

Farmhouse Owned

Faye Valentine

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“Can I help you?” Sabrina asked, staring at the young blonde woman standing on her front porch.

“Hi, I’m Heather, I’m here for the milkmaid position.”

“I see. You’ll want to talk to my husband about that. He does all of the hiring. Do you have any farm experience?” Sabrina asked as she gave Heather a once over. From her manner of dress and manicured nails she doubted the woman ever stepped foot out of the city.

“My parents owned a farm when I was younger. I’ve milked my fair share of cows.”

“Well, if you think you can handle the job you’ll find Ben in the barn behind the house. I’d show you the way, but I’ve got my hands full making lunch for eleven people.”

“No problem. I’ll find it.”

Leaving the farmhouse, Heather walked along the cobblestone path around the felt side of the building – passing a shirtless man on a tractor and another placing mulch around the base of several trees. The path took her straight to the barn where she could see a tall, muscular man standing over what looked like a grill turning the coals. “Excuse me,” she said when she was only a few feet from whom she assumed was Ben.

“Aahhh, fucking hell!” Ben screeched, spinning around with the hot iron in his hand. It struck Heather squarely in the left hip – searing right through her skirt and into the tender flesh. Time seemed to stand still for a very long moment, but when the pain finally registered in Heather’s brain and she started hopping around like a chicken with its head cut off, all chaos broke out.

“Aahhghhhh!” Heather wailed in agony as the branding iron pressed firmly and painfully into her hip. Jumping back and to the right, she stared down in shock at her ruined skirt and freshly branded skin. “OH MY FUCKING GOD!” she cried. “Y-You b-branded me! Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god! Jesus fucking Christ it hurts!”

“I’m sorry, but who the hell are you and why are you sneaking around my property?”

“YOU...BRANDED...ME!”

“And I apologized for it, but you shouldn’t sneak up on people like that. Come on, let’s get you into the house so I can take a look at it.”

“STAY AWAY FROM ME!”

“Suit yourself,” Ben shrugged. “Now, who are you?”

“I...I’m h-hear about...about the m-milkmaid job,” Heather sniffed back the tears.

“I see. Well, this is some way to kick things off. Are you sure you don’t want me to look at that for you?”

“No,” Heather said looking down at what looked like a horseshoe with three interlocking R’s to symbolize the Rainbow Ridge Ranch she was now branded as property of.

“Look, the last thing I want is for you to get an infection so please at least let me take you in the house so that my wife can dress it for you. Then we can talk about the position and what it entails.”

“Fine,” Heather huffed angrily. She wanted to beat the living hell out of him, but figured that would completely ruin any chance of getting the job she so desperately needed. It was that same desperation that prevented her from getting back into her car and leaving in shame. “What about my skirt?”

“I think Sabrina should have something to fit you. I really am terribly sorry for branding you. You scared the shit out of me.”

“Lesson hard learned,” Heather forced a smile. “So, how many cows do you have that need milked?”

“You’re still interested in the job?”

“Yeah. I’ve been out of work three months and things are getting tight. Fuck, how long is it going to hurt like this?”

“I’m afraid it’s going to hurt for a few days. Hmm,” he said bending down to look at the brand. “It’s clean and well placed and looks as if some of the dyes from your skirt may have been absorbed into it. Don’t be surprised if it heals with color.”

“Awesome! I’ve always dreamed of being branded like cattle! God, can my day get any worse?”

“Probably, but let’s try to make it better, shall we?”

“Hey honey, I see you met Heather,” Sabrina greeted her husband. “Um, why is she crying?”

“She snuck up on me in the barn, scared the shit out of me and I accidentally branded her,” Ben replied.

“What the hell, Ben! Oh, you poor thing,” Sabrina said wrapping an arm around Heather’s shoulder. “Come on, let’s go to the bedroom so I can take a look at it.” Heather did not argue. And she remained silent as Sabrina knelt at her side and examined the brand up close. “Well, at least he did a good job of it. Go ahead and take the skirt off and I’ll apply some salve to it that should aid in the healing process. I should have a skirt in the closet to replace the one my boneheaded husband ruined.

“Thanks.” Too sore to put up a fight, Heather carefully removed her skirt – doing everything in her power to avoid brushing up against the brand in the process.

“Did he at least hire you?”

“We didn’t get that far.”

“Well, if he doesn’t then I’ll kick his ass for you. I can’t believe he branded you.”

“That makes two of us. I guess this means I belong to you now,” Heather tried to make light of the situation to prevent a total breakdown. “I mean, I am branded your property after all.”

“True. I’ll make sure Ben gets you into one of the nicer stalls,” Sabrina joked back. “Do you prefer oats or hay?”

“Oh, definitely oats!”

“You’ll have all you can eat. A young filly needs to keep up her energy after all. Okay, this is going to sting a bit, but it will help. Try to hold still and I’ll be as gentle as possible.” Being as tender as possible, Sabrina applied the salve to Heather’s hip and was pleased at how well she took it. “Here you go,” she said handing the small container to Heather “apply it two to three time a day for at least a week and you should be all set. Help yourself to any skirts you find in the closet.”

