**The Scarecrow**

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**The Scarecrow Pt. 01**

Madison Kenny bad been born into what she knew had to be the most boring town in the Country. The tiny town lay an hour South of Lincoln, Nebraska and was notable for its agriculture and its soul-crushing lack of anything else of note. Everything interesting was at least an hour away by car and the only attraction to speak of was the corn maze her family ran each year in the Fall. Madison's parents' farm boardered the main highway North of town but business had been getting a little worse each year since other farms in the area began planting larger, more elaborate corn mazes. By the time Madison graduated high school and began attending the local community college, her father was stepping up marketing around town with a series of elaborate scarecrow signs to drum up business.  
  
Madison had protested the gimmick, pointing out to her father that she had been teased with the nickname "Scarecrow" since 8th grade when she hit a growth spurt in height without the accompanying curves. She was no longer "all knees and elbows", but even now as she was starting college, she bemoaned her skinny frame and A-cup breasts. Her father's marketing campaign had let to even more teasing around town. If one more person joked that they saw her by the highway in a flannel shirt holding a sign, she was liable to break their nose.  
  
Madison's only readily available cure to the mind-muddling ennui of her rural hell was in sexual exploration. She had discovered her sexuality early on and quickly developed into somewhat of a closet deviant. It wasn't until she started high school that her family got satelite internet at home and she discovered a universe of kink that she began to shed the sense of shame at her own tastes. Once she began to sort the misinformation from the good advice, Madison built in her mind a hidden fortress of sexual satisfaction into which she would retreat from the teasing of her peers and the boredom of life on a farm.  
  
Working on the farm and unable to make purchases online, Madison's creative solutions to a lack of more direct sources of sex toys became more sophisticated. Trips to the local hardware store and hours in the workshop had resulted in a variety of improvised sex toys, some of which could be hidden in plain sight. By the summer after graduation though, Madison's tastes had grown so jaded that she found herself seeking ever more risk. An orgasm was fine, but it was boring if it came easily. The reward, she found, was in the risk.  
  
Those risks started simply enough. A trip into town with nothing under her shorts and a large U-shaped clevis yoke lubricated with vegetable oil crammed into her holes and held in place with duct tape nearly ended in disaster when she sweated through the adhesive and the damned thing fell out of her in the parking lot of the grocery store. It clattered to the asphalt with a horrifyingly loud "clang", drawing the attention of a middle-aged man pushing a cart past her truck. Madison played it off as though it had fallen from the truck when she opened the door, hoping that the man missed the fact that the painted steel fastener was slick and glistening when she picked it up and threw it in the cab. That had been an epiphany for Madison. The thought of what would have happened if someone had seen that big hunk of steel fall out of her shorts in the middle of the grocery store made her more excited than she had felt in months. As she drove home that afternoon, one hand on the wheel and the other furiously finger-fucking her leaking pussy, she passed one of her father's stupid scarecrows crucified at the edge of town. A terrifying idea bloomed in her lust-addled mind. Four hours and at least as many orgasms later, Madison had a plan.  
  
Madison's friends Holly and Mary had knocked down the scarecrow off the main highway closest to her farm at her request with Holly's ancient, battered farm truck in the middle of the night. Madison told them that she was tired of looking at the thing and the two restless coeds were happy to do anything as interested as destroying an annoying ad at the request of their closest friend. Madison volunteered to replace the downed scarecrow the following afternoon when her father mentioned it had been destroyed. Unbeknownst to him, Madison had already constructed a replacement and had it ready in the loft of the workshop. The next morning, Madison headed out to the side of the highway to replace the steel fence post with a solid wooden T-shaped crucifex, explaining that no one would destroy THIS one so easily. Madison spent the morning setting the post two feet into the ground and pouring concrete around the base. The hardest part was waiting a few days for the concrete to set.  
  
