

Free Use Farmgirl

Crimson Rose

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“Hey bro, what’s up?” Aimee answered the phone.

“Hey sis,” Brayden replied. “You free for a talk?”

“Sure, what do you want to talk about?”

“Um, I’d rather do it in person if that’s okay with you. Can you come over?”

“You know I never visit because I’m not a nudist so you can get dressed and come over here.”

“I prefer you to come over here.”

“I’m sure you do, but I’m not going naked in front of my own brother.”

“Fifty-thousand dollars says you will. This is non-negotiable so strip naked and come over or I’m calling in the loan here and now.”

“You know damn well I don’t have the money to pay you back right now which is why I moved back home in the first place.”

“Everyone else in the family and ever the farmhands go nude so you’re the odd-one out here, sis. That being said, you can strip naked and walk over for a conversation or I’m calling in the loan. You have five minutes.” And with that, Brayden hung up on his older sister before she could get another word in.

“God damn son of a fucking bitch!” Aimee seethed. She knew going to her brother for a loan would eventually bite her in the ass, and that he would call it in when she could least afford to repay, but desperate times called for even more desperate measures and now, a year later she had lost everything but her car and a few possessions not taken in the bankruptcy. Huffing the entire time, she stripped out of her clothes, took a deep breath, and then for the first time in her life stepped outside butt naked. Her entire body immediately flushed, she fast-walked towards her younger brother’s house on the opposite side of the property. Going past one of the pole barns where five of their farmhands called home, she saw two of them out of the corner of her eye.

“Morning, Aimee,” Hank – a handsome, well-hung man in his mid-twenties called out.

“M-Morning.”

“Congratulations!” James called out.

“F-For what?”

“For finally embracing the nudist lifestyle.”

Saying nothing, Aimee rushed to her brother’s house as quickly as her bare feet would carry her. Knowing the two men were definitely watching her every step as she had watched them in the past. Knocking, she was let into Braden’s home a moment later.

“Why so red?”

“You know damn well why I’m blushing! Now why in the hell did you need me here naked?”

“You know my home is nudist only. I don’t get it. You’re absolutely stunning so why be so embarrassed showing your body?”

“I’m not a damn nudist like the rest of you.”

“You *weren’t* a nudist. That changes right now.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’ll cut to the chase. I’ve spent the last five months drawing up a contract with my lawyer to make sure it’s completely legal. Read and sign it and I’ll forgive the loan entirely.

Refuse and you'll have one week to pay. Refuse and I won't hesitate suing to get what you owe me."

"What sort of contract?"

"The kind that will benefit us all. Have a seat and I'll get it. No, don't sit. I want you on all fours like the sexy bitch that you are."

"What the actual fuck? Don't be gross!"

"I'm not being gross. All fours or leave and you'll have a week to come up with the money."

"You're such a pervert!"

"Maybe, but I also hold all the cards so do as you're told and I'll be back in with the contract. Go on, get down on all fours."

"God, I fucking hate you!" Aimee said even as she got down on hands and knees.

Leaving the room, Braden made a stop in the kitchen to bring his dogs in before heading to his office to get the contract. Breathing heavily, Aimee watched as the two cane corsos – Maverick and Marlboro approached. Reaching out, she petted them until they began sniffing and licking her body. "*Stop it!*" she whispered harshly. Moving away, she spun to the left. Marlboro mounted. Gasping, she shoved back to knock him off, but her womanhood lined up with his thrusting cock and in he went. "UHN! OH MY FUCKING GOD! NO! UHN! S-STOP!" she grunted as she pulled forward only for him to stay deep inside of her. Feeling him growing bigger by the thrust, she shoved back hard to get him to stop, but that only drove him deeper. Pulling forward, she grunted as the pain of his fully swollen knot took her completely by surprise. "Uhn! Uhn! O-Oh god! Pushing back to relieve the pain, that huge bulge at the base of Marlboro's cock glanced off her g-spot causing her to immediately orgasm.

"Holy fuck!" Brayden said as he walked in, contract in hand. "When I called you a sexy bitch I didn't think you would actually be one for my dogs! What the hell, sis?"

"I didn't... uhn... he... uhhnnn!" Humiliated, Aimee orgasmed in front of her brother. "T-This is your fault! You in... mmmm... insisted I... oh god... m-make him stop b-before... uhhnnn!" The knot pressing hard against her g-spot, Aimee was now in a constant state of orgasmic bliss.

"If you want him to stop then just pull off his dick."

