**The Dumb Blonde**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over the legal age of consent when the events took place.*

**Part 03 - The Farmer**

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One Monday I took Lucy to meet with this old farmer client. He’s running a profitable mixed farm and hates the taxman but loves the EU subsidies. When we got there he was running around going a bit crazy. When I asked him what was wrong he told us that his labourer had suddenly quit and he had to do everything himself. His main problem was the animals; they had to be fed, cleaned out and milked before the milk collection.

Being the helpful accountant that I am I offered him our services. He looked us up and down and said,

“You’re not dressed for it.”

“Doesn’t matter,” I said, “Just tell us what needs doing.”

His priority was the cows; they were late being milked. The farmer took Lucy and showed her how to wash the teats and attach the cups while I went to my car and got changed. I always carry an old T-shirt, jeans and trainers in the back of my car – just in case.

When I found Lucy she asked me where her change of clothing was. She’d already got her shoes covered in cow muck and had bits on her skirt and top.

I gave her the bad news, but she wasn’t bothered.

“I’m enjoying this; I’ve never been on a farm before and it’s fun.” Lucy said.

The farmer gave us some more jobs which we got on with. Poor Lucy was having trouble with her shoes; 3 inch heels weren’t designed for farms. She’d fallen over a couple of times and even ripped her top.

Around lunchtime the farmer called us into his house and he brought us something to eat and drink out of his fridge. We had to sit on a bench outside because we had too much mud on us.

By late afternoon most of the work was done and we went looking for the farmer. As we approached him I had an idea and said to him,

“You say that the cows have to be milked at 5 o’clock each morning? Have you got a spare room? And it will take you just a few days to get some more help? ”

“Yes, yes and yes! What are you thinking young man?”

I looked at Lucy and said,

“How about if Lucy stays here and helps you until you can get some proper help?”

I looked at Lucy, she was covered in mud, her top was ripped and her skirt was ruined; but that didn’t matter. She looked at me and I could tell that she was thinking,

“What the fuck is Jack doing?”

The farmer looked Lucy up and down the said,

“Well, she is a bit skinny, but she’s done alright today. Those clothes won’t last much longer, but I can lend her some wellies and gloves. Do you think that you can last the week young Lucy?”

“Err yes, I suppose I can. It was fun today.”

That was settled. We talked about a couple of burning issues then I said that I was leaving. It would be the longest time that Lucy and I had been apart and I was having second thoughts about leaving her there. Lucy told me that she’d be fine and that she’d have fun. I went outside saying,

“Don’t worry about the books; that will keep for a while. You 2 keep the farm going and I’ll be back when I can.”

Lucy came with me and we hugged and kissed. I cupped her pussy and said,

“Keep it warm for me.”

And I left.

After the week was over I asked Lucy to write a report of everything that had happened.

*Lucy’s Report*

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*I really enjoyed my first day on a farm. Okay it was hard work but it was rewarding. I felt really sad when Jack left, but in a way I was looking forward to the next few days.*

*I watched Jack drive away then went back inside and Tom (the farmer) told me that I couldn’t stay covered in mud like I was. I asked him where I could get a shower and he took me upstairs and showed me to my room and where the bathroom was. The odd thing was that there were no doors on any of the rooms upstairs. When I asked Tom why that was he said,*

*“This is a farm; it’s as close to nature as it comes. There are no secrets here.”*

*“Okaaaaaay.” I thought and went into the bathroom. As I took my top and skirt off (I had to leave my shoes outside), I looked at them and realised that the only place they were good for was the rubbish bin.*

*Then it hit me. What was I going to wear for the rest of the week? Why hadn’t I asked Jack to leave his spare clothes for me? Maybe Tom would have something that I could wear.*

*The shower was good then I wrapped a towel round me and went downstairs.*

*“Tom, would you have something that I can borrow to wear?” I asked.*

*Tom looked me up and down and said,*

*“There’s a pair of wellies under the stairs that might fit, but clothes; the only ones here are mine, and they’d be way too big for you girly. Start cooking and I’ll have a look round.”*

