

# COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'



PART 5

BY KLRXO

**THIS STORY IS A COMPLETE WORK OF FICTION, AND ALL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE OVER THE AGE OF 18.**

Competitive Frontier Lovin' – Part 5

By Klrxo

Darrell shoveled the last forkful of hay toward the milling cattle, the sun beating down on his broad shoulders like a hammer on an anvil. Dust kicked up around his boots, mixing with the earthy stink of manure and sweat-soaked hides.

At 18, his body was all lean hard muscle from farm work, but his mind wandered to dirtier thoughts lately—thoughts that made his thick cock twitch in his trousers since his own pretty Ma was teaching him the ways of pleasing a woman.

The porch door creaked open behind the house, snapping his attention away from the beasts. He glanced over, and there she was—his Ma, Mary Beth striding across the yard with those wide, child-bearing hips rolling side to side.

Her heavy tits strained against the thin cotton of her dress, nipples poking through like they were begging for a squeeze. The fabric clung to her curves from the morning's chores, outlining every sway.

“Mind the mud, woman!” Darrell’s Pa's voice boomed from the field, Lester's grizzled face twisted in annoyance as he wiped his hands on his overalls.

“I can handle myself in the barnyard, darlin’,” Mary Beth shot back, her tone sweet but laced with that bold edge she saved for when she wanted something.

Her eyes locked straight on Darrell's, dark and hungry, a mischievous glint promising trouble. She didn't break stride, boots splashing through the soft patches near the fence, closing the distance fast.

Darrell's heart hammered in his chest, his cock already stirring as she reached him. Up close, she smelled of soap and sun-warmed skin, her full lips curved in a knowing smile.

Without a word, she grabbed his hand, her grip firm and warm, tugging him toward the barn's shadow.

“C'mon, boy,” she murmured low, just for him, her voice like velvet over gravel.

He followed, pulse racing, glancing back at Pa who was already turning away to yell at the cattle in the field.

There'd been a cave-in at the mine yesterday, where several men were hurt. Luckily his Pa, Lester, wasn't one of them. The men of Red Gulch all knew the dangers of working underground—it was the risk they took to support their families.

Mary Beth led her son to the barn looming ahead, its weathered boards offering cover, but they weren't deep inside—just slipped behind the wide double doors, out of direct sight from the yard.

Mary Beth didn't waste time. Her fingers hooked into his belt, yanking it open with practiced ease.

“Been thinkin' about this all mornin',” she whispered, eyes flicking up to his face as she shoved his trousers and underdrawers down to his ankles in one rough pull.

His big, sinewy cock sprang free, thick and veined, already hard and jutting out like a fence post. The cool barn air hit his balls, making them tighten, but it was her stare—devouring every inch—that made pre-cum bead at the tip. Darrell's breath hitched, his hands clenching at his sides. He was eager, yeah, but still naive enough that his cheeks burned with a mix of shame and raw want. Ma was his mother, for Christ's sake, but the way she looked at him like he was her secret prize... it drove him wild.

She crouched down slow, her knees sinking into the hay-strewn dirt, dress riding up her thick thighs. One hand gripped his hip, steadying him, while the other pushed his legs apart wider.

“Good boy,” she purred, her hot breath ghosting over his exposed skin.

Then her tongue darted out, long, flat and wet, licking a slow stripe up from his taint.

Darrell jolted, a low groan escaping his lips as the slick heat dragged over that sensitive spot, sending sparks up his spine.

She didn't stop—oh no, Mary Beth was bold, always had been. Her hands spread his ass cheeks apart, palms digging into his firm muscle, exposing his tight asshole completely.

Her tongue circled the puckered ring, teasing the rim before pressing in, lapping at him like she was starving for it. Wet, slurping sounds filled the air behind the barn, mixing with the distant lowing of cattle and the creak of wind on the roof.

Darrell's knees buckled a bit, pleasure twisting in his gut like a knife. He loved getting tongue by his Ma—her mouth was filthy and perfect, tongue probing deeper, fucking his asshole with short, insistent thrusts.

“Fuck, Ma,” he gasped, voice hoarse and barely above a whisper.

His hand moved on instinct, wrapping around his thick cock, stroking from base to tip in firm pumps. The shaft swelled in his fist, veins pulsing under his grip as he jerked faster, matching the rhythm of her licking.

Pre-cum slicked his palm, making each slide smoother, wetter. He could feel her spit dripping down his taint, cooling in the air before she lapped it back up, humming against his skin like she loved the taste.

Mary Beth pulled back just enough to glance up, lips shiny with her own saliva, a string of it connecting to his asshole. “That's it, work that fat hog for Mama,” she commanded softly, her voice dripping with lust.

Then she dove back in, tongue spearing into him again, harder this time, while one hand reached up to fondle his heavy balls, rolling them in her fingers.

“Oh don't that feel damn good,” Darrell moaned louder than he meant to, the sound echoing off the barn walls.

His hips bucked forward into his own hand, chasing the building pressure, but he couldn't tear his eyes from her—those massive tits heaving with each breath, nipples hard as pebbles begging to be sucked.

The thrill of Pa just yards away, oblivious, made it all dirtier; what if he stepped around the corner right now? The thought only fueled Darrell's strokes, his cock leaking steadily now, balls drawing up tight.

Mary Beth's free hand slipped between her own thighs, rubbing her pussy through her dress—he could hear the faint rustle, smell her arousal mixing with the barn's musk.

Mary Beth's tongue finally pulled away from Darrell's asshole with a wet pop, leaving him gasping and clenching around nothing.

Spit trailed down his taint, cooling against his heated skin, but his cock throbbed harder than ever in his fist, slick with pre-cum and begging for more.

She stood up slow, her knees popping from the crouch, those heavy tits bouncing under her dress as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

Her eyes burned into his, dark with that same forbidden hunger that twisted Darrell's gut every time she looked at him like that—like he was hers to devour.

Without a word, she turned toward the barn wall, where a rickety ladder leaned against the weathered planks, leading up to the loft.

Mary Beth grabbed the bottom rung, hoisting herself up with a grunt, her wide hips straining the fabric of her dress. As she climbed, she reached down with one hand and hiked up her skirt, bunching it around her waist. No underdrawers—nothing but bare skin.

Darrell's eyes locked on the sight, his strokes faltering for a second as her naked pussy came into view, smooth-shaven lips puffy and glistening with her own juices.

Higher she went, and her round ass cheeks spread just enough to flash her tight asshole, winking in the dappled light filtering through the barn slats.

Darrell's mouth went dry, his thick cock pulsing in his hand as he pumped it harder, the long, veined shaft slick and shiny.

“Fuck, Ma, you're bare under there,” he gasped, her pussy lips parting slightly with each step up the ladder, showing off the pink inner folds dripping wet.

That asshole, puckered and inviting, made his balls ache—he wanted to bury his face in it, or better, shove his cock right in.

The risk hit him again; Pa could yell for her any second, stomp over here, but the thought only made Darrell jerk faster, pre-cum flying in thin strings to splatter the dirt.

He could smell her arousal stronger now, musky and sweet, cutting through the barn's stink like a promise of what's next.

Mary Beth paused halfway up, glancing down over her shoulder, her skirt still hiked high. Those big tits hung heavy, nipples scraping the ladder rungs through her dress.

“You gonna stay down there strokin' that fat cock all day, boy?” she teased, voice low and husky, laced with command. “Or you comin' up here to rut Mama's holes like a good son should?”

Her words slammed into him like a punch, heat flooding his face and groin. Rut her—like an animal, right there in the loft where anyone could hear the hay rustling.

Darrell dropped his hand from his cock, the shaft bobbing heavy and untouched, leaking steadily. He kicked off his tangled trousers and boots in a rush, bare-assed now, and scrambled for the ladder.

His hands gripped the rough wood as he hauled himself up fast, heart pounding louder than the cattle outside. The view below blurred—Pa's distant figure in the field, oblivious—but up close, Ma's exposed ass filled his vision, cheeks jiggling with her movements.

By the time Darrell crested the loft edge, pulling himself over onto the creaky floorboards, Mary Beth had already shimmied out of her dress completely. It pooled at her feet like discarded skin, leaving her stark naked—those massive, natural tits swaying free, dark nipples hard and begging, her wide hips framing that smooth pussy and the curve of her meaty ass.

She bent over a fat bale of straw, knees sinking into the prickly pile, presenting herself like a bitch in heat. Her ass stuck up high, cheeks spread just enough to show her wet pussy lips and that tight, pink asshole clenching in anticipation.

The loft air was thicker up here, hay dust tickling his nose, but all he could focus on was her—the way her arousal dripped down her inner thigh, the faint sheen of sweat on her skin.

Darrell knelt behind her quick, his knees hitting the rough boards with a thud. His cock slapped against his belly, rock-hard and aching, the head purple and slick.

“Ma... fuck, just look at you,” he muttered, voice rough with need, hands shaking as he reached out.

He grabbed her ass cheeks, thick and soft under his fingers, spreading them wide. Her asshole winked at him, tight and untouched except for his own tongue at his grandma Clara's place.

Below it, her pussy throbbed, lips swollen and parted, begging to be filled—but no, he wanted that ass first, the dirtiest part, the one that made his gut clench with shame and thrill.

Mary Beth pushed back against his hands, grinding her cheeks into his grip. “That's it, spread Mama wide,” she groaned, arching her back deeper. “You see how tight it is? Gonna have to work that big cock in slow, boy—make me take every inch.”

She reached back to swipe a finger through her pussy, coating it in her slick juices before circling her asshole. The wet sounds echoed in the loft, mixing with Darrell's heavy breaths.

Darrell's breath hitched as he watched Ma's finger slide out of her asshole with a slick pop, leaving the tight ring glistening and slightly gaped.

His cock jerked in the air, the fat head smeared with pre-cum that dripped in a long string toward the hay-dusted floor. Fuck, he needed to be inside her—needed to feel that forbidden heat clamp down on him.

His hands dug deeper into her ass cheeks, spreading them wider, the soft flesh yielding under his grip.

“Ma... you want my cock in your tight asshole?” he asked, voice trembling.

“Mm-hm,” she hummed. “The tunnel of a woman's shitter is custom made for a big boy's cock like yours.”

She pushed her ass back to tease the tip of his shaft against her puckered hole. “Mama's fixin' to teach you how to beat that dick right through my butt—make me squeal for more of my own son's meat.”

Her words hit Darrell like a gut punch, shame and lust twisting hot in his chest. Pa was still out there, hollering at the cattle maybe, close enough that one loud moan could bring him running. But that risk

only made Darrell's cock throb harder, pre-cum bubbling from the slit as he leaned in.

He gripped his thick shaft at the base and rubbed the swollen knob against her asshole ring. The heat of her skin seared him, her puckered hole twitching under the slick pressure, coating his cockhead in a mix of his pre-cum and the remnants of her finger's juices.

“Like this, Ma?” he grunted, sliding the tip up and down her crack, bumping her wet pussy lips on the way back, feeling her arousal smear along his length.

“Atta boy, grease that pole till it's drippin' wet,” Mary Beth moaned. “Rub that leaky knob right on Mama's shitter. Make it shine before you shove in.”

Darrell did, pressing firmer, the tight ring resisting at first then kissing his cockhead with a wet suck. Every circle he made sent jolts up his spine, his balls tightening as more pre-cum oozed out, lubing her up.

Finally, with a shaky breath, Darrell lined up and pushed. The head of his cock breached her asshole slow, the ring stretching around him with a burn that made him hiss. “

“Hot damn, Mama—your backdoor's squeezin' me like a vise!” he groaned, inching forward, watching her hole swallow his thick shaft bit by bit.

Mary Beth arched her back, pushing back to meet him, her inner walls gripping—hot, velvety, and pulsing around his meat.

Inch after sinewy inch sank in, the friction pulling a string of spit from her lips as she bit down on her forearm to muffle a cry.

Darrell's hands trembled on her hips, fingers digging into her wide flesh, until—goddamn—with a final thrust, he buried himself balls deep.

His heavy sack slapped against her dripping pussy, the sensation making stars burst behind his eyes.

“Oh, yes—fill Mama's ass full,” Mary Beth gasped, her body shuddering around him, tits scraping the rough straw as she adjusted to his girth.

She clenched her asshole deliberately, squeezing his cock in waves that had him seeing white.

“Now listen up, boy—this here's different than dippin' your wick in the honey jar. Gotta ease it in gentle-like, then pull back till you're 'bout to pop out, then drive that meat wagon home. Feel how my back door's grippin' ya? That there's the sweet spot.”

