

COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 4



BY KLRXO

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Lester's pickaxe struck the rock of the mine with a dull thwack that echoed through the cramped shaft where black dust hung thick as midnight fog. Sweat carved pale rivulets down his soot-darkened face as he paused, noticing young Earl hunched in the weak glow of his headlamp.

The boy's coal-stained fingers trembled slightly as they caressed a dog-eared photograph of Lester's niece, Jesse. Her smile, preserved in sepia tones, seemed to illuminate the oppressive darkness surrounding them.

"Boy, them rocks ain't gonna break themselves," Lester growled, his voice rough as gravel. "Put that picture away 'fore the foreman catches you."

Earl tucked the photo into his breast pocket, right against his heart. "Sorry, Uncle Lester," he mumbled, eyes downcast like a scolded puppy. "Just seven more days 'til I make her my wife. She's pure as fresh snow, I swear it—an angel God himself sent down just for me."

Lester spat a stream of tobacco juice that hissed when it hit the damp ground. "Angels, my ass. You're just achin' to finally get between them thighs after all this waitin'," he chuckled, his laughter echoing off the narrow walls.

Earl's face flushed crimson beneath the coal dust. "Well sir," he admitted, voice dropping to a whisper, "she did promise to save herself proper for our wedding night. Been mighty difficult, but I respect her wishes."

Lester's laughter erupted like dynamite in the narrow shaft, echoing off the walls until it seemed the mountain itself was mocking the boy. He wiped a grimy hand across his mouth, leaving a smear of coal dust in his yellowed beard.

"Boy, you don't know shit about the women of Red Gulch," he wheezed. "They got sexual appetites that can't wait on a miner's schedule. How you know your precious Jesse ain't bent over a bale of hay right now, skirts hiked up while some sun-browned farm boy splits her like kindling?"

"Not my Jesse," Earl said, voice tight as a new drum. "She wears my promise ring and reads her Bible every night. When I take her on our wedding bed, ain't nobody been there before me."

His eyes gleamed wet in the lamplight. "She's good as gold, Uncle Lester. Pure as the mountain spring."

Up at the surface, miles from the secluded mine, Jesse, Earl's fiancée, was perched on a wagon seat, twisting her promise ring so the afternoon sun caught its cheap brass. Her melon-sized breasts strained against the threadbare cotton of her Sunday dress, fat nipples visibly hardening with each bone-jarring rut in the dirt path.

"Seven more days till I'm Mrs. Earl Blackwood," she sighed, her plump bottom lip caught between her teeth. "Can't wait to find out what a man feels like betwixt my thighs."

Her mother, Jolene, snorted, her own massive tits bobbling together like two hogs fighting in a burlap sack.

Jesse's words died in her throat as she spotted a wagon half-hidden in a thicket of scrub pine, rocking violently on its springs. "Ma," she whispered, pointing at the unmistakable rhythm, "ain't that Aunt Mary Beth's wagon?"

"Sure is, sugar," her mother answered. "And it look like someone's in there ruttin' and groanin' like possums in heat."

Inside the wagon, Darrell sprawled like a satisfied tomcat, hands tucked behind his sweat-matted hair, transfixed by the obscene spectacle of his ma's enormous ass-cheeks slapping against his belly with each bounce.

The meaty globes jiggled and quivered, hypnotizing him like twin moons caught in a vulgar dance. His cock stood proud as a flagpole, angry veins snaking around the purple shaft that disappeared into Mary Beth's dripping cunt with each downward slam of her hips.

"Goddamn, Ma," he drawled, spitting on her lower back to watch it trickle between her ass crack, "your fat ass looks like two hogs fighting when you ride me backward like this."

Mary Beth's entire universe narrowed to the thick teenage rod jackhammering her sopping cunt. Each brutal thrust sent electric jolts from her swollen, blood-engorged clit—now

protruding obscenely like a miniature cock—straight up her spine.

Her slick, meaty labia gripped his veiny shaft like hungry lips, making vulgar squelching noises as her juices bubbled around his girth. Her massive tits, slick with perspiration, slapped violently against her torso and each other, the nipples raw and pebbled as she impaled herself repeatedly on his throbbing meat pole.

The mother's drawl thickened like honey left in the sun as she arched her back. "Grab these child-bearin' hips, boy. Dig them fingers in. I'm fixin' to grind on this throbbin' pole till kingdom come."

She reached back, guiding his trembling hands to her sweat-slicked flesh. "A real man steers his woman like a prize stallion—it's a filthy dance we're makin' together, darlin'."

Darrell's fingers sank into the dimpled fat of her hips, his eyes rolling back as she worked her dripping cunt in tight circles.

"Sweet Jesus," he moaned, his cock buried to the hilt, her massive ass cheeks flattened against his pelvis like two slabs of raw dough pressed to a hot skillet. "I think I'm feelin' all the way up into your womb, ma."

His cock pulsed inside her like a living creature, each vein throbbing against the slick, rippled walls that gripped him like a fist. Her cunt squeezed and released with primal rhythm, pink flesh clinging to every inch of his shaft as though desperate not to let him withdraw.

Bottomed out, the swollen purple head of his dick kissed her cervix, that tight ring of muscle guarding her womb, making her gasp and curse as he nudged against the entrance where only seed was meant to pass.

Her juices ran thick and hot, coating him in slippery evidence of her need, running down his clenched-up nut-sack and pooling beneath them in a shameful puddle that marked their rutting place.

Jolene, Mary Beth's sister's voice cracked through the air like a bullwhip. "Sweet merciful Christ on a cracker!"

The wagon boards creaked under her considerable weight as she hauled herself up, Jesse clambering behind. Their shadows fell across the tangled flesh below—Mary Beth's ass still impaled on Darrell's glistening pole, her tits swinging like pendulums.

Jesse's mouth gaped open, her virgin eyes drinking in the sight of her aunt's cunt stretched obscenely around her cousin's veiny shaft.

Mary Beth's head whipped around, sweat-matted hair slapping against her flushed cheeks. "God damn it, Jolene! You about scared the life outta me! Ain't proper to sneak up on a couple mid-fuck!"

Jesse's trembling finger pointed accusingly, her voice high and breathless. "Mama! Aunt Mary Beth's takin' Darrell's cock like she birthed it just to stuff it back inside her baby hole!"

Jolene cackled. "Lord have mercy, I been hearin' all about the ungodly ruttin' you two been doin' out on Clara's farm. This boy's been makin' every female in the bloodline squirt like a geyser with that donkey-dick he's packin'."

"Donkey-dick?" Jesse repeated in confused innocence.

Her jaw went slack as Darrell's monstrous shaft emerged from Mary Beth's glistening hole like a creature birthing itself. The angry purple rod kept appearing, inch after obscene inch, until Jesse's knees trembled at the unholy size of it.

