

Sadie Hawkins Needs a Fella

By harrylime

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The bottom-land bitches with store-bought undies stuck their heinies out to get a man.

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SADIE HAWKINS NEEDS A FELLA

Paw tole me "Iffen ya wants yer own man ya gots to be ready to get off the pot and find him by ya lonesome."

Ya'll kin call me "Sadie" even iffen my Christian moniker be Drusilla. I never abided by that silly name cause it sounded so evil-like. Us'en Hawkins folks are unusual strange and that's a fact. None of my kin has got any book-larning like the normal folks down in the holla cause us'ens scarce leave the mountain.

That's the way of it and that be no lie.

My mam looks powerful tired recent-days and I suspect she been hitting the corn jar kind a hard since

Billy Bob got took to the Army. Ole Billy Bob was mam's favorite and she ne'er hid the fact a-tall. I was the last of the litter and a fe-male to boot so I scarce paid no never-you-mind to that simple fact.

Most of the bottom-land bitches what wear fancy store-bought undies trap their men-folks by sticking they who-zit and they nasty heinies right under they noses until they pop the question. The women-folk on the mountain wait till a special day each year to track down and snare us a nice poke-stick to share in a soft bed when the moon is shining just right.

The last few months, I been tending the hillside corn squeeze still for the family since Billy Bob is off

shooting communists. We got lots more of the stuff now since he ain't around to do all his "sampling" of the moonshine. I go to do the sampling now but make sure I chew up a little cornbread to keep from getting bamboozled. I let that squirrely Sampson McGee get me cross-eyed with some polluted punch at the last school dance and he got all rambunctious with my personal female goodies before I could land a good one on him. I guess that's about as close as I ever got to "taking it" with a fella. Thank goodness he was so tipsy all he could do was lay on top of me like a daid dog.

I hast to fess up that my pappy is riche touchy when it comes to boys looking at me crosswise. Most of them fellas get the holla girls to haul they ashes on Saturday nights. I would be willing to do the nasty with any of the good-looking ones, but my pappy is powerful mean when he thinks some young whippersnapper is plotting to slip his man-stick into his youngest offspring.

The preacher man came up the mountain just recent and he tole me I had to fess up all my sins and ask forgiveness. Now that made me God-awful confused cause I ain't got no particular sin that I can recall.

I didn't want to seem like a spoil-sport, so I made up some whoppers for the Preacher about how I was getting my female parts used by a pair of brothers what already had wives of they own.

He kept wanting more and more details until I remembered one of my brother's girlie magazines and I tole him they poked me in my bottom as well. Hell's Bells, that preacher man like to blow a fuse and whomped my poor bottom with his belt so hard that I still got some marks back there even thought I got no mirror to see them. My girlfriend Mazie wanted to know iffen my paw was taking me over his knee to keep me decent and I didn't give her no direct answer as I didn't want to admit it was the preacher was the one what done my poor bottom real hard.

Well, the crops are in now and it is that time of the year when the leftover females is given a day to chase down a seed-giver to fertilize they own little patch of furrowed private area with a real mountain man cock. By my reckoning, we got about 2 dozen females a hankering to get plowed regular and raise a passel of young'uns.

Most of us girls are particular intent on trapping a certain three-legged hump hungry ass-scratcher, but I was of a mind to grab the first and slowest fella I could get my paws on, I was that desperate to be filled with cream in my special place. Mazie tole me she was after Mozzie, the son of "Crazy" Jessie, the old lady who never went anywhere without her shooting iron. I figured she was plumb loco herself as Mozzie was a bit short in the book-larning department. Still, I guess he did have a respectable long pecker and most females would be lucky to have him handy around "rutting" time.

Us girls started training early each new sun up over the mountain time and we was running like little she-imps up the hills and through the trees with no consideration for bugs or varmints. Them lazy yahoos watched us and laughed mightily at our efforts. They be all of the opinion they could escape our clutches for another year. I suspected that be true of most of them but there be some yokels what had gained some hand-grabbing rolls about they middle and a bit of droop to they ass. I had my eye on a couple of likely "slow ones" what I considered ripe for the picking.

The preacher man had us all settle down early on that special day that would eventually be known as “Sadie Hawkins” day in honor of my years of devoted attendance.

I was in fine fettle for the hunt.

Mazie and me were probably the two fastest cock chasers in the race this year and I knew that one or mayhap both of us wouldst be dragging a seed-giver to the preacher for his blessing. I just hoped it weren't one of those Wolveton mountain fellas what liked to whomp on a female's bottom. I neer-do-mind a little fun whomping on my behind even with my britches down but those fellas were a bit too rambunctious and mean-spirited with female flanks. I purely din't mind a-watching the fun but I was mightily wary of getting stretched over a Wolveton mountain man knee.