Darrell nodded, dazed, his mind a haze of her scent and the obscene stretch of her hole around him. He drew back careful, the drag of her walls on his veined shaft pulling a groan from deep in his throat, pre-cum and her slick easing the way.

Then he thrust in—hard, like she said—burying deep again with a wet smack, his bell-shaped glans rearranging her bowels.

Mary Beth moaned loud, the sound echoing off the barn beams, her pussy clenching empty below as juices trickled down her thighs.

“Harder now, son—beat that cock through my ass,” she urged, voice breaking into whimpers. “Grab my hips and rut like you mean it, make Mama's brown star gape for you.”

Darrell obeyed, hands clamping her wide hips, pulling her back onto him as he started pumping. Each stroke built faster, his balls slapping

her wet folds, the loft filling with the filthy squelch of ass-fucking and their ragged breaths.

He could feel every ridge of her tunnel gripping him, the heat building to a fever, his cock pile-driving in and out while she rocked back, udders swinging wild.

Darrell's mind raced— this was his Ma, bent over and taking his dick in her shitter like a whore, teaching him to fuck her raw. His world narrowed to the obscene grip of Ma's asshole around his pounding cock, every plunge sending shockwaves through his body.

The tight ring stretched wide with each thrust, but inside—fuck, inside her rectum was a furnace of slick, rippling heat that clutched at him like it never wanted to let go.

Her walls were velvety smooth yet textured with faint ridges that dragged along his veined shaft, milking him deeper into the forbidden tunnel of her guts.

He could feel the way her inner muscles quivered, hot and pulsing, squeezing his length in rhythmic waves that made his balls ache with the need to unload.

Sweat poured down his back as he hammered in balls-deep, the head of his cock nudging against the bend in her rectum, buried so far, he swore he could feel her heartbeat throbbing around him. His thick cock leaked steadily now, pre-cum oozing from the slit to slick the brutal friction, turning her shitter into a sloppy, sucking mess.

The flex of his own teenage muscles anchored him—sinews in his thighs and the root of his dick tensing like iron cables, powering each steady, powerful thrust.

He pulled back almost to the tip, watching her asshole cling to his retreating shaft, the pink inner flesh pulling out slightly before he

slammed home again, the smack of his heavy balls against her dripping pussy echoing in the loft.

“Goddamn, Ma—your ass is suckin' me dry,” Darrell grunted, his hips snapping forward with a force that jolted her body.

Mary Beth's moans grew louder, raw and unrestrained, bouncing off the barn rafters like a siren's call that could draw Pa any second. Her ass muscles fluttered wildly around him, gripping tighter with every stroke, the heat building to a scorching vise that had his cock throbbing inside her.

“That's it, boy—fuck Mama's shitter raw,” she gasped, pushing back hard to meet his plunges, her wide hips grinding against his grip.

Juices from her neglected pussy leaked down, soaking his sack and dripping onto the straw below, the scent of her arousal thick and musky in the air.

She clenched deliberately, her rectum contracting in hot pulses that rippled from his buried cockhead all the way to the stretched ring, pulling a guttural groan from his throat.

Darrell's hands dug deeper into her hips as he drove his cock even deeper, chasing that electric friction. The way her tight walls parted for him, then snapped back to hug every inch, made his vision blur with lust.

He could feel the slick juices coating his shaft, his pre-cum mixing with her inner heat to create a wet, squelching glide that only urged him faster. His muscles flexed at the base, tendons straining as he anchored his rhythm—steady, powerful pumps that shook her heavy tits against the bale, her nipples scraping raw.

“Harder, boy—pound that big dick through my guts,” Mary Beth whimpered, her voice cracking into a moan that vibrated straight to his core.

Darrell obliged, hips moving with raw need, the filthy rhythm building to a frenzy. Each thrust slapped wet and loud, his balls smacking her swollen pussy lips, her arousal splattering with every impact.

He lost himself in the sensation—the hot, clenching tunnel devouring him, her moans fueling the fire in his veins, sweat slicking their bodies as the loft reeked of sex and sin.

Then it came—a shout from below, Pa's voice booming up through the floorboards. “Mary Beth? Darrell? Where the hell you two at?”

Darrell froze mid-thrust, his cock buried balls-deep in Ma's shitter, the sudden halt making her inner walls flutter around him in protest. His heart slammed against his ribs, panic flooding his veins like ice water. Pa was right there in the barn, close enough that Darrell could hear the creak of boots on the dirt floor.

If Lester looked up, if he climbed even one rung of that ladder... fuck, they'd be caught with his dick stuffed in his own ma's ass, her pussy dripping juices onto the hay like a faucet.

He gripped her hips harder, trying to still her, breath caught in his throat. But Ma didn't give a shit. She just kept humping back, careless and bold, her fat ass cheeks rippling as she ground against him.

Those wide, child-bearing hips rolled with a filthy rhythm, slamming softly into his trim midsection with each push. He looked down, mesmerized by the sight—his thick, veiny cock disappearing into her obscenely stretched asshole, the pink ring puffed out and gripping tight to his root on every thrust she forced.

It winked at him when she pulled forward, inner flesh clinging to his shaft before she shoved back, burying him to the hilt again. The stretch was obscene, her shitter molded perfectly around his girth, juices from her pussy leaking down to coat his balls and make everything sloppier.

“Darrell? You hear me, boy?” Lester called again.

Darrell's muscles locked, his thighs burning from the effort to hold still, but Mary Beth's ass kept working him, her rectum pulsing hot and insistent around his throbbing length.

He looked up to see his pretty Ma grinning back at him mischievously, daring him to make a moan.

Darrell bit his lip to stifle a groan, the danger twisting in his gut like a knife, but his cock betrayed him—twitching harder inside her, leaking more pre-cum that dribbled down her crack.

Lester muttered to himself below, confusion thick in his grumble. “Damn fools, probably off chasin' strays or somethin. Gotta get to the mine—ain't got time for this.”

The footsteps retreated, the barn door creaking open and shut as Lester headed out to saddle his horse. The clatter of hooves and tack followed, fading into the distance as he rode off.

Darrell let out a shaky breath, his body sagging with relief even as Ma's ass clenched around him in victory.

“That was close, Ma,' he whispered, voice hoarse and trembling, his hands sliding up to squeeze her jiggling cheeks. “Too fuckin' close. Pa almost—”

“Danger makes the pleasure even more intense, don't it, son?” she purred.

Without waiting, she ground back harder, her hips circling to stir his dick deep in her guts. Her asshole fluttered wildly, gripping his root like it was starving for more, and she moaned loud now—no holding back with her husband gone.

“Now git up in there and wreck Mama's back door like you was born for it, boy.”

The words snapped something in Darrell, the fear melting into raw, urgent need. He pulled back slow, watching her stretched ring drag along his shaft, pink flesh turning out before he slammed home with a wet smack.

His balls slapped her pussy hard, the impact sending a fresh gush of her juices splattering down his thighs.

“Fuck, yeah—your ass is milkin' me so good,” he growled, hands digging into her hips again as he set a punishing rhythm.

Each thrust buried him balls-deep, his cockhead battering the tight walls of her rectum, the heat and suction pulling groans from his chest.

Mary Beth pushed back to meet him, her fat ass rippling with every collision, the cheeks spreading wide to expose where his thick dick stretched her open.

"Pound that donkey dick up my back door, boy—make me see stars!" she demanded, voice cracking into a moan that filled the loft.

Her inner muscle clenched in hot waves that rippled from tip to base, squeezing out more pre-cum to slick the way. Sweat poured off both of them, dripping onto the straw, the air thick with the musk of ass-fucking and her dripping cunt.

Darrell's midsection tensed, abs flexing as he drove in harder, the obscene press of her asshole against his root making his vision blur. He could feel every inch of her—the velvety grip, the pulsing heat, the way her shitter sucked at him like it wanted his load right then.

His balls tightened, aching with the build, but he held on, thrusting steady and brutal, lost in the filthy grind. Ma's moans grew wilder,

her body shaking under him, pussy untouched but leaking rivers that soaked his sack.

“Goddamn, Ma—gonna fill your guts,” he growled, hips snapping faster.

The teenager's balls drew up tight, the pressure building like a storm in his gut. He clenched his teeth hard, a low growl ripping from his throat as the first thick spurt of cum blasted out of his cockhead, flooding Mary Beth's stretched asshole deep inside her rectum.

Hot ropes of teenage seed painted her inner walls, the slick heat of her shitter clenching around his pulsing shaft to suck every drop deeper. His hips jerked forward one last time, burying his dick to the root as he unloaded, veins throbbing against the tight grip of her ass tunnel.

Cum leaked out around his base, mixing with her pussy juices to dribble down his sack in messy strings, the obscene stretch of her pink ring puffing out from the force of his eruption.

“Fuck—Ma, takin' it all,” Darrell snarled, his vision spotting white as wave after wave pumped into her guts.

The sensation was overwhelming, her asshole milking him with rhythmic squeezes that pulled more seed from his balls, the wet squelch of his cum filling her echoing in the loft.

His knees buckled under the intensity, thighs quivering as he collapsed backward onto the straw, chest heaving like he'd run a mile.

Mary Beth giggled and twisted around quick, her fat ass lifting off his cock with a wet pop that sent a glob of his thick load splattering onto his thigh.

Before he could catch his breath, she swung a leg over him, straddling his lap like she owned him—which she damn well did in that moment.

Her wide hips settled heavy on his midsection, the fleshy cheeks smothering his abs as she reached back, grabbing his still-spurting boner. She lined him up and sank down fast, her stretched shitter swallowing his entire length in one greedy slide, the ring clamping tight around his root again.

Darrell groaned, hands flying to her thighs for purchase as her weight pinned him down. The heat of her ass enveloped him completely, the cum inside her sloshing around his shaft with every shift.

“Goddamn, Ma—still so tight,” he muttered, feeling her inner walls flex and stroke his sensitive cockhead, the muscles rippling like they were determined to wring him dry.

Her asshole pulsed hot and insistent, the grip sucking at his length in slow, deliberate waves that milked out the last spurts of his load, dribbling more cum into her already flooded rectum.

She leaned forward, heavy mama-udders dangling in his face, nipples hard and brushing his lips as she started grinding. Her hips circled slow at first, stirring his dick deep in her cum-slick tunnel, the motion making her ass cheeks jiggle against his skin.

“That's right, sugar,” she panted, “feel how Mama's back door's grippin' that monster? Gonna squeeze you dry till them jewels are empty as a church collection plate on welfare Sunday.”

Her rectum clenched tighter, the walls fluttering around his veined shaft, pulling at him like a hot, velvet fist. Sweat beaded on her skin, dripping onto his chest, the air thick with the sharp tang of cum and ass-fucking.

Darrell's hands slid up her sides, fingers digging into the soft flesh of her waist, but she grabbed his wrists rough, guiding them higher.

"Get a good grip on these fat milk-bags, baby—hang on tight while mama empties them balls," she growled, mashing his palms against her heaving jugs.

They overflowed his grip, the weight of them heavy and warm, nipples scraping his palms as he squeezed. Her tits bounced with each grind, the motion sending jolts straight to his cock buried in her ass.

With her thick ass hugging his midsection, Mary Beth ground her hips in tight circles, her shitter flexing relentlessly around his boner, the cum inside bubbling out to coat his balls and puddle on the straw beneath them.

"Yeah, squeeze Mama's big titties—pinch those nipples while I squeeze this cock dry," she moaned loud, head thrown back, her wide hips rolling with urgent need.

The grip of her asshole was merciless, the inner muscles flexing and sucking at his shaft, stroking from base to tip in hot pulses that made his toes curl.

Darrell bucked up into her, unable to stay still, his fingers twisting her nipples as fresh waves of pleasure shot through him. His cock throbbed inside her, still leaking despite the massive load he'd just blown, the sensitivity making every clench feel like fire.

"Ma—fuck, you're suckin' me empty," he panted, abs clenching under her weight, sweat stinging his eyes.

"Mmm," she moaned. "Mama's ass is eatin' up every bit of that cream."

Darrell's grip tightened on her tits, kneading the heavy flesh as his body tensed again, another weak spurt firing into her depths despite the ache in his balls.

The relentless ass-sucking grip had him seeing stars, her rectum pulsing in hot waves that stroked his entire length, refusing to let go until he was spent.

Miles away from the dusty farm, the sun beat down merciless on the quiet town of Red Gulch at high noon. The streets lay empty, save for the faint echo of women screaming in ecstasy.

