

Hard Beauty

By SRM

Ben stood his substantial six-foot frame upright as the large leathery horse halter began to slide off his shoulder. He quickly grabbed the center metal ring with his broad hands and set it on the stall door, breathing a sigh of contentment at a finished job. Reaching down to his metal canteen, he tapped twice on the metal top before spinning it quickly off, tilting his head back to quench his thirst. He looked up at the ceiling as he drank, the muscles in his heavy-set shoulders seeming to ripple in the lone small light that spilled into the stall from just outside the door. His shirtless bosom heaved slightly as he swallowed the cold liquid. A thin bead of water escaped the corners of his mouth, dripping gently onto his chest muscles before sliding between them, dripping onto his tight, well defined stomach.

His dirty blond hair, (a gift from his mother) laid back slick on his scalp from the sweat of his labor. His hair had always been as long as his shoulders and usually pulled back, but after his hard work, a few sweat drenched strands had escaped to stick to his face and tapered down to rest against the side of his nose. His deep amber eyes and strong angular features had been a gift from his father, a journeyman plumber who had met his mother while installing her dishwasher one rainy February afternoon. They had each told him the story before, and even though neither versions were ever the same (his father told him she was the aggressor, and his mother said he gave off such an air of confidence she couldn't say no to him), he knew they had been happy. Even after an accident had claimed both of them when Ben was 17, he had tried to live his life in a way that he knew would of made them content.

He quickly gathered his tools: two shovels, a rake, a small oat bucket and his shirt before exiting the stall and picking up the small lantern. It wasn't quite dark at the Smith Family Farm, but the sun had sunk low enough to cause clouds to turn a pleasant shade of orange. It had been just dark enough in the horse-barn to need the lantern, but outside dusk was quickly settling in.

He put his tools away in the shed at the entrance to the barn, and stepped out into the cooling night air. He stopped just outside the door, letting his eyes adjust slightly as he began to slip his shirt back on.

As he slipped his first arm through, he glanced up at the Smith Family house, situated 40 feet away and up a small rise from the barn. It wasn't the first time he had seen it, but it was the first time he had seen taillights driving slowly up the grade to the front of the house. It was a car he didn't recognize, and it wasn't a farm vehicle. For even in the quickly darkening evening he could see it was

clean from the lights of the house reflecting off of it. He pulled his other arm into his sleeve as he watched the car drift slowly up to house, until the headlights were pointed right at the front porch. He didn't know why he stood and watched, something about this small sporty car and how out of place it seemed rooted him to the spot, and he hitched his thumbs into the loops on his jeans and watched the hushed scene unfold in front of him, completely forgetting to button up his shirt.

He watched as Mrs. Smith, a kindly woman in her late forties exit the house and walk into the beam of light given off by the cars headlights. Connie (or Mrs. Smith as she preferred to be called) had spent her life knowing she turned heads with her beauty. Her auburn hair looked almost gold in the headlights, and she wore a mid-length yellow dress that seemed to be tight in all the places most would want it tight. Other than the tightening of the skin around her eyes, and supple breasts that had started to lose the fight to gravity, she was a cause of envy for many who worked and lived on the farm.. Indeed, Ben had been a little smitten with her when they first met, refusing to call her anything but Ma'am for the first three months he had worked for her.

Ben continued to gawk as her smiling face came around to the drivers side, stepping out of the light and standing just outside of the now swinging open door. What stepped out and quickly moved to hug Mrs. Smith was a shock to Ben, but not an unwelcome one.

In the creeping darkness, the first thing he noticed about the woman who had stepped out of the vehicle was the color of her hair, almost the exact shade of auburn red as Mrs. Smith's and pulled into a tight ponytail. The second thing he noticed were the daisy duke shorts she wore. They had pulled slightly up as she stood on her toes to hug Mrs. Smith. Ben couldn't see in the encroaching darkness very well, but his mind drew him a picture of the curve of her lower cheek, peeking out from underneath the lowest hem of her short-shorts. His eyes traveled up from her shapely rear, noticing that her shirt was tied up and the small of her back was exposed. He could barely see her skin, but he guessed she was a little more tan than Mrs. Smith.

As the slightly smaller woman turned around to retrieve her things from the back of her car, his eyes sought out her face. His first glimpse caused his heart to dance like a hummingbird, and his dick to immediately press against the confines of his jeans.

She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her face was a younger version of Mrs. Smith, but with subtle differences. Her lips were more pouty and a deeper pink than he had ever seen. He couldn't tell her eye color, but the shape of her nose, her olive colored eyes, her cheeks... he thought he might be looking at an angel that had taken a road-trip to earth.

He stared dumbfounded with his mouth slightly ajar as Mrs. Smith turned back to go inside and the young woman opened her trunk. As she leaned in to retrieve a backpack and a larger trash bag

(the standard laundry bag used by those in college), the hem of her shorts rose upwards again, as his member strained mightily against its confinement in his pants. He watched as she retrieved her two bags and then straightened and turned around. Her eyes looked out over the farm, slowly traveling around until she spotted Ben standing just outside the horse barn. She went still, staring at him as he gazed back at her. He could see the small dimples in her cheeks caused by her smile. She bit her lower lip as she smiled at him, and the rest of his world shattered around it. For a few seconds, there was nothing else for Ben except this heavenly body who had invaded his reality.

Ben thought he heard her giggle as his eyes unfocused from her face to view the rest of her. Her ample bosom seemed to jiggle slightly in her tied -up striped shirt as she began to turn away from him. He let out the breath he had been holding as she seemed to almost skip her way to the front door. He could feel his heart attempting to thump out of his chest, he even glanced down to make sure it wasn't pressed up against his still sweaty skin.

As she stepped inside, he could have sworn he saw her turn and wink before she opened the door, but maybe the darkness was playing wishful tricks on him.

As the door shut behind her, he forced himself to relax his shoulders and neck from the tenseness brought on by his sudden shock. He was still rock hard, and he looked down again to make sure his member hadn't somehow escaped and journeyed out into the world. Though everything was still buttoned and tight, he reached down to check his zipper and slowly rubbed the large head of his penis through his jeans with two fingers as he thought about her. Her breasts were perfect for his tastes, a shapely pair that caused a longing in his chest. Her hair was the color of an autumn sunset, a perfect shade of auburn red that gave him goosebumps just remembering.

