

At Stemmler Farm

“Why do I have to stay at Uncle Allen’s house? There’s nothing to do there! Why can’t I go to Honduras with you guys?” I whined.

My dad’s eyes looked back at me via the rear view mirror. “For the last time, Annie, we’re not going on a vacation. We’re going to build homes for Hondurans. We invited you to join us, but you said, and I believe this is a quote, ‘I’d hate to deprive them of the opportunity to learn how to build their own damn houses.’”

It was indeed a quote. My hippie parents had nearly grounded me for that lack of empathy for the third world. They hadn’t cared when I’d ditched school to go to a Bruno Mars concert. Though only because I’d told them I was attending some protest downtown. “Well there’s actual nice places in Honduras. I could go stay at a hotel and hang out on the beach or something.”

“Uncle Allen had gone out of his way to make preparations for you, and you’re going. You haven’t even visited in years. Maybe it’ll be more fun than you remembered,” Mom offered.

“Yeah, or maybe I’ll get lost in a corn field and never be seen again,” I muttered. But the radio was already back up, more of that god awful authentic Honduran music they’d been blasting all over the house for weeks now, like they were inoculating themselves to it. Only somehow, I knew they were actually *enjoying* this garbage. Or merely trying to, which was even worse.

I don’t know how I got stuck with the lamest family of all time.

Let me be clear about that. I don’t mean they’re the worst. I know some people have families that are abusive, or destitute, or controlling. Mine’s not like that. My parents love me a ton. They tell me all the time, and they’re even pretty good about showing it. No, the problem isn’t that they’re mean, it’s that they’re *lame*.

Take this little bullshit stunt, for instance. A whole month of my summer vacation was about to be flushed down the toilet so they could go do this Habitat for Humanity bullshit. How suck-ass is it that they’re screwing me out of half of my last summer vacation of high school and I can’t even complain? And believe me, I’ve tried. But nothing makes you sound like a worse person than *Ugh, I can’t believe my parents are off to do noble and necessary work helping people in the third world*. I was trapped by their philanthropy.

And of course, rather than let me stay at a friend’s house, no, they insisted that helping my uncle out around his farm would be a good character-building experience. The last time I had to visit Uncle Allen’s farm was in junior high, but considering the place had looked then like it hadn’t changed much in a century, I doubted it was going to be any better after three little years. No internet. No kids my age – no neighbors at all,

actually. No civilization. No entertainment but grainy TV from an antenna and Uncle Allen's lame-ass jokes, which might have been even cornier than the actual corn that surrounded the place.

My parents weren't even dropping me off at his farmhouse, it was so far out in the middle of bumfuck nowhere. No, we were meeting him at a diner in the shitty little town of Brownlee, population 435. It was half an hour away from his place, the closest town, so my parents could make their flight on time. Uncle Allen wasn't even there to meet us, but the middle-aged woman washing down the tables with a rag that looked as old as I was seemed to recognize us. "You the Stemmlers?" I could imagine they didn't get a lot of outsiders here.

"That's us."

"Thought so. Allen called a little bit ago, said he's on his way and to just sit tight."

I delved into the implications of this comment. "Wait, so he *does* have cell phone reception at his place now! Oh thank god!" It would still be rough, but not actual torture.

But the woman only laughed and gave me further cause to resent that smalltown way that everybody mystically knew everybody's business in the county. "What? Heck no, little darlin'. But don't you worry, the landlines work just fine. You'll be able to call your little friends in the city all you like."

"*Call* them?!" I squeaked. The spark of hope was snuffed out instantly. If I got in the habit of calling my friends whenever I got bored, I wouldn't have any left by the time my parents finally returned from Honduras to save me from this rural nightmare.

Dad fuzzed my hair in that annoyingly affectionate way of his. "You're going to be fine, sweetheart. Who knows, you might even build a little character. Now come on, let's grab a table. The food here is actually really tasty, I remember."

"Don't remind me that you actually come from this place," I grumbled, wishing that I could have been banished to some dorky STEM camp instead, or stuck in a halfway house. Anything but this.

"Your uncle and I and Mamaw and Papaw come from this place, which means *you* come from this place."

I would reflect later that he probably hadn't said it to insult me, but at the time, it was the last straw. "Just leave me alone! Go catch your stupid flight to stupid Honduras and build some stupid houses and leave your stupid daughter alone!"

The diner lady frowned in open judgment at my outburst, but my mission was accomplished. Sufficiently chastised, my parents shared a look, then each gave me a quick hug goodbye. I slumped down at a table in the corner and tried not to let that woman see me cry as I watched them drive away.

Uncle Allen pulled up only a few minutes later. He looked quite a bit different from my last visit, I had to admit. Then, he'd been all scruff. Bushy beard, unkempt hair, eyebrows in bad need of tweezing, clothes literally stitched together by hand. Now, he

looked... normal? Better, for sure. He'd lost some weight, I noticed immediately, though he was still a big guy, broad shouldered and tall. Other than the fact that he'd trimmed his beard a bit and had a more normal haircut, it was almost the way I remembered him.

But then there was the vehicle he'd arrived in. A bright red... I don't even know, but it looked badass as hell, a rolling advertisement for its own extravagance. Some kind of fancy sports car with stripes and ridges and tinted windows. The fact that Uncle Allen stepped out of it took me so completely by surprise that I was still staring out the window at it when he walked up to my table.

"Well hey there, Annie. Look at you, all growned up." He put his hands on his hips as he looked me over.

I tried to ignore the greeting. *All grown up* was adult male code for *hey, you got boobs now!* And I was more than used to guys noticing my boobs before they noticed anything else about me. The stupid things sprouted and wouldn't seem to stop. I wasn't the bustiest girl in school, quite, but I was definitely the bustiest *hot* girl in school. Nevertheless Uncle Allen was, after all, my uncle, so I tried not to overanalyze. He'd definitely gotten cooler – or had a major mid-life crisis – since I'd last visited.

