

COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 3



BY KLRXO

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Darrell was dreamin' of giant, stiff-nippled titties—plump as ripe summer watermelons and heavy as rain-soaked cotton sacks. A whole undulating mountain range of momma-flesh swinging and rippling around his flushed face like fleshy church bells, their pink areolas pebbled and wide as saucers.

He sucked and licked and bit at them thick rubbery nipples, his face mashed against the warm, yielding flesh that smelled of lavender soap and woman-sweat, while milk sweet as sugared cream trickled down his chin. He wallowed in that forbidden tit-sucking paradise, moaning like a half-starved calf finally finding its mama's udder.

The rooster's crow shattered the dawn like a twelve-gauge blast through a church window, jolting Darrell from the warm sanctuary of his wet dream.

His hands clutched at the empty air where dream-titties had been seconds before, fingers grasping at phantom flesh. "Dammit, was lovin' that dream somethin' fierce," he groaned, "Better'n Christmas mornin' and the county fair rolled into one."

His cock, thick and hard as a blacksmith's anvil, tented the rumpled bed linen, standing at attention like a soldier on parade. The hunger that had been kindled in his loins the day before, fanned to a molten furnace by his illicit trysts, showed no signs of abating. If anything, it had only intensified, gnawing at him like a starving timber wolf in the dead of winter.

Slowly, he became aware of a presence in the room, a soft rustling like the whisper of a mourning dove's wings in the

stillness. The covers shifted, and a warm, naked body slithered into his narrow bed, the mattress groaning under the additional weight.

A familiar scent—wildflowers and woman, musk—assaulted his senses, and his heart leaped into his throat.

His eyelids flew open, and his cornflower-blue gaze collided with his mother's, her green orbs aglow with a wanton fire that thrilled him to the core. Mary Beth's voluptuous form draped across his, her giant, barely covered titties pressed to his chest like a nursing doe to its fawn, her thighs bracketing his.

Her hands roamed over his corded biceps, her nails raking trails of gooseflesh down his arms like the branches of an October maple tree.

Darrell swallowed as she grinned at him, her face flushed like a spanked schoolgirl's. "Mama..." he began, but she silenced him with a finger to her lips, as she had a thousand times before when he'd tried to sneak in past curfew.

She lowered her head and latched onto his nipple like a newborn calf to its mama's teat, her tongue swirling wet circles around the hardened nub while her teeth grazed the sensitive flesh.

Her hips worked in slow, deliberate circles against him, her slick, swollen woman-parts hot as a forge and twice as wet, sliding along the rigid length of his throbbing manhood beneath the threadbare quilt his grandmama had stitched for him.

"Sweet Jesus, Mama," Darrel gasped, his cock swelling beneath her like a cottonmouth full of venom, throbbing harder than a toothache in December. His hips bucked up involuntarily, matching her rhythm like they was dancin' to the same fiddle tune at a barn raising.

Mary Beth pressed one finger—still smelling faintly of the morning biscuit dough—against his trembling lips. "Hush now, sugar lamb," she breathed, "Your daddy's sleepin' just down the hall. You wouldn't want your pa knowing you was in here plowing your mama's fertile field, now would ya?" she whispered.

The horny mother ground down harder, her hips working in figure-eights slicker than a greased pig at the county fair, the rigid column of his throbbing manhood—veined like creek beds after spring melt—created exquisite friction on her swollen vulva. Her flanges were pink and glistening as a fresh-cut watermelon, and her sensitive, grape-sized clit peeked out from its hood like a shy possum from a hollow log.

"Sweet merciful Jesus!" escaped Darrell's parched lips. His cornflower-blue eyes bulged wide as he gaped at his momma's tit-cleavage. Her pendulous jugs swung low like two ripe watermelons in a flour sack, creating a deep, shadowy ravine between them. That dark, mysterious chasm of momma-flesh plunged so deep he swore he could spy her belly button winking up at him from the humid depths, like a tiny pink eye peering from the bottom of a flesh-lined well.

Mary Beth clung to him like a vine on a magnolia tree, her fingernails scoring hot trails down his shoulders as she dug her nails into his taut flesh. Her hips rolled in circles as if she were using his throbbing cock as a pussy-scratching post, the velvety wetness between her legs coating him like molasses on a stack of buttermilk pancakes.

Meanwhile, Darrel's face was now buried in the soft heavy mounds of her bosom, their weight smothering him like an avalanche of pillows, yet he couldn't get enough air to breathe. The scent of her wildflower perfume, tainted with a heady undercurrent of sweat and musk, filled his nostrils, clouding his mind.

"Oh, Ma," he groaned into her pillowy chest, his voice muffled by the mounds of cleavage spilling out of her nightgown.

Mary Beth's only response was a low, throaty moan, like a bobcat in heat calling to its mate. She ground her hips harder against him, her slick folds teasing the swollen head of his manhood, coaxing a stream of pre-cum from its tip.

"I know... I know, sugar," she panted, her hands roughly kneading his neck as if she were molding bread dough. "It's a sin, but... oh, Lawd, does it feel good..."

Darrel's rickety bed—an ancient pine frame with rusted springs that had seen three generations of Hatfields through their most private moments—protested with each thrust, the headboard knocking against the peeling wallpaper like a woodpecker on a hollow tree.

The rhythm started slow as molasses in January but built steady as a steam locomotive climbing a mountain grade, while beneath the patchwork quilt, Mary-Beth's round, meaty buttocks swiveled and gyrated against her son's straining loins with the practiced precision of a well-greased butter churn.

They began to snarl like rabid coon dogs, their embrace tightening as their humping motions turned frantic. The boy's bedframe creaked and groaned like an old plantation house in a hurricane, the rusty springs screaming in protest, while mother and son chased that exquisite genital friction.