Taking one more longing look at the door to the main house, he turned and began to trudge back to his bedroom atop the workers mess-hall. As he walked he marveled at what he had just seen, not noticing the heat on his face until he arrived at the old stairs leading up to his room. As he climbed the steps, his thoughts flashed between imagining the shape of her rear through the dim sunset, and the wink that had had a devastating effect on his heart. He shook his head slightly, chastising himself for seeing things he only wished was there.

He stripped off his shirt as he closed the door to his small single room apartment, flinging it into a small basket by the door. He briefly glanced around the room before settling down into his old, low leather chair. Ben stretched his muscled arms above his head before settling his hands behind his head as he leaned back. His eyes closed as he drifted back to the moment he saw her.

His right hand begins to drift down from the back of his to the top of his chest, lightly brushing his chin before settling just below the base of his neck. His fingertips sent small bolts of electricity into his

sweaty frame as his mind began to ruminate on her. He didn't know her name, but thinking of her was causing the electricity in his fingertips, and he breathing quickened as his hand slowly moved downwards on his hairless chest. He needed an extra breath as his fingers lightly caressed his nipple before moving down onto his stomach. He let out a deep satisfied sigh as they moved to the top of his pants. His head turned slightly onto his still pinned left arm as his other hand worked to free the top of his jeans.

As his jeans parted, he sharply inhaled before reaching into his pants, pulling the front down with his arm, as he removed his swollen member from its confinement. His dick stood fully erect, all eight inches standing firmly upright, almost trembling with anticipation. The head of his circumcised penis glistened with sweat.

As he firmly gripped his massive dick in his hand, he arched his back with the ecstasy he felt from being touched. Ben couldn't stop thinking of her hair, her breasts as they swayed back and forth through her shirt, and what her lips must taste like. He imagined they tasted of the sweetest strawberries, and his ecstasy continued to grow.

He almost didn't notice the light tapping at the door, his head was so filled with images and the euphoria of her figure. He quickly sat up, attempting to tuck his shaft back into his jeans while cursing under his breath. He struggled to shove it back down his pant-leg, almost painfully bruising the head as it snaked back into his pants.

Ben quickly buttoned his pants and went to the door, muttering under his breath the whole way. His head felt foggy, like a cold, damp morning along the coastline. He wiped his hands on his pants and opened the door.

She stood there, her lithe frame leaning against the inside of the entry. One hand hitched into the loop on her daisy duke shorts while the other played with a silver chain around her neck. Her auburn hair was pulled back into twin pig-tails that cascaded down her neck and onto her shoulders partially covering her breasts. She gently bit down on her lower lip as they gazed into each others eyes, a small smile pulling at the corners of her mouth.

"Hi." she said, not moving from her relaxed position in the doorway.

"H..Hi..." he stammered back, feeling his tongue stick to the roof of his mouth. His whole body tensed, and he forced himself to relax the muscles between his shoulders again. Her grin as she bit her lip was intoxicating. He noticed that her eyes were green, two liquid emerald pools that tugged at him like a swift shallow river. She smelled like a field of lavender, potent and arousing his senses past any point of cognizant.

He struggled to think of something to say to this heavenly creature standing in his doorway. She giggled as she saw his confusion, a light titter that made it even harder for him to focus. She perused Ben's naked chest, slowly taking in the sight of him standing there shirtless as he struggled to think of something to say.

She solved his dilemma by unhooking her hand from daisy dukes and wrapping it into the hair on the back of his head as she pulled him in and slightly down as she kissed him. His mind almost shattered at that point, and he spent a split second worried he was going to pass out. She was kissing him firmly but gently, her lips slowly moving against his as they searched for a perfect position.

One of his hands braced himself on the door-frame, as the other moved to encircle the small of her back as he pulled her into him. He could feel her breasts press against his chest, as her other hand rested gently on his firm pectoral.

An hour or a minute passed before they broke their connection, gently disengaging from the kiss while maintaining the grips they had on each other. Both were breathing heavily, partly from a lack of oxygen and partly in anticipation of the direction they both knew they were headed.

They kissed again, and again, and again, adding ferocity to each torrid embrace. Their hands began to explore, her's traveling across his chest before turning down his stomach towards the top of his pants. His powerful hands moved up her back to hold her close, then reversing direction to land on her posterior, gently squeezing. His already inflamed libido began to work in overdrive, pushing his desire to a level never previously attained in his 29 years upon the earth.

He pulled her inside, lifting her off the ground to swing her into the room. She surprised him by wrapping her legs around him, pressing her womanhood down onto his engorged dick. She broke the kiss to pull her head back and look at him with her green eyes, but only managed a small whispered 'wow!' before resuming their animalistic embrace.

He shut the door with his foot as he pivoted towards the center of his small room. She still clung to him, her legs squeezing his mid-drift as their tongues danced together. Ben had never felt so inflamed with desire. This beautiful creature, whom he had only seen from afar, was in his room, grinding on him while they kissed deeply. He spent a moment worrying that he had fallen and hit his head or something; the fantasy he found himself in was too perfect to be real. It was a fleeting thought though as she pulled his attention back to reality when she broke their embrace and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"It feels like you have some ideas about what to do next," she wiggled her hips as she bit down on her lower lip again. He laughed, a short guffaw that reflected his bewilderment at the situation he found himself in.

Instead of answering her, he half spun, half fell into the leather chair, lightly lowering her the last few inches so her butt was perched right at the end of the cushion. Ben was on his knees, her legs still wrapped around him as he kissed her deeper into the soft, downy chair. He didn't bear down with his full weight, but pressed enough to feel the sizzling sparks of eros where their skin touched.

Ben reached down with both hands to tug at her shorts, pulling them down over the curve of her backside. Her wrapped legs only allowed him to pull them to her mid thighs. His hands began to explore her erotic regions, moving up the sides of her legs and then to her ass. He gently squeezed her firm derriere through her panties, and she responded by pulling him in harder into their embrace. His fingers explored the waistband of her underwear, before dipping in and sliding down and grabbing her ass. She moaned as he gently squeezed and slid his hand downwards.

He broke their kiss as her hands tugged at the waistband of his pants, seemingly attempting to rip them off his body. They both were breathing heavy with anticipation and the heat of their foreplay.

