

COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART ONE



BY KLRXO

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Derrell never thought much of himself, being as scrawny as a beanpole with arms like twigs. Since turning 18 a week ago, he spent his days toiling underground in the silver mine with almost every other capable male, dreaming of the day he could escape Red Gulch for good.

The other boys in town towered over him and could lift bales of hay without breaking a sweat. Meanwhile, Derrell struggled to heft a measly bucket of slop to feed the hogs each morning.

He hunched his shoulders, trying to make himself even smaller, whenever he had to go into town for supplies. Derrell hated the way people's eyes slid right over him like he was invisible. The old timers congregating outside the general store would spit their tobacco juice at his feet as he scurried by. Even the town drunk, Cooter McGee, sneered down his bulbous nose at Derrell like he was something nasty stuck to the bottom of his boot.

So when Derrell overheard the hushed, tittering conversations between the womenfolk as he loaded sacks of feed into his wagon, he thought his ears must be playing tricks on him.

"That Derrell boy, he may be puny as a church mouse, but Ida Mae said he's hung like a bull," whispered Maude Henley, the butcher's wife.

"Shush, he'll hear you!" Blanche Fowler tittered from behind her fan. "But I heard the same from Bessie down at the laundry. Apparently the boy's got quite the cudgel in his britches."

Derrell ducked his head so violently he nearly snapped his own neck, his face scorching hotter than Satan's pitchfork. Sweet Jesus almighty, these God-fearing married women—these MOTHERS—were brazenly discussing his private parts like they were judging livestock at the county fair! Their enormous titty-melons and impossibly round booties jiggled with each scandalous whisper, and Derrell's heart hammered against his ribs like a trapped jackrabbit. If their bull-necked husbands caught even a whiff of this talk, they'd string him up by his own intestines and use what was left for coyote bait!

He hurried to finish his errands, desperate to flee back to the safety of the farm on his one day off from the mine before anyone else started jawing about his oversized equipment.

Mary Beth watched her son from the kitchen window, admiring how he'd sprouted up lately, taller than a cornstalk. The britches he'd taken to wearing did little to disguise his sizable endowments, at least to a mother's keen eye.

She'd overheard those scandalous rumors flying around town too, and while she knew she ought to pay them no mind, her curiosity was piqued something fierce. Casting a quick glance at the baby snoozing in his crib, Mary Beth smoothed down her

gingham dress and sashayed out across the barnyard, adding a little extra sway to her wide birthing hips.

Lord have mercy, no wonder they called her the Belle of Red Gulch back in the day. Even after birthing six young'uns, her giant-sized titties still strained against her bodice and her bodacious buttocks was round and jiggly, like a pair of huge ripe cantaloupes. Mary Beth knew full well the effect her voluptuous figure had on the menfolk, which included her horny son.

The auburn-haired mother's hips swayed seductively as she sauntered across the yard, the faded blue gingham of her dress straining over her generous curves. Derrell's eyes were drawn like magnets to the mesmerizing jiggle and bounce of her bodacious rear end. Each cheek was a perfect, mouth-watering globe, the thin fabric of her skirt molding to every succulent inch.

His hungry gaze drifted up to the deep valley between her massive, heaving breasts, their creamy swells threatening to spill out over her snug bodice with each step. Derrell felt a sudden tightness in his crotch as his oversized manhood began to swell and lengthen. He shifted uncomfortably, trying to adjust himself discreetly.

Mary Beth reached the garden and bent to pluck a ripe tomato, her skirt riding up to reveal a tantalizing peek of her smooth bare thighs. Derrell's mouth went dry as cotton, his cock throbbing almost painfully against his fly. As his mother straightened up, she glanced over and caught him staring. A coy, knowing smile played about her lips. She gave a cute little

finger wave, her eyes drifting down to the obvious cock-bulge tenting her boy's britches.

Cheeks flaming, he whirled around and fled into the barn, nearly tripping over his own big feet in his haste. His heart pounded like a drum in his chest. Derrell leaned against the rough wood wall, breathing hard. He couldn't believe his own Ma had just checked out his johnson like that, bold as brass!

But deep down, a secret thrill unfurled in his belly, warm and dangerous. Maybe them gossiping womenfolk were onto something. Maybe his big ol' pecker was a gift instead of a curse. Derrell reached down and gave himself a squeeze, shuddering at the electric pleasure that zinged through him. Yessiree, this bull-sized cudgel in his britches could be his ticket to gettin' wet pussy, which he'd heard so much about from the other boys.

The next day, Mary Beth spread a checkered blanket under the old oak tree, its gnarled branches providing dappled shade from the fierce prairie sun. Her sisters Sue Ellen and Jolene helped wrangle the passel of young'uns, the kids whooping and hollering as they chased each other through the tall grass.

The three women settled onto the blanket, hiking up their skirts to get comfortable. The faded calico fabric stretched taut over their childbearing hips and ample derrieres. They kicked off their shoes, sighing in relief as they wiggled their toes in the cool grass.

Mary Beth leaned back on her elbows, colossal tits jutting outward as she felt the rough bark of the oak against her back. Her auburn curls tumbled loose from their pins, falling around her shoulders in shimmering waves. She exchanged a sly glance with her sisters, their knowing smiles mirroring her own.

"Y'all hear the latest about the Wilkins boy?" Sue Ellen drawled, fanning herself with a broad oak leaf. Her heaving bosom threatened to spill clean out of her low-cut gingham dress.

"The gangly one with the freckles? Lord have mercy, if it's the same rumor that's been burning through town like wildfire, they say that boy's got a snake in his pants that'd make a stallion weep with shame! I heard tell it's so massive he can't hardly walk straight—needs its own pant leg, if you catch my meaning!"

Sue Ellen giggled and nodded in agreement. "I'd wager there ain't a mama within fifty miles who ain't dreamin' of that boy splittin' her wide open!"

Mary Beth felt a flush rising to her cheeks at their scandalous talk, but an illicit tingle ran through her all the same. Lately, her womanly needs had gone sorely unmet, what with her husband spending all hours out in the silver mine.

She couldn't help but imagine what a virile young buck like the Wilkins boy could do with that fabled monster between his legs. Mary Beth shifted on the blanket, feeling a telltale dampness in her underthings.

"Mmm, what I wouldn't give to get my hands on that," Jolene murmured, her voice low and breathy. "Can you just picture it? All that smooth, taut, barely legal flesh under them dungarees..."

Sue Ellen laughed, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Lord have mercy, can you imagine? Feeling that big ole snake splitting you open, so deep he's dang near in your womb? Mmm, and his heavy bull nuts slapping against your asshole with each thrust, like a couple ripe plums in a sack."

She fanned herself harder, practically panting. "I tell you what, I'd wrap my thighs 'round that boy like a python 'round a rabbit and ride him till his eyes roll back in his skull! I'd clamp down on that monster with my cunny so tight he'd see the pearly gates, then drag him back to earth just to make him beg for mercy before I milk every last drop outta those swollen bull-nuts!"

"Lord, you two!" Mary Beth fanned herself harder, overcome by a fit of the vapors at the mere thought. "Y'all are bound to get us in trouble with this kinda talk."

Jolene leaned in closer, her ample bosom nearly spilling out of her dress as she fixed Mary Beth with a salacious grin.

"Speakin' a trouser snakes, Mary Beth," Jolene hissed, leaning in so close her hot breath tickled Mary Beth's ear, "what in tarnation is YOUR boy hiding in them britches? Half the county's talkin' about how he's packin' some heat. I heard Widow Jenkins nearly fainted dead away when she caught sight of his bulge at the general store!"

Mary Beth's cheeks flamed hotter than a blacksmith's forge. She ducked her head, fingers plucking at a loose thread on the checkered blanket. "Well, I don't rightly know..." she demurred, but a sly smile played about her lips.

Sue Ellen swatted at her playfully. "Oh, don't you DARE hold out on us, Mary Beth! Every woman in three counties is DYING to know what that boy's packing! You've birthed him, bathed him, washed his drawers—you KNOW exactly what kind of weapon he's carrying! Now SPILL IT!"

"Alright, alright," Mary Beth relented, glancing around to make sure little ears weren't listening in.