Female ruled the sultry afternoon, their bodies free to indulge without prying eyes—except those of their own kind, hungry and unashamed.

Up in the General Store's upper room, the air hung thick with the stench of sex and tobacco, the wooden floors creaking under the weight of raw lust.

Martha Johnson stood naked at the open window, her sweat-soaked skin glistening like she'd just been fucked raw—which she had. A cigarette dangled from her full lips, smoke curling lazy into the hot breeze as she peered out at the barren street.

Her huge milk-filled udders jutted out heavy and obscene, the swollen globes swaying with each breath, dark nipples protruding from areola that stretched across the peaks of her tits.

Her teats leaked thin trails of cream that dripped down her belly to mix with the drying farm-boy-cum smeared across her thighs.

Her pussy throbbed still from the pounding she'd taken minutes ago, hairless lips puffy and slick, asshole twitching with the memory of

fingers probing deep while that young stud's cock stretched her cunt wide.

She took a long drag, the burn in her lungs sharpening the ache between her legs, and glanced over her shoulder at the bed that occupied most of the room. Her friend Annie, another miner's neglected wife with tits just as massive, rode the cock of a young man Darrell's age with vicious abandon.

It was the same kid Martha had just drained. His name was Will—his lean body sprawled on the rumpled sheets, face buried in Annie's flopping udders as she bounced on a glistening shaft that was hard as a railroad spike.

Annie's fat ass cheeks clapped loud against his thighs, her pussy slurping greedily around his dick, juices squirting out with every downward slam.

The boy's hands gripped her wide hips, knuckles white, as he thrust up hard, his balls slapping wet against the pucker of her asshole hole.

“Fuck yeah, feels so good, Annie,” the teen gasped. “Yur squeezin' the hell outta my dick.”

Annie moaned loud, head thrown back, her heavy, pendulous tits smacking the kid's face as she swiveled, her clit grinding against his pubic bone.

“Goddamn, boy—your cock's plowin' WAY the fuck in there,” she growled, ass rippling with the force of her ride, pussy walls clenching to suck him in tighter.

The young man grunted, tongue lashing at her rubbery nipple, sucking hard enough to draw a squirt of whatever milk she had left, his hips bucking wild to bury his dick balls—deep in her sopping hole.

Cum from Martha's earlier fuck still coated his shaft, frothing white at the base where Annie's lips gripped him like a vice.

Martha's eyes flicked back to the street, her cigarette burning low between her fingers. The town felt like theirs alone, the women's domain of sweat and sin while the husbands slaved below ground.

A faint clatter of hooves caught her ear, and she squinted into the dust.

Her sister Mary Beth, heavy-titted and bold as ever, sat tall in the wagon bench, her skirt hiked just enough to show the gleam of sweat on her thighs. And beside her, that cute nephew Darrell, his young face flushed, trousers tented obvious with a fresh hard-on, eyes darting nervous but hungry.

“Well, all be damned,” Martha drawled aloud, voice thick and raspy with lust, flicking her cigarette butt out the window to smolder on the dirt below. “I think my sister Mary Beth and my cute nephew Darrell just rode up.”

Annie jerked upright, popping off the boy's rod with a sound like a boot pulled from deep mud. His massive tool flopped against his belly with a meaty thwack, dripping with secretions he's just carved from her cunt.

"Yeah, that's Darrell alright," she hissed, her heavy jugs swaying as she stared out the window. "Same stud who turned my sister into a drooling mess over at Clara's place. Banged her AND his mama senseless."

Martha's lips curled into a dirty smile. "Guess it's my turn to take a ride on that prime beef."

“See if Mary Beth'll bring him upstairs,” Annie said. “We can take turns ridin' that pole of his.”

Matha snatched up the thinnest shift from the floor—barely more than a ragged slip of cotton that clung to her curves like a second skin—and yanked it over her head.

The fabric stretched taut over her massive tits, the wet spots from her milk already blooming dark across the front, her huge areolas visible through the sheer material.

It barely skimmed her thighs, leaving her ass cheeks peeking out with every step, her puffy pussy lips rubbing slick against the hem.

She bolted down the creaky stairs of the General Store on bare feet, her udders bouncing wild and slapping against her ribs. The door banged open as she burst onto the dusty street, the hot sun blasting her skin, making her sweat anew.

There they were—Mary Beth dismounting with a sway of those wide hips, her skirt still hitched high enough to flash the sticky mess between her legs, cum trickling down from her freshly fucked asshole.

Darrell slid off the wagon awkward, his lean frame tense, that big bulge in his pants throbbing obvious as he adjusted himself, face red from the ride or maybe the memory of pounding his own ma's shithole.

Martha's eyes raked over her nephew like she was starving, taking in his cute, handsome face flushed with that boyish hunger, his lean muscles rippling under his shirt from farm work.

“Goddamn, nephew, ain't you just a fuckin' snack and a half,” she drawled low and filthy.

She sauntering up with her hips rolling, milk leaking faster from her tits at the thought of his young cock stretching her holes. She didn't wait—lunged forward and wrapped him in a crushing hug, yanking his body flush against hers.

His face sank right between her squishy udders, the hot, soft flesh smothering him as she ground her leaking nipples into his chest, soaking his shirt with warm cream.

Her hands slid down to grip his ass, squeezing hard through his trousers, feeling the firm cheeks clench under her fingers.

Darrell flushed deeper, his breath hitching hot against her skin, overwhelmed by the press of her massive tits and that sweet, dripping milk scent flooding his nose—mixed with the raw stink of her cum-crust-ed pussy.

His cock jerked hard in his pants, trapped against her thigh, pre-cum already leaking to make a wet spot as he fought the urge to grab her ass right there in the street.

“A-Aunt Martha,” he stammered, voice muffled in her cleavage, but she just chuckled rough, holding him tighter, her own cunt throbbing at how easy he'd be to break.

Mary Beth watched with a smirk, wiping sweat from her brow, her own heavy tits heaving under her blouse, still sticky from the barn fuck.

“Easy there, sister—don't scare the boy off before we get him inside,” she teased, but her eyes gleamed hungry, knowing full well Darrell's cock was primed and leaking from their ride.

Before Martha could drag him toward the store, a burst of giggles echoed from down the street—high and filthy, cutting through the dusty quiet. She pulled back just enough to glance over, her arm still slung possessive around Darrell's waist, one hand 'accidentally' brushing the bulge in his pants.

Two naked moms—miners wives, with huge tits flopping wild as they ran—dashed past the saloon, their fat asses jiggling, pussies shaved bare and glistening with fresh juice.

One had cream smeared across her belly from a recent tit-fuck, the other sported red handprints on her cheeks from a spanking. They squealed playful, glancing back over their shoulders at the young man chasing them—no older than Darrell, a huge hard cock bobbing thick and veined, balls swinging heavy as he pumped his legs.

The boy looked anxious to use it, face twisted in desperate lust, pre-cum flinging from his fat cockhead with every stride.

"When I get my hands back on y'all," he hollered, "I'ma pound them holes till ya can't walk straight!"

He kept jacking his throbbing rod while he stumbled forward, desperate to catch up.

The moms laughed louder, tits smacking loud against their ribs, one reaching back to flash her asshole at him, winking it teasing before they veered toward an alley, hips swaying to taunt him further.

"Look at that—town's alive with cock-hungry whores today," Martha murmured to Darrell, her breath hot on his ear. "Bet you'd love to join in, nephew—chase some fat-assed mama and ram that big farm-boy dick up her cunny like a horny dog."

Mary Beth's hand tightened on Darrell's arm, her fingers digging into his bicep like she owned him, which she damn well did.

"C'mon, boy, let's get what we came for," she said, voice low and teasing, laced with that filthy promise that made his balls ache all over again.

"Supplies for the farm?" Martha asked.

"Mm-hm, and don't you fret none, sister, my boy's dippin' his wick plenty back home. That joystick ain't gatherin' no cobwebs, I guarantee ya that."

“So I hear,” Martha grinned, licking her lips. “Word is you been lettin’ others take a ride on that veiny flesh-pole. How ‘bout you lemme borrow that boy for a spell? Aunt Martha’s achin’ to drag him upstairs and fuck him till he’s drippin’ like a stuck hog.”

“I’m sure you’ve gotten more than your share of farm-boy cock today,” Mary Beth said as she tugged her son toward the General Store. “You look like you been gettin’ ravaged all mornin’.”

Martha fell in behind them, her massive udders swaying heavy under that sheer shift, milk droplets pattering onto the dusty boardwalk like rain.

“Oh come on, sis... you know us Chesterfield girls,” Martha giggled proudly. “We were born to fuck ‘til the cows come home.”

She licked her lips, eyes locked on the way Darrell’s pants tented, his lean ass flexing as he walked.

The store door creaked open under Mary Beth’s push, the cool shade inside hitting them like a slap after the sun’s blaze. Shelves crammed with canned goods, bolts of cloth, and sacks of flour lined the dim space, the air thick with the scent of leather, tobacco, and faint pussy musk from constant rutting in the upper rooms.

There was no one else around—just the old proprietor dozing behind the counter, his snores rumbling soft.

Mary Beth steered Darrell toward the dry goods aisle, her hand sliding down to squeeze his ass cheek quick and hard, making him jolt.

Martha crowded in close in front of him, her breath hot on Darrell’s neck. Her hands roamed bold over his body—one palm pressing flat against his chest, feeling his heart hammer, the other dipping low to trace the ridge of his bulge through the denim.

Darrell swallowed thick, his skin burning where she touched, cock leaking fresh pre-cum that soaked his drawers.

“Those floppin' udders outside get you excited, did they, Darrell?” Martha whisper, her nails digging against his tender cock-flesh as she massaging his hardening meat through his trousers.

“I reckon,” he whispered.

“Make you wanna rut nasty with a mama?” Martha purred, staring into his eyes hungrily, “let her squeeze her cunny ‘round that fat hog—soak that nut-sack.”

Mary Beth glanced back with a wicked grin, picking up a sack of cornmeal and tossing it onto the counter casually.

“His Mama's been trainin' him up real good when it comes to rutting, Martha. Boy's a natural—eager as a bull in heat.”

“Mmm, I love me a teenage bull ‘tween my thighs,” Martha purred. “Stirrin' up my cunt real deep and nasty like.”

“Got his very first taste of a woman's tight asshole just this mornin', right before we rode out.” Mary Beth said it plain, no shame, her heavy tits heaving as she leaned in to snag some twine, nipples brushing against her boy.

Darrell's face flamed, but his cock twitched violent in Martha's grip at the memory—Ma's hot shithole clenching around him, milking his load deep while Pa called from outside.

He shifted, trying to hide the throb, but Martha's hand cupped his balls through the fabric, squeezing gentle but firm, making him bite back a groan.

“Well, hell, every boy needs to be milked proper by a woman's shitter,” she agreed, voice dropping to a growl as she spun Darrell

around to face her, backing him against a shelf of jars that rattled soft. “Nothin' breaks 'em in like a tight ass-grip—teaches 'em how to thrust boner deep and fill that ass up.”

She bent over, pressing her thick derriere back against his bulging crotch. The heat of her cheeks seeped through his pants, her shift riding up to bare the crack of her ass.

Martha ground slow, deliberate, circling her hips to rub her puckered asshole right over his cockhead's outline, the friction making pre-cum ooze copius from his slit.

“Mm, bet the stretch feel so good ‘round that meat,” she hissed, feeling his boner flex against her crinkled rim.

A heavy thud echoed from the stairs at the back of the store. Darrell's head snapped up just as Annie burst into view—naked as sin, her massive tits squashed flat against Will's broad chest, sweat gleaming on her skin like she'd been oiled for a fuck.

The young stud carried her easy, his strong arms hooked under her thick thighs, her legs clenched tight around his waist like a vice. His cock—thick and veined, slick with her pussy juices—stayed buried balls-deep in her dripping cunt, the lips stretched wide around his root as he took each step.

“Martha, honey, you got any of that salve left? Will's poundin' my shithole next, and I want it slick for his fat dick.”

“Hey, Annie,” Mary Beth waved with a glance their direction.

“Hey, ya'll,” Annie grinned, waving casual at Mary Beth and Darrell like she wasn't getting railed standing up in front of God and the grocer.

Will shot Darrell a quick wave, cock twitching inside the MILF latched onto him as he turned back toward the room without breaking stride.

“Catch you later, Darrell,” he grunted, voice strained with the effort of holding her weight while fucking.

Slaps of skin on skin faded as they vanished into the bedroom, door slamming loose, followed by Annie's loud moan—“Yes, fuck meeee!”