Pulling his hands free of her, he unbuttoned the top of his jeans and slid them and his underwear down his thighs, exposing his fully hardened and circumcised member to her. It stood straight out from him, pointing at her and slightly quivering with anticipation. She reached out to grab it, her eyes broadened as she gripped just below the head of his penis. He let out a small sigh of contentment, as her hand began to move up and down. She slowly stroked him in both directions, adding her other hand to grip below the first. She felt his heartbeat through his quivering mass, her speed quickening as her hands worked.

Ben's breathing was becoming more shallow, his eyes riveted on her face. He traced every line, every curve, every shape that he could find. Hers was a face he would never forget, a memory so firmly ingrained in his mind that he knew she would dominate his dreams and his thoughts for the rest of his life... and he still didn't know her name!

He reached down and set his hands on her hips, sliding the tips of his fingers under the waistband of her panties. He stared into her eyes as he slowly dragged them down to her already lowered shorts halfway down her thighs. She grinned back at him, refusing to break their focused connection as she continued to caress his shaft. She traced the tip of her finger around the top of his engorged penis, feeling it twitch in her hands as she lightly rubbed the underside of the head. Ben was almost panting as he paused to savor the sensations she was eliciting.

They didn't break eye-contact as they shifted her hips a little farther out to the very edge of the cushion. She guided the tip of his considerable dick to hang just above the flower like entrance to her womanhood. She inhaled sharply as she moved his smaller head onto her clitoris, slowly dragging it

side-to-side as her hips squirmed. She moved him slowly across her womanhood, her breath starting to quicken also as sudden bolts of ecstasy seared into her being with each movement.

Ben was unsure how much longer he could hold out; this lengthy foreplay had been driving him further and faster to his release than any previous experience. Her green eyes locked on him with a lusty hunger that was only adding to his excitement.

Obeying an instinct she didn't realize she possessed, she guided his member to her entrance, already melting with the need for him.

As he leaned forward to slide further into her welcoming embrace, he looked down to watch the tip of his maleness pierce into her. The rest of the world melted away as he watched the hardest part of him begin connecting with her desire. He couldn't hear anything except the sound of his own labored breath. He didn't know if it was day or night and it didn't matter as he watched his dick slide between her outer labia. His feelings were beyond ecstasy. His mind shifted, and he was riding a swell of pleasure that rose higher than anything else he had experienced in this life. His will was being swept away, lost in the heavenly foam of a tidal wave of passion.

His contemplation was broken as his penis became fully engulfed within her vagina, buried to the hilt in a fireball of longing and wanting and paradise.

A small moan escaped her, a gasp of surprise and enjoyment that rumbled up from the deepest parts of herself. She tightened her legs still gripping around his waist, keeping him from retreating. Not that Ben could fathom the thought of stopping at this moment. His entire being was aching for the release he could feel building within his loins.

He pulled back as far as she allowed him to, before plunging in again to the hilt, eliciting another small gasp-moan from his partner. He gripped the sides of the leather chair till his knuckles were white as he started rhythmically to fuck her. Her hands had been resting on her own chest after he entered her, but now they seemed to want to touch every part of him. They moved across his chest, tracing the muscled edges then moving down his arms before settling onto his hips, enticing him further with her touch.

He reached down and pulled her shirt up, exposing her breasts. She looked up and slyly smiled at him, the sort of lewd grin that leads to, well... this. He knew at that moment, the image he found himself entangled in, all sweat, pleasure, and the ache of desire, would really never be forgotten.

As he slowly continued his rhythm, he reached down and cupped her left breast, running his middle finger over her pink, exposed nipple. He pulled it slightly between his fingers, and her breathing quickened almost immediately in response.

Ben was almost at his limit, but Mary was even closer. Ever since she had seen him standing outside the barn with his shirt open, a bold new entity that had drawn her under its spell almost at first sight. Through the questions her mom had peppered her upon her arrival, she couldn't stop thinking of the stranger that looked like a blonde titan come to life. His face had caught her attention first, his stern but almost proud features set in a sea of sweaty blonde hair. She could see his well muscled chest and abs through the still open shirt. An unexpected, though not unwelcome, homecoming surprise.

Mary had asked some basic questions to avoid suspicion, such as any new hires to help with the horses, and had learned of two new hands. She had tried to casually ask their ages and her mother turned to look at her with a small smile before informing her that James was 49... and Ben was a younger 29. Mrs. Smith mentioned that Ben was rather cute in an offhand sort of way, but was interrupted by the phone. Mary's heart had quickened when she learned his name, finally giving a title to the Adonis she had seen earlier.

When her mother had gotten the phone call from the country club, she had already thought about how she would introduce herself to him. When her mother informed her that she needed to rush out to deal with a country club problem, her heart fluttered. She knew she would have a chance at least to meet this Ben, and she wasn't going to miss the the opportunity.

The moment her mother had left out the front door, Mary made a beeline for the back one, stepping outside and quickly walking to a small cottage set behind the main house. She knocked on the old wooden door, smiling as an elderly lady, portly and slightly withered with age, answered. Mrs. Potts had been a housekeeper here since Mary was little, and was an atrocious gossip. They both talked rapidly through the pleasantries before Mary asked here which rooms the new horse hands were staying in because she wanted to talk about her prize horse. Mrs. Potts laughed, blushed, and told her Ben was staying in the loft apartment above the mess-hall. Mary quickly thanked her and strode off to find the focus of her little chase. She quickly arrived at his stairs, and avoiding the squeaky boards she knew about, quickly ascended and peeked in the window on his door. She had seen him sitting back in his chair, his hand gently stroking his cock as his sweaty, shirtless chest seemed to glittering in the lone light in the room. Her breath had caught at the sight of him, and she had almost turned and fled with the fear of being caught watching the scene before her. She had steeled herself and struck a sexy pose, one that had been successful before, and gently knocked on the door. And now, she was about to cum from his deep thrusts into her.

"...yes...yes, yes...YES!" whispered Mary, her voice rising slightly with each affirmation. Every word drove him even closer. He was teetering on the edge of a knife, fighting to maintain control of his body,

for he didn't want the best moment of his life to end yet. It was a battle he was losing with every thrust, every grunt, every breath that he took.

