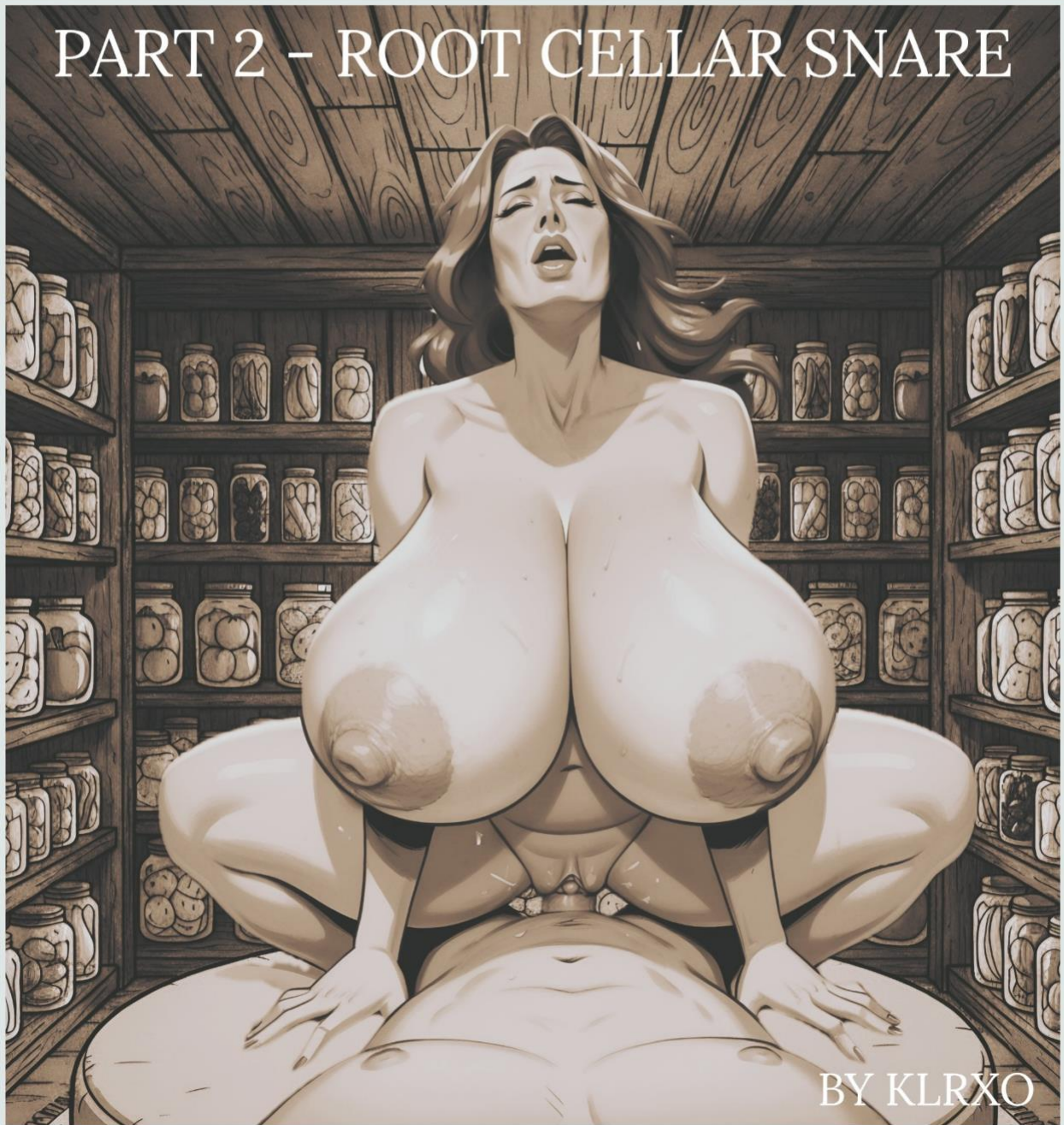


COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 2 – ROOT CELLAR SNARE



BY KLRXO

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Darrell's eyes were glued to his ma's bodacious rack the whole bumpy wagon ride over to Grandma Clara's ranch. He just couldn't tear his gaze away from the mesmerizing bounce and jiggle of those gigantic titties with every jolt of the wheels over the rutted dirt road. The thin calico of her dress stretched taut over the heavy, ripe globes, the fabric straining at the seams, looking like it might bust apart at any moment to unleash her overflowing milkers.

He shifted uncomfortably on the hard wooden bench, trying to discretely adjust the throbbing erection that tented his trousers something fierce. But it was no use - his cock was harder than a railroad spike, pulsing urgently as it strained towards his ma's heaving bosom like a divining rod seeking water.

Darrell's face burned hot as a blacksmith's forge, sure his sinful thoughts must be written plain as day across his features.

Mary Beth glanced over, a knowing gleam in her amber-flecked eyes as she took in her son's flushed cheeks and the impressive bulge jutting against his worn denim fly. A slow, wicked smile curved her cherry-red lips, revealing a flash of pearly teeth.

She leaned in close enough that he could smell the lavender water on her skin, her enormous pillowy breasts brushing against his trembling forearm like two warm, heavy clouds of flesh, making him suck in a sharp breath that whistled between his teeth.

"My, my, looks like someone's up and at 'em bright and early," she purred, her voice a throaty rasp that vibrated through the humid morning air and sent electric shivers racing down his spine like summer lightning. "You just keep that big fella primed and ready, sugar. Mama's fixin' to put him to real good use once we get to the ranch—gonna milk you dry as a desert well."

Darrell swallowed hard, his mouth gone bone dry at the sinful promise in her words. He didn't rightly know what she had in mind, but his cock lurched in his britches all the same, a pearly bead of pre-spend dampening his drawers. Suddenly, he couldn't wait to get to his grandma's place.

As if reading his mind, Mary Beth gave a husky chuckle and patted his thigh, her hand resting just a hair's breadth from his straining erection. "Patience, darlin'," she shouted over the sound of the galloping horses. "Won't be much longer now. Then Mama's gonna learn you up real thorough, startin' with this hungry mouth."

The mother plucked a handful of plump, sun-warmed blackberries from the deep pocket of her gingham dress, the dark purple juice already staining her delicate fingertips. She tossed three of the ripest ones into her mouth at once, crushing them against the roof of her mouth with her tongue. The tart sweetness exploded across her taste buds, making her eyelids flutter and a throaty moan escape her glistening lips.

Her free hand drifted down to toy with the frayed hem of her skirt, pinching and rolling the faded calico between her thumb and forefinger. Slowly, deliberately, she inched the threadbare fabric up her shapely legs, revealing inch after tantalizing inch of alabaster skin. The flimsy skirt bunched around her milky upper thighs, exposing her bare flesh nearly to the forbidden paradise between her legs.

"*Sweet Jesus in heaven!*" the boy thought, his Adam's apple bobbing with a hard swallow as his ma splayed her legs wider on the rough wooden bench. Her thighs parted like the gates of heaven, creating a warm, welcoming saddle clearly designed for a boy to buck and rut against until he spent himself completely.

Darrell's eyes widened to the size of silver dollars as he looked up to see his ma watching him - her impossibly long, glistening pink tongue unfurling like a hungry serpent from between her plump, cherry-red lips. It wrapped sinuously around each slender finger, one by one, lapping up every last drop of deep purple blackberry juice with slow, deliberate strokes that made his throat go desert-dry.

The boy swore he could hear the wet, obscene sounds of her sucking over the galloping horses pulling their wagon. Mary Beth moaned softly, her heavy-lidded eyes never leaving his. His rock-hard manhood pulsed violently against his threadbare trousers, a damp patch spreading at the tip as he imagined that hot, velvet-soft tongue-muscle gliding over his throbbing shaft, circling the swollen crown, then plunging down to engulf him in the slick, molten heat of her mouth. Nothing in all creation could compare to the paradise of his mama's talented mouth wrapped around him like a second skin.

When they arrived at the ranch, Clara's shrewd eyes sparkled with mischief as she pulled Darrell into a bone-crushing hug, smothering his face between her massive, matronly breasts that spilled from her gingham dress like rising bread dough.

He flailed for a moment, overwhelmed by the warm, pillowy flesh enveloping him completely, cutting off his air supply and filling his nostrils with the sweet perfume that clung to her décolletage like a sugary film.

"Land sakes, boy, you done growed up right nice!" she declared as she held him at arm's length to give him an assessing once-over that lingered shamelessly on the prominent bulge in his threadbare denim trousers. "Bet you're just dyin' to put that big ol' throbbin' pecker of yours to good use, ain't ya? Got yourself a real stallion's pride there, I can tell."

Darrell ducked his head, cheeks flaming redder than a sunset over the mesa at his grandma's blunt appraisal. He shifted from one dusty boot to the other, hyperaware of his rock-hard cock throbbing like a second heartbeat between his trembling legs, the swollen length barely contained by the threadbare denim that strained at every seam. Beads of nervous sweat trickled down his sun-bronzed neck, dampening the collar of his faded cotton shirt.

"Yes, ma'am," he mumbled through parched lips. "I mean, no ma'am! I mean..."

He trailed off helplessly, his face hot as a blacksmith's forge at high noon, Adam's apple bobbing violently with each dry swallow.

Mary Beth giggled, a low, throaty sound that made Darrell's cock twitch violently against his straining fly. She thrust her jutting bosom out, wobbling

the massive globes back and forth beneath the paper-thin calico. "Well, Ma, the good Lord saw fit to bless me real good in the titty department, that's for dang sure. But seems he was even more generous with my boy here when he was handin' out peckers - gave him somethin' that'd make a prize bull hang his head in shame."

Mary Beth strode over and circled behind her son like a hungry mountain lion stalking prey, her amber eyes gleaming wickedly beneath coal-black lashes. She seized his wrists with surprising strength, her long crimson nails digging half-moons into his sun-bronzed skin as she yanked his arms back, forcing his hands away from where they'd been timidly trying to hide the obscene bulge jutting from his crotch like a fence post.

Darrell let out a startled yelp as she pinned his trembling arms behind his back, leaving him completely exposed and unable to cover himself.

"Now, now, sugar, don't you be hidin' that big juicy pecker," she purred in his ear, her hot cinnamon-scented breath making the fine golden hairs on his neck stand at attention. "Let your grandma get a good long look at the beast God done blessed you with. Bet she ain't never seen a slab a cock like yours."

Mary Beth nudged the backs of his firm, apple-round ass with her knee, making Darrell's narrow hips jut forward like a marionette's. The sudden movement made his horse-thick erection bounce and tent his pants even more lewdly than before, stretching the worn denim to its absolute limit.

The fat mushroom head of his cock was clearly outlined against the faded fabric, visibly pulsing with each thunderous heartbeat, a silver-dollar sized wet spot darkening where sticky, pearlescent pre-come leaked from the slit like sap from a maple.

Darrell's face blazed with mortification, his heart slamming against his ribs like a blacksmith's hammer on an anvil as both women stared openly at his straining crotch with undisguised hunger. It felt wrong, shameful, to be so wantonly displayed like a prize stallion at auction. But at the same time, a forbidden thrill zinged through him like lightning through a metal rod, pooling hot and heavy in his balls until they ached like overripe plums ready to burst.

Clara leaned in for a closer look, her watery blue eyes narrowed in concentration as she studied the prominent ridge tenting Darrell's dungarees, inspecting him like livestock at auction. "Mmm, I reckon you're right about that. The boy's packin' some serious heat in them britches. Liable to split a woman clean in two with a battering ram like that between his legs."

Darrell squirmed like a worm on a hook, his face beet red, sweat rolling down his temples in glistening rivulets that disappeared into the worn collar of his threadbare cotton shirt. His heart hammered against his ribcage like a wild mustang trying to break free as the two women casually discussed his manhood like he wasn't even there.

His mother stared down at the straining flesh, her tongue darting out to wet her plump lips as she recalled the hot, meaty feel of it in her hand the prior night—how it had pulsed and jumped like a living creature with a mind of its own. "The way I see it, Ma, it'd be downright criminal to let a prize stud like this waste his prime ruttin' years down in them mines. My boy was put on God's green earth to plow and seed fertile fields, not dig for coal in some dark, dusty hole."

"I concur," Clara agreed with a solemn nod, though her eyes sparkled with wicked glee. "That mighty cock oughta be out there splittin' coochies and stretchin' snatches, not shrivelin' up from neglect. We can educate this strapping young buck in all manner of carnal knowledge, show him exactly where to put that throbbing flesh-pole to make a woman howl like a coyote in heat."

"S-so, you're fixin' to learn me how to... to rut proper-like?" His voice cracked like a pubescent boy's on the last word, face flaming hot enough to fry an egg on the sun-baked Oklahoma clay.

Mary Beth chuckled indulgently, reaching out to chuck him under the chin with a gentle knuckle, her long crimson nail grazing the stubble he'd missed while shaving that morning. "Well, 'course we are, sugar. Ain't right, a buck like you wanderin' around with a loaded weapon in his britches and no earthly idea how to fire it."

Clara nodded sagely, folding her arms beneath her massive tits that resembled two overinflated weather balloons in a burlap sack. "A pecker the size God

gave you was meant for fuckin' - good, deep, thorough fuckin' that leaves a woman bowlegged and drownin' in spunk like a flash-flooded arroyo. And Lord knows, there's plenty of mamas in this town who'd give their gold-capped eyeteeth for a ride on that fence post 'tween your legs."