I rolled my suitcase out of the way and stood up to give him a brief hug, then we sat down across from one another. After conferring with me, he barked out our orders to the diner lady from across the room – less obnoxious since we were the only two in here – and returned his attention to me.

"So Annie, what's it been, five years?"

"Three and a half, actually. Remember, we came down for Christmas when I was in eighth grade? And we barely made it because of the blizzard?"

"Was it that long ago?" Uncle Allen shook his head. "Boy howdy, feels like another lifetime."

"I'll say. You look, um, different. In a good way, I mean. What gives?"

"Oh, you noticed, huh?" A self-conscious chuckle escaped his lips. He nodded to the car parked only a short distance away out the window by our booth. "Guess I'm not all that subtle, huh."

"Not so much."

"Sure. Well, I got myself out of the corn game and into something that pays a few more bills."

"Oh yeah? What's the new crop? Beets? Broccoli? I hear sweet potatoes are due for another surge." I made sure he could tell I was teasing. Like I knew the first thing about farming.

"Not so much. No, I've gotten into something... new. Something a little... different."

There was something about the way he said it that made me actually curious. What could he possibly be... "Oh shit! Are you a *weed* farmer?!"

“It’s not marijuana. Not any more, anyway,” he said, leaning in close and speaking in a low voice. “I won’t bore you with shop talk. But suffice to say you ought not smoke it, and yessiree, the pay is mighty fine. Mighty fine indeed.”

“Oh.” Lame. Probably some new type of parsley or something. Man, way to get my hopes up. Sitting around stoned out of my mind all summer would have at least passed the time.

We made forced small talk for the rest of the meal, mostly him peppering me with questions about high school. If I was involved in any sports or clubs (I’m not), whether I had a boyfriend (I don’t), or a girlfriend (I *so* don’t), if I knew what I wanted to do after I graduated (I didn’t). By the time I’d finished my meal, he was out of things to ask. We sat there in increasingly frosty silence. We headed over to the Brownlee Supermarket to stock up on groceries, but I was in no mood to be any more helpful about that than I’d been at the diner. He piled the cart high – “no sense making extra trips if we don’t need to, right Annie?” *UGH* – and stuffed it into the trunk. With that, we left Brownlee behind and set our course for my personal hell.

The car handled like a dream. I’d give him that. Uncle Allen had tried to teach me to drive a tractor once, but when I’d nearly stripped its gears, he gave up on that right quick. I doubted he’d be keen on risking his posh new ride on yours truly. He invited me to control the radio, though, which was when I discovered that they didn’t even get FM stations out here. With my options between a country station, some loudmouth hick pushing an agenda that would make my parents lose their minds, and an infomercial for something called BriteSmile, I subjected us to a half-hour long toothpaste ad and cranked up the volume.

Unlike Uncle Allen and his car, the farm had undergone no modernization. Everything looked much like I remembered it. I knew we were close when we turned off the gravel road onto a dirt driveway surrounded by enough trees that I could barely see the fields beyond. The house was a broad ranch with flaking green paint, though the carport looked new. It was all wood, and I’d have bet anything he built it by hand. It still managed to look already weathered, even though the car looked fresh off the assembly line. The interior of the house was decorated with faded photos and old books, many of them passed down from my great-grandparents and beyond, their titles in calligraphic German. He showed me to the guest room, right next door to his own, where a twin width bed that was a mere five feet in length awaited me. It had barely been tall enough for me last time I was here; now, I’d be sleeping with my toes hanging out over space. Once upon a time, this had been my dad’s bed. Weird.

I made excuses for why I didn’t want to hang out right away and curled up in the bed resentfully, looking through my own photos on my phone, wishing I could still see the envious comments from when I’d uploaded them to instagram. For dinner, I snuck into the kitchen for a glass of water – *yech, well water!* – and a PB&J.

I stonewalled Uncle Allen pretty hard that first day, no lie. We had to share a bathroom, so other than nearly walking in on him, I didn't see him again. It was a temporary means of channeling my impotent rage, sure. But for that one day, I made my displeasure known.

Not surprisingly, he was up before I was the next day. I could hear him out in the fields, whistling while he... did whatever he was doing. It wasn't a very big farm, after all. When Aunt Kellie left him – and more upsettingly for him, took my cousins with her – he hadn't been able to do it all on his own any more, and had sold a lot of the land and equipment to county, which they'd left to rot in some sort of effort to increase scarcity and drive up crop prices. It was a nice day, though, and there was only so much my phone could entertain me without the necessary internet. I waited until I saw Uncle Allen heading into the barn, then slipped outside to go for a walk.

The family farm, while not the sort of place I wanted to squander a month of my valuable remaining social life, nevertheless really was beautiful. God's country, Dad called it, and on that we agreed. (I wasn't ready to give either of them the satisfaction of admitting it to their face, though.) The land was formed of soft rolling hills, and copses of trees graced the terrain here and there. The house itself was on top of the tallest hill in the area, which made it hard to get lost. There was a little pond nearby, deep enough for swimming, and I was at least country enough not to be squeamish about the occasional fish, frog or turtle.

Whatever it was that he was growing, I didn't recognize it. Which wasn't saying much. I'd mistaken the leaves of my parents' carrots in the garden for weed once, even sworn I'd gotten high off of it. But this was a strange thing. The plants were tall, almost as tall as I was, and had thick leaves with tiny silver hairs on them. Some of the smaller ones had blossoms that were still in the process of wilting from spring, but pretty much all of them had these little red berries growing on them. I didn't recognize them. They looked almost like cherries, round and deep red, but they were softer, littler. I plucked one, gave it a sniff. It smelled really tart. Had I picked one that wasn't ripe yet? But after a few more selections, they all had that same odor.

I squished one between my fingers and gave the juice inside a lick.

Sure enough, the thing tasted like it smelled. It was frustrating, because there was a sweetness underneath it that had some potential, but as it was, no thanks. A shame. I tossed the thing away and wiped my fingers off on some of the leaves. I continued on my way until I found the hill I'd been looking for, the one with the huge oak tree at the top. There it was, the flat mossy rock I remembered from previous visits when I was a kid. I settled in at the base, pulled my notebook out from the back of my overalls, and doodled.

