

Mandy's Farm Adventure

By: Crimson Rose

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Chapter 1: Secrets Revealed

"Have a good time," Mandy said to her parents as they got into the car. They were leaving on a two week vacation and twenty year old Mandy was staying behind to watch the house and make sure the farm ran smoothly in their absence.

"Are you sure you can handle things while we're gone?" asked Miranda, Mandy's forty-one year old mother.

"I'll be fine mom," Mandy sighed. "You forget I lived here for eighteen years. Besides, the farmhands will be doing most of the work."

"Well if you need anything give us a call," said Alex, Mandy's father. "We'll see you in two weeks, sweetie."

"Don't forget Titan and Sampson get fed dry food in the morning and either steak or chicken at night."

"You spoil those dogs," Mandy said.

After watching her parents pull out of the long driveway and down the street Mandy walked back to the house where it was nice and cool. Titan and Sampson jumped up on her and licked her hands thighs below her short shorts. She petted them in greeting and went to the living room where she flopped down on the couch and flipped on the TV to relax, but nothing good was on. With nothing else to do she went out to the barn intending to go on a little horse ride.

"Hi Rick," she said to the handsome farmhand. "Could you saddle up Lightning for me? I feel like a bit of a ride."

"Sure thing," Rick replied. He stopped brushing Ginger and went to fetch the saddle. Mandy watched him as he walked away. Ever since he started working at her parent's farm two years ago, Mandy had been waiting for him to make a move on her. She wouldn't have protested too much. Every time she saw his handsome face and well-toned body moving around doing the various jobs, she got all giddy and tingly.

Rick returned with a brown leather saddle and placed it on Lightning. Mandy watched as he bent over to secure it underneath, naughty images running through her mind. "There you go Mandy," said Rick "He's all ready to go. If you don't mind, could you take him along the obstacle course? He didn't get much exercise today."

"Sure," Mandy replied. She put her foot in the stirrup to mount and stopped halfway. "What's up with this saddle?" she asked confused.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Rick.

"It has holes in it."

"Oh shit," Rick gasped. "I'm sorry. I must have grabbed the wrong saddle. Let me change it for you real fast."

"What do you mean, the wrong saddle? Why does this one have holes in it? Someone obviously put them there. They're too perfect to be caused naturally." She ran her finger around the smooth edge of the two inch diameter holes.

"I'm sorry," Rick apologized again. "Let me just change it for you."

"Stop avoiding my question," Mandy said tersely. "Why are there holes in this damn saddle? Did you do it? Do you know how expensive these things are? Tell me why the holes are in this saddle or you're fired."

"Don't try threatening me," Rick bit back. "You don't have the authority to fire me. I don't work for you."

"No, you work for my parents," she replied smugly "and while they're on vacation I'm in charge and you know that means I have the power to hire and fire whomever I wish. Now answer my damn question, or go home."

"It's your mother's saddle," Rick replied. "There are a lot of things that go on around here that you're better off not knowing about. So let me change the damn saddle so you can go on your ride and leave me alone."

"We're not done yet. What goes on around here that I shouldn't know about? Why does my mom have a saddle with holes in it?"

"You really want to know? Fine, come with me, but what you are about to learn did not come from me." He walked towards the back of the barn where the tools were kept. He entered the small room and waited to see if Mandy would follow. She did.

"Why are we in the tool room?" she asked.

"We're here so you'll stop asking me a million questions," Replied Rick. "You want to know why there are holes in the saddle, well I'm going to tell you, but first I need to get something so you won't think I'm lying about it." He lifted a loose floorboard and pulled out a photo album. "To put it bluntly, your parents are a couple of freaks."

"How dare you speak about my parents like that," Mandy yelled. "Who in the hell do you think you are to say such things?"

"Don't get all riled up yet, darling. I haven't even told you what makes them such freaks. As you know, your mother loves to ride. Well when no one is around she uses her special saddle..."

"The one with the holes in it?" Mandy interrupted.

"The very same," replied Rick. "The holes are in it so that she can attach dildos to it and fuck herself while she rides."

SMACK! Mandy's hand landed across his face before she even realized what she was doing. "You're a sick motherfucker! How dare you say such horrible things? Get out of here right now. You're fucking fired."

"Don't get your panties in a bunch," Rick said calmly. He handed Mandy the photo album. "Go ahead and take a look at that."

Mandy opened the album to a random page and stared at the images contained within. It took her brain several seconds to realize what it was looking at. Scattered across the pages were several pictures of her mother riding the various horses. In all of the images she used the same saddle and Mandy could see one or two dildos sticking up from the saddle and into her mother.

"Oh my god," she gasped. "This has to be some kind of sick joke. You doctored these. Are you trying to blackmail my parents?"

"I assure you those pictures are 100% real. She thought she was alone, but I caught her several times. Keep flipping through the pages and you'll see just how kinky your parents are."