When the bulbous crown finally popped free with a vulgar squelching sound, Mary Beth's swollen cunt lips clung to it desperately, drooling thick ropes of cream down his balls.

Jesse's virgin eyes bulged like a strangled chicken's as she gaped at the glistening monstrosity. "Sweet sufferin' Jesus," she gasped, her voice barely a squeak. "That ain't no penis—that's a goddamn fence post!"

She unconsciously licked her lips, transfixed by the purple veins throbbing along its obscene length.

Mary Beth smirked, her cunt still dripping down her thighs. "Just teachin' my boy how to ruin a woman proper," she drawled, reaching back to give the slick shaft a possessive squeeze. "So when he finally splits some lucky bride open, she'll walk bow-legged for a week."

Jolene nodded in agreement. "And you're gettin' that stretched-out baby hole of yours stuffed fuller than a Christmas turkey while you're at it."

"Well, I will confess," Mary Beth blushed, "trainin' a horny teen with a great big bull cock does have it's perks."

"Mind if I climb down there and wrap my mouth 'round that throbbin' young pole?" Jolene drawled, already hitching up her skirts.

Mary Beth smirked, her hand still holding Darrell's glistening shaft. "Reckon there's enough meat here to feed more than one mama," she cackled.

Jesse's breath caught in her throat as she watched her ma drop to her knees in the wagon bed, joining her aunt in a depraved feast. Their tongues slithered up opposite sides of Darrell's cock like hungry snakes, leaving wet trails of spit that caught the afternoon light.

Jesse felt a shameful heat bloom between her legs, her untouched quim dampening her cotton drawers faster than when Earl had pressed his dry lips against hers behind the church.

Jolene's face split into a grin as she gazed up at her daughter. "Get your virgin ass down here, girl," she growled, a string of drool connecting her bottom lip to Darrell's throbbing shaft. "Time you wrapped those pretty little lips 'round a real man's meat instead of dreamin' about Earl's pitiful pecker."

Jesse's fingers trembled against her promise ring, twisting it nervously while her eyes remained fixed on her cousin's angry purple cockhead, slick with her mama's saliva.

“Mama, I love Earl... despite his SHORT-comings.”

Mary Beth pulled her mouth off Darrell's meat with an obscene pop, her chin dripping. "Oh Jesse, your precious fiancé's buried so deep in that coal mine he can't see what his bride's cunt is achin' for," she drawled, roughly palming Darrell's balls.

“Damn straight,” her mother added. "What happens in this here wagon stays in this here wagon."

Jesse swallowed hard. "Reckon that's true enough," she whispered, already hitching up her skirts to climb down, her untouched pussy dampening at the sight of the glistening rod that would soon violate her mouth.

Darrell's eyes narrowed to slits as his timid virgin cousin's pink tongue slithered up his veiny shaft like a frightened animal. Her wet muscle trembled against the throbbing ridges until she reached the angry purple crown where a pearly pool of pre-cum bubbled from his piss-slit.

She hesitated, then lapped at it like a kitten at cream, her innocent face contorting at the bitter salt taste.

Christ, she was a sight—that flame-red hair falling across her face, them freckles sprayed across her milky skin like cinnamon on fresh cream. Her dress strained against them massive Huckabee tits, nipples poking through the fabric like two thumbs.

While his ma and aunt slobbered over his ball sack like hogs at a trough, he grabbed a fistful of Jesse's copper mane. "Swallow that knob whole, girl," he growled, then rammed his cock-head past her virgin lips, watching her eyes water as he skull-fucked her untrained throat.

"Oh yeah, just like that," he gasped, marveling at how her pretty lips stretched obscenely around the stalk of his meat.

Darrell threw his head back and howled like a gut-shot coyote, his spine arching as Jesse's virgin throat stretched around his veiny battering ram.

His cock bulged obscenely against her pale neck while his ma and aunt attacked his ball sack, their mouths slurping and sucking his hairless nuts like they were trying to drain every last drop of baby batter straight from the source.

"Sweet fuckin' Christ," he groaned, watching their spit-slick lips work his swollen testicles, their tongues probing the wrinkled skin as they moaned like starved sows at feeding time. "You're a natural-born cocksucker, cuz," he grunted at Jesse, gripping her copper hair like reins on a mare as she gagged and drooled around his throbbing meat.

The three Huckabee women passed his oversized cock between them like a communion wafer, their mouths forming a slick daisy-chain of depravity.

Mary Beth's practiced tongue lapped the underside of his shaft while Jolene's bee-stung lips stretched around his purple crown, her cheeks hollowing with each greedy suck.

"Lord Almighty," Jesse whimpered, her virgin mouth hovering over his veiny shaft, "it's like lickin' warm velvet wrapped 'round hot iron."

She dove between his legs, tongue extended like a hungry cat, slurping one swollen testicle into her inexperienced mouth while her mama and aunt traded his cock between them, drool connecting their lips in glistening strands as they passed the fleshy baton.

Mary Beth swung her meaty thigh over Darrell's face, her swollen cunt lips descending like a fleshy curtain until his nose was buried in her dripping gash.

"Eat Momma's pussy good," she growled, grinding her slick hole against his mouth while she bent forward to join the slobbering feast below.

Her ripe cunt dripped tangy juices down his chin as he plunged his tongue into her sopping hole, tasting the musky depths that had birthed him. Darrell growled like a rabid dog as he lapped at her throbbing clit, his face shiny with her slick cream while above him, the three women's mouths made obscene wet sounds as they devoured his pulsing shaft, their spit-slick lips fighting for every veiny inch.

Jesse felt Darrell's cock-root throb against her stretched lips like a living creature, the thick vein underneath pulsing with each heartbeat. The base swelled obscenely where it erupted from his wiry pubic hair, the skin there taut and burning hot against her tongue.

"Sweet Jesus," she gasped, pulling back with a string of drool connecting her bottom lip to his glistening shaft. "Even though I ain't touched it, I know Earl's little pecker ain't got no pulse like this monster. It's like this thing's got its own heartbeat!"

Jolene smirked as she roughly palmed Darrell's balls. "This here's prime breeding meat, girl. Some men piss with what God gave 'em, but your cousin here? He was blessed with a bull-dick that turns tight cunts into hungry caves."

"That's right," Mary Beth added, her lips planting wet butterfly kisses around the flaring rim of his glans. "Some boys just born lucky—they get the biggest tools and the juiciest pussy to plow with 'em."

Jesse's eyes, wet with tears and rimmed with smeared kohl, locked onto her ma's weathered face. "Momma," she whispered, her voice cracking like thin ice, "I love Earl somethin' fierce, but my virgin cunt is achin' to be split open by a monster cock like Darrell's."

Jolene's lips stretched into a grin as she exchanged a knowing look with Mary Beth. "You'd rather get that tight cherry hole of yours busted open right here in this wagon than wait for your weddin' night?"