"Lord have mercy, son," the mother gasped, her hot breath sweet as corn liquor against his ear, "you're more stallion than your daddy ever was."

Just then, in the middle of their fevered coupling, a booming voice thundered down the hall, startling the lovers like a coyote's wowl in the dead of night.

"Mary Beth? Darrell's daddy, as oblivious as ever, called out. "You all right, or should I rustle up some breakfast on my own?"

Mary Beth's eyes widened, her breath coming in ragged pants. She disentangled herself from her son's embrace with an agility that belied her curvy frame, her naked body slick with a sheen of sweat as she scurried to the door. She opened it a crack, one giant breast nearly peeking out of her nightgown like an escaped whooping crane.

"I'm... uh... just... helping Darrell find some clean socks," she panted, her voice a high-pitched warble. "Go on and help

yourself to the biscuits and gravy on the stove, honey, I'll be right out."

Then she closed and locked the door with trembling fingers. Her threadbare cotton nightgown was shucked from her body in one fluid motion, revealing her giant mamma-tits that swayed like overripe melons on a windblown vine. "Now, where were we, sugar?" she asked, eye-fucking her boy from across the room.

Her stiff-nippled udders flopped heavily up and down as she bounded back to the bed with the eager grace of a mountain lioness.

She pounced atop her son's sweat-slicked form, her thighs gripping his flanks like a rider breaking a wild mustang. With practiced fingers, she grasped his throbbing manhood—hard as Georgia hickory and hot as a forge—guiding it to her slick entrance before sheathing it to the hilt with one determined thrust that drew gasps from them both.

"We got just enough time for a quick poke before your daddy finishes his breakfast," she whispered, her voice husky as a cornfield in October.

Her hips had already started their forbidden dance, grinding against him with the steady rhythm of a butter churn, even as both their gazes darted nervously toward the thin bedroom door that separated their sin from discovery.

"Sweet sufferin' Jesus, ma," Darrell gasped, his voice cracking like kindling in a cookstove as he felt his throbbing, veiny member—thick as a fence post and twice as hard—being

churned and squeezed inside the scorching, ridged velvet of his mama's eager honey pot.

His purple, mushroom-shaped crown was jammed tighter than a cork in a moonshine jug against her innermost gateway, leaking his sticky seed-juice. That swollen ring of mama-flesh twirled and danced around his sensitive tip like a sponge cleaning a dirty dish.

All at once, his throbbing cock was pulled from the depths of her quivering womanhood, dragged inch by torturous inch through her slick, rippling tunnel. Each ridge and fold of her honeyed passage clung desperately to his purple helmet, squeezing and milking his sensitive crown like a farmhand working the last drops from a cow's udder.

"Sweet merciful heavens, Ma," he gasped, "your sugar walls are grippin' my johnson so tight, and it's hotter'n Satan's cookstove in there," he whimpered, his blue eyes rolling back like marbles on a tilted floor.

Mary Beth tensed as she lifted herself upward, only to slam back down harder than a summer thunderclap, impaling herself to the hilt. His rod plunged back into her steaming cavern, striking her deepest parts with the precision of a cottonmouth finding its mark, making her squeal like a piglet at feeding time.

The mother swore she could feel her son's cock in her belly—a red-hot poker stirring her insides like grits in a cast-iron pot. His swollen purple helmet, slick with their mingled juices, pushed her quivering uterus back against her cervix.

"Lord have mercy, boy—you're just tryin' to crawl back up into that womb that birthed ya, ain't ya? Poundin' at heaven's gate like the devil himself's chasin' you!"

Darrell smiled with pride, making his cock flex even bigger inside her—like a rattlesnake stretching after a long winter's hibernation—as he felt her muscled cervical head squeezing his tender knob tighter than a new jar lid.

"Golly, Ma, I'm sure glad the good Lord blessed me with enough length to reach up in there that deep," he confessed. "That special little button of yours feels like heaven's own velvet gate tuggin' on my helmet."

Mary Beth giggled like a schoolgirl at the church social. "That's what the good Lord gives well-hung boys like you," she cooed. "That special feeling when your purple tip pushes right up against mama's secret door—that velvet kiss most men ain't blessed enough to ever feel."

The mother knew this had to be a quick, hard rut with her husband just downstairs wolfing down biscuits and gravy. There would be plenty of time to test her boy's endurance later when her husband was sweating in the silver mine, miles deep in the mountain's belly.

She slapped her heavy tits down around Darrel's head—those pendulous flesh-melons swinging like wrecking balls—and began working him at a frantic fuck-pace, making the bed rock and groan like a mule wagon on a rutted mountain trail.

Darrel knew by the way his ma was bucking atop him like a bull at the county fair that she was fixin' to cum real hard. Her thighs trembled against his hips, and her honey-slick passage clenched around his throbbing member tighter than a mason jar lid.

"Buck them hips, boy!" she commanded through clenched teeth, "Put your back into it and fuck your mama proper!" He gladly obeyed, driving upward with the force of a piston in a moonshine still.

Mary Beth's eyes rolled back, the whites flashing bright as a full harvest moon. "Sweet merciful heaven," she drawled, "you're splittin' me like an oak log in December!"

Her boy was ruttin' her something fierce now, each thrust coming hard as a mule kick, lifting her haunches clean off the mattress. She was fixin' to come apart harder than a firework on the Fourth of July, her thighs quivering like a newborn calf.

"Fuck! Me! HARD!" she gasped, each desperate word punctuating another violent collision as she hammered her quivering ass-flesh against his thighs.

Darrell's face disappeared between his ma's bobbling tits, those warm rippling pillows of flesh enveloping him like quicksand in the holler. He snarled like an angry tomcat, his teeth bared against her freckled skin as his hands gripped her fleshy hips like baker kneading cornbread.