Darrell's cock jerked hard in his pants, the sight burning into his brain: that young buck rutting a grown married woman raw while walking, her cunt gripping him like it owned his dick.

The old proprietor just snorted in his sleep, like upstairs fucks were background noise.

Martha chuckled low, still pressed back against him, her asshole grinding deliberate over his bulge. “Town's full of that kinda heat, nephew. Makes a boy's cock ache somethin' fierce.”

Darrell swallowed thick, turning his head to Mary Beth, his voice coming out curious and hoarse, barely above a whisper. “Ma... they was fuckin' standin' up like that? With her legs all wrapped 'round him?”

Mary Beth's eyes sparkled wicked, her heavy tits brushing his arm as she leaned in close. “Yeah, sugar, that's one way a boy can rut with a mama—or any hungry woman, for that matter. Standin' up lets you bounce her on your cock deep, feel her pussy or shithole clench tight while you walk her 'round.”

Martha's eyes narrowed with a mix of amusement and hunger. “You mean to tell me you ain't shown this fine boy of yours how to let a woman cling to him while he stands and ruts her hard against the wall? Sister, that's a damn shame. In this town, every young buck

needs to know how to pin a slut up and pound her dripping holes without missin' a step."

"Just 'cause I ain't done it yet don't mean I don't plan to, Martha," Mary Beth stated. "My boy's already learned to fuck me six ways from Sunday, we just ain't tried that position yet."

"No better time than the present to learn such a skill, nephew. Come on—let's get you trained proper," Martha said as she grabbed Darrell's hand firm, yanking him toward the creaky stairs at the back.

"Martha," Mary Beth giggled, "we ain't here to fuck."

"That's not what that hard hammer in his pants is tellin' me, Mary Beth."

Martha's ass cheeks jiggled under the thin skirt as she pulled Darrell along, the outline of her dripping pussy lips visible through the cloth, cum from some earlier fuck still trickling down her thighs.

Darrell's heart pounded, his big cock straining painfully against his pants, pre-cum soaking the front as he stumbled after her.

"Be right up after I'm finished shoppin', sugar," Mary Beth stated. "Don't let your cock-hungry aunt scare you too much—she's just eager to feel that farm-boy dick stretch her wide."

The words made Darrell's balls ache, his mind flashing to the barn, his Ma's tight asshole milking him dry, and now this—his aunt, bold as brass, dragging him into the private space above the General Store.

Martha pulled him past the first door where Annie and Will's room echoed with wet slaps and moans. But that was just the start.

Martha smirked, her free hand squeezing Darrell's bulge through his pants, whispering, "Boy, you ain't seen nothin' yet."

They pushed through a second door into a long hallway, walls lined with open rooms where dozens of naked moms lounged, their huge-breasted bodies slick with sweat and flushed red from hours of rutting.

The air hit him like a wall—thick, musky stench of pussy-cum, sweat, and spurting milk that made his head spin and his cock leak pre-cum into his drawers.

These were miners' wives, bold and insatiable, giggling and chatting like it was a damn quilting bee, but their cunts glistened wet between spread thighs, assholes still gaping from recent poundings.

In the first room off the hall, three moms were piled on a lanky teen, his skinny body buried under their heavy flesh. One fat-assed mom straddled his hips, her pussy slurping down his hard dick balls-deep, grinding slow so her ass cheeks clapped against his thighs.

Another shoved her dripping cunt onto his face, smothering him as he tongued her clit and asshole, her moans muffled by the wet smacks.

The third knelt beside him, sucking his teenage balls into her mouth, licking the taint while her udders dragged heavy across his leg, nipples leaking milk onto his skin in sticky trails.

The boy bucked up, fucking the riding mom harder, his cock plunging in and out with squelching sounds that echoed down the hall.

Darrell's breath hitched at the sight, his own dick throbbing painfully. His aunt laughed low, proud as a queen showing off her kingdom, her nearly-naked body pressing close—sweat-soaked skin sliding against his arm, her huge swollen tits leaking warm milk down her belly.

“See that, nephew?” she purred. “Us mothers feast on boys like you all day, while our men dig dirt. Your big, young cock's gonna fit right in.”

The public thrill of it all—the hallway open, moans spilling out—made Darrell's balls ache, his asshole clenching at the thought of joining the pile, maybe getting his taint licked while he fucked one of those gaping pussies.

Martha tugged him onward, deeper into the maze of writhing flesh. The walls seemed to pulse with the rhythm of grunts and wet fucks, moms glancing over with hungry eyes, one even reaching out to pinch his ass cheek as they passed.

“Care to share, Martha?” she asked, eying Darrell's body like a staving cougar.

“Already sharing with his Mama,” Martha answered. “Send her our direction when you see her come up.”

After entering the only empty room, Martha didn't hesitate, shoving Darrell against the wooden wall, the impact jarring his back. She quickly shed her gown and pressed her voluptuous body flush against his, those massive udders squashing against his chest, warm milk seeping through his shirt as her hard nipples dragged over his skin.

“Look at you, all flushed and hard for your auntie,” she growled, voice husky with need.

She hooked one thick leg around his waist, grinding her soaked cunt against his bulge rough, the wet heat of her pussy lips parting around the fabric of his trousers.

Juices smeared his pants, the musky scent filling his nose as she humped him deliberate, her fat clit rubbing his shaft through the barrier.

Darrell groaned low, hands instinctively grabbing her wide hips, feeling the sweat-slick flesh quiver under his fingers.

Martha's mouth crashed onto his, her lips sealing in a filthy kiss that swallowed his gasp. Her long, experienced tongue lashed into his mouth, thick and wet, twisting around his own like she was claiming every inch of him.

He nearly choked on the invasion, tasting the bitter tang of her cigarette smoke, but his body arched into her anyway, cock throbbing harder against the soaked fabric trapping it.

She didn't break the kiss to rip his shirt open, buttons popping as her nails scraped his chest. The cloth tore away, and her gigantic tits slapped heavy against his bare skin, flattening with a wet smack.

Warm streams of milk squirted from her swollen nipples, trickling down his abs in sticky rivulets, soaking into the faint trail of hair leading to his navel.

Darrell's mind reeled—he knew Aunt Martha had squeezed out a little one not long back, her udders bloated with that motherly nectar, and now it leaked all over him, the sweet, creamy scent filling his nose, making his balls tighten with fresh hunger.

Martha pulled back just enough to growl low, her breath ragged, eyes locked on his flushed face. “Fuck, boy, you're built like a goddamn bull,” she rasped, hands yanking at his belt.

His pants hit the floor in a heap, boots kicking them aside as her fingers wrapped around his big sinewy cock. She stroked it frantically, palm slick with her own juices, thumb smearing the pre-cum leaking from his slit.

“This here's a real cunt-hammer, Darrell. Thick as my wrist, veiny and ready to split a woman wide. Been dreamin' of feelin' a nephew's meat like this stretchin' my holes.”

Her grip tightened, jerking him rough from root to tip, balls slapping her wrist with each pump. Darrell groaned, hips bucking into her fist, the raw friction sending sparks up his spine.

“Grab my thighs, lift me up,” she ordered, voice thick with command, her dominant lust shining through as she boosted herself higher against the wall. “Seat that juicy pole in my drippin' cunt, boy. Auntie needs it deep.”

Darrell obeyed without a thought, hands clamping onto her thick, sweat-slick thighs, muscles straining as he hoisted her voluptuous body. She was heavy, all curves and heat, but his farm-boy strength held, her strong legs wrapping tight around his skinny waist like a vice.

Her heels dug into his ass, pulling him closer, and he felt the wet heat of her pussy lips part around his leaky knob, juices coating his shaft as it nudged her entrance.

“Get that fucker in,” Martha hissed, bucking on his pole until her cunt-hole found its purple crown.

Darrell's cock split her twat wide, the tight ring of her cunt sucking him down into the hot furnace of her flesh. Inch by throbbing inch, he buried himself balls-deep, her walls clenching like a fist around his girth, pulsing with greedy hunger.

Milk still dribbled from her tits, smearing between their pressed bodies, and Darrell's nose buried in her neck, inhaling the musky mix of her sweat, cum from whatever fuck she'd had before, and that faint milky sweetness.

Her pussy was a sloppy mess, stretched and slick, gripping him so tight it dragged a moan from his throat.

Martha's head fell back against the wall with a thud, her milk-heavy tits sloshing as she ground down on him, ass cheeks flexing against his hands.

"That's it, boy—sweet Jesus, you're stretchin' me somethin' fierce. Ram that horse-cock in deeper, make this mama-cunny gush for ya."

She locked her ankles behind him, using her leverage to hump up and down, her cunt slurping wetly around his plunging cock. Each thrust slapped their bodies together, her juices squirting out to drip down his balls, soaking the floorboards.

Darrell's arms burned from holding her, but the burn only fueled his rut, hips snapping forward harder, driving his thick shaft into her depths. Her meaty MILF body clung to his skinny frame, her powerful farm-girl legs clamped around his hips possessively as her giant tits rippled against his torso.

Each thrust bumping his swollen tip against her cervix. But this wasn't like any he'd felt before. This one was softer, more yielding, dilated wide from her recent birthing. It swallowed the head of his dick with a wet, sucking pull, like her womb was hungry for his load.

He marveled at it, the way it parted and hugged his knob, hot and spongy, drawing him in deeper with every slam of his hips.

Sweat poured down his back as he grunted into her neck, lost in the filthy heat of her body clamped around him.

"Aunt Martha... fuck... it's so soft, suckin' my tip right in," Darrell groaned, voice ragged, his balls slapping wet against her ass as he drove harder.

The sensation made his shaft leak more pre-cum, slicking her walls even further, turning her pussy into a sloppy, churning mess.

"That's 'cause I just squeezed out a little one, nephew," she panted. "Softened this whole damn furnace up for a thick cock like yours. It can eat your knob whole—swallow it down and beg for your seed."

She ground her hips in a circle, forcing his tip to nudge that dilated ring again, her cunt walls fluttering around his length. Milk leaked faster from her mammary ducts, squirting between them with each bounce, the creamy, sticky fluid dripping down to where their bodies joined, lubing his pounding shaft.

Darrell's mind spun with the taboo thrill—his own aunt's post-birth pussy devouring him like this, incestuous heat flooding his veins. He adjusted his angle quick, tilting his hips up to thrust even deeper, aiming straight for that puffy ring.

He groaned loud as it parted wide under the pressure of his knob, bubbling with hot secretions that coated his cockhead in thick, sticky warmth. The ring stretched around him, sucking him through like a greedy mouth, letting him sink balls-deep into her core.

Her pussy clenched hard in response, juices gushing out to soak his pubes and drip down his thighs, the wet slaps echoing off the upstairs walls of the general store.

"Yes, fuck—ram it through, boy! Stretch my womb with that nephew dick," Martha snarled, her voice a dominant growl, tits heaving as she rode his thrusts.

She was heavy in his arms, but the burn in his muscles only made him fuck her harder, hips snapping with raw urgency.

"Stick a finger up my tight asshole, Darrell," she ordered suddenly, eyes blazing with lust as she wiggled her ass against his hold.

"Wiggle it around while you pound this cunt. Make Auntie feel full in both holes."

Her words hit him like a whip, his cock twitching inside her at the command, anal play igniting that forbidden spark he'd discovered with Ma just hours ago.

Darrell didn't hesitate, his hand sliding from her thigh to her crack, fingers brushing the sweat-slick clench of her asshole. It was tight, puckered and hot, still leaking a hint of whatever cum she'd taken earlier.

He pressed his middle finger against it, feeling it resist for a second before popping through the ring. The heat inside was intense, her ass walls gripping his digit like a vice as he swirled it slow, stretching her rim wide.

"Like this, Auntie? Feelin' your shithole suck my finger?" he rasped, thrusting his cock deeper in rhythm, the dual invasion making her body quake.

"Fuck yes—deeper, swirl that finger in my dirty ass!" Martha moaned. "Mix it with your cock reamin' my pussy."

Darrell twisted his digit inside her, feeling the thin wall between her holes, his cock bumping it from the other side as he fucked her standing, relentless.

Her secretions bubbled out around his shaft, farting wetly with the force, while his finger churned her ass, pulling out strings of her slick to smear over his knuckles.

The air thickened with their musk—sweat, milk, pussy juice, and the faint earthy tang of her ass. Darrell's arms trembled from the effort, but he held her firm, pounding up into that softened cervix, groaning as it milked his bulbous tip.

