

# The Joy of Gardening

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## The Joy of Gardening

I'd heard of little green men, but I never expected to find one in my garden. I almost missed him because he blended in with the tomatoes, but when the breeze picked up the leaves of the plants and he didn't blow with them, he stood out from the background. I must have gasped in surprise, because he turned and spotted me.

"There you are, finally." He put his hands on his hips. "I've been doing your work while you got your beauty sleep."

"It's 7:00 AM," I said.

That earned me a rise of a green, leafy eyebrow. "And?"

"On Saturday."

He stared at me as if he'd never heard anything so stupid. "You expect tomatoes on Saturday, don't you?"

"Of course."

"And beans and peppers and squashes?"

"Do you have a point?" I asked. "Or is this a list of the contents of my garden?"

"The squashes!" he proclaimed. What a drama queen.

I glanced over at my zucchinis. "They look fine to me."

"They would to someone with your sex life," he said. "Or lack thereof."

I crossed my arms over my chest. "My sex life is none of your business."

"That could change."

The little green man was out of his little green mind, but I was not discussing my sex life with a pile of vegetable matter with an attitude.

"Your squashes aren't getting any fucking," he said. "Were you ever going to pollinate them?"

"Don't bees do that?"

"You can't rely on them. And forget the birds. Hopeless. Besides, you haven't lived until you've had vegetable sex." He turned and headed toward the squashes. "Come on. I'll show you."

I followed him to my big healthy plants that -- to date -- hadn't produced a single fruit. I'd get blooms but no produce. Maybe this guy could tell me why.

He moved a huge leaf aside. "See, here's a female flower."

"Flowers have different sexes?"

He didn't answer but just gave me the "I can't believe you said that" look. He pointed to another flower. "There's the male. Pick it."

I did as he said and found myself with a big yellow flower in my hand.

"Now, bare the stamen," he said. "Oh, yeah. Do it."

The little man had started breathing hard as he stared at the flower in my hand. I hadn't noticed his crotch before, but I couldn't miss it now. He was getting a boner, and a really nice one for someone his size. Green, but very nice. I peeled away a petal of the flower, and his cock got bigger. I peeled away more, this time with a seductive flourish, and he got more and more impressive. Finally, I had all the petals gone, and the plant's tiny sex organ was naked in my hand.

He swallowed. "Now, smear it over the pistil."

"Uh...yeah. What's that?"

"The inside of the female flower. That'll spread the pollen onto her."

"Like this?" I parted the petals of that flower and slowly, carefully rubbed the stamen all around the female parts.

“Shit, this always makes me hot.” He’d taken his hard-on in his hand and now stroked it. He gave new meaning to the term “woody,” but he was looking better and better.

“Um,” I said. “What was that thing you said about something changing?”

“You mean this?” he said, still pumping his member. “I’m a plant. I can keep growing and growing.”

“What I meant was I said my sex life was none of your business, and you said...”

He was growing really huge now, and the head had gotten bulbous. “That could change.”

“Did you mean that?”

“Peel off your own petals and find out.”

“The neighbors...”

“We’ll get between the tomatoes. They’ll hide us.”

I checked them out. They stood tall enough to hide us from view, and the leaves were close enough together. “Let’s go.”

We made a mad dash for the spot between the rows. While he lay on his back in the dirt, I crouched and shucked out of my robe and nightgown. Now naked, I could easily spread my legs and lower myself over him.

Let me just say that if you ever find a little green man in your garden, you should definitely have him explain flower sex to you. The minute I got the lips of my sex around his cock, he drove it up into my pussy. By now “hung like a stud horse” described him better than “little and green.” He filled me and only kept on swelling larger. I swear, the tomatoes got into the act, too, as their branches flounced and fluttered all over me. The smell of fertile earth penetrated my nostrils as I got closer and closer to the big O.

My vegetable lover started breathing funny -- the grunts of a man about to lose control. He had the presence of mind to put his hand at our joining and flick his thumb over my clit. Firm but leafy, too, his skin even seemed to have little spines that produced extra friction. Any healthy woman would have done what I did -- close her

eyes, tip back her head, and scream with pleasure. My pussy clenched all around him and then burst into the biggest climax of my life. It went on for long seconds as he shuddered and thrust madly. Finally, his whole body went stiff, and his voice echoed with mine as he came.

When it was all over, I rested against his chest and did my best to get air into my lungs. "Oh, my God..."

"Nice," he sighed.

"Can we do this again some time?"

"Just wait until pumpkin season..."

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