"Sweet Jesus, I ain't blind!" Mary Beth hissed, leaning in so close her sisters could smell the sweet tea on her breath. "That boy's dungarees look like they're 'bout to split clean open these days—like he's smugglin' a prize-winnin' summer squash down there. Sometimes I gotta look away when he walks past, it's so... unseemly."

Her sisters squealed with scandalized glee, bouncing excitedly and making their titanic ta-tas jiggle like bowls of Aunt Fanny's famous figgy pudding.

"Dang, I knew it!" Jolene crowed triumphantly. "That boy's packing a real blue ribbon winner in them pants!"

"But I can't help wonderin' where them rumors 'bout Darrell's big ol' johnson first started," Jolene pressed, eyes sparkling with mischief. "You reckon one of them town girls got herself a peek at his pecker?"

"Oh lord, I pray that ain't the case," Mary Beth fretted, worrying at her bottom lip. "My boy's sweet as molasses, but dumb as a box of hammers when it comes to womenfolk. Liable to get himself in a heap of trouble, wagging that thing around."

The sisters fell into a fit of scandalous giggles, titties heaving and hooting with unladylike mirth as they speculated wildly about the impressive size of young Darrell's hidden charms.

Sue Ellen shook her head, making her chestnut curls bounce. "Sweet Jesus, it's a crime against nature!" she exclaimed. "That magnificent flesh-pole wasting away in them pitch-black mines when it should be out there splitting women in two! The Almighty didn't craft a battering ram like that just to gather coal dust. No ma'am! That weapon was forged for one purpose—to pound fertile furrows till they overflow with his seed!"

Mary Beth's cheeks flamed at her sister's scandalous implication. "Sue Ellen! Bite your tongue! That's my baby boy you're talkin' about."

"Pshaw, he ain't no baby no more," Jolene chimed in with a smirk. "That boy ain't just growed up—he's packin' a flesh cannon that'd make the devil himself blush! All the mamas out there are talkin' 'bout how he's splittin' his dungarees at the seams with that unholy monster!"

"You do have a point. I can't bear the thought of him toiling away underground," Mary Beth fretted. "Sweet Jesus, that mine's a goddamn DEATH TRAP! My boy's prime breeding stock—all that raw manhood wasting away in the darkness

when he should be out rutting like a wild stallion, plantin' his seed in every willing field from here to the county line!"

Her sisters made noises of fervent agreement, their bountiful bosoms heaving with righteous indignation.

"Damn shame," Jolene muttered. "All that prime, grade-A stallion-meat, wasted down in that mine when it should be up here smothered in cunny and spittin' ropes of semen."

Mary Beth felt her nipples stiffen into aching points beneath her bodice as she imagined Darrell's young, virile body and the fabled beast that lurked in his dungarees. A deep, smoldering ache bloomed between her thighs, her hungry birth canal clenching and dripping with need. Her puckered rosebud twitched and winked, eager to be stretched wide by a huge, throbbing teenage cock.

Sue Ellen and Jolene squirmed on the checkered blanket, their faces flushed and chests heaving. They pressed their thick thighs together, trying to ease the desperate, empty ache in their neglected cunts. Slick juices dampened their bloomers as they pictured Darrell's innocent farmboy face and the big, juicy cock that swung heavily between his legs like a battering ram.

"Lord have mercy!" Jolene fanned herself, panting shallowly. "I'm wetter than a preacher's lips at a free chicken dinner. If that boy rammed his baby maker up my hoo-ha, he'd carve me out like a Thanksgiving turkey!"

Mary Beth let out a laugh. "Jolene, you'd crush my boy's pelvis to dust with them tree-trunk thighs of yours! He'd die

screaming between your legs, half-suffocated while you buck and writhe on top of him like some demon-possessed rodeo queen!"

"And I'd love every fuckin' second of it," Jolene snarled, her knuckles white as she gripped the edge of the blanket, nostrils flaring like a mare in heat.

Sue Ellen leaned in close, dropping her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "What if'n there was a way we could keep him from going into that mine? Get the boy a job in town, maybe?"

Rae suddenly glared out at one of her mischievous children. "Rae, you git your little hiney back here right this instant!" she hollered at her youngest boy as he made a break for the creek. The towheaded little scamp just giggled and kept right on running. Jolene sighed and hauled herself up off the blanket with a grunt.

Her sisters watched in amusement as she waddled after the errant child, her fat titties bouncin' and her generous rump swaying side to side. She caught him by the back of his britches and gave him a swat on his behind. "I swear, that young'un is gonna be the death of me," Jolene grouched as she marched him back.

Settling back on the blanket with a huff, she turned to Mary Beth with a speculative gleam in her eye.

"You know, sis... Sue Ellen might be onto somethin' here. If'n we could get that boy of yours a REAL job in town—keep him close where he belongs—just think of all them lonely wives he

could be servicing with that monster cock of his! Lord, he'd be splittin' women like firewood from sunup to sundown!"

"Mm-hmm," Sue Ellen agreed, nodding sagely. "With all the menfolk down in the mines all day, Darrell would have his pick of the litter when it comes to willin' mama's. Bet he could make us all squeal six ways from Sunday with that big ol' thang of his."

Mary Beth felt a shameful flutter low in her belly at the thought of her innocent boy defiling every mother in town with his huge, virile member. She knew it was wrong to entertain such impure notions, but the illicit images kept coming unbidden. Darrell grunting and rutting like a bull, his washboard abs gleaming with sweat as he plowed one buxom beauty after another

She shook her head to clear it, cheeks burning. "Y'all are bound to get the boy lynched with that kinda talk," she scolded. But Mary Beth couldn't deny the forbidden thrill that raced through her at the idea of Darrell sowing his wild oats. Maybe her sisters were right. A strapping young buck like him shouldn't be wasting his prime years digging in the dirt.

"Just think how grateful we'd all be," Jolene mused, a far-off look in her eye. "He'd have us all lined up like cattle at the slaughter, beggin' to be split in two!"

Sue Ellen fanned herself, overcome by a sudden attack of the sexual vapor wafting up from their cunts. "Lawd have mercy! Now there's a sight I'd pay two bits to see. Can you just imagine

it? Darrell layin' pipe mornin', noon and night. Fillin' every mama in town with that big ol' baby maker of his. Whoo-ee!"

The sisters whooped and hollered with laughter, slapping their thighs and wiping mirthful tears from their eyes. Mary Beth tried to look scandalized, but a grin tugged at the corners of her mouth all the same.

"Y'all are downright wicked," she scolded, shaking her head. "But I reckon you might have a point. My Darrell, bless his heart, is as pure and innocent as a spring lamb. Probably wouldn't know what to do with his pecker if a gal threw herself at him bare-nekkid."

Jolene leaned in, a conspiratorial gleam in her eye. "Well now, I heard tell that some mamas have been taking their boys in hand, so to speak. Teachin' 'em the ways of pleasin' a woman, real thorough-like."

Mary Beth's eyes widened. Her cheeks flushed hot as she plucked at a blade of grass. "You don't say," she murmured, a considering note creeping into her voice despite herself.

"Mm-hmm. Ain't nothin' wrong with a mama givin' her boy some much-needed guidance. Better he learns from a skilled, lovin' hand than some clumsy girl what don't know diddly-squat 'bout teenage dick."

Mary Beth bit her lip, worrying it between her teeth as she mulled it over. Her pulse quickened traitorously at the scandalous notion of tutoring Darrell in the carnal arts. Of

wrapping her hand around his huge, pulsing member and showing him how to use it proper.

"Well, I suppose it IS a mama's duty to teach her young'uns what they need to know," she allowed, trying for a prim tone despite the wanton heat unfurling in her belly. "Darrell IS a mite naive. He could use a guiding hand to teach him how to split a woman open like a ripe peach, make her scream till her throat's raw, and flood her insides with his seed till it leaks down her thighs."

Her sisters nodded eagerly, their faces flushed and eyes bright with illicit excitement.

"Damn straight," Jolene agreed. "Ain't nobody more qualified than his own mama to learn him up real good. Why, I bet you could have that boy ruttin' like a damn stallion before the week's out! Have him breakin' bedframes and makin' women speak in tongues!"

The filthy words sent a bolt of lust straight to Mary Beth's core. She squeezed her thighs together, feeling a telltale dampness in her drawers at the thought of molding Darrell into her personal stud.