I wasn't going to try to make it as an artist or anything, but I was pretty good by the standards of my peers. I got A+'s in all of Mrs. Treveiler's art classes, and I was

usually pretty happy with what I made. Mostly it was people, sort of balloony and round and lighthearted, but once in a while I tried something more realistic for a challenge. Today though, no challenge. My pencil went right to one of my staple characters, Titters. (Don't judge; I named her that when I was a kid and didn't even know what the word people always giggle about meant.)

It was only after about a half hour or so that I realized I felt... funny. My head leaned back against the trunk of the oak, and it was like my head was under some upside down water or something, like there was this dizzy bubble of sloshy resistance around it. It was pretty subtle, but I've been high before and I knew the signs. (Hell, Mom was the first person to let me try weed when I was fourteen. I *knew* the signs.) It took me a while to reason it out, but not that long. The berries!

Well how do you like that? Uncle Allen must have gotten into pot farming once the state went legal, and transitioned from one recreational drug to another. Whatever this was, though, I hadn't heard of it. Was it like a raspberry/marijuana hybrid? No wonder he was driving that car! Natural grown edibles? He was growing money!

I had another berry in my mouth in moments. The tartness was even more pronounced, this time, but it wasn't so bad. Hell, if this stuff was going to get me well and truly high, who cared? I gulped that sucker down, and made sure I had a few more handy in case that dose was insufficient. Then I laid down facing the sky, closed my eyes, and...

I stumbled back in the front door sometime that evening. What a day! I had gathered some serious data. For one, I had conclusively determined that those berries, whatever they were, were fucking amazing. That was the main piece of data. I had really studied the shit out of that one.

It was a very smooth high. Gradual rise, gradual diminishing. If it had even diminished. I wasn't sure. My "lunch" consisted of a few berries and some water drawn by hand from a pump I stumbled across not too far from my tree. The afternoon only grew more intense. The effect was mostly euphoric, aside from that one side effect. Relaxing, dizzy, a little giddy... it was a solid mellow buzz. 10/10, would recommend.

Oh, what was that one side effect?

They made me horny as fuck.

I don't normally even get horny. Not really. Like, if a guy was really really hot, maybe took his shirt off and waved that eightpack flag, sure. But I didn't have any self-control problems like a lot of my girlfriends seem to. My not having a boyfriend wasn't about looks – obviously – it was about not wanting to donate three nights a week so some gropy high school boy could practice not caring about satisfying a woman. I had some experience, yeah, but my imagination was pretty much always better than the real thing. So far, anyway. I'd held out hope that it would get better. Mom said it did.

But today? Boy oh boy, if that oak could talk... It'd probably say *wow I've never seen a girl masturbate that much before*. Because I probably did like... man, I don't even know how many times. One, maybe? Like, once I decided I was a hundred miles from anybody and there was no harm playing around a little, I went to town on myself. At some point, I figured my overalls were super in the way and I took them right off. Panties too. I used my overall shorts as a blanket to keep my bare ass from getting grass-stained while it squirmed and writhed all day long with my fingers knuckle-deep in pussy.

Uncle Allen was in the kitchen, and I could smell dinner before I even came in the house. I was still feeling it when I strolled back in. Not as bad, I told myself. Mostly because the thought of being that turned on in front of my uncle was pretty creepy. But I'd be lying if I said my pussy wasn't still a little tingly.

"Well hey there, Annie. I was wondering if you were out and about or holed up in your room playing possum. Dinner's on – steaks – and it'll be ready soon."

"Groovy," I said, then giggled. *Yeesh, Annie. Play it cool.*

"You have fun today? I kept an eye out for you, but I figured a girl your age ought to be able to take care of herself without her uncle being a second shadow."

"Yeah, totally. You?"

"Hey, when you love what you do," he said with a smile. Oh right, he worked. Like people do. Duh. Working men were hot. Not this one, obviously, but in general.

“Um, I think I’m gonna take a shower first, if that’s OK. It smells great, by the way. I’ve hardly eaten a thing all day.”

“See you on the other side, dirty birdy.” He swatted me on the bottom as I walked past.

OK, so for one, yes, I know that was super inappropriate. My family’s always been fast and loose with physical affection, and my uncle was no exception. Still, I’m not a little girl any more, and whether or not that was OK then, it’s for sure not now. I know that.

Only...

I got myself off twice in the shower. It was only when the water ran cold that I realized how long I’d let it go. To be very clear: I wasn’t jilling myself to my uncle. I’m not a total freak or anything. But my skin felt so tingly, and my ass was just *boom* and it deserved to be touched a little more, and that hand, so casual, and yeah, Uncle Allen actually looked pretty good these days, and...

All right, so maybe I was a *little* bit of a freak. But hey, we’re all entitled to a dirty fantasy or two. I’d been raised in a sex positive household. I just hoped Uncle Allen wasn’t thinking along those same lines as me. That’d be super gross. I guess.

“So what’d you do today?” he asked as I sauntered back in, hair still damp. He’d kept my steak in the oven to keep it warm for me, and passed the plate over along with a glass of water and a bowl of applesauce. It looked as though he’d already finished while I was busy... *Oof. Don’t think about it in front of him. Not cool.*

“Not much. Sorta went for a walk. Sketched a little in my notebook.” This was true. The sketches had lost most of their clothes by mid-afternoon, but Titters had a hell of a rack on her and she wasn’t gonna land a man with those puppies covered. If I had meant to name her after that part of the anatomy, she’d have earned it.

“Oh yeah? Your folks tell me you’re quite the little artist. Can I see?”

“No!” I paled. “Sorry, I’m just... very private about... um... my art.”

“Oh, sure. Right. I remember when I was your age, I had my personal space too. Of course your pa never much respected it, but we really only had each other. These days, I’d trade my best acre for some companionship.”

“Well... you got me,” I offered around a mouthful of applesauce. “For another month, at least.”

