into her pussy with even more power and I rammed my cock deep and hard.. My balls bounced against her ass and my cock rubbed against her engorged clit with each thrust.

“Harder! Harder!” she yelled.

I pulled out and rammed my cock harder and faster, fucking her savagely with each thrust. Suddenly felt I was about to explode, my cock swelling, getting larger, “I’m cummmming!” Ohhhhhh Charlie, Charlie, Fuck me! I’m cummmmming!”

Give it too me! Give it to me! I want it all!” she screamed as I thrust harder and faster.

Just before I exploded, her whole body tensed, trembled, “Keep fucking me!” she screamed and then, as if a dam had burst, my cum gushed out of me, both of us screaming as our orgasms crashed into each, driving both of us over the edge of sanity.

We had bothexploded together and then I collapsed on her limp body as she stretched her long legs on both sides of my body. I lay on her unable to budge, my deflated cock still deep in her pussy, both of us gasping desperately for air.

The rain was pounding on the roof of the barn as we lay there. Finally, I lifted my head and looked at her beneath me. Our eyes met and we smiled at each other. We didn’t speak, both of us gasping and panting trying to catch our breath and comprehend what had just happened.

“Do you think your grandparents heard us?” I asked.

“Nah! They wouldn’t hear us with this heavy rain and they probably think we were waiting for it to slow down before running to the house,” Charlie said. “Also, they’re both hard of hearing.”

I laughed and then rolled on my back and got Charlie to lay her head on my shoulder. We looked up at the ceiling and listened to the rain.

“That was a pretty wild roll in the hay,” I said.

“It was,” Charlie responded. “I’ve been helping my grandparents bring in the hay for many years,” she said, “but I never had a helper like you before.” She then looked into my eyes, “Thank you.”

“For what?” I asked.

“For letting me out.” She squeezed my hand and smiled.

“Well, I never expected to meet anyone like you when I answered that ad for a hired hand,” I said. “That just goes to prove it’s good not to have expectations,” I added.

“Why?” Charlie asked.

“Because when you don’t have expectations, you are never disappointed and often you are surprised, so I try never to have expectations,” I said, looking at her.

“Well, what do you expect will happen with us?” she asked.

“We will see,” I said. “I have no expectations.”

It had stopped raining and we lay there in the dim light of the hay loft. I got up on my elbow and looked down at her. I smiled and pushed a few strands of her hair away and kissed her forehead, then her nose, then her lips. She put her hand on my head we kissed each other, tenderly.

We lay there quietly thinking about each other then realized it had stopped raining. “Let’s go down to the house and get some lunch,” I said. “We still have to get this hay into the loft this afternoon.

We got dressed and climbed down from the loft and stood in the entrance of the barn next to the hay wagon. I took Charlie in my arms and held her close. We kissed gently, warmly then walked quietly down to the house. Before we entered I said, “Remember, no expectations, we still have the rest of the weekend and who knows what surprises await us.”

Charlie smiled and shook my hand as if we had made an agreement. “That’s a deal,” she said, smiling, “No expectations.”