Darrell swallowed audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing like a cork in a whiskey barrel. His cock lurched in his britches at the very notion of plunging into a woman's slick, grasping depths, the purple-veined shaft straining against worn denim like a rattlesnake trying to escape a burlap bag.

He could scarcely wrap his head around such sinful activities, even as his body clamored for it with a ferocity that left him light-headed, vision swimming with black spots like flies on a windowpane.

Mary Beth stepped closer, her lush curves molding along his side like warm salt-water taffy fresh from the pull. She traced a teasing fingertip down the straining placket of his fly, her nail leaving a faint scratch on the denim, making him suck in a sharp, whistling breath.

"Bet you're achin' to sheathe this big fella in hot, juicy momma-pussy. Pump a needy cunt good n hard 'til it's spittin' hot juices back at ya."

Clara hummed in agreement, her shrewd gaze zeroing in on the wet spot darkening the denim at Darrell's tip, spreading like spilled molasses across the threadbare fabric. "And don't forget them titties, neither. A growing big-dicked boy oughta have his mouth latched on to a fat, milk-heavy nipple whenever it ain't busy suckin' clit or lickin' slit 'til your chin's dripping like a honeycomb in July."

Darrell made a choked, garbled sound in the back of his throat like a dying calf in a hailstorm, knees near to buckling at the scandalous images their words conjured. He could practically feel the phantom weight of a huge, warm breast filling his hands, the pebbled texture of a ripe nipple—pink as a spring rosebud—dragging over his parched tongue.

His cock throbbed like a raw nerve exposed to the desert air, balls drawn up tight as walnuts and aching for release.

"You head on down now and bring in them crates of preserves from the root cellar," Clara instructed, her finger pointing toward the weathered oak door set into the hillside behind the house.

Darrell nodded eagerly, then hurried off towards the back of the sprawling adobe ranch house. His throbbing manhood strained painfully against his threadbare denims, leading the way like a divining rod seeking water in parched earth.

The two mothers silently watched him go – cunts smoldering beneath their skirts - thick nipples almost painfully turgid on the peak of their jugs.

The root cellar was cool and dim, smelling of damp earth and fermented fruit, a welcome respite from the merciless desert sun that had scorched his neck to a painful crimson. Wooden shelves lined the walls, sagging under the weight of countless mason jars filled with every color of the rainbow.

Darrell grabbed an empty pine crate and began loading it up with dusty jars of sunset-orange peaches suspended in syrup and glistening blackberry jam dark as sin.

As he stretched his lean, muscular body to reach for a jar of pickled beets on a high shelf, the worn sole of his right boot snagged on a nearly invisible wire strung taut across the packed dirt floor.

The teenager yelped like a stepped-on coyote as his feet were violently yanked out from under him, his ankles snared by the hidden ropes that bit into his flesh through his thin cotton socks.

The heavy crate of preserves went flying from his grip as he was hoisted into the air and flailed helplessly like a hooked fish, dangling upside down with his long legs spread in an obscene V.

The blood rushed to his head like a flash flood through a desert arroyo as he swung gently back and forth, his broad shoulders and muscular back coming to rest on a suspiciously soft pallet of quilted gingham that seemed deliberately placed beneath the cruel hemp snare. What in the Sam Hill was going on in this dank, earthen-walled tomb of preserves?

"Darrell? You alright down there, sugar?" His mama's honey-sweet voice floated down with feigned concern.

Darrell's sun-bronzed cheeks flaming redder than the ripest tomatoes with embarrassment at being caught in such a compromising position, spread-eagled and helpless as a newborn calf.

"Uh, I think I walked into one of Gramp's old traps," he answered.

Mary Beth's kohl-rimmed eyes widened to perfect circles as she took in the scene - her boy, trussed up like a prize hog at the county fair and laid out like a virgin sacrifice on a pagan altar.

Her shrewd, predatory gaze darted to his crotch, where his massive cock still strained against his fly with the force of a stallion in heat, the threadbare denim tented so obscenely it threatened to burst at the seams. A slow, knowing smile curved her plump, cherry-red lips, revealing a flash of pearly teeth.

Clara appeared at her daughter's shoulder, her wrinkled face not looking the least bit surprised by the situation. She clucked her tongue against the roof of her mouth - a wicked gleam in her rheumy, catlike eyes.

"Looks like the boy done stumbled into one of my specially designed traps," she drawled, folding her arms beneath her massive bust that strained against the threadbare gingham like two overfilled water balloons threatening to burst. "After that old goat of a husband kicked the bucket, I had me a whole mess of secret rooms and snares installed all over this here dusty property."

"Boy traps?" Mary Beth giggled.

"That's right. Never know when you might need to wrangle some young, virile buck, if you catch my drift." She punctuated the remark with a saucy wink that crinkled the deep crow's feet around her rheumy eyes.

Darrell gaped at her, his mind reeling like a tumbleweed caught in a dust devil. His pulse hammered in his temples, sending hot blood rushing to his already throbbing manhood. His grandma had sexual traps laid out? Specifically engineered to capture virile young men with their legs spread wide? He didn't

know whether to be flattered or terrified by the prospect as his cock twitched traitorously against his zipper.

Mary Beth giggled, a wicked gleam in her kohl-rimmed eye as she sized up her son's compromising position, her tongue darting out to moisten her plump, cherry-red lips. "Well now, I reckon you could do all manner of nasty, forbidden things to a boy strung up like that," she purred, her voice dripping with sinful promise like honey from a comb.

"Mm-hmm." The older woman nodded sagely, her gaze roving over Darrell's splayed form like a hungry coyote eyeing a trussed-up rabbit, her nostrils flaring slightly as if catching the musky scent of his arousal. "A prime buck in that position is just a tasty buffet of man-flesh, laid out and ready for feasting on. Could spend hours samplin' all his hidden delights, lickin' and suckin' till he's beggin' for mercy."

Darrell's heart pounded against his ribs like a wild mustang kicking at a corral gate, each thunderous beat echoing in his ears as the two women shared a knowing look, their eyes locking in silent conspiracy. His throbbing manhood strained against the worn denim of his britches with such ferocity he feared the brass buttons might ping across the root cellar like bullets. Lord have mercy on his sinful soul, what carnal delights or torments did these she-devils have planned for his vulnerable, spread-eagled form?

Without so much as a whispered word, Clara reached upward, her fingers curling around the splintered oak of the cellar door. She pulled it firmly shut with a decisive thud that echoed through the earthen chamber, sealing out the harsh, unforgiving desert sunlight.

They were alone in the cool, musty dimness, where the air hung as thick and heavy as molasses in January, charged with a crackling sexual electricity that made the fine golden hairs on Darrell's sun-bronzed neck stand at attention like soldiers before a general. He craned his neck awkwardly to see what unholy mischief the women were plotting.

Stepping up near him, Clara and Mary Beth stood side by side like twin sirens of temptation, their nimble fingers working at the endless rows of pearl buttons that marched down the fronts of their calico dresses. Each button slipped free with agonizing slowness, revealing tantalizing slivers of flushed skin beneath.

With synchronized grace, they shrugged the faded fabric from their rounded shoulders, letting the dresses slither downward like shed snakeskins to pool around their ankles on the packed dirt floor with a whisper.

Darrell's mouth went bone dry at the sight of his mama and grandma in nothing but their skimpy cotton shifts and bloomers. The threadbare material clung to their ripe, voluptuous curves like a second skin. The peaked outline of their fat nipples pressed against the thin fabric like ripe cherries, and the shadowed junction of their thighs was clearly visible through the nearly transparent cotton.

His cock lurched violently in his sweat-dampened trousers, straining towards those tantalizing mounds and valleys like a dowsing rod seeking water in the parched desert.

Piece by piece, their undergarments joined the growing pile of clothing on the packed-earth floor until both women stood bare as the day they were born, illuminated by shafts of dusty light filtering through cracks in the cellar boards.

Darrell drank in the glorious sight - two generations of full-figured, sun-weathered frontier women, their flesh ripened by hard work and childbearing, shamelessly naked before his bulging eyes.

Clara's massive, pendulous breasts swung low on her barrel chest, blue veins mapping rivers beneath her paper-thin skin, areolas wide as Darrell's open hands and dusky nipples fat as overripe cherries, just begging to be suckled and squeezed.

Her sturdy thighs framed a sparse thatch of silver-streaked hair at the apex, unable to conceal the plump, glistening lips of her pussy that peeked through like a split peach.

And his mama - Lord have mercy. Mary Beth's body was a ripe Georgia peach, all creamy skin and succulent curves that made Darrell's fingers itch to grab and knead that tender flesh like biscuit dough. Her titanic tits rode high and proud despite their impossible weight, the pale globes capped by expansive, coral-pink areolas the size of flapjacks and nipples that were large and turgid as thimbles, pointing accusingly at her own son.

The teenager got the distinct impression that his grandma had planned this all along, that he'd walked right into her trap like a dumb jackrabbit stumbling into a hunter's snare. There was a wicked, hungry gleam in her rheumy eyes as she nodded to his mama.

"Best cut them britches right off his body, Mary Beth," Clara instructed. "Fixin' to get the boy naked as a jaybird. But don't you fret none, I got plenty of spare trousers 'round here to replace 'em—good sturdy ones with double-stitched seams that'll hold up better than these threadbare rags."

Mary Beth flashed her son a reassuring smile that didn't quite reach her kohl-rimmed eyes as she stepped up between his splayed thighs. The cold metal of the scissors glinted in the dim light as she slid them against his inner thigh, the blade's chill seeping through the worn denim.

"Just you relax now, sugar," she soothed, her hot breath ghosting over his straining bulge as she sliced through the fabric, baring more and more of his teenage flesh. "Mama and Grandma Clara are gonna make this body of yours sing with pleasure like a church choir on Easter Sunday, just you wait and see."

A strangled groan tore from the boy's throat as his rigid cock sprang free of its denim confines, slapping against his quivering belly with the force of a Louisville Slugger connecting with a fastball.

The bulbous purple head, glistening with pearlescent pre-spend like morning dew on a ripe plum, pulsed with each thunderous heartbeat mere inches from his mama's lush, crimson mouth.

Her tongue—pink as a cat's and twice as nimble—slithered across her bottom lip, leaving a glistening trail as her kohl-rimmed eyes remained riveted to his formidable manhood.

With a feral growl that rumbled from deep in her ample bosom, she ripped his sweat-stained jeans and threadbare cotton drawers the rest of the way off his trembling limbs, exposing inch after inch of his muscled thighs dusted with golden hair that caught the dim light filtering through the cellar boards.

Cool, musty air caressed Darrell's heated skin like the ghostly fingers of a phantom lover, raising goosebumps across his sun-bronzed flesh that rippled

over his taut muscles like wind across a wheat field. The coarse hemp snare bit into his raw ankles with the merciless grip of a rattlesnake's jaws as he dangled there, helpless as a newborn calf, his body completely exposed to the ravenous gazes of these depraved women whose eyes devoured every inch of his vulnerable form like starving coyotes eyeing a wounded jackrabbit.

The boy watched, hypnotized, as the rounded undersides of Gran's gigantic melonous tits shuddered like twin mounds of sun-ripened watermelons in an earthquake while she made quick work of his shirt, her fingers popping each pearl button with the efficiency of a farmhand shucking corn.

She anxiously yanked the sweat-dampened cotton over his head with the force of a mule team, baring his heaving chest to her rheumy yet ravenous eyes. She tossed the tattered garment aside with careless abandon, her palms immediately roaming over his straining muscles like a prospector discovering gold, tracing the corrugated ridges of his washboard abdomen with determined fingers.

"Mm, just look at this prime cut of grade-A beefcake," she growled appreciatively as her fingers plucked at his pebbled nipples, which stood at attention like soldiers before a general. "I'm fixin' to sink my teeth into this here flank steak, gnaw it right down to the bone like a starvin' coyote on a fresh kill."

Darrell's head spun faster than a twister in tornado season at his grandma's lewd words, his face flaming hotter than the devil's pitchfork fresh from stoking the eternal fires of damnation. This couldn't be happening in God's green earth. It had to be some sordid fever dream conjured up by his depraved mind after too many shots of moonshine. But the twinge in his rope-burned ankles and the insistent throb of his monumentally engorged cock told him it was all too real as a rattlesnake's bite.

"Oh, we're gonna feast on this boy alright," Mary Beth promised, her voice a sultry purr like a mountain lioness in heat. She trailed a crimson-lacquered fingertip along the angry purple throbbing vein that pulsed the impressive length of Darrell's shaft like the Mississippi River on a map of the promise land.

Darrell's voice cracked like a pubescent boy's as he asked with trepidation, "Wh-what do you mean, feastin' on me, ma?"

But his mama and grandma paid him no mind, lost in their own wicked machinations as they puttered about the root cellar.

Clara retrieved a mason jar from a high shelf, the amber glass glinting in the weak light. She unscrewed the lid with a deft twist of her strong fingers.

"Mary Beth, this here's a special oil I done cooked up," she explained, holding the jar out for Mary Beth's inspection. "Infused it with wild honey and cinnamon bark, to make our boy taste real sweet on the tongue."