Madison was up long before the sun the next Monday morning and set out on foot to the new scarecrow by the highway. Fumbling in the dark on the roadside, she unhooked the pins holding the scarecrow to the post and dragged the flannel-clad dummy to the edge of the cornfield some 30 feet away. She quickly stripped and folded her clothes on the grown between the rows of tall green cornstalks, and briefly considered tearing an ear of corn from the nearest stalk and shoving it into her already drooling pussy, but decided to stick to the plan. Madison donned the baggy long-sleeve flannel shirt, leatjer gloves, and the ragged old blue jeans, tying the twine belt around her hips and making sure the wide vertical tear in the seat of the pants was aligned with her ass. She stepping into boots and finally put on the burlap mask and straw hat before climbing onto the post. Reaching down between her thighs, Madison smeared a liberal amount of coconut oil onto both of the protrusions that jutted from the front of the post at crotch level and hefted herself up and onto them.  
  
The smooth wooden poles were arranged like the horns of a rhinoceros, the first long and slender, the second shorter but thicker. Her measurements had been perfect. Madison felt her freshly shaved vulva impaled by the first of the rubberized horns as she lowered her slender body onto the protruding dildo. It was about half-way to bottoming out inside her when she finally gained purchase on the tiny, angled foothold on the front of her crucifix with the tips of her toes. Standing on her toes, Madison could feel the second, fat horn prodding her anus menacingly. Just as planned, she would have to stand on her toes or hold her weight with her outstretched arms to avoid sinking onto the huge buttplug she built into the post. Madison had taken the appropriate pre-anal cleaning measures and was no stranger to ass-play, but she relished the predicament of being forced to take an uncomfortably large insertion.  
  
After a few minutes on the cross, the morning commuters began their daily journey North to Lincoln. The first set of headlights made Madison's heart pound as it illuminated her burlap prison, and she held perfectly still as the vehicle passed without incident. Another vehicle followed, and another. A steady procession of commuters passed with ten yards of her, never realizing they were watching a real girl wriggling in ecstasy as she slowly sank further onto the horn inside her. After half an hour though, Madison's legs were shaking. She had started grinding into the wooden cock in between cars, and by the time the sun crested the field to her left, Madison's calves were on fire.  
  
She couldn't hold in the yelp and gasp of pain when her left calf cramped, or the groan of relief and pain a second later when she relaxed and was impaled by both horns. All together her heels hit the platform, her cheeks pushed flush against the post, and the head of the longer shaft ground to a halt against her cervix. Madison winced and groaned through gritted teeth as another vehicle passed, the driver an unwitting witness to her intensely public double-penetration. Her chest heaved as she panted, clenching feebly on the unyielding horns that held her crucified in broad daylight. The situation overwhelmed her as she shuddered through the most intense orgasm she had ever had, followed rapidly by the second, third, and fourth most intense as she ground back, fucking herself into paradise for an audience that would never suspect a thing.  
  
Two hours after she mounted the post, Madison was cramping, sore, and ready to quit. The traffic had trickled to nothing by the time she heaved herself off the glistening wooden dildos with a wet sucking sound and practically fell the three feet to the ground. She lay for a moment in the tall grass, her mind swimming and holes throbbing with every drumbeat of her heart. The passing of another car roused her to her senses and she quickly scurried into the cornfield to change. Her tight bun of red hair had started to come apart and her hair was matted to her freckled face with sweat, roasting in the morning sun in the burlap bag. The jeans and flannel shirt were damp with sweat and other secretions when she put them back on the scarecrow. She wiped the horns of the post clean with the scarecrow's sleeve before hanging the dummy back on the post in her place.  
  
Madison winced a little as she hiked back to the house. The bodyweight fucking had been more intense than expected, and her mind was swimming by the time she got home with improvements for her next public display. As much as she would love to do it again tomorrow, her poor butt needed a few days to recovered from what felt for all the world like being gored by an angry rhino. The rush was intense, but she craved more. There had to be more danger involved the next time. Luckily for Madison, she had a camera phone…