*Tom had got the food out of the freezer and all it needed was cooking so I got on with it wearing only the towel, which wasn’t that big. It kept coming undone and nearly falling off a few times.*

*Tom re-appeared just as the food was ready and we sat at the table and ate. Just as we were finishing I asked about the clothes again.*

*“Sorry girly, you’ll just have to make do. Don’t worry, this place is quite remote, you don’t have to worry about those fashion police people out here; not even the proper coppers; they never come out here.”*

*I wasn’t sure what Tom was saying, or suggesting. He couldn’t possibly be suggesting that I walk around naked – could he?*

*I let it pass for then, but when we were both doing the washing-up the towel finally fell to the floor.*

*Tom looked up and down my naked body and said,*

*“I wondered how long it would take. Don’t worry girly, you haven’t got anything that an old man like me hasn’t seen before. I’m guessing that by the end of the week you’ll only be using that towel for drying yourself.”*

*Tom was expecting me to walk around naked. The weather hadn’t been that bad recently so I thought,*

*“Why not? I’m naked most of the time that I’m at home and Tom looks quite harmless. Okay, I’ll do it.”*

*When I picked up the towel I put it on the table instead of on me. As we finished the washing-up I thought about my feet. I went under the stairs and found the wellies. I took them to Tom and said,*

*“Do you mean these?”*

*“Yes, do they fit?”*

*I tried them on, they were a bit tight but they’d do.*

*“Don’t forget to leave them by the door when you come in.” Tom said.*

*Then,*

*“You’d best be off to bed girl. You’ve got an early start tomorrow.”*

*I went and looked in my bag and retrieved the spare toothbrush that I always carry, cleaned my teeth and got into bed. As I started to relax I realised just how tired I was. I was asleep in seconds.*

*I woke up to the feeling of Tom pushing my arm back and forwards.*

*“Come on girly, we’ve got work to do. Cows first then breakfast.”*

*As I woke up properly I saw that during the night I’d kicked the covers off and was lying flat on my back with my legs open a bit. How long had Tom been standing there before he woke me?*

*When I got up I found that my back and arms ached. I wasn’t used to this physical work thing. I went downstairs and found that Tom had already left for the milking parlour. I put the wellies on and smiled at the thought of how stupid I looked. All I was wearing was a pair of wellies.*

*I opened the door and the fresh, cold air hit me. My nipples stood to attention as I walked over to the milking parlour.*

*“Morning Tom!” I said, “I see that the cows are already here. When did you go and get them?”*

*“No need girl, they find their own way here. They’re not as stupid as people think.”*

*We got stuck in and Tom said that it hadn’t taken any longer than it usually did. I felt a bit proud of myself.*

*“Right girly,” Tom said, “You go and put breakfast on while I clean up here. You’ll find everything that you need in the fridge; full English, okay?”*

*“Err yes Tom.” I said and set off for the farmhouse.*

*I found an apron and got on with the cooking. Tom timed it well as I was just about finished when he walked in. I took the apron off and we sat eating the biggest breakfast I’d ever had. Tom told me that I’d need it as he gave me a list of things that he wanted me to do. He had things to do in town and was going to leave me to it. Just in case he was late back he told me when to start the milking.*

*The first job on Tom’s list was collecting the eggs. That was easy enough but I slipped on some chicken shit just as I was starting and got my hands and butt covered in the stuff. I knew that I’d get more muck on me later so I didn’t bother cleaning it off.*

*Cleaning the pigs out was hard work, and mucky. I had to barrow their shit over to a big pile of the stuff. It stank.*

*By the time I’d finished that I was ready for a shower. The sun was shining and I was all alone on the farm; and there was a hose pipe near the farmhouse door so I decided to use that. I took the wellies off and turned the hose on.*

*I was half clean and facing the house when I heard a car door slam. I turned and saw a man and a little red van. It was the postman and he’d managed to drive into the yard without me hearing him. I was all wet with mud dripping off me so I couldn’t run and hide. It was too late anyway, he’d already seen me.*