Sue Ellen leaned in close, a wicked glint in her eye. "Mary Beth, honey, ain't nobody more qualified than you to break that boy in right. Rut on top of him like a she-devil from sunup to sundown, grinding on him and baptizing him in your lady juices till he drowns in it!"

Lord have mercy, but her sisters were a bad influence. Putting all kinds of sinful notions in her head. But now that the seed was planted, Mary Beth couldn't shake the wicked temptation. Her sweet, virginal boy was ripe for the pickin', and it was high time his mama showed him what to do with that big ol' cock of his.

Darrell slunk into the kitchen the next morning, his stomach growling something fierce. The mouthwatering scent of frying bacon and fresh biscuits set his belly to rumbling. But it was the sight of his mama sashaying around the stove, humming a jaunty tune, that really got his blood pumping.

The gingham fabric of her dress stretched tight across her bodacious backside as she bent to retrieve a pan from the oven. Darrell's eyes traced the seductive curve of her rear, captivated by the way those plump cheeks jiggled with her every move. His face flushed hot and he shifted uncomfortably on the wooden bench, feeling his oversized manhood start to swell against his fly.

"Mornin', Ma," he managed to croak, ducking his head over his plate as his father ambled in and took a seat.

Mary Beth glanced over her shoulder, a knowing gleam in her eye as she caught her son ogling her ample assets. "Good mornin', sweetie pie," she cooed, her voice dripping honey. "You ready for a nice, hot breakfast?"

She sauntered over, hips swaying sinfully, and bent down real low to set a platter of crispy bacon in front of him. Her huge, heavy breasts swung forward, nearly spilling out of her snug bodice. They brushed against Darrell's burning cheek and he caught a whiff of her sweet, flowery perfume.

A strangled sound escaped him before he could stop it. Darrell held his breath, every muscle clenched tight as his ma took her sweet time arranging the food. He could feel the soft, pillowy weight of her titanic tits pressing against his face through the thin fabric, smothering him in warm, succulent flesh. His cock lurched in his pants, rock hard and throbbing.

"There you go, darlin'," Mary Beth purred, finally straightening up. She had a cat-that-ate-the-canary smile on her face. "Eat up, now. A growin' boy needs a BIG... hearty meal to start the day right."

Darrell just nodded dumbly, not trusting himself to speak. He snatched up his fork, praying his daddy was too busy shoveling grits into his craw to notice the tent pole straining in his britches. All throughout breakfast, he snuck glances at his mama as she puttered around the kitchen, admiring the way her dress molded to her shapely figure.

It was a sweet kind of torture, watching the way her juicy rump cheeks jiggled and bounced, the way the swells of her massive melons heaved with her every movement. He squirmed in his seat, his pecker pulsing and jumping as all manner of forbidden scenarios flitted through his fevered mind.

His daddy pushed back from the table with a groan, patting his belly. "Welp, I best go feed them cows 'fore we head on down to the mine," he announced, jamming his hat on his balding head. "You comin', boy?"

"He'll be along directly, hon. Just wanna word with him first," Mary Beth said.

Her husband grunted in acknowledgment and ambled out. The screen door banged shut behind him.

No sooner had he left than Mary Beth scooped up the fussy baby from his high chair, cooing and nuzzling him. Then, bold as you please, she perched her curvaceous bottom right on the kitchen table in front of Darrell, settling the babe in her lap.

Darrell near about swallowed his tongue as his ma perched her feet on the bench to either side of him. Her skirt rode up scandalously high as she spread her shapely legs like she was birthing a baby, positioning herself so that he was smack dab between her creamy thighs. If he leaned forward just a hair, his nose would be buried in her honeypot.

Darrell gripped the edge of his seat, knuckles turning white, as he desperately tried to keep his hungry gaze from roaming up them miles of silky smooth skin. But it was no use. His treacherous eyes kept flicking to the shadowed junction at the apex of her thighs, wondering what kind of skimpy undergarments she wore beneath her skirts, if any at all.

Mary Beth bounced the baby on her knee, humming a lullaby. Her bountiful titties jiggled hypnotically with the motion,

threatening to spill clean out of her low-cut bodice. Darrell licked his suddenly dry lips, his cock pounding out a drumbeat of desire against his fly.

"Mama..." he croaked, voice cracking like a pubescent boy. "You was wantin' to talk?"

She glanced up at him through her lashes, a coy smile playing about her full, lush mouth. "I most certain was, darlin'."

The wicked gleam in her eyes belied her innocent words. She widened her spread even more, letting her skirt ride up a tantalizing inch higher. The creamy skin of her inner thighs winked at him, impossibly soft and smooth.

Darrell felt light-headed, all the blood rushing from his brain straight to his throbbing johnson. It was all he could do not to pant like a coon hound, his chest heaving with ragged breaths.

"We got us some things to discuss," Mary Beth continued blithely, as if she weren't giving him a peek show. "I been hearin' some real interestin' rumors... about that monster you're hidin' in them britches. Lots of mamas say it looks as thick as a fence post and twice as hard."

Darrell near about fell off the bench, he was so took aback. His eyes bulged and his face turned redder than a baboon's behind. "Wh-what?" he sputtered.

Mary Beth just smiled, cool as a cucumber. She bounced the babe on her knee, making her massive titties jiggle something fierce.

"You heard me, sugar," she hissed, her voice dropping to a hungry growl as she leaned in so close her hot breath scorched his ear. "Every last woman in town is whisperin' 'bout what you're packin' in them jeans. They say you're hung like a prize stallion—that you'd split a girl clean in two. Now I'm askin' you straight: is my baby boy carryin' a big proud penis between his legs?"

He gaped at her, jaw hanging open. This had to be some kinda crazy dream. His own ma, asking about his johnson bold as brass? Darrell pinched himself hard, but nothing changed. His mama was still perched with splayed thighs on the table with her skirts hiked up, eyeing him like he was a slab of prime beef.

"I... I don't rightly know," he stammered, shifting in his seat as his cock throbbed painfully. Lord, her legs looked silky smooth. What he wouldn't give to run his hands up them thighs, to bury his face in that sweet honeypot barely concealed by her thin skirts.

Mary Beth fixed him with a knowing look.

"Well now," she declared, leaning in so close he could count her eyelashes, her voice dropping to a ravenous growl that vibrated through his bones, "it's a mama's DUTY to know these things about her boy. How else am I s'posed to make sure you ain't ruinin' some poor girl? Wouldn't want you tearin' some sweet young pussy in half 'fore you learn to handle what the good Lord blessed you with."

Darrell's cheeks burned hotter than a blacksmith's forge. He ducked his head, studyin' his scuffed boots. "I reckon I don't rightly know if'n I'm bigger'n most fellows," he mumbled.

A determined gleam entered his mama's eye. She stood up and set the baby down in his high chair, smoothing her skirts. Then she seized Darrell's hand in hers. "C'mon then. Ain't but one way to find out."

He stumbled after her, heart hammering against his ribs as she dragged him down the short hall to the back bedroom. Mary Beth shut the door firmly and turned to face him, hands on her ample hips.

"Drop them britches, young man," she ordered. "Mama needs to see EXACTLY what the good Lord blessed you with."

Darrell goggled at her, sure he must've heard wrong. But his busty mama just stared back expectantly, one eyebrow raised. He realized with a shock that she was serious as Sunday mass.

His fingers shook as he fumbled with his belt buckle, the worn leather rasping as he undid it. The rasp of his zipper sounded loud as a sawmill in the charged silence. Darrell hooked his thumbs in his waistband and shoved his britches and skivvies down to his ankles.

His teenage cock sprang free, bobbing up to slap against his belly. It jutted out nearly 11-inches long, hard as railroad iron. His foreskin had pulled back from the tautness of his cock-skin - the bulbous purple head already weeping with pre-juice. Darrell

burned with embarrassment, shifting from foot to foot like a sinner before the preacher.

Mary Beth let out a low whistle, her eyes widening as she took in the sheer size of him. "Well, I'll be damned. Them gossipin' hens were right for once. You ARE hung like a dang mule!"

She circled him slowly, drinking in every inch of his nudity. Darrell's skin prickled, gooseflesh rising in the wake of her heated gaze. He'd never felt so exposed, so vulnerable. And yet, a part of him thrilled at her blatant appreciation.