Jesse nodded, twisting Earl's promise ring around her trembling finger while her free hand unconsciously pressed against the damp spot spreading across her cotton drawers. "I know it makes me a whore of a bride-to-be," she admitted, her freckled chest heaving with each breath, "but

this achin' pussy deserves to be torn to bloody shreds by a real cock its first time, not somethin' like Earl's."

Mary Beth's swollen cunt peeled away from Darrell's face with a wet sucking sound, leaving his chin dripping with her tangy secretions. He gazed up at the glistening pink folds hovering above him, her engorged labia parted like a ripe fruit split open, cream-colored juices still connecting his mouth to her pubic lips in glistening strands.

"You hear that, baby boy?" Mary Beth purred, her face flushed and sweaty. "Your cousin wants that big fuckin' cock to tear her virgin pussy wide open before that coal-dust husband of hers gets his sorry little dick anywhere near it."

Darrell's eyes shifted to Jesse, watching as she wiggled her freckled ass, shoving her cotton panties down trembling thighs already slick with her arousal.

"Well shit," he drawled, licking his mother's essence from his lips, "reckon it'd be downright disrespectful to turn down such a fine offer."

The two mothers scrambled aside like hungry dogs making way for the alpha as they positioned themselves for the show.

Darrell rose to his knees, his massive cock jutting from his sweaty pubis like a flesh-colored Billy-club. Jesse's eyes bulged, a frightened whimper escaping her trembling lips as she stared at the angry purple head leaking pre-cum onto the wagon's wooden floor.

"How you want my big dick to tear you open, cousin?" Darrell growled, roughly grabbing his shaft. "Doggy-style? Cowgirl? Or you want me to fold you in half?"

Jesse's freckled cheeks flushed crimson as she splayed her milky, farm-girl thighs. "Like a bull," she whispered, "brutal-like, with me on my back so I can feel every inch destroy me."

Her mother cackled, slapping her knee with glee. "That's it, girl! Flat on your back so that fat cock can punch straight through that virgin wall. You'll bleed like a stuck pig, but you'll thank the Lord for every inch!"

Darrell's cock lurched like a rabid animal, pre-cum oozing from its purple head as Jesse peeled off her sweat-dampened top. Her young tits spilled out like pale melons, swaying with the heavy weight of untamed flesh.

Though not as massive as her ma's humongous udders, each breast still bulged larger than a prize-winning cantaloupe, crowned with dinner-plate areolas the color of dirty pennies and nipples thick as shotgun shells.

Jesse sprawled backward, her muscular thighs—toned from years of farm labor—splaying open to reveal her glistening pink slit crown by a thin patch copper fuzz. Her feet hovered, toes curling with anticipation. "Ram that monster into my virgin hole till, Darrel," she snarled.

Darrell's lips split into a grin as he glanced at his ma, his eyes gleaming with animal hunger. Mary Beth's nostrils flared, her meaty thighs already slick with fresh juices. "Go

on, baby boy," she rasped, her voice thick as molasses.
"Wreck that tight virgin pussy till she can't walk straight."

"Make that little cunt cream all over that bull-horn," Jolene added, rough fingers already working her own swollen mound. "Flood her fertile womb with your baby batter till it leaks outta her ears."

Darrell lowered himself and wedged his bony hips between Jesse's trembling thighs, his wiry frame hovering over her like a starved coyote.

He locked eyes with his cousin as he dragged his purple cockhead through her slippery folds, the angry mushroom tip parting her virgin lips like a hot knife through lard. Jesse's body shuddered, her back arching off the rough planks as electric shivers raced up her spine.

Darrell reached down and peeled apart her swollen cunt lips, exposing the glistening coral-pink meat hidden between those fleshy curtains. Her prepuce hood retracted like a bloated slug, revealing the fat, throbbing knob of her clit standing at attention.

"Goddamn, cousin," he growled, "you got yourself a juicy button fat as a tick on a hound dog."

He smashed his purple cock-head against the engorged nub, grinding the leaking slit of his dick against her most sensitive flesh, coating her with stringy ropes of his slippery pre-cum until the obscene friction made her groan like a bitch in heat.

"Oh baby girl," her mother cooed, "you like the feel of that big hot dick grinding against your slick little button, don't you? Your virgin hole's weeping like a widow."

"Yes, Momma," she gasped, her hips betraying her as they bucked upward. "His cock feels like hot iron against my cunt—harder than any plow handle I ever sat on by accident."

"Split that virgin peach around your cock, baby boy," Mary Beth told her son, rubbing her own juicy clit with anticipation.

Darrell's lips peeled back in a wolfish grin, sweat beading on his upper lip as he rammed his hips forward with brutal force. His bloated purple cockhead mashed against her virgin entrance, the angry slit weeping pre-cum as it bullied its way between her swollen pussy lips.

Her tight opening fought against the invasion, stretching obscenely around his girth until—with a wet, meaty pop—her maidenhead tore like wet tissue paper. Blood-tinged cream coated his shaft as Jesse's piercing shriek echoed through the wagon, her body convulsing violently while inch after veiny inch of cousin-cock plowed through her formerly pristine cunt-tunnel.

"Fuck, shit, goddamn virgin cunt," Darrell snarled, his fingers digging cruel half-moons into the quivering lard of Jesse's ass-cheeks.

He wasted not time sawing his cock in and out, his sweat-slick torso slapped against her jiggling tits, flattening those freckled melons with each brutal thrust.

"Taking my fuckin' cock," he growled, his pelvis smacking her blood-smearred thighs with wet, meaty thuds as he began rutting into her like a horny animal.

Mary Beth's palm cracked across his tensed buttocks. "That's it, go get it baby, go get it," she howled.

Darrell responded by pile-driving harder, his cum-heavy balls swinging like wrecking balls against Jesse's upturned ass, each impact making her puffy cunt-lips quiver. His powerful fuck-thrusts caused the wagon to rock and creak violently beneath them.

Jolene's eyes bulged like a stepped-on toad as she frantically worked her swollen clit, the oversized nub protruding from its hood like a fat cherry. "Sweet Jesus and all his angels," she howled, "that boy fucks like he's got the devil's own pitchfork for a cock!"

Mary Beth's face contorted into a mask of pride. "Damn straight," she cackled. "Momma's lessons in dick-slingin' are payin' off—taught him to drill cunts till they're raw as hamburger meat."

Darrell grunted in shock when Jesse's surprisingly powerful fingers suddenly latched onto his hair, yanking his face down to hers. Their mouths crashed together, teeth clacking as her inexperienced tongue shoved past his lips, writhing

against his like two copulating eels fighting for dominance in a bucket of warm spit.