Mary was first to climax, her orgasm shooting through her entire body causing her to arch her back as she buried her face in the back of the chair to stop her joyful scream from being too loud. She rode the upsurge that each rhythmic flex of her pussy brought, her entire being focused solely on enjoying the moment of delectation she was experiencing.

Ben felt her flex around him, holding him in a vice grip that refused to let him go. Her arching, the and the sound of her muffled scream of pleasure, sent him plunging over the edge to orgasm also.

"Ahhhhhh..." Ben breathed as he felt his climax rising, like a phoenix from its ashes. He barely managed to pull his cock out of her and rest it on her clit, pointing up at her stomach. He continued to slowly thrust into the air above her pussy, sliding his shaft along the top of her pubic mound. Mary, still arched and feeling her orgasm herself, pressed the top of his shaft between her pussy lips, enhancing her orgasm even more.

His first cumshot landed in between her breasts next to his hand that still gently tugged on her nipple. The second one landed next to the first, and the third splattered all along her body and onto the bottom of her shirt. His hot cum continue to fire from his flexing penis, drenching her breasts and stomach with load after load of his love juice. Mary continued to ride her wild orgasm, attempting to tame the stallions of pleasure that dragged her along in their wake. Ben felt like his spasms would never end, such was the height of his pleasure. His mind had gone vacant, with nothing but the ecstasy of his orgasm filling his mind, hearing and vision.

They were both breathing heavily while they slowly drifted back to reality. Mary settled back into the welcoming cushions, moving her ass up slightly more onto the chair before releasing her held breath in a long, contented sigh. She looked up at Ben, who's eyes were still closed, and she could feel his penis still flexing slightly as it finished it's work. She looked down to assess the mess, finally noticing the monstrous load he had left on her. She delighted in watching his penis twitch a few more times, release the last of himself just above her pubic area. A strand of cum glistened from its entrance as it hovered over her.

They were both panting as their heart beats slowed, and feeling began to return to the extremities that had sacrificed themselves to allow their sexual conquest. Ben slowly pulled his dick off of Mary's vagina, being careful not to drip or droop anything onto her lips as he reversed his previous direction. She shuddered slightly when his shaft rubbed the top of her clitoris as it moved. She disengaged her legs from around his waist, setting them down on either side of him.

Ben stood up, using the arm of the chair to steady himself as his blood began returning to the rest of his starved limbs, causing a roaring in his ears that threatened to crash his reality down around him. He pulled up his jeans, gently tucking his member back into his underwear.

"Let me... whoa. Um... let me get something to clean..." Ben trailed off as he attempted to retrieve his shirt from the day's labors from the laundry hamper nearby. Mary smiled as she swiveled her head backwards and watched him reach into the laundry basket, the cheeks of his jeans conforming to his every curve. He returned with his prize and knelt down next to her, starting to clean up his mess.

"Let me do it," Mary said, reaching to take the shirt from his hand. Her fingertips grazed the back of his hand and he noticed the softness of her touch, allowing her to take the shirt from him. She sat up, pulling her panties and shorts up to cover herself.

Ben didn't know what to say. Now that their lovemaking had climaxed, he was unsure how to address this fascinating woman that had sprung forth from the seeming ether to wreck havoc on himself.

"Umm..." Ben said. "That was... amazing!" He didn't really know what else to say, unsure how to express the intensity, emotions and gratitude that he felt. Mary smiled at him, slowly nodding.

"It really was, wasn't it?" she inquired. She sat up, pulling her shirt down and buttoning her daisy dukes. She turned and threw the soiled shirt back into the hamper from whence it came, her breasts slightly bouncing with the effort.

"As fun as that was, I have to skedaddle. Momma will be back from the club soon and I don't feel like explaining to her where I was." Mary heaved a sigh as she stood. She grabbed Ben's hand as she walked past, slowly bringing it to her lips to kiss his taught knuckles. He shuddered as goosebumps formed up and down his arm. He tugged on her hand as she attempted to get past him, swinging her around and pulling her into a tight embrace. He kissed her deeply, fully, until the only sensations they could feel were their lips pressed together. They would break the kiss, but only stop for a moment before locking lips again. Their tongues darted together and then slipped away, toying with each other relentlessly. She finally broke the kiss and disengaged herself from his arms, holding him away at arms length.

"Let me catch my breath..." Mary panted, smiling as she gently licked her lips. "It's flattering that I've had this effect, but it wasn't what I was expecting."

"I didn't know if I would ever see you again," Ben said, tucking his hands into his back pockets. "I didn't know if you were real, a lost angel, or something else my imagination had dragged from the deepest parts of me."

"You say the darndest things Ben."

"How do you know my name?"

"Momma told me," Mary looked down at her knees, a universal sign of guilt, although she knew not why. "When I saw you standing in front of the barn, I just... had to know who you were." She ran her hands through her hair, teasing the end of it between her fingers. "I'm really glad I did."

Ben chuckled lightly, his chest lightly shaking as he reveled in the absurdity of the end of his day. The awkwardness between them was starting to nudge at his psych, forcing him to realize that he knew almost nothing about his sexual partner. Nothing about the woman that had offered freely her most forbidden fruit to him with no qualms.

"I just realized that... I don't... I don't even know your name!" he said.

"Isn't it better this way?" she teased him. "Now you'll have to do some asking around too." She grinned at him, biting down gently on her lower lip with her teeth. Ben's heart skipped a few beats at the sight, an unnatural rhythm that almost caused him physical pain.

"I would rather know, so I can whisper your name in my dreams tonight." Though not usually a romantic at heart, this woman was bringing things to the surface that Ben never knew he possessed.

His answer startled Mary, and she blushed deeply, an almost crimson hue that threatened to travel all the way to her ears. This blonde adonis, a man whom she had fallen for at the near sight of, couldn't possibly have the soul of a poet too. Attributes of romance that Mary had always wanted in her previous lovers were being discovered in a place she had never thought to look: in this new ranch hand that her momma had hired to care for the horses. Her mind whirled with the almost unnatural attraction she felt towards this man.

"I swear Ben, that's probably the most romantic thing anyone has ever said to me."

"Then no man has ever been honest with you. For how could anyone look at you, and not at least desire to know your name?" It sounded a little corny to him as he said it... but it was the truth.

