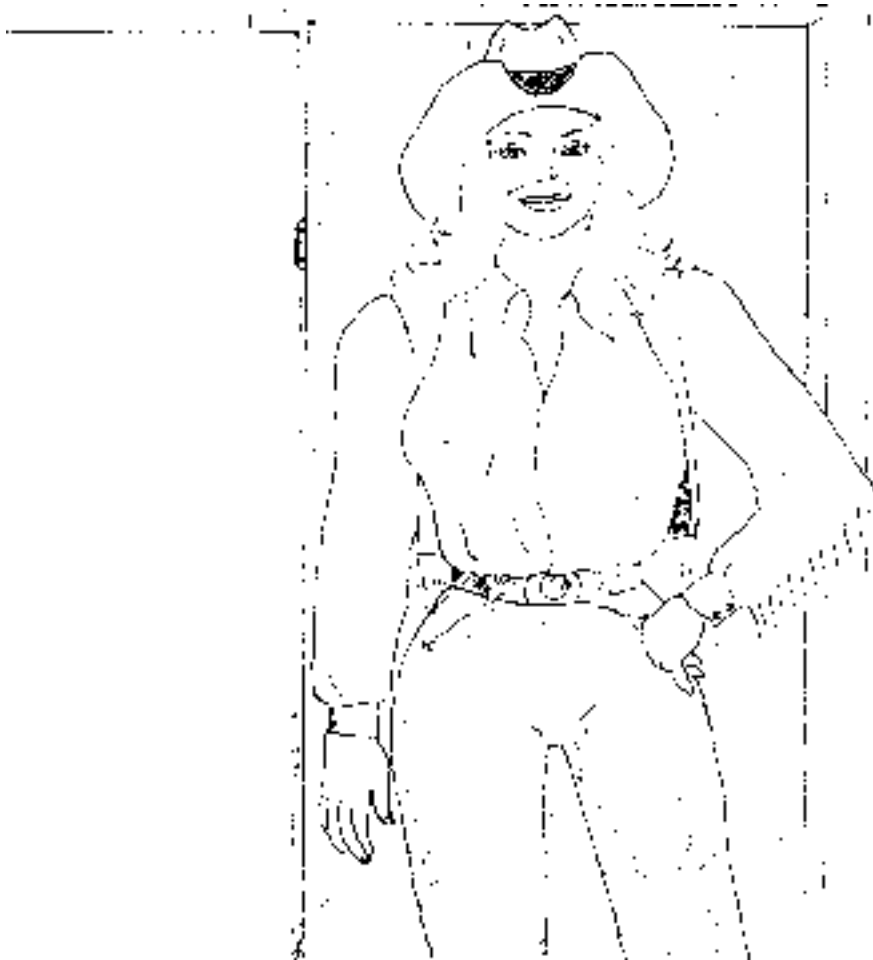


A FARMER'S WIFE

By Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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A FARMER'S WIFE

By Audrey Taylor

I'd been to this dance hall three times this past winter and usually had a pretty good time. The band was lively and I even danced occasionally when I got up the nerve to ask someone. And the wine and snacks were included in the cover price of \$15.00.

It was Friday, the end of a long difficult week at Carson's Supermarket. Ever since I accepted the staff accounting position in October, against my better judgment I might add, my boss had grown more and more demanding with each passing day. She wanted me in at 7:00 A.M. now and allowed me only thirty minutes for lunch, watching me like a hawk until 5:00 P.M. She was literally a slave driver and I only stayed because I had this overwhelming crush on her.

She was gorgeous, a stunning brunette with a delightful smile whenever she laughed, which wasn't often enough, and her body was unbelievable. She took up most of my daydreams, but I never could get up the nerve to ask her out, even for a cup of coffee or lunch.

I guess you've caught on by now. I'm not the super macho aggressive type. And anyway, the supermarket is only four blocks from my apartment. Super convenient.

Tonight I was standing around with some guys I'd just met there who were poking fun at the people on the dance floor. Usually I didn't go in for this kind of stuff but tonight I was kind of going along with it, trying to fit in and be friendly. If you must know, I didn't have many friends.

Both guys were currently discussing a tall full-figured gal dressed in what looked like an authentic western outfit.

"Looks like she just got off the farm," Frank was grinning.

"Probably parked her horse right outside the front door," John added fuel to the fire. "Must have made a wrong turn when she hit Oklahoma."

Frank laughed out loud while I was studying the woman, noting how she seemed to hear John's comments. He was so loud.