A'fore I proceed further, I should fess up that I ain't exact what ya could call a “Virgin”. I s'pect I tend to give up my mouth for a randy cock faster than most of the still single females and the boys on the mountain all know that to be a fact. I never really paid it no never-you-mind cause a hard cock has got no conscience and I figure it is a good way to try the seed-givers on for size. Some of the boys is quick to fire off a round sort a like a “hair trigger” and others is so pokey it just tries my patience. Even if I was to catch any of them fellas, I would most likely throw them back in the running competition cause I would be vexed to have them in my bed permanent.

I hate to admit it but I been took in my backside more than once by a couple of those Wolveton mountain boys but I never spoke it or even put up a fuss cause I guess I wanted to see what it felt like to take a cock in back there where the grass don't grow. One of those boys is a nuisance a-flinging little pebbles at my window in the middle of the night wanting me to bend over for him under the moon. I generally accommodate him but I let him know I purely ain't that kind of gal. He makes me laugh when he tries to hide his groaning at his seeds a spurting real forceful like. At least he is not one to make sport a-whomping on my ass even though I would let him if he wanted to.

I be pretty sure I ain't no virgin girl cause I took a ride on the silly jackass down to the holla one time and felt my thing inside get all torn up and saw the blood right on the leather saddle. I would never admit to my ma or my pa that they little baby girl lost her cherry to a stupid saddle just a-riding down the mountain. I ain't had no real cock up inside me despite what I lied to the preacher man just to get his dander up. I purely am desperate now to get made a woman for real and stop messing with my mouth and my behind. I am gonna get one of those fellas today and chain him to my bed each and every night to do his duty.

I already decided iffen I cain't get one of the mountain boys, I will sneak down to the holla and snatch up one of the underwear wearing males with no hair on they face and bring him up for the preacher man to say his words to make it official like before I drain him proper in my lonely bed.

When the race started, the preacher man allowed the men to scamper off in different directions like a flock of birds flushed out of the tall grass. He looked at his watch and made sure that none of us got free to chase them until a full 15 minutes had passed. It did make it more sporting since some of us

girls were powerful desperate to run down a seed-giver before the sun went behind the mountain.

Masie and me took off with a nice long trot in the direction of the creek. We both knew from previous years that the smart fellas always headed to the water to shake off the tracking skills of the mountain girls. I could see the signs of the water splashed up on the rocks and tole Masie we should head upstream cause a couple of fellas was running fast as jackrabbits in that direction.

I watched Masie's flanks working like pistons right in front of my face. She was fair-to-middling worked up with a need to have her pussy filled with boy-cock that very night. I had never seen her so worked up and I reckoned she was hot to trot for Mozzie's thick cock. I had sucked him a few times but didn't like his taste too much. I hoped Masie would be able to adjust to his peculiar way of slapping a girl's face when he was ready to shoot his load.

We split up at the fork and I went up the hillside branch being careful about stepping in a hidden hole. I could hear hard breathing right in front of me and saw Mozzie down on all fours in the middle of the stream taking a quick breather. He didn't hear me sneak up on him and just hollered out "Oh, shit!" when I grabbed him by his balls from behind and tole him he was "captured" according to the rules.

His silly cock got hard as a rock distracting me from hollering out for Mazie to come get her prize. I foolishly started to stroke him just to see his reaction and was pleased to see him start whimpering in abject surrender.

I am forced to admit that I started to entertain thoughts about letting Mozzie slip his cock in my pussy before Mazie could claim him but she came up behind us and grabbed hold of his neck in a way that showed complete ownership. I loosed his equipment and tole her,

"Here he be, Mazie, ready to give you what-for in your bed tonight!"

Poor Mozzie was so pathetically docile now that he allowed hisself to be took away to the preacher man for the last stage of husband-making.

I kept moving up the stream cause I suspected the other trail was one of the boys from Wolverton mountain. They were the onliest ones what could climb the steep hills so quick-like. I could hear the sounds of my prey laboring up the slope right in front of me. Sure enough, it was my own special Wolveton mountain ass-fucker with his always-hard pecker. I was determined to get him trussed up and ready to deliver to the preacher man so I could feel his hard cock in my pussy this very night.

The silly boy was trying to hide under the water with a little reed a sticking up for air. It was just so silly that I wanted to bust out laughing. Instead, I grabbed a-holt of his hair and said the special words that made him my "official" prize. He just grinned up at me and nodded his head in agreement. I guess he was thinking that I would take kindly to his ass-fucking ways but I was determined to make him a "pussy" fucker from here on out.

I was a mite bit determined to get me a passel of young'uns whilst I was still young and able to tend

them and still have fun with my seed-giver each and every night.