"Oh there has been plenty of desire, but no-one has ever said such sweet words to me." Mary could feel the heat in her cheeks, a return to her earlier infatuation with this man.

He went to her and gently grasped her chin in his fingers, pulling it upwards to allow him to kiss her. He had meant to keep it brief, a sort of goodbye kiss that contained the wanting new lovers feel at parting. But she wrapped her hand behind his head again and pulled him in hard, her hunger for this perfect specimen overriding the worry of getting back. He responded with his own desire for intimacy, wrapping his other hand behind the small of her back, firmly pulling her onto him.

Neither could tell if time was standing still, or rushing past them like a raging flood.

Mary finally disengaged again, breaking the kiss as she looked deeply into Ben's amber eyes. They seemed to almost glimmer with his yearning for her, an almost physical presence that made know to her his desires, his passions, his need.

"I have to go. Momma is probably back and wondering what the heck I am doing." Mary said as she turned towards the door. He didn't want her to leave, and he almost rushed headlong to block her from leaving, but part of him knew that it would be the end of their evening soiree, and possibly any future ones. He had sensed an individual who would not be denied during their love-making, and he knew that any attempt to seriously stop her would only be pushing her away. But his heart ached as he walked with her and watched her open the door. She turned to him before she headed down the stairs.

"Maybe if you don't lock your door tonight, I might be convinced that you really want me to come back." She grinned at him again before turning and bouncing lightly down the steps as the door shut. Ben watched her go, his mind attempting to think in five different directions and a slightly befuddled arched look on his face. He slowly sauntered in a large circle around the room, picking things up before absentmindedly putting them back down. He finally collapsed in the chair used for their lovemaking, rolling the scene that just unfolded in his mind over and over. He could feel his tired erection growing with each repetition of her sly smile, each glimpse of her breasts made him shiver, every remembrance of her touch caused his cheeks to burn.

He quickly went through the motions of feeding himself. A leftover stew heated till it almost burned, a small black coffee and a prepared salad would hopefully fuel him. He started eating quickly, but slowed himself down. He dwelt on her parting words, and wondered if he should have said something to improve the chance of her return. Nothing really came to mind though, and Ben realized his best answer may have been silence.

He finished his food and cleaned out his dirty dishwear, stacking a neat pile by the sink. He followed it with a shower, allowing the hot, soapy water to wash the sweat off his chiseled body. Even in the shower he couldn't forget her touch. Each splash of water on the back of his neck reminded him of her, and he became fully erect at the thought of her hands wrapped behind his head. Ben slowly soaped his large member while contemplating her effect on him. He realized he had never been touched quite like that. With a want, a driving need that seemed to spill from where her skin met his. He had never been grabbed with such craving, an almost visceral demand that he satisfy her desire for love. A demand that he would happily attempt to satisfy over, and over, and hopefully over again.

He settled down in his chair after drying off and throwing on some boxers, and attempted to read 'The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy' for the 14th time. But his focus wandered after every sentence, replaying recent events in the window of his mind. He closed his eyes in an attempt to forget or at least

slow the excitement he felt burning in his chest, but her beautiful face seemed painted on the inside of his eyelids. With no escape open to him he put his book down on the small end-table and leaned back in his chair, staring at the ceiling. His rigid penis pointed at the ceiling too, having wormed its way through the opening of his boxers to stand proud. He tried to ignore it's siren's call in his head. His hand moved of its own accord though, and he was soon jerking his hand up and down his sizeable dick. He fantasized about feeling her red hair on his face, about her using two hands to give him a longer handjob, him cumming on her face. He slowly stroked himself, knowing full well that any sort of speed would have him shooting off before very long. He had promised himself that he would wait for her, for even the smallest chance that she would return would make any wait worth it. But he was having a hard time waiting.

Ben forced himself to stop, though he felt unease about her return. He didn't know if he was setting himself up for disappointment, wanting her to return more than anything. He double checked, and then triple checked that the door was unlocked.

Time ticked slowly by and Ben continued his impatient waiting, pacing between the narrow walls of his small living space. He continuously glanced at the clock, though sometimes only a minute went by between looks. He tried to read again, but soon abandoned the effort. He settled deeply into his leather chair, closing his eyes and willing time to hurry faster than the laws of physics allows it to.

Ben awoke from dozing in his chair when he felt a light touch on his arm. He surged upright, partly from the surprise of being touched out of sleep, but also the anticipation had left his mind on edge for anything to change.

Mary stood next to the chair, hiding her smile behind her hand. Her attire had changed to tight black leggings that ended just below the knee, and an ill-fitting dark blue t-shirt too wide in the neck that it showed her shoulder. Ben glanced down at her delectable breasts, noticing the hardened and most delicate point of them. Her hair had stayed in a ponytail, though on the side of her head instead of the back.

"Momma finally went to bed. She wanted to stay up all night gossiping about this and that. She finally tuckered herself out while talking about her horses." Mary stretched her arms out, her fingers moving like a violinists. She bent her neck to the side and stood on her tip toes. "The moment her door closed, I came over."

"From the moment you left, I was hoping you would come back," said Ben. "I don't know if I would have been able to sleep tonight."

"You sure looked sleepy to me." Mary had finished stretching and was running her finger across the top of the chair.

“Merely resting. Can I get you something to drink?” Ben crossed the room and put a hand on the fridge door. “I don’t have much alcohol, but anything I have is yours.”

“Well, I was kinda hoping for something hard... liquor! Hard liquor,” said Mary, feeling crimson rise in her cheeks. She half-turned away from Ben, trying to hide her embarrassment. Ben just smiled, a disarming grin that caused Mary’s heart to quicken its pace.

Ben grabbed a shot glass and his bottle of Jack Daniels off the counter and filled it as he walked over to Mary and offered her the drink. Mary thanked him and downed the shot in one fell swoop. She licked her lips slowly, smiling at him from under her eyelashes as she savored the slight burning that lingered in her throat.

Mary suddenly grabbed Ben’s hand and pulled him over to the leather chair that had been the center of their previous tomfoolery. She pulled him in front of it then put a hand on his chest and pushed him backwards into the chair. Ben landed with a slight thump, surprised at his sudden drop in altitude. Mary leaned down and handed him the shot-glass, tracing her fingers from his palms up to his shoulders. She gently grabbed his chin between her pointer and thumb, pulling him towards her in order to kiss him. She kissed him softly on his lips, lingering slightly to enjoy the sensual taste of each other.