Mandy flipped through a few more pages of her mother riding dildos while riding the horses until she came to something new. These new pictures were of her parents, Rick, another farmhand named James, and about ten to fifteen other men and a few other women participating in a large gang bang. She stared at Rick's naked body, at the long thick cock dangling between his legs, and felt her nether regions tingling in excitement.

"Y...you...oh my fucking god," she stuttered. "You have sex with...my mom?"

"Yes I do, sweetie," he smiled. "And she is fantastic. She's an insatiable little slut if you really must know, and as you can see from the pictures I'm not the only one that gets to sample her forbidden fruits. Your father loves watching her taking it from all sides at once."

Mandy stood there in silence, at a loss for words at this revelation into the secret life of her parents. "I'm sorry you had to learn about your parents this way," he said "but you were so eager for answers. Look, let me change the saddle for you and you can go on your ride to think about what you've learned."

"Why have I never seen the saddle before?" Mandy asked.

"It's normally kept away from the others," Rick replied. "I guess in her rush to get ready to leave she put it back with the others hoping I would find it and put it where it belonged. I don't really know. I didn't expect it to be with the other saddles so I didn't catch it either."

"How often does she use that thing?"

"Two or three times a week."

"Good grief. How can she do it? I mean, what in the hell possessed her to even come up with such a bizarre thing?"

"Your mother loves sex," Rick smiled. "There's nothing wrong with that. From what I've seen and been told it feels amazing to her bouncing up and down on them while riding. She says there's nothing else like it."

"I don't think I'm in the mood to ride today. I'm sorry I yelled at you and slapped you."

"It's ok." He looked her up and down, taking in her small perky breasts, narrow waist, round hips and ass, and toned legs. "Perhaps you'll think of some way to make it up to me later."

Perhaps you'll think of some way to make it up to me, she thought as she lay in bed staring up at the ceiling. "Was he saying what I think he was saying?" she asked to herself. *Your mother is an insatiable little slut.* She shook her head to get the image of her mom riding the dildos out of her head. *I'm not the only one that likes to sample her forbidden fruits.* "What in the hell!" she said through gritted teeth. She raised her arms high and slammed her fists down into the bed on either side of her in frustration.

Unable to sleep, she finally got up and paced the bedroom floor. Twenty minutes of that was enough and she went downstairs to watch TV. That too proved futile as she was unable to concentrate long enough to get into anything that was on. At 3:27am she found herself outside headed towards the barn. She pushed the door open and walked in. She went to the tool room, pulled up the floorboards to fetch the photo album but it was missing.

"Damn," she cursed. She searched one of the cabinets and found her mother's special saddle. She ran her fingers along the edge of the holes again. An image of her mother bouncing up and down on the saddle popped into her head. "Get a grip Mandy," she said shaking the image from her mind.

Almost as if on auto pilot, she walked back to the house. She went to her parent's room and started to snoop around. It didn't take her long to locate the large wooden box under the bed. She pulled it out and lifted the lid. Her jaw nearly hit the floor alongside her eyes that threatened to pop out of their socket in surprise. Inside of the box were perhaps three dozen dildos and butt plugs of various sizes, shapes, and colors from a tiny four inch long plug about as big around as her finger, to a massive black number that looked as big as her arm. In reality it was only fourteen inches long and almost three inches in diameter, but to the stunned Mandy, it looked truly massive.

"Jesus Christ mom," she gasped. "How the fuck can you possibly take those things?" Despite her embarrassment and surprise, Mandy found herself getting wet. It suddenly dawned on her where the frustration was coming from. She was horny and needed release. "Fuck it," she shrugged, picking up several normal sized dildos.

It wasn't until she got back to the barn that she realized she was half naked, wearing only a sports bra and thong. "Well," she said looking down at her half-naked body "at least I'm dressed for the occasion."

She put the special saddle on Lightning and fidgeted with the dildos until she was able to figure out how to make them stay in the holes. She wasn't much for anal so she opted to use only the front hole. "You're out of your fucking mind Mandy," she said to the empty barn. She mounted the horse and hovered over the dildo. "Are you really going to do this? Are you really so desperate you're going to ride a dildo on horseback?" She could feel the cool silicone of the dildo pressing against her slit. She rubbed back and forth several times, letting it slip in an inch or three.

"Aaaahgh," she grunted as the large dildo went in deeper. "That's it you crazy bitch! You've officially lost your damn mind!" She let gravity do its job as she sank down onto the dildo until she was sitting down completely on the saddle. "Oh fuck," she moaned, rising about halfway off the large fake cock only to slam back down on it again.

She rode the dildo for several minutes before becoming suddenly self-conscious of her surroundings. Fearing one of the farmhands would catch her, she dismounted, pulled the dildo off the saddle and dropped it alongside the others on the floor. She put the saddle away, picked up the toys, and ran into the house.

Little did she know she was busted the second she entered the barn. She was unaware that Rick placed hidden cameras all over the barn at her mother's request in order to capture all of the action on film. She was blissfully unaware that as she lay in bed fucking herself with a dildo, Rick was at this very moment jerking his fat cock to the video that was recorded only moments ago in the Sommers' barn.