The Rave at the Barn

By swjg

Published on Lush Stories on 24 Sep 2012

A wild night at the stables with a barn girl.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-rave-at-the-barn.aspx

The barn where we rode horses consisted of five different stables around a central grass paddock and to the side in the driveway was an old stone building which once might have been a feed store or large tool store. Horse care was excellent but the barn was a little "alternative" - a little laid back and didn't strictly adhere to any one particular discipline. English, Western, Dressage, Jumps, or Trail - whatever people rode - was accepted.

In order to make ends meet and keep costs down, once a year the barn held "The Rave". It was never advertised - people just heard about it through the grapevine. Indeed the characters who turned up to take part had nothing to do with horses at all, they just lived a slightly alternative post hippy lifestyle and fancied a weekend camping in the woods around the barn and a darn good party. The neighborhood didn't know what to make of it but as the barn was in a hollow at the far end of the fields and the noise tended to stay there, there was a lot of "live and let live".

Preparations for the event consisted of mowing the tall grass around the areas under trees to create camping spots. The old stone feed store was opened up and a temporary stage was set up at the far end. By the door was a bar and along the far wall a raised narrow platform, not much more than a scaffolding plank set on a ridge of stone built into the wall, was set up to facilitate traffic from the stage to the bar and back. The floor was swept, temporary power was strung in from the nearest stable and the bands were booked.

The bands were up and coming local rock bands that could play a long session of stomping good rock and roll dance music, and play it loud, and keep going as the party would spin on into the night. They tended to also be decent musicians and the crowd watching them would split. Those who wanted to dance and rave would gravitate to the front and those who wanted to listen to the pretty decent music would hang back at the bar. As the place filled up and the night wore on, it would get increasingly crowded and people would start to climb up onto the narrow plank on the far wall for a breather or to dance away from the crush. The plank was at about shoulder height from the crowd on the floor and anyone could see who was on the plank just by looking up.

Amy was one of the barn rats. She was 5' 4" and about 90lbs, early 20's. She mucked stalls, did a little training with kids on ponies and rode like the wind on horses that owners needed exercising. It seemed to pay her way. Her long glossy black hair was always pulled back in a tight pony tail and she

was as fit and taut as a whippet. Her loose sweater shirts hinted at small but firm breasts and her tight riding pants didn't leave anything to the imagination. Some folks thought she had a thing going with one of the trainers.

On the night of the rave I was hanging out. I was midway between those who were listening to the bands for the music and feeling like I wanted to dance. I was a couple of beers ahead and tapping my feet and beginning to move with the music but it was crowded and I kept bumping into folks. Looking up I could see a couple of people balanced on the plank but otherwise there was a lot of space and decided to get up there. By the time I pushed my way to the wall and found a way up - there were a couple more folk up there and Amy was one of them.

Tonight she was dressed in jeans that were slightly too big for her - cinched into her narrow waist with a broad leather belt and a large brass buckle. For a top she had on a tight black tank top tucked into the jeans. She obviously had a bra on too but her small but perfect breasts were standing out just the way I like on a smaller girl. She had been dancing for a bit - there was a slight sheen of sweat on her shoulders and arms and as I climbed onto the plank she half acknowledged me but otherwise was in a dance world of her own, swaying and tapping to the music.

The view from the plank was great. You could see the band properly, the crowd were spread below partying like mad and the music soon got me going. The footing was much firmer than I thought it might have been and I was soon grooving to the steady rock beat. Couple of times I accidently bumped into Amy but nothing more than accidently. Looking out I could see the trainer who some thought she had a thing with. He was dancing madly with a blond who had a horse in one of the stables, if Amy was "with him", it sure didn't look like it tonight.

She was certainly looking hot and with her eyes half closed she was very into the music. I did wonder if she was into anything more than the beer too, she was zoning in and out.

I "accidently" bumped into her. I got a smile through her half closed eyes and for a moment or two we deliberately "bumped" hips in time to the music.I could feel her lean tight butt cheek through the slightly baggy denim and I thought I might check it out a little more. I put my arm around her waist - pulling her into the bumps a little more and she responded and pressed back. I slid my hand down and over her jeans and felt her buns through the cloth. Firm and exciting and no bad reaction from Amy. We danced on and I continued to feel her great tight ass. I curled my fingers under the curve of her buns feeling the muscles move.

The beat of the music stepped up and the dancing got a little wilder. As I surveyed the crowd it seemed that no one was paying any attention to us up on the platform and I got a little bolder. I reached around Amy's front and grabbed the brass belt buckle and used it to pull her firmly sideways towards me in the bumping. We were still both facing the crowd and side by side. Anyone who looked up would have clearly seen me grabbing her belt. No one looked.

I slid my hand down in a brush across her mound to gauge her reaction. She threw her head back and swirled her hair and danced on wildly. I ran my hand across her mound again and was rewarded

with a distinct thrust forward of her hips - her mound pushing onto my hand and at the crowd.

"What the Hell? I thought.

I turned my hand so my fingers pointed downwards and firmly grasped her swaying pussy. I stretched a middle finger and pressed into the fold of the jeans and her cleft. She ground harder and then reached across and ran her hand down the front of my pants - gauging my hardening cock.

