

Farmer's Daughter

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Farmer's Daughter

Copyright© 2018 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

I had been out on my own since I was eighteen and never imagined the day I would ever live with my parents again. Don't get me wrong, I love them to death, but they have some very strict rules they will not bend or break for anyone including their only child. For instance, with the exception of socks and shoes, no clothes are permitted to be worn anywhere on the property unless you were leaving and during that time of the month in which case panties and a skirt were okay. As one can imagine, this policy had a profound impact on my social skills in that I had few friends and those I did have never visited.

I got my first job working at Dairy Queen when I was sixteen and saved every penny I earned. I started apartment hunting the month before my eighteenth birthday and moved into a small but affordable place the day after to the disappointment of parents that thought I would live on the farm for the rest of my life. I won't lie and say everything was great because it was not. Money was tighter than a virgin and there were plenty of days I survived only on the free lunches I got at work, but that all changed a year later when, desperate for anything better, I took a job at a small club called the Pour House.

Going from the cast register to waitressing did not improve my situation much, but when I dared step foot on the stage and shook my ass for half-drunk strangers flinging bills like used tissue, there was no going back. I made more in that first night dancing on the safety of the stage than in the previous two weeks waiting tables where my ass was pinched and groped on a constant basis. Was it my dream job? Far from it, but for the first time since going it alone, I had money in the bank at the end of the month and no longer had to worry about whether I should pay the rent on time, or buy groceries.

But what does all of this have to do with me moving back in with my parents? In a word: Drew. We met one night at the Pour House. He wanted a private lap dance in one of the VIP rooms. I was apprehensive due to it only being my second week as a dancer, but above all I was afraid the rumors about those rooms were true. Fortunately for him though, he offered enough to make it worth the risk and was nothing but a gentleman the entire time. Once turned into five nights a week and one song became two, three and finally the cap of five as I danced and we both got to know each other.

I honestly don't know how it happened, but three months into our routine, I allowed him to touch my body as it swayed to the music of his choice. His hands were powerful but gentle as he held my hips, cupped my breasts and in a bold move I silently applauded we kissed. It is embarrassing to think back on it but that was my first and by far the most sexual thing I had ever done up to that point. Groping and kissing led to him convincing me to jerk and suck his big beautiful cock and finally, a month after our full contact lap dances began, he took me for the first time.

I was young, dumb and drunk on cum. I fell for him hard as one does when it comes to first love and the blinders went on. Sure, he still took me to the VIP rooms to dance and fuck, but he started taking others as well. Chalking it up to the life of working at a strip club, I put it at the back of my mind and did everything possible to make him happy. And for a time I would like to think I succeeded. We dated, got engaged and then married in a span of seven months and then his true colors started coming out. It started with a few missing dollars from my purse that I easily discovered he was using to pay other dancers for favors, and in a matter of months escalated to stolen debit cards, drained bank accounts and bills so far past due I could barely keep up.

I would yell at him and he would apologize and swear to never do it again. Oh how stupidly naïve I was. My apartment too small for his liking, we got a house together and for a time I thought he had finally changed. He was working and bringing in even better money than me. Bills were paid in advance and he even went so far as to buy me a brand new car. We started talking kids and so I stopped taking birth control and we went at it like rabbits – day in and day out.

Happier than I could ever remember being, we were going at it in the kitchen. I was bent over the table and he was ramming me from behind when out of nowhere the front and back doors were kicked open and men swarmed in like stampeding elephants and my entire world came crashing in around me. Arrested for possession of heroin, cocaine and marijuana we were hauled off to jail despite my insistent claims of innocence. As it turned out, the job that brought us stability and happiness was him being a drug dealer. I was eventually acquitted of all charges, but my home, car and everything I had worked so hard for was gone and I found myself at the last place I ever imagined.

∞ ∞ ∞

When the taxi finally backed out and drove away, I took a deep breath, exhaled slowly and stripped out of my clothes before walking up onto the front porch with a suitcase in each hand and the clothes I was wearing slung over my right forearm. I did not even have time to raise my hand when the door opened and I was greeted by my butt naked mother.

“Hey sweetie, come on in. HONEY, Chloe is here,” she called out to dad whom was elsewhere in the large house.

“Let me take these up to my old room and I’ll be back in a minute.”

“Old room? Honey that was converted into an office last fall. You won’t be living in the house.”

“Um, okay, where will I be living then? If you’ve changed your mind I…”

“Calm down. Your father will…speaking of the slowpoke,” she grinned, motioning with her left hand towards the curved stairs leading to the second floor. He too was naked as the day he was born and I did everything in my power to keep my eyes focused on his face and not the much larger than I remember dick bobbing up and down between his legs with every step.

“Hey honey,” dad said, throwing his arms around my neck and hugging me tight. I hated it when he did that as our bodies pressed together in a most uncomfortable way, but he was stuck in his ways and I was the only one that thought it weird. “I’ll take those.” Reaching down, he picked up my luggage and walked towards the kitchen. “You two coming or are you going to stand there looking silly?”

“Going? Where are we going?”

“You’ll see,” mom answered.

Following my parents through the kitchen and our the sliding glass door onto the back deck, I was beginning to get worried as the only other buildings on the property were the stables, three close together grain silos that had not seen use in nearly a decade and four large barns housing the farming equipment, pigs, horses and assorted other junk I cared little for. It took my brain several very long seconds to process what it was seeing and when it did I stopped dead in my tracks. The once gaudy-looking structures had been completely refurbished with added windows, second-story deck, connecting walls and bridges and to round it all off: a new coat of white paint that would hopefully help keep the heat under control.

“Holy shit! When did you do that?”