Her knowing smirk wasn't pretty to see as she was twirled away by her partner. The look stayed with me awhile as I made a beeline for the men's room.

Returning to that spot I was almost relieved that my two companions were gone. I certainly wouldn't miss them.

A slow dance was being played and I glanced around for a dance partner. It was a whole lot easier leading the woman in a slow one, especially someone I didn't know.

"Hi, partner."

I looked over my shoulder and up into the cowgirl's face.

“Hello,” I managed to stammer, feeling instantly intimidated by her size and firm voice.

She was at least a half foot taller than I and had an unusually husky voice for a woman.

“I couldn't help but notice you and your friends making some loud jokes about Oklahoma and horses (*she had heard*). You wouldn't have been poking fun at me?” Her azure blue eyes intently searched for confirmation from my face.

“I'm really sorry,” I apologized, feeling like a heel. “I just met them here tonight and I'm really glad they're gone. They seemed to get their kicks from putting people down, which really isn't my bag. Can we just forget them? They're really not worth thinking about.”

I hoped she'd soften up and let it go.

“You're right, you know,” her deep voice agreed. “I'm here for some fun and I'm not going to let two stupid idiots spoil it. It's a good thing you're not like them,” her face broke into a smile, “maybe you'd like to dance?”

I was right, her face lit up like an angel's.

“I'm used to doing the asking but I'd be happy to accept your invitation.” I mockingly offered my hand with a smile which she took without hesitation, leading me onto the floor.

Her grip was so firm.

When she lifted my right hand and started to lead, I tried pulling away to change our positions.

But she held me fast and whispered, “Honey, try it this way for a while. I'm really so much taller than you. It'll be a whole lot easier for me to lead you around, don't you think? Just relax and give it a try,” she blew in my ear enticingly, distracting me completely.

Her other arm was tightly around my waist as she directed me quite easily around the dance floor.

All I had to do was relax and go with it. Still feeling somewhat foolish, anxious that someone might notice our reversed positions, I slowly relented. Thank God it was dark in here. When I fully relaxed she pulled me even closer and I could feel her full bosom pressing into me as my head rested against her shoulder.

This was fun. Her pleasant aroma enveloped me as we moved around the floor.

She continued to hold me when the music changed. Then we were both doing our separate gyrations to one of the current hits, working up a pretty good sweat.

“Move that ass honey,” she encouraged me.

I couldn't believe my ears.

“What?” I almost shouted in her direction.

"I love the way you rotate your butt. You move so naturally to the music," she was shouting too, embarrassing me totally.

"Yours ain't bad either," I tried moving the focus to her.

When the music ended she smiled as she grabbed my arm and walked me to the bar.

"Where did you learn to dance like that? You're really good," she was reaching for two glasses of white wine and found us seats in the corner.

"I took dance lessons but that was quite a while ago. With this kind of music I find you just have to let yourself feel the beat and go with it."

"Yeah, well there aren't many folks that feel the beat the way you do. You have such a natural sensuality that comes right through." She downed her drink and looked directly in my eyes, "Makes me want to jump your bones."

Her directness was so startling.

"Sorry there's no bone jumping at these dances," I smiled lamely feeling color come to my cheeks once more. I'd never met a woman like this. I was actually being pursued and it felt kind of scary and wildly exciting at the same time.

"Let's cut out of here," her suggestion caught me unawares. "I've had enough of the smoke and all the noise. I'm in town for only a few more days and I'd rather not waste one moment of it."

She stood up, grabbing my hand to assist me, then directed us towards the exit.

"By the way my name's Sarah Miller, but folks just call me Sam, which I prefer. It's from my initials, Ann being my middle name."

"Cool Sam," I smiled up at her, "I'm Carl Ritter. How about a walk in the park? It should be nice and cool outside and it's just around the corner."

I'd taken the initiative once more trying to gain some control over this exciting situation.

She took my coat check from me to get our coats, "No middle name, Carl?"

"Yeah, it's Miriam," I whispered, not wanting to be overheard.

"Miriam, that's such a feminine name?" she queried me.

"It's for my Grandmother," I responded. "She passed away right before I was born and my Mother wanted to keep her spirit alive."

"That's funny, because Sarah is for my Mother who died right after giving birth to me. I was raised mostly by my Dad and took over the farm when he died, it's almost three summers ago. He lost a battle with lung cancer. He was such a heavy smoker." Tears welled up in her eyes as she spoke of him. Her emotions were so near the surface.