*“Tom not around then?” the postman asked.*

*“Err no, he’s gone into town.” I said as I turned to face him.*

*“So who are you then?”*

*“Believe it or not, I’m his accountant.” I said.*

*“Blood hell, I didn’t know that accountants looked like that. I think that I’ll have to get one myself.”*

*“Sorry about this,” I said and waved my free arm down my naked front; “It’s a long story.”*

*“Don’t worry about it luv; you’ve just made my day. How long are you here for?”*

*The cheeky sod was trying to find out if he’d be able to see me naked again. He wasn’t bad looking so I made a mental note to be there again the next day.*

*“What time is it?” I asked.*

*He told me then I asked,*

*“Do you always come here at this time?”*

*“Roughly, why, will you be here waiting for me?”*

*“Maybe.” I said with a grin on my face.*

*The postman put the post inside the door and walked back to his van. He sat there looking at me for a few seconds before driving off.*

*I wondered what our postman at home looked like. Maybe I should open our front door naked just as he was delivering something to us.*

*I checked the list that Tom had left me. My next job was to feed the chickens and pigs. That wouldn’t take long. I was walking across the yard when I heard this loud noise. It was a helicopter, a very loud helicopter, and it was getting closer. I looked up and saw that it was one of those twin blade jobs and it was quite low.*

*As I watched it I suddenly heard a different noise, one a lot closer to me. I turned and looked behind me and nearly had a heart attack. This bloody big lorry was almost on top of me. I automatically jumped back but I needn’t have worried, the driver knew what he was doing. He got real close then backed up to swing round. He stopped right outside the milking parlour.*

*I realised that it was a milk tanker; presumably coming to collect the milk that we’d got from the cows earlier.*

*Forgetting that I was naked, I stood and watched the driver get out.*

*“Well, this is a nice surprise. It’s not often that I get met by a gorgeous blonde, never mind a naked gorgeous blonde; and who might you be young lady?”*

*I remembered that I was naked, and blushed a bit. It was pointless panicking, he’d already had a good look at me.*

*“I’m Lucy, I’m Tom’s accountant. He’s not here right now, but he should be back soon. Are you here to collect the milk?”*

*“Wow; I never, ever thought that I’d meet an accountant on one of these farms, never mind a female accountant; and certainly not a naked female accountant. What’s going on?” The driver asked.*

*“It’s a long story. Do you need anything from me, or do you know that you’re doing?”*

*It was a stupid question and I regretted asking it straight away. I could have left myself open to anything; but the man was honourable.*

*“No, you’re alright luv; there’s often no one at home when I call. I know where everything is. You carry on and do whatever it was you were doing.”*

*I should have gone into the house and locked the door, but I didn’t, I just stood and watched the man drag a hose from the lorry into the parlour. He came back outside to the lorry and did something then said,*

*“It won’t take long Lucy, my names Don by the way, so what’s the long story?”*

*I explained everything to Don, all the time watching him look at my nakedness. For some reason I felt comfortable talking to Don. When I’d finished Don said,*

*“So where’s the hidden cameras, this can’t be for real. I’ve got to get on.”*

*Don turned and went back to the lorry then into the parlour. He came back out with the hose and rolled it back onto the lorry. He walked passed me and got back in his cab saying,*

*“They’re never going to believe this back at the depot.”*

*Don smiled at me and waved as he swung the lorry round and was off.*

*“Blood hell!” I thought, “that’s 2 delivery men that have seen me naked. What’s next, are the army going to march through?”*

*I finished feeding the animals then went and got a drink. I had a couple of hours free time before I had more jobs to do. What should I do?*

*I decided to explore a bit.*

*I wandered all over the buildings then out to the edge of the fields. I saw all the cows and some sheep too. I tried to get a closer look at the sheep but they ran off. I looked over in one direction and thought that I could see a stream near some trees. I thought about going to see, but thought that I’d leave it until another day.*