Mary Beth dipped a finger into the viscous liquid, then popped it into her mouth. Her eyes fluttered shut and she let out a throaty moan of approval. "Mm, that's downright sinful, Ma. He's gonna be more delicious than a sticky bun straight from the oven."

"Slicker than a greased pig too," Clara added with a wicked chuckle. "We'll have him shinin' like a new penny and smellin' good enough to eat right up."

The two women advanced on Darrell with a predatory glint in their eyes, the jar of flavored oil held aloft. His heart hammered against his ribs as they stood on either side of his splayed form, their combined body heat washing over his naked skin like a blast from a furnace.

Mary Beth dipped her fingers into the amber oil, letting it drizzle over his lean, heaving chest in glistening rivulets. The sweet scent of honey and spice filled his nostrils, making his head swim. Her slick hands glided over his pecs, smearing the oil into his sun-bronzed skin in sensual swirls.

"There now," she purred, her voice gone throaty with lust. "Don't you fret, sugar. We're gonna make you feel REAL good." Her fingers found his nipples, pinching and rolling the sensitive nubs until he gasped.

Meanwhile, Clara worked the oil into his quivering abdomen, her strong fingers tracing every ridge and valley of his washboard muscles. She followed the thin trail of hair that started below his navel and disappeared into his wiry pubic thatch.

Darrell whimpered like a newborn pup separated from its mother's teat as his mama and grandma moved upward, hovering over his splayed legs, their nimble fingers dancing over his most sensitive flesh like spiders on a web.

They upended the mason jar of spiced oil, letting it pour in a honey-thick amber stream over his jutting cock—which twitched and bobbed like a divining rod seeking water—and his swollen balls, tight as overripe plums against his body.

The warm, slippery liquid dribbled down his taint and into the shadowed cleft of his ass, making him clench involuntarily, the puckered rosebud of his virgin hole contracting like a startled sea anemone.

"Ooh, just listen to him mewl," Clara cackled, her rheumy eyes glinting with wicked delight beneath drooping lids as she kneaded his heavy sack with surprising strength, rolling his plum-sized balls in her palm like Chinese meditation spheres. "Singin' so pretty for us already and we ain't barely gotten started with this fine specimen of manhood."

Mary Beth wrapped her oil-slicked fingers around his straining shaft, slowly squeezing him from root to bulbous purple tip with the practiced precision of a farmhand milking a prize bull.

Darrell gasped, his back arching like a drawn bow against the cushioned mat, muscles straining until cords stood out on his neck like taut fiddle strings.

Her grip was firm as iron but slippery as a greased piglet, bordering on too tight, as she worked the thick, veiny length of him that pulsed with each hammering heartbeat.

"Mm, this fat cock is damn near as big as my forearm and twice as hard as Georgia pine," she marveled, her voice thick as molasses, giving him a few slow, twisting strokes that made his eyes roll back like a man possessed by demons. "Gonna split me right in half like an axe through kindling, I reckon."

Their hands were everywhere at once—tugging like they were pulling taffy at the county fair, squeezing with the merciless pressure of a rattlesnake's embrace, scratching red welts across his golden skin, mapping every throbbing inch of his engorged prick and cum-heavy balls that hung like overripe plums ready to burst their seams.

Clever fingers dipped low to press against his taint, massaging the sensitive strip of skin behind his sack with circular motions that sent lightning through his loins.

"Lord have mercy!" the boy gasped as his body twitched and bucked like a wild bronco under their ministrations, electric pleasure zinging up his spine.

Clara burrowed her oil-slicked fingers into his cleft, unerringly finding his virgin hole. She traced the clenching rim, her touch maddeningly light as a butterfly's wing.

"This boy's got himself a fine little asshole," she declared gleefully, making him blush to his roots, the crimson flush spreading down his neck like wildfire through dry brush. "Pinker than a sow's teat and tighter than a tick's twat, I'll wager. Puckered up like a rosebud after the first frost."

Shame and desperate arousal warred within Darrell as her skillful fingertip pressed insistently against the furled muscle, sending electric jolts up his spine that made his toes curl against the dirt floor. He'd never been touched there before, didn't know it could feel good to have someone play with his dirtiest place. But his traitorous body responded, hole twitching and fluttering beneath her bold caress like a hummingbird's wings.

Mary Beth's long fingers danced over his swollen, aching balls, hefting the hefty sack in her palm, the weight of them stretching his wrinkled skin taut.

"Lordy, this boy's balls are fuller than a rain barrel in monsoon season," she purred, giving them a gentle squeeze that made Darrell see stars exploding behind his eyelids like Fourth of July fireworks. "Filled right back up to burstin' overnight after I drained 'em dry. Like a pair of ripe tangerines just beggin' to be peeled and sucked, all heavy and swollen with sweet juice."

Clara leaned in so close her hot breath fanned across his throbbing member, getting a closer look at her grandson's impressive package. She let out a low whistle of appreciation that echoed in the dank cellar. "Good lord, the boy's hung like a prize stud! Them balls are big as duck eggs and churning with so much spunk, I reckon he could breed half the county and still have enough left to paint the barn door white."

"Sure could," Mary Beth giggled, rolling the plum-sized globes between her nimble fingers like Chinese meditation balls. "Feel how heavy and full they are? Hard as river stones but delicate as robin's eggs. Bet we could milk these fat nuts for hours and he'd still have enough pearly baby batter left to flood my oven till it overflows down my thighs."

Darrell squirmed against the rough hemp ropes at their lewd appraisal, his sun-bronzed face burning crimson from hairline to collar bone, shame and desperate arousal mingling in his gut like oil and vinegar.

They marveled over his angry-purple cock—veins standing out like tributaries on a relief map—and his cum-swollen balls like farmers at the county livestock auction, commenting on his virility and the quality of his seed as if he were a blue-ribbon breeding bull instead of their own flesh and blood. It was so dirty and wrong, forbidden as original sin, but it only made his cock jerk urgently in his mama's calloused grip, dribbling slick, translucent pre-spend over her fingers like morning dew on spider webs.

"Ooh, he's drippin' like a leaky faucet after the spring thaw," Clara cackled, her rheumy eyes glinting like polished copper pennies. "Gettin' all wet and slippery as a newborn calf, just beggin' for a tight, velvet hole to stuff full of that thick country cream till it bubbles out like sourdough starter."

Mary Beth hummed in agreement, still pumping Darrell's slick cock with long, twisting strokes that had his eyes rolling back in his head like a man possessed by unholy spirits.

Her own pussy clenched hungrily, slick walls fluttering and gripping at nothing, aching to be split open and seeded by her son's magnificent manhood. She could hardly wait to mount him and ride that bucking pony till he flooded her womb with his potent young spunk, thick as churned butter and plentiful as spring rain.

Darrell gasped and writhed against his bonds, the rough hemp fibers biting into his sweat-slicked ankles as electric pleasure zinged through him at his mama's expert touch.

His cock throbbed violet-purple like a bruised plum, the fat mushroom head shiny as wet river stone and taut as a drum skin about to burst, while her

fingers—strong from years of scrubbing laundry on the washboard—glided over his most sensitive spots with devastating precision.

He'd never been touched there by anyone else, not even himself some nights when the devil's whispers grew too tempting, and the sensation was overwhelming, his untried body on sensory overload like a lightning rod in a summer storm.

He could scarcely believe this was happening—his own mama and grandma running their hands all over him as they admired his manhood like it was a prize cut of meat at the county fair, working him into a frenzy with their filthy talk that would make even the roughest coal miners blush crimson as sunset.

This had to be a sin blacker than Satan's soul, darker than the pitch-tar depths of the abandoned mineshaft where Old Man Jenkins had met his maker, but lord help him, he never wanted it to stop.

Darrell's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he watched his mama and grandma start oiling up their own bountiful curves, clearly in preparation for the main event. They each dipped their hands into the mason jar of spiced honey oil, letting it drizzle between their massive, swaying tits and over the plump mounds of their bellies. The sweet amber liquid trickled into their deep navels and ran the plump lips at the junctions of their thighs.

Clara massaged the oil into her heavy, low-hanging udders, kneading the doughy flesh until it glistened. Her fingers tweaked and tugged at the thimble-sized nipples until they poked out stiff and puckered, like hard pebbles crowning the vast expanse of her breasts.

She hefted the giant pale globes in her hands, lifting them to her chin and burying her face between them, rubbing the slippery, fragrant skin all over her pretty cheeks.

"Nothin' like a good glazin' to get a body all primed and ready," she cackled.

Her hands drifted down to the small thatch of silver-streaked pubes between her legs, fingers delving to coat the puffy folds of her pussy, which peeked out from between her thighs like the meat of a split-open peach.

Mary Beth followed suit, pouring a liberal amount of the honey-scented oil over her own magnificent rack.

Her son watched as she rolled her cherry-red nipples between slick fingers until they jutted out, flushed and fat. The oil dripped down the pale slopes to pool in the deep valley of her cleavage. Her hands roamed lower, massaging the viscous liquid into the fertile swell of her belly and the tops of her plush thighs.

Darrell's eyes went wide as harvest moons as his mama and grandma hovered over him, their massive udders swaying pendulously above his upturned face like overfilled water balloons ready to burst. Rivulets of amber honey-scented oil dribbled from their rock-hard nipples—splattering his flushed cheeks and sweat-beaded forehead in a sticky constellation. He flinched at the warm liquid raining down on him, his nostrils flaring at the cloying sweetness.

"Gonna get this boy's face shined up real good," Clara chortled, her white teeth gleaming in the dim light as she massaged the oil into his sun-bronzed skin. "Rub it in like saddle polish till he gleams slicker than a greased pig at the county fair. Make a right fine seat for ridin'."

"Wh-what do you mean, ridin'?" Darrell stammered, his voice cracking like thin ice on the first winter freeze.

A fat bead of oil trickled into the corner of his mouth, tasting of clover honey and forbidden sin, and he sputtered.

But the women ignored his question, lost in their own wicked machinations, their eyes glazed with lust like frost on morning windows.

Moving into position first, Mary Beth swung a sexy leg over his head and straddled his face, her knees sinking into the soft pallet on either side of him like fence posts in spring mud.

Darrell found himself staring straight up at his mama's freshly shaved mound, pink as a newborn piglet and glistening like morning dew, the plump lips of her pussy gleaming with arousal, swollen and parted like overripe fruit split in the middle.

The sweet, musky scent of her filled his nostrils, making him dizzy with forbidden hunger. He'd never been this close to a woman's privates before, let alone his own mama's sacred garden.

Her puffy outer lips were flushed crimson as summer berries and dewy as dawn-kissed clover, the delicate coral-pink inner folds peeking out from between them like the glistening meat of a ripe Georgia peach split down the middle.

Darrell's mouth watered despite himself at the tantalizing sight, his tongue involuntarily darting out to wet his cracked, trembling lips.

Mary Beth reached between her sturdy thighs with her fingers and spread herself open like a farmer displaying prize produce, revealing the moist, pulsing entrance to her body, dark as a wet cave mouth and quivering with each rapid heartbeat.

Thick, clear honey dripped from her in viscous rivulets as she lowered herself onto Darrell's oil-slicked face, smearing her essence across his parted lips in a glistening trail like slug tracks on morning leaves.

At the same time, the teenager felt his cockhead engulfed in the searing wet heat of his ma's mouth, hotter than fresh-baked bread and slicker than creek mud.

She swallowed him down to the root in one practiced gulp, her button nose nestling in his wiry pubic thatch like a hog rooting for truffles, her throat muscles rippling around him like a milking machine.

Darrell let out a garbled groan, muffled by his mama's dripping cunny pressed against his face like a warm, wet mask.

It was too much sensation all at once - the rich, earthy taste of her arousal flooding his mouth like moonshine, tangy as sourdough starter and sweet as sorghum syrup, the tight velvet clutch of her throat around his dick squeezing him like a python wringing a rabbit. His hips bucked up instinctively, trying to drive himself deeper into that forbidden paradise.

Just then, he felt his grandma's hot breath on his puckered asshole as she situated herself between his splayed legs from behind. The wet rasp of her long, strong tongue against his virgin rosebud sent an electric jolt straight to his core.

Darrell yelped into his mama's slit as Clara lapped at him with obscene slurping sounds, the pointed tip of her tongue plowing against his tightly furled ring.

Darrell's entire body lit up like a live wire dipped in gasoline, his every nerve ending singing with electric ecstasy that crackled from his curling toes to his sweat-soaked scalp as he was sandwiched between the two ravenous women.

They devoured his most intimate flesh like starving she-wolves falling upon a fresh kill after a month-long famine, their hungry mouths and clever tongues stoking the fires of his arousal to a fever pitch that threatened to consume him whole.

Mary Beth rode his face like a wild bronco at the county rodeo, grinding her sopping, honey-sweet cunny against his oil-slicked lips and stubbled chin, the coarse hairs leaving red marks on her tender flesh as she slurped and suckled on his throbbing cock.

Her guttural moans vibrated around his veiny shaft, the needy sounds muffled by his thick girth stretching her throat until her eyes watered like spring rain on a tin roof.

Darrell lapped at her syrupy slit with sloppy abandon, his cheeks and chin glistening with her fragrant juices—tangy as homemade sourdough and sweet as molasses—as his tongue delved deep as a well digger to taste her essence straight from the source, her inner walls clenching around him like a vise grip on a rusty bolt.