He bucked upward with the desperate rhythm of a man possessed by mountain spirits, feeling her corrugated walls chew on his cock-meat.

"M-m-momma, I-I'm likin' how you're squeezin' me like that—oh Lord!" the boy groaned.

"Hold onto me tight as a tick on a hound dog," she commanded, her drawl thick as molasses. "Now beat that throbbin' cock up into my baby cradle—deep as the good Lord'll let you go!"

Her puffy outer flanges, pink as spring dogwood blossoms, beat wetly against his cock-root, making lewd squelching sounds like boots being pulled from creek mud. He socked his prick in and out deeper than a coal mine shaft, feeling her cunt-tunnel slowly shrink around his throbbing meat like a python squeezing its prey, signaling her impending climax.

"Good Lord!" the teen gasped as he felt his ma's body stiffen like a lightning-struck oak. Her squeals intensified to a pitch that would make a slaughtered hog sound dignified, while her vaginal tunnel clamped down tighter, its ridged walls rippling and convulsing around his straining member like a rattlesnake in its death throes.

Each thrust now required the force of a mule team pulling a loaded wagon uphill, but he continued his determined assault, sweat pouring off him like spring rain on a tin roof. Meanwhile, his balls drew up tight as fists against the base of his shaft, heavy and swollen as prize-winning gourds at the county fair, ready to unleash their boiling contents.

Downstairs, Jebediah's brow furrowed like as he stared up at the water-stained ceiling, his fork of biscuit and gravy frozen halfway to his mouth. The rhythmic thudding overhead—steady as a blacksmith's hammer on hot iron—rattled the

ancient crystal chandelier that had been his grandmama's pride. It was a sound his simple miner's mind attributed to Mary Beth rearranging the heavy oak furniture again.

"What in tarnation is that woman doin' up there?" he muttered, then pushed back his chair and shuffled toward the creaking staircase to investigate.

Darrel's engorged, vein bulging, member plunged relentlessly into his ma's glistening channel. Her labia, wet and swollen, parted and closed around his shaft with each savage thrust. The ridge of his corona dragged against her G-spot with the precision of a fiddle bow across taut strings, while her cervix received the persistent battering of his blunt tip like a storm door in a hurricane.

Their mingled fluids—his clear pre-ejaculate and her honeyed nectar—formed a frothy collar at the base of his shaft, the scent rising between them sharp as moonshine and sweet as sorghum. Every nerve ending from his glans to her clitoris fired like lightning strikes across a summer sky, their muscles tensing in that exquisite moment before release.

"M-m-momma," the teenager stammered, Adam's apple bobbing wildly in his throat, "I'm—sweet Jesus—I'm fixin' to nut REAL hard!"

"Fuuuck! Fuck-fuck-FUUUUUCK!!" Mary Beth growled, words slurring together like a drunk at the county fair as she began to come undone.

Meanwhile, Darrell felt the raging torrent of his seed churning through his swollen sack, racing up his shaft like white

lightning through a copper still. Her body bucked and thrashed atop him like a wild mare breaking free from its bridle, her honey-slick passage clenching and unclenching around his throbbing pole with the rhythm of a butter churn at full tilt.

"Oh sweet sufferin' shit, mamma!" the boy's voice quivered like a rabbit in a snare as he felt her molten release erupt around his cock-base with the force of a flash flood after spring thaw, splattering between them like warm buttermilk on a hot skillet.

Their bodies bucked and kicked together with the desperate rhythm of two raccoons caught in the same trap, sweat-sheened flesh slapping together as white-hot ecstasy surged through them. Even when they heard Jebediah's three sharp knocks on the door—each one loud as a rifle crack on a winter morning—they continued to buck and thrash against each other like two cottonmouths in a feed sack, completely oblivious to anything beyond the unholy communion of their joined flesh.

Jebediah's voice rumbled through the weathered oak door. "Mary Beth? You alright in there, woman? Sounds like you're wrestlin' a wild hog!"

But his words barely registered as mother and son remained locked together like two snakes in mating season.

Their sweat-slick bodies continued their forbidden dance, each thrust more desperate than the last, like the final spasms of a headless chicken. Mary Beth's inner walls clutched at her boy's pulsing rod tighter than a miser's fist on payday, wringing every last pearly drop from his quivering shaft.

Only when the final tremors subsided, leaving them spent as field hands after harvest, did Mary Beth's senses return. She collapsed against her son's heaving chest, her hair plastered to her flushed face, and finally registered the insistent pounding that matched the slowing rhythm of her heart.

"Just, uh...movin' that old cedar chest, Jeb! It's stubborn as a mule in mud!" she breathlessly shouted to her husband, her voice cracking like a dry twig underfoot.

"Be right out!" she added, silently prayin' Jebediah's arthritic knees would keep him from bustin' through that door like a wild boar through underbrush and discoverin' why they'd been deaf as fence posts to his hollerin'.

When Mary Beth and her son came downstairs a few minutes later, they looked like they'd been caught in a twister. Mary Beth's cotton dress was buttoned wrong, the hem twisted sideways and damp patches darkening the fabric under her arms.

Darrell's shirt hung half-tucked, with three buttons misaligned, and his hair stuck up like a rooster's comb. A pink flush colored both their necks, and the musky scent of their exertions clung to them like smoke after a barn fire.

Mary Beth's smile was practiced as Sunday choir, but Darrell's eyes darted around like a cornered possum when he slid onto the bench beside his father, who squinted at them over his coffee mug and drawled, "Y'all look like you been wrasslin' bears up there."

Mary Beth's fingers crept up Darrell's thigh beneath the table like a corn snake through tall grass, her thumb tracing small circles against the denim still damp with their mingled fluids. She heaved a theatrical sigh that pushed her swollen breasts against her misaligned buttons.