“And I am glad of it. Can’t bribe my own kids to come out here any more.”

I saw my cousins more than I did their dad, and I knew the odds of any of them wanting to come back and work this land someday were slim to none, too. They’d inherit the place and promptly sell it off without a second thought.

“Yeah, they’re pretty snobby nowadays. But it’s actually kinda cool here. Peaceful, you know?”

“Look at you, trying to put a brave face on it.” He flashed that broad, solid grin of his. “Now I know this wasn’t how you wanted to spend your summer, but I couldn’t be more pleased for to have you, for my part. Pretty soon I knew you’d be all growed up, wouldn’t have time to come out and visit the old place with your old uncle any more. It means a damn sight to have you here, Annie, truly it does.”

I couldn’t help but smile back. Everything felt great. “I’m glad, Uncle Allen. And really, this place is pretty cool.” I took a moment to chew, then asked as casually as possible, “So what’s the new crop? Some kind of berry, looks like.”

“Oh, you saw that, did you? Well, it’s a little something special, as a matter of fact. I’m not supposed to talk about it. Folks in Brownlee think we’re hemp farmers, but it only took a year to prove that it didn’t quite grow right in our soil. Still, I made a few contacts, folks who had a little something they wanted grown, and we fit the bill.”

“Little something? What is it?”

“We call it a stemberry. Not on account of its stem, o’course, but that’s us, the Stemmler family. I’m sure the name doesn’t stick by the time it gets to market, but that’s my name for it at least, and the buyer don’t seem to much mind what I call it so long as they get their harvest. And so long as I keep mum about what’s really out there in those fields.”

I blinked. “Wait, are you saying... what are you saying?”

“Without wanting to put too fine a point on it, let’s just say it’d be better if you kept the stemberries between us Stemmlers. Follow?”

Holy...! “So these stemberries, they’re... illegal?!” I don’t know why my voice dropped to a whisper.

“Not exactly, though probably not long before your Uncle Sam tries to put down what your Uncle Allen tried to raise up. Still, the profit margin’s mighty fine, and I mean to ride this stallion while she’ll bear me. Only thing is, make sure whatever you do, you don’t try none for yourself, right?”

I braced myself for my first ever familial drugs-are-bad lecture. My parents had always been more the sort to say drugs are complicated. To them, it was the cops who were bad. But hey, if Uncle Allen wanted to give me the Just Say No, I’d let him. But when it didn’t come, I had to prompt him to expand. “Why not?”

“Just don’t, all right? You know enough not to go eating strange berries you find, don’t you? No telling how you might react to those things.”

“Why, how do most people react?”

“Don’t you worry about most people. Look after your own self, Annie, and forget the rest. Just promise me you won’t try none, all right? I meant to tell you this earlier, but last night... and this morning you was sawing logs fit to tie Paul Bunyan himself. Now promise.”

I held up a hand. “I promise.”

It took less than twelve hours to go back on the promise. Once he was up and about the next day, I grabbed breakfast and packed a lunch, then slipped out of the house and made for my tree, snagging a handful of stemberries along the way. I'd learned a little bit about which ones tasted a little better, or maybe less bad was a better way to put it. It was the bigger, juicier ones, where the skin was good and taut. It was almost like eating a sour grape. Except grapes only get you drunk, and not if you just eat them off the vine.

I was more focused that day, at least. Yes, it filled me with that same delirious, lazy, sexual thrill, but today I applied a little discipline and kept on with my drawing. Lots of the greatest art was created by people who were experimenting with this drug or that. Maybe I'd be the first great stemberriest, or something.

I brought in more characters that day. It wasn't a comic, quite, but more a rough progression on a theme. First thing, as the stemberries were just setting in, I drew Titters and her friend Humbus on a teeter totter under a tree that I tried to make like mine. Then another with the two of them on a tire swing, hugging around the rope, as their friend Buttersly pushing her on a tire swing hanging from a branch. It was tricky to get all the angles and lines right, and I wasn't thrilled with the results, but as Mrs. Treveiler had taught me, I learned a bit of what didn't work from my explorations.

By the time I'd removed my shorts to let my smoldering pussy breathe a little, I'd moved on from an image with Titters sharing a milkshake bearing two straws with a new boy character I named Alby. I gave Alby a bit of a beard, and two big, strong hands. The next image, they were leaning across the table kissing, sort of a Lady and a Tramp thing except it didn't make sense for them sucking on their straws to draw their lips together. I didn't care, though. She deserved a good kiss.

The next image, Alby was under the table with his face between Titters' two shapely thighs. That one took some time to do, since I couldn't ignore the itch between my own any longer. I alternated between drawing and rubbing out a steady stream of half-orgasms. That might sound frustrating, but it was actually the most relaxed I'd ever felt in my life. It was like a real orgasm was so much *work*, but this was enough to reward without making a fuss.

The next one, Titters was bent over the table, bare-assed, her pussy dribbling down her leg as Alby spanked her silly with those unbelievable hands I'd given him. *That* one brought on a few full orgasms. But by then, I'd gotten tired of trying to make new drawings, and was happy to stare at the ones I'd made and frig myself into a stupor.

The sun was just starting to get low in the sky before I realized how long I'd been at it. I shuffled back toward the house, though I was almost to the crest of the next hill before I realized I was naked. When did I take the rest of my clothes off? Either way, probably a good idea to go back for them. I was still high as fuck on the stemberries, but hopefully Uncle Allen wouldn't notice.

Dinner that night was microwaved hot dogs, which was perfect because it meant we ate in the living room watching gritty network television rather than face to face talking. Uncle Allen seemed pretty fixated on it, thank god, because my hands kept straying to my tits and my thighs whenever I stopped focusing on them.

“You remind me a bit of your Aunt Kellie sometimes, you know that?” he said during a commercial.

“Oh yeah? How’s that?” I was surprised, and a little flattered. Aunt Kellie – not that she was my aunt any more, technically, but she was my cousin’s mom so what the hell was I supposed to call her – was a hell of a looker, even if she was a totally superficial bitch most of the time.