The teen's head spun as he was pressed between the two women, their massive, oil-slicked titties sandwiching him like the meat in a big sloppy burger fresh off the fire.

Clara's gigantic udders—each one heavy as a ten-pound pail of fresh-squeezed milk and bigger than his sweat-drenched head—cushioned his lower back, her

thimble-sized nipples hard as buckshot and digging into his quivering flesh like river pebbles worn smooth by decades of rushing water.

Up above, Mary Beth's equally impressive rack—firm as green melons despite having nursed three young'uns—completely engulfed his heaving chest and trembling stomach, smothering him in pillowy softness that yielded just enough to cradle his face without suffocating him completely.

Her fat, turgid nipples, pink as the inside of a catfish's mouth and standing proud as a rooster's comb, scraped against his flushed skin.

Their hungry mouths were sealed to his crotch, slurping and suckling like newborn calves fighting for a teat. Mary Beth deep-throated his straining cock with single-minded determination, her luscious lips stretched around his purple-veined shaft.

She gulped him down to the root again and again until her button nose nestled in his wiry pubes, inhaling his musky scent like smelling salts. Her muscular throat squeezed him like a velvet glove, each swallow rippling up and down his length with the rhythmic precision of a butter churner.

The vibration of her son's whimpering against her throbbing clit was exquisite, causing her to suck his cock-flesh even harder.

Clara's nimble tongue wriggled against Darrell's clenching asshole like a worm after a spring rain, her fingers sinking into the meat of his hips as she held him open, splayed out like a stuffed hog on the Thanksgiving table.

Obscene slurping noises filled the cellar as she feasted on his most forbidden orifice with the gusto of a hound dog lapping water from a trough after chasin' rabbits all day.

Her long nails dug into his tender flesh like talons as she pried his cheeks apart, burrowing her pretty face deeper into the shadowed cleft, huffing his virile musk. She licked and chewed at the puckered rosebud with abandon stimulating the sensitive nerve endings.

Darrell whimpered into his mama's dripping cunny, writhing against his bonds as he was overwhelmed by the lewd sensations - the velvet caress of Clara's

strong tongue against his twitching hole in tandem with his mom's throat muscles rippling around his straining cock like a silk glove.

He felt like a pig on a spit roast, skewered at both ends by the women's ravenous mouths, their wicked tongues stoking the fire in his loins until he was sure his very marrow would boil.

His muffled groans were smothered by Mary Beth's sopping mound sealed over his lips like a second skin, her tangy cream flooding his mouth and spilling down his chin. She rode his face with renewed vigor, grinding her hips in frantic circles as his tongue slithered against her throbbing clit, the swollen bud peeking out from its hood like a fat ripe berry begging to be plucked.

The mother lifted her dripping cunny from Darrell's face just long enough to let him suck in a few desperate lungfuls of air, his chest heaving like a blacksmith's bellows. But before he could fully catch his breath, she slammed her sopping mound back down onto his mouth with the force of a spring-loaded trap, grinding even harder against his lips and chin.

Her powerful thighs, corded with muscle from years of farmwork, clamped around Darrell's head like a bear trap, the soft inner flesh slick with sweat and arousal as they trapped him in place, his ears crushed painfully against his skull. She used his face like her own personal scratching post, rubbing her aching, needy cunt back and forth across his features with wild abandon, her coarse pubic hair scraping his nostrils raw while her engorged clitoris, swollen to the size of a marble, dragged across his upper lip.

The slick, swollen lips of her pussy, pink as the inside of a fresh-gutted catfish and twice as wet, scraped against his stubbled cheeks and chin, leaving a glistening trail of her fragrant juices smeared across his sun-bronzed skin.

Darrell's muffled grunts and groans vibrated against his mom's most sensitive flesh as she rode him hard, the coarse hairs of his upper lip rasping deliciously along her throbbing clit with each pass.

His tongue slithered out like a pink garden snake to lap clumsily at her weeping slit, delving between the slippery folds—plump as overripe peach halves and glistening with dew—to taste her tangy essence straight from the source.

His mother reached back to fist her fingers in his sweat-dampened hair, tugging almost painfully as she used the grip to direct his movements, angling his head just right so the tip of his nose nudged against her aching pearl. Sparks of electric bliss shot through her loins at the exquisite pressure, making her hips buck and grind faster, her thick thighs quivering like gelatin.

Darrell's brain short-circuited, utterly incapable of processing the overwhelming pleasure radiating from his throbbing cock and puckered asshole, the searing ecstasy setting his every nerve ending ablaze like a parched cornfield catching fire.

He bucked and thrashed against the snare as much as the hemp ropes allowed, his desperate movements only driving his grandmother's tongue deeper into his fluttering channel and his mother's hungry throat, slick as a freshly-buttered corn cob, further down his pulsing shaft.

He felt like a fat june bug caught in a black widow's web, trussed up tighter than a Christmas turkey and helpless as the women took their pleasure from his body, using his most intimate flesh for their wicked delights like farmhands working a butter churn. The intense sensations bordered on too much, painful in their knife-sharp intensity, yet he craved more like a starving hound at the dinner table, greedy for every electrifying caress that lit up his insides brighter than a kerosene lamp on a moonless night.

Clara growled into his crack like a rabid coon dog, her hot breath dampening the fine hairs around his hole as she shook her head back and forth, hair whipping his thighs like corn silk in the wind, as if trying to burrow through his asshole. Her teeth grazed his taut rim, nipping at the tender skin—pink as a newborn piglet—before soothing the sting with broad swipes of her tongue.

“HHHNNGGFF!” the boy whimpered wetly, his torso arching, but his mother held him tight—his trim body practically sinking between her massive tits.

Mary Beth's thighs trembled violently, the muscles quivering like leaves in a gale as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her swollen clit pulsed against Darrell's lips, the sensitive bundle of nerves throbbing in time with her thundering heartbeat.

Her urethral slit gaped wide, the tiny hole stretching obscenely as a gush of clear girl-fluid erupted from deep within her convulsing sheath.

Darrell sputtered and gasped as a geyser of liquid ecstasy erupted from his mama's cunny, the clear fem-squirt splattering against his face in a torrential downpour. The tangy, musky fluid flooded his mouth and nostrils, choking off his air supply as it poured down his chin and neck in sticky rivulets.

The boy craned his neck desperately, trying to catch his breath, his flushed face peeking out from behind Mary Beth's quivering ass cheeks for one blessed instant. But she quickly slammed her dripping mound back down onto his features, grinding against him with renewed vigor as her orgasm crested.

Her swollen urethral slit gaped wide, the tiny mouth opening and closing like a baby bird begging for food as it spewed hot jets of girl-cum with the force of a busted hydrant.

The viscous liquid sprayed Darrell full in the face, splattering his cheeks and forehead, clinging to his lashes and brows. It jetted straight into his mouth, filling it faster than he could swallow, the overflow dribbling from the corners of his stretched lips.

Mary Beth undulated wildly on top of him, her buxom figure jiggling and shaking like a wild bronco as she rode out her toe-curling climax.

Her iron-hard clit pulsed against Darrell's tongue, the engorged bud throbbing in time with the rhythmic clenching of her vaginal walls. She rubbed herself back and forth across his face, smearing her copious juices into his skin like war paint, marking him as her territory.

"That's it, sugar, drink it all down," she growled, her voice gone ragged and deep. "Ain't nothin' sweeter than your mama's honeypot cream."

Darrell had no choice but to guzzle the seemingly endless flood, his throat working convulsively as he gulped it down like a man lost in the desert. The salty-sweet taste coated his tongue and teeth, the heady musk filling his head like poppy smoke.

His cock jerked and throbbed in his mama's mouth, painfully hard, his balls drawn up tight to his body. Clara's wicked tongue stroked his prostate from the outside, sending bolts of lightning zinging up his spine.

“Oh, Lord in heaven!” the boy gasped, female ejaculate still spewing from his lips.

The intense stimulation quickly pushed Darrell to the brink. His body went taut as a bowstring, every muscle straining, his back arching as far as his bonds would allow. A hoarse, garbled groan tore from his throat, muffled by his mama's quivering cunny. His cock pulsed once, twice, then erupted like a geyser, painting Mary Beth's tonsils with a thick deluge of seed.

She swallowed it down greedily, like the skilled cocksucker she was, milking his shaft with her powerful throat muscles, determined to wrench every last drop from his aching sack until he was completely drained.

Her throat contracted rhythmically around him, the velvet-soft walls rippling up and down his length like a farmer's skilled hand milking a prize heifer.

Darrell's entire body convulsed as he shot what felt like a gallon of hot, viscous spunk straight down his mama's gulping throat. The thick ropes of cum erupted from his slit with the force of a geyser, pumping into her stomach in seemingly endless spurts. His cock kicked and pulsed wildly between her stretched lips, painting her tonsils white.

Mary Beth swallowed it all down greedily, her throat working overtime to guzzle every creamy drop. She moaned around his throbbing shaft, the obscene sounds muffled and vibrating deliciously along his over-sensitive flesh.

Her fingers dug into the meat of his trembling thighs, blunt nails leaving angry red crescents as she held him still for her hungry mouth.

After what felt like an eternity, Darrell slumped against his bonds, completely spent. His cock softened only slightly between his mama's lips, slipping from her mouth with a wet pop.

Thick, pearly seed dribbled down her chin as she gasped for air, her tits heaving. She licked her lips, savoring his pungent taste.

"Mm, nothing better than a belly full of my baby boy's fresh-churned cream," Mary Beth purred, her voice a low, satisfied rumble. She patted her stomach, looking as smug and sated as a barn cat after a bowl of cream.

Clara released Darrell's sensitive hole with one last lascivious slurp, causing him to shudder and twitch with aftershocks. She wiped her mouth with the back of a hand, grinning wickedly up at him between his splayed legs.

"Well, butter my butt and call me a biscuit, if that wasn't a right tasty treat!" she cackled, looking mighty pleased with herself. "Nothin' more satisfyin' than tonguin' a tight young rosebud till it blooms real purty-like."

Darrell's heart raced like a spooked stallion as the realization dawned on him that the depraved women—his own flesh and blood—were far from finished with their unholy carnal delights.

His stomach flipped like a flapjack on a hot griddle as they switched positions with ease, their limbs moving with the practiced synchronicity of farmhands at harvest time, as if they'd choreographed this forbidden dance a hundred times before on countless moonless nights.

Clara let out a low whistle that cut through the musky air as she drank in the sight of his upturned face, flushed crimson as a summer tomato and shiny as a freshly glazed Easter ham, completely drenched in his mama's fragrant honey-thick juices that clung to his stubbled chin in viscous strings.

"Land sakes, Mary Beth, you done near drowned the boy in your honeypot!" she cackled gleefully, her teeth gleaming in the dim light. "He's wetter than a preacher's lips at a free chicken dinner after a month-long fast. Well, I reckon it's my turn to baptize him proper-like. Gonna soak his head so good with my woman-waters, he'll think he's been caught in a flash flood down at Miller's Creek!"

Before Darrell could utter a word of protest (not that he would), Clara swung her sturdy leg over his head and settled her generous rump right onto his sticky face. His muffled grunt of surprise vibrated against her sopping mound as her swollen cunny lips, plump and slick as a pair of glazed doughnuts fresh from the county fair fryer, engulfed his features completely.

Her grape-sized clit, purple-red and throbbing like an angry hornet, nestled insistently against his trembling lips, demanding attention.

His nostrils flared desperately for air, flooding instead with the heady aroma of her arousal. The wiry silver thatch of her pubic hair, coarse as a hog-bristle scrub brush worn down from years of scouring cast iron, scraped his cheeks raw as she ground down onto him with the circular motion of a flour mill stone. Her fragrant essence—tangy as wild persimmons and salty as cured ham—smearred across his skin like a child's finger painting, marking every inch of his face with her territorial claim.

Darrell's cock twitched weakly against his belly like a half-crushed earthworm after a spring rain, the purple-veined shaft trying valiantly to rouse for another round despite being milked drier than Widow Johnson's well in the drought of '53.

His heart hammered behind his ribs like a blacksmith gone feverish with heatstroke as he felt his mama shift between his quivering, sweat-slicked thighs, her talons skimming up the tender flesh, leaving angry red trails as she smeared the honey-scented oil—thick as molasses in January—into his sun-bronzed skin mottled with goosebumps.

Mary Beth let out a pleased hum like a possum in a persimmon tree as she cupped his sack, hefting the wrinkled pouch in her palm, strong from years of kneading bread dough. "Mm, heavy as a sack of wet sand after the creek floods," she purred appreciatively, giving his balls a firm squeeze that made him yelp into Clara's slick folds like a coonhound caught in a steel trap. "Reckon I didn't drain him dry as I thought. He's already fillin' back up, ready to shoot another big batch of baby batter thicker than Aunt Myrtle's prize-winning corn chowder."

Darrell's eyes widened to the size of silver dollars as his mama ducked her head and ran the flat of her tongue along his taint, the searing wet heat of it sending sparks shooting up his spine.

She lapped at the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls like a calf at its mama's teat, swirling the tip around his wrinkled sack.

Clara grinned wickedly as she wrapped her fingers around Darrell's softened cock, her grip firm and sure. She stroked him from root to tip with an expert twist of her wrist, coaxing the blood to surge back into his shaft. "There now, no need to get discouraged, boy," she cooed. "Gran knows just how to get a young buck's pecker standin' tall again. You just lay back and enjoy while us ladies chew on these fat nuts of yours like a pair of squirrels after a crop of acorns."