"I tried but it hurt!"

"Then you're knotted. Sorry, sis, but you'll have to let him finish."

"I d-don't want... uhn... god damn you, Brayden! This is why you wanted me naked and on all fours. You... uhhnnn!" Aimee moaned as another orgasm ripped through her body.

"You're right, I absolutely hoped one of them would mount you, but I never imagined you'd let them. And with all the cameras recording there's no denying how much you love being his bitch. Look, sis, you've got me hard as a fucking rock," Brayden said as he stepped in front of his sister. Placing the head of his cock against her slightly parted lips, he slowly pushed into her mouth. "Suck me off, sis, and I'll keep the videos to myself.

Disgusted by the whole ordeal, Aimee wanted nothing more than to bite her brother's cock off and feed it to his dogs, but she also knew him well enough to know he would not hesitate showing the video to the world if only to humiliate and degrade her so instead of chomping down, she took him down her throat with practiced ease as Marlboro unloaded inside of her.

"I thought it was going to have to ease you into the idea of bestiality and incest," Brayden said as he face-fucked his sister. "Glad you accepted it right off the bat. When Marlboro is

finished you're going to let Maverick take you. Isn't that right, sexy bitch? The answer you're looking for is yes Master."

Looking up into her brother's eyes, Aimee pulled off his dick. "Y-Yes Master."

"Good girl. And from now on you'll go nude at all times. Now suck my cock and don't stop until you've drained every last drop." Stopping with his dick down his sister's throat, Brayden watched as she took over sucking him off as his dog brought her to orgasm while filling her with his huge load.

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After being taken by two dogs, sucking her brother off and then him fucking his load into her for good measure, a thoroughly humiliated, degraded, and sexually satisfied Aimee collapsed to the floor panting. "I c-can't believe we just... oh god!"

"Take it easy. I know you're feeling all kinds of guilty and ashamed right now, but you have nothing to worry about. Jayden and I have been fucking mom for the last three years and she's been giving herself to the farmhands even longer."

"Bullshit! Mom would never do something so fucked up!"

"We have thousands of hours of video proving otherwise. Have you never wondered what the tattoo on her right tit meant?" Brayden asked, referring to the Free Use Farmer tattoo their mother had. "It literally means she's free to use by anyone for any reason whether it be stranger, animal, family, or employees. Everyone is free to have sex with her and she will never deny it. Jayden and I found out for ourselves when we turned eighteen. We looked up the meaning of the tattoo and took a chance. We told her that we wanted to spit-roast her and to our surprise she took her clothes off, got on all fours, and said she was ready when we were. We implemented the nudist police a few days later and mom told us all about letting the farmhands take her whenever they wanted and that we could do the same. That's why I asked you here, sis."

"So you can use me?"

"So that we can all use you. I want you to read and sign the contract, sis."

"Why would I sign a contract giving you permission to use me? I mean, even if it were legal I don't want to be used by anyone that wants to, especially my own brother!"

"You didn't seem to have a problem sucking me off of when I fucked you after Marlboro and Maverick bade you their bitch. And you didn't have a problem letting my dogs fuck you either for that matter. In fact, I counted no fewer than nine orgasms."

"Why the fuck would you train your dogs to fuck me like that?"

"I didn't train them, mom did. Look, just read the contract and if you're not one-hundred percent on-board I'll give you one year to repay me every penny of the loan and we'll never talk about this again. But if you agree to the terms then I fully expect you to obey them to the letter."

"There's no way I can repay fifty grand in a year!"

"Then sign the contract."

Sighing, Aimee was no sooner on all fours, then Marlboro walked up behind her, sniffed, and then mounted. Grunting as his heavy weight landed on her back, she adjusted her position and a beat later he was once again pounding her hard, deep, and fast.

"God damn that's hot!" Walking up; to his sister, Brayden pushed his cock into her mouth and throat, put a hand on the back of her head, and then began pissing while staring into her wide eyes. "That's it, drink every drop like a good little fucktoy!"

Having little recourse, Aimee complied, and after the last drops of piss were in her belly, she began sucking her brother's dick as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a woman to do. A minute in and she had her tenth orgasm of the morning. Giving in to the

perverse pleasure, it did not take long for number eleven to tear through her like a bolt of lightning causing her to actually see spots. And so it went for another forty minutes and three more orgasms. Once Marlboro dismounted, she crawled to the coffee table, grabbed the contract, and began reading. Signing the top page NDA, she then put her name on several waiver and consent forms before getting to the meat of the document – eighteen pages spelling out in no uncertain terms what her role on the farm would be and how long she was expected to uphold her end of a very perverse and sexually intense bargain. “So, you’re basically asking me to sign a contract turning me into a sex slave.”