"Lord have mercy, that cedar chest weighs more than a dead mule. Good thing our boy's got muscles hard as hickory." She winked at Darrell while Jebediah stared blankly into his grits. "The way he handled that big ol' thing, pushin' and pullin' till it fit just right—ain't seen nothin' like it since you was half your age, Jeb."

Her fingernails dug into Darrell's flesh as she felt him twitch beneath her touch.

"I reckon I can still wrestle furniture same as any man," Jebediah declared.

Mary Beth's lips curled like a cat that'd found the cream. "Oh, I don't doubt you got some strength left in them bones, Jeb," she cooed, "but ain't no way you could go at it hard as our boy—up and down, back and forth—for a solid hour without needin' to catch his breath."

Her fingers found Darrell's denim-trapped manhood—still thick and throbbing as a fresh-killed rattler—and squeezed it with the practiced pressure of a midwife testing a ripe melon.

Jebediah's face crinkled as a laugh escaped his tobacco-stained lips. "Lord A'mighty, woman," he wheezed, "you're talkin' about movin' that furniture like you're describin' ruttin' season for the hogs!"

"Jebediah Hatfield!" she exclaimed in a theatrical manner. "A momma's cunny ain't no place for a boy's pecker, and shame on you for suggestin' such wickedness in this house!"

Meanwhile, beneath the oak table, her fingers found Darrell's straining manhood again, giving it a squeeze firm as a handshake at a funeral while her left eye dropped in a wink quick and secret as a lightning bug's flash.

After the bone-jarrin' wagon ride to Grandma Clara's weathered ranch, the silver-haired matriarch pointed her finger toward a wicker basket. "Boy," she said, her voice dry as August dust, "get on out to them cornfields and collect some husks for today's task."

On the porch also was his Aunt May and another mother her age named Leona Wilkins who lived nearby. The way they lounged as they watched him with their cleavages spilling out and their strong, smooth-shaven mommy-legs slightly spread open in clear display made it look as though they was fixin' to get fucked.

"Yes, Gran," Darrell nodded like a well-trained hound. He snatched up the wicker basket, but before his boot heel could pivot toward the cornfield, Clara's throat-clearing stopped him cold as a January creek.

"Darrell Hatfield!" she drawled, one silver eyebrow arched higher than a barn cat's back, "surely you ain't fixin' to scamper off without givin' your gran a proper huggin'?"

The boy's cheeks flushed red as a summer tomato as he shuffled back, leaning down into her waiting arms. Clara pulled him against her gigantic tits, squeezing him tight as a python on a field mouse, her perfume—lavender and talcum—filling his nostrils while her soft, pillowy udders crushed against his chest like overripe melons in a feed sack.

Aunt May and Leona and Mary Beth watched like three cats in heat, their cotton dresses clinging to their sweat-dampened bodies. May's dress buttons strained against her gigantic bosom like they was fixing to pop clean off, while Leona had hiked her skirt up past her knees, revealing legs smooth as churned butter and strong as fence rails.

They fanned themselves with yesterday's church programs, their heavy-lidded eyes tracking Darrell's every move like hungry coyotes eyeing a limping rabbit.

As the teenager scurried off toward the cornfield, the women's eyes clung to him like ticks on a hound dog.

May leaned toward her sister. "Mama told us what you been doin' with that boy of yu'rs," she whispered. "Said you been ruttin' with him like a fifty-cent whore."

Mary Beth's painted lips curled up at the corners like the edges of burning paper as she watched her son disappear between the tall stalks. "That may be so," she drawled, running her tongue across her bottom lip, "but I'm givin' that boy just as much pleasure as I'm gettin', and that's the God's honest truth."

Her sister cackled like a hen that'd just laid a prize egg. "Lord have mercy, I don't doubt that none," she drawled. "Us

mommas know how to ride a boy till his eyes roll back like a spooked mule's and he's whimperin' sweeter than a newborn calf."

Leona leaned forward, her heavy, homegrown tits swaying beneath her gingham dress like two ripe melons in a feed sack. "Mary Beth," she whispered, "is what they're sayin' down at Elmer's General Store true about that boy's...equipment?"

Mary Beth's smile spread slow as honey on a hot biscuit. "My son's carryin' somethin' that'd make a prize bull jealous," she purred, her fingers twisting a loose strand of hair. "And I'm teachin' him the fine art of usin' it—like breakin' in a stallion that needs a firm hand and plenty of encouragement."

Leona's eyes widened. "How big we talkin', Mary Beth?"

Mary Beth's face lit up with maternal pride as she stretched her hands ten inches apart. "Thicker than my wrist," she said, her fingers curling into a circle that couldn't quite close. "And Lord have mercy, veins runnin' along it like lightning bolts across a summer sky, with a knob on the end swollen big n purple as a plum, glistenin' when he's worked up like morning dew on a ripe peach."

Leona fanned herself faster, her voice dropping to a whisper thick as molasses. "Lord have mercy, a tool like that would make any woman tremble like a well pump 'bout to blow its gasket."

May nodded knowingly, adding, "Our men folk couldn't turn soil half as deep if their lives depended on it."

Mary Beth's laughter bubbled up like creek water over smooth stones as she leaned in conspiratorially. "Just this mornin' I was shakin' like a newborn colt on his plow when Jeb nearly walked in on us—thought I'd have to explain why I was quiverin' like I'd touched a live wire."

The women's laughter rolled across the porch like summer thunder, their bodies shaking with each cackle.

"Sweet Jesus," Clara wheezed, "just imagine the look on old Jebediah's face if he walked in to catch you two! His eyes bulgin' like a stepped-on toad while his only son's family jewels swing like a church bell, beatin' against his wife's upturned asshole!"

