The Farmer's Daughter (Part 2)

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What happened only hours earlier made me realise the power I had

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-farmers-daughter-part-2-1.aspx

Being Part 2, it would probably be useful for those of you who haven't read Part 1 to do so before embarking on this second chapter. It will fill in a few blanks and help you to understand the way the second chapter is written.

I arrived home and it was mid-afternoon. Knowing my parents were still out ploughing it didn't bother me that I probably looked flustered and dishevelled even though I had taken every precaution to appear as if I had simply had my weekly French lesson - on the off chance that one of my folks had come back home early.

My legs were weak but I nonetheless bounded up the stairs. I needed time to myself in order to digest what had just happened but more pressing was the urge to examine myself in front of the mirror to see whether I had physically changed. Sure as hell my mind had but I needed, for some bizarre reason, to make the comparison.

Had my parents known that I had left the house without a bra they would have hit the roof and, worse still, suspicion would have fallen on Jamie. They would have thought he was just a dirty middle-aged man looking for some fresh stuff and I too would never have been able to show my face at home again.

Reality is he is nothing of the sort. What I do know though is that I'm in love with him and that feeling

of tension in the pit of your stomach that people talk about is a sure giveaway.

After closing the door to my room, which is at the farthest end of the first floor, I sat down on the bed and closed my eyes. I was giddy but drained and I was most certainly not the same person I had been two hours ago.

I was still Sara, the 16 year-old waif, shy and timid on the outside but desperately craving warmth within. I knew I had the body of a girl three years younger – it was a disappointing fact – but the boys in school didn't seem to mind. It was obvious by the way they looked at me that I had something they wanted but that kind of leering just didn't do it for me.

As skinny as I am I still have an athletic body. After all, living on a farm you can't help but be fit. Swimming, playing tennis and dancing are some of the things I enjoy so it's no wonder there isn't an ounce of fat on me. One thing I do know though is that whatever you have, you should show it. You don't have to dress like a tart but let the boys see the lines, the curves and let them imagine what's underneath. It's flattering when a guy turns his head, especially an older guy.

With these thoughts in mind I stood up to face the full-length mirror opposite my bed. My nipples were still erect and protruded through my blue tank top. Even though my breasts are small they're still pert and I have taken so much pleasure from touching them during long nights alone in my room. My eyes dropped lower to the waistband of my sheer white lycra leggings and I admired my slim hips which were now developing a womanly form. Parting my legs a little I could see the gap between my inner thighs. It curved beautifully downwards and instinctively I placed my hand over it and began to massage it gently, closing my eyes and reliving the last couple of hours.

It took a lot of will-power to pull away and regain my composure. I pulled off my top, reflecting on how I had lied to Jamie about pretending to be at a dance class, and wished my breasts were bigger. He hadn't seemed to mind though. After slipping off my leggings I stood there with just my plain white cotton panties on. My pubic bone was so defined it even began to turn me on. How I love white. It's such an innocent colour, so youthful. Looking at the reflection in the mirror I was so surprised to see how wet the crotch was. I realised that if I had waited any longer my own juices combined with the sperm would have seeped through my leggings for all to see.

I relished the insanity and excitement of it all and it dawned on me that the same tingling feeling was returning, the same feeling I had felt just before Jamie began to undress me. Remaining standing in front of the mirror, I spread my legs just that little bit further apart and slid my right hand into my panties – the same panties that seemed to have driven Jamie wild with lust. Unusually for me I didn't dwell on my 'button' but let my middle finger venture between my lips to feel what was coming out. Removing my hand I actually had a globule of both Jamie and me on the end of my finger which I

couldn’t help but taste. As I glided the finger into my mouth I began to imagine it was the same cock I had just sucked, the only cock I had ever sucked.

This set me off again. As I moved my lips over the length of my digit I started re-enacting the event and as the taste subsided I scooped up more juice from my oozing pussy in order to keep up the fantasy. Keeping my eyes firmly shut I lay back down on the bed and began to massage my little breasts, sensually glancing the tips of my fingers over the nipples. The images in my head became more real as I thought of Jamie licking my buds with the tip of his tongue. The feeling of frustration began to well up inside me. It was time for more. Giving up on the sucking I concentrated both hands on my breasts before lowering my right hand to my inside thighs, rimming the base of my panties. From below I would slip my fingers under but was determined not to go too far. I could feel myself getting wetter with every touch.