The cousin-kiss deepened with obscene wetness, Jesse moaning into his mouth with the desperate hunger of a new bride on her wedding night rather than the cousin-whore she'd become.

Jesse's virgin cunt gripped Darrell's cock like a vise, her untouched walls clinging desperately to every vein and ridge as he hammered through her torn hymen. Unlike the MILFs he'd rutted, her pink tunnel squeezed his shaft with brutal pressure, the muscles inside rippling in virgin confusion around the invading meat.

"Fuck," he grunted, feeling how her tight canal molded itself around his girth, "your cunt's grabbin' my dick like it's tryin' to milk the cum straight outta my balls."

Jesse's sweat-slicked body bucked beneath him, her strangled sobs turning to guttural moans as he packed her to the cervix with each savage thrust.

Jolene's pig-like squeals filled the wagon as her daughter's eyes suddenly blazed with unholy fire. "Holy shit, you flipped her pleasure-switch!" she howled, spittle flying from her lips. "Ram that horse-cock deeper, boy! Make my baby girl's cunt squirt all over them teenage balls!"

Jesse's spine suddenly arched like she'd been cattle-prodded, her body going rigid as a corpse at rigor mortis. Her pretty eyes rolled back until only the whites showed, like a sacrifice on an altar of filth, while her throat

unleashed a series of banshee wails that echoed off the wagon walls.

Darrell's fingers sank knuckle-deep into the quivering lard of Jesse's ass-cheeks, gripping that farm-girl flesh like he was trying to anchor himself during a tornado. Her body thrashed beneath him, spine arching so violently he thought she might snap in half, her cunt rippling around his cock like it was trying to strangle the sperm right out of his balls.

"Holy fuckin' Christ," he snarled, eyes bulging as her pussy-juice erupted in obscene wet splashes, the sticky girl-cum splattering his lower belly and dripping down his cum-heavy nut-sack. "Look at her buckin' like I'm puttin' cattle prods to her clit! She's squirtin' all over my goddamn dick!"

"Don't you dare shoot that baby-batter yet, boy!" his mother screeched. "Pound another orgasm outta that tight little cunt first!"

Jolene nodded in agreement, still frantically frigging her swollen button. "Break her in proper so she'll be crawlin' back to your dick even after some poor bastard puts a ring on her finger, beggin' for another filthy cousin-ruttin' like the cum-hungry slut you're makin' her!"

Darrell folded his cousin's voluptuous body in half like a sweaty pretzel, her ankles slamming against her ears as he propped those farm-girl legs on his bony shoulders. He jackhammered his purple cock-missile into her blood-slicked hole with the desperate fury of a man fucking through the apocalypse.

Recent experience, provided mostly by his ma, had trained his cock like a championship stallion—he could pinch off his nut-blast by clenching his taint muscles until they bulged like steel cables, letting him drill cunts longer than any other boy in three counties.

Darrell propped himself up on his elbows, his sweaty torso hovering just high enough to drink in the obscene sight of Jesse's once-innocent face twisted into a slack-jawed mask of cousin-fucked ecstasy. Her glassy eyes rolled back as another orgasm ripped through her quivering body.

His hungry gaze slid down to her jiggling udders, those fat freckled tits flopping and slapping against each other like two hogs fighting in a mud pit with every brutal thrust of his veiny cock-hammer.

"Fuck, you're still cummin', ain't ya?" Darrell grunted, feeling her cunt-muscles ripple and spasm around his throbbing shaft. "Your greedy pussy's chewin' on my dick like it's tryin' to bite the fuckin' thing off!"

Grunting like a rutting boar, he lowered himself and latched his mouth onto her jiggling tit-flesh, gnawing those swollen nipples like a starved coyote on roadkill while her cousin-cunt squelched and farted around his battering ram.

"F-fuck my c-cunt raw," Jesse babbled, drool leaking from the corner of her slack mouth as another lightning bolt of pleasure coiled in her guts. "Breed this tight c-cunt like a—ohhhh God—like a fuckin' farm animal!"

Her nails raked across Darrell's back, adding fresh wounds atop the crusty scratches his ma and grandma had carved into his skin yesterday. Her trembling thighs clamped around his skinny hips like a vise, ankles locking behind his sweat-slick ass as her pussy began to convulse yet again.

"I'm gonna—gonna—" she wailed breathlessly.

"Take my fuckin' nut with you this time!" Darren groaned, his balls drawing up tight as a deluge of hot teenage spunk erupted from his pulsing cock-head, painting her cervix with sticky ropes of cousin-seed that immediately began leaking back out around his still-pumping shaft.

"Flood that teenage baby-factory with your thick farm-boy cum!" Jolene shrieked, while Darrell's scrawny ass clenched like a fist. His spine arched like he'd been electrocuted, cock buried to the root as Jesse's cunt-muscles milked his throbbing shaft.

They thrashed like feral animals in a dirty puddle of their own making, before collapsing into a tangle of heaving limbs and cum-slicked flesh.

"O-h-h-h my G-god," Jesse gasped, aftershocks still rippling through her post-virgin flesh.

Jesse's unprotected womb didn't stand a fucking chance against the millions of sperm now swimming through her virgin plumbing—a gang of the strongest tadpoles already racing toward her ripe egg.

One week from today—while poor, stupid Earl slipped a ring on her finger—three fetuses (triplets) would already be squirming in her womb, their DNA screaming Darrell's name louder than any marriage vow she'd pretend to honor.

"Virgin pussy?!" Clara shrieked, as they stood on her front porch at the ranch. "Oh darlin' boy. I bet that tight teenage snatch felt like heaven squeezin' your dick, didn't it?"

"Like warm butter grippin' every inch," Darrell stated with a proud grin.

Mary Beth tussled his hair proudly with her fingers. "Boy fucked her so goddamn hard I thought he'd pound that squealing virgin straight through the wagon boards. Nearly broke the axle with all that ruttin'."

"Sounds like we're trainin' ourselves a prize bull," Clara gleamed, her giant, fatty tits quivering beneath her dress.

"Boy can fuck, that's for damn sure," Mary Beth snorted. "But he's still missin' them special techniques that'll have every cunt-owner in three counties beggin' him to split 'em open till their eyes roll back and they can't remember their own fuckin' names."

"Wait, I am?" Darrell's face scrunched in confusion. "What am I missin' ma?"

"Grab that broom over there, sugar" Clara commanded, pointing a finger at the corner of the porch. "Now sweep this section of porch...right here."

Darrell obeyed, his bony arms working the bristles across the weathered boards while both women watched, arms folded beneath their pendulous breasts.

"Good, but you missed spots," Clara barked, jabbing toward dark patches of dirt. "Even though you're mighty capable with that broom, you'd didn't do it quite perfect-like."