“Just that... it’s nothing.”

I wasn’t curious enough to press the issue. Plus, the sooner he stopped talking, the sooner he’d look away and I could go back to grazing my fingertips on my inner thighs in my overall shorts. He soon did. I soon did.

“Annie, you know I don’t pass judgment on a person so long as they aren’t hurting nobody,” said Uncle Allen as he stood up to return his dishes to the kitchen, “but you might consider that you’re getting awful womanly to run about wearing overalls and no undershirt.”

I... what?! I gasped, clutching my hands across my tits before I had to confront the reality that I’d been sitting there for almost two hours with an acre of cleavage and two more of voluptuous sideboob on display. Had I forgotten my shirt under the tree? Oh my gosh, that was so funny. Fucking stemberries, right?

Also... did Uncle Allen really notice that I’d “gotten womanly?”

“I have to take a shower!” I called out as I darted across the hall. I took most of that shower on my knees so I didn’t lose my balance when I came, imagining all the while Uncle Allen’s approving gaze roving my slowly tanning flesh.

The next day, I got exactly two things drawn. The first was a larger, more detailed version of Alby that I drew first thing, before I'd imbibed either of the two stemberries I'd picked for the day. Only two. No more getting crazy.

Alby was a barrel-chested fellow, tall and hirsute. An abundance of hair graced his chin, his head, his bare forearms, and what he revealed of his chest. All man, Alby. He had an easy smile and a little sparkle in his eyes. And if I overemphasized his bulge, so what. Most observers probably wouldn't even notice.

The other, which I managed five stemberries later around mid-afternoon when my fingers were starting to prune up from my gushing wet pussy, was also Alby, except this time dick only. Drawn to scale. And what a fucking scale.

I was in the midst of fucking myself into oblivion with a cuke I'd snagged from the kitchen that morning – be prepared, Mom always says – when I heard a voice calling my name. Naked, on my hands and knees with my ass in the air, my cunt stuffed with a vegetable while I made out with my own drawing of a cartoon character's dick, I probably should have reacted a bit quicker. But it was only Uncle Allen.

I'd barely managed to tug my shirt back on when he appeared over the next hill, looking this way and that, his head barely visible over the field of stemberries. I'd foregone putting my panties back on. What was the point? And I hadn't worn a bra since the first day I'd been here. Which was kind of odd, I guess, big as my titties were. God that word was awesome. Titties. Pussy. Dick. Uncle Allen. Twat.

I waved at him, and he made his way up the hill toward me.

"There you are, Annie. Should've figured you'd be out this way. This is one of my favorite spots, too."

Should I have my legs spread wide like this? I guess I was still wearing shorts. Sort of loose ones, I guess, but whatever. Not like he hadn't seen a pussy before. And mine was awfully womanly. I giggled. In a womanly way, I hoped. "Yeah. I sooooo love it here. Super pretty."

"It is that. This where you like to do your drawings, eh? I can see why. Mind if I take a gander? Don't get much art out here."

"Sure," I slurred. I held out my pad without thinking. At least, not until he was already looking at the giant dick pic, blurred by my tongue's vigorous application. It made me miss the taste of real cock.

"Uh, Annie..."

"Oopsie! No, just ignore that one. That's, like, a joke. See?" I laughed, but I think I sounded a bit like a crazy person. Which made me laugh harder, crazier. Uncle Allen arched an eyebrow and flipped through the pages, pausing here and there. I wondered what he thought of Titters and her huge titties. Her dick-sucking lips. She'd never had lips like that before, but I thought she'd like that. Alby deserved it, for giving her that amazing fat veiny suckable fucktastic dick.

“Annie, now... I have to ask you a question, and I want you to answer me truthful. Understand?”

“K,” I said.

“You haven’t been eating none of them stemberries, have you?”

I giggled. Like I was gonna fall for that! “Nooooo,” I said innocently.

“You’re sure?”

“Oh my gosh, Uncle Alby, I would totally tell you if I had, OK? Gosh, just drop it already!” I tried to look huffy. It was hard, because everything felt so good. God, I wondered if his dick were half as great as the real Alby’s. Or, well, the fictional Alby’s. Whatever.

“If you’re sure. It can be fun and all, but I’d hate to see you—”

“Aw, you’re so sweet.” Impulsively, I leaned up and kissed him on the cheek. A long kiss on the cheek. Like, weirdly long, probably. I didn’t care. I had my lips on something warm that wasn’t my own finger. He tasted... rugged. Manly. Sexy.

I didn’t even remember he was my uncle right then. He was just a man. A man I could kiss. Kiss, and maybe—

“Whoa there, sweetheart. Don’t think I miss my wife *quite* that much,” he said once he’d stumbled back, extricating my lips from his right before I could get a hand down his pants. Damn.

“Oh. Yeah, I guess not. Sorry. I guess it’s just such a nice day, you know, for making out or whatever.”

“Yeah, I reckon it is. Now you and your doodles make the most of it, OK? I’ll be around. See you come supper time. Pork chops, tonight.”

“Aw, can’t we have more wieners?” I giggled hysterically.

“We got some more in the fridge, if that’s more to your liking.” He kissed the top of my head before he left, and I’m pretty sure he pinched my ass, too. Or was that me? Oh, I hoped it was him.

It was the phantom of that pinch that motivated the next four hours of casual jilling.

I did remember my clothes that night. All of them. Even my panties, though I just tucked them into a pocket. What was the point? I’d only soak through them in minutes anyway. My cum was starting to taste like stemberries, I swear. (I guess I started lapping my cunt juice off my hand at some point.) Was it appropriate? Ironic? It was awesome was what it was. Everywhere I went, I carried the fragrance of my stemberry pussy with me.

Pork chops were delicious. I excused myself for a shower halfway through dinner when Uncle Allen was talking about how he wished he’d started landed the stemberries contract before Aunt Kellie left. It made me think about my hot aunt fucking my uncle’s

brains out. Was that what he meant? I don't know. Maybe the money it was making him, like she would've stayed if he'd had that cool car. But probably the fucking, too.