The door to the upstairs room creaked open, and Darrell's head snapped toward the sound. There stood Ma—Mary Beth—her heavy

tits straining against her blouse as she stepped inside, eyes locking onto the filthy scene with a knowing smirk.

She wasn't fazed one bit by her son plowing his aunt's holes. Instead, she shut the door soft behind her and started unbuttoning her top slow, peeling it off to let those wide, child-bearing hips sway as she freed her sweat-damp skin.

Darrell's thrusts faltered for a split second, his eyes widening at the sight of his Mama humongous tits springing free, but Martha's cunt squeezed him hard, urging him back into rhythm.

He plowed deeper, his thick shaft slamming through her puffy folds, the wet schlick of her juices echoing as his finger swirled wider in her leaking shithole, churning the slick mess inside.

"Sweet Jesus, sis, your boy's hung like a damn mule," Martha squealed. "He's splittin' me wide open, poundin' my guts so hard I can taste him in my throat."

"Mama-bear's been learnin' him up real good," Mary Beth smirked proudly, her skirt dropping next to reveal her naked pussy already glistening.

"And enjoyin' every second I'm sure," Martha giggled.

"Heard the men had quite a scare in the mine yesterday," Mary Beth said casually, standing there buck naked now, hands on her hips. "Partial cave-in, two fellas hurt bad."

"Thank goodness our husbands weren't in that area of the mine when it happened." Martha added, her massive udders slapping against Darrell's chest with each upward thrust.

"Yeah, praise the good lord for that," Mary Beth said, "Lester and your man slavin' away in the dark, keepin' us fed, while we up here... well, you know."

“Fuckin?” Martha giggled as she ground her hips down hard, forcing Darrell's tip to batter her softened cervix again, the spongy ring sucking at him greedily.

Her asshole fluttered around his swirling finger, leaking more of that earthy slick as he twisted it deeper, feeling her walls pulse in time with his rut.

Darrell's mind reeled at the normalcy of their chat—talking about Pa and uncles like doting wives while he finger-fucked Aunt Martha's tight ass and rammed his nephew dick balls-deep into her post-birth pussy.

He wondered if any of those miners down in the shafts suspected their women turned into daytime cock-sluts like this, chasing young bucks for sweaty, hole-stretching sex while the men hacked at rock all day.

"Mmm, boys like this one keep us wives happy," Martha groaned, her voice husky as she clenched her legs tighter around Darrell's waist, nails raking his back.

She humped back fierce, her dripping asshole sucking his finger like it wanted more, the thin membrane between her holes letting him feel his own cock's bulge as it plunged.

Milk leaked profuse from her swollen tits, soaking his skin, the sweet scent driving him wild—his cock twitching at the thought of sucking those leaky nipples while buried in her.

Mary Beth's naked body tempted him bad now, her bold curves on full display, pussy lips swollen and wet from watching. Her eyes fixed on where Darrell's shaft disappeared into Martha, the obscene sight of her sister's ass cheeks spread wide around his probing finger making Ma's own asshole twitch in memory of his morning load.

"You trainin' him good this way, sister? That man-muscle of his looks right at home stretchin' your sloppy cunt."

"Oh fuck, yes!" she hissed. "I'm 'bout to cum hard on that thick nephew dick of his."

Mary Beth stepped up right behind her cunt-fuckin' boy, her humongous heavy tits crushing soft and warm against his sweat-slick back, the hard peaks of her nipples scraping his skin like brands.

Darrell gasped at the sudden cocoon of flesh, trapped between aunt and ma, their curves molding to him in a sweaty, dominant embrace.

Mary Beth's wide hips pressed flush to his ass, her dripping cunt smearing hot slick along his butt-cheek as she wrapped her arms around his waist, one hand sliding down to grip his hip bone.

"That's right, sugar," she drawled, her tongue darting out to taste his salty skin. "Let Mama show ya how to drill that pussy proper—gonna make your auntie cream herself silly all over that horse cock."

Darrell shivered, his cock twitching inside Martha as his Ma's hands guided his hips, pulling him back slow before shoving him forward with precise force.

She rocked her own pelvis in rhythm, demonstrating the pattern—short, grinding spears that angled up to batter the front wall of Martha's cunt, then a deep, twisting plunge that stirred her depths wide.

"Like this, darlin'," Mary Beth murmured, her tongue lapping at the sweat pooling in the crook of his neck. "Stay with me—fuck her just the way I show ya. Hit that spot deep, make her ass clench on your finger too."

He faltered at first, his thrusts going sloppy from the overload, but Mary Beth urged him on, her grip firm, hips bumping his to set the pace.

"Again, boy—spear in deep, twist on the out. Feel how she quivers?"

Darrell obeyed, stirring his thick shaft inside Martha's furnace-hot hole, the bulbous head scraping every nerve along her slick lining, his finger plunging in sync to churn her shithole's tight ring.

Martha's moans turned guttural, her thick legs clamping Darrell's waist like iron, nails digging trails down his back.

"Fuck yes, there—oh god, you're wreckin' me!"

Her cunt convulsed hard, walls rippling in waves that yanked at his cock, the puffy folds swelling fatter as climax built. Milk streamed unchecked from her udders, soaking them both in sticky warmth, the room reeking of cum, sweat, and that raw pussy musk.

Darrell's balls tightened, pre-cum leaking steady into her depths, the incestuous thrill of his Ma guidance—her body glued to his, whispering filthy instructions—pushing him to pound harder, finger-fucking Martha's asshole with urgent twists.

"Keep it steady, son," Mary Beth breathed, licking his neck again. "Jam that big ol' knob right up against her baby-maker—split her open while you're fingerin' her back door."

Her hips bucked against him, mimicking the motion. Darrell locked into the rhythm, his lean muscles flexing as he drove forward, cock spearing Martha's cunt with shattering precision, finger swirling deep in her clenching ass.

Martha frantically matched Darrell's thrusts in counterpoint, her voluptuous body knowing the rhythm well. She sped up, grinding her

sopping cunt hard against his thick cock, the swollen lips dragging along his shaft with every frantic buck.

Darrell's mind reeled from the overload—his aunt's greedy pussy clenching like a fist around his buried length, her asshole sucking greedily on his plunging finger, while Ma's heavy tits mashed into his back, her hot breath and slick thighs urging him deeper into the forbidden rut.

"That's it, boy—keep spearin' her just like that," Mary Beth growled low in his ear, her hands firm on his hips, directing each powerful snap forward.

She angled him precise, aiming his throbbing cockhead straight at the spongy ridge inside Martha's cunt—the spot that made her walls quiver and flood.

Darrell felt it hit, the way Martha's inner flesh swelled and pulsed, her juices gushing out in hot spurts that drenched his balls and thighs.

"Fuck—oh shit, you're hittin' it, nephew! Right there, wreck my fuckin' cunt!"

Her legs locked tighter around his waist, nails raking red lines down his back as she humped back with savage need, her puffy anal ring parting wider around his swirling digit.

Mary Beth held him steady from behind, her dominant grip unyielding as she whispered filthy commands. "Deeper now, darlin'—grind that fat knob on her G-spot, make her explode all over your dick. Feel how she's clenchin'? She's 'bout to burst."

Darrell obeyed, thrusting with urgent power, his sinewy shaft spearing into Martha's depths, the bulbous head battering that sensitive ridge while his finger twisted deep in her asshole, stretching the tight ring wide.

"Cumming—fuck, I'm cumming on your thick cock, boy!" Martha cried out as her body went rigid, then shattered. She screamed so loud it pierced the air, a guttural wail that every horny woman in Red Gulch could probably hear echoing down the dusty streets.

Her pussy burst around his root, walls convulsing in violent spasms that yanked at his length, flooding him with a torrent of hot fem-cum.

It splattered between their sweat-slicked bodies, running off his heavy nuts in sticky rivulets, mixing with the milk squirting from her heaving udders.

"F-fuck," Darrell groaned, "you gonna squeeze my dick clean off."

His own climax teetering on the edge as her cunt's obscene squeezes dragged him deeper, her asshole clamping down on his finger like it wanted to trap him forever.

The orgasm roared through Martha, her voluptuous frame bucking wild, tits flopping and slapping as she ground her clit against his pubic bone. Fem-cum erupted from the slit of her urethra with each shudder, soaking their joined flesh, dripping to the floor in wet puddles that reeked of raw lust.

Darrell could hardly breathe he was being squeezed so hard, his skinny body locked in a vice of trembling arms and legs. His knees buckled under the intensity, but Mary Beth held him upright, her strong arms anchoring his hips.

"Hold steady, son—let her ride it out on your cock. Keep that finger buried in her shitter, stir it slow while she floods you."

Her voice was a husky command, unfazed by her sister's pleasurable screams, her naked body glued to his, nipples scraping his back as she nipped at his neck.

Martha's climax stretched on, wave after wave crashing through her, her moans turning to breathless gasps as her pussy fluttered and gushed endlessly.

"Don't stop—oh god, keep fuckin' me through it!" she begged, her dominant lust unbroken even in ecstasy, those wide MILF hips rolling to chase every last spark.

Martha's body finally slackened, her legs unwrapping from Darrell's waist with a wet pop as she slipped off his jutting cock.

Her pussy lips dragged along his slick shaft one last time, leaving a trail of her thick fem-cum smeared from root to tip.

She gasped, chest heaving, those massive udders jiggling with the motion, milk still dribbling from her swollen teats in lazy trickles that cut paths through the sweat and cum coating her skin.

Darrell's cock throbbed in the open air, rock-hard and glistening with her juices, the veiny length pulsing as it stood straight out from his lean hips like a stiff third arm.

"Sweet Jesus, Mary Beth," Martha gasped, "that boy made my pussy squirt like a goddamn geyser."

Martha's gaze dropped to his wet, jutting cock, her eyes widening with lustful awe as she licked her lips, tasting the salt of their shared sweat. "He's got a real baby-makin' bull horn on his loins—gonna flood every hole in this town with his seed."

Darrell blushed hard, his face burning under the praise, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from Martha's huge, dripping udders. They hung heavy and full, the wide areolas pebbled dark against her flushed skin, nipples fat and swollen from all the milking and rutting, leaking that sweet nectar.

"Aunt Martha..." he uttered timidly.

“What is it, sugar?” she smiled, moving her shoulders to make tits sway back and forth under his obvious stare.

“Can I... can I have a drink from your titties? They look so full.”

Mary Beth chuckled from behind him, her naked body still pressed close, one hand sliding around to grip his hip while the other teased his ass crack, her finger circling the sensitive ring there.

“Hear that, sister? My boy's thirsty for your milk after wreckin' your holes.”

Martha's laugh turned throaty, her eyes gleaming with lust as she cupped one massive udder, lifting it toward him, milk squirting a thin arc from the nipple.

“Get over here, nephew,' Martha ordered, beckoning him with a crook of her finger while she leaned back against the wall for support. “Latch onto this rubbery tit and get yourself some milk from the udder.”

Darrell stepped forward on shaky legs, his cock bobbing with each move, brushing against her thigh and leaving a wet streak. His hands trembled as he reached up, grabbing the underside of her huge tit, the flesh overflowing his palms, soft and heavy with milk.

He leaned in, mouth opening wide, and latched onto the fat nipple, the rubbery texture yielding under his lips as he sucked hard. Warm tit-milk flooded his mouth instantly, sweet and thick, coating his tongue as he gulped it down greedily.

Martha moaned low, her hand tangling in his hair to pull him closer, forcing more of the udder into his face. “

“That's it, boy—suck this Mama's tit like a good little stud. Drain it all out while your cock throbs for more.”

Darrell's cheeks hollowed with each pull, milk dribbling from the corners of his mouth as he nursed, the sensation making his dick leak pre-cum onto the floor in fat drops.

Mary Beth watched from behind, her fingers dipping lower to tease his balls, rolling the meat of his nuts gently while she ground her wet cunt against his thigh.

Martha's free hand slid down her body, fingers parting her swollen pussy lips to rub her fat, juicy clit, still sensitive from the orgasm.

She gasped as fresh milk let down under his sucking, spraying from her mammary-ducts and into his throat in stronger jets.

“Fuck, he's good at this, Mary Beth,” Martha sighed. “Tongue that nipple, swirl it around while you swallow.”

Darrell obeyed, his tongue lashing the large pebbled bud inside his mouth, tasting the creamy flow mixed with a hint of her sweat. His cock ached, untouched but desperate, the oral pull on her tit echoing the way he'd love to bury it in a hot, wet hole again.

Mary Beth's breath was hot against Darrell's ear as she leaned in closer, her heavy tits draping over his shoulders like warm pillows, the stiff nipples scraping his skin.