Darrell groaned into his grandmother's sopping mound as his cock began to stiffen and swell in her grip, the sensitive flesh pulsing against her palm. He could feel himself hardening to full mast again despite the aching, wrung-out throb in his balls, his body responding helplessly to the lewd dual stimulation.

Mary Beth's eyes lit up with wicked glee as she pointed a finger at the seam of skin bisecting Darrell's wrinkled sack, tracing the slightly darker line that ran from his taint up to just below the purple, throbbing root of his cock.

"Ooh, lookie there! Ain't that just the prettiest little bulls-eye a gal ever did see?" she crooned, her voice dripping with lewd hunger. "I'm fixin' to tongue that sweet spot till he's buckin' and bellerin' louder than a calf at brandin' time!"

Darrell's stomach lurched like a bucking bronco as both women descended on his balls, their heads bobbing between his trembling thighs like ravenous coyotes fighting over a fresh rabbit carcass.

Their hot, wet mouths latched onto either side of his wrinkled sack, their soft, plump lips nuzzling into his most delicate flesh.

He let out a strangled yelp that echoed off the underground walls as their pretty white teeth grazed his goose-pimpled skin, nipping and gnawing with the shocking boldness of church ladies at an all-you-can-eat pie social.

Their wicked tongues traced along the purplish crease with devastating accuracy, the wet heat searing his nerve endings like a July branding iron on a spring calf.

He thrashed helplessly between them, his neglected cock bobbing angrily against his belly button like a divining rod seeking water, as they licked and

kissed and nibbled that secret seam with the merciless precision of seasoned butter churners, stoking the smoldering embers in his loins.

Clara suckled one swollen testicle into her greedy mouth, rolling it around on her tongue like a sun-warmed peach pit as she slurped and drooled all over it, her saliva thick as maple syrup dripping down the wrinkled skin.

At the same time, Mary Beth took the other into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she applied a powerful vacuum that made the delicate blue veins beneath the surface bulge, trying to suck his seed right through the paper-thin skin.

With expert precision, the mother compressed her lips around the taut cord of his vas deferens, visible through the translucent, rooster-wattle skin of his scrotum.

Darrell whimpered into Clara's dripping cunny—slick as a freshly butchered hog and twice as fragrant—as his mama worried that sensitive tube like a half-starved bluetick hound with the last hambone, sending jolts of exquisite agony straight to his core that made his toes curl like wood shavings in a hot fire.

She bit down harder, a feral growl rumbling up from her ample bosom that jiggled like church picnic pudding. The boy's muffled cries vibrated deliciously against her mother's throbbing clit, swollen purple as a June plum and twice as juicy.

Clara ground down onto his face with renewed vigor, her powerful thighs quivering like freshly-made lard as she smothered him in her musky essence, relishing the desperate sounds that bubbled up through her slick folds.

"That's it, baby, sing real pretty for your Gran," Clara rasped,. She undulated her wide hips—spread like a washboard across his face—to smear her pungent arousal across his features until his skin glistened like a glazed ham. "Ain't no sweeter music than a young buck's whimpers while his nuts are bein' gnawed on like corn on the cob at a summer picnic."

Darrell's back arched like a rainbow after a thunderstorm, straining against the hemp bonds that bit into his raw ankles like hungry timber rattlers. His cock—angry as a stepped-on copperhead—jerked and wept pearlescent tears against

his belly while his ma tormented him with teeth and tongue, expertly stoking the fire in his loins hotter than a blacksmith's forge while denying him the sweet relief of release.

Mary Beth released his spit-slick sack from her mouth with an obscene pop that echoed through the root cellar— a silvery thread of saliva stretching between her lips and his glistening, puckered skin.

“Sweet Lord in Heaven he's tasty!” she gasped, then dove back in with renewed hunger, laving the angry red seam with broad swipes of her long tongue that left fiery trails across his most delicate flesh.

At the same time, she walked her fingers up his quivering taint, which twitched like a rabbit's nose under her touch as she sought out his hidden entrance.

Darrell gasped wetly into Clara's fragrant pussy-mask as his mama's spit-slick finger found his clenching rosebud—pink as a spring dogwood blossom and twice as delicate—and pressed inside with shocking ease. The honey-thick oil let her breach him to the second knuckle in one smooth glide, his virgin passage yielding to her intrusion like warm churned butter.

"Hoo-wee! Ain't he tighter'n a tick's ass stretched over a June bug back here!" Mary Beth crowed gleefully as she pumped her crooked finger in and out of his fluttering heat, which gripped her digit like a drowning man clutching at driftwood. "Gonna milk his prostate like a prize heifer's udder till he's buckin' and spittin' up a storm!"

Pleasure sharp and scorching as a branding iron dipped in lye, radiated out from the intrusion. Darrell's untried passage clenched and rippled around her skilled finger like a silk purse being cinched tight, trying instinctively to expel the foreign object that violated his most private place.

But there was no escaping his mama's relentless touch as she stroked over a walnut-sized gland inside him that made his vision white out like a blizzard on the prairie.

He sobbed brokenly into the yawning pink entrance to his Gran's vagina — overwhelmed by the intensity of sensations that ricocheted through his body like buckshot in a tin shed.

Drool leaked from the corners of his stretched mouth, clear as spring water, to mingle with her abundant juices as she used his face like her personal saddle horn.

"Aw, listen to him mewlin' like a newborn calf separated from its mama," Clara cooed, her voice syrupy as molasses in January, reaching back to fist his sweat-dampened hair—yanking it hard.

Her pendulous breasts swayed like water balloons fit to burst as she rocked her hips faster, grinding down with the determination of a flour mill stone. Her swollen clit—purple-red as a turkey's wattle—pulsed against his upper lip like a second heartbeat. "Havin' his sweet spot milked for the very first time like a spring heifer. You're doin' a fine job of educatin' him, Mary Beth."

Darrell's eyes rolled back in his head until only the bloodshot whites showed beneath fluttering lids. His entire world narrowed to the searing ecstasy radiating from his groin—hot as a lightning strike on dry kindling—as the depraved women feasted on his balls like a pair of half-starved hogs jostling for a prime spot at the slop trough.

The teenager's hips jerked helplessly as Clara nibbled along his seam, her teeth scraping the hypersensitive skin like a rusty plow over fresh-tilled soil.

She chuckled around his wrinkled sack—now shiny as a wet river stone—the vibrations making him shudder and clench like a mule with a burr under its saddle. "Look it him dance," she cackled, "Like a worm on a hot griddle spittin' and fryin'!"

"Mm-hmm," Mary Beth hummed, her tongue—slick with spittle—licking a long stripe up his taint, now red and raw as a freshly skinned rabbit. She tongued at where his balls met his body, flicking the tip along that magic spot that made his eyes roll back like marbles on a tilted floor. "It's like a fiddle string, you pluck it just right and he sings so pretty for us, high as a jaybird in a lightning storm."

They giggled wickedly around his tender flesh—now mottled purple-red as a summer bruise—clearly delighted by the desperate, animalistic noises they wrung from him with each flick of their talented tongues.

Humming in wanton approval that rumbled like distant thunder, they lapped at his balls and chewed on his sack with the enthusiasm of starving hounds on a ham bone, each trying to outdo the other in tormenting his most vulnerable flesh.

Clara's gnarled fingers tightened in Darrell's sweat-matted hair, yanking his head back until his neck muscles strained. She hauled his face deeper into her sopping cunny—a cavernous maw pink as sunrise and slick as a buttered skillet—grinding her swollen lips against his mouth until his teeth cut into his own gums. "C'mon now, sugar, suck Gran's fat clit like a greedy calf on its mama's teat," she growled. "Do it real good and I'll soak you to the bone—hose that cute face down with sweet girl-nectar thick as maple syrup in January!"

Darrell had no choice but to comply, his head locked in place by her iron grip—fingers like oak roots digging into his scalp until tears peared at the corners of his bloodshot eyes.

He sealed his trembling lips around the angry purple-red bud of her clitoris, the engorged flesh hot as a coal from the cook-stove and hard as a buckshot pellet against his tongue. He suckled it gently at first, hollowing his stubble-roughened cheeks like a starving calf, then with greater intensity as Clara's feral growls—deep as a mountain lion's warning—turned to high-pitched keens of pleasure that pierced his eardrums like rusty nails.

He lavished her pulsing clit with attention, alternating between flicking the sensitive underside with the tip of his tongue and wrapping his lips tight around it, nursing like a babe desperate for mother's milk after a day's neglect.

The tangy essence of her arousal flooded his senses, tinged with sweat sour as week-old buttermilk and the cloying sweetness of the spiced oil that clung to his throat like molasses. It filled his mouth and smeared across his cheeks—leaving trails sticky as pine sap—marking him as hers more permanently than a cattle brand.

Tirelessly, Clara rode his face with abandon, her mountainous tits rippling and undulating above him like wheat fields in a summer gale. Her ragged moans bounced off the earthen walls as she chased her pleasure on his lips and

tongue with the single-minded determination of a bloodhound on a fresh scent.

"Oh f-fuck!" she stuttered as her climax crested like a tidal wave after an earthquake, her body going rigid as sun-baked clay above him, thighs clamping around his ears like a bear trap sprung on unsuspecting prey. "You gonna turn gran's cunt to cream, baby boy—sweeter'n honey from a hollow oak and twice as thick!"

A gush of hot fluid—scalding as fresh coffee and sharp as pickle brine—flooded Darrell's mouth as her urethral slit gaped wide like a catfish's maw, unleashing a geyser of pungent ejaculate that sprayed his tonsils with the force of a barnyard hose.

He gulped it down desperately, Adam's apple bobbing like a cork on floodwater, nostrils flaring wide as he struggled to swallow fast enough.

It seemed to pour out of her forever, relentless as a spring cloudburst, soaking him to the bone just as she'd promised, baptizing him in her pungent juices that clung to his skin like honey on a hot biscuit.

Clara's spine arched like a drawn bow as she howled, "SWEET FUCKING HELL!!!" Her voice shattered the air—a feral, guttural sound that tore from somewhere deeper than her throat.

Her massive tits quaked violently, slapping against her rib cage with wet, meaty thuds as her entire body convulsed in savage, uncontrollable spasms that threatened to snap Darrell's neck between her vice-grip thighs.

Clara shuddered and bucked through the aftershocks, her meaty thighs quaking like mounds of strawberry jelly on a sun-warmed plate, grinding against his open mouth until the last honey-thick drop had been wrung out like sap from a maple tree.

Only then did she release her bruising grip on his cornsilk hair—leaving angry red welts across his scalp like fresh plow furrows—and dismount on legs wobbly as a newborn colt's, staggering back with the unsteady gait of a woman liquor-drunk on pleasure.

"Lord have mercy," she panted, fanning herself with a hand as her pendulous breasts heaved like twin sacks of feed corn, dark-brown nipples protruding hard as rusty railroad spikes against the landscape of her chest. "I ain't been tongue-fucked like that in all my born days. This young buck's got a mouth on him sweeter than blackstrap molasses on a January mornin'."

Mary Beth pulled her finger from Darrell's fluttering hole with a slick pop, the sudden emptiness making him clench around nothing. She gripped his angry, weeping cock and angled it towards the low cellar ceiling, the purple head straining skyward like a flagpole.

Her pretty teeth flashed in a wicked grin as a delightfully naughty idea took shape, eyes sparkling with mischief beneath her drooping lids. "Ma, you hold his pecker straight up like a maypole," she instructed, "and pull them legs back 'til his knees are 'bout touchin' his ears. I'm fixin' to mount him like a prized bull at the county fair and ride him into next Tuesday!"

Darrell's eyes flew wide as harvest moons as his grandma folded him near in half like a pocketknife, pushing his knees up by his ears until his body was bent like a green sapling in a hurricane.

His heart thundered against his ribs as he stared at her gigantic, low-hanging titties jiggling and swaying above him, the dusky nipples hard as buckshot and aimed right at his bulging eyes.

Darrell gaped up at his Gran's pretty face as she grasped his ankles in her hands and hauled his legs up and back until his knees were nearly touching his ears. The sudden movement made his throbbing cock bob and sway, the rigid shaft slapping against his sweat-slicked belly with a meaty thwack.

He felt obscenely exposed, splayed wide like a dressed chicken, his most vulnerable parts on lewd display. Blood rushed to his head at the inverted angle, making him dizzy. Or maybe it was the sight of Clara's sagging, veiny udders swinging hypnotically above him, the dusky nipples like thimbles crowning each pendulous tit, close enough to suck.

She flashed him a grin as she reached between his spread thighs and gripped the base of his straining cock, angling it straight up.

"Oh, that's perfect! Hold him just like that, Ma," Mary Beth instructed, her voice thick with anticipation as she swung a plump leg over his hips and positioned her dripping cunny right above his bulbous cockhead.

The first brush of her slick, swollen folds against his sensitive glans made Darrell shudder and gasp. Sparks of pleasure shot up his spine as she rubbed the plush lips of her pussy up and down his length, coating him in her fragrant juices.