“Slave contracts aren’t legal, sis, the one you hold in your hand is. “You will go to work for my new studio where you’ll spend the next ten years doing the most extreme fetish porn allowed plus incest and bestiality for which you’ll be paid a hundred thousand dollars a year plus bonuses as laid out in the contract.”

“Since when do you own a porn studio?”

“Since I formed it five months ago leading up to this day. The farm is the studio by the way so you won’t have far to go to work. Everything you do will be recorded, edited and then sold on the internet. That includes everything you do at home so you’ll be required to install hidden cameras throughout the house. You’re also required to get no fewer than three dogs to train for sex, and in order for them to take you whenever they want you’ll fully embrace the nudist lifestyle.”

“And what if I have friends over? They’re not going to go nude and they’re certainly not going to agree to being recorded and put on the internet.”

“In order to make it all legal, you’ll convince them to sign a document agreeing to go nude at all times and that anything that happens on the farm is the sole property of its owners. If they disagree then you’ll have to meet them elsewhere. It’s all in the contract so go ahead and finish reading it and we can discuss afterward.”

Resuming reading the contract, Aimee found several things she did not necessarily like, but could live with. “What’s this about my money going into a trust?”

“Let’s face it, sis, you suck cock far better than you can manage your finances so everything you make for the duration of the contract will go into a trust that has already been set up and per the terms of the contract you’ll be given a set amount of money every month to live on. Which, considering you don’t pay rent or utilities should be more than enough to get by.”

“You think I can get by on twenty-five-hundred a month?”

“That’s thirty grand a year, sis. You don’t pay rent or utilities and your car is paid off so what bills do you actually have? Groceries, cell phone, gas for the car, insurance. Mom pays for internet in all the houses so you don’t even have that bill. Thirty thousand a year is more than enough.”

“But that’s not even a third of what I’ll be making.”

“Exactly. We don’t live in New York or LA. Shit here is relatively cheap so there’s absolutely no reason you need to spend a hundred grand a year. The terms are non-negotiable so if you don’t like it, don’t sign.”

“I don’t like that you’re basically controlling my entire damn life!”

“Just your finances and sex life for the next ten years, but again, if you don’t like it then don’t sign. I’m offering you a chance at actually earning a decent living while also saving for your future, but if you’re too uppity to accept the help then get off your lazy ass and find a job, or start helping out around the farm because I can tell you right now I’m not the only one tired of paying your way through life.”

“Porn stars make millions so you’re taking advantage.”

“If you think porn stars make millions then you’re more delusional than any of us imagined. I figured you’d make some sort of argument like that so I did the research. The average salary for a porn star is thirty-six to sixty-three thousand a year with only the top earners lucky enough to break into the six digits. If you don’t believe me then Goggle it for yourself. A hundred thousand plus bonuses is more than generous.”

Twenty minutes later, Aimee signed her name on the document and then dropped it onto the coffee table. “There, I guess you own me for the next ten years.”

“I don’t own you, sis,” Brayden said as he signed the contract. “That being said, let’s head on down to my studio to get your tattoo out of the way.”

“Not until Maverick takes me for a second time. After all, it’s only fair I give them equal access to my body, right?”

“You can just say you’re addicted to being their bitch.”

“Fine! I’m addicted to being their bitch and want Maverick to give me several more orgasms before you tattoo my damn tits!”

“Then by all means be his bitch, sis.”

“Do mom, Jayden, and all the farmhands have porn contracts?”

“Everyone but me and Jayden as we own the company, but don’t worry, we’ll be using you every chance we get.”

“You should know I’m not on birth control.”

“That’s okay. We’re in Rhode Island so knocking you up is perfectly legal.”

“Bull-fucking-shit!”

“Look it up. Incest is legal in Rhode Island as well as New Jersey. The only thing we can’t do is get married so if we knock you up you’ll have our babies.”

“Yeah, I’m definitely not taking your word on that,” Aimee said as she crawled over to Maverick. “I suppose bestiality is legal too?”

“There are a few states where it’s legal but this isn’t one of them. That being said, you’ve taken both dogs twice so when Maverick is finished I’m going to breed you a second time.”

“Y-Yes Master,” Aimee said as the cane corso mounted.