May's voice dropped to a honeyed whisper that dripped with sin. "Ain't nothin' quite like the thrill of takin' your pleasure while them husbands are down in them silver mines, breathin' dust and breakin' their backs," she confessed, fanning herself vigorously. "But Lord have mercy, when it's your own kin's blood pumpin' through that rod—makes a woman's insides clench and flutter like a hummingbird's wings."

Leona let out a squeal like a piglet caught in a feed trough, her matronly tits quivering beneath her sweat-dampened gingham like two possums fighting in a flour sack. "Ain't nothin' in God's green earth," she declared, "that compares to the vigor of a fresh-sprouted man-sapling still green behind the ears!"

The other women nodded, their painted lips curling into knowing smiles. "Them boys stay harder than a preacher's knee calluses," Clara added with a wink, "and recover faster'n a

spring creek after the thaw, ready to plow the same field twice 'fore a grown man could hitch his horses!"

May leaned forward. "I been fuckin' that Anderson boy—Lord have mercy—he's got stamina that'd put a prize stallion to shame. Gets himself spent, then rises again before I can catch my breath, like a pink church steeple pointin' heavenward."

Leona giggled like a schoolgirl caught behind the woodshed. "Them Steven twins," she drawled, "they're cut from that same cloth. Why, just three days past, they had me and their mama flat on our backs in that rickety old barn of theirs."

She paused, tongue darting across her painted lips. "Lord have mercy, them boys was goin' at us in that sweet-smellin' hay, gruntin' like wild hogs at a trough - hips pistoning faster than a steam engine"

Her cheeks flushed pink as sunrise as she fanned herself vigorously. "Turned us both slicker than a buttered skillet, they did."

"That boy of mine had my headboard bangin' against the wall this mornin' like a woodpecker on an oak tree," Mary Beth confessed. She wet her lips with the tip of her tongue, eyes half-closed in remembered pleasure. "But I aim to school him proper on the finer points. Show him how to circle his hips just so—" she demonstrated with a subtle rotation of her own waist "—and how to read a woman's breathin'. When I'm through with his education, he'll have me flyin' apart like a dandelion in a tornado, cryin' out loud enough to wake the dead over in Willow Creek Cemetery."

A chorus of cackles erupted from the women as May fixed her sister with a predatory gaze. "You don't s'pose that me an' Leona could track that boy through them corn rows? Tease him till he's whimperin' like a pup separated from its mama? Maybe even...let him practice his plowin' skills on fertile ground?"

Mary Beth's painted lips curved slow as a creek bend. "Only if there's room for his mama in that field," she purred.

Clara rocked back in her chair, watchin' her daughters and Leona sashay off the porch, their hips swingin' like pendulums and bosoms bouncin' like spring lambs.

"Y'all remember," Clare called after them from her rocker, "I expect that basket brimmin' with corn when you're done with your... instructin'!"

Deep in the cornfield where the stalks stood tall as church steeples and the air hung heavy as a wet quilt, Darrell's fingers plucked husks while his mind wandered like a stray dog. His britches strained against his awakening manhood, tight as drum skin and pointing north as true as any compass.

The rustling of leaves—different from wind-song—caught his ear, and he turned quick as a startled quail to find Aunt May standing not ten paces off, her ruby-painted lips curled up at the corners like a cat that'd spotted a wounded mouse.

"Howdy, Aunt May," he stammered, words dry as cotton in his mouth.

Her hooded eyes fixed on the straining bulge below his belt buckle. "That ain't no corn cob you got in them britches, boy," she drawled, "that's a piece of prime meat, and I'm fixin' to have it buried real deep inside my body, way up in there where the good Lord plants babies."

Lord have mercy, the way she stood there! Her melon-heavy breasts thrust forward like the prow of a mighty ship, and one leg—smooth as river stones and strong as a fence post—slipped fully from her skirt's slit, bent at the knee like a fleshy harness waiting to cinch around his rail-thin frame.

He heard another sound behind him—a deliberate snap of a cornstalk—and turned to see Leona standing there like a stalking lioness, her cotton dress dampened with sweat and clinging to every hill and valley of her body.

The fat nubs of her nipples pushed against the thin fabric like two ripe berries atop the generous swell of her bosom, and her red-painted lips parted just enough to show teeth white as fresh milk.

She had often babysat him when he was a young boy, and even then, he remembered marveling at how she moved—hips swaying like a pendulum on a grandfather clock, shoulders thrown back to display what the good Lord had blessed her with. Her and her husband had several daughters who inherited that same impossible narrowness of waist, that same bounty of chest and hip, that same knowing look in eyes that promised sin sweeter than stolen honey.

"Seems like just yesterday I was changin' your diapers and wipin' milk from your chin," Leona cooed. "Now look at you—sprouted up tall with a cock that'd make a bull blush with shame." She ran her pink tongue across her top lip. "I'm fixin' to let you get acquainted with every wet, warm inch of my insides, darlin' boy."

Another rustling of corn stalks drew his gaze, and there stood his mother not fifteen paces away, her calico dress hiked up just enough to reveal her dusty bare ankles as she prowled between the rows. The rounded swell of her buttocks swayed like ripe peaches on a wind-blown branch beneath the thin fabric as she moved toward him with the slow, deliberate steps of a fox closing in on a rabbit.

Her eyes fixed on him with that same wild hunger he'd seen that very morning when she'd climbed atop him in his narrow bed, her thighs gripping his sides like she was breaking a wild mustang while the rooster's crow outside went unheeded.

"Well, I do declare," Mary Beth drawled, "I spy me a tasty little piece of meat out here in this field."