“Thanks.” Heather went to the closet and stepped into a room nearly as big as her bedroom back at home. “Good lord! This is a closet? It looks like a clothing store!” The rows and racks of clothing were arranged by type and she found an entire section dedicated to nothing but skirts. Long skirts. Short skirts. Plaid, cotton, latex and leather. And then something on a top shelf caught her eye and curiosity got the better of her as she saw what looked like fur draping over the edge.

Reaching up, Heather wrapped her hand around a cone-shaped object and brought it down. Only when she was looking at it did she realize what it was – a long, fat butt plug with what appeared to be a fox tail sticking out of the flanged base. “Oh my god!”

“Is everything okay?”

“What? Oh, yeah, I just never seen so many clothes in one closet before.”

“Are you sure it’s that and not the plug you’re holding in your hand?”

“Jesus Christ!” Heather jumped. “You scared the shit out of me!”

“I said you could have a skirt, not my favorite toy.”

“Hmm?”

“The plug,” Sabrina said pointing to the toy in Heather’s hand.

“Oh god! I’m so sorry. I saw the fur and...and...fuck me this day just keeps getting worse!”

“It’s okay. Do you like it?”

“I’ve never seen one with a tail before.”

“They are quite popular. You should give it a try? I bet you’d look really sexy with a tail. In fact, I insist. The least I can do to help for what my husband did is let you wear my favorite plug.” Reaching up on the same shelf Heather plucked the toy from, Sabrina grabbed a bottle of lube and the fox-tailed plug from Heather’s hand and lubed it up. Taking Heather by the shoulders, she spun the stunned woman around and yanked her panties down. “Use the bench there for support, she said nudging Heather forward.

“W-What are you doing!?”

“Shhh, just place your hands on the bench and everything will be okay. “That’s a good filly. Spread your legs open for me. A little more. That’s it. You ready?”

“No! I...what do you...ooohhhh!” Heather stammered and gasped as the tip of the plug pushed into her ass. “Oh god, take it out!”

“Relax. Don’t fight it. That’s it. Now take a deep breath and I’ll push it in.”

“Uuhhnggg,” Heather grunted as the fat plug stretched her ass open on its way in. Much thicker than anything she had ever taken up her ass, she took rapid breaths as the pain slowly but surely faded. “I...uhn...I can’t believe you put a plug up my ass!” she said standing up and turning to face Sabrina.

“I can’t believe you let me. You really are a little minx aren’t you? I have the perfect skirt for you. Here you go, Sabrina said taking a latex skirt off of the hanger and handing it to Heather. “The hole goes in the back and the tail goes through the hole. Go ahead and put it on and we’ll return to my husband. He’s probably wondering what’s taking us so long.”

“I can’t go out there like this!”

“Non-sense. No one is going to care about you wearing a tail. It’s not like it’s the first time they’ve seen it.”

“You mean...do you...”

“I wear tailed plugs around the farm all the time. The other workers are used to it by now. Tell you what, wear the tail during the interview and I’ll give you five hundred buck on the spot. But it had to remain in for as long as you’re here.”

“Five hundred dollars?”

“Small price to pay.”

“Then make it a grand and I’ll do it,” Heather said letting greed and her need for money get the better of her.

“Deal.

“How fucking big is that thing anyways?”

“Eight inches long and two-and-a-half inches thick at the widest.”

“No wonder it stretched me open!”

“Biggest you’ve taken?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, you took it like a champ. When you get used to that one I have bigger.”

“Really?”

“Oh yes. The next one in line is three inches thick. Want to see if we can push that one in there?”

“No thanks, this one is plenty big enough.”

“It’s only another half inch. Hell, I doubt you’ll even feel that much of a stretch. Let me at least try and I’ll make it fifteen hundred.”

“Okay, but if it goes in then it’ll be two grand.” Heather said – not believing she was standing there negotiating to have her ass stretched open by a stranger. But money was tight even if her ass no longer was and desperate times called for desperate measures.

“Deal.” Reaching back up on the shelf, Sabrina grabbed another butt plug – this one with horse tail and a quarter inch thicker than what she told Heather it was. After generously coating it with lube, she grabbed the base of the fox tail, yanked it from Heather’s ass and then pushed it back in. Out! In! Out! In!

“W-What are you doing?”

“Getting you ready for the next plug. Just relax and remember to take deep breaths.” After fucking the plug in and out of Heather’s ass a dozen more times, she pulled it out and pushed the bigger one in. Thanks to the gape, and swiftness at which she pushed it in, the entire plug slid in without too much effort or pain. But Heather certainly felt the added thickness.

“Uhn...DAMN! T-That feels...uhn...uhn...y-you’re fucking it...uhn...in and out!?”

“I am. Relax and breathe,” Sabrina said fucking the huge plug in and out of Heather’s ass. “How do you like the feel of it? Is it big enough for you?”

“T-Too big.”

“It’s in now for good. If you want me to take it out you’ll forfeit the deal.”

“NO! K-Keel it in.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Sweet. That one is three and a quarter inches thick by the way.”

“Fucking hell!”

“Come on, get dressed so we can see about getting you that job.”