Too much pressure was building up and I had to change course before I burst. My door wasn’t locked but at this point I didn’t care. Lifting my legs into the air I slipped off my sopping white panties and drew them over my feet. Once again lying flat on the bed I spread my long legs and started to slowly rub my button. It was hard to imagine that I had done this hundreds of times on my own without being able to come but it took just one man to put it all right.

I kept one finger on my clit which was now hard and enjoying the attention. The other hand I dedicated to my pussy. My middle finger made its way up and down the parting while the other fingers held my tight lips apart. Every base was covered and it couldn’t have been hotter. I ground my hips up and down as even more viscous fluid exuded from me. It was like a gushing lake and I started to smear it over my thighs and breasts. I had full control of my filthy thoughts and I loved it.

Changing direction, I scooped up a finger-full of the juice that was oozing down and began to massage it around the entrance to my ass. I had always stayed away from there because, for me, that place had a completely different purpose. How wrong was I! It felt good, it felt more than that. I experienced a whole new sensation and, combined with my other hand working my clit into a frenzy, it was both thrilling and dirty. I loved it.

This time I delved deep into my pussy and took out as much lubrication as I could with one finger. I put it directly onto my hole this time and began to sensually rub it in, finding my finger was gradually entering me. I extracted some more nectar and then began to apply yet more pressure, steeping half of my finger into the forbidden passage. It was a moment of pleasure versus pain which resulted in a severe build-up of pleasure in my body. Slowly extracting my finger I started to rub the rim of my ass crack as the other finger increased its pace on my clit.

By now I was writhing on the bed, my pelvis moving side-to-side and back-and-forth as if by it own

will. It felt like Jamie's lips, tongue and cock were all over me, probing and sucking like there was no tomorrow. I kept rubbing my button frantically with one hand and with the other I stuck one finger all the way up my ass, with another deep in my cunt. That was the last straw. I tensed up, my body forced my back to arch, my ass lifted itself off the bed and I came so strongly that I began to piss a fine spray all over the bed. The pleasure was immense, my body rigid, and I didn't care if I had splashed the whole room. It was hard to know what was happening to me but what did it matter as long as it happened again?

As I lay drenched with sweat, piss and cum juices on my innocent little teenager's bed I knew I had passed two hurdles that day. If I played my cards right I would soon pass a third.

I showered and quickly laundered my bedclothes before my parents and brother came in for dinner.

"How was your French lesson, Honey," my mum asked as I sat down at the table. Was there something hidden in her question? Had I been found out? I looked up shyly with the hair over my eyes and checked out my mother's face. I saw nothing suspicious.

"Good," I said. "It's been a real help with my exams coming up. Except I left my books there and will have to go and get them after I finish my other homework."

"OK dear, but don't be too late to bed. It is a school night after all. We're all fit to collapse after being in the fields all day. Make sure you lock up properly when you come in. Don't forget to say hi to Jamie and Francesca and that we're still on for dinner on Saturday."

I couldn't believe myself. Where had I come up with the idea of returning to Jamie's to collect my books? What would Francesca think when my imaginary books were nowhere to be found – except in my own bedroom of course – and how would I be able to hold in my lustful and loving feelings? I had no experience of this kind of deception and the potential for disaster was immense.

As I went upstairs to finish my essay that tingling sensation began to return. I had committed myself to going to collect my books but Jamie knew nothing of this. Would he be horrified if the little girl whose cherry he had just popped turn up on the doorstep. Or worse, if his wife opened the door. So many scenarios filled my mind but once I had sat down and calmed myself I decided on the innocent option.

Having heard the doors close the my parents' and brother's bedrooms I hurriedly stripped off, but still found time to admire my adolescent body in the mirror, and settled on the clothes I was to wear. I didn't want to arouse suspicion in Francesca but I did want to arouse passion in her husband. No, not passion. Lust. It had dawned on me that I held the trump card, not him.