Her tongue darted out to wet her bottom lip, leaving it glistening like dew on a morning rose. "Don't you know, boy," she continued, her eyes traveling down his body, "there could be hungry cougars prowlin' around these parts. Cougars with pussies drippin' wet, just achin' for a hot, deep fuck from a young buck like yourself."

Darrell's heart thundered like a stampede of wild mustangs against his ribs, sweat beading on his forehead as the women stalked toward him through the corn rows. His fingers fumbled

with the ears of corn, yanking them free with jerky motions while pretending not to notice the closing circle of feminine hunger.

May's throaty laugh rippled through the cornfield. "Too late for this little lamb," she said, her voice thick as honey dripping from a warm comb. "We cougars already got him cornered good and proper."

Her painted fingernail traced a lazy circle on her collarbone, drawing his eye to the shadow between her breasts. "I say we strip him bare as the day he slid from between his mama's thighs. Ain't that right, Mary Beth? Boys and their mamas are meant to be skin-to-skin, just like the good Lord intended."

May pressed herself against him, her breasts flattening against his back soft as fresh-churned butter while her fingers slid around to unbutton his sweat-dampened shirt. She peeled it from his trembling shoulders and tossed it aside where it landed like a deflated ghost among the broken stalks.

"Ain't no way in tarnation a stallion like you's gonna split a juicy twat with them britches still on," Leona declared as she dropped to her knees before him, her fingers anxiously unfastening his belt buckle.

When his britches fell around his ankles, his manhood sprang forth—long and veined as a stallion's neck, thick as a fence post, and curved slightly upward like a question mark seeking heaven.

“Damn, Mary Beth,” Leona gasped. “That ain't just a pole—that's a genuine, blue-ribbon cunt hammer that'd split a mare in two.”

Darrell's throat went dust-dry as the women circled him like she-wolves 'round a fawn. His mama's fingers worked at her pearl buttons, one by one, slow as molasses in January.

“Let's get these milk-makers out n swingin' for this boy,” Mary Beth suggested, removing her blouse.

Aunt May shimmied her shoulders, lettin' her dress slip down inch by torturous inch, while Leona unwrapped herself like a Christmas present nobody told him he'd be gettin'.

The noon-day sun filtered through the corn leaves, paintin' their flesh with honey-colored light and shadow as they revealed themselves—acres of gooseflesh-prickled skin, heavy tits swaying like water-filled balloons, dark fat nipples puckered tight at the centers of wide, goosebumped areolas.

They turned and bent, showing off succulent, dimpled asses, round as harvest moons, and when they faced him again, he glimpsed the shadowed mysteries between their thighs, damp and inviting as secret swimming holes on forbidden property.

“Show us how you handle yourself, boy,” his aunt May commanded, her eyes fixed on his manhood.

His trembling fingers wrapped around his shaft, moving up and down with hesitant strokes that made the women's breath catch. Heat flooded his cheeks redder than sunset.

Leona's painted lips curved into a maternal smile. "Ain't no call for bashfulness," she cooed, her voice soft as a dove's wing. "The good Lord made young bucks like you for us to appreciate."

May's tongue darted across her crimson lips. "You wan' fuck all three of our tight cunnies with that prize bull-cock of yur's, Darrell?" she drawled, her voice thick as sorghum molasses. "Make us shudder and cry out like she-cats in heat?"

Darrell's gaze flicked to his mama, seeking permission like a hound waiting for the hunting signal.

Mary Beth's eyes softened as she cupped his cheek with fingers. "It's the sacred duty of experienced mares to break in a young colt," she whispered.

"Reckon I could oblige y'all then," he muttered, "long as your husbands don't catch wind of our... ruttin'."

Aunt May's laugh rippled through the corn rows like water over river stones. "Them men are five miles deep in that silver mine," she reminded him, gesturing toward the distant mountains.

"It's the way of the land, sugar," Mary Beth added. "Men work, while their wives—" she licked her lips slow as molasses in January, "—we rut and suck on lucky, corn-fed boys like you till your balls are empty as last season's beehives."

Leona's eyes narrowed like a satisfied cat's as she added, "Yep, and besides, there are some things a husband ain't entitled to know about his wife's garden and who she lets tend it."

Mary Beth reached into the pocket of her discarded dress and withdrew a length of black silk, letting it unfurl between her fingers like a midnight waterfall. "Time to play, darlin' boy," she purred.

Darrell's eyes widened. "What's that for, Mama?" he asked, his Adam's apple bobbing like a cork in a fishing pond.

She stepped forward, her bare feet silent on the trampled corn husks, and stretched up on her tiptoes. The silk slid cool and smooth across his eyelids as she tied it behind his head, her breath hot against his ear. "You keep this on tight now," she whispered, her lips brushing the tender skin below his earlobe. "You peek, and our play time ends quicker than a summer storm."

Darrell nodded, his chin dipping obediently. "Yes, ma'am," he breathed.

The three women scattered into the corn field with musical giggles that tinkled like wind chimes in a summer breeze. Their round, dimpled buttocks swayed hypnotically atop legs tanned golden, disappearing between stalks that whispered against their naked flesh.

"Come find us, stallion," Aunt May called, her voice honey-thick with promise. "Come sink that throbbing pole into whichever willing flower you stumble upon first."

Darrell lurched forward, the blindfold turning his world midnight-black, his bare feet crushing fallen husks as he

followed the symphony of feminine footsteps, giggles and whispers.

After a minute of stumbling blind through the rustling corn, Darrell felt the sharp crack of a palm against his bare ass cheek, leaving a handprint hot as a branding iron. Feminine laughter bubbled up like spring water and faded as bare feet padded away through the dry husks.

Then warm breath tickled the fine hairs of his ear canal. "Split my fucking twat wide open, boy," the words dripping with honeyed venom. But when his fingers grasped at empty air, he caught nothing but the lingering scent of female musk as she melted back into the corn rows.