I didn't realize I'd started stripping off my clothes on my walk down the hallway, in full view of the kitchen table, until I almost tripped over them on my way out to the fields for a midnight stemberry snack. Uncle Alby hadn't complained, though, so I guess he didn't mind. Not minding that I was being such a horny little slut was so fucking cool of him. I might be willing to visit the farm even if it didn't have stemberries, just to chill with Uncle Alby.

Or was it Allen? In my dreams that night, they pretty much turned into one in the same. Both were pretty hot. Alby made me sound like a silly horny twat cooing nicknames at her lover. Uncle Allen... well that just dirty as fuck, wasn't it. He could be both, I decided.

When I stumbled out the front door that morning after a necessarily hearty breakfast, I was buck naked. Was it wrong? Probably. Stupid? Sure. Slutty? You bet. Hot as fuck? Damn straight. I didn't want anything between me and nature. For what could possibly be more natural than these thoughts and urges I'd been having? Clearly my body had been *made* for sex. And not just any sex. Anybody could have sex. I'd been designed for *hot* sex. *Dirty* sex. Hot porny all day all night sexathons. Raw dog big dick deep throat honey twat nonstop stemberry *fucking*.

I never made it to the tree. I saw the pond, and the old rickety homemade raft Uncle Alby had made for me when I was little still sitting by the shore. I shoved it in, hopped aboard, and that was my day. Drifting around the pond, toes dabbling in the water while I thrust out come after come, singing out invitations for anybody who cared to come use me. Every so often my head would clear, if only a tiny bit, long enough for me to climb ashore and find some fresh berries. It was growing dark when I realized I probably should go back and pound my pussy in the shower, like the other however-many nights I'd been here. Showers were so hot. Maybe I'd get lucky and Uncle Allen would walk in on me, see my fingers stabbing into my pussy, and offer to take over.

Uncle Allen was waiting for me on the porch. I skipped up to him giddily, almost tripping on the front steps, leaving me little choice and no compunction about falling into his lap. Mm, he was solid. I put a hand on his pecs.

"I was starting to think you weren't ever coming back," he said. His hand found its way to my bare hip. Man, he was chill. His naked niece curled up on his lap groping him and he barely reacted, almost like he'd expected it all along.

"Of course I came back, Unkie Alby. You couldn't make me leave this place if you tried." I kissed him. When had I kissed him before? That had been great. I'd been doing it in my head for days, seemed like. The real thing was so much better.

"And I would never try," he said. "You hungry?"

“Yeah, but not for food.” I snort-laughed.

“Oho? What can I do you for, young lady?”

“Mm, you can do me for the rest of the night,” I moaned. This time, my tongue went right in his mouth. He was such a good kisser. I missed his beard though. Maybe he could regrow it for me. But would it tickle my thighs when he ate me out? Worth it, I decided.

“You know, it’s been on my mind for a long time, knowing how alone I am out here, and how there ain’t been anybody apt to come back when I’m gone.” I wanted him to keep kissing me, but he wanted to talk, so I just sunk to my knees and kissed the crotch of his jeans instead. He was so hard. Was he huge? I bet he was huge.

“When your folks told me you was needing a place to stay, why, I admit that I may have applied a little pressure, guilted your old dad into giving his big brother a little company. They was going to make you stay with friends.”

“Thank you, Unkie Alby,” I murmured, working down his zipper. Boxers! Damn it. I’d forgotten people wear underwear.

“Oh, don’t you go thanking me just yet. Why, I have another confession to make, and this one’s a bit of a hum-dinger. I don’t know that you can forgive an old man for his weakness, but nonetheless I reckon you’ve a right to know.”

“I forgive you,” I mumbled as I tried to fish his cock out through the slit in his boxers. It was *throbbing* in my hand. I could feel his heartbeat. Or maybe that was mine.

But he ignored my unquestioning absolution. “You see, I might’ve, ah, played a little part in making you...”

“A horny little slut?” I looked up at him, but only for a moment. I’d finally found my angle. There it was. Uncle Allen’s dick. It was everything I’d dreamed of. Like it had been made to fit perfectly in every single one of my greedy, needy holes.

“Right, that. You see—”

“You let me eat those stemberries, and they made me high and horny,” I finished. I loved that he kept talking while I was trying to blow him. There was something soothing about it. There was something soothing about everything, thanks to the stemberries.

“What? You think the stemberries...? Heavens no. The stemberries are just an additive. Guess they refine them for some sort of sugar substitute? I don’t rightly understand the how of it, but it took off like crazy. Why, you’ve been eating them? When you told me you weren’t?”

I nodded. It wasn’t the only thing I was eating, though. His cock was delicious. I savored every single inch of it as I eased it as far down my throat as I could.

“Sweetie, no. I only warned you off of those things because I thought you might be allergic. I remember your ma told me you had a whole slew of little troubles like that,

and I worried for you. Hell's bells, if those berries did all this, I'd never have let you go running around unsupervised. Could've overdosed yourself with nobody to find you."

I coughed up a bunch of spit on his dick. but he didn't flinch. What a cool dude, letting me get some much-needed and even-mucher-desired practice at sucking his dick. "Huh? Oh. So then, like, why am I...?"

"Oh, my buddy did me a favor when I sold him forty acres worth of my marijuana crop. Guess he's also into some sort top secret who knows what, but even top secret folks need to get their fix. Anyway, long story short, I put a filter on the well pumps that makes anybody who drinks from it turn all... well, I think you know."

"Wait, what?" I paused my fellating to study him quizzically.

"Yeah, I know, I wasn't proud of it. But I knew you was coming up mighty womanly, and, well, I guess I was getting sorter desperate for somebody to share this farm with me. Another Stemmler, like it ought to be. And I figured..."

"You figured you'd trick my parents into sending me out here so you could drug me into being your helplessly horny fuck slave?"

He nodded. "That's about the size of it."

"Cool, cool." *Lick*. "But... why didn't *you* get horny?"