*I went back to the farm and into the barn. There were bales of hay stacked in one corner and some down on the ground. I decided to and sit on one and rest for a while. All this physical work was tiring.*

*I must have lay down because I went to sleep. The next thing that I remembered was hearing these young voices.*

*“I told you that I’d seen a naked girl.”*

*“Yeah, and look at those tits. They’re so pointy. I’ve never seen any like that before.”*

*“You’ve never seen any bare tits before.”*

*“Yes I have; I’ve seen my little sisters.”*

*“They’re not tits, she’s only 11. These are real tits.”*

*“Shhh, you’ll wake her up.”*

*“I thought that older girl’s pussies had hair on them.”*

*“So did I. Maybe this is a little girl.”*

*“Not with tits that big.”*

*“They’re not big. You should see my big sister’s.”*

*“Have you seen your big sister’s tits then?”*

*“No, but I’ve seen her bra; you could get both of those in half of her bra.”*

*“What’s that bit sticking out of her pussy?”*

*“I don’t know; my little sister hasn’t got one.”*

*By that time I was starting to think that maybe I wasn’t dreaming. I slowly opened one eye a little and saw 2 young teenage boys. Who the fuck were they? And what the hell were they doing here.*

*I moved my leg and the 2 boys ran off. I got up and decided to follow them. They walked across a field carrying heavy plastic containers. When they went through a gate I went after them and saw them go down into the hollow near the stream. There were half a dozen big green tents and boys and girls wandering around. Who the hell were they? I decided to ask Tom when he got back.*

*I walked back to the farm to check the time. I was feeling a lot less tired so I thought that I might have slept for a while.*

*The time was getting on. I had to milk the cows again before getting dinner ready. I went over to the parlour and saw the cows waiting at the back door. I went and opened the door and they plodded in.*

*“Tom’s got you well trained.” I said to the front one.*

*When the last cow was milked I looked closer at the teat cups and wondered what it would be like to have them stuck on the end of my tits. I tried it.*

*“Ooohhh that’s nice.” I said to no one.*

*“Stop it Lucy” I said.*

*I pulled them off and looked at my nipples. They were rock hard and swollen. As I let go of the cups I had another naughty thought. I picked one up, opened my legs and put it over my clit.*

*“Woah! I could get to enjoy that. No Lucy, wait for Jack.” I said to myself. Then I wondered what it would be like to put that teat cup on Jack’s cock.*

*I switched everything off, shovelled the cow shit out and hosed the floor clean. Time to get showered and get dinner started.*

*Tom timed it quite well; dinner was just about ready when he got back. As we ate I told him about the postman and the milk collection driver. He just laughed and said that they got a bit of an education about country life.*

*When I asked Tom about the kids he told me that there was a troop of scouts camping down by the stream. He laughed when I told him that they’d seen me (I didn’t tell him where or what they’d said).*

*“I bet that they’ll be telling all their mates and they won’t believe them. Watch out, you might have more visitors tomorrow.”*

*After I’d washed-up I got ready for bed. But first I just had to phone Jack. I spent ages telling him about my day and how I missed him.*

*Jack told me to switch my phone off until the same time each day. I didn’t have my charger with me and I wanted it to last the week.*

*I quickly fell asleep and dreamt about Jack fucking me. When Tom woke me the next morning I had my hand on my pussy; I must have been fingering myself in my dream. Tom must have seen what I was doing but he never said anything.*

*My back ached when I got out of bed again.*

*The routine was the same for the rest of the week apart from the visitors to the farm. I know that Tom went to the market on the Wednesday because he loaded one of the pigs into a trailer before he left, but I have no idea where he went on the other days. I hope it was somewhere to find someone to help him on the farm.*

*The postman*

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*I bumped into him twice more, each time he chatted a bit and I let him have a good look at me. The second time I deliberately stood with my legs open so that he could get a good look at my pussy. The second time I let my hair loose; he said that he liked it even though some of it was covering one of my tits. It was a classic case of a man talking to a woman but his eyes were on her body not her face.*