It seemed so natural as she helped me with my coat and we left the hall walking into the cool air of the late spring evening. She took my arm and the lead again without missing a beat.

I kind of enjoyed it, having never really experienced this side of the coin. I just trusted her lead and went whichever way she indicated, happily giving my full attention to everything she said.

We walked along the well lit pathways of the park, delighting in each other's company.

It was pleasant listening to her talk about her father and the farm and the difficulties of handling it alone. She was really in search of a partner, maybe a husband if that's how it turned out. Someone who could help out with all the things that needed attention while she was out working the fields. She detested doing laundry, cooking, cleaning and especially doing the bills. Her interest was in the land and making it productive.

"It's a lot of hard work," Sam was saying, "which I really don't mind. The difficult part is making ends meet. And aside from working there's not really much to do around the farm. If you've a hankering, you can go to town, maybe get a little drunk and even find a piece of ass. But that's about it for excitement. It gets kind of stale after a while. All my wild oats are long since sewn and I'm aching to settle down and raise a family."

She pressed my hand pulling me closer to her. Her breast was pressing against my arm.

"I understand how you feel." I'd been dealing with loneliness for a long time. "I was brought up on a farm upstate as an only child and you can bet I went through some pretty lonely times during my childhood. Aren't there any guys in your neighborhood that interest you?"

I couldn't understand why she was so far from home. I felt so comfortable with her and was kind of surprised that no one had caught her yet, although I could see her pushy side and how it might be a hindrance. It didn't bother me at all.

"I've looked plenty, believe me. There just isn't anyone that's caught my eye." She looked at me as her troubled voice continued, "It's a good thing Papa left me a nest egg, cause I've actually been considering selling the place and calling it quits. I just can't seem to solve all the problems, especially the financial ones. I'm sure Dad would kick my butt if he knew I was thinking of giving up on the land. But I feel like I'm kind of banging my head against a wall."

Her loneliness and a sense of desperation came through loud and clear. It took plenty of guts to work a farm all by your lonesome. And she'd been doing it for three years. My respect for her soared.

"Sam, if you don't mind, I'm feeling a little chilled. Why don't we go to my place for some coffee, to warm up a little? We can pick up some Dunkin Donuts on the way."

"Sounds fine to me," no hesitation again, grasping tightly to my arm as she perked up, "lead the way, darling."

Surrounded by the aroma of freshly baked donuts, I was turning the key to my front door and nudging it open to find the light.

Sam closed it behind us and secured the lock before following me into the living room.

“Take your coat off,” I suggested, “and make yourself at home. I'll put some coffee up. Only be a minute.”

I went to put the coffee up and set the table, putting out plates and cups before returning to see how she was doing.

Her boots were off and she was sprawled out comfortably on the couch watching TV.

“It'll be a few minutes,” I said and she grabbed my ass as I passed on my way to the bathroom.

“So cute,” she smiled.

Whew, she was forward. So different from anyone I'd experienced before. I was starting to feel like maybe I should have hesitated about bringing her back here.

When I returned she patted a spot next to her. I sat down tentatively.

She immediately pulled me close and I felt her lips cover mine as she pressed me into the pillows.

She was rather soft and gentle, surprising me considering how rough and tough she appeared to be. I felt like I might fall into her mouth, her lips seemed to melt beneath mine. Her tongue was tasting every inch of my lips and her hand was gripping my behind demandingly.

Her excitement was causing my own arousal as her tongue penetrated my mouth and I found myself sucking on it greedily. It was delicious and I wouldn't let go even when I felt her hand move around pressing against my surging manhood, causing me unbelievable ecstasy.

Suddenly she was loosening her blouse and bra throwing them to the floor before urgently pulling my shirt over my head. I was mesmerized as she pressed her overwhelming beauties to my bare chest. They felt soft and yielding as her lips found me again and I lost all sense of time and space succumbing completely to her passions.

A short time later we were in the bedroom and fully naked rolling around on the bed lost in our mounting passions.

When finally I penetrated her dripping cavern I couldn't control my explosion and bounced a mile high before coming to rest with her tits waving in my face.

She frowned in momentary disappointment and then simply reversed herself on me presenting her warm dripping cavern to my waiting lips.

I ventured out tentatively with my tongue. I hadn't done this very often but I certainly wanted to please her.

She smelled pretty good and I ventured out with my tongue finding her aroused clitoris and slowly followed the trail from there. She moved around on me and I sensed her surging arousal.

