

Horsing Around

Victoria Brynn

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As instructed, Megan parked in the driveway and walked along the cobblestone path towards the large stables when she was greeted by a young topless brunette with pierced nipples connected together by a thin chain that ran down and connected to the jewelry adorning her belly button.

“Can I help you, Miss?”

“Um, my name is Megan and I’m here about the job. Mrs. Pax is expecting me.”

“Cool. I’m Heather. Casey...Mrs. Pax is in the stables.”

“Thanks.” Giving the woman one final glance, Megan continued her walk. When she reached the stables, she found the double doors open. Peeking in, she saw another woman – this one perhaps in her forties, topless, nipples pierced and chained to a belly button stud just as the younger woman before, brushing a magnificent brown and white horse. “Um, excuse me, Mrs. Pax?”

“Can I help you?”

“I’m Megan. We talked on the phone about the job.”

“Ah, yes, Megan. Please, come in.”

“Can I ask a question before we get started?”

“Is it about me being topless?”

“And Heather. I met her on the way to the stables.”

“I’m sure it must have come as quite the shock seeing her running around half naked. Me too for that matter. Fact of the matter is, I have nearly seven hundred acres of privacy here and I absolutely hate clothes. I only wear what I have to while out and about working and I afford my help the same curtesy. Not that you have to go half naked to get the job, mind you, but the offer is there should you ever get overheated while working on a blazing hot day such as this.”

“And the jewelry? I couldn’t help but notice you and Heather have the same piercings and chain.”

“I’ll make you the same offer I make all of my workers. Let me pierce your nipples and belly button as you see on me and I’ll give you a five thousand dollar sign-on bonus.”

“HOLY SHIT! Um, sorry, I didn’t mean to yell like that.”

“Not at all. Again, you do not have to do it to get the job, but know it is only good for today only. So Megan, have you ever worked on a farm before?”

“Worked? No. But my parents had a farm when I was a kid. It was way smaller than this one, but I watched them and the farmhands do almost every job there is.”

“Are you willing to put in long hours doing hard work for great pay and benefits?”

“That’s why I’m here. Honestly, I’d rather be sitting at a desk in a nice, air-conditioned office, but no one is hiring receptionists and so here I am. Sorry, I didn’t mean it to sound like that.”

“No problem.”

“Hey Casey, I’m headed...oh, sorry, I didn’t know you had company,” a tall, perky-breasts brunette said from the doorway.

“Come on in, Riley. This is Megan. She’s here for the open position. Megan, this is Riley. She’s the best horse trainer in the state.”

“Nice to meet you,” Megan said, turning to see her third topless and pierced woman of the day. “So, do all of the women here have the piercings?”

“Every one,” Riley said with a smile. “You going to take the bonus? Honestly, you should. With tits like that rings will only enhance their perfection.”

“Um, I wouldn’t call them perfect, but thanks. And I don’t know. I don’t even know if I’ve got the job yet.”

“You got the job if you want it,” Casey said. “So, do you want the sign-on bonus?”

“Five grand to get my nipples and belly button pierced?”

“In cash. And I’ll make it ten if you add a hood and two labia rings to it.”

“Anyone else do that?”

“A few of us,” Riley winked.

It was then that Megan noticed the thin chain continued down, disappearing into Riley’s pants. “So, does the chain...”

“Yep,” Riley grinned. “Want to see?” Without waiting for an answer, she unfastened her pants and pulled them and her thong down to her knees.

“HOLY CRAP!” Megan gasped, her eyes drifting down of their own accord. The chain went through a hood ring, laced through five eyelets in each outer labia effectively chaining Riley’s pussy closed and then back up to the hood ring. “You...you’re...oh my god!”

“Yeah, this is the ultimate deluxe package,” Riley said. “There are only two of us who were brave enough to go the distance. Do you have what it takes to be the third?”

“That...that’s just...wow! I’ve never seen anything like it in my life.”

“It can be yours if you want it,” Casey said. “The piercings, not Riley. Though, I suppose you can have her as well if you were into that sort of thing. So, do you want the deluxe package? It’ll net you a very hefty sign-on bonus if you do.”

“How hefty?”

“One hundred grand.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely. But you must agree to it and let me do the work right now today.”

“How badly does it hurt?”

“All depends on your pain tolerance.”

“A hundred grand?”

“Cash in your pocket. While I’m doing the work, Riley will go to the bank and withdraw the money. I suggest you keep it in a safe and deposit it slowly over time to avoid it being flagged by the IRS. If you want the deluxe package go ahead and start by taking your pants off followed by the rest of your clothes,” Casey said. “Riley, stay here with her and make sure no one bothers her while I’m gone.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Watching her boss leave the stables, Riley turned her attention back to Megan who was kicking her shoes off and unbuttoning her pants without even thinking about it. “God damn that is hot! So, you’re really going to do it, huh?”

“For a hundred grand? I’d be stupid not to,” Megan answered, her cheeks blushing red as she pulled her pants off and dropped them onto the floor. “So, how many women work here?”

“Casey has thirty-one employees. Eleven women and twenty men. And honey, you are absolutely gorgeous.”

“Thanks.”

“Casey was right, you know. You can have me if you want me.” Taking a step closer, Riley planted her lips on Megan’s. It took her all of a split second to tell this was the new hire’s first kiss by another woman and it only spurred her on. Wrapping an arm around Megan’s waist, she kissed her even harder. Their lips parted. Tongues met. Tracing her fingers down Megan’s

back, Riley grabbed her ass and gave it a playful squeeze before breaking the embrace. “So, how did you like your first lesbian kiss?”

“I...you...that was...what the fuck kind of farm is this?”

“The kind with a very liberal attitude towards sex. Now answer my question. Did you like the kiss?”

“It was amazing, but I...”

“No buts.” Taking the initiative, Riley grabbed the hem of Megan’s shirt and lifted it up and off over her head. And with expert hands at work, her bra followed. “Mmmm, you really do have perfect breasts. Do you mind if I suck them?” Not waiting for a reply, she leaned in and flicked her tongue over Megan’s right nipple before sucking it into her mouth. And then she was left wanting as Megan took a step back.

“I’m not a lesbian.”

“Neither am I. I like sex in all its varied and glorious forms. Same as with most of the people working here. Sorry if you didn’t like me sucking your nipple.”

“No, it was okay. Good really. I’m just not turned on by women.”

“Oh? Then can you please explain this?” Riley said, running a finger along Megan’s moist slit. “You’re awfully wet for someone that isn’t turned on.”

“I...that’s not...”

“It’s okay. This is all new to you and you’re feeling overwhelmed. It’s completely understandable. Tell you what, why don’t you go ahead and get on your knees.”

“For what?”

“A little test.” When Megan sank to her knees, she continued. “Very nice. Now, I’m going to stand as close as I can and I want you to stick your tongue out and give my pussy a lick.”

“But I’m not...”

“No buts. Don’t think, do. Now lick.”

Megan stared at the pussy looming ever closer and she began trembling like a leaf in a tornado. She had never been taken so brazenly in her life. Never commanded to do such perverted things by complete strangers. Riley’s pussy was less than an inch from her lips now and she did it. Her tongue shot out like a dart and licked along Riley’s slit for several long seconds.