After a few seconds of rubbing the palm of my hand over my pussy I went over to my chest of drawers. Choosing first the whitest pair of panties I possessed, I slipped them on. I went back to the mirror and examined myself, luxuriating in the view of the mound produced by my pubic bone. It was such a turn on and I subconsciously began to rub my puffy nipples which, by the time I reopened my eyes, were hard as rock. It was time to stop.

From my wardrobe I took my short dark blue gym skirt, white cotton t-shirt and white pop socks. After putting them on I went back to the mirror and saw an innocent young girl ready for gym class. She was beautiful, she was unknowingly hot. There was something missing. I tied my long hair into pigtails and put a little white ribbon into each braid. The essence of purity. For so long I had wanted to look older, more mature, more womanlike, but at some point during the day I had realised that it was my youth and unsophistication that had been key to his passion. It was time to turn the heat up.

My reflection was divine. Long legs, very short skirt and hint of white panties when I lifted up my skirt a little. My t-shirt was simple but the nipples that poked through were like two little bullets. My own body was turning me on. I could feel wetness in my panties and would have fucked myself if I could.

Before any more ideas got into my head I sped silently down the stairs and closed the front door quietly behind me. It was important that it seemed like I had been exercising by the time I arrived at Jamie’s house so that Francesca wouldn’t be too shocked. So I decided to go the long way around, jogging with purpose and working up some heat. By the time I arrived at their door I had a brow full of sweat and, looking down, nipples that were so damp that I could see their brown colour forcing through. The excitement was getting to me and as much as I feared going through with my little plan, the urge to continue was far more thrilling. Taking a deep breath I rang the doorbell.

“Sara, Sweetie. Hi. What’s up?” It was Francesca. She was inviting me in as I explained what I was doing there. There was a briefcase and travel bag at the door. “Honey, Sara’s here,” she shouted up the stairs, “she forgot her books this afternoon.” She turned to me and said, “Sweetie you look pooped. Would you like some water, or a glass of juice?” The longer I could stay the better so I accepted her offer. “I’m just having a cup of tea before I head off to the airport. I have a meeting first thing in the morning so I figured it was better to take the last shuttle out.” There was my answer to the bag question and, more importantly, the possibility of another forbidden session.

Within a minute there were footsteps on the stairs and Jamie appeared, looking surprised and not a little nervous. After all, there I was talking to his wife in the kitchen just hours after he had shot his sperm into the deepest recesses of my pussy.

Francesca ushered me into the sitting room as we both sat down in adjacent armchairs. Jamie

scooped up his whiskey and sat heavily in the chair right opposite me, which suited me fine. He was a good actor, greeting me with a typically hearty hello and mentioning that the books I was looking for were on the table. I passed on my mother's greetings and reminded them about Saturday night.

I don't know where the courage came from but as I was relaying this information I moved my legs a little further apart so that Jamie would get a glimpse of my white panties. He saw them alright. It took no time for him to adjust his position and start to focus entirely on his wife. They spoke for a few minutes about the coming day's plans as I sipped my water and covertly raised my skirt a little higher so that whoever was sitting opposite couldn't fail but get a bird's eye view of my moist pussy. The way Jamie kept averting his eyes made it plainly obvious to me that I was getting to him and while I'm sure he resented me doing this in front of his wife, I was fairly sure he was getting very turned on.

Suddenly the door bell rang and Francesca stood up. "It's my taxi. Gotta go." She went over to her husband and kissed him full on the lips – I was so jealous – before rubbing my hair, adding that we'd see each other soon. Jamie followed her to the door, gently patting her bum as she walked out the door and followed the taxi with his eyes until it was out of sight.

Closing the front door, he said, "You're a mischievous vixen aren't you!" I pretended not to understand and just looked innocently at him through my long eyelashes. Settling himself back in the armchair in front of me he took a deep gulp of his whiskey before taking in the way I was dressed. It became so obvious that it was making him lustful. I spread my legs a bit further as what seemed an eternal silence ensued. This time he didn't avert his eyes; he looked at my panties and was clearly staring at the damp stain forming at the crotch. He smiled knowingly.

