

# **Michelle Swears Two**

**By: Crimson Rose**

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## Chapter 1: Michelle Goes to the Farm

Michelle crept up to the large wood and stone structure that made up the Daniels Stables. She tiptoed across the lawn watching for every leaf and twig whose crunch and snap would signal her presence to the woman within. Although the temperature was barely 70 degrees, she was pouring with sweat – a byproduct of her nervous state.

Why she was nervous was anyone's guess. She could have just walked up to the stables she's visited hundreds of times since she and Amy Daniels became friends, but today was different. Today she was trying to catch her friend in the act. What that act was she could only guess at. All she knew was that her friend was hiding something BIG and she aimed to find out what that something was.

It all started two months ago during their weekly day of riding. Michelle was introduced to her friend's kinky activities when they rode saddles equipped with inflatable dildos. Michelle was hesitant at first, but quickly warmed to the idea of being stretched open during the long ride.

The 27 year old blonde beauty's life changed in many ways that day. She swore she wasn't into women. She swore there was no way she was going to ride the massive rubber toys protruding from the saddle. She swore she hated Amy for making her do all those horrible things. What she really should have sworn was to stop swearing as it always made a liar out of her.

Two months on and the two friends were now lovers. They had grown increasingly close the past several weeks, but Michelle swore her friend was hiding a deep dark secret. She swore she would find out what it was if it was the last thing she did. Based on a prior conversation she swore it had something to do with the horses...something so kinky she didn't even want to consider it, but also found very titillating.

She was less than fifty feet from the side of the barn when everything stopped. She stepped on a small branch – the sound of it breaking beneath her foot was thunder in her ears. Her intake of breath, gale force winds whipping through the grassy fields like a tornado. In reality, the sound of the snapped twig didn't even phase the birds perched in the maple tree it once belonged to let alone the woman supposedly in the barn.

Twenty-nine year old Amy Daniels was in the barn as her friend suspected. She was tending to the horses as she did every morning – filling the feed-bags with oats, and brushing them down one at a time. The 65 acre farm was her pride and joy. It was all she had left of her parents and she swore she would do whatever it took to keep it in the family name.

The early fall weather was still nice and so Amy was nude as she went about her work. For as long as Amy could remember she was a nudist and she saw no reason to change things now. She hated clothes of all kinds and recalled on occasion stories her parents told her of the many times they sent her to school clothed only to get a call from the principal about their nude daughter running through the halls. She remembered being home schooled from the second grade on.

Amy took position over a short stool and sat down to brush the back legs of Shadow – her favorite stallion. She rescued the great beast from a despicable farmer that mistreated the magnificent animal. It took her more than a year to tame the feral beast. To this day she is the only one he will allow on his back. A soft moan escaped her lips as the dildo on the stool's seat penetrated her depths. Call her crazy, or kinky, but Amy Daniels was a sexual creature that loved nothing more than to ride a large pole no matter what form it came in. Her large breasts bounced up and down. She placed a hand on Shadow's side for support as she continued to brush him with the other.

Michelle snuck up to an open window and peeked inside. She could hear the sounds of moaning, but could not see her friend and lover. She moved to another window get a better angle. Now with a straight on view, Michelle could see Amy bouncing up and down in the dildo stool. That was nothing new, Amy had one such stool in every stall just in case the mood for sex struck her. Michelle was very familiar with her lover's sexual habits and her many toys. It's one of the things she loved best about the woman – her first female lover.

Michelle was almost disappointed that Amy wasn't doing anything more sinister than enjoying a screw while brushing her favorite horse. She nearly left her perch to go inside and join the action, but something held her back. She decided to watch for a bit to see what her lover would do next.

Three stalls and three stools later her wait finally paid off. Amy entered the stall of Sampson – a friendly brown and white stallion that Michelle loved to ride. He was the first horse she rode using the dildo saddle and although she had used it on others, there was something about Sampson that she liked over all the rest.