"I could just—"

"Same thing applies to fuckin', boy," his gran blurted, cutting him off. "You may have done a fair job hammerin' that virgin cousin-pussy, but with some technique behind that cock-piston, you could've had her squirtin' halfway to Sunday."

"What kinda technique you talkin' about?" Darrell asked. "I thought I was doin' it right."

"You certainly ain't doin' it wrong, baby," Mary Beth chimed in. "But fuckin' ain't just about jackhammerin' your dick into some lucky gal's hole like you're tryin' to break through river rock."

Clara's hand grabbed Darrell's chin. "Boy, you gotta learn to angle that cock upward to hit the sweet spot behind her piss-hole."

“And when you feel them walls flutterin’,” his mother added, “you slow down and grind them hips in circles, not that rabbit-fuckin’ you been doin’.”

“Position matters too,” Clara stated. “Get her ass up high so your dick-head kisses her womb with every thrust.”

Darrell scratched his balls through his filthy jeans. "Hell, it feels so good wrapped 'round my dick-meat that I ain't never thought 'bout none of that fancy stuff before," he admitted, voice cracking.

"Boy, don't your pecker throb like it's gonna explode when that pussy starts squeezin' and milkin' your meat during them orgasms?" his gran asked.

“When her cunt-walls flutter and that hot cream soaks your balls?” his ma added.

"Well, yeah," Darrell nodded, adjusting his growing bulge. “It's the best feelin' ever!”

"Then makin' her squirt like a whore means your dick gets to feel heaven, not just some warm hole," his gran stated.

His mom jabbed a finger toward the door, her massive tits heaving beneath her sweat-stained dress. "Get your scrawny ass in there and strip them britches off! Time to get that horse-cock hard again and ready for some sweet spot training!"

Darrell scurried inside like a whipped dog, belt already unbuckling as the screen door slammed behind his bony ass.

"That boy's cock is a goddamn gift from heaven," Mary Beth whispered, sauntering over to her mother-in-law. "Splits me open better than any man ever has. But it's like havin' a prize racehorse that ain't been trained proper—all that raw power just slammin' away without knowin' where to aim that magnificent meat-stick."

"Damn right, girl," Clara agreed. "That colt needs to learn the fine art of cunt-wranglin'. We gotta show him how to make a pussy weep and beg for more. Technique and practice... that's how we'll turn that dick into a legend in these parts."

A short time later, Darrell knelt on the mattress between Clara and Mary Beth, their legs splayed with anticipation. His eyes darted hungrily between their glistening cunts and the massive, vein-mapped tit-flesh spilling off their torsos like melting wax.

"Listen up, boy," his gran wheezed, spreading her pussy-lips with her fingers, exposing the glistening coral-pink of her inner meat. "There's a magic button up in these cum-gutters that'll make any whore squirt like a broken faucet."

His mom nodded in agreement, her swollen labia already dripping slick juices onto the sheets. "Slide two fingers in each of our fuck-holes and curl 'em upward like you're beckonin' the devil himself," she commanded. "When you feel somethin' rough as a cat's tongue, you'll know you struck gold."

Darrell's fingers slid into the slick oven of his ma first, two knuckles deep, then crooked upward the way she'd barked at him. The rough patch he found felt like cat's tongue all right—sandpaper tucked inside velvet—and when he brushed it Mary Beth's hips lurched so hard the bedsprings she groaned.

He grinned and continued the rapid come-hither motion with his fingers until a gush of hot juice squirted over his wrist, splattering the quilt like warm buttermilk off a churn.

“Jesus, Ma, you pissed on me,” he blurted, nose full of the sharptang of her.

“Hush, fool boy,” she panted, head thrashing side to side, “that ain't piss, that's the river every woman's got dammed up inside. Keep diggin'.”

He did—curl, press, release—while his other hand mirrored the motion inside Gran's swampy hole. Clara's wide birthing hips rolled up to meet him, mattress groaning like a gate in a gale. Her inner patch felt rougher, ridged like bark on a hickory, and when he tickled it her thighs snapped shut on his forearm.

“Atta boy,” she wheezed, “stroke that little nut of gristle like you're scratchin' a sow's itch. Make it burn.”

Darrell's cock stood so stiff it bobbed each time his pulse thumped, purple head weeping clear syrup onto the sheet. He pictured himself bucking between their warm thighs, plumbing those same spots with his dick instead of fingers and wondered if the women would squirt clear across the

room when he nailed the bull's-eye. His balls drew up heavy and hot, aching to try.

Mary Beth's hand clamped over his wrist, holding him deep while her walls fluttered and gripped. "Feel that, sugar?" she gasped. "That's the trigger. When you're inside a gal and her cunt starts doin' that flutterin' dance, you slow to a grind, press upward, and that river'll bust loose all over your root."

"A slow grind and upward press – got it ma!" he stated, marveling as he felt the spongy rugae lining the walls of their cock-grinders.

"Boy learns fast," Clara giggled. "Now quit finger-bangin' and saddle up. Time to put theory to practice."

Darrell yanked his dripping fingers free, quickly licking them dry, and knelt between Gran's spread knees. His cock twitched like a pointer dog scenting game, anxious to split that fat peach and sink into its liquid furnace.

"Come on, boy, mount this old gal," Clara stated as she hooked her calves over his skinny hips, opened herself so wide he could see the slick pink tunnel winking at him.

Darrell's tongue lolled from his slack-jawed mouth, drool threatening to spill onto his chin as he gave his dripping cock-head three slow, appreciative yanks.

His grandmother's fat cunt gaped before him like a split-open fruit, pink inner flesh glistening with slick juices that trickled down toward the puckered, dusky-pink star of her

asshole. The folds of her pussy lips spread wide against the stained mattress, revealing the dark, hungry hole that had birthed his own mother decades ago.

“Slide in slow,” she ordered, voice rough as creek gravel. “Find that spot with your knob first, then hammer it ’til I gush.”

He nudged forward, crown sinking through her vestibule and spearing into furnace heat. The old woman’s cunt felt looser than Ma’s but hotter, wetter, gripping him with a velvet suction that drew him deeper.

“O-h-h, that sure is hot pussy,” the boy gasped.

When he was halfway buried he tilted his hips, dragging the underside of his shaft along the upper wall until the swollen head bumped that sandpaper patch.

Gran’s hand clamped the small of his back, shoving him lower until his belly slicked across her pubis. “Drop your hips, boy—like you’re crawlin’ under barbed wire,” she rasped.

The motion folded him until his chest kissed her humongous tits and his cock kinked upward inside her, the swollen crown rasping right over that gritty pad he’d just fingered. A jolt shot through his nuts so hard his knees rattled.

“That’s the angle,” Gran panted, voice cracked but sure. “Now grind—slow circles, like you’re churnin’ butter.”