I was getting into it, holding tightly to her thighs as my tongue penetrated deeply into her juices listening to the low intensive moans escaping from her mouth. More jerky movements followed as I tasted every wondrous part of her flowering pussy.

She was gyrating wildly, "Oh dar . . ling, don't . . stop." She stammered forth.

It was difficult keeping my mouth to her as she moved about so frantically, straining against my grip of her legs. My lips greedily slobbered in her wetness. Her clitoris was sucked into my mouth and I ran my tongue over it repeatedly feeling her pressure build once more. She was bucking like crazy and shouting profanities as she finally exploded against me pressing me madly into the bed, drowning me in her hot juices. Her wetness completely surrounded me.

When she finally eased off and laid down by my side it took several minutes for my heart beat to return to normal. She laid half across my body while her lips toyed with my ear.

"That was unbelievable darling. You've got a remarkable tongue. And your buns drive me crazy," her hand was squeezing them again. "I want you again," I felt her hand on my manhood as she licked at my ear.

I gently sucked in her nipple rolling it around with my tongue. I felt her manipulating my penis and I felt myself responding again. Unreal. Another first. I was a notorious one shot guy, but Sam was changing my total image.

The way she held it so firmly and took charge, making me feel so utterly powerless was exposing a new inner excitement in me. I was unable to resist her.

She was masterful at it. Her lips replaced her hand capturing my manhood as her gentle sucking had me gasping with pleasure, even while she was positioning her steaming vagina for further attention from my tongue. It was ecstasy. Somehow she was turned around, sitting on me again, burying me deeply within her and pumping up and down, riding me like a galloping palomino.

When our orgasms came almost simultaneously I thought the bed would collapse from our explosions.

Finally we rested side by side.

Two minutes later I was almost asleep when I felt her move the covers over me.

She went off somewhere and I knew nothing of her return.

I was the first to stir, shading my eyes from the sun streaming through the window. I felt her arm across my belly and tried to move without disturbing her, tiptoeing into the bathroom to start the shower.

A few minutes later I almost jumped out of my skin as she pressed up behind me while I was rinsing off. I'd never heard a peep. I felt her hands all over me and soon she turned me around and kissed me passionately. I felt her breasts and hips pushing into me and her powerful arms encircle me. She was enchanting.

Back in the bedroom she made a strange request. "Honey, do me a favor and wear my panties today. I think you'll look great in them and knowing you're wearing them all day when I watch you walk will give me pleasure."

I had hardly noticed them last night when she undressed. I was so excited by her fierce desires for me, only wanting to please her. They fit rather loosely, while bulging very unladylike in the front.

She ran her hand over my butt voicing her approval.

She had traded with me putting on my jockey shorts which of course were too tight, her hips stretching out the waist band.

We stood together in front of the mirror smiling at our strange image as I stared at her lovely breasts. After we dressed I prepared some breakfast.

“Whoops,” said Sam seeing the kitchen still set from last night, “look what we forgot.” She smiled at me as I removed the coffee pot washing it out so I could make a fresh pot.

“You keep the place so clean,” she noted.

I hate a messy apartment.

“These attributes would sure come in handy at the farm,” she playfully grabbed my ass.

After breakfast including some stale donuts, we went for a stroll outside. We spent a thoroughly enjoyable Saturday together.

She was attentive all day, constantly asking about what I preferred to do.

In the afternoon we saw a movie and then walked through the zoo, admiring the animals while a warm sun baked us pleasantly.

I discussed my job and how I didn't think my career was really advancing.

She reiterated her need for my accounting skills at the farm. “I waste so much time paying the bills and I hate all the stupid records that have to be kept.”

We cuddled in the movies and kissed a lot enjoying the smells and coziness of each other. I was amazed at how comfortable I felt. At one point she opened my fly and played with me through the panties causing me to erupt right there in the seat. Holding tightly to her arm I simply lost myself to her deft manipulation. She held me awhile only releasing me so she could lick her fingers. My stains mingled with hers in the panties.

After our walk in the zoo we returned to her hotel so she could change into something fresh.

I sat in her suite while she showered browsing through some pictures of her property she had brought with her. It was impressive, the house, the large barn and the smaller buildings in the background.

She came in dripping wet with the towel around her waist, her breasts hanging there so enchantingly. She came right over to kiss me, “I missed you, darling.”