“Mmm, look at you, my handsome boy,” she purred. “You do like suckin' on them squishy udders, don't ya? Got your face buried in your aunt's fat tit like a hungry pup.”

Her hand squeezed his balls tighter, rolling the heavy sack in her palm, feeling his jewels churn with fresh seed.

Darrell groaned around the mouthful of Martha's nipple, the sound muffled and animalistic, his face sinking deeper into the spongy meat of her watermelon-sized udder. The flesh yielded under his cheeks

like warm dough, trapping his nose in the creamy scent that made his cock throb harder.

He sucked like a starving infant, lips sealed tight, tongue swirling the rubbery bud as milk gushed into his throat in thick spurts. It was sweet and warm, coating his mouth with that rich, forbidden nectar, and he gulped it down greedily, his throat working visibly.

Excess sprayed from the corners of his lips, dribbling down his chin and splattering onto Martha's belly, signaling just how tasty her milk was flowing out of that swollen tittie—hot jets that filled his belly and made his dick leak pre-cum in sticky strings onto the floor.

Martha's fingers dug into his hair, yanking him closer as she arched her back, shoving more of the heavy tit into his face. 'Fuck yes, nephew—suck harder, drain this udder dry,' she growled, her free hand abandoning her clit to grab his hand and force it between her thighs.

She guided his fingers to her sopping pussy, making him shove two inside the clenching heat, the walls sucking at him like a second mouth. The faint screams of women in the next room only fueled his lust.

Thoughts raced through his mind—how wrong it was to guzzle his aunt's milk like this, her body still quivering from the fuck he'd given her, pussy juices drying on his balls. But the taboo only fueled the fire, making him hump the air, desperate for friction while her tit filled his mouth.

“That's my boy,” Mary Beth purred, “show Aunt Martha what a good little tit-milker you are.”

He curled his fingers inside her, scraping the spongy walls, feeling her asshole wink nearby as if begging for attention.

“Shit, this tittie's almost empty,” Martha rasped, “but its twin's just as full and achin'.”

She tugged his head back with a wet pop, milk stringing from his lips to the glistening nipple, and shoved his face through the deep cleavage between her tits. The sweat-slick valley enveloped him, skin sliding against skin, the musky tang of her body overwhelming as he nuzzled through the soft barrier.

“Work your way through there, boy—latch onto the other one and suck it proper.”

Darrell obeyed instantly, his tongue darting out to lap at the salty sweat pooled in her cleavage before finding the second fat nipple, erect and beaded with milk.

He latched on with a hungry slurp, sucking deep, the fresh flow hitting his tongue even thicker than the first—creamy and hot, flooding his mouth as he swallowed convulsively. His cheeks bulged with the effort, more sprays escaping to trickle down his neck, soaking his chest hair.

Martha moaned loud, the sound echoing off the walls, her hand pressing his head firm while her hips bucked against his fingering hand, pussy juices squirting around his knuckles.

Mary Beth and Martha locked eyes over his head, exchanging knowing smiles that dripped with shared filth.

“Mamas like milkin' young cocks just as much,” Martha murmured, reaching down to wrap her fingers around Darrell's throbbing dick, stroking the slick length from base to tip. His hips rocked on instinct, fucking his meat through her grip.

“Mmm, and tastin' their milk,” Mary Beth added, her own hand joining in from behind, cupping his balls while her finger pushed past his asshole's resistance, sinking knuckle-deep into the tight heat.

Darrell's muffled growl vibrated against Martha's tit, his body tensing at the double assault—sucking her milk while his aunt jerked his cock and his ma squeezed his balls and finger-fucked his ass.

The intrusion burned sweet, her digit swirling skillfully inside him, pressing against that spot that made his balls tighten.

He thrust into Martha's corkscrewing fist, making wet schlick sounds as she lathered his pre-cum around the taut pink skin of his cock, veins bulging lewdly.

“Shit, boy,” his aunt rasped, “I think we better get this dick sheathed quick before you pass out from losin' all the blood everywhere else.”

She gave his cock one last tight pump before shoving his shoulders to turn him toward Mary Beth who's finger popped from his asshole.

“Ready to rut with this mare?” his asked as she threw her arms over Darrell's shoulders, yanking him close, crushing her huge mama-tits against his chest.

The soft, sweat-slick flesh mashed flat, her fat, stiff nipples scraping his skin like hot brands, the weight pinning him as her pussy ground against his thigh, smearing hot juices there.

“Just like we showed ya earlier,” she growled into his ear, “thrust deep and hard. You're on your own this time; make Mama's cunt sing.”

Darrell nodded fast, his voice a choked whisper. 'Ok, Ma.' His hands trembled as he grasped her thick thighs, the skin slick with sweat and her arousal, lifting her up against the wooden wall.

Mary Beth's silky-smooth legs wrapped his waist tight, her heels digging into his ass cheeks, pulling him in. He angled his hips, the fat knob of his cock nudging her sopping pussy lips apart.

“There ya go, Darrell,” Martha urged, “split that twat open and bury that hammer up in there. Let your Mama sink to your nut-sack.”

With a few prods, Darrell’s spear hit its target and he seated her with one exquisite thrust. The tight, wet heat swallowed him whole, his shaft sinking balls-deep in a single brutal push that slammed his purple knob right against the puffy ring of her cervix.

Mary Beth's moan ripped through the room, loud and raw, her head thrown back as her pussy walls clenched around his invading cock like a vise.

“Fuuuck, yes—fill me up, you big-dicked stud!”

She ground her hips down hard, taking control of their rut, her wide child-bearing hips rolling in urgent circles that smeared her juices over his balls. The pressure on his knob was intense, her cervix yielding just enough to kiss the tip, sucking at it with each grind like it wanted to pull him deeper into her womb.

Darrell groaned, his skinny frame straining to hold her weight, muscles flexing in his arms and back as he pinned her to the wall.

Her pussy was a furnace, hot and slick, the folds rippling along his length with every shift. He could feel every inch of her gripping him—the way her inner walls pulsed, milking his shaft from root to tip, her clit grinding against his pubic bone with wet slaps.

His hips snapped up instinctively, slamming into her with short, powerful jabs that made her fat ass cheeks jiggle against the wood.

“That's it, boy—pound Mama's hole like you own it,” her voice quivered. “Feel that cervix? It's beggin' for your seed.”

She clenched deliberately, her pelvic floor fluttering tight, squeezing his shaft and crown until pre-cum leaked from his slit to mix with her wetness.

The room filled with the obscene sounds to match those in the next room—the wet smack of flesh on flesh, her loud moans echoing off the rafters, the creak of the wall under their weight.

Darrell's balls slapped her ass, heavy and full, churning with the need to unload again just as he had deep in her ass that morning. Martha watched from the side, her hand between her own thighs, fingers plunging into her cum-dripping pussy as she smoked a fresh cigarette, the haze curling around them.

“Look at him go, sister—stretchin' you wide like a proper bull.”

Her eyes locked on where Darrell's cock disappeared into Mary Beth's hairless cunt, the labial lips stretched thin around the girth, beating wetly on his cock-base with every plunge.

Mary Beth's moans grew wilder, her body shuddering as she took him fully, hips slamming down to meet his upward fucks. Her asshole winked below, still slick with semen that drooled out from her depths from their barn session.

Darrell's mind raced—wanting to finger it, to feel her clench around him there too—but he focused on the rut, his cock throbbing inside her, building toward that explosive edge.

Mary Beth's heels dug deeper into boy's ass cheeks, her strong legs locking him in place as she guided his hips with rough yanks.

“Follow the pattern I showed ya with your aunt's cunny, boy,” she hissed against his ear, her voice thick with lust. “Churn that knob inside me first—stir up Mama's womb—then slap it home hard.”

Darrell's mind reeled, trying to recall the rhythm from earlier. He twisted his hips experimentally, churning the fat purple head against her puffy cervix, feeling the soft ring yield and suck at his tip like a hungry mouth. The motion made her inner walls ripple, squeezing his shaft in hot, wet pulses that sent jolts up his spine.

“Oh-h-h damn, mama,” his voice quivered, “your baby-tunnel's chewing on my meat g-good.”

He slammed forward, the slap of his trim midsection against her fat ass echoing loud in the room, his balls smacking her perineum repeatedly with a wet thuds.

Mary Beth's pussy clenched tight around him, hot girl-honey being carved from her walls by his plowing cock, dripping down his sack to soak the floorboards below.

Darrell groaned into her neck, the burn in his thighs building as he matched her guidance, churning deep before slapping hard, over and over.

Each plunge ground his knob against that yielding cervix, stretching it wider around his purple glans, while the slaps drove his full-length balls-deep, her pussy lips stretching thin and obscene around his girth.

Her mouth crashed against his in a wet, fierce kiss, lips smashing as tongues collided like two snakes in a pool of saliva, writhing on a hot iron.

Mary Beth's tongue plunged through his mouth, thick and demanding, swirling and tangling with his own in a sloppy dance.

Saliva bubbled between them, spilling over their chins in stringy ropes, mixing with the sweat pouring down their faces. Mary Beth

sucked on his tongue greedily, tasting the faint milk from her sister's tits and the salty tang of their shared arousal.

Martha leaned against the wall and watched her sister and nephew rut like animals, her fingers still buried knuckle-deep in her own dripping cunt, plunging in and out with wet schlicks that matched their rhythm.

Smoke from her cigarette curled lazy in the air, but her eyes were glued to the filthy scene—Darrell's tireless cock hammering in and out of Mary Beth's stretched pussy, the lips puffing red and swollen.

“Pound her harder, boy,” she urged, her voice a gravelly rasp, free hand tweaking one of her leaking nipples to spray milk onto Darrell. “Make your mama come apart on that bull cock. Fuck up into that sloppy hole good 'n proper—watch her writhe like the animal she is.”

Her words fueled Darrell's thrusts, his hips snapping faster, the churn-slap pattern turning brutal as he snarled, pinning Mary Beth harder against the wall.

The mother's moans shattering the air in raw, guttural bursts—“Ahh! Fuck, yes! Deeper, boy—churn that cunt to cream.”

Her hips bucked wildly against him, wide and child-bearing, grinding down to meet each slap with desperate force as they fucked with the endurance that only a mother and son could.

Darrell felt her pussy spasm, the hot walls convulsing around his plunging cock, milking him with urgent squeezes that pulled at his knob. Juices gushed out in hot spurts, soaking his thighs and dripping to puddle beneath them.

The harness of her plush MILF body trembled around him as she growl like an animal in ecstasy, her flexing, sweat-sheened limbs squeezing around his skinny body so tight her could hardly breathe.

Darrell could only move his ass and his thrusts turned frantic, slamming home with bruising force, balls tightening against his perineum as her tremors shook them both.

“You got her ass quiverin’ good,” Martha blurted. “Keep goin’, Darrell—make her squirt her hot bubblin’ honey all over that cock.”

The encouragement hit him like a spur, his hips pumping faster, churning deep into the quivering heat. Mary Beth's scream nearly ruptured his ear-drum, her body arching off the wall, pussy flooding him in a gush of hot fem-cum that splashed their legs.

“O-h-h damn, she soakin’ me,” Darrell groaned, teetering on the brink, his cock flexing hard inside her clenching depths.

The way her pussy chewed on his cock was too much—those cock-hungry walls gripped him like a hot, sucking fist, pulling at his knob with urgent tugs that sent fire racing up his spine.

Darrell's balls tightened hard, his cock swelling thicker inside her clenching depths, pre-cum bubbling out to mix with her gushing juices. He couldn't hold back anymore, the forbidden thrill of fucking his Ma right here, with Martha watching and other boys like him getting fucked next door, pushing him over the edge.

“Ma... shit, I'm cummin’!” he announced, voice shaky and raw, breaking into a guttural groan as his hips jerked uncontrollably.

Inside Mary Beth's cunt, it turned into a wrestling match of pink, spurting flesh—his thick cock flexed and erupted, blasting rope after thick rope of hot boy-semen deep into her birthing tube.

The cum mixed with her mama juices in a sloppy froth, bubbling and churning around his plunging shaft as he slammed home one last time, balls emptying with heavy pulses.

Her cervix kissed his spurting tip, sucking down every drop like it was starving, the frothy mess overflowing to leak out around his girth, coating his sack in creamy white strands.

Mary Beth's moans turned to shattered screams as she came again, her pussy fluttering and squeezing to wring him dry, her limbs locked so tight around him that he felt her heartbeat pounding against his chest.