Mary Beth's eyes roved hungrily over her son's oversized manhood, taking in every throbbing inch. His cock was long and thick, the shaft lined with bulging veins. It curved up from a light thatch of dark curls, the bloated head an angry purple, oozing clear fluid from the slit. His heavy balls hung low in their hairy sack, fat with teenage seed.

"Mm-mmm. Just look at that big ol' dick," she purred appreciatively, circling him like a cat eyeing a bowl of cream. "Every woman in three counties will be crawlin' on her hands and knees, beggin' for just one thrust of that flesh hammer."

Darrell's face burned at his mama's lewd commentary. He felt like a slab of meat on display, but his johnson only grew harder under her rapacious gaze. It pulsed and twitched with a mind of its own, straining towards her lush body as if magnetically drawn.

Mary Beth licked her lips, drinking in the mouthwatering sight. "Yessir, that there's a real pussy pleaser. Gonna make them

hens cluck, you mark my words. But you gotta know how to use it right first, darlin'."

Her juicy, dripping snatch throbbed with need, engorged folds quivering as they wept hot fuck-honey. Mary Beth's tight cunny clenched hungrily, rippling and fluttering as it ached to be stretched around such a magnificent cock. Her hot, greedy hole smoldered with empty yearning, desperate to be stuffed full to bursting with long, thick, young dick.

The sweet, musky scent of her arousal perfumed the air, making Darrell's head swim. His mouth watered for a taste of her tangy essence as he imagined burying his face between those silky thighs and feasting on her weeping peach. He could practically feel those plush, syrupy lips parting for his probing tongue as he slurped up her free-flowing nectar.

Darrell's heavy, cum-bloated balls drew up tight to his body, his towering cock pulsing and jerking as it wept clear pre-spunk, making it drip to the floor in a gooey string. Every cell in his body screamed to mount his buxom mama and plow her juicy cunt like a rutting bull.

Mary Beth reached out and boldly cupped his swollen balls, weighing them in her palm. Darrell sucked in a sharp breath at her brazen touch, his cock lurching urgently. Her fingers were soft and warm, sending tingles of pleasure zinging through him.

"These eggs are full to burstin'," Mary Beth observed, giving his sack a gentle squeeze. "When's the last time you drained this snake, darlin'? Shot off a load?"

Darrell squirmed, his face flaming at her frank questions. "I... I don't rightly know," he mumbled, embarrassed. Truth was, he spilled his seed embarrassingly often, unable to keep from fisting his big ol' cock most every night.

Mary Beth tsked. "Now that just won't do!" she hissed, her eyes wild with hunger. "A virile young stallion like you NEEDS proper drainin'—REGULAR—or that thick cream'll back up somethin' fierce. Could drive a boy plumb crazy, all that potent seed festerin' inside."

She released his balls only to wrap her fingers around his thick shaft, slowly stroking him root to tip. Pleasure crashed through Darrell like a freight train. He groaned helplessly, hips rocking into her touch, fucking her fist on pure instinct.

"You gonna make some lucky bitch howl at the moon with this big peter, darlin'," she growled, her eyes burning like hot coals as she devoured Darrell's gaze, pupils blown wide with a hunger that bordered on feral.

Her fingers tightened around his throbbing girth possessively. "Maybe even sooner than you think," she purred, her voice a husky, wanton rasp.

Darrell's heart pounded like a drum against his ribs. His mouth went bone dry as his mama's meaning sank in. Surely she couldn't be suggestin'... He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. The air felt thick and charged between them, crackling with forbidden tension.

Darrell gawked at his mama's heaving cleavage, his eyes near bulging out of his head. Her titanic tits swelled over her snug bodice, the creamy flesh quivering and jiggling with her every breath. That sinful crevice between them was deep as a canyon and just as mesmerizing. He couldn't tear his eyes away, hypnotized by the tantalizing shadow of her cleavage.

Gooseflesh pebbled across his skin as he watched her fat nipples stiffen and press against the thin calico fabric, the peaks straining towards him as if begging for his touch. Darrell's mouth went bone dry, his tongue feeling thick and clumsy. He imagined burying his face between those enormous pillows, motorboating and suckling like a newborn babe.

His cock flexed urgently in Mary Beth's soft hand, oozing pre-juice like a leaky faucet. A whimper caught in his throat as she gave him a teasing squeeze, her fingers barely meeting around his formidable girth. She pumped him with a maddeningly light touch, stoking the inferno in his loins.

Tearing his eyes away from her mouthwatering titties took a Herculean effort. Darrell forced his gaze up only to find his mama watching him through her lashes, a knowing smirk playing about her lush mouth. Her eyes danced with wicked mischief.

"See somethin' you want, darlin'?" she purred, arching her back slightly to thrust her massive rack out further. The seductive motion made the swells of her tits quiver like bowls of Aunt Ida's pudding.

A fierce blush stained Darrell's cheeks at being caught ogling her so blatantly. Embarrassment warred with the raw, primal surge of lust that crashed through him like a tidal wave. He opened his mouth, a stuttering denial on the tip of his tongue, but all that came out was a strangled croak.

Mary Beth giggled, a low, throaty sound that went straight to Darrell's straining cock. She looked inordinately pleased by his obvious fascination with her bountiful curves. Her fingers tightened around his shaft, giving him a pump that had him seeing stars.

"Nothin' wrong with appreciatin' what the good Lord gave me," she assured, smug satisfaction dripping from every word. "I know I'm built like a brick shithouse. Ripe as a peach too."

She bit her plump bottom lip, peering up at him with a coquettish flutter of her lashes. "You're dyin' to grab these fat milkers, ain't ya sugar?" she growled, arching her back until the straining fabric threatened to burst. "I see how you're shakin'—achin' to sink those fingers deep into mama's tits till the flesh spills out between 'em like warm dough."

Before he could stammer out a response, a bellow from outside shattered the moment. "Darrell! Quit lollygaggin' and get a move on, boy! These cows ain't gonna feed themselves!"

Darrell jerked like a puppet whose strings had been cut. He yanked up his britches with shaking hands, his face flaming hotter than a blacksmith's forge. His cock throbbed in protest

as he wrestled the denim over his straining erection, the fabric scratchy and confining.

"C-comin' Pa!" he hollered, voice cracking like a pubescent boy's. Darrell couldn't meet his mama's eyes as he clumsily fastened his fly, sure his guilt was written all over his face.

Mary Beth watched him with a knowing gleam, a small, secretive smile playing about her lush mouth. She stepped close, her bountiful curves brushing against Darrell as she reached up to straighten his collar. The light, fleeting contact seared him, made him ache with pent-up need.

"Best run along now," she murmured, her breath a warm caress against his burning cheek. "But don't you fret none. We'll continue this discussion REAL SOON. Mama's gonna teach you everything you need to know 'bout puttin' that big ol' pecker to good use."

Then she pulled him into a hug, mashing his face into the pillow-soft valley of her cleavage. Darrell went stock-still, hardly daring to breathe. The warm, delicate scent of her honeysuckle perfume filled his nostrils. He could feel every lush, yielding inch of her pressed against him, smothering him in feminine softness.

It took every ounce of willpower not to groan aloud, to fist his hands in her skirts and grind himself against her like a dog in heat. Darrell's cock jerked in his britches, leaking sticky pre-spend. He felt light-headed, all the blood rushing from his brain straight to his pulsing manhood.

After what felt like an eternity, Mary Beth released him. Darrell staggered back, red-faced and panting. His mama just smiled, all coy like, and patted his cheek.

"Run along now," she urged, swatting his rump. "And mind you remember what I said, y'hear?"

Darrell stumbled out into the bright sunlight in a daze, his head spinning. He hurried towards the barn, barely aware of where he was going since his cock ached something fierce.

Mary Beth's cunny throbbed just as bad as Darrell's retreating form disappeared from view. His huge, virile cock lingered in her mind like a fever dream, making her juices flow hot and slick. She could still feel the hefty weight of his balls in her palm, could practically taste the salty musk of his pre-spend on her tongue. Her own son, hung like a prize bull and ripe for the plucking. Lord have mercy.

Unable to take the ache a moment longer, Mary Beth hitched up her skirts and plopped down on the edge of the bed. She spread her legs wide - the spicy scent of her arousal perfumed the air, making her head swim.