Amy had already fed and brushed Sampson. He was the first. What she was going to do next embarrassed her more than anything, but it was great money. It was one of the sacrifices she made to keep the farm running. As she set things up she recalled seeing her parents doing what she was about to do. She remembered how freaked out she was at the sight of it. She remembered swearing she would never do such things. Like Michelle, Amy should stop swearing so much.

Michelle watched as Amy walked across the barn to a row of padded objects near the opposite end of the long barn. Each object consisted of a five foot long, two foot wide circular padded top mounted on two steel posts. Michelle wondered what the things were for, but Amy always changed the subject – telling her it was something her parents must have used. She watched as Amy twisted the end of one and pulled away the cap. She watched Amy go back into Sampson's stall and lead the beautiful animal out and to the padded contraption. She looked on in stark surprise as Amy reached a hand under the calm horse and started to slowly stroke his sheath.

*I knew it!* Michelle screamed FURIOUSLY in her mind. *I knew she was doing things with the horses. What a lying bitch! She said she would never do such a thing. I knew all that talk wasn't just joking.* She was referring to the talk they had during Michelle's first ride using the special saddle. Amy teased her that she would need horses to satisfy her after being stretched so much. She had a feeling her new lover was intimate with the animals, but this is the first time she witnessed it firsthand.

Amy's hand was having the desired effect on Sampson. He was growing longer and longer by the second. He kept sniffing the padded object and after a few minutes mounted it. Amy guided his penis into the hole and let him go. She went into the stall of Lightning, a brown horse with a lightning shaped white spot running down the front of his face. Like Sampson before him, Amy brought the horse to one of the breeding mounts and started jerking him off.

Michelle had as much as she cared to see. She ran around the barn and stormed inside Startling Amy and Lightning alike. "I knew you were doing it with the horses," Michelle screamed. "What in the hell kind of freak are you?"

"This isn't what it looks like," Amy replied calmly, her hand still stroking the enlarged penis.

"It looks like you're jerking off the horses," Michelle said, looking at her lover's hand moving slowly back and forth beneath Sampson. "It's exactly what it looks like!"

"Calm down and let me explain. I'm not jerking them off... well ok, I am jerking them, but it's still not what you think."

"Then what in the hell is it, because it sure as hell looks like you're jerking off Lightning to me?"

"I'm collecting their semen for sale. It's a pretty common thing, you know."

"Um, yeah, right," Michelle said unbelieving. "And you have to jerk them off to collect it? Can't he screw one of the mares? Why in the fuck would anyone degrade themselves like that just to collect some semen? You're not fooling me anymore! I knew you did it with the horses. I bet you do it with your dogs too don't you?"

"You need to seriously calm down," Amy replied. "Like I already told you, I'm doing this so that I can collect their semen for sale. They could screw the mares, but that makes collecting the semen nearly impossible. And you are right, this is very degrading, but it has to be done in order to get them ready for the breeding mounts."

"What in the hell do you collect their semen for? Who in the hell buys horse cum? Nevermind, I don't want to know. This is just sick."

"No one is making you watch. This is one of the ways I make money to keep this farm running. If you don't like it I don't know what to tell you, but I have no intentions of stopping. Without the money I make selling their semen to breeders I'd have lost the farm long ago. As you know, most of my horses are thoroughbreds. It just so happens that their semen sells for big bucks to those breeding race horses."

"Look me in the eye and tell me you only do this when breeding the horses. Tell me you don't do anything else with them."

"Would you believe me if I did?"

Michelle stood there looking at her lover, at her hand wrapped around the massive horse dick. Her chest was rising and falling in tune with her rapidly beating heart. Her palms were sweaty and she shook all over as if it were the dead of winter and she was outside butt naked. "Just tell me the truth this time. Do you...you know...do it with the horses? I won't be mad if you do, but I deserve to know the truth."

"No, I do not 'do it' with the horses," Amy replied. "Honestly, I get no satisfaction whatsoever from jerking them to collect their semen. I kept this from you because I feared how you would react after our little discussion a couple months back. I figured you would jump to conclusions."