She caught the flared head on her opening with each pass, sending bolts of bliss zinging to his core. "Oh, sugar, you got the prettiest purple mushroom tip," she purred, circling her clit with the shiny dome, gasping each time it bumped that sensitive bundle of nerves. "Gonna feel so good stretchin' mamma's tight little pussy open."

Clara cackled, her rheumy eyes gleaming with wicked delight as she took in the sight of Darrell's manhood jutting up from between his splayed thighs, harder than a railroad spike and flushed an angry purple from tip to root. "Lordy, look at that fat knob on the end of his pecker," she crowed, giving his shaft a squeeze that made him buck and whimper. "Swole up like a poison toadstool after a summer rain. Fit to burst, I reckon."

"He takes after his mama in that regard," Mary Beth purred, reaching down to spread her glistening pussy lips wide, giving them both an unobstructed view of her own throbbing clit, the plump bud an almost perfect miniature of her son's bulbous glans.

It pulsed in time with her thundering heartbeat, slick and shiny with her dripping arousal. "See? We're like two peas in a pod down there, 'cept his is more the size of a damned eggplant compared to my little grape."

Clara cackled, leaning in for a closer look, her breath washing over Darrell's upturned face. "Sure enough, you could be twins from the waist down," she marveled, eyes sparkling with unholy glee. "Proof the boy's got Hatfield blood runnin' hot and thick as blackstrap molasses in his veins."

Darrell flushed at the lewd comparison, his face burning hotter than a cast iron skillet fresh off the cook-stove. It was bad enough being trussed up tighter than a spring chicken and subjected to all manner of depraved indignities. But

to hear his own kin enthusing over the familial resemblance between his privates and his mama's unmentionables - why, it was almost more than a God-fearin' boy could bear.

He didn't have much time to dwell on that particular blasphemy before his ma was sinking down onto his aching cock in one slow, smooth glide, her molten heat engulfing him like a furnace.

"Ohhh mamma!" the boy's breath shook, his back arching like a bow as her velvet walls rippled and clenched around his girth, squeezing him tighter than a boa constrictor's coils.

His eyes rolled back, lids fluttering, as she took him half-way to the hilt.

"Lord have mercy!" Mary Beth gasped, eyes fluttering shut as she savored the delicious stretch, her powerful inner muscles rippling along his shaft. "He's so dang big, I reckon I'm gonna have to work him in a bit at a time, like a hand in a tight glove."

"Squeeze what you got in there real good, girl," Clara urged, her fingers digging into Darrell's thighs hard enough to leave marks. "Milk him like a prize heifer till his pre-lube starts drippin' out to slick the way."

Darrell felt his mama's molten sheath flutter and clench around his girth, gripping him tighter than a boa constrictor's coils. The exquisite pressure made his cock twitch and jerk inside her, the sensitive head brushing a spot high up on her front wall that had her shuddering and moaning.

Honey-thick pre-spend began to leak from his slit, mixing with Mary Beth's secretions, easing the way as she sank down another inch, then another.

It was a deliciously slow, tight glide, her channel clutching him like a velvet fist as she took him to the hilt. Darrell's eyes rolled back in his head at the all-consuming ecstasy of her flesh yielding and parting to accept his thick intrusion. He'd never felt anything so perfect, so mind-meltingly good.

Finally, after an eternity, Mary Beth's plush bottom nestled against his swollen balls, the coarse hairs tickling his sensitive skin. She ground down on him,

undulating her hips in a sinful circular motion that made sparks dance behind his eyelids.

"Oh sugar, you fill me up so damn good," she purred, voice gone throaty with lust. "Splittin' me open on this fat cock like a ripe peach on the branch."

Then she began to move in earnest, using her grip on his thighs for leverage as she rose up until just the swollen head parted her glistening folds, then slammed back down to take him balls deep.

"Oh fuck, that sweet dick," the mother gasped as she set a relentless pace, riding him hard and fast, the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing obscenely in the root cellar.

Darrell could only hang on for dear life, fingers scrabbling uselessly at the mat below, toes curling against his bonds as she used him like her own personal bucking bronco.

He'd never felt anything so intense, pleasure bordering on pain as his mama's tight, clinging cunny worked him over, squeezing and rippling along his shaft until he saw stars.

Darrell marveled at the way his mama's gigantic titties bounced and rippled above him as she rode his cock like a wild bronco, the heavy globes shaking and quaking with each roll of her wide hips.

The areoles, dark pink and wide as the largest grapefruit, crowned each heaving mound, their pebbled nipples standing proud as thimbles. He'd never seen a pair of breasts move like that before, the milky-white flesh jumping and rippling as if possessed by some unearthly force, blue veins visible beneath the translucent skin like lightning in a summer storm cloud.

"Lordy, Ma, them titties are bouncin' around like two piglets in a feedsack!" he gasped out, voice hitching as she slammed down on his cock with the force of a runaway locomotive, her slick inner walls gripping him tighter than a miser's fist. "Ain't never seen nothin' like it in all my days!"

Clara let out a wicked cackle, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You ain't seen nothin' yet, sweet boy," she crowed, quickly leaning over.

Before Darrell could blink, she pressed his face right between her own pendulous udders, the doughy mounds completely engulfing his head like warm sourdough rising around him, muffling his surprised yelp as effectively as a feather pillow over a dying man's face.

Her sweet scent filled his nostrils, pounds of alabaster meat sloshing around his awe-stricken face. He couldn't breathe, couldn't see, could only feel the weight of her massive udders bearing down on him from all sides, smothering him in their soft, pillowy embrace.

"Gettin' them big ol' titties in your face is the best damn part of bein' a buck in his prime," Clara rasped, her voice filtering through the wall of flesh pressing on his ears like he was underwater in a warm, musky sea.

She reached down and gripped his hair, her fingers twisting the sweat-dampened strands, forcing his mouth against one dusky nipple. The pebbled peak scraped his lips. "G'wan now, suck 'em. Suck on them fat nipples like a newborn starvin' for its first meal."

Darrell latched onto the thimble-sized nipple, drawing it deep into his mouth with a hungry gasp that surprised even himself. His tongue swirled around the distended nub, feeling every ridge and bump against his taste buds.

He suckled it gently at first, then harder as he felt it stiffen and swell between his lips like a ripe berry ready to burst.

"Mmnggff," the boy whimpered, trying to draw more of her dusky, goose-bumped areola into his mouth, her warm, heavy orb molding to his facial features.

Above him, he heard Clara moan, a deep animal sound that vibrated through the heavy tit-flesh enveloping his head like a living, breathing cocoon of warm dough.

The teen lost himself in nursing on her breast, mind going fuzzy around the edges as he suckled and slurped like a starving newborn. The wrinkled areola puckered against his tongue and lips, while his hips bucked up into his mama's clenching heat.

Their rhythm fell into perfect sync, each downward plunge of her wide, childbearing hips driving his purple-veined cock deeper into her molten core, where velvet walls rippled and squeezed him like a fist in a silk glove.

"O-hhh, mamma!" the teen whimpered, his voice muffled by pounds of pendulous tit-flesh as his steely meat was swallowed up by the very womb that bore him, her inner muscles fluttering and gripping him like a thousand tiny mouths.

The dual assault on his senses was too much to withstand. Darrell felt his balls drawing up tight against his sweat-slicked perineum, his shaft pulsing urgently inside his mama's rippling sheath, veins throbbing visibly along its considerable length.

He tore his mouth from Clara's nipple with a desperate gasp, a silvery thread of saliva still connecting his lips to her glistening teat as he fought for air.

Oh God, Ma, I'm gonna—" Darrell's voice cracked like a teenager's, his toes curling so hard they cramped.

Mary Beth suddenly yanked herself off Darrell's purple-headed cock with a wet squelch that echoed through the root cellar like a boot pulled from spring mud. His rigid member slapped against his trembling belly, angry-red and glistening with her honey, a single pearlescent bead forming at the slit.

His bloodshot eyes flew open in shock as Gran's pendulous, titties finally lifted from his face. Cool, musty air rushed into his burning lungs as he sucked in a desperate breath, blinking rapidly up at his mama's stern visage hovering over him like a vengeful goddess.

Her fingers reached down to encircle the base of his throbbing shaft, squeezing with the practiced precision of a woman who'd milked both cows and men her whole life.

Darrell whimpered like a kicked hound at the vise-like pressure, his narrow hips instinctively bucking upward, seeking the hot, velvet glove of her cunny that had stretched to accommodate his girth. But she held him firmly in place with surprising strength, her sharp fingernails digging half-moons into his taut skin, denying him the release his aching balls desperately craved.

Now you listen here, angel," Mary Beth growled, leaning down until her face was inches from his, her warm breath washing over his flushed cheeks like a humid summer breeze.

She plastered her huge, squishy tits against his heaving chest, the soft weights of them compressing his lungs, nipples hard as unripe persimmon pits dragging across his sweat-slicked skin. Her auburn hair fell in lank curtains around their faces, creating a private world scented with her musky arousal. "You ain't gonna spill a drop of that seed 'til you make your mama cream on this big cock a dozen or so times, y'hear? No woman wants a two-pump chump who can't last past the first tickle."

Pleasure shot up the boy's arching spine like a lightning bolt as his Ma leaned down further, sealing her lips over the galloping pulse in his neck, sucking hard enough to raise a ruby mark on his sweat-slicked skin that would linger for days.

Darrell shuddered violently as she licked a scorching path up to his earlobe, catching the tender flesh between her teeth.

"Your mama's pleasure comes first, boy," Clara agreed, her heavy udders dangling just above his eyes. Her fingers reached down to fondle his swollen balls, rolling them in her practiced palm like two ripe peaches ready for canning. "You keep that thick babymaker hard and ready, let her use this fine cock of yours like her own personal ridin' post 'til she's satisfied six ways to Sunday. You can give her all the cream fillin' she wants once you're good and glazed in her sweet honey like a fresh-baked donut."

Darrell's head spun at their filthy words, his heart galloping against his ribs like a wild mustang breaking fence, each thunderous beat sending blood rushing to his ears with a whoosh-whoosh that nearly drowned out their drawling voices.

Sweat beaded on his furrowed brow, trickling down his temples in salty rivulets that stung his bloodshot eyes as he looked up at his mama with a glassy, pleading gaze the color of Mississippi mud after a spring rain.

His angry purple cock—veiny and swollen to near-bursting—jerked urgently between her fingers, the bulbous head weeping pearly beads of pre-spend

that caught the dim light and glistened like morning dew on a poison mushroom, silently begging to sink back into her luscious heat.

But he managed to gasp out a shaky, "Y-yes, ma'am," his prominent Adam's apple bobbing frantically in his throat like a cork in churning water.

Mary Beth nodded at Clara, a wicked gleam in her kohl-rimmed eye, crow's feet deepening at the corners. "Let his legs down, Ma. I'm fixin' to get him in real deep now—all the way to his mama's womb."

Clara snatched up the rusty scissors and made quick work of the rough hemp ropes binding his ankles. The keen blades sliced through the frayed fibers like a hot knife through lard, each severed strand making a satisfying snap.

The cruel snare fell away in tatters and Darrell gasped as his feet hit the soft mat, pins and needles shooting up his trembling legs as blood rushed back into his numbed extremities.

He barely had a moment to catch his breath before his mama was on him again, straddling his hips with thighs like pale oak trunks. She reached between their sweat-slicked bodies, fingers encircling his jutting cock, which throbbed like a second heartbeat against her palm.

"Mmm, I'm fixin' to fuck the juice right outta my cunny with that big, rigid cock," said Mary Beth as she notched the fat purple head, swollen to the size of a ripe plum, at her entrance, swirling it through the glistening pink folds that hung like overripe fruit, catching the pearly drops of arousal that clung there like morning dew on a pitcher plant.

"Gonna ride you hard as a willow switch in a tornado," she growled teeth flashing in a feral grin that crinkled the deep ravines around her thin lips.

Then she sank down on him to the root in one smooth, devastating glide that seemed to last both an eternity and no time at all.

Darrell's back arched, his mouth falling open on a silent groan as her searing velvet sheath, ridged like the inside of a conch shell, swallowed him whole. She was hotter and wetter than before, like molten honey mixed with summer rain,

slick walls rippling along his length with pulsating contractions, squeezing him like a fist in a velvet glove soaked in warm oil.

"Oh sweet Lord in heaven!" he gasped, fingers scrabbling uselessly at the mat as she settled flush against him, the dimpled globes of her meaty ass nestling his balls like eggs in a nest.

He was buried deeper than he thought possible, her labial flanges spread around his cock-root like a greedy suction cup. Her womb kissed the tip of his cock like a hungry mouth, making him see stars that burst behind his eyelids like fireworks on the Fourth of July.

Mary Beth braced her hands on his sweat-slicked chest, nails digging half-moons into his quivering pecs as she began to move, undulating her wide childbearing hips in a sinful rhythm old as Eve's first temptation.

She rose up until just the angry purple mushroom head parted her glistening, swollen nether lips, then slammed back down with a wet squelch like boots in spring mud, taking him to the hilt where her bare mons meshed with his wiry pubic hair.

"M-mama," Darrell whimpered, Adam's apple bobbing frantically, reduced to a shuddering, incoherent mess of jangled nerve endings, putty in her experienced hands. He'd never felt anything so intense, pleasure skirting the razor's edge of pain as she used him hard and fast, the obscene slap-slap-slap of damp flesh on flesh echoing off the cellar walls like wet laundry against a washboard.