Her swollen cunny gaped hungrily, the thick outer folds crowned by a neat triangle of auburn fur. The tender pink inner flesh peeked out, slick and puffy with arousal. Mary Beth's fingers dipped between her legs, gliding through the dewy seam of her slit. She shuddered at the first electric touch, a breathy moan escaping her lips. Gathering the slippery wetness, she circled the thick dome of her clit peeking out from beneath

its hood. The plump bud throbbed against her fingertips, swollen to the size of a grape and twice as juicy.

She shivered at the touch, her hips bucking reflexively. A breathy moan escaped her. Mary Beth sank two fingers into the clenching heat of her sheath, her walls rippling and fluttering around the intrusion. Pleasure zinged through her, bright and sharp.

"Oh, Darrell," she whimpered, pumping her fingers faster. Obscene squelching noises filled the room as she fucked herself, the sounds indecently loud in the charged silence. Her engorged clit throbbed, fat and swollen, begging for attention.

Mary Beth circled the sensitive bundle of nerves with the pad of her thumb, gasping at the electric tingles that shot through her. She rubbed tight, urgent circles over her clit, her folds slick and puffy, glistening with her juices. Her cunt made obscene slurping sounds as she sawed her fingers in and out, in and out, fucking herself with desperate abandon.

Behind her closed eyes, lurid fantasies played out in technicolor. Darrell's handsome face hovering between her thighs, his eyes glazed with lust as he feasted on her dripping peach. His wicked tongue delving deep, probing her honeyed depths. That huge, magnificent cock pulsing and jerking, weeping sticky pre-cum that she ached to lap up like a bitch in heat.

"Ungh, yes, right there!" Mary Beth panted, her fingers slamming home. She was so close, teetering right on the knife's edge of rapture. Her inner muscles clenched and rippled,

squeezing her fingers in a vise grip. She ground the heel of her hand against her throbbing clit, rubbing furiously, chasing her pleasure.

Mary Beth's world exploded in a supernova of bliss as her climax tore through her like a runaway freight train. Her body convulsed and spasmed, flopping around on the bed like a fish yanked out of water and tossed on the shore. She was only distantly aware of the way her massive titties bounced and jiggled beneath her dress, quivering flesh swells unleashed from the flimsy confines of her bodice.

The most exquisite pleasure radiated out from her core as her greedy cunny clenched and rippled, squeezing her sawing fingers like a vise. Her folds fluttered and undulated, hot fem-cum squirting out to soak her palm and inner thighs. Mary Beth's eyes rolled back in her head as a series of toe-curling aftershocks wracked her sweat-slicked body. Her thick thighs trembled and her toes curled, digging into the rag rug.

Her urethra throbbed and bulged, a high-pressured geyser begging for release. Then the slit gaped open and Mary Beth was squirting like a busted hydrant, clear streams of liquid pleasure arcing through the air to splatter her skirts and the bedspread. She'd never gushed so hard or so copiously in all her born days. It was like a dam had burst inside her, a flood of ecstasy too powerful to be contained.

Her body bowed tight as a bowstring, every muscle seizing with the force of her climax. A silent scream of rapture tore from Mary Beth's throat, her head thrashing on the sweat-soaked

pillow. She shuddered and bucked, grinding against her own touch, prolonging the sweet, agonizing bliss for as long as she could stand it.

Finally, after an eternity, the maelstrom ebbed. Mary Beth collapsed against the bed, panting like a bellows. Her breasts heaved with each ragged breath, rising and falling in quivering swells. She felt boneless, utterly drained yet still pulsing with residual ripples of pleasure.

Drowsy satisfaction settled over her like a warm quilt, her limbs heavy and lethargic. The mother stretched languorously, feeling decadently wanton and well-used. The musky perfume of her sex hung thick in the air, the tangy essence coating her fingers and staining her rumpled skirts.

Lord have mercy, but she couldn't recall the last time she'd come so hard. That sinful fantasy of Darrell worshipping at her altar and then skewering her with his big ol' cock had driven her right over the edge into mindless ecstasy.

Mary Beth knew it was all manner of wrong to entertain such wicked notions about her own flesh and blood. But that only made the illicit lust churning in her belly burn that much stronger.

After getting herself together, Mary Beth gathered up her young'uns and set off down the dusty road towards her mother-in-law's sprawling ranch. Old Widow Wilkins lived just over the ridge in a grand whitewashed house with a

wraparound porch and climbing rose trellises. The kind of place that fairly screamed old money.

Mary Beth's little ones scampered off the minute they got on the property, whooping and hollering. She watched them go with a fond smile before climbing the porch steps to where Widow Wilkins sat in her rocking chair, shelling peas into her apron.

Clara Wilkins was a formidable sight, with her steely grey hair wound in a severe bun and her shrewd eyes that missed nothing. But it was her figure that drew the eye - the Widow's massive, heavy breasts strained against the confines of her calico housedress, the fabric pulled taut and gaping between the buttons. Her hips were wide and sturdy, her rounded behind a shelf that could balance a tea tray.

"Mary Beth," the Widow greeted, not bothering to rise. "What brings you callin'? Sit yourself down, girl, and spill the beans." She nodded to the empty rocker beside her.

Mary Beth sat, nervously smoothing her skirts over her knees. The Widow had a way of making her feel like a naughty schoolgirl caught passing notes in church. She took a fortifying breath, the words spilling out of her in a rush.

"It's about Darrell, ma'am. I can't bear the thought of him spendin' his days down in that dangerous mine. He's too young, too innocent. I was hopin' you might have a job for him here on the ranch."

Clara eyed Mary Beth shrewdly, not missing the way the younger woman squirmed under her keen gaze. The Widow had been around the block a time or two - she knew the signs of a mama in heat, fixin' to get her itch scratched. And unless she missed her guess, Mary Beth had set her cap at a certain strapping young buck.

"This wouldn't have nothin' to do with them rumors, would it?" Clara drawled, arching a knowing brow.

"Rumors?" Mary Beth repeated questioningly.

"Rumors 'bout Darrell's horse-cock... that's got every woman from here to Tucson rubbin' their thighs raw at night."

Mary Beth's cheeks flushed guiltily, confirming the Widow's suspicions. She twisted her hands in her lap, plump bottom lip caught between her teeth. "I... Well, I mighta snuck a peek just this mornin' to see if'n there was any truth to the gossip."

"And was there?" Clara pressed, leaning forward. The motion made her massive titties strain against her bodice.

"Lord have mercy, yes!" The words burst out of Mary Beth in a heated rush, her eyes glazing over with lustful remembrance. "That boy's got a johnny-come-long the size of my forearm, Ma. I ain't never seen nothin' like it."

Clara's eyes gleamed with salacious interest. "Sweet Jesus, girl, don't keep me in suspense! I want every last filthy detail about that boy's meat. Was it all roped with veins? The kind that throb against a woman's walls when she's got him buried to the hilt?"

Mary Beth nodded, her face flushing at the memory. "Yessum, thick as my wrist with these big ol' veins runnin' all up and down the shaft. And Lord have mercy, that purple mushroom head..." She shivered, rubbing her thighs together as a bolt of lust shot through her. "Biggest damn cockhead I ever did see. Like a ripe plum, it was."

"And his balls?" Clara pressed, leaning in further. "Were they cum-swollen and ready to burst? The kind that slap against a woman's ass when she's being mounted from behind?"

"Full as tick on a coonhound," Mary Beth confirmed with a nod. "Looked like a pair of duck eggs in a sack, they did. I reckon that boy ain't never met a pussy could drain him proper."

Clara cackled, slapping her thigh. "A virgin? Mmm, ain't no cock in this world as hard and ready as a young buck in his prime. Them boys were put on this earth to rut, plain and simple."

Mary Beth nodded sagely, a wistful look in her eye. "Agreed. Darrell oughta be out there puttin' that big ol' baby maker to work, not wastin' away in some dusty mine shaft. He should be buried hilt-deep in hot, hungry flesh, makin' women scream his name till their throats go raw."

Clara whistled low, a spark of interest kindling in her shrewd gaze.

"So you're fixin' to keep that boy on a short leash, ain't ya? Have him runnin' hot and hard whenever that hungry cunt of yours starts weepin' for attention?"