Her soft lips were delicious and her fingers were soon unbuttoning my shirt and zipping down my pants while my hands were busy with her majestic breasts. Leaving my panties on, she drew me over to the bed where she lay down beside me tantalizing me with her fingers and lips.

I lay back in pure ecstasy.

When she finally lowered my panties and placed me at her portal I was straining to contain myself. She slowly lowered herself engulfing me and causing my instantaneous eruption. It was earth shattering as I penetrated deeply raising her considerable weight close to the ceiling. The constant arousal all day and the persistence of her wet clinging channel was just too much.

She laid there feeling incomplete until I started nibbling on her nipples.

"I'm sorry honey. The sight of you is just too overwhelming," I let my roving tongue deliver the rest of my apology. I moved down her slick body licking every crevice until her wet forest was rediscovered. Her thighs had gradually separated offering me total access to her pulsating nest. Such pleasure, it's a wonder I'd had so little experience with it in my earlier relationships. She tasted marvelous and I totally lost track of time and her orgasms, refusing to abandon my position.

Finally she pleaded for me to desist and drew me up to lie next to her. She needed desperately to hold me. She kissed my mouth deeply drinking her own sweet juices from my lips. We laid awhile in blissful fatigue, her arm around my shoulder with me nestled up against her breast. She clicked on the TV and we watched an old movie getting under the blankets as the chill in the room started to sink in.

Suddenly she turned it off and looked at me, unable to contain herself any longer.

"Miriam," she preferred using my middle name, "my mind's going a mile a minute. Since last night when I first felt the thrill looking in your eyes, it's been unreal for me." She intently watched for my reaction, "I've never felt like this before. So totally uninhibited and trusting, ready to try just about anything with you."

"Isn't it spooky?" I looked away. "I'm feeling the same way. It's just totally unbelievable," letting my thoughts surface without censoring them. "I'm afraid I'll wake up and find it's only a dream."

"It's really your fault," Sam stared at the ceiling as she expressed some delicate thoughts. "You make me feel so special and enchanting, the way you respond to me so naturally and so accepting. It's astonishing. I just can't seem to please you enough."

I smiled sympathizing completely with her, "Everything about you I enjoy. Your whole demeanor, the way you take charge and how you always check with me before we do something, so concerned with what I want. I love it.

"And our lovemaking," I continued. "I've never experienced anything so deeply and with such abandon. It's overwhelming."

I kissed her neck and ventured to a more sensitive subject, "Do you realize that you haven't once complained about my early ejaculations? You've just automatically found other ways to achieve satisfaction. I can't tell you how relieved I am. It's always been a headache for me."

Sam studied me seriously, "It's really nothing darling. You'll see, once we're together regularly you'll forget you ever had a problem. I'm just so surprised at how well we match up. I've always seemed to bump heads with men, struggling at every turn we made. I thought it was just in my nature. I seem to naturally handle the decision mak-

ing. Dad's influence, I guess. But with you, we haven't had one controversy. Right from our first dance when you allowed me to take the lead, I felt so comfortable with you. We certainly seem to match up well, don't you think?"

"I'm astonished. I've discovered a whole new dimension about myself. I feel such a deep sense of security when you handle all the decision making. It's so strange. Might only be temporary, but somehow I've got this feeling, I don't want to let it go."

"You really think so?" she asked in a doubtful tone.

"I know it's scary, but my feelings have been more intense in the past 24 hours than I can ever remember. I know we hardly know each other, but isn't it amazing how much we've shared in so short a period of time."

I leaned over and kissed her extended nipple marveling at how connected I felt.

Soon we were showering together and she lovingly ran her hands all over my body mumbling about my being so hairy.

"I wish you were smooth like me darling, then I could lick every part of your body without getting hair in my teeth. Want to try it?"

My mind was racing as her hands kept exploring me. I couldn't think of what to say. I was electrified by her suggestion and wondering how it would feel.

"Come on Miriam, I need to get a few things before the stores close," my silence was all the answer she needed.

Five minutes later she handed me a fresh pair of her panties saying I looked adorable in them. It didn't matter that much to me and I needed a fresh pair of underwear anyway.

Soon she was purchasing a jar of depilatory cream plus a cleansing lotion in a nearby drug store. Then we were in a ladies lingerie shop and she bought me several pairs of panties, "which will fit you more snugly," she smiled knowingly at me.

When she bought some matching camisoles and several nightgowns with matching robes in my size I voiced my first objection.

"Sam, don't you think you're going a bit far with this stuff?"