"Well, you can't blame me can you? I mean, the way you talked it sounded as if it was something you did."

Lightning mounted the breeding mount, his long, thick member pushing violently into the fake mare vagina. Michelle looked on wide-eyed at the powerful animal going at the breeding mount full force.

"I was only teasing," Amy smiled. "You're the one that seemed to want to do it. I kept expecting to walk in here one morning to see you going at it with them."

"Dear god no!" Michelle gasped. "I didn't want to do it. And judging by the way the horse is going at that thing, I seriously doubt anyone in their right mind would. So what do you want to do now that that's out of the way?"

"Well, I have eleven more horses to breed before I'm done here. You can watch or help if you want, or you can go into the house and wait."

"I think I'll go in the house if it's all the same to you. I don't think I can stomach watching you do that eleven more times and I sure as hell don't want to help."

"I'll join you in an hour or so. By the way, Claire is coming by later with another new invention if you want to stick around for it."

"Hell yeah," Michelle replied excitedly. She didn't know Clair personally, but had heard all about her from Amy. Clair was the one that made all of Amy's special toys. She couldn't wait to see what the new one would be.

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Michelle left the barn and headed for the large, all-brick construction ranch style house that was Amy's home. There was a two-car garage attached to the house and a three car detached garage at the opposite side of the large driveway. The detached garages housed all of the farming equipment needed to keep the land plowed, mowed, fertilized, and seeded. Amy had farmhands to the hard work while she took care of the animals.

Michelle let herself in the front door. The scent of jasmine was in the air – Amy's favorite scent. She was immediately set upon by Roscoe, Brody, and Goliath – Amy's three large dogs. Roscoe was a three year old golden retriever and the baby of the group – both age wise and temperament. He had to have all the attention or he would pout and give you those sad puppy dog eyes that made you want to cry. Brody was a laid back black and brown German Sheppard with a thing for stuffed animals. He played with them like a cat does a ball of yarn. Toss him two or three and he's in seventh heaven. Goliath – the largest of them all was a hulking beast of a dog. He looked more bear than canine and scared Michelle to death until she realized he was a big baby. He was a mix of St. Bernard and Mastiff.

Michelle gave them all pats on the head as she waded through them on her way to the living room. They followed close on her heels begging for more attention. Amy's taste in decorations was very much modern with a few abstract paintings on the walls for added detail and color. She looked from the plush sofa with chaise to the special exercise bike in the corner. She hated exercise, but Amy had the equipment to make it not only fun, but enjoyable.

*Decisions...decisions*, Michelle thought as she rubbed Roscoe's head. *Do I sit back and relax, or take a long ride to bliss?* She walked over to the bike. It was an upright exercise bike that Clair had modified into a sex machine. The seat post was removed and replaced with a wider round pole through which a piston was placed and attached to the gears. A three inch diameter hole was cut in the seat and plugged with a large eyelet. Sticking up through the hole was the top four inches of a long black dildo.

The idea was simple...as you peddle the bike the gears worked the piston and the dildo moved up and down, in and out of whatever hole it happens to be in. Sex and a workout all in one go. Who could ask for more?

Michelle peddled the bike by hand until the dildo was at its peak height. "Ten inches," she said estimating the length sticking up out of the seat. The girth of it nearly filled the hole. She stroked the long black toy, deep in thought. Seeing Amy screwing herself on the stools got her all hot and bothered. Seeing her with the horses cured that, but now she found herself horny all over again. She stepped back and pulled the light blue t-shirt over her head and tossed it in the direction of the couch. It fell short – landing on the tan carpet mere inches from Brody. He sniffed it and then went back to licking himself clean as dogs tend to do. Her shirt was followed by her bra, jeans and panties.

She went to a nearby stand and opened the drawer. She pulled out the bottle of lube housed within and spread a generous amount on the dildo before straddling the seat. "Mmmmm," she moaned softly as four inches of thick dildo pressed firmly into her. She placed her feet on the pedals and started her ride.