"Ain't just that," Mary Beth protested, but there was a tell-tale gleam in her eye. "I wanna be the one to break that boy in—teach him how to make a woman's toes curl and her eyes roll back. Sweet Jesus, the thought of some floozy gettin' her hands on that monster cock makes my blood boil. That's MY son's gift from God, and I aim to show him exactly where the good Lord intended it to go."

"Sweet merciful Jesus!" Clara howled, eyes wild with unholy delight. "You're practically foamin' at the mouth to impale yourself on that boy's flesh-pole! Can't say I blame you one bit—when the Almighty blesses a man with a weapon like that, it's a downright sin to let it go unfired!"

Mary Beth ducked her head, peeking up at Clara through her lashes with a coy little smile. "Well... I reckon it IS a mama's duty to teach her son the facts of life. Ain't nothin' wrong with a hands-on lesson or two."

"Hands, mouth, pussy—you'll break that boy in like a wild stallion," Clara growled, leaning forward until her massive breasts strained against her bodice, her eyes burning with feverish intensity. "Teach him to ruin a woman proper."

Clara leaned back in her rocking chair, a knowing smirk playing about her bee-stung lips. "Well now, seems to me we might could work somethin' out, seein' as how I'm in need of a young buck 'round here. 'Specially one hung like a prize stud."

She fixed Mary Beth with a sly look.

"Matter of fact, I had me a strapping young fella not much older'n Darrell working these parts up until recently. Sweet Jesus, that boy's cock was thick as my forearm and veined like a thoroughbred's leg. Some days I'd have him bend me over the kitchen table three, four times before noon—my pussy dripping like a leaky faucet while he hammered me so hard the china rattled clean off the shelves."

Mary Beth's giggled at the Widow's blunt words. She could just picture it - Clara's skirts hiked up 'round her ears while some faceless young buck rutted between her plump thighs. The image sent a bolt of illicit heat straight to her core.

"Lordy, Ma! I never woulda guessed you had it in you," Mary Beth marveled, fanning herself. Her face felt hot as a blacksmith's forge.

"Oh honey, I still got plenty of juice left in this old peach," Clara growled, leaning forward until her face was inches from Mary Beth's. Her eyes burned with feral hunger. "A woman's pussy don't dry up with age—it just gets hungrier. I'd drain a young stud dry and still be begging for more."

"Ain't that the gospel truth," Mary Beth agreed fervently, squirming in her seat. The Widow's coarse talk was getting her all hot and bothered, fanning the flames of her frustrated lust. "So what happened to this well-endowed ranch hand of yours?"

Clara snorted inelegantly. "Fool boy went and got hisself a girlfriend in town, decided to be faithful. Pshaw! Guarantee that

little gal can't handle a hung stud half so well as a seasoned filly like me."

Mary Beth clucked her tongue in commiseration. "His loss, I reckon. Sounds like he had himself a real good thing goin'."

"Damn straight," the Widow agreed, eyes gleaming with sly mischief. "But one young buck's as good as t'other. Especially if'n he's packing some serious heat in his britches. I expect them duties would fall to that strapping grandson of mine, once you finish showing him the ropes."

Mary Beth's pulse kicked up a notch at the implication. She could just picture it - her sweet, innocent Darrell unleashed upon her mother-in-law, putting that huge pecker to very thorough use. The debauched image made her squeeze her thighs together, her bloomers growing damp.

"You can count on me to train him up real good, Ma," she promised, voice gone breathy with arousal.

Mary Beth leaned forward, her voice low and fervent. "Gon teach that boy to fuck a pussy good n hard. How to tongue a lady's furrow till she's buckin' and moanin', how to make her slick as a buttered biscuit. He'll learn to lap and suckle like a newborn calf, mark my words."

Clara cackled, nodding approvingly. "Ain't nothin' more important than knowin' your way 'round a woman's honeypot. You get him good and practiced at that."

"Oh, I intend to," Mary Beth purred, a wicked gleam in her eye. "And once I got his tongue trained up real good, I'll school him on how to use that big ol' cock. Teach him to plow a mama's field deep and thorough, give her the good hard ridin' she's cravin'."

She squirmed on the hard wooden slats of the rocking chair, her bloomers growing increasingly damp as she imagined Darrell's flushed, innocent face between her thighs, his pink tongue lapping inexpertly at her dripping slit. Tingles of anticipation raced through her at the thought of that huge, virgin cock splitting her open, rutting in her hot, hungry depths.

"Mm, I expect you'll have him fuckin' like a prize stud in no time," Clara remarked, her own eyes glazing over slightly. "Probably knock you up again too, a big young bull like that."

Mary Beth shivered, a bolt of pure lust spearing through her at the forbidden idea of her own son's potent seed taking root in her fertile womb. She rubbed her thighs together, trying to relieve the persistent ache.

"He can start work first thing tomorrow mornin'," the Widow declared. "And seein' as we made a deal - I won't mind you comin' 'round the ranch to start the boy's education. Got plenty of haylofts and hidden nooks for you to get real thorough in them lessons."

"Much obliged, Ma," Mary Beth breathed, feeling flushed and fluttery. Her mind spun with deliciously debauched scenarios - Darrell bending her over a saddle in the barn, hiking up her

skirts in a shadowed stall, laying her out in the bed of the hayloft. "I promise I'll have him trained up to service a woman right and proper."

Clara rocked back, a satisfied smirk creasing her pretty face. "See that you do, girl. Menfolk are a dime a dozen 'round these parts. But a hung young stud who knows his way 'round a lady's parts? That's a rare treasure indeed."

Darrell's shoulders hunched as he followed his pa and uncles into the dank, cramped mine shaft. The rough hewn walls seemed to close in on him, the air thick with dust and the stink of unwashed bodies. He felt small and out of place among the burly, thick-necked miners, their arms roped with muscle from swinging pickaxes.

His stomach sank as he watched them attack the rock face with powerful, sure strokes that made the walls shudder. Darrell's own arms, skinny as broomsticks, trembled just lifting the heavy tool. He took a few weak, clanging whacks at the unyielding stone, his palms blistering.

"Aw hell, Lester, you sure that boy of yours is cut out for this line of work?" Uncle Pete brayed, hawking a wad of tobacco juice at Darrell's feet. "Puny little shit looks like a stiff breeze could blow him over."

His father shook his head, frowning. "Damnedest thing. The missus and I tried, but this here's the best we could manage."

Uncle Jeb guffawed, his big belly shaking. "Well, he sure as shit didn't get them twig arms from you or me, that's for damn sure! Probably couldn't satisfy a woman with that scrawny body neither. What gal's gonna want a bag of bones pokin' at her in bed?"

Raucous laughter echoed off the mine walls, bouncing around Darrell's burning ears. Shame and embarrassment churned in his gut. He attacked the rock with renewed fury, determined to prove them wrong, but his blows remained feeble, glancing off uselessly.

Sweat trickled down Darrell's back, plastering his thin cotton shirt to his skin. His arms trembled, screaming with the effort of lifting the pickaxe. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to make a dent, the rock face mocking him.

"Shit fire, boy, you swing that thing like a damn girl," his father spat disgustedly. "Put your back into it! Ain't never gonna get nowhere in life with that piss-poor work ethic."

Darrell's face flamed. He could feel the miners' eyes on him, sense them smirking at his pathetic efforts.

At least he had one thing going for him, Darrell thought bitterly as he trudged out of the mine at the end of the long, backbreaking day. The one part of him that wasn't puny or pathetic - his cock. The other fellas might mock his scrawny build, but he reckoned none of them even came close to matching him in the crotch.

By the time they got home, the sun hung low over the hills, painting the sky in streaks of orange and purple. Darrell dragged his aching body up the porch steps, every muscle screaming in protest. The tantalizing scent of frying chicken wafted out to greet him, making his stomach rumble.

He pushed open the front door to find the little ones already settled in for the night, the house quiet save for the crackle of the cook stove. His mama stood with her back to him, her curvaceous figure silhouetted by the flickering light as she stirred a pot of gravy.

She glanced over her shoulder when Darrell shuffled in, a warm smile on her face that made something in his chest squeeze tight. "There's my hardworkin' men. Supper's near ready, and I drew you up a bath for after, Darrell."

The teen blinked in surprise. A bath? He couldn't remember the last time he'd had more than a quick scrub with a rag and cold water from the pump. The thought of sinking into a tub of steaming hot water sounded like pure heaven to his sore, filthy body.