I watched the frown come to her face as she whispered to me enticingly, "I think you'll look adorable in them. I can't wait to see you." She encouraged me, "Try them and if you don't like them we'll forget the whole thing."

I watched her smile return as I nodded my agreement.

With her lugging the bags we grabbed a cab and returned to my apartment. She couldn't wait to apply the hair remover all over my body and kept me standing in the bathroom for ten minutes waiting for the cream to do it's job.

We talked about her farm and the crops she was raising. The house sounded delightful with all the latest conveniences, including a sauna and Jacuzzi. She had a whole barn full of milking cows and of course there were chickens, dogs, cats and even a billy goat, Casper, who hung around the barn, besides the three work horses.

She was growing mainly corn and barley on about 160 acres of developed tracts, a section of her total property which covered well over 1,280 acres. Plenty of room for expansion if she wanted.

“Maybe now you can understand why I could use the help of a partner, a loving one if possible. I have no trouble with the plowing and the farm chores but the house and caring for the animals are just too much. And the bookkeeping is my total nemesis. I avoid it like the plague and when I'm forced to deal with it, I rush through it and can't even get the bank statements to balance.

“Come, I see you're starting to roast (I felt like my skin was smoking). Hurry, get under the water and say good-bye to the old hairy look.”

Watching my hair accumulating at the drain, I lifted my leg and ran my hands over the bare skin, enjoying the smoothness. My chest felt funny as I covered my erect nipples with the fluffy bath towel.

She rubbed me all over trying to dry me while licking playfully at my neck, “You taste good enough to eat.”

Kneeling down she took my pulsing organ in her mouth holding me firmly by my smooth ass, otherwise I might have toppled over.

I felt locked to her, as my pulsating organ seemed to fill her mouth actually puffing out her cheeks a little.

Her intense sucking soon had me gasping my eruption into her receptive lips.

“Delicious,” she said after gulping it down with a smile.

My legs felt wobbly when she released me and then she helped me into the pink nightgown and negligee.

From her own overnight bag she selected something for herself while I rested wearily on the bed trying to get acclimated to my smooth body and the slinky things I had on. Sam obviously liked me looking seductive and it certainly felt pleasant if not a bit weird.

She looked great in her pajamas, much more masculine than my nightie. They hardly hid her luscious curves as I appreciated how her generous breasts ballooned out the top. She joined me on the bed turning on the TV as we propped up the pillows and relaxed side by side.

“I like you this way,” she whispered to me. Like I hadn't guessed. “It really turns me on,” she kissed my neck and started running her hand lightly over the nightgown. It felt so titillating but I was just too beat and soon I felt her lifting the covers, so we could both get under them.

“My little baby's so tired,” she pampered me. “Time for her beauty rest. Good night sweetheart.”

She kissed me gently on the forehead.

“Good night Sam. It's been a wonderful day.”

I turned over and fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 2 Marriage Proposal

It was cloudy Sunday morning as I felt a tongue licking in my ear and felt her holding my erect penis through my nylon gown. Soon she was clearing the way and absorbing me within her warm moist cavern. What a way to wake up, straining to penetrate into her deepest niche. Her muscles squeezed my manhood and soon she was moving wildly too as she arched her back frantically exploding against me. I loved fulfilling her, and watching her slowly return to earth. She rubbed her hanging breasts in my face and then resumed her slow rotating pelvic motion taunting me to join her in orgasmic bliss.

When I lost it and started erupting she pressed fiercely against me making me wonder if we'd become inseparable. We were one.

"What shall we do today, darling?" she whispered as we both lay basking in the afterglow.

"Must we get out of bed?" I asked.

"Not if you don't want to, Miriam. I'll just spend all day exploring your delightfully smooth body." Her hand roamed over my belly and hip. Her touch was so enticing on my smooth skin. I just lay back and enjoyed it.

Hunger finally got to us, our stomachs growling almost in unison, so we dressed and went to breakfast.

I wore my new panties and the matching camisole, which she insisted on. I really didn't mind, but protested a little lest she think I was succumbing without a fight. They both felt so yummy on my smooth body.

While we sat over breakfast she started in again, "Miriam, I really feel you're the one for me."

Was she really saying this? I sat with my mouth open, barely trusting my hearing.

She went on, "I know this is rather quick but I can't help what I feel. I've never felt so comfortable with another human being. I just say whatever I want to you, feeling I have no need to hide anything from you. You seem to accept whatever's going on with me, without making any silly judgments. I don't want it to ever end."