Martha watched it all from inches away, her fingers plunging frantic into her shaved pussy, knuckles-deep in the slick heat. The sight of her sister and nephew coming apart like that—mother and son locked in raw, incestuous rut—pushed her over too.

“Goddamn, look at you two floodin' each other,” she growled, voice husky from the cigarette dangling forgotten from her lips.

Her big-titted body shuddered hard, girl-juices spurting from her shaved pussy in clear arcs that splattered across Darrell's back and Mary Beth's jiggling ass.

“F-F-FUUUUUCCCCCKK!!” she snarled, her flesh convulsing as she shattered, nipples leaking steady streams down her belly.

Darrell's knees buckled under the weight of it, his cock still twitching and kicking inside his Ma's quivering cunt, the frothy load sloshing with every aftershock.

He gasped for air as he slowed, face buried in her neck, tasting the salt of her sweat. Mary Beth ground down one more time, her pussy wringing his engorged meat to milk the last drops from his balls.

“That's my boy... you filled Mama's tube good,” she murmured, voice thick and satisfied, her legs finally loosening just enough for them both to slump against the wall.

The air reeked of their combined release—sharp cum, musky pussy, and the earthy tang of milk—thick enough to choke on.

Mary Beth finally eased off him, her pussy releasing his soaking-wet shaft with a pop, a thick glob of their mixed cum dribbling down her thigh to puddle on the floor.

One of Martha's friends suddenly burst into the room, her naked body as flushed and sweaty as Mary Beth's was from the heat of her own rut.

“Baby's crying, Martha,” she said, her breathless words making her big, meaty tits quiver.

"Well, duty calls," Martha said, looking at Mary Beth and her boy, a wicked grin split her face. "Hope that boy of yours left enough nectar in these titties for baby Riley. Can't have the little one goin' hungry after Mama's been such a greedy slut."

"You take care of that young'un, sister," said Mary Beth. "We'll be headin' out soon enough."

Martha nodded, blowing a kiss toward Darrell's flushed face before turning on her heel. Her big, round ass cheeks jiggled with each hurried step, the flesh rippling over those thick, sexy legs as she rushed out the door.

Martha's friend licked her lips like a hungry coyote eyeing a rabbit, her gaze never leaving Darrell's wet, semi-hard cock.

"Why don't you haul that stallion son of yours into the next room, Mary Beth," she drawled. "Reckon us moms could take turns ridin' that pole till he's drained drier than a desert well."

“Thanks, but we best gather our supplies and head back to the farm,” Mary Beth replied, turning to her son. "C'mon, boy. Time to get decent. Can't have the whole town seein' your cock drippin' Mama's cum everywhere."

Darrell fumbled for his pants, his fingers clumsy as he stuffed his thickening shaft back inside, the rough denim chafing against the sensitive skin.

His balls felt heavy and drained, but the ache in his groin stirred fresh hunger at the scent of sex still hanging thick in the air—musky cum, tangy milk, and the sharp bite of sweat. He tugged his shirt over his head, the fabric sticking to his damp chest, and followed Mary Beth through the maze of rutting bodies toward the stairs, her wide hips rolling with that familiar seductive sway.

As they went, the sounds hit them like a wave: raw, guttural moans spilling from open doorways, mixed with the wet slap of flesh pounding flesh.

Down the hall, in a room with the door ajar, Darrell spotted Will bent over a different miner's wife, her big, sweaty ass cheeks slamming back against his midsection with meaty smacks.

She was on all fours on the rumpled bed, her face buried in the pillows, muffling her screams as Will's hips pounded forward, his cock—thick and veined—plunging balls-deep into her puckered asshole.

The woman's cheeks spread wide with each thrust, her hole stretched obscenely around his girth, slick with lube and sweat, the rim gripping him like a vice. Rivulets of ass juice dripped down her thighs, pooling on the sheets, and her heavy tits swung pendulously, slapping against her arms.

Will glanced up, sweat beading on his brow, and waved casually at Darrell without missing a beat, his free hand digging into the

woman's hip to pull her back harder. "Bye, Darrell!" he grunted, the bed frame groaning under the force of his rut.

"Catch ya later, Will," Darrell answered back as his Ma led him down the stairs.

They hit the main floor of the general store, the air cooler but still thick with the faint echoes of upstairs moans filtering down. Shelves lined with canned goods and bolts of fabric stood quiet, the shop empty save for the clerk behind the counter, who barely glanced up from his ledger.

Mary Beth's voice dropped low, commanding as she nodded toward the piled supplies—sacks of flour, jars of preserves, coiled rope—stacked near the door.

"Haul those out to the wagon, sugar," she ordered, her eyes flicking to his crotch where his bulge tented obviously. "I'll settle up here, then we'll head home. Got more teachin' for you on the ride back—maybe show you how Mama's mouth works that big dick of yours while we roll along the trail."

Darrell swallowed hard, grabbing the first sack. The thought of her lips wrapping around him, sucking him off in broad daylight, made pre-cum leak into his drawers.

He hefted the load toward the door, the street outside baking under the noon sun, empty but for the distant clatter of a horse, the promise of more forbidden heat hanging in the dry air like a threat—or an invitation.

Once outside, a sweet, honeyed voice called out from behind him, cutting through the dry heat. "Hey, Darrell."

He turned, sack forgotten for a beat, and his eyes locked on Amelia, the pastor's wife, leaning against the store's porch railing. She smiled

seductively, her full lips curving like she was already tasting something forbidden.

Her dress, a tight calico number, strained against her curvy frame, the neckline dipping low enough that her fat cleavage spilled out in soft, jiggling mounds, pale skin glistening with a sheen of sweat that made the valley between her tits look like a slick invitation.

Dark nipples poked faintly through the thin fabric, hard and begging for a mouth or fingers to pinch them raw.

“H-hello, ma'am,” Darrell stammered, his cheeks flushing hot under her gaze.

She was bold as sin, this one—everyone in Red Gulch whispered about how the pastor's prim wife snuck off with horny farm-boys while her husband droned on about hellfire.

Amelia pushed off the railing, her hips swaying as she sauntered closer, those heavy tits bouncing with each step. “You here with anyone, handsome? Or can a lonely woman steal some time with a strong farm-boy like you?”

Her eyes raked over him, lingering on the bulge tenting his pants, a hungry glint flashing in them.

“My ma's with me, ma'am. She's inside payin' for the goods.”

Amelia's smile faltered into a scowl, full lips pursing as she crossed her arms under those massive tits, pushing them up higher until they nearly tumbled free.

“Your ma, huh? Damn it, boy, I was hopin' to get you alone,” she stated disappointedly. “Don't reckon she'd mind sharin' a fine piece like you for a quick, hard rut? I've been achin' all mornin' for a big, teenage cock to stretch my holes proper—no sermons, just sweat and fuckin' till I can't walk straight.”

Darrell's cock throbbed against his trousers, Amelia's words hanging thick in the dusty air like a promise of sin.

He gulped, picturing himself atop the pastor's wife, her silky church-lady legs wrapped around his back while he pounded her so hard the cross on the wall rattled, her holy hole gripping his massive tool like salvation itself, all while her husband droned on about hellfire just one floor above their sweaty, sinful coupling.

“My pussy's real hot, Darrell—wet too,” she cooed, battering her eyelashes. “It'll feel real good ‘round that hard pecker of yours.”

Darrell opened his mouth to reply, but the rumble of wagon wheels cut him off, crunching over the dry street as a battered old rig pulled up sharp beside the hitching post.

A redheaded woman with a wild mane of curls yanked back on the reins. Liza, that's who she was—farm-wife like Mary Beth, with legs like tree trunks from years of work. Her skirt was hiked up scandalous around her thighs, showing off those strong, sweat-slicked muscles that could crush a man's hips if she rode him right.

“Darrell! Boy, is that you all grown up?” Liza shouted, her voice booming with a playful lilt, green eyes sparkling under the brim of her bonnet.

She slapped her hand flat against her hip at about waist height, grinning wide.

“Used to babysit you when you were just this high—couldn't keep your grubby paws off my tits even then, you little rascal.”

Darrell blinked, a flush creeping up his neck as memories flickered—soft, giant breasts bouncing as she chased him around the kitchen, her laughter filling the room while she pinned him down for tickles that always ended with him nuzzling into her cleavage.

“I... I reckon I remember, Miss Liza,” he said, smiling shy despite the ache in his balls from the morning's fucks.

His cock jerked at the sight of her, those massive tits straining her bodice, plump nipples poking like bullets through the damp fabric.

Liza leaned forward, her giant udders shifting heavily, nearly spilling out as she beckoned with a crooked finger.

“Well, climb up into this wagon right now, handsome. Let's take a nice little ride so I can see just how much you've grown.”

She licked her lips, eyes dropping to his bulge, her strong legs flexing as she shifted on the seat, skirt riding higher to flash a glimpse of thin pubic red curls matted with sweat between her thighs.

Darrell hesitated, glancing back at the store door where Ma was still inside haggling over prices.

“I gotta pack some supplies with Ma first, Liza.”

His voice came out thick, mind torn between the two women, both eyeing him like fresh meat.

Liza waved a hand dismissively, her tits jiggling with the motion.

“Oh, Mary Beth won't mind a bit. We'll just ride out somewhere nice n quiet-like—have a hard sweaty little rut in the back of my wagon. I'll nurse you on these fat hooters while I squeeze that big dick dry with my gushin' cunt. Have you back here in no time, boy, before she even misses you.”

Liza's words dripped with raw hunger, her hand dipping under her skirt for a quick rub, a wet smack echoing as she fingered her slit openly, right there in the street.

Before Darrell could move, soft, heavy tits crushed against his back, Amelia's body molding to him like warm dough.

Her arms snaked around his waist, one hand diving straight for his crotch, groping his thick cock through the denim with a firm squeeze that made pre-cum leak into his drawers.

“She won't fuck you as hard as I can, Darrell,” Amelia hissed hot against his ear. “My pussy's nice 'n tight—gonna clamp down on that long shaft and milk every drop while I ride you reverse, ass bouncin' for you to watch.”

Liza growled, her voice turning filthy urgent, one hand yanking her bodice down to free a massive tit. The nipple, fat and dark, jutted out, already beading with sweat—or was it milk?—as she pinched it hard, a droplet flying toward him.

“Get over here, boy,” she demanded. “Them Sunday school bitches don't know shit about ridin' pole. A country gal like me'll milk your dick dry till your balls look like raisins.”

“Forget her wagon,” Amelia urged. “I'll drag you to the basement and let you pound me till I scream your name louder than Sunday hymns.”

Darrell groaned low, his hips bucking involuntarily into Amelia's fist as she stroked him rough, the friction sending sparks up his spine.

“Climb up here and shove that dick balls-deep in my sloppy farm pussy,” Liza begged. “I'll wrap these strong legs around you and fuck you so raw you'll forget this pasty preacher's slut ever touched you. Mary Beth raised you right—time to rut like animals in broad daylight.”

The door to the General Store banged open, and out stepped Mary Beth, her heavy tits bouncing under the thin fabric of her blouse. Her wide hips swayed with that bold, fuck-me strut, eyes sharp as a

hawk spotting prey, locking right onto the filthy little scene unfolding by the wagon.

Darrell's cock twitched hard in Amelia's grip, the preacher's wife pumping his shaft through his pants like she owned it, while Liza's exposed tit jiggled obscenely, nipple dripping sweat that trailed down her massive udder toward her belly.

“Sorry, ladies,” Mary Beth drawled, her voice low and commanding. “This boy's his mama's helper today—no riding for him with sluts like you two. I already promised him a reward on the ride home that'll be much better than whatever dry-fucked hole either one of you can offer.”

She snagged Darrell's arm and yank him free from Amelia's groping fingers. Her eyes raked over Liza's heaving tit and Amelia's spilling cleavage, a smirk curling her lips as she pressed her own massive breasts against Darrell's side, the heat of her body making his skin prickle.

Liza's face twisted in a scoff, her green eyes flashing with pissed-off lust as she yanked her bodice back up, the fabric snapping over her fat nipple with a wet smack.

“Fuck you, Mary Beth,” she spat, but there was no real fight in it, just frustrated heat. She slapped the reins hard, the horses lurching forward with a snort, kicking up a cloud of dust that choked the air and stung Darrell's eyes.

Amelia let out a long sigh, her curvy body deflating like a punctured bellows, fat cleavage jiggling as she stepped back.

“Fine, you greedy bitch,” she muttered, eyes hungry on Darrell's crotch before she turned, sauntering away with an exaggerated sway of her ass, dress hugging the cheeks like it was painted on.