Without saying a word he got up, leaned over me and kissed me softly on the lips. I could have melted. But I also knew that this man was ready to help me carry out my most recent fantasy.

He sat back down in his armchair and continued to look between my legs. Once again I spread my legs apart and hitched the front of my skirt a little more. With my head bowed innocently I peeked at him coyly. He then began to take all of me in: my pigtails and pop socks, the erect nipples poking through the white t-shirt, and my soiled white panties under the mini gym skirt. I could see the pronounced bulge forming in his trousers and the afternoon's activities came flooding back in a wave that bathed me in hot passion.

Knowing I had the power to evoke such a response in Jamie emboldened me. I calmly stood up, took the two paces over to his chair and just stood in front of him as if I was waiting for him to do something to me. My arms dangled by my sides and, tilting my head, I let a little inviting smile form on my lips. That seemed to do the trick. Jamie sat upright and gently began to rub my thighs sensually before moving his hands around to massage my small firm buttocks. His touch made me tingle all

over but what proved more exciting was that his head was at precisely the same height as my panties.

Moving his hands around the front he started to caress the front of my thighs with his hands while allowing his thumbs to hover at the seams of my panties at the bottom of my crotch. When he did this I felt my legs go weak and had to support myself by putting one of my hands on his shoulder. Instinctively I parted my legs just a little as if in open invitation to his touch.

In no time he was reacting. He lifted the front of my skirt with both hands to take in the view of my leaking pussy semi-hidden behind my panties. He let out a gasp and his face looked to be in complete awe. Nothing was said but I knew he was enchanted. Letting go of my skirt he used both hands to rub all over the front of my pelvis, using the ball of one hand to massage my button.

Before I had arrived at the house I knew I was going to let him have me but now I wanted to help him have all of me. I lifted my skirt so he could have an unencumbered view. He stared again for a few moments before sticking his fingers in the waistband of my panties and pulled them down to my ankles. I stood out of them and with no sign of embarrassment he picked them up and examined the moist crotch before inhaling every last smell of my womanhood that he could. I loved it that he could be so unashamed and it just emphasised my need to give myself to him.

“Sara, you are an angel sent from heaven. I have never met another woman like you.” He called me a woman. I had never considered myself anything other than a girl.

Still seated he pushed his head in under my skirt and started to take in my deep aroma. Then all of a sudden I felt a new sensation as his pointed tongue wove its way up and down my slit. I felt myself leaking more and tilted my head back in pleasure. Once he found his way to my clitoris I couldn’t take any more. I was on the boil and ready to burst.

Leaving my panties on the floor where Jamie had left them, I grabbed his hand and led him quickly to the guest bedroom that we had had occupied just hours earlier. He began to take off his shirt so I decided to start on his trousers. In no time I had them off and all that remained were his boxer shorts. I dropped to my knees and began to rub my hand over his very erect shaft. Before long I had his shorts off and eagerly took his glistening head into my mouth, licking the juice from the tip. Now it was his turn to put a hand on my shoulder.

As I tried to take more into my mouth I used one hand to cup and massage his heavy balls. The other I dedicated to my clit. Soon I was in my own little world, sucking his cock and rubbing myself at a decent tempo. The fingers I was using on myself were drenched with my own juices and I began to smear it all over his cock. With my mouth now free I looked up at Jamie who seemed to be as

engrossed in his own excitement as I had been moments earlier.

Standing up I detached myself from him and went over to the bed, looking back at him, willing him to follow. I turned my back to him, leaned over the bed and implored, “Take me like this. Please. Now.” What man couldn’t resist an aroused sixteen year-old wearing only a white t-shirt and a short gym skirt? A girl who was bending over with her arse in the air.

I didn’t wait for a reply. I simply turned my head and looked out the window, waiting to be touched. I didn’t wait long. Hands appeared on each hip and a hard cock was running itself up and down my soaking pussy. Just what I had been waiting for, all the while praying it would lead to my new fantasy being enacted.

Jamie had taken one hand off my hips and was using it to steer his cock to my vagina. It was a deft move. The head of it slipped in easily but thankfully he waited before going any further. Although I was more than well lubricated I was still very tight. Until that afternoon nothing wider than a tampon had ever made its way there and this cock was a giant in comparison.