*The milk collection man*

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*I only saw him one more time. I must have been out wandering or feeding the animals when he came. I had a long chat with Don as the milk got pumped into the tanker. It turned out that he and his wife are nudists and he was quite relaxed about me being naked. That fact relaxed me as well.*

*The scouts*

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*Each afternoon I had a little nap in the barn; and each afternoon I woke to the voices of teenagers. On the Wednesday and Thursday I did the same as I’d done on the Tuesday; and I’m sure that the number of kids increased.*

*By the Friday I was getting horny as hell. It had been nearly a week since Jack had fucked me and I was getting desperate. When the voices woke me up I again pretended to still be asleep. They were different voices again, and at least one of them was a girl. I knew that because I heard one of the voices say,*

*“Is your pussy like that?”*

*I decided that I was going to put on a little show for the voices so I let my hands wander to my pussy. One hand stroked my lips while the other caressed all around my pussy. I got wet and swollen and I heard a voice say,*

*“Blood hell, it’s getting bigger; does yours do that Sophie?”*

*Sophie didn’t answer.*

*As I got more worked up the fingers on my right hand moved to my clit and the fingers on my left hand started finger fucking me. The voices were silent.*

*I struggled to keep my eyes shut and not make much noise as I started to cum. It was a satisfying orgasm then I sighed and pretended that my dream had moved on. A few seconds later I had a mischievous idea.*

*I suddenly sat upright and opened my eyes. The kids were so shocked that they ran off.*

*Butcher delivers to the scouts*

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*Just as I was finishing my indoor shower on Thursday afternoon I heard someone knock on the door. I grabbed a towel and ran downstairs, wrapping the towel round my head as I went. I didn’t think about the rest of me as I opened the door.*

*Stood there was a man in a white coat with his jaw on his chest. I remembered that I was naked, but thought “sod it” and said,*

*“Can I help you?”*

*“Err yes, have you got some scouts camping on your land?”*

*“It’s not my land, but there are some girls and boys camping down by the stream, why?”*

*“Well, someone ordered some beef burgers and sausages and I have to deliver them.” The butcher (presumably) said.*

*“Right,” I said, “I’ll just put something on and show you what direction to go.”*

*I guess that he thought that I meant some clothes, but all I put on was the wellies.*

*The man looked gob-struck as I marched passed him and over the yard.*

*“Wait, I’ve got to get the meat out of the van.” He said rushing to the back of his van. I turned to face him and watch him getting all flustered. He couldn’t make up his mind how to close the van doors and I had a little chuckle to myself.*

*The man gave up and started walking towards me carrying the burgers and sausages. He was trying not to look at me, but failing miserably. I turned and walked to where we could see where the scouts were.*

*“Down there.” I said, pointing in the right direction.*

*“Err thank you.” The man said and started walking. I turned and walked back to the farmhouse.*

*The milking Teat Cups*

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*By the Friday afternoon’s milking I was feeling as horny as hell. Tom wasn’t back from where ever so I decided to use 3 of the Teat Cups on my interesting bits. I sat on a little wall and connected them. The suction held them in place and before long I was really enjoying the experience.*

*After I’d cum I wondered if any of them had got any fluids out of me, and if they had gone and got mixed in with the milk. I also wished that I’d used those cups on the previous days.*

Back to my story

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On the Friday evening I went to collect Lucy and try to talk to Tom about his affairs. Tom had managed to get someone to work for him – they started the next Monday; and I managed to get all the information that I needed out of him. It was strange having the 3 of us talking business with Lucy there naked.

While Tom and I were talking Lucy was washing up behind Tom’s back. She had obviously missed me because she kept looking at me and rubbing her pussy.

When Tom and I had concluded our business Tom said,

“You’d better be going now, the girly has been missing you and she needs servicing.”

I thanked Tom while Lucy went and got the few things that she had with her and we left. We didn’t make it to the car straight away as Lucy pulled me into the barn so that I could fuck her on the hay bales.

We drove home with Lucy sleeping, naked on the passenger seat.