



COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 2 (First 2 pages)

By Klrxo

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.