

The Corporate Farmgirl

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The story of a woman in personal conflict with her life and desires. (please like or provide feedback if the writing and/or content are relateable.) thankyou in advance for reading...

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she came from a poor home in a rural town and grew up on a farm. How she ever managed to become a cog in the corporate world was a fluke but here she was dressed uncomfortably to match her office teammates, mostly women competing for fashion points. No one knew where she came from and no one cared enough to ever ask her about herself outside of work. She covered her lack of confidence about her background by working hard and being the team cheerleader. she was very good at both and at being observant no matter how hard she worked or how loud she laughed and joked. At her desk she would kick off her four inch heels, the best part of her outfit. Relax barefoot, crank up eighties retro on Pandora and rock out while she worked data angles. There were no distractions she couldnt handle or ignore and barefoot she was that hardworking farmgirl disguised in officewear. She had alot of secrets she disguised in the best clothes JcPennies had to offer. She was a classical pianist and a dancer and although poor, her family was well educated and very spiritual and artistic. Her biggest secret a lifetime of sexual frustration and a terrible crush on the latest corporate titan. Actually more than a crush it bordered on unrequited love based on the first time she heard him speak and recognized the speech which scared everyone on her team was not based on fear motivation but genuine concern and like the coach of a sportsteam meant to bring the employees to a point of decision. "shit or leave the bathroom stall for someone else to use." Her terms, his were more PC. He was handsome and funny and driven. A farmgirls wet dream in a business suit. He motivated her work ethic alright but not in the manner he intended. She wasnt the only girl that was smitten but the office private jokes about chasing him were beneath her adoration and she would laugh and steer the conversation easily away without showing her heart or desire. Gossip and chick competition was a necessary evil of her environment. She played the game as a loser, close to her vest on purpose. Eating a daily dose of irritation that she worked out at home behind her husbands back on her vibrator, the dance floor, and the shitty keyboard she could afford. How long had it been? Years, less than ten, more than two. They had moved the team and it felt like a punishment. A new department and manager, ugly floor and an ungodly workload threatened to end her love of her work and her sanity. Something had to give and the worse things got the more adamantly her body bitched to be fucked and out of pain. Masterbation and all her usual stress relievers were impotent to effect the burnout point she was hitting. She had stress dreams nightly falling asleep hoping for relief and fantasy and finding monsters, fights, fleeing endlessly on her childhood farm invaded by her stress. She begged her husband to help her and he did his duty, the best he could manage from his own exhaustion and low libido was a hand job. It wasnt enough. She had an online affair, that wasnt enough and just added to her pain and frustration. She never met the man in person or talked to him offline but she fell head over heels when he started texting her. He read it and her intensity scared him or turned him off and the affair ended abruptly. Now she had two torches burning for men she couldnt have. And somehow they combined into a wildfire burning everything she gave a shit about in their wake. Happy ending, oh God please. She silently begged the man massaging her ass to throw in an extra bonus for her fifty bucks. Do they ever do that, really? He was gorgeous, straight, really talented at massage therapy. And not going to flip her over and do anything unprofessional. The world was starting to feel like a buffet of unavailable attractive men. And the physical pain she was in was not limited to the injury to her shoulder that massage was barely denting. She was almost nude and juat like her husband, this guy didnt seem to care either. No compliments, no hard ons, strictly business maam. The vibrators and dildo collection was growing, breaking toys and burning batteries was her new hobby. Writing porn for horny boys was losing its appeal, she knew it wasnt real. She started losing weight, all the comforting pounds melting away as food lost its taste and dance fucking the air became her escape. Men started approaching her again and it scared her. Not sure if she was more scared of them or herself but at least she was still somewhat desirable or was that just pherimones and desperation they smelled on her. It didnt matter she wasnt the one night stand kind of woman. Running and bitching from them and herself in her head she focused all her angst internally hoping to somehow ride out the lifetime of dissappointment and starting to hate her toy collection. The hand jobs and toys felt gay, made her feel like less of a feminine creature. She tossed them all in the trash and gave up on asking for help. A new plan was slowly turning in her head. One she dreaded and it felt like

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the end of the world but it was inevitable. "can i find my way out of this in a safe way?" Its going to take time, she proceeded to take all her work energy and put her intelligence to work for herself for a change. Things were going to get real interesting that much was clear but the box she was in was getting amaller by the day. One step at a time, she coached herself. One step at a time. She told all the men she loved how she felt honestly and chose her steps carefully. One day at a time she breathed, in and out, calmly punching down the fear she saw rearing its smartass head at her choices. She left a trail of exasperation behind her, it couldnt be helped. She was on her way to freedom but it meant a small stay in solitary confinement. She wondered who would visit her there; the judge, the jury, her friends, her family, any of the men she loved? All were being put to the test of fire. None more than her. one breath at a time she coached as she blew smoke through her teeth and it curled out the imaginary bars of her window.

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