She took a sip of coffee while looking at me intently. She was quite serious, almost driven, and I wondered if spending two days together with anyone was sufficient time to make a decision as important as this one. I also loved our communication, how it flowed so easily between us. Her directness was so refreshing and I realized I'd never have to worry about what was on her mind. It would be out before I had a chance to wonder about it.

I smiled to myself at how I found myself sharing things with her that I'd never considered sharing with anyone. It was wonderful, feeling so open and free with another human being.

Sam was taking out a small box from her pocket and looked me in the eye once more, "Darling, I know the whole story about this being so sudden and all, but I really haven't got much time and I'm sure I don't want to return home without you."

Her beautiful eyes made me feel lightheaded, “Miriam, I love you. I want to marry you and bring you home with me as my partner for life.”

She opened the little box and smiled at me, “Please say yes and wear this ring with all my love.”

I looked at a beautiful diamond ring.

Her captivating interest in my appearance was such a difficult thing for me to accept. She was actually turned on to me, something I'd never even imagined would happen to me. It seemed so implausible that me, Carl Ritter, a thin emaciated accountant was actually turning on this beautiful woman with my insignificant body. What a sense of power, my self-confidence was soaring in the clouds.

However, I told myself, *'don't be an idiot, this could all end as quickly as it began.'*

Yet here she was offering me this beautiful ring and asking me to marry her. She certainly seemed committed.

I took a deep breath watching the ring sparkle in the light, “It's so beautiful. Don't you think it's a bit feminine? You haven't forgotten I'm the man in this relationship, have you sweetheart?”

I couldn't resist picking it up and studying it more closely. No one had ever offered me such a lovely gift before.

“Miriam sweetheart. Must we be saddled with 'you're the man and I'm the woman' and behave according to all the laws laid down for the last thousand years. What's been so exquisite with us is how we've broken with the conventions and behaved exactly how we felt. Why don't you try it on, and see if it fits. I had to guess at your size, and I'm afraid it might not fit right.”

I lifted it to my ring finger and slowly pushed it into place.

“It looks great,” she was literally sparkling. “Is it too tight?”

“Not really,” I smiled lovingly at her, moving my hand around and watching the reflections of the diamond. How strange, that I should be wearing an engagement ring, and yet I couldn't seem to reach out and pull it from my finger. I left it alone and discussed what was troubling me. “Sam, this is very sudden and I need some more time to consider the whole situation. I do know I've loved the past two days, but your proposal is a very serious one and I need some time alone to give it careful thought. I don't want to jump into something this important without considering all the consequences. When I make my decision I want to be fully comfortable with it.”

I looked in her eyes trying to absorb any hurt I might be causing.

“I love being with you and I want our relationship to never end. It's been so glorious. I need some time to catch my breath, by myself, so I won't be continually distracted by you. I hope you'll understand,” I wanted her to understand.

“Of course darling,” she assured me, disappointment creeping out from her tone. “Take as much time as you need. We'll talk more whenever you're ready. Okay sweetheart?”

I nodded my response, feeling an overwhelming pressure leave my shoulders. I just needed time to digest the whole thing. The ring fit perfectly and looked so lovely.

“While your thinking why don't we take a bus tour of the city,” she suggested. “I've wanted to do that since I arrived here but needed someone to share it with.”

We walked arm in arm from the restaurant and I watched the ring sparkling on my finger realizing how delighted I felt wearing it. I never thought about it belonging on her finger. If she wanted me to wear it, then it was okay. Everything that happened between us seemed so perfectly natural.

The tour of the city was fun. Many places I'd already seen, but her enjoyment rubbed off on me. I tried imagining what living on her farm would feel like, and found myself reminiscing about my own farm experiences as a kid. I'd been quite content in my youth, and felt anticipation of reviving those feelings again.

While we walked around an art museum she mentioned casually, “Miriam, if it's all right with you I'll book an extra airline ticket. I can always cancel it if I have to. This way we'll have a reserved spot for you.”

I couldn't think of any objection.

Great. I had a day and a half to resolve my job, my apartment and all the other million and one things, so I could travel with this aggressive demanding woman, who I only knew for two days, to her farm in God only knows where. The pressure was mounting again.

We ended up at her hotel room, both of us feeling kind of melancholy, a little pooped from a long day and I think a little strained from the close proximity we'd been in for over 48 hours straight.