“In the seven months you spent in jail,” dad answered. “We had a feeling you would need a place to stay and didn’t think you’d want to live in your tiny old room so we got some friends together, busted ass and gave the old buildings new life. It is yours as long as you need it. All we ask is that you continue following our rules and to make sure any visitors you might have do the same.”

“Since I figured you wouldn’t be seeing anyone for a while after what Drew put you through, I went ahead and got you a few things for when you need some release,” mom said as if it were the most natural conversation in the world to be having with her daughter. “You’ll find them in the built-in cabinets in the bedroom closet.

“MOM!”

“What? Oh, for crying out loud Chloe, they’re only sex toys. I had no idea what you prefer so got you a wide variety.”

“There’s just one more thing and then you can get settled in,” dad said. “I know you never took to the farm life, but your mother and I are not getting any younger and we would appreciate some help. We’ve taken the liberty of coming up with a fair schedule which you’ll find on the kitchen table. And before you open your mouth to complain, don’t.”

“All I was going to say was thank you.” Initiating the hug for the first time in my life, my father’s naked body pressed against mine and for the first time in my life I felt his cock twitch and then spring to life – popping up and pressing firmly against my vulva. I tried to ignore it, but when he slowly moved his hips back and forth as if he were trying to screw me, I took a huge step back and glared at him. He gave me a wink and a creepy grin before handing over the key.

“You can have the next couple of weeks to gather your thoughts and settle in and then we’re going to need you on the farm,” mom said, seemingly oblivious to what had just happened. She gave me a quick hug and then dad wrapped his arms around me before I could prevent it.

Once again he rocked his hips and his cock slid along my vulva. Holding me tight, he whispered into my right ear. “I love you so much sweetie.” His hand reached down and I was filled with his manhood. “Don’t move. Don’t say a word. Your mother knows my deepest, darkest fantasies and has agreed to let me fulfill them all as long as I permit her the same courtesy. I know this is crazy and beyond taboo, but please let me do it just this once.”

“Y-You...you can’t...we can’t...Jesus fucking Christ, dad, you’ve got your dick in me!” I whispered harshly. “Have you lost your damn mind?” I tried to pull back, but he held me tight.

“Please, just one time and if you don’t like it I’ll never ask again.”

“Don’t make me do this,” I pleaded. “You’re my father and this is wrong. Please let me go and I’ll forget it ever happened.” But instead of stopping, his right hand grabbed my ass and he fucked his cock in me hard and held it deep as he walked me back to the door. Turning the knob, he pushed it open and we continued inside. Speechless, I watched as my mother walked back into the main house. “P-Please. It’s not too late to stop.”

“Stop? Honey, I love you more than life itself and have dreamed of this day for far longer than I care to admit. All I’m asking is for one night with my beautiful daughter. Is that really too much to ask?”

“YES! YES IT IS TOO MUCH TO ASK!” I grunted as he eased me onto the couch. Grabbing my legs, he pushed them back and open. Now in the perfect position, he really started slamming in and out of me. My mind reeled at the perverse act I was participating in, but my body refused to take the necessary actions required to make him stop. “Oh god dad please don’t do this! I...I’m not on birth control! I...uuhhnnn...managing to free my legs from his firm grip, I wrapped them around his waist and pulled him deeper. “I hate you so fucking much right now.”

“But you’re don’t want me to stop do you?”

“Just shut the hell up and fuck me. But I can’t look at your face while you’re doing it.”

No sooner were the words out of my mouth then he was flipping me onto my belly. Twisting my long blonde hair in his right hand, he plunged in and out of me like a man possessed and against all reasoning I found myself not only fucking back, but clenching tighter as well.

“Uhn... uhn... oohhhh god! This... this is the o-one and only time you will ever fuck me,” I grunted and moaned as his surprisingly long and fat cock thrust in and out of my pussy.

“Consider this payment in full for letting me live here again.”

“HA! Sorry honey, but we really do need your help on the farm and you’re just too fucking sexy to stop at one. I’m going to spend the night doing things you probably never dreamed about and tomorrow is your mother’s turn.”

“WHAT!? NO! Absolutely not! There’s no way I’m ever... e-ever going... aaahhhhh!” I moaned as the first orgasm tore through me. Hair still twisted in his hand, he pulled me back and kissed me hard on the lips.

“I’m sorry I initiated you into our perversions so quickly, but your mother didn’t think you’d go along otherwise and I agreed. That being said, you belong to us for as long as you live on this property. Do you understand?”

“No.”

“Then let me spell it out in terms even you can comprehend. Your mother and I have been waiting a very long time for this day and we are not about to let it slip past without at least making an attempt to bring you on board.” Fingernails digging into my hips, he kissed me again as his semen blasted deep. When he was done he took a short breather with his cock still buried in my pussy. “There’s something else you need to know about your new home. There are a total of thirty-nine cameras hidden throughout recording everything twenty-four-seven including everything we did and are still doing.”

“Y-You... you’re filming me? What the actual fuck, dad?”

“We are and that means we have proof of you telling me to fuck you and giving no resistance even now. We have no interest in using it to blackmail our own daughter, but we will if push comes to shove. Now be a good girl and roll over so I can see your pretty face as I pump another load into you. And then we’ll go up to the bedroom and put those toys your mother bought to good use.”

Rolling over was as good as voicing my acceptance of my father’s incestuous pounding and acknowledging he would no doubt pump another load into me, but I never the less gave in and did as he commanded. Keeping his still hard cock buried in my pussy, I slowly twisted myself around and placed my legs on his chest before spreading them open and drawing him down on top of me. “Every fiber of my being is screaming for me to run as far away from here as possible, but my body will not listen so I’m meeting them in the middle by allowing you to fuck me again. All I ask is that you please stop cumming in me. I am not on birth control of any kind and we cannot risk a pregnancy.”

“But that’s exactly what I want to risk,” my father smiled as our lips met.