"Bottled water. I picked it up in Brownlee while you was having your tantrum. Taste ain't what I'm used to, but it ain't half bad."

I took a few licks up and down his cock as I considered all this. "So, what happens now?" I asked.

"Well, from the look of you, you're pretty far gone. Is that so?"

I shrugged. "Yeah, I guess. I mean, I'm naked and sucking your cock and I can't stop playing with myself. Seems pretty far gone to me." I was pretty sure I would never normally blow my uncle. Which to my warped mind only made me doubt the value of normalcy, because I was already sure I'd never get enough of this thing.

"Right. So we'll telephone your ma and pa, and you tell them how much fun you're having. That way, when you tell them you want to stay on permanent-like in a few weeks, it'll all seem right as rain to 'em."

"Wait. You mean, you want me to move in with you? Like, forever?"

He nodded, brushing a few strands of hair back over my ear. Probably to give him a better view of my tits. Though, since I wasn't sucking him off at that moment, I may as well show them off better, I supposed. I leaned back and pressed them together with my biceps. It would help remind him how fuckable they were. Nobody'd ever let me give them a titty-fuck before. I could hardly wait.

"What do you say, Annie? You want to stay here with me, take up the family business?"

"Will you fuck me? Like, often? Please?"

“That depends on how convincing you can be with your folks, I reckon. But for now, why don’t we make a little down payment on it. I reckon that’s the least I owe you.”

“Down payment? You mean... sex?” I brightened.

He nodded.

Without another word, I led him to the shower, and this time, I didn’t have to imagine.

ONE MONTH LATER...

It was so weird wearing clothes again. Sure, he'd taken me to the library in Brownlee a few times so I could browse the internet for costumes and lingerie just for play and seduction. Not that I was often level-headed enough to play a character, but we'd found it less and less necessary to keep me doped up. Nowhere near as bad (good?) as that first week. Nope, just enough to make sure I didn't snap out of it one day and realize I was giving up my whole life to move to a farm in exchange for enough of this drug to make sure I never ever stopped wanting more of my uncle's cock.

It was a pretty good trade, if you asked me. You haven't really been fucked until you've been able to primal scream your brains out when you come without fear of anyone hearing. Once or twice I'd gotten sober enough that the prospect of one day giving birth to my own cousins was pretty fucked up, but I just told Uncle Allen and we adjusted my dose so I could get back to contentedly blowing him. Most days I had his cock in my mouth for at least two hours. It would be more if I had my way, but I understood that the needs of the farm came first.

Sometimes I'd squeeze into the cabin of the tractor with him so I could suck him off while he drove it. It wasn't very safe, but you know me. I never get too worked up, except about filling my pussy.

Today, though, was different. Today, my parents were coming to finalize things. Back from Honduras, and coming to have a "face-to-face heart-to-heart" as Mom had put it. But I was ready.

It wasn't going to be an easy talk. For one, it was a big ask. Barely eighteen and moving away from my parents. My parents had never put much pressure on me to go to college, but finishing my education with a GED administered by my uncle was not what they'd had in mind. Plus, I'd decided to up my dose in case seeing my parents made me realize how insane this was, so I was pretty extra horny. Uncle Allen and I had rehearsed "normal" behavior in preparation for today, but still, I'd be amazed if I made it through the encounter without at least a couple masturbation breaks. But we'd turned off the water to the shower so I didn't get tempted to spontaneously dive in and play.

Turns out showers really turned me on for some reason. Water in general. Uncle Allen had fucked me in the pond like a million times by now. That thing was probably like 20% cum. If he ever lost track of me on those days where I wandered off to jill around the farm, it was one of the best spots to find me, after our oak.

I smoothed my dress as we heard my parents' car coming down the drive. God I hated having my pussy out of sight. How would men see how wet and ready I was and want to fuck me the second my thighs spread if I didn't let them see it? It was a cute dress, plenty of cleavage, but nowhere near as good as just letting my titties hang out so men could grab them whenever they felt like it. Fuck them. Suck them. Lick them.

“Shhh,” Uncle Allen cautioned.

Oh, right. All this isolation has turned me pretty bad about sharing my thoughts out loud without realizing it. With a self-conscious giggle, I apologized and settled in.

Mom and Dad hopped out of the car and we ran toward each other to hug. They felt so solid. How big was Dad’s dick? *No, Annie. Control yourself.*

Or better yet let Daddy control me.

I said no, damn it!

We exchanged greetings, and then they repeated it with Uncle Allen. Alby, he let me call him when we were alone. Unless he wanted to be Mr. Take Charge Uncle Farmer Man, in which case I could go back to Uncle Allen. Whichever, as long as he fucked me. But like we’d rehearsed, today it was only Uncle Allen again.

Everyone came inside and, at our invitation, they told us all about Honduras. We clustered around to look at pictures on their phones of people they’d worked with, their progress over their trip. Uncle Allen had to remove my hand from his crotch while my parents’ attention was distracted by their presentation. So I settled for pressing my titties against my dad’s arm pretty hard instead. It was easy to pretend I was only leaning in for a better look. Fuck, I hated wearing a bra. But it was the only way to keep my nipples from showing as clearly.

Then, it was time.

“So why don’t we talk about this plan of yours,” my mother said, her voice dripping with skepticism.

But dad turned to her with a reproving look. “Honey, come on. She’s an adult now, and we need to be willing to hear her voice. Go on, Annie. Tell us your idea.”

He was so supportive. I should blow him. Or Uncle Allen. Anyone, really. That was a joke Uncle Allen had told me, about the difference between me and a rooster. A rooster says cock a doodle doo, and I say any cock’ll do. I’d laughed so hard at that he had to settle for fucking my titties instead of my mouth.

Anyway, here goes. “All right, so it’s like this. I really enjoyed connecting with our family roots out here this past month. The lifestyle... it came out of nowhere” *mm, cum coming out of nowhere* “and grabbed me by surprise.” *Fuck yes. Grab me. Anywhere you like.* “I think it really speaks to me, and I want to give it a try. Uncle Allen said he doesn’t have anybody else to help out around here, and with Aunt Kellie and her kids out of the picture, I thought maybe I’d try it out for a while.”