Mary smiled and gently pushed him back into the chair. As he settled deep into the seat, resting his arms on the sides of the chair, Mary reached down to his boxers, snaking her hand into the front entrance. Her fingertips lightly brushed the top of his hot bulge and she felt it twitch beneath her fingers.

Lowering herself down to the floor between his legs, Mary tugged at the sides of Ben’s boxers, finally pulling them down and off as his penis slipped free of its cloth prison. The head of his dick seemed to almost pulse and glistened with a small amount of pre-cum at the tip. Mary took it into hand, lightly caressing the underside, using her fingertips to trace from the base to the very tip. Ben shuddered and moaned quietly at the sensation coursing through him. It felt like being gently poked by thousands of cold, blunt needles up his arms and along his shoulders. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back onto the back of the chair.

Mary continued to gently play with his hardened cock, finally wrapping her fingers around his girth and beginning to slowly stroke him up and down. She rolled his skin over the head of his penis, watching the pre-cum spread around the head of his straining erection. She slowly pulled her hand down, watching his eyelids flutter at each of her hand movements.

After teasing him a little longer, Mary pulled down, exposing the tip briefly before making it disappear between her lips. She was surprised at the taste: clean, but with a hint of... strawberry? It

was a new taste that enhanced an already hot situation, and Mary reached down with her other hand, sliding her finger into the band of her PJ pants and down over her panties. As she pulled her head away, her lips still wrapped around the tip of his cock, she began to slowly rub her clit through her underwear. She gently teased herself, lightly squeezing her clitoris between her two pussy lips. Her own attentions were helping her to continue pleasing Ben, as she started to suck his dick deeper into her mouth and throat. Her rhythm wasn't fast, but she made up for it in depth and how firmly she gripped him in her mouth. Her lips rubbed the best parts of him, and Ben was quickly on the ropes and facing the reality of his impending orgasm. He tried to get his body to move to stop her continued oral assault, but the sensation of her lips wrapped around his shaft was making it impossible to move.

After a struggle that seemed eternal, Ben was finally able to move one arm, but it had its own intent in mind. His hand gently rested on the back of her head, hesitant to enforce its will. The fear of her stopping was literally staying his hand.

His actions hadn't stayed unseen though, as Mary released her grip on his dick and helped him place his hand on the back of her head. She gave it a slight squeeze before returning her hand to grip the base of his throbbing member. Her other hand still played with her pussy, using three fingers to rub across the top of it brushing her clit over and over again. Mary moaned with his cock as deep into her mouth as she could get it, her tongue vibrating the underside of his shaft.

Ben's back arched upwards, a gasp escaping his lips while she hummed around his dick. He couldn't remember having ever felt something so divine before, and his gasp became a moan that repeated every time she took him deep into her mouth. He was pulling her down a little farther with each thrust, mindlessly seeking even more pleasure from her mouth and throat.

Mary smiled to herself as he pulled, secretly excited at the thought of trying to deep-throat his massive cock. She wasn't quite sure if she could fit the whole thing, but she felt excited to try. She relaxed her body as much as she could, slowing the hand rubbing her pussy and readjusting her legs to allow herself more access to his straining masculinity. She kept it in her mouth as she moved, feeling him flex as she lowered his head slightly before continuing her blowjob.

Ben was nearing climax quickly, his pleasure cresting into a tidal wave of euphoria that drowned out sound and light and engulfed his world in darkness.

"I'm....gonna cum!" he uttered between gasping breaths. His grip tightened on the back of her head, holding her in place as his orgasm shot into her mouth and down her throat. Mary began swallowing his warm load, quickly realizing he was releasing more than she had expected. She wasn't fast enough and slightly gagged as he held her down, causing some of his manly juice to drip out the corner of her mouth.

Ben had no concept of time anymore, and for him his orgasm seemed to continue for an impossibly long moment. His hips finally lifted off the chair one last time before collapsing back into the cushions. Mary continued sucking on his dick, enjoying the sounds that he continued to make as she worked.

She finally stopped and released her hand and mouth from his steely length, wiping at the corners of her mouth with her fingers.

"Now that... that was alot," Mary said, drawing his attention back to reality and to her, as she lightly licked her lips while smiling at him. She stood up, stretching her knees that had been forced onto the hard wood floor. Ben sat there, still dazed by everything that had just happened to him. He struggled to focus his thoughts, finally taking a deep breath and centering his attention back onto Mary.

"Whew. If you keep surprising me like this, I don't know if I'll survive," he said, still breathing heavily. "That was, again, amazing."

"Glad you liked it but I have to go. I'm a little travel lagged from my drive." Mary smiled at Ben, her eyes betraying her fatigue. She glanced around the room, picking up his boxers from the floor and handing them to him. Ben thanked her and threw them back on, his dick still partly visible through the boxer front.

He followed her as she walked back to his door, a sense of déjà vu creeping into his thoughts. He didn't want her to leave again. This mysterious woman had given him more in an evening than he had experienced through his entire life.

"You can't stay?" Ben asked. "I still don't know your name."

Mary turned as she reached the door, her hand resting on the handle. She smiled slyly at him, biting her lower lip with her teeth in a show of innocence.

"Oh yeah, you still don't do you? Well it's probably too late now," Mary teased him. "I don't know if you'll even remember it now."

"I won't be able to forget it."

"Oh I doubt that. But since I don't want to keep you up all-night, I'll give you a few hints just to help. It starts with the letter: m." Mary cheekily grinned at him again. "If you guess right tomorrow, I might feel like rewarding your work."

"M... Marilyn? Minnie, Meredith?" Ben rattled the names off as they came to him. "Mindy? Hmmm... Morgan?"

Mary laughed out loud. "Nope. Think it over."

Ben rubbed the back of his head with his hand. His furrowed brow showing his slight frustration at being stymied out of her company. She reached up to gently cup his cheek in her hand. Ben smiled and reached up to take her hand in his. He gently kissed it, turning it over to kiss her palm as well before releasing it as she turned the handle to his door and stepped outside. Mary turned at the door and winked at him before walking down the stairs. The night air was crisp, and Mary wrapped her arms around herself before reaching the bottom. She glanced back quickly once, before disappearing into the darkness of the night.