But his daddy frowned as he hung up his hat. "Aw hell, Mary Beth, what's the point in wastin' water on a bath when the boy's just gonna get filthy again tomorrow? Ain't nothin' a rag can't clean just as good."

Darrell's heart sank in disappointment. He should've known it was too good to be true. But his mama just clucked her tongue and kept stirring the gravy.

"Actually, Lester, I had me a word with your ma today," she said casually. "Seems she's in powerful need of a strong young back around the ranch, what with your daddy gone. I reckon Darrell would be a sight more useful there than down in that dank old mine."

Lester scratched his stubbled chin, considering. "That so? Well, I s'pose ranchin' is a better fit for the boy than mining, seein' as he ain't exactly built for it." He chuckled ruefully.

Darrell ducked his head to hide the shameful flush that heated his cheeks. But his mama just smiled serenely and wiped her hands on her apron.

"It's settled then. Darrell will start at the ranch in the mornin'." She turned to him, eyes twinkling with some secret mischief. "Better scrub yourself real good tonight, son. Make sure you're fresh as a daisy for your first day."

"Yes, Ma'am," Darrell replied, his eyes riveted to the swell of her meaty buttocks as she bent over the stove. The faded gingham fabric molded to her abundant curves, stretching taut across that bodacious rear end. He couldn't tear his hungry gaze away, transfixed by the mesmerizing jiggle and sway of each succulent cheek.

After scarfing down his supper, Darrell slunk off to the washroom while his pa headed straight to bed, bone-tired from a long day in the mines. He shut the door firmly and stripped off his filthy clothes, sighing in relief as he sank into the steaming

tub. The hot water engulfed him, soothing his aching muscles like a balm.

But as the heat penetrated his weary body, Darrell found his thoughts drifting back to the forbidden delights he'd glimpsed that morning - his mama's bountiful curves, her plush thighs spread wide like a saddle for rutting, the tantalizing shadow of her womanhood barely concealed by her thin skirts. His cock stirred and thickened, rising up hard and ready from the wiry thatch of his pubic hair.

Darrell licked his lips, his mouth gone dry as cotton. He wrapped a soapy hand around his engorged shaft and gave it a slow, firm stroke from root to tip. Sparks of pleasure danced up his spine at the delicious friction. He groaned low in his throat, head lolling back against the rim of the tub.

Lord have mercy, but this felt good. The slick slide of his fist, the perfect pressure around his aching hardness. Darrell worked himself with long, twisting strokes, quickly finding a rhythm that had his toes curling. He couldn't help but imagine this was what a real pussy might feel like - hot and wet and tight around him, gripping him like a velvet glove.

Vivid, scandalous images flashed behind his closed eyelids - his mama's fulsome titties bouncing free of her bodice, her plump lips wrapped around his straining cockhead, swallowing him down. He pictured bending her over the porch railing, her skirts tossed up over her hips, and sinking balls-deep into the slick, clasping heat of her furrow.

"Fuck," Darrell panted, his fist flying over his cock as he rutted up into the tight channel of his curled fingers. The soapy water sloshed and splashed with his vigorous movements, some slopping over the edge of the tub. His free hand crept down to cup and squeeze his heavy, aching balls, rolling them between his fingers.

Pressure built at the base of his spine, his climax coiling tighter and tighter. Darrell bit his lip savagely, muffling his desperate grunts and moans. His cock pulsed and throbbed in his fist, the fat purple head leaking steadily, dribbling pearly pre-spend into the sudsy bathwater.

Darrell's eyes flew wide and his fist froze on his throbbing cock as the washroom door creaked open. His mama slipped inside on bare feet, dressed in the skimpiest little nightgown he'd ever laid eyes on. The flimsy white cotton barely reached the tops of her creamy thighs and was cut so low in the front, it was a wonder her titanic titties didn't come spilling out.

He gawked openly, struck dumb by the way those gigantic pale globes shifted and jiggled with her every movement, completely unfettered by a confining bodice. The fat, rosy nipples poked at the thin fabric, as if straining to burst free. Darrell's cock lurched in his soapy fist, pulsing urgently.

"Just checkin' to see if you need anythin' before bed, darlin'," Mary Beth purred, her voice a low, sultry rasp. Her eyes raked over his lean naked chest before zeroing in on the impressive tent of his erection jutting out of the water.

A fierce blush stained Darrell's cheeks at being caught with his pecker in hand, but there was no hiding his state of arousal. Not with his huge cock bobbing thick and engorged over his belly, the purplish head shiny with pre-spend.

Mary Beth licked her plump lips, gaze riveted to his straining meat. "My, my. Looks like you got yourself a powerful itch that needs scratchin'."

Darrell swallowed hard, his mouth gone bone dry. "I-I didn't mean for you to see..." he stammered, feeling a hot mix of embarrassment and raw, forbidden lust. His insides squirmed at the blatantly hungry way she eyed his hefty package.

"Pshaw, ain't no shame in it, sugar," she soothed, gliding closer on bare feet. "A buck like you has needs. Mama oughta see to it you're good and relaxed for your first day on grandma's ranch."

Darrell's eyes widened as his mama sauntered over, her hips swaying seductively with each step. His gaze was riveted to the deep valley of her cleavage, unable to look away as those massive titties jiggled and bounced in the flimsy confines of her nightgown. They strained against the thin fabric, the creamy swells quivering with her every breath, looking soft as pillows and ripe for the sucking.

She knelt beside the tub and dipped a washcloth in the warm, soapy water. Darrell held his breath as she began to gently scrub his chest and arms, the rough cloth gliding over his heated skin. Everywhere she touched tingled and burned.

His cock throbbed urgently between his legs as she worked her way lower, washing his stomach and hipbones with maddeningly light caresses. He bit back a groan when her fingers brushed against his wiry pubic thatch, mere inches from his straining erection.

"Goodness, you're filthy," Mary Beth tutted, eyeing his jutting manhood with an appreciative gleam. "Reckon that big ol' thang needs an extra thorough scrubbin' to get it good and clean."

Darrell's heart pounded like a drum as she wrapped the soapy cloth around his thick cock and began to slowly stroke him with a firm, twisting motion. His eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the toe-curling pleasure of her touch. It was so much better than his own rough, callused hand.

"Oh sweet Lord," he choked out, fingers scrabbling against the sides of the tub. His hips rocked of their own accord, fucking up into the tight channel of her fist. The washcloth rasped deliciously along his sensitive skin, sending sparks of bliss zinging up his spine.

Darrell stared down the length of his body, transfixed by the sight of his long, thick cock jutting straight up from his groin. His mama's soft, skillful fingers worked the shaft in a twisting, pumping motion, the soapy washcloth gliding along his sensitive skin. It felt so much better than anything he'd ever managed to do to himself.

"Ungh, Ma," he groaned, head lolling back as jolts of electric bliss shot through him. "Ain't never made m'peter feel this dang good when I do it."

A slow, wicked smile curved Mary Beth's plump lips. She leaned in closer, her massive, unfettered titties swaying just inches from his face, close enough for him to catch a tantalizing whiff of her honeysuckle scent. Her voice lowered to a husky purr.

"Well now, sugar," she whispered, her voice dropping to a guttural growl as she leaned so close her lips brushed his earlobe, "there's only a couple things us farm mamas do real well - cookin', cleanin', raisin' babies... and milkin' every last drop from achin', throbbin' cocks till they're empty as a desert well in August."

Her hand sped up on his pulsing shaft as she spoke, pumping him harder and faster. Darrell's eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the intense, toe-curling sensation. His hips bucked of their own accord, fucking up into her tight fist. He could feel his heavy balls drawing up close to his body, his release building at the base of his spine.

Mary Beth's fingers danced wickedly along her son's throbbing shaft, teasing out jolts of exquisite sensation from parts of his cock he never knew existed. She zeroed in on the sensitive patch of flesh just under the head, his frenulum, rubbing it with her thumb until he saw stars. Then she dipped a fingertip into his leaking slit, swirling the slickness around the swollen head and making him grunt and curse.

She reached down to cup his heavy, aching balls, rolling them in her palm. Her fingers dug into the crease behind his sack, massaging the hidden spot that made lightning shoot up his spine. Darrell's cock jerked urgently, flexing against his belly.