"That's it! Fuck that prized dick hard, Mary Beth!" Clara shouted. "Turn that cunny to cream around him!"

She rode him like a wild mustang breaking fence, spine arched like a drawn bow, heavy breasts bouncing and slapping against each other with each punishing downstroke, rippling like churned buttermilk in a Mason jar, meaty thighs gripping his narrow hips like a logger's vise clamped on green pine.

Darrell squeezed his eyes shut, afraid that the mesmerizing sight of his mama's giant titties bouncing and rippling above him like pale mountains in an earthquake might trigger his release before she'd had her fill. Instead, he

focused all his attention on the exquisite sensations radiating from where they were joined, his throbbing cock engulfed in her molten sheath.

The searing heat of her engulfed him, as if his shaft had been shoved into a furnace stoked by the devil's own hand. Her slick walls, ridged and undulating, squeezed him tighter than a fist in an oil-soaked velvet glove, rippling along his length with pulsating contractions that had him seeing stars.

With each downward plunge of her powerful hips, he could feel himself butting up against a muscular ring at the very back of her channel, tugging and suckling on the engorged head of his prick like a hungry mouth trying to milk him dry.

Syrupy secretions flooded her passage, turning it into a swamp of foamy viscous honey that let him slide in and out with obscene wet sounds, suctioning and squelching.

Every time she lifted up, her inner muscles seemed to cling to him, clutching his girth as if loathe to let him go, only to swallow him back in with greedy abandon. It was pure ecstasy, the kind of pleasure a man might sell his soul for.

Darrell's whole body was ablaze with sensation, his nerve endings sizzling like live wires. Jolts of electricity shot from his groin, radiating out through his trembling limbs. His heart galloped against his ribs like a spooked stallion and sweat poured off him in rivers, painting his flushed skin with a sheen that caught the light.

He was drowning in his mama's cunny, happily suffocating in her clinging heat. If this was how he died, spitted on her stake like a pig at a luau, emptying his seed into her hungry womb, well, there were worse ways to go. He'd die a happy boy, completely wrung out and used up, sucked dry as a corn husk in a drought.

But Lord help him, he couldn't spill yet, not until he'd satisfied her thoroughly as the women had instructed. So he grit his teeth until his jaw ached, dug his fingers into the meat of her rolling hips, and held on for dear life as she used him hard, praying he could last.

Mary Beth arched her back and rolled her head on her neck, auburn hair whipping around her like autumn leaves caught in a dust devil. Her eyes were

molten whiskey, glowing with unholy lust beneath her heavy lids, boring into his very soul. She licked her lips, slow and obscene.

“Buck those fuckin’ hips!” she spat, her tits bouncing so high they nearly slapped her in the face. “Make me soak you!”

Mary Beth shuddered and gasped as Darrell met her thrust, his steely shaft plowing her quivering depths, her eyes rolling back until only the bloodshot whites showed beneath fluttering eyelids veined like marble.

"Lord have mercy, boy, your cock's harder than a railroad spike, and hotter than a blacksmith's forge!" she moaned, her ass as she rolled her wide hips to grind her swollen, purpled clit against his sweat-slicked pubic bone. "Drillin' me so deep I can taste you in my throat and rubbin' me so good in all them secret places. Gonna make me cum buckets of sweet honey on this veiny fat pole!"

Clara cackled like a witch at a cauldron as she watched her daughter ride the boy like a prized stallion at auction, her rheumy amber eyes glinting with wicked delight. "Nothin' prettier than watchin' a young buck give a mama her due," she crowed as she squeezed Darrell's swollen, plum-sized balls. "You pound her good now, y'hear? Stir up her honeypot like butter in a churn and let her glaze you real thorough-like with that sweet momma cream till you're drippin'.

Darrell could only groan and nod, teeth gritted until his jaw ached like a rusted hinge as he fought back his own rising climax.

The tight, rippling heat of his mama's cunny gripped him like a silken vise dipped in liquid fire, milking his throbbing cock with each roll and clench of her powerful inner muscles that undulated like a python swallowing prey. He'd never felt anything so incredible, pleasure skirting the razor's edge of pain as she used him hard and fast, her weight pinning him to the cushioned mat like a butterfly to a collector's board.

"Gonna...gonna cum so hard on this young dick," Mary Beth panted, her breath hot as a July cornfield against his sweat-slicked face, picking up the pace until the lewd slap-slap-slap of damp flesh echoed through the cellar like wet laundry against a washboard.

Her fingers dug into Darrell's shoulders, blunt nails leaving angry crimson crescent marks on his pale skin. "Drain them big boy nuts right up in my womb like sweet cream in a butter churn!"

Darrell nearly bit through his lip trying to hold back, tasting copper pennies as his mama's molten sheath rippled around him like a fist in an oil-soaked glove, squeezing and fluttering with hungry contractions, her arousal flooding his shaft and balls, sticky as blackstrap molasses fresh from the kettle.

But he couldn't spill yet, not until she'd had her fill like a starving woman at a church potluck. So he bucked up into her with the force of a mule kicking a barn door, pile-driving his hips to work himself deeper than a well digger in drought season, grinding his pelvis against her swollen bud until it throbbed like an angry hornet sting.

"That's it, really give it to her... just like that!" Clara crowed, as she groped his balls roughly with fingers. "Hammer that cunny like a bent nail till she's cross-eyed and screamin' louder than a wildcat in a steel trap!"

Mary Beth's molten sheath clenched around her son's aching cock like a silken fist dipped in liquid fire, the muscular walls of her honey-slick cunny rippling and undulating along his veiny length with the hungry intensity of a starving python swallowing its prey.

He could feel her pleasure building like a summer thunderstorm gathering over a cornfield, the muscles growing tighter than a new leather belt, delicate flutters transforming into powerful rhythmic spasms that threatened to milk him dry as a sun-bleached cow skull.

Her breath came faster than a steam locomotive climbing a mountain grade, hot and moist against his sweat-slicked neck, little mewling cries like a newborn kitten escaping her throat as she ground herself down onto him with the determination of a flour mill stone, taking him impossibly deep into her quivering depths.

She was chasing her peak like a rabid hound after a three-legged rabbit, wild-eyed and single-minded as a revival preacher, using his trembling body as her personal pleasure tool with the expertise of a master carpenter.

Darrell felt the exact moment her orgasm overtook her like a flash flood through a dry gulch, starting from deep within her pulsating core. The mouth of her cervix undulated around his purple cockhead like a hungry fish gasping at bait, pulsing wildly as if trying to suck him in deeper than a well in drought season.

The muscular walls of her cunny clamped down like a blacksmith's vise on hot iron, rippling from base to tip like waves on a storm-tossed lake, squeezing and releasing in rapid flutters that threatened to drain him like sap from a tapped maple.

Her womb jerked and quivered above where he was lodged like a lightning-struck oak, as if gasping and shuddering with electric pleasure that could power a small town for a week.

Then she was gushing around him, a flood of hot liquid spurting from her quivering cunny like a broken dam after spring thaw, coating his groin with slick, honeyed essence that ran in rivulets down the creases of his thighs.

Her urethral honey hole gaped and quivered like a hungry mouth gasping for air, clear female essence squirting out in rhythmic bursts powerful as a stallion's stream to soak his balls and puddle on the mat beneath them.

Mary Beth wailed like a wildcat caught in a steel trap, her spine arching like a drawn bow ready to snap, tremors wracking her body from her flushed chest to her curling toes. Her pretty eyes rolled back until only bloodshot whites showed beneath lids fluttering faster than moth wings near a kerosene lamp, as the powerful contractions of her orgasm milked Darrell's iron-hard cock with the determination of calloused hands on a stubborn udder, trying to wring his seed from him like the last drops from a near-empty moonshine jug.

Tits rippled violently as she shook and shuddered above him, impaled to the hilt like a butterfly on a collector's pin, reduced to a writhing, incoherent creature of pure sensation, her skin flushed redder than a boiled crawfish.

Her slick walls pulsed and rippled like a gullet swallowing, bearing down on his shaft in fluttering waves that traveled from root to tip like ripples in a creek bed, as if trying to suck his climax out of him with the force of a twister pulling up fence posts.

Syrupy arousal gushed from her core thicker than blackstrap molasses in January, coating his thighs and belly in glistening streaks that caught the dim light like dew on morning spiderwebs, dripping down to form a tacky puddle wider than a dinner plate.

Her womb spasmed wildly as a seizure-struck rabbit, the greedy mouth of it kissing and suckling the head of his cock like a starving calf at its mother's teat, desperate to swallow him whole like a python with its prey.

Aftershocks rolled through her in electric waves like lightning striking the same oak repeatedly, and she jerked and twitched wilder than a headless chicken, grinding erratically against his pelvis as her body tried to wring every last pulse of pleasure from his steel-hard shaft that stood prouder than a flagpole on the Fourth of July.

Thick ropes of girl honey squirted from her gaping cunny with the force of water from a rusty hand pump, painting his groin and thighs slicker than a greased pig at the county fair, filling the cellar with the sharp musk of her spending that hung in the air heavier than woodsmoke in a sealed cabin.

Darrell gritted his teeth until his jaw ached like a broken hinge, every muscle clenched tighter than new rawhide in the summer sun, fighting against the urge to erupt like a geyser in Yellowstone Park.

His cock jerked inside her fluttering sheath like a fish on a hook, pulsing in time with her rhythmic contractions that milked him more insistently than calloused hands on the last cow of evening, pre-spend leaking from his cunt-smothered meatus like sap from a fresh-cut maple.

Clara knelt down beside her grandson, her face inches from his as he gazed up from between his mama's sweat-slicked breasts, heaving like twin hillocks in an earthquake.

"Angle up more, boy," she rasped, her sweet breath washing over his flushed cheek like moonshine fumes from a freshly uncorked jug. "Rub that big purple knob right up against the front of her cunny, where it's all spongy-like. Bump and grind on that spot like you're tryin' to start a friction fire in damp kindling and she'll be squealin' loud enough to wake the devil from his Sunday nap."

Darrell did as instructed, tilting his hips to spear upwards like a determined trout fisherman, the flared head of his cock—purple as a summer plum and throbbing harder than a blacksmith's hammer—dragging along his mama's front wall with the deliberate precision of a plow cutting fresh furrows.

He could feel the difference in texture there, like a slightly raised patch of ribbed silk amidst the slick smoothness, puckered and swollen as a wasp-stung peach.

Mary Beth let out a guttural moan wilder than a she-wolf in heat when he hit it just right, her beautiful eyes rolling back like wagon wheels down a steep hill, fingers digging into his shoulders deeper than fence post holes.

"Ungh! Right there!" she panted, grinding down to meet his thrusts with the determination of a flour mill stone. "Oh sweet Lord, you're pluckin' my strings tighter than a fiddle at a barn dance, makin' me wetter than a crawdad hole after spring floods!"

Encouraged as a prize stallion at stud, Darrell worked his hips faster than a steam piston, making sure to hit that magic button—swollen now to the size of a ripe dewberry—with every bone-jarring stroke. The stimulation was intense as summer lightning, sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through his groin like wildfire through dry brush.

He could feel his mama's molten sheath gripping around him tighter than a new leather belt, fluttering wildly as a trapped sparrow, honey flooding his cock and balls in a torrent slicker than axle grease.

"Gonna...gonna make me cum again!" Mary Beth babbled, her movements growing frantic as a cornered raccoon. "Gonna cream so hard on your cock!"

Darrell felt the precise moment she tipped over the edge, his mama's powerful cunny bearing down on him like a silken fist clenching around a rattlesnake's neck. She threw her head back until her auburn hair brushed the sweat-slicked small of her back, and wailed to the cedar-beam rafters, juices gushing out of her like a busted hydrant, drenching him in her sweet nectar that smelled of wild persimmons and forbidden musk.

Her whole body seized up and shook, quaking above him as if possessed by seven devils from the deepest pit, impaled to the root on his steel-hard cock that throbbed like a toothache in time with his thundering heartbeat.

She milked him with the ruthless efficiency of a butter churn on the last day before market, her inner muscles rippling in waves from base to tip, determined to drain him drier than a creek bed in August drought.

It took every last trembling ounce of willpower Darrell possessed not to spill himself into her pulsating depths right then and there, his balls drawing up tighter than new leather in January frost. He squeezed his eyes shut— fingers digging half-moon crescents into her fleshy hips, and fought against the rising tide of his own release that threatened to burst forth like floodwaters through a failing dam.

But Lord help him, she was rippling around him so sweetly, squeezing him like a velvet vise greased with honey, her sodden walls tugging on his penile flesh with the insistence of a starving babe at its mother's teat, each pulse sending lightning strikes of pleasure from his straining cockhead straight up his spine to explode like shotgun blasts behind his eyeballs.

"Ohhh, ma!" his voice quivered—entire body quivered like an aspen leaf in an October gale as the rising tide of his climax threatened to overtake him, swelling up from his groin with the unstoppable force of a flash flood through a bone-dry creek bed.

"I'm f-fixin to burst!" he stammered out between teeth gritted so hard his jaw ached, the corded muscles of his neck straining against his sweat-slick skin as he fought to hold back the scalding deluge for a few precious heartbeats more.