Mary Beth turned to her boy, her bold gaze softening just a touch as she cupped his flushed cheek, thumb brushing his lower lip.

“Finish loading the wagon, darlin’,” she said, voice dropping to that husky whisper that always made his cock leak.

“Ok, Ma,” he nodded.

“Don't you worry 'bout those cock-teases—Ma's gonna give you a good dose of womanly affection on the way home. Gonna wrap my hot mouth around that big pussy-prod of yours, and suck it till your balls empty down my throat, or maybe bend over the seat and let you ram my tight asshole again while the horses trot. Whatever you need to drain those nuts dry.”

Old Man Thompson sat in his rocking chair on his weathered porch, his gnarled hands folded over his lap, eyes squinting against the sun. He'd been there for decades, watching wagons come and go, knowing every dirty secret this town buried under its pious facade.

As Mary Beth's wagon rumbled closer, Thompson's gaze sharpened, spotting the boy first—Darrell's flushed face, mouth slack with moans, hands guiding his ma's head as she knelt next to him and slurped shamelessly on his exposed dick.

Thompson raised a hand in a warm wave, his smile cracking lines deeper into his sun-beaten face, no shock or judgment in his eyes. Just a nod of understanding, like he'd seen this play out a hundred times.

Mary Beth didn't miss a beat, her ass cheeks jiggling with the wagon's bounce, skirt fully bunched now to bare her dripping pussy lips and puckered asshole to the open trail.

She popped off Darrell's cock with a gasp, strings of spit connecting her lips to the glistening head, and glanced up at the old man, waving back with a wicked grin before diving down again.

Her long tongue swirled around the shaft, sucking harder, the obscene wet sounds carrying on the breeze as Thompson rocked slowly, chuckling to himself.

In his mind, the old farmer recalled the town's filthy underbelly—the miner wives climbing aboard young studs in broad daylight, tits flopping wild as they bounced on hard cocks, screams of ecstasy ripping through the structures whenever he hitched his mule in town.

He'd caught glimpses plenty: mothers and boys knotted together, sweaty flesh slapping frantically. Farm-boys' asses clenching as they pounded into beautiful, busty women bent over barrels or spread on hayloft floors. It was all hidden from the husbands, those poor bastards hacking away in the dark mines, oblivious to their women turning Red Gulch into a rutting paradise by day.

Old man Thompson shared the silence, his own cock twitching faintly in his pants at the memory, but he was too damn old for joining in. Instead, he just watched, complicit in the lust that kept Red Gulch alive.

Darrell's grip tightened on the reins, but his eyes were locked on Mary Beth's bobbing head, her lips sliding slick and tight over his throbbing cock.

The wagon jolted along the trail, dust swirling in the hot afternoon sun, but every wet slurp and gag from her throat pulled his focus harder, his balls churning with building pressure.

Old Man Thompson's porch faded behind them, the old guy's knowing wave just a blur now as the horses plodded on.

Mary Beth's tongue flicked relentlessly at his knob, whipping around the flared ridge and against the band of skin on the underside that pulled taut on his cock-skin. Her lively licker battered piss slit, scooping up beads of pre-cum, her heavy tits swaying and slapping against his thighs with each bounce of the wagon.

Darrell's hips twitched involuntarily, fucking up into her mouth, the exposed shaft glistening with her spit under the open sky. Anyone riding by could see it—his ma on her knees, devouring her boy's dick like a filthy slut—but that fact only made his cock swell thicker, veins pulsing against her tongue.

He barely noticed the trail narrowing, his mind drowned in the heat of her suction, until the wagon wheel caught a rut. The whole thing lurched sharply to the left, veering off the dirt path into a patch of dry scrub brush.

Sticks cracked under the wheels, the horses snorting in confusion as Darrell snapped back to reality, yanking the reins too late.

The wagon ground to a halt, tilted slightly in the uneven ground, sacks shifting in the back with a thud.

Mary Beth popped off his cock with a wet smack, strings of saliva dangling from her chin to his slick head. She giggled low and throaty, licking the salty goo from her lips.

“Whoops, darlin',” she said, glancing at the derailed path. “Just keep the wagon right here while Ma drains those fat nuts of yours. Ain't no rushin' home when your cock's this hard.”

She didn't wait for an answer, just shifted her knees wider on the bench, her skirt still hiked up, fat ass cheeks spreading to flash her dripping pussy and tight asshole to the empty trail.

The public thrill hit Darrell like a gut punch—out in the open, no barn or store walls to hide behind, just the vast plains and the chance of some passerby spotting them.

Darrell leaned back against the wooden seat, his chest heaving, reins forgotten in his lap as he watched Ma dive back in.

Her tongue curled around his swollen knob first, flailing wild and wet, lapping at the sensitive ridge like she was starving for his taste. He loved it—fuck, he loved how she teased him like that, swirling and flicking until his cock jerked in her grip, pre-cum oozing fresh onto her lips.

“Shit, Ma,” he groaned, his voice rough, hands fisting the edge of the bench. “Love how you tease my tip like that.”

She grinned up at him, eyes locked on his, before plunging his meat deep into her throat. Her lips sealed tight at his root, stretching wide around the thick base, and Darrell's eyes got big, a sharp gasp ripping from him.

“Shit, Mama!” The outline of his boner bulged her neck, pressing out visibly as she swallowed him whole, her throat muscles rippling around every inch.

She held him there, nose buried in his pubes, humming low so the vibration shot straight to his balls. Then she pulled back slow, sucking hard enough to hollow her cheeks, spit bubbling at the corners of her mouth and dripping down his sack.

Darrell's thighs trembled, the wagon creaking under them as she bobbed faster, her head pumping with urgent rhythm.

One hand cupped his balls, rolling them heavy and full, squeezing and pulling on the coiled tubes inside his sack just right to make cum boil up.

The other hand stroked what her mouth couldn't reach, twisting slick over the veined meat. Air rushed over his exposed skin, cooling the sweat on his abs, but Ma's hot mouth kept him burning, her gags wet and filthy as she forced him deeper each time.

Darrell's ass clenched, hips bucking up off the seat as he fucked her throat, and the pressure built unbearable.

“Ma... fuck, g-gonna...”

He couldn't finish, his voice breaking into a guttural moan.

She sucked relentlessly, tongue pressing flat under his cock, urging him over the edge. His balls drew tight, and he bucked hard, cock pulsing as thick ropes of cum poured straight into her belly.

She swallowed every spurt, throat working around him, not spilling a drop even as he flooded her. Hot jets kept coming, his dick flexing deep in her gullet, until his vision blurred and his knees went weak.

Mary Beth moaned around him, the vibration milking him drier, her ass wiggling on the bench like she was getting off on the taste alone.

Finally, she eased off, lips dragging slow over his spent shaft, nursing on the quivering flesh, cleaning the last dribbles with her tongue.

Darrell slumped back, chest rising and falling fast, cock twitching soft and slick against his thigh. But Ma's eyes sparkled with hunger, her hand still pumping lazy at the bulky base, like she wasn't done yet.

The trail stretched empty ahead, but the wagon sat crooked in the brush, a perfect spot for more if she wanted.

“Good boy,” she purred, licking her lips, her heavy tits heaving as she straightened up. “But Ma's pussy's still achin' from watchin' you cum. You ready to steer us straight... or fuck me right here first?”

Minutes later, the wagon rocked hard in the open plain, creaking and jolting with every slam of their rut.

Birds circled overhead, their shadows flicking across the sun-baked ground as they peered down at the filthy scene—two sweaty bodies, mother and son, tangled in the back of a wagon, exposed to the empty sky and any rider who might pass.

Mary Beth straddled Darrell's hips, her thick farm-girl ass bouncing up and down with urgent force, meaty cheeks rippling each time they slapped against his sweaty, muscular thighs.

Her pussy gripped his big sinewy cock like a vise, hot walls clenching and sucking as she rode him raw, juices squirting out with every downward plunge.

“Fuck yes, sugar,” she groaned, grinding her clit against his pubic bone, her asshole winking above where his shaft disappeared into her cunt.

Darrell's face buried deep in the cleavage between her giant tits, the soft, sweat-slicked flesh enveloping him like a hot pillow.

He turned his head, lips latching onto one fat nipple, sucking hard. His tongue swirled over the rubbery bud, flicking and lashing while his hands dug into her ass cheeks.

“Ma... shit, I love suckin' these titties,” he mumbled against her skin, the words vibrating into her breast as he bit down lightly on the teat, drawing a sharp moan from her.

Sweat dripped from her body onto his, mixing with the slick mess between them—her pussy cream coating his balls, his pre-cum bubbling up around his plunging shaft.

“Lord in Heaven!” the mother cried as her son delivered a particularly forceful upward thrust, the head of his engorged member stretching her cervix to its limit.

The massive intrusion pushed deep into her reproductive canal, while her swollen vulva made obscene, wet squelching noises as it sealed tightly around the base of his throbbing shaft.

The wagon's wood groaned under the assault, sacks shifting in the back with each bounce, the air thick with the wet smacks of flesh on flesh and her heavy breaths.

Mary Beth leaned forward, crushing her rippling tits harder against his face, her strong thighs flexing as she lifted and dropped, impaling herself deeper on his rock-hard rod.

“Suck 'em dry, darlin',” Mary Beth commanded, voice husky and raw, one hand tangling in his hair to hold him there.

Her other hand reached back, fingers teasing her own asshole, dipping in to swirl around the tight ring while she rode.

The sight hit Darrell like fire—his ma fingering her ass-ring while her pussy milked his cock, all out in the open where buzzards wheeled lazy circles above.

He groaned into her cleavage, tongue lapping sweat from the valley between her breasts, his hips bucking up to meet her counterpoint slams.

His cockhead battered her cervix with every thrust, the soft barrier yielding to his crown just enough to make her shudder, her walls fluttering around him.

The mother's finger was knuckle-deep in her asshole now, her finger wiggling, which not only stimulated the cluster of nerve-endings there, but nudged and rubbed the meat of her boy's boner through the walled barrier between her ass and cunt-tunnels.

"I can feel your finger, Ma. Oh don't that feel good," he growled, teeth grazing her nipple, the incestuous heat flooding his veins like whiskey.

The sun beat down merciless, turning their skin slick and salty, but Mary Beth didn't slow, her ass cheeks clapping louder against his thighs, rippling waves of flesh that made his balls tighten.

Birds cried out overhead, dipping lower as if drawn to the rut, and Darrell's mind flashed to Red Gulch—the brutal, incestuous pulse of the town where miners slaved in the earth while Mas and their boys chased this nasty pleasure all day without shame.

Out here, no walls hid it; just raw, public fucking, her pussy farting wet around his plunging pecker, asshole puckering under her probing finger.

She pulled her digit free, slick with her own juices, and shoved it toward his mouth.

"Taste Ma's ass, boy," she ordered, and he sucked it in greedily, tongue curling around the salty tang while his cock flexed and kicked deep inside her.

Darrell's hands roamed up her sweaty back, pulling her down harder so her tits smothered him completely. Damn didn't he love that—being blanketed by his sweaty, naked mother, her pillowy tits crushed so tight around his face he could hardly breathe.

He thrust up fierce, chasing the friction on his flesh, balls slapping her ass, the wagon rocking side to side like it might tip.

Her moans grew louder, echoing across the plain, pussy squeezing him in rhythmic pulses that dragged his veiny meat along the nerve-rich patch of her G-spot.

“Harder, fuck me like you own this hole,” Mary Beth panted, grinding circles now, her clit mashing against his base. His farm-boy dick stood tall—hard as a fence-post inside her as she ground on its rigid stalk.

Sweat stung Darrell's eyes, but he kept sucking her squishy tits, alternating between them, as her body trembled with pleasure above him.

Mary Beth's pace quickened, going from grinding to slamming her fat ass down with brutal force, cheeks spreading wide on impact to flash her puckered hole to the sky.

Darrell knew when his Mama was about to gush and she was showing all the signs—body squeezing and trembling, cunt-tunnel shrinking up, making him work harder to pound his meat all the way inside.

“CUMMMMMMIINNNGG!!” she cried out, followed by a series of convulsions that had her boy holding on tight.

Darrell's world blurred to the heat of her body, the slap of flesh, the circle of birds watching their filthy display. He was lost in it, cock throbbing as it was strangled tight, but she kept riding, drawing out her climax, hot, sticky juices running down his balls and onto the soft blanket beneath them.

The boy was well trained—virile and cunt hungry, and his mother's dominant hunger promising no end anytime soon.

THE END