Ben slowly closed the door, his feelings a crazy mixture of love, sadness at her leaving again, his realization that he had just experienced something amazing, and even a little ego boost that she chose him. They all combined to give him a warm sensation that spread out from his chest to the limits of his being.

Sleep that night was hard to come by, even though Ben's body was exhausted. His mind worked furiously to remember every detail of his dual encounters with the mystery girl that had taken him to heights he had never dreamed existed. He laid awake running the evening over and over through his mind, chuckling at the original awkwardness he had felt when she had first appeared in his door.

He awoke to sound of his normal 6 a.m. alarm, it's bells ringing loudly in his tired ears. He smacked the snooze button and rubbed his eyes with the palms of his hand. His first thought was maybe it was the just the best dream he had ever had. He slowly sat up, running his hand through his long blonde hair. He quickly swiveled his feet over the side of the bed and got up, looking for evidence that last night did indeed happen.

In the center of the room still sat the leather chair, and next to it on the floor, was a tipped over shot-glass. Ben smiled to himself as he reminisced about the cause for its final resting place for the evening. The image of her, slowly lowering her luscious lips around his dick, immediately returned him to full strength. He suddenly remembered her challenge, and resolved himself to find out her name before he saw her again.

Ben quickly dressed and ate an easy breakfast, finishing his banana as he almost ran down the steps. He had planned on going straight to his bosses boss, who ran the horse and cow section of the farm, but he was noticed en-route by his supervisor, a ratty little man name Earl. Earl had no idea what Ben was talking about, told him to get to work, and followed Ben to ensure he went to the stable.

Ben fumed at the delay, but dove into his work with aplomb. He was soon dripping with sweat, his frustration adding to his urgency. He finished cleaning the first two horse stalls and was about to start the third, the stall of a stallion named Spitroast, when he heard her singing. A light, barely audible song was drifting through the stable, an almost ethereal haunting melody that immediately drew Ben

towards it. He peeked over the stall wall, standing up on his tiptoes to barely get his eyes over the ledge.

Mary was kneeling at the top of two bales of hay, wearing the same daisy duke shorts she had been wearing the first time he saw her. She wore a green tank top, one that hugged her curves with an almost alive fascination. She was leaning on the top of the horse enclosure, looking down into the stall of a horse called 'My Daughter Mary', one of only a few that were Mrs. Smith's pride and joys. She was a show-horse, a fancy stepper that could lay down on the ground if one had the proper technique. Ben had never thought much of show horses... too needy, too skittish, and most seemed to nip whenever given the opportunity.

But Ben finally understood what the horse's name meant. He had always considered it just a name, an identifier attached to whatever whim had struck Mrs. Smith that day. But now he felt confident that he had figured it out.

Ben silently opened the paddock gate and exited his stall, trying to walk silently through the stable towards the quietly singing Mary three rows away. He hurried down the line of open upper stall doors filled with horse heads, most glancing casually at Ben before returning to whatever activities horses do to keep themselves amused.

He finally reached the gate to the hay stall that Mary was in and casually draped his arm over the top of the gate. He stood watching Mary singing her soft lullaby to the roan mare inside. She switched between humming and singing while the horse below her ate carrots and apples Mary had brought. Ben couldn't quite make out the lyrics, but it seemed a gently rising and falling verse. It was almost enchanting to him and he stood listening, forgetting for a moment his purpose in walking to the middle of this giant stable.

Her siren's songs finally seemed to peter out, and Ben shook his head as if to clear it before opening the gate and stepping inside. Mary looked down towards him from her spot atop the hay bales and smiled. Ben quickly covered the remaining steps and reached up to her with a hand, silently offering her help down from her precarious perch. She grabbed Ben's hand and grinned at him, the same grin that had sent his heart aflutter the day before. He reached up his second hand to catch her as she hopped down from the top bail. As she landed she stumbled a little, and Ben found himself trying to hold them both upright. He managed to catch her by the hips and lift her off the ground a little, causing their faces to be at the same level. They both looked into each others open eyes, their amber and green colors reflected in each others vision. Mary gave him that sly smile again, gently biting her lower lip as she stared longingly into his twin vivacious amber pools.

"Mary..." whispered Ben when he finally found his voice again. Her eyes widened slightly at her finally exposed secret.

"So who told you?" Mary asked, running her finger down his chest.

"I figured it out myself actually," said Ben. "Though it would have taken me longer if I hadn't heard you over here."

"Ah, that makes sense." Mary finally broke their eye contact and looked up to the top of the hay bales she had been kneeling on. "She was mine growing up, though momma made sure I knew her showing was more important than me just riding. I loved riding..." she sighed.

Ben reached up with one hand and smoothly pulled her face back, allowing him access to her irresistible lips. He gently brushed them with his, only kissing her lightly like a butterfly's wing. They could feel each other's cheeks reddening and they could feel the heat of passion they both were suffering under, a burning desire that threatened to throw all decency, all common sense, out the window.

Their tongues met before the rest of their mouths, swirling them together in an intricate dance of pleasure, encasing the dancers when their lips met in another embrace. Ben leaned into her, slowly falling against the stacked hay bales. He pressed her into the straw, attempting to make known his need and desire for her and her love.

They were fully engaged and intertwined within moments. Their arms wrapped around each other, their minds filled with nothing but the sense of touch, of smell, of the yearning of their partner.

Mary reached up and started taking his shirt off, breaking their kiss to glance down and find the buttons on his shirt. She returned to their embrace as she took each one off in order. It was agonizingly slow for Ben, he wanted her to rip it off in some sort of bestial passion, but was too shy and nervous to interrupt her. Much to his surprise, she was unable to get the bottom most button off, and took both sides of his shirt and yanked hard, tearing the last button away. It bounced off the stone ground with a light 'ping' before rolling under the stall door. Mary tugged the shirt off his shoulders and down both arms, exposing his ripped chest and abs to the warming mid-morning air.

Ben's hand moved under her shirt, cupping her breasts and trapping her nipples between his fingers. He tugged on them lightly and flicked them with his fingertips, eliciting a moan from Mary that he could hear and feel through their locked lips.