Darrell shut his eyes and pictured the old hand-crank churn Ma kept by the stove, the thick slap of cream against cedar, and let the rhythm sink into his hips. He rolled instead of stabbed, pressing, dragging, pressing again, feeling Gran's velvet walls drag over every ridge of his shaft while her wet heat soaked his root.

"Sweet Jesus," he managed, voice barely a whisper as his hips stuttered against her.

Mary Beth's hand slid behind him, fingers finding his taut balls and giving a lazy tug. "Feel that flutter?" she whispered against his ear, breath hot as fresh biscuits.

He did—Gran's insides gripped, released, gripped again, a rippling milk-squeeze that tried to suck the juice straight outta his tube. His thighs quivered; sweat dripped off his chin onto Gran's collarbone.

Clara's heels drummed his flanks. "Faster circles, boy—don't you dare pull back. Stay pinned."

He obeyed, hips swiveling in tight, deliberate arcs, the leaky head of his cock scrubbing that sandpaper spot until it burned sweet.

Clara's breathing deepened and she locked her brawny arms around him like a bear trap, her farm-hardened thighs clamping his narrow hips in a vise-grip that threatened to crack his pelvis.

"Ride me, boy," she snarled, bucking upward so violently the mattress springs screamed in protest. Her pussy squelched

obscenely with each thrust, the wet suction sounds filling the room like boots pulled from deep mud.

"Don't you dare slow down," she hissed through clenched teeth, "I'm fixin' to flood your cock like a broken dam in springtime."

Darrell felt like a goddamn bug caught in a venus flytrap, his bony ass cheeks clutched in Gran's talons as she manipulated him like a flesh puppet. Her cunt muscles clamped and released around his throbbing prick with shocking strength, milking him like calloused hands on a cow's teat.

The silky inner walls of her pussy gripped his shaft in a vise of wet heat, her guts churning and squeezing as if trying to wring the cum straight from his balls before he was ready to give it up.

A low growl rolled out of Clara's throat, rising like creek water over a beaver dam until it broke in a strangled howl. Hot liquid gushed around his shaft, sluicing down his balls in syrupy waves, soaking the quilt beneath them with the sharp tang of her spend.

Mary Beth's fingers tightened in his hair, yanking his head up so he had to watch: Clara's body convulsing, blue veins standing out across her tits, milk-white thighs shuddering against his skinny ribs. The sight shoved him right to the cliff's edge—his nuts drew up hard as river stones, fire licking the base of his spine.

“Not yet,” Mary Beth hissed, pinching the tender skin behind his sac. “You got more work to do, angel.”

She shoved him off Clara, cock slurping free with a wet pop, the air cool against his slime-slick shaft. Gran lay spent, cunt drooling clear onto the sheet, chest heaving like a broke bellows.

Mary Beth hooked her ankles behind his skinny hips and hauled him down until his chest mashed her swaying tits. “Same spot inside me, sugar. Find it and churn.”

His cock, slick as a greased hog, slithered up the dripping gash of his ma's cunt, the purple head dragging through her folds like a plow through spring mud.

She let out a raw gasp when his shaft rubbed against her swollen clit—an angry red nub poking out from its hood like a boiled cherry.

He rutted back down her sloppy trench, his cock-head leaving a snail-trail of pre-cum mixed with her juices, before finding the hungry mouth of her hole. He pushed forward, feeling the tight ring of her opening stretch and then surrender with a wet squelch as his meat-pole invaded her steaming tunnel.

"Lord A'mighty," she moaned, voice thick as molasses, "ram that thick bull-prick up in me 'til I taste it in my throat."

Darrell felt the wet furnace of her clutch him tighter than Clara's had—hotter, silkier, alive. He tucked his hips, kinking his cock upward the way Gran had showed him, and

the swollen crown scraped over a patch rougher than cat's tongue.

Mary Breath's breath hitched; her fingernails clawed furrows down his back that burned like fresh nettles.

"Grind, baby—slow circles," she hissed, voice cracking the same way it did when she cussed at stubborn mules.

He rolled, feeling every ridged inch of his shaft drag through her syrup, the head scrubbing that spot until sparks shot clear to his toes. Sweat dripped off his chin onto her collarbone, mingling with the slick between their bellies.

"Now ease back, sugar—just the crown," his ma hissed, voice shaking like a loose wagon wheel.

He slid out until only the plum-shaped head kissed her slick rim, cool air kissing his shaft where her heat had been.

"Hold... hold... now bury it to the root in one stroke—hard."

He obeyed, hips snapping forward, cock spearing through buttery silk until his balls slapped her ass. His momma's breath whooshed across his ear, hot and ragged. Again she made him pause, inner muscles fluttering around every ridge of his length like a nest of sucking mouths.

"Shallow now—five fast little jabs right on that spot," she panted, rolling her pelvis so her swollen clit ground against his pubic bone.

He gave short, choppy thrusts, crown rasping over the sandpaper patch, feeling it swell beneath him until it felt like

a knotted rope inside her tunnel. Sweat dripped off his forehead onto her slippery tits, mingling with milk already beading from her nipples.

Mary Beth's nails raked his scalp. "Deep again—slow... count to three 'fore you hit bottom."

He dragged his length through her clutching sheath, savoring the drag of velvet pleats over taut, pink cock-skin. Then, the boy slammed home and held, feeling her womb kiss the eye of his cock.

The mother groaned—a sound low and animal—her legs locking tighter around his skinny hips. "Alternate, baby—shallow, deep, fast, slow—like churnin' different creams."

He found the rhythm she wanted: three shallow rabbit-jabs making her clit spasm, then a long, grinding glide that bottomed out and pressed her button hard. Her breathing turned to broken sobs, belly slick against his as sweat pooled between them.

Every change she called came with a squeeze of her thighs or a twist of her hips that taught his body the geometry of her pleasure. "Circle when you're buried," she whispered, voice cracking.

"Oh mama," he whimpered as he swiveled his hips, feeling his shaft stir her molten core like a spoon in thick stew, the rough spot rubbing patterns on the underside of his crown.

After a few minutes of this, his balls drew up, fire licking his spine, but Ma sensed it and clamped her calves. "Not yet, stallion—switch again."

He pulled out until only the flared head stretched her entrance, then drove back in a slow glide that made her choke his name. Shallow, deep, fast circles, slow churn—each command turned her cunt into a new instrument gripping his cock.

Finally she let him speed up, urging shallow thrusts that kept her trigger mashed. Her whole body stiffened beneath him, tits quivering, breath hitching. "Hold right there—press," she squealed, grinding her clit hard against his shaft.

Darrell felt the telltale ripple start—ripples turned to waves—then her insides clamped down so fierce he saw stars, hot nectar flooding his cock-root and running down his balls in syrupy gushes.

Only when her shudders eased did she rasp, "Now finish me, sugar—pound it out."