“But Annie, what about your education? You still have a year of high school left,” Mom pointed out.

“Mom, you’re the one who’s always saying that public schools are factories for producing office drones with no critical thinking skills.” *God, I couldn’t wait to stop thinking and start fucking like I’d been trained to.* “And I’ll still be getting my GED. Besides, I’ll be able to practice my art.” *Sucking cock. I was the fucking Picasso of*

blowjobs. “And who knows, maybe I’ll decide to go into the family business.” *Uncle Allen was going into the family business three times a day, at least.*

But Mom wasn’t sold. “I don’t know, Annie... This is an awfully big decision. Besides, won’t you be lonely out here? And no internet and all...”

“Mom, we go into Brownlee all the time. I’ll make new friends.” *Like when I talked Uncle Allen into whoring me out to the man at the tractor repair store for free service. That guy had been crazy friendly. He hadn’t even needed the discount; I just thought it would be hot, and I guess it turned him on to be able to use me as his personal credit card.* “You guys always complained my old ones were bad influences, remember?”

“I don’t know, Annie. Why don’t you come home with us, finish school, and then if you still feel this way next summer...”

But Dad interjected. “Grace, we’ve always encouraged her to follow her own path. Here she is telling us where that path goes. Shouldn’t we at least consider it? After all, she’s eighteen.” *Damn straight, a legal fuckable adult.* “We were the ones who had her start school late so she’d be more developed and better able to consider her education. Isn’t that what she’s doing now?”

“But – and no offense, Allen – to drop out of school to be a farmer... it’s just so... I don’t understand it!” she exclaimed. “Annie, this is so unlike you.”

Even as I was ready to retreat to masturbate in the bathroom (something very much like me), Dad came to the rescue. “Maybe consider that it’s a lifestyle you don’t have much exposure to, and rather than appeal to stereotypes, consider a broader perspective.”

She put her hands on her hips, though. My mom did not like being out-diversitied. “Arthur...”

Uncle Allen chimed in. “You know, maybe y’all would like to stay overnight? Or make a long weekend out of it. Y’all still got your luggage with you. Look around. Talk with your daughter. Then come at this again and see how you feel?”

A long weekend?! How was I supposed to not fuck or suck my Alby for a whole weekend?!

“Fine,” she said at last. *NO!!!* “We’ll check it out. But that does not mean I’m giving in, understand?”

“Of course. Wouldn’t dream of trying to pressure you into something you’re not comfortable with, Grace. Say, I was just about to get to work on dinner. Would you mind giving me a hand?”

She gave me one last reproving look. “Sure. Happy to. And do you have anything to drink? I haven’t had anything since a coffee at the airport.”

“Of course. Sink’s hooked up to the well, but it’s clean. Annie sure likes it.” He gave me a wink once my mother walked past him.

Oh fuck. Was he going to drug my mom like he did me? Turn her into a pathetic needy horny slut?

I should probably tell her or something. But... then she *definitely* wouldn't let me stay here and fuck Uncle Allen. Oh, well.

“So... you up for a walk?”

I turned to my dad. A walk? But a walk could be so *long*...! What if I couldn't make it? What if we were out there for half an hour and I needed cock?

But then he stepped in closer. “And don't worry, sweetie. You're going to get to stay. In fact, your mom and I just might be coming to join you.”

My eyes went wide. “No! No, you can't!” Was this what a panic attack felt like? Not being able to fuck freely, to be fucked whenever Alby could give it to me, it was like something out of a nightmare! Leave it to my supposedly chill parents to visit and give me my first taste of anxiety in weeks!

“It's OK, Annie. Your uncle's been trying to talk me into joining him in the family business for a while now. And I'm going to give you the opportunity to help him make his sales pitch.” He glanced over his shoulder at the kitchen, where Mom was downing her glass of slut-water, then lowered his voice to a whisper. “So this is your chance to be extra, extra convincing.”

It wasn't until my dress was blowing away in a summer breeze, me with my naked tits slammed against the trunk of my oak as Daddy (he'd told me to call him Daddy now) pounded my steamy cunt senseless that I wondered if he'd been in on this from the get-go. Oh god, it made me want to fuck him harder. Maybe my parents weren't so lame after all.

He had me blow him on the walk home. By the time we strolled in for dinner, I could already see the flush in my mom's cheeks when she glanced at my dad, a far-away look in her eyes.

Sure enough, by the end of their long weekend, not only did Mom agree to let me stay, but she'd even conceded to selling our house and moving out here. Uncle Allen rewarded her by letting her give him a blowjob, and my dad cemented the deal by stuffing it up her tight ass at the same time. I didn't like having two dicks out in the room and neither of them in me, but nobody complained when I spread my legs and played with myself while I waited.

So yeah. In the end, Mom and I were both hooked on the steady stream of pleasure and artificial chemicals, and we each fell head over heels in lust with life on the farm. Daddy and Uncle Allen took care of the stemberries, and we took care of Daddy and Uncle Allen. My mom was more adventurous than I'd ever guessed, but it wasn't long before the two of us realized that we womenfolk were much more available than cock, and if Mom's tongue in my snatch wasn't on the same level with Daddy's dick, it sure beat playing with myself.

Us sluts even pitched in with the harvest when there was all that extra work to be done, but come winter, with the farm frequently dusted with snow, there was nothing to do but engage in some nonstop tits down asses up fuck-and-fuck. I stopped even paying attention to whether it was Daddy or Alby coming in me, so when my belly started to swell the next spring, it was anyone's guess and everyone's blessing. Mom was jealous, yes, but she was too high most of the time to let it bring her down. But most of the time she was proud, or so horny she didn't even care who fucked who as long as she was one of the who's. Imagining that stupid, lethargic grin on her face as we 69ed each other around my dad and uncle's cocks, I couldn't have loved any of them more.

Our family had never been closer, and we would never be farther apart.