Darrell inched forward through the corn maze, his arms outstretched like a sleepwalker's. The women's whispers swirled around him like autumn leaves, sometimes close enough to feel their breath on his neck.

Without warning, something hot and wet flicked across the swollen purple crown of his cock—a tongue, slippery as a tadpole and rough as a cat's, lapping at his sensitive bell-end.

"Oh Lord," he gasped and stumbled backward, a hand exploded across his ass cheek with such force his teeth rattled in his skull. WHACK!!! The impact echoed through the cornfield like a rifle shot, leaving a handprint that seared into his flesh.

"Ouch!" he shouted. "You ladies are fixin' to redden my hide."

He stumbled backward until he collided with a pair of pendulous breasts soft, yet firm as water-filled balloons. Before he could regain his balance, ten razor-sharp fingernails dug into the tanned flesh of his chest like a bobcat's claws, leaving crescent-moon indentations.

Simultaneously, a set of teeth clamped onto the tender junction where his neck met his shoulder sending lightning bolts of pleasure-pain down his spine. A feral, throaty growl vibrated against his flesh, unmistakably feminine yet wild as a mountain cat in heat.

The presence vanished, leaving him to pinwheel his arms and stagger through the corn rows while amused female laughter encircled him like a fairy ring.

Darrell's trembling fingers crept toward the blindfold's edge. "Please," he begged, voice cracking like a dry twig, "lemme just peek at y'all."

The silk had barely lifted a quarter-inch when Aunt May's voice cracked like a bullwhip: "You put that right back, boy!" Her tone brooked no argument, hard as winter ice. "Disobey again and we'll leave you out here with nothin' but your hand for company."

Leona's honeyed drawl suddenly materialized behind him. "Back up, sugar," she coaxed. "That's it... keep comin'..."

His bare ass suddenly collided with her waiting palms—her strong fingers spread his cheeks wide as Sunday gospel, exposing his puckered hole to the afternoon heat just before

her wet, pointed tongue speared into him like a hot poker and flickered wildly across his anal ring.

Before he could catch his breath, another mouth—his mama's?—swooped up from below, engulfing his heavy sack with lips soft as rose petals. Her tongue bathed his nuts with kitten-like licks while her teeth grazed the tender skin just enough to make him whimper and buck between them like a wild colt caught between two skilled wranglers.

Leona's breath came hot against the tender flesh between his ass-cheeks. "Lord have mercy," she moaned, "ain't nothin' sweeter than fresh young man-flesh."

Her tongue traced lazy figure-eights around his puckered opening, leaving cool trails of saliva that tightened his skin in the afternoon heat.

Mary Beth hummed in agreement, her mouth working beneath him. "Mmm-hmm," she murmured, her lips vibrating against the delicate seam of his scrotum where his balls hung heavy and full. "Like sun-warmed peaches," she added between long, deliberate laps that traced every ridge and vein.

She inhaled deeply, nostrils flaring. "Smell that virile teenage musk? Pure as creek water and twice as intoxicating."

Their lips detached from his flesh with wet, hungry smacks—first Leona's mouth popping free from his puckered ring with a sound like a boot pulled from spring mud, then Mary Beth's lips unlatching from his sack with the reluctant suction of a mason jar opening. Cool air rushed over the glistening trails their tongues had left behind.

May's fingers slid between her thighs, disappearing into the glistening pink folds of her pussy. She drew them out slowly, the digits now glazed with her arousal. Stepping close enough for her nipples to graze his chest, she brought her hand to Darrell's face. "Breathe deep, boy," she commanded, pressing her slick fingers against his nostrils.

The heady aroma—earthy as freshly turned soil yet sweet as summer peaches—flooded his senses, making his cock jerk and his knees weaken. "This what you're after?" she purred, then backed away, her bare feet crushing fallen husks as she melted between the corn stalks. "Then come claim your prize, if you're man enough to find it.

Darrell stumbled forward through the corn, husks slapping against his thighs. Female giggles rippled through the field as they circled him like wolves, their bare feet padding silently over trampled stalks, their musky scents mingling with the earthy perfume of sun-warmed corn silk.

He heard his Aunt May's sweet voice drifting through the corn stalks like warm honey, beckoning him toward a flattened nest she'd prepared in the field. "Over here, stallion," she called, her words dripping with promise. "Come on, sweet boy. I've made us a little love-cradle where nobody can spy our sin."

She guided him with coos and whispers, her voice growing breathier with each step he took. "That's it, darlin' boy...a little further. I'm spread-eagle on this bed of husks, waiting for you to mount me proper."

"Really?!" Darrell asked, his voice cracking between syllables. His cock twitched and stiffened further, the veined shaft bobbing eagerly beneath the blindfold's darkness as if it had eyes of its own seeking the promised wetness.

"Mm-hm," she purred. "I'll wrap these sturdy farm-girl legs 'round your narrow hips and squeeze you tighter than a new leather saddle while you pound my ripe peach till the juice runs down both our legs."

Darrell's body tingled as he felt soft hand take his and guide him down to the ground. He sank into the warm saddle of splayed thighs, the corn husks crackling beneath their combined weight. His chest pressed against pillowy tits that yielded like fresh-baked bread, nipples hard as cherry pits against his skin.

"Mmm, you're all mine now, boy," she hissed, then grasped his cock with fingers that knew their business, grinding his purple-headed knob between her slick flanges and across her grape-sized clit until he whimpered. Then with a twist of her hips that would shame a rodeo rider, she fed him inch by throbbing inch into her heated pussy, wet as creek water and twice as welcoming.