We ground on, firmly feeling each other while the crowd danced on below us. Anyone could have looked up and seen what we were doing, but no one did. Amy's thrusts were getting firmer and my cock was now at full attention - the tip had passed through the waistband of my boxers and was only restrained by my pants waist and belt. I leaned over.

"A beer?" I shouted in her ear, looking towards the bar and the exit.

She leaned into my ear."Sure" she shouted back.

We clambered down and pushed our way through the crowd, past the bar and out the door into the cool dark night. Folks were hanging out, catching some air, some were smoking interesting stuff. We held each other's hands and made for the lower stable.

There were guards on each stable door, barn kids being paid pocket money to help. They were there to prevent the horses being disturbed and to make sure no one tried to smoke in the stables with all the highly flammable hay. But we both knew the layout and went around the end of the lower stable where there was a door on the downslope that led into a partially flooded basement. No one would think to try and get in this way once they saw the flooded basement and there was no guard. However we both knew that by keeping close to the edge of the wall you could slide round to the vertical ladder that went up the inside of the building to the hay loft.

We clenched at the bottom of the ladder. This was no romance, this was lust and I firmly felt Amy's ass and deep around the curves between her thighs as she slid a hand between us and rubbed my rigid cock through my pants.

"Mmmm," she growled.

"You first," I said and she turned and started to climb the ladder to the hay loft. I followed close behind, looking up as her butt muscles clenching against the loose denimas she climbed each rung.

As we passed through the first floor area headed upwards the moonlight was streaming through some of the windows, casting hard shadows. Looking up I could not tell if I was seeing a deep shadow between her legs or if her denim was actually slightly wet with her excitement. We climbed on, my cock hard with anticipation as I watched her swaying above me.

Amy clambered through the hole in the hayloft floor, landing on her elbows and knees and crawling

ahead of me towards some bales of hay. I clambered through and was delighted at the sight of her ass ahead of me in the moonlight which was streaming through the dormer windows. As she reached the hay she looked back at me on her hands and knees and wiggled her ass. I pounced. I lunged at her from behind and reached around and tore the buckle of her belt apart, undid the waist button of the jeans, zipped them down and pulled them firmly over her ass and down to her knees along with her sticky panties.

She hissed, "Yesssss...".

Unable to get away from me with her knees tangled in her jeans and panties, she propped her elbows on a bale of hay, arched her back and raised her ass. The rich sweet smell of her soaked pussy mingled with the smell of the hay and I looked down to see the wetness betwen her ass cheeks glistening in the moonbeams. I undid my pants and pulled my thick hard cock out.

No waiting or subtlety now, I pressed forward and pushed my large mushroom head into her wet lips. One half stroke to part her and wet my cock on her juices - the second thrust to go balls deep inside her. Amy leaned into the bale of hay with her crossed arms and pushed back with her ass.

She hissed and mewled and pleaded, "Yes, oh fuck, mmmm, deeper, pleeeaseee" as I started to wildly fuck her.

I could feel her pussy lips opening like a flower. My balls were slapping into them as I rode her and she continued to push back and plead for more. I pulled her up against me for a moment so she was upright and grasped the shoulder straps of her tank top, pulling them outwards and firmly downwards so her top and bra was around her waist. She pushed her small firm tits out and groaned, her nipples were large and thick, her aerola were crinkled brown buttons - very firm and straining forward in the dim light.

I pushed her forward again so her arms were on the bale of hay and really started to pound her. She whimpered. Faintly in the distance I could hear the pounding rock music and I pounded into her pussy in time to it. Her wet pussy lips were slicking around my balls which were being gently crushed between us in a pleasurable dull ache. My cock felt like a hose, ready to simply blast out. I reached around her and grasped her nipples and used them roughly to pull her down onto my cock even harder, stretching them and pulling her small tits till I could feel a firm resistance.

Amy howled in her pained pleasure and propping herself on the bale of hay with one arm she used the other hand to reach between her thighs and rub her engorged and hard clit while grabbing for my balls so I felt them being grasped into her pussy as I pulled back with each thrust.

"Harder" she hissed "FUCK my cunt" and I twisted on her nipples even more,squeezing them between my fingers and eliciting deep groans of pleasure while pulling her down on my cock even harder.

As I pulled Amy down firmly, trying to get my cock and balls into her pussy. She fell forward,

increasing the tension on her already stretched breasts and she wildly rubbed her fingers over her clit. I now really crushed her nipples as I twisted them and pulled her tits away from her body. Her pussy pulsed open a little more. I pushed in even deeper and she came, howling in ecstacy as her pussy vibrated and her body clenched and arched before me in the cold blue light as her sheen of sweat soaked her reddening skin.

She was completely gone in the moment, arched back while I pulled her nipples up and away from her body, holding her up by them.

I let go. Not spurts of cum, a full blown gushing jet, like letting go when you really need to pee. Only this was a sticky cum blast going deep in her with no restraint and wild abandon. My ejaculation seemed to last forever and when I was done and I relaxed my hold on her breasts I could feel the cum squeezing its way out of her pussy and around my balls. I held her arched body upright for a moment longer with my arms around her and then we both fell forward into the hay.

"Yerrrsss," she quietly growled and we fell asleep in each others arms till dawn.