“Sam, it's time for me to get some time alone so I can consider your wonderful proposal. Why don't we take the evening off. I'll take a cab home and call you in the morning if that's okay with you.”

“That's fine Miriam,” she looked at me lovingly, “but I'd really prefer talking to you in person, not over the phone. Why don't I pop by your place for breakfast.” She watched me nod okay, “Come on sweetheart, you must be exhausted. Let's find you a cab, so you'll get home safe and sound.”

Her protective side was showing.

I could only remember my mother caring for me this way.

We kissed good-by once she'd paid the driver and I just sat back to enjoy the ride home. *Whew, she was so controlling taking charge of every little thing.* I wasn't feeling so positive I could handle it on an everyday basis.

When I was getting ready for bed, I wondered about wearing my new nightgown and the phone rang breaking into my thoughts.

“Hi honey.”

It was Sam.

“Just wanted to know you got home okay. Bet you look yummy in your new nightgown. I can't wait to see you in it.”

“Look Sam, nightgowns aren't my everyday attire. I don't mind wearing them once in a while, but just maybe I'd prefer to sleep in my own pajamas tonight.”

“Don't mind me,” her approach softened at my tone of voice. “You just happen to look exciting in them. You do whatever you like. Just get plenty of sleep cause we've got a big day ahead of us.”

“You too honey.”

I blew her a kiss and hung up, immediately jumping up to try on the black nightgown wanting to understand what she saw in me. As it slithered down my smooth skin it felt so different from my regular P.J.s. Feeling a chill I put the negligee on over it going into the kitchen for a snack. Passing a mirror I studied myself carefully for a moment. I looked pretty silly, but it felt so comfortable that I decided to leave it on for the time being.

Later as I sipped some tea waiting for the late news to come on I started thinking seriously about Sam's proposal.

She was obviously hooked on me. This wasn't just a lark for her.

The glitter from my ring caught my eye (must have cost a bundle) and I wondered again at my acceptance of her strange gift. I definitely felt strange wearing it, but couldn't seem to get myself to remove it. I'd never anticipated anything like this would happen to me. I'd always thought I'd be the one catching the girl and all the stuff that went with it. Instead, here I was being reeled in by Sam.

I enjoyed being with her so much that I had already begun to miss her.

She was such fun to be with. And the loving was so unbelievably satisfying. Was that sufficient to make me pack up and move to a farm in the boondocks. I'd never even considered living with another person. And on a farm no less.

Again my thoughts turned to my childhood and all the fun I'd had growing up on our small farm upstate. Taking care of the animals every morning, helping Mom around the house and handling many of the chores required to keep the place running smoothly. I remember how insistent Mom had been about my getting my daily chores done before I could play after school. She'd been such a stickler.

Not growing very big, Pop hadn't used me much in the fields and I'd kind of gravitated to the house, learning from Mom how to handle all the household duties.

She taught me everything, having unusual patience with me, happy to have someone to pass on all she'd learned over the years.

Soon I was sewing, washing the floors, doing the dreaded ironing, washing the dishes including the large pots and just about anything else you could think of, that was in Mom's domain. I even took up knitting, joining Mom in the evening, proudly completing several sweaters for Dad and myself. I remember how much he really liked his and how pleased that made me.

Sam was right. I would probably fit into the farm situation pretty nicely judging from my experience. But, did I want to go back to a farm? I'd been in the city and in an office environment for almost six years.

This would be a drastic change. I'd been planning to move up to accounting manager soon. In fact I'd just updated my resume and was about to start a new job search.

Well, at least if it didn't work out, I wouldn't be disappointed with the accounting position I'd be leaving. Other than leaving my lovely fantasy boss behind and with Sam around she suddenly seemed insignificant. I certainly felt confident I could handle the record keeping for the farm. Maybe I could really help her turn the economic situation around. She sounded really desperate.

The challenge was slowly sinking in. This was a real chance to make a contribution. I might not get another one so soon. To be in total charge of all the financial matters of a business, I certainly wasn't experiencing that at Carson's.

I was still in a quandary as the late evening news came on and my mind drifted away to the events happening around the world. My own little world seemed so trivial. Somewhere along the way I got under the covers straightening out my nightgown which I noticed had a tendency to ride up.

After the weather I clicked the T.V. off and turned over, falling almost instantly into a deep sleep.

My dreams were filled with several naked women chasing me into a barn, my ring sparkling in the sunlight, having great difficulty escaping in my high heeled slippers and flowing nightgown. My face was made up and I looked so much like a woman.