His mother's other hand dipped below the sudsy water, slipping between his spread thighs. He jolted when her fingertip found his tight, puckered hole, tracing the clenching ring of muscle. Mary Beth rubbed slow circles around his virgin entrance, making him squirm and pant.

"Ungh! Ma!" Darrell choked out, his eyes rolling back as she pressed a soapy finger inside him. It breached his snug back passage, crooking to rub some secret spot deep within. Intense, unfamiliar pleasure crashed through him, making his cock lurch and dribble.

"That's it, sugar," Mary Beth purred, pumping her finger in and out. "Just relax and let Mama make you feel real good."

Darrell's cock flexed at the root, the hefty shaft pulsing and straining as his mama stroked him with corkscrew twists of her wrist. Her fingers clamped tight around his girth, pumping up and down the veiny length in a maddeningly perfect rhythm.

He watched, slack-jawed and glassy-eyed, as her small hand worked him over with confident skill, the sight so filthy and wrong but so incredibly arousing. Soapy bathwater sloshed around his hips as he bucked and writhed, unable to keep still under the onslaught of toe-curling sensation.

"Ooh, just look at this big fella jump," Mary Beth cooed appreciatively, giving his cock a few faster pumps that had his eyes rolling back. "He's rarin' to go off like a geyser, I reckon."

As if to emphasize her point, a thick dollop of pre-spend bubbled from Darrell's tip and dribbled down his frenulum. Mary Beth caught it with her thumb, rubbing the slick fluid into his exquisitely sensitive cockhead until he saw stars.

Her other hand continued to work between his legs, a soapy finger crooking deep in his clutching back passage, massaging that secret spot that made molten pleasure course through his groin. It was almost too much stimulation to bear, every nerve ending alight, his untried body taut as a bowstring and ready to snap.

"M-ma, I'm fixin' to—oh Lord!" Darrell choked out, a desperate edge to his voice. His hands scrabbled against the porcelain, seeking an anchor against the relentless build of ecstasy. He could feel it cresting like a tidal wave, his balls drawing up tight, his shaft pulsing urgently against his belly.

"C'mon then, sugar. Let that juice fly," Mary Beth purred, her fist pumping faster, her finger rubbing harder at that magic button inside him. "Shoot off real good for Mama."

Darrell arched like a bow, a hoarse shout ripping from his throat as the dam burst. His cock bucked and flexed, the thick shaft pulsing violently as he exploded in a series of body-wracking spasms.

The first shot of cum rocketed from his slit with startling intensity, painting a pearly streak across his heaving chest. His cock kicked again immediately, firing a second ropy strand that splattered over his neck and chin. Mary Beth worked him through it with quick, milking strokes, her finger grinding into his prostate, wringing out every last drop.

Spunk geysered from Darrell's jerking cock with the power of a steam engine, some spurts flying impressive distances to land in the bathwater or splatter the wall behind him. He grunted and cursed, head thrashing, stunned by the sheer intensity of his ejaculation.

Through the haze of pleasure, he was dimly aware of his mama's soft, appreciative coos, her clever fingers milking out every last drop. She worked him until he was raw and spent, his cock finally starting to soften and slip from her grasp. Darrell sagged back against the tub, chest heaving, feeling like he'd just run a mile uphill.

"There now, doncha feel better with them backed-up balls emptied out?" Mary Beth purred, sounding mighty pleased with herself. She wiped her hands on a towel, a smug little smile playing about her lips.

Darrell just nodded dumbly, still floating on a cloud of bliss. His brain felt slow and fuzzy, struggling to process what had just happened. He'd never spilled so much seed in his life - it was splattered everywhere, thick ropes painting his chest, neck and chin. The bathwater had gone tepid and cloudy with his spend.

A hot flush of embarrassment washed over him, warring with a deep, primal satisfaction at being so thoroughly drained. He didn't know whether to feel ashamed or grateful. It was all so confusing, his mama touching him in ways he'd only ever furtively imagined late at night, fisting his needy cock under the covers.

Mary Beth seemed to sense his inner turmoil so she leaned in close, her breath warm against Darrell's ear. "Don't you worry none, sugar. I'm fixin' to teach you all the ways of pleasin' a woman real thorough-like. How to drive that throbbin' beast deep inside a woman's hungry flesh till she's clawing the sheets and screamin' your name to high heaven."

Her voice was a sinful purr that sent shivers racing down his spine. Darrell swallowed hard, his spent cock twitching with renewed interest despite his recent release. He couldn't quite wrap his head around his mama saying such scandalous things.

"Gonna train up that tongue of yours real good too," she continued, tracing a fingertip along his full bottom lip. "Teach you how to lap and suckle at a mama's honeypot till she's buckin' and moanin' fit to wake the devil."

Darrell's face flamed at her lewd words, even as a bolt of lust speared through his belly. The thought of putting his mouth on a woman down there, tasting her secret place, was at once terrifying and wildly arousing.

"I...I don't rightly know how to do none of that," he admitted, ducking his head bashfully. His cheeks burned with embarrassment at his naivete.

But Mary Beth just chuckled, a low, throaty sound that seemed to vibrate right through him. "Well now, ain't that what your mama's for? To learn you up real good?"

She cupped his chin, tilting his face up to meet her heated gaze. Her eyes gleamed with wicked promise in the lamplight. "You just leave everything to me, darlin'," she whispered. "By the time I'm done with you, every single pussy in this county will be howlin' like a wildcat caught in a thunderstorm, soakin' wet and beggin' for more of what only YOU can give 'em."

Darrell's head spun at the filthy vow, his over-sensitive cock pulsing against his thigh. He knew it was six kinds of wrong to crave his mama's intimate lessons, but Lord help him, he was powerless to resist her sinful allure.

Darrell's eyes locked onto his mama's heaving cleavage like a starving boy spotting a feast. Sweet Jesus in heaven, the sight hit him like a sledgehammer to the gut. Her massive, milk-heavy breasts threatened to spill completely from her nightgown with each ragged breath, the valley between them so deep and dark he reckoned it could easily swallow his head whole.

Her obscenely swollen nipples jutted against the threadbare fabric like two ripe cherries, visibly throbbing with each beat of her heart, the semi-translucent material stretched so thin he

could make out the saucer-sized areolas beneath, begging for his mouth.

"M-ma? Am I gonna learn to do... y'know, stuff with them too?" he asked hoarsely, motioning to her breasts.

"Sugar," she purred, leaning so close her hot breath scorched his ear, "by the time I'm done with you, you'll have drowned in more heavy titty-flesh than a dozen starvin' newborns, suckin' and slobberin' till you're fixin' to pass out from a lack of oxygen. Would you like that?"

"Yes, ma'am," the boy answered with an eager nod.

A slow, satisfied smile curved Mary Beth's lips. "Good boy. We'll start your education bright and early tomorrow." She punctuated the wicked promise with a firm squeeze to his upper thigh beneath the cooling bathwater.

Then she rose to her feet in a graceful motion, the hem of her scandalously short nightgown riding up to reveal a tantalizing peek of creamy inner thigh. Darrell's eyes were riveted to that forbidden slice of skin, his mouth gone dry as cotton.

The sight of his mama's enormous titties hovering over him as she stood took Darrell's breath clean away. They strained against the sheer fabric of her nightie, the heavy globes threatening to come spilling out at any moment. He couldn't tear his eyes from the deep, shadowed cleavage, transfixed by the way her giant pale jugs jiggled and swayed with her every movement.

As she sashayed towards the washroom door, Darrell's hungry gaze drifted down to her bodacious backside. The flimsy gown was so short, he could clearly make out the crease where her plump buttocks met the backs of her creamy thighs. Each cheek was a ripe, mouth-watering melon, bouncing and undulating seductively as she walked.

Lord have mercy, but his mama had an ass that could stop a stage coach. Round and juicy as a Georgia peach, with just the right amount of jiggle. Darrell felt a renewed stirring in his cock despite his recent release, the depleted organ twitching to life against his thigh. He imagined cupping and squeezing those succulent globes, sinking his fingers into the warm, pliant flesh.

"Sweet dreams, sugar," Mary Beth purred, throwing a saucy wink over her shoulder as she sashayed out of the washroom. The door clicked shut behind her, leaving her son reeling.

TO BE CONTINUED...