Mary broke from the kiss and set a hand on his chest, pushing him backwards and allowing her to escape from the hay behind her. She smiled at him and held a finger to her lips, signaling for silence. She took two steps and bounded up onto a single hay bale using her eyes to scan the stalls for anyone in the near vicinity. Satisfied with her search, she hopped down (which caused her breasts to bounce

with her shirt in a most interesting manner,) and whispered in Ben's ear: "The only people here are us right now."

"Let's take advantage of our lack of an audience," Ben whispered back. He grasped her hands with his and led her to the single stacked hay bale she had stood upon. He began to kiss her again, locking their lips in a magnetic embrace. He also reached down to unbutton her daisy dukes, reaching into her shorts to feel the top of her pussy. He could feel her lips pressed against her white panties and he began to explore more with his fingers. He felt both sides of her with his fingers, using three to rub gently on her clit. Mary squirmed on his hand, and he could feel her getting wetter when he reached down to slide his finger against the entrance to her most sensitive place.

They were both breathing heavily in their lip-locked embrace. Ben pulled his hand from inside her shorts, and instead began to pull them down, past her knees to her ankles. He grabbed the back of her legs to steady himself as he went down on his knees, pulling her panties to the side so he could use his tongue to meet her lightly pink love button. He licked with the flat of his tongue, rolling it side-to-side before trapping it ever so gently between his lips. He moved towards the entrance to her molten place, before finally slowly pushing a finger into her already wet vagina. Mary let out a small gasp as he did, grabbing the back of his head to steady herself. It had the added benefit of pushing him harder against her pussy as well.

With her clit trapped between his lips Ben slowly moved his head side to side, letting his tongue gently come into contact with her nub as he moved back and forth. He continued to finger her as he licked and sucked on her pussy.

Mary was beginning to lose control, her head felt super light, and she was worried that she might black out from the astonishingly good feelings she was experiencing. Her head tilted back as she pulled his head and tongue even harder onto her. Her hair cascaded down as she moaned with ecstasy, an almost wolf-like howl of pleasure.

As quickly as Ben started, he stopped. He stood up from his crouched position and whispered in Mary's ear: "I want to be inside you again."

Mary let out a little giggle and nodded at him, while continuing to bite her lower lip. She moved a step away and turned around so her butt was facing him and climbed up to the top of the single hay bale on her knees.

Mary looked back at Ben and couldn't help but smile. He stood staring, not quite realizing the situation he was about to find himself in.

She motioned for him to come closer, using one finger in a come-hither gesture that he responded to like a zombie, suddenly lurching to life. He grabbed her upper hips on both sides of her

body, adjusting his penis to be inline with her delicate softness. He slowly inched forward, allowing himself to rub his penis head against her pink lips, stretching all the way down to rub against her clit too. He could feel her shudder as she stroked back and forth over it, picking up her pussy juices to glide against her better.

Finally throwing caution to the wind, he pierced into her warm place, sliding all the way deep inside her until his hips could go no further. She gasped as he entered her, and let out a barely audible "oh fuck" as he went in all the way. She pulled her shirt up to her mouth, biting down to stop herself from crying out as he began his rhythmic pounding of her. He was deeper than before and more in control of his angle and speed as he pulled almost completely out before driving back in all the way. Mary had to brace on hand on the larger stack of hay to ensure he didn't push her off her knees.

They were both breathing hard before long, a product of his hard work driving his shaft betwixt her lower lips and her receiving it over and over again. Ben began panting as he found a rhythm only his body could feel, and thrust himself again as deep into her as he could get, steadying her hips as he went. He decided it was time to switch tactics.

Keeping himself as deep inside as he could, he only pulled himself out a small amount, feeling her tremble beneath his fingertips as he did, before thrusting back inside her. Mary dropped the shirt from her lips, letting out a small moan that ended in a large intake of breath as he continued to deeply thrust into her pussy. The only sound in the stable was their heavy breathing, coupled with a few horse snorts and the distant sound of people going about their day. They no longer worried about being caught, so focused on the act of love that they cared for nothing but the feelings brought by each others touch.

Their love making continued for only a few more moments, as Ben reached climax. Doggystyle had always been a favorite of his, and watching Mary's butt bounce and head loll as he fucked into her was too much for his dick to take.

Moaning like an arisen pharaoh, he pulled himself out of her as his first jet of cum splashed onto her ass, the second reached between her shoulder blades and onto her tank-top, while the third, fourth and fifth went in entirely seemingly random directions, landing on the hay, her hair and her back. He panted loudly as he finished climaxing, finally releasing his iron grip on her hips. Mary quickly retreated from the hay bale, pulling her shorts up and brushing the hay from her knees as she redressed.

A loud bang at the end of the stable caused them both to jump a little, Ben's nerves still frayed from his orgasm. Mary put a finger to her lips and quickly led him away from the noise of other workers loudly talking as they walked into the stable. They snuck as quietly as assassins from the stable

building, attempting to keep to the shadows that were provided by the winter sun. She led him back to his upstairs room, both keeping as quiet as possible but sure the world could hear their quickened heartbeats as loud as a marching band drum. They quickly went inside and closed the door.

The next two weeks for the young lovers went much the same way. They made love at all times of day or night, all over the farm: in front of the bon-fires set to burn downed tree limbs, in her room in the main house, even in front of the stable itself under a bright winter moon. The weeks went by in a blur for Ben, each day a whirlwind of work, passion, energy and love.

At the beginning of the third week, he awoke alone. He reached over to the side of the bed to find it cold, her head imprint still on his other pillow. Beside it was a note, written with loops and hearts and a style that immediately reminded him of Mary.

He sat up and quickly read:

**My darling Ben,
These last weeks have been some of the best of my life.
You gave me what I needed while on my fall break from school.
I know I never told you about it, never really discussed us and what we were.
But you were an unforgettable lover, a man who wasn't selfish, needy, or
unkind.
You are someone I will treasure always.**

**Love Forever,
Mary**

Ben sighed and rubbed his eyes with his hands. He had know deep down that something that started as quickly and as hot as their romance had been, might never last. But he was still dissapointed, mostly with himself for never asking her about her schooling. He lamented her absence already, and was about to morosely get ready for work before he turned the letter over. Down at the bottom, it smaller lettering was a post script:

P.S. I'll be back in two months.

Ben grinned as he set the letter down. It was going to be a long two months.

THE END