Jamie slowly began to make gradual progress, moving his rod a little further in with each thrust. He was soon all the way in and holding my hips again, which were again covered by my gym skirt. I closed my eyes and literally took in the whole situation. Leaking profusely I countered every movement he made. It was sensational and soon felt that pressure build up inside my pussy. I was gasping and moaning with pleasure. My hips were writhing, luxuriating in the invasion of his massive cock.

Looking over my shoulder I could see Jamie had his eyes closed. He sensed the movement and re-focused. Carried away by the sensations below I shyly asked him, “Can you put a finger in my bum?”

“Are you sure?” he asked. I nodded. Eagerly he wrapped a hand around my waist and grabbed a fingerful of my wetness without missing a beat of his thrusting. He obviously had a clear view of my puckered ass and the moment he started to lube it up the pleasure caused me to take a sharp intake of breath. For about 30 seconds he just played around the hole and then timed the entry of his finger with that of his cock in my pussy. I couldn’t tell what was happening, it was too much to take in at one time. Before long I realised his finger was up to the hilt and he was bending it at the knuckle so that my asshole was being stretched slightly.

He kept on penetrating both holes as I once again started to play with my pussy. I timed my movements to coincide with his and worked myself into a frenzy. This had to stop. “Take your finger out,” I urged. His moan of disappointment turned to pleasure when I added, “Put in your cock instead.”

I wasn’t sure what I was letting myself in for but I knew it was what my continued arousal needed. This time he didn’t reach around; he just slid his dick out of me and spread its wetness on my ass. He went back for more and I could feel that he had enough for two butts. Knowing it was going to hurt I concentrated on myself and let him take care of the rest.

I closed my eyes again and waited for the pain. He spent time rimming my hole with the head of his cock, lubing it up nicely. I loved this feeling but it suddenly stopped. He repositioned himself and I could feel it being placed squarely on my butt hole. Slowly he eased it into my ass. It was probably just the head but it seemed like my ass was on fire. I tried to pull away but he held on to me, urging me to relax and that it would soon be alright.

He wasn’t wrong. My sphincter began to relax and the feeling of relief was oddly arousing. I went back to taking care of my pussy as he gently entered my rear end. Before long the two feelings combined were sending me back into my world of pleasure and hearing the groans of ecstasy behind me was enough to convince me this was a dream come true both of us.

It was only a matter of minutes before my own juices were running down my inside thighs. My orgasm was imminent. My pussy had never been wetter. Even my own ass appeared to be secreting lubrication. Jamie kept gently pumping away, his moans of pleasure increasing in volume.

My pussy was contracting without mercy, making my butt do the same. His increased momentum combined with my own brought me to the point of no return. As he entered me all the way I gave my clit one last rub and exploded a gushing stream of myself all over my legs. It was so forceful that I could hear it spattering over the floor and the side of the bed. It flowed through my toes and over my heels. The pressure nearly forced Jamie’s cock out of my ass but he kept on thrusting harder into me as my pussy erupted. I was convulsing and my whole body was experiencing a massive orgasm. “Come inside me quickly,” I yelled, writhing in ecstasy. Precisely at that point I felt huge pressure build up in my ass. My sphincter expanded and I felt enormous gushes of hot cum fill my insides. It kept coming and coming as my pussy contracted for the last time. Jamie’s hands were digging into my hips as he eventually let out a cry of pleasure that had being building up for so long.

Totally spent, I collapsed onto the bed, his softening cock still inside me. He leaned on me as I bent forward, not wanting to leave his cock’s inner sanctuary. Fantasy fulfilled.

As we lay there I revelled in the thought that when I had woken up this morning I was still an innocent virgin. I have been fucked twice, had three orgasms and realised that I’m a squirter. Wow. On that note Jamie slipped out of me. This was followed by a trickled of his cum which was soon to meet up with my own.

A metaphor for our love, I thought.

This had certainly been a more sordid, although no less loving, experience than earlier on in the day, but I was ever more sure that there was so much more to come. And I wondered to myself, “How much hornier are things going to get?”

Abruptly, we heard a door slam. “Honey, I’m back. The flight was cancelled.”