He drew back and slammed deep, repeating until her cunt turned to cream and a howl rattled the window glass; her big thighs locked so tight he thought she'd snap his ribs.

Her urethral slit swelled, turning from a tight pink crease to a gaping maw that flowered open like a hungry mouth. Thick spurts of girl-cum erupted in violent pulses, each blast hitting his cock-shaft with enough force to splatter back onto his balls and thighs.

The hot slop drenched him from root to tip, running down his sac in rivulets that pooled beneath them on the already-soaked sheets. Her mammoth tits heaved and shuddered with each convulsion, the fat globes slapping against each other, then against his chest as she arched up, her nipples dragging wet trails across his skin.

He kept the circles going, gritting his teeth against the fire curling up his spine, until the last spasm left her shuddering beneath him like a broke mare.

Mary Beth's palm cracked his buttock. "Off—now," she sighed breathlessly. "Back to your Gran."

Darrell wrenched his cock free from Mary Beth's clinging hole, feeling her cunt-lips grip and suck at his shaft like a hungry mouth reluctant to release its meal. His purple rod emerged dripping, coated in a thick sheen of her spend that hung in ropy strands from his veined shaft to her swollen lips.

Her juices had painted his cock and balls with a glossy varnish that caught the dim light, his small patch of pubic hair matted into dark, wet curls. He glanced down at the spreading dark patch beneath her splayed thighs, a puddle of girl-cum that had soaked through to the mattress ticking.

"Look at that flood," he crowed, chest puffing. "Made you squirt like a stuck hog, didn't I, ma?"

"Uh-huh," Mary Beth gasped, too breathless and fucked stupid to say more.

Clara's fingers clamped his skinny hips and yanked him down until his sternum mashed the pillow of her tits. Warm breast-flesh oozed around his ribs like biscuit dough. Her cunt sucked him back in, hotter and wetter than before, the slick walls rippling against every ridge of his cock.

“Same patch, sugar,” she rasped, voice gravelly as creek bed. “Feel it—up high, two knuckles’ worth.”

He tucked his hips, angling his dick until the swollen head scraped over that sandpaper knot. Clara’s calves hooked behind his thighs, heels digging sharp half-moons into the tendons.

“Now pound,” she ordered, “but short—two inches in, two inches out—like you’re pokin’ coals in a stove. Keep the tip scrubbin’ that spot.”

He started—short, nasty jabs that made her cunt growl around his shaft. The slap of sweat-slick skin on skin filled the room, louder than the bedsprings. Every third stroke he added a circle so the crown dragged across the spot, and Clara’s breath clawed in her throat.

“That’s it... faster, sugar,” she urged, voice breaking. “Rattle my bones till the juice runs.”

He shortened his strokes, hips pumping in a tight, vicious blur. Clara’s huge tits bounced against his chest, nipples scraping his skin. He felt her walls start to flutter—little ripples that grew until they quivered down the whole length of his cock.

He angled deeper, letting his crown kiss her cervix with each snap of his hips. The soft thud of each collision shivered through her belly and into the mattress.

“Oh now you're learnin' your way around a lady's parts,” she panted and clutched him tighter, talons raking welts down his sweat-slick back as her hips bucked in a savage counter-rhythm. Each upward thrust of her pelvis forced his cock deeper into her dripping cunt, the fat lips gobbling his shaft greedily.

Her massive tits heaved and slapped against each other, nipples dragging wet trails across his chest.

"F-fuck, Gran." he choked out between ragged breaths, voice cracking like green timber, "love how your pussy just... just swallows me up."

He hammered harder, balls slapping wetly against the ring of her puckering asshole with each brutal plunge.

“Look at me,” she growled, grabbing his chin and yanking his face up. “Watch what you do to a grown woman.”

Her beautiful eyes were wild, pupils blown wide, sweat dripping from her graying bangs. Her features began to twist in a mask of pleasure. He couldn't look away.

“Now speed up—hammer it, boy!” she snarled, voice cracking like cedar.

He obeyed, hips a blur, slapping against her so hard little drops of spit flew from her mouth. His balls swelled, but he

gritted his teeth against the fire coiling at the base of his spine.

“Grind hard on it—NOW!” Clara clamped her thighs and yanked him in to the hilt. The angle slammed his crown against that rough patch over and over, his young tight ass flying up and down in a frantic blur.

“Yesss!” his ma cheered. “Get it, baby. Go get it!”

A low, guttural growl tore from Clara's throat. Hot liquid gushed around her grandson's root, coating his thighs and soaking the sheets in a flood that smelled like wild musk and summer hay.

He stayed pinned, cock pulsing inside her velvet grip, waiting for her tremors to ebb. When they did, she gave him a tired slap on the ass.

“Good boy” she croaked, voice hoarse. “Now drag it out slow—let it drip.”

Darrell stared down at his cock—shiny, purple, dripping Gran's spend like warm syrup off a hoe handle. “Ain't never had a gal soak me that heavy,” he muttered, voice raw, chest still jumping from the pounding he'd given.

Mary Beth snatched his wrist, yanked him forward. “Lesson ain't over, colt. Plant that big wet bull-cock back in Momma and show me you were payin' heed.”

She flopped backward, knees jack-knifing to her ears, fat tits slopping sideways. “Ankles on your shoulders, sugar.

Fold me like a church bulletin and aim that knob upward—same patch you just polished a little bit ago.”

Darrell hooked her calves over his collarbones, hips wobbling. He gazed into his mom's pretty eyes for a moment as she stared back like a bitch in heat. Then he nudged in, slipped once, twice, then found the furnace of her hole and slid home on a gulp of hot cream.

The angle felt different—steeper—his crown scraping that sandpaper knot right off. He began to buck his hips like a colt ruttin' a mare.

“Slower,” his ma snapped, palm cracking his ass. “Count one-two before you bottom out; don't jab like you're pokin' fire.”

He dragged back, felt the cool air kiss his shaft, then pushed, counting Mississippis in his head. One. Two. Glide and press. Her walls fluttered; a slick gush of mama-honey kissed his root.

“Circles now—grind, don't pound,” she growled, nails digging his shoulder blades. “Pretend you're churnin' butter inside me.”

Darrell swiveled, feeling his ridge scrub that spot. Sweat dripped off his chin onto her clit, mixing with the river already seeping out around his cock. His thighs trembled; he wanted to ram, but her glare pinned him to the tempo she demanded.

“Shallow jabs—five fast,” she ordered, voice cracking.

He gave short, choppy thrusts, crown kissing the knot over and over. Her breath hitched; tits sloshing on her chest like they were packed full of creamy tit-nectar.

“Deep again—slow drag,” she panted.

He slid to the hilt, felt her womb kiss his tip, held while her cunt rippled like a sack of eels. The rhythm sank into his bones: shallow-fast, deep-slow, circles, grind, hold.