Without missing a beat, Mary Beth lifted one heavy, milk-pale breast and slapped it across the boy's flushed face with a meaty thwack, engulfing his sharp features in her pillowy flesh that smelled of lavender soap and warm woman-sweat.

"Suckle Mama's teat while you spill that seed, baby boy," she purred like a mountain lioness in heat, rolling her wide hips faster in figure-eight motions, taking him so deep he swore he could feel her womb kissing the purple crown

of his manhood like a hungry mouth. "Nurse real good and let it alllll go into Mama's hungry cunny."

Darrell latched onto the fat, raspberry-red nipple—thimble-sized and puckered tight as a drawstring pouch. He sucked like a starving newborn denied the breast for days, drawing the pebbled peak deep into his hungry mouth and suckling with hollow-cheeked desperation.

Her flesh-mountain smothered his face completely, blocking out all light and summer-afternoon air, filling his flaring nostrils with her heady musk of vanilla and forbidden desire.

He gorged himself on her doughy tit, slurping and lapping with a tongue rough as a barn cat's, scraping the sensitive bud with his teeth as the first molten stirrings of release coiled tight as a rattlesnake at the base of his tingling spine.

"That's it, really give 'er a good titty-suckin'," Clara rasped from beside him, her voice seeming to come from a hundred miles away through the smothering tit-flesh, like a distant train whistle through mountain fog.

Her fingers dug into his balls, tugging on his sack like she was trying to physically pull the cum up from his deepest roots, working his testicles like a farmhand milking the last drops from a reluctant cow's udder. "Suck as hard as a tic on a hound dog's ear and fill her cunny with that baby gravy thicker'n cornmeal mush!"

It was too much. With a hoarse cry that vibrated against Mary Beth's tit like a tuning fork struck against wet stone, Darrell's cock exploded like a geyser in Yellowstone, shooting off deep in his mama's rippling sheath that clutched him tighter than a miser's fist on payday.

His balls drew up painfully tight and pulsed as they emptied in long, agonizing spurts that felt like molten lightning being ripped from his very soul, pumping what felt like quarts of thick seed—pearlescent as moonshine and twice as potent—into her heavenly vise.

Pleasure like he'd never known racked his body, whitening out his vision like summer sun on fresh snow, every muscle from his curling toes to his straining

neck seizing tight as a bear trap on a trespasser's ankle. He thought he might pass out from the sheer intensity, the ecstasy bordering on pain.

Mary Beth milked her son through it, grinding down with the rhythm of a butter churn to capture every pearlescent jet of his molten release. Her greedy cunny suckled his purple-headed spurting tip like a hungry calf at the teat, rippling around him in flutters and clenches.

"Ooh, good boy. I bet that cream is sweeter than honey on a hot biscuit," she groaned, twisting his sweat-dampened hair in her fist to hold him trapped against her heaving breast like a fly in amber. "Fill me up till I'm sloppy with it with them babymakin' swimmers."

Darrell's starving lungs burned hotter than a smithy's forge for air, smothered beneath his mama's gigantic, milk-pale breast. Her rubbery teat pulsed between his lips like a living thing as he suckled it with the desperation of a newborn lamb, the spongy flesh completely filling his parched mouth like a ripe summer peach.

His cock—angry-red and veined as a prize stallion's—spasmed and jerked deep in her rippling cunny, spurting what felt like endless ropes of thick, hot seed potent as moonshine into her heavenly vise. The most powerful orgasm of his young life ripped through him with the unstoppable force of a thunderbolt splitting an ancient oak right down to its roots.

"Lookit him go off like a dang Roman candle on the Fourth of July!" Clara crowed gleefully, mashing his plum-sized, drawn-up balls with fingers. "Gushin' like a busted pipe after the first spring thaw, I reckon. Probably fillin' your honey-pot cunny to overflowin' with his pearlescent baby gravy."

"Ooh yeah, I can feel every last drop of it!" Mary Beth moaned, grinding down with hip-rolls smooth as churning butter to capture his hot load. "Shootin' so fuckin' deep it's ticklin' my womb! Lordy, I ain't never felt a man let loose in me so fierce."

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Mary Beth eased up enough for Darrell to twist his head sideways and suck in a desperate, ragged gasp beneath her giant mound of titty that hung over him like a pale, veined avalanche of flesh.

The sudden influx of oxygen hit his starved brain like white lightning, making him dizzy as a newborn calf on ice, black spots dancing in his vision. He panted like a racehorse, chest heaving like bellows in a blacksmith's forge, sweat running in salty rivulets down his tomato-red face and pooling in the hollow of his throat.

"Mm, had himself a real good cum, didn't you sugar?" Clara asked, releasing his nuts.

Darrell lay there in a stupefied daze, his body limp as week-old lettuce and trembling like aspen leaves in an autumn breeze, caught in the juddering aftershocks of the most powerful climax of his young life. Their honey-thick voices drifted to his ears as if from across a misty holler, muffled and indistinct as creek-talk through cattails. Slowly, the words started to take shape, piecing themselves together in his pleasure-fogged brain like a jigsaw puzzle missing half its parts.

"Lordy, you sure did a number on him, Mary Beth," Clara chuckled, her voice raspy. "He's glazed and shinin' like a honey-baked ham—all glistenin' with your sweet nectar."

"Mmhmm, rode him hard and put him up wet," Mary Beth agreed. "Drained them bull-sized balls dry as August corn husks."

Their hands roamed over his prone form, mapping the hills and valleys of his sweat-slicked muscles with the possessive familiarity of prospectors who've struck gold in virgin territory.

He felt the wet drag of their long tongues lapping at his overheated skin like starved hounds cleaning the last scraps off a fresh-killed ten-point buck. Kisses rained down on him like summer hail on a tin roof, landing everywhere from his tomato-flushed face to his still trembling thighs that quivered like aspen leaves in October wind.

Luscious, matronly lips plump as overripe persimmons worked over his jaw, his salt-slick throat, pausing to suck purple-black bruises into the tender skin like a coonhound marking its favorite tree. A serpentine tongue dipped into the hollow of his collarbone, harvesting the salt of his sweat like a deer at a mineral lick.

Darrell groaned weakly as he felt heavy, milk-swollen breasts drag across his heaving chest and quivering belly, the hard pebbled nipples—pink as spring dogwood blossoms—scraping his sensitized flesh raw. The slick slide of the women's abundant curves slithered over him as they crawled about like she-panthers in heat, mapping every goosebumped inch of his prone form with hands, tongues and mouths, rubbing their musky scents into him like territorial wildcats marking a prized hunting ground.

He was too wrung out—limp as a rag doll—to do much more than lie there and take it, soaking up their lavish attention. His once-proud cock lay spent against his sweat-slick inner thigh, purple-headed and glistening with their mingled juices, still twitching with aftershocks like a half-crushed copperhead, too soon for it to stir with renewed interest despite the humid heat of their hungry gazes.

But he could feel their predatory eyes on it, hot and hungry as timber wolves eyeing a fresh haunch of frost-killed venison in the lean days of February.

"Give him a minute and he'll be rarin' to go again," Clara said with a wicked chuckle, her fingers dancing along the sharp ridge of his hip bone. "Springy as a fresh-cut hickory sapling, these young bucks. Mama ain't done with you yet, is she, boy?"

"No, ma'am," Darrell managed to rasp. Lord help him, but he knew with bone-deep certainty that the pleasure was just beginning. These depraved women—insatiable as locust swarms on summer wheat—aimed to keep him penned as their personal stud bull, using his trembling body for their wanton pleasure until they'd wrung him dry as a sun-bleached deer skull forgotten on a lonesome ridge.

Hours later, the blood-orange sun hung low in the hazy afternoon sky, casting long purple-black shadows across the dusty yard as Darrell helped his mama down from the creaking hickory wagon.

He ducked his head, hoping the sweat-stained leather brim of his grandpappy's hat would hide the deep crimson flush he could feel spreading up his sun-baked neck. Sweet Jesus in heaven, he could still smell her on his skin—that heady aroma of pussy-musk that clung to him like morning fog in a mountain hollow.

He could still taste her tangy nectar on his tongue, feel the phantom grip of her molten honey-pot squeezing his manhood tighter than a miser's fist clutching the last silver dollar in the county.

His daddy strode over from the weather-beaten porch, thick thumbs hooked in his faded denim overall straps, a grin splitting his leather-tanned face beneath the salt-and-pepper stubble that grew wild as crabgrass.

"There's my pretty wife," Lester declared in a voice rough pulling Mary Beth's frame into a bear-tight embrace, rosy muscled arms encircling her plush waist. "Ain't you a glowin' sight for these bloodshot eyes, sweet as honeysuckle in May."

Mary Beth tittered like a pink-cheeked schoolgirl caught behind the woodshed and swatted at his barrel chest, her cat-green eyes sparkling like dewdrops in the golden-syrup light. "Oh, go on now with your silver tongue, I'm a frightful mess after that bone-rattlin' ride. Probably got more dust in every crack and crevice than the drought we had last season."

Lester just chuckled and squeezed her tighter, his ham-sized hand sliding down to cup her generous bottom through her cornflower-blue skirts. "Naw, you're glowin' brighter than a lightnin' bug in June, prettier than a speckled pup under a red wagon."

Her cheeks blushed, but inside, a forbidden thrill hot as moonshine shot through her womb at the knowledge that it was her son's pearly spend still glistening like morning dew on her trembling thighs. His fingerprints purpling her milk-white hips beneath her sweat-dampened skirts. The delicious ache between her quivering legs was from the relentless poundin' of her boy's young stallion cock, not from the rutted wagon ride.

And the rosy glow her husband saw was the satisfied flush of a woman thoroughly fucked seven ways to Sunday, not the blush of a bashful June bride.

"What about you, son?" his daddy asked, turning to look at him, "Granny Clara work you hard out there at her place?"

Darrell's tongue felt thick and clumsy as he swallowed hard. He glanced at his ma as she stared back with eyes glittering like wet river stones, a dangerous

cocktail of amusement and raw hunger painted across her flushed face—like a mountain lioness just daring enough to drag him behind the weathered slat-board barn and mount him again right under her husband's oblivious nose.

"I...uh...y-yessir," he stammered, cheeks burning hotter than hickory coals.

Mary Beth saved him from his floundering like a skilled angler netting a thrashing catfish. "Darrell was a right blessin' today, weren't you, sugar? Strong as an ox pullin' uphill, that boy. You should've seen him wranglin' them preserves down in the root cellar."

His mama fixed him with a saucy wink, her eyes glinting mischievously in the fading sunlight. "Nearly popped them ripe peaches straight outta their jars with his big, strong hands. Thought for sure he was gonna splatter that sweet, sticky juice all over Mama's root cellar."

Darrell's face flamed hotter than the devil's pitchfork at her brazen innuendo, vivid sense-memories of spurting his own "sweet, sticky juice" deep in his mama's rippling honey-pot just hours ago flashing behind his eyes. Surely his pa would take one look at his tomato-red face and just know the shameful truth of how he'd rutted with his own mama like a bull in springtime, goring her with his thick meat until her eyes rolled back and her cunny gushed like a busted dam.

But Lester just let out a whiskey-raspy guffaw and clapped him on the shoulder, meaty palm nearly buckling his knees. "That's my boy! Helpin' out his mama like a man ought to. Reckon one day you'll make a fine husband, knowin' your way around a woman's cellar, if you catch my drift." He wagged his bushy eyebrows and elbowed Darrell in the ribs good-naturedly.

Mary Beth slapped her husband's arm with a scandalized gasp, her eyes round as harvest moons. "Lester Hatfield, you hush that filthy mouth!" she scolded. "Ain't no call to be corruptin' the boy's innocent ears with that kinda crude man-talk."

Darrell ducked his head to hide the strangled, hysterical laugh that threatened to burst out of him like a fox from a trapped hen-house. Innocent ears, his lily-white ass. His "ears" weren't the parts of him that had spent all day buried in

his mama's dripping honey-pot, learning the slick, searing folds of her cunny more intimately than a blind man reading Braille.

He knew the exact taste of her tangy cream and the velvety clutch of her innermost depths, could map the ridges and secret spots inside her that made her moan like a ghost-bit hound.

Mary Beth gazed at her son with sultry eyes that smoldered like hickory coals in a blacksmith's forge, a secret smile playing about her plump, kiss-swollen lips. "He sure did do a mighty fine job," she purred. "But there's still heaps of work left to do out at Ma's place. Gonna be needin' his strong, capable young body to perform at its peak condition."

She caught her son's eye and gave him a slow, meaningful wink, so quick he might've missed it if he'd blinked. But there was no mistakin' the wicked, hungry gleam in her kohl-rimmed eye, or the way her pink tongue—the same one that had traced every ridge of his throbbing manhood not three hours prior—darted out to wet her plump bottom lip before drawing it back in with a soft, wet sound like a boot being pulled from creek mud.

Darrell's pulse kicked into overdrive, thundering in his ears like a stampede of wild mustangs across the valley floor, his cock twitching in his sweat-dampened britches as he read her unspoken message loud and clear as a church bell on Sunday morning.

She wanted him again—craved the feel of his burgeoning manhood splitting her open like a ripe Georgia peach and stirring her molten depths. And Jesus wept, but he yearned to give her what she needed, to sheath himself in her clinging wet heat, pink and slick as freshly butchered venison, and rut like a bull in springtime till she milked him dry.

TO BE CONTINUED...