

Roll in the Hay

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Ouch, I thought hay was supposed to be soft!

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I sell alfalfa hay. My family has been farming the land for 100 years. I've sold hay to many interesting people, a few that I'd like to know much better. One is Deborah and this is how we became biblically acquainted. "This is Deborah, do you still have hay?" "Hi Deborah, yes I do, how many bales do you need?" "Let's talk when I arrive, will 6:30 tonight be to late?" "Just right for me, cool but still light enough to load, see you then." The farm sits away from town in a super quiet setting. The barn is a quarter mile from the road so I'm never bothered when I work. Deborah arrived a little early and backed her truck into the barn next to the bales of hay. I noticed that she was dressed in a sun dress which was quite unusual, she's normally a jeans girl. Her hair was also a little curly, not the straight I've grown used to, what the hell? She had a strange smirk on her face and asked if I'd throw 20 bales on for her. She usually helped stack so it took a little longer than normal and I worked up quite a sweat and had hay leaves all over me and my clothes. When the last bale hit home, she approached me from the back and rubbed her tits into my back and put her arms around my chest. "This is so erotic" she said, "the smell of hay and working man, the barn, the hay...why haven't you made a pass at me?" I was silent as my mind flashed, I wanted her bad. She's my ideal woman. Independent, confident and girl next door cute. I'd dreamed of her in my arms and more many times but damned if I thought she would go for me so I never acted on the impulse. "I...I didn't want to offend you Deb," I stuttered. "I was sure with the way small towns are you wouldn't want people to talk." She snorted and said, "Let them, I won't tell if you don't." Her hands quickly dropped to my dick hardening quickly and pushing at my jeans. With one hand she rubbed and the other worked on my belt and zipper. I let my head fall back on hers and took in the situation. We are both in our early 50's and live out West. I've had a crush on her but I'm sure my wife wouldn't approve. She is attached as well so other than dream of this I've never acted in a way that would be bad for business. She smelled great and I let my hands find her waist through her thin dress. Her hands had my cock free and she nibbled at my neck driving me crazy. "I've thought about this for some time," she whispered, "You're just what I want, right here and now." With that she pulled me around by my dick to face her and our mouths met with deep kisses and our tongues searched each others. Her hands stroked me in a controlled deep fashion, just enough to keep my hard. My hands roamed and discovered nothing but a sun dress kept her from me. She pushed me to sit on a hay bale nearby and straddled me. "Ouch, I thought hay was

supposed to be soft!" she said as her tender calves met the alfalfa stems, scratching them slightly. She stopped for only a second to hike her dress up and impale herself on my shaft. How could she be so wet and tight. We aren't 20 anymore. It took a few bounces to fully sink my 7" in her depths. She worked her cunt on my cock for a short time and then pulled off, moved forward to my waiting mouth and mounted me. My tongue was her toy and she used it well. She grabbed my hair and held my head as her hips positioned her clit, pussy and asshole to my mouth. As she got closer to climax she would alternate from her sphincter to clit until she shuttered and came on my face. She then spun around reverse cowgirl and sunk onto me again. She scooted back and forth moving my dick inside her without letting it come out of her very far. She went on this way for a minute or so and then laid back on my chest and begged me to thrust into her. We were both close and within minutes my cock thickened and my balls tightened. Just after I dumped my load into her I felt her spasm on me in waves of ecstasy. Now we were both hot, sweaty and covered in hay. She paused just a minute to enjoy the moment, rolled off and told me to watch. She strode a few paces, squatted and peed, pushing the cum out at the same time. She smiled wickedly and said she'd be back next week for more of the same. I could only grin and said, "From now on you could only take 10 and cum twice a week".