His nuts drew up, fire licking his spine, but she clamped her calves. “Not yet. Feel that flutter? Stay pinned—press hard.”

Darrell's upper lip curled back like a rabid hound's as he flexed his pubic muscle, making his cock throb and swell. The corpus cavernosum filled with a fresh surge of blood, veins bulging like earthworms under the stretched skin.

His engorged glans flared wider, the ridge underneath catching on every pleat of her sopping cunt-walls. Her vagina stretched to accommodate him, the labia minora dragging wetly along his shaft while her cervix retreated deeper into her pelvis. It didn't matter – that puffy ring of muscle couldn't escape his impressive cock-length.

Her clitoris, swollen and exposed from its hood, mashed against his pubic bone as nerve endings fired like lightning through her pelvic floor, sending electric jolts straight to her hypothalamus where pleasure chemicals flooded her brain stem.

“SWEET, LORD!” the mother gasped as her whole body locked, then bucked. A hot geyser squirted over her boy's

root, running down his balls and soaking the sheet beneath. She howled, throat raw, pussy milking him in waves that made his vision blur.

Only when the shudders faded did she rasp, “Now finish it—pound it out.”

He drew back and slammed, repeating until her cunt turned to slick cream and her howl rattled the window-glass.

Mary Beth's palm cracked his ass again, the sting zipping straight to his nuts. "Feel that boil, sugar? That's the good stuff creepin' up your tube. Now tuck your hips tighter—yes, like that—so your knob kisses my womb with every slap."

Darrell did it, breath hitching when the angle made his crown rasp the spot she'd sworn would light her up. His balls drew up hard as hickory nuts, slapping wet against the cleft of her ass with each full-length drive

"Ma," he croaked, voice cracking like a boy half his age, "I... I feel it creepin'. Can I let it go?"

She answered by clamping her ankles across the small of his back and rolling her pelvis a fraction higher. "Not yet, colt. Slow to a grind—little circles, like you're stirrin' biscuit dough."

He whined but obeyed, hips swiveling instead of plunging, feeling his shaft stir her molten silk in slow, creamy swirls. The pressure in his sac mounted, a sweet ache that throbbed behind his cock-root.

"Count five strokes deep," she panted, "then pull back 'til just the head's inside. Let the cool air kiss that shaft, make it beg for the oven again."

Darrell counted, sweat dropping onto her tits. One... two... three slow plunges, each nudging her deepest spot. Four... five... He slid out until her rim kissed only his flared crown, cool air licking the veined shaft like creek water on hot steel.

"Now slam home and hold," she growled, nails digging half-moons in his shoulders. He drove in to the root, pubic bone grinding her clit, crown wedged against her womb mouth. A shudder rolled through him; his nuts pulsed, fire licking the base of his spine.

She felt it. "Not yet," she hissed, inner walls rippling around him. "When I say, you churn three fast circles, then pound till your eyes cross. You'll shoot so hard you'll see heaven's gate creak open."

Darrell gritted his teeth, every muscle locked. His cock felt twice its size, veins beating like drum-skins. He waited, breath frozen, for her command.

Mary Beth's voice cut through the red haze behind his clenched eyelids. "Now, boy—churn!"

Darrell snapped his hips in three tight churns, each circle grinding the swollen crown over the rasping pad inside her. The friction blazed up his shaft; his nuts felt ready to split.

"Pound it home!" she snarled.

He slammed forward, skinny hips hammering so fast the bedframe shrieked. Sweat stung his eyes; her tits slapped his chin. A white-hot rope shot through his core, gathering behind his balls.

“Hold deep—let it rip,” his ma gasped, heels digging into the small of his back as she clutched him like he was a skinny fuck-doll.

He buried to the root, crown kissing womb, and the dam burst. The first spurt rocketed through his length, jetting so hard it splashed back hot around his buried shaft.

His spine arched; a guttural howl tore from his throat as pulse after pulse flooded her, each throb milked by the rippling grip of her cunt. His vision tunneled to black sparks while Mary Beth’s walls kept clutching, coaxing every drop until his knees buckled and he collapsed, cock still twitching inside her creamy heat.

Their hearts pounded like jackhammers against each other's rib cages, the sweaty meat of their chests fused together. Darrell felt his mother's pulse throb through her cunt walls, still gripping his cock like a wet fist.

Their gasps grew ragged, then shallow, as the fuck-sweat cooled on their skin. He rested against her, tits pancaking beneath him, both of them marinating in the musky aroma of their rutting as the last aftershocks rippled through their spent bodies.

Darrell's consciousness ebbed like a tide pulling back from shore. His eyelids fluttered, then sealed shut as exhaustion

claimed him. Sleep dragged him under into a vivid dreamscape where Mary Beth's pendulous tits engulfed his face—the areola wide as a saucer, nipple thick as his thumb.

He latched on with desperate hunger, cheeks hollowing as he suckled. Warm, sweet milk flooded his mouth, trickling down his chin in rivulets. Beyond the soft flesh mountain that dominated his vision, he could make out the rhythmic clack-clack-clack of pickaxes striking stone.

He shifted his gaze without breaking suction, peering past the curve of her flesh to see a line of miners in soot-stained coveralls, their muscled backs glistening with sweat as they chipped at the walls. Their faces remained turned away, oblivious to mother and son nestled in the shadowy corner of the mine shaft, his gulping sounds drowned by their labor.

Mary Beth's lips brushed his ear, her breath hot and wet. "Look at 'em sweat," she whispered, voice honeyed yet cruel. "Breakin' their backs for pennies while you're up here splittin' their wives' slick cunts wide open.

Darrell continued to suckle like a baby and listen to his ma's voice. "Bet you love how our heavy tits leak all over your tongue while our husbands chip away at that black rock. Your young cock's gettin' the cream while they get the dust."

Before he could answer, Ma's back arched violently, her mouth stretching into a silent scream that suddenly erupted into a feral howl. The sound bounced off the mine walls, yet Lester never looked up, just wiped sweat from his brow and

drove his pickaxe deeper into the rock's face, deaf to his wife's pleasure-wracked cries.

Mary Beth's howls shattered the mine's stillness, her voice vibrating the walls until dust and pebbles rained down.

The miners' heads snapped up, eyes wild with panic as chunks of ceiling crashed around them. "Cave-in!" someone bellowed.

Bodies scrambled, tools abandoned, boots slipping in the muck as the mountain groaned above them.

Darrell jolted awake, heart hammering, to find himself sandwiched between two sweaty female forms—Mary's Beth's giant tits pressed against his back while Gran's belly curved against his stiffening cock.

The sour-sweet stench of their mingled juices filled his nostrils as he thrashed free of their tangled limbs. "Pa!" he screamed, voice cracking, balls still aching from the phantom pleasure of his coal-mine dream.

TO BE CONTINUED...