May's powerful thighs—tanned and muscled from decades of farm work—locked around his slender back like living vices, her heels digging into the dimples above his buttocks. She used those field-strong legs as leverage, arching her honey-pot upward to meet his desperate lunges, their bodies colliding with the meaty sounds of flesh meeting flesh.

His heavy, sweat-slick testicles slapped against the puckered rose of her asshole with each frantic plunge, the wet percussion echoing through the cornfield like summer raindrops on a tin roof.

Between them, her magnificent tits—round as harvest moons and tipped with fat, dusky teats—quivered and bounced with hypnotic rhythm, catching the golden afternoon sunlight filtering through the corn stalks as they rutted with the primal abandon of feral creatures coupling beneath an indifferent sky.

"Your—" he gasped, Adam's apple bobbing wildly, "—pussy feels so damn good, Aunt May."

May's lips curled back from her teeth like a she-wolf's snarl. "Harder, boy!" she commanded, her voice hoarse with need. Her fingernails—long and sharp as catclaw thorns—raked ten fiery trails down his sweat-slicked back, leaving crimson welts that would last for days.

Darrell responded with a feral grunt—his skinny hips became a flesh piston, the muscles in his buttocks clenching and releasing so rapidly they transformed into a sun-bronzed blur between her spread thighs. May's powerful legs—tanned from years under the sun—cradled his frantic movements, her heels digging into the dimples above his ass to urge him deeper still.

As Darrell plunged into Aunt May's depths, his blindfolded mind couldn't help but catalog the differences between pussies. Aunt May gripped him like a velvet glove soaked in honey—tighter at the entrance but yielding to a spacious warmth deeper inside.

His mama's passage had been different—narrower throughout but with ridged walls that rippled and clutched at him like fingers. When he bottomed out, Aunt May's cervix felt like a firm, cushioned button against his crown, while his mama's had been a larger, rigid ring that seemed to kiss the very tip of him. Both women's bodies welcomed him home in their own perfect way, like two different locks crafted for the same key.

Darrell shuddered violently as his swollen purple crown dug against that spongy, puffy ring guarding her womb—a forbidden doorway his body desperately sought to breach. His toes curled against the trampled corn husks beneath them, eyes rolling back beneath the blindfold.

"Sweet—sweet Jesus," he stammered, voice cracking between syllables, "I'm l-lovin' the feel of that t-tight little ring 'round my c-cock so damn much, Aunt May!"

May trembled beneath him, her hips bucked wildly against his—not following his rhythm but creating her own desperate counterpoint, the way creek water finds its path around stones. Sweat pearled between her heaving breasts as she clawed at his back.

"Don't you dare stop," she growled, her voice thick as honey but sharp as barbed wire. "Keep drivin' that big cock home, boy. Right there—right in that sweet spot."

Her thighs clamped around him like a vice, heels digging into the dimples above his ass. "Lord have mercy, you're fixin' to make your Aunt May cum harder than a twelve-gauge kickback!"

“Oh God, Aunt May,” he gasped, his voice breaking into a reedy whine, “I can feel your insides huggin' every inch of me. It's like—like I'm 'bout to push clean through to your belly button from the inside.”

His entire body trembled as he ground himself against that forbidden barrier, his cock throbbing violently within her velvet depths.

May's mouth flew open, her back arching like a bow strung too tight. “Sweet mother of—” she howled, the rest dissolving into a string of filth that would make an outlaw blush.

Her hands clawed at the corn husks beneath them, tearing them to shreds as Darrell's cock reached places inside her that hadn't been touched in years. Each brutal thrust forced new profanities from her throat—raw, guttural sounds that scared birds from nearby stalks.

Though she'd welcomed many young bucks between her thighs over the seasons, none had stretched her so completely, filled her so perfectly. Darrell worked her like he'd been born for it, his hips pistoning with a natural rhythm that made her eyes roll back, her toes curl, her insides clench and flutter around his impressive girth.

“CUMMIN'!” she squealed, her pretty face twisting in pleasure.

It began as a distant tremor, deep in the hidden caverns of May's womb—a gathering storm of sensation that radiated outward like lightning through water. Her inner walls clamped down on Darrell's shaft with vise-like pressure, each muscle

contracting in waves that traveled from her cervix to her opening.

The pressure built like a flash flood in a narrow canyon, her thighs trembling uncontrollably against his hips. When release finally came, it erupted with the force of a geyser—hot, viscous nectar gushing past the tight seal of their joined bodies, soaking the corn husks beneath them and painting Darrell's taut belly and thighs with slick, pearlescent streams that caught the dappled sunlight filtering through the corn stalks above.

“Ungh, Aunt May!” the boy grunted, his thrusts growing frantic and erratic as his balls drew up tight against his body like ripe plums shrinking in the sun.

Thrashing beneath him in the throes of her own violent release, May's fingers dug into the taut flesh of his backside, her powerful farm-hardened grip steering his pistoning hips with expert precision. She angled him just so, ensuring each savage plunge struck that honeyed spot deep within her that would wring every last drop of pleasure from her spasming core.

The teenager whimpered—a high, broken sound like a wounded fawn—as his spine arched and his muscles locked. His seed erupted in thick, pearly ropes, flooding her quivering depths with such force she could feel each molten pulse against her fluttering walls.

Darrell's mouth found her fat nipple with desperate hunger, teeth grazing the pebbled areola before his lips sealed around

the turgid peak. His face disappeared into the sun-freckled expanse of her breast, cheeks hollowing as he suckled with primal need.

Each powerful draw of his mouth sent electric currents straight to May's core, where his cock—now jerking and pulsing like a wild thing caught in a snare—continued to empty itself. Her inner walls rippled and clenched in rhythmic waves, a velvet vise wringing every pearlescent drop from his throbbing shaft while her own honey flowed in answering floods, the mingled essence of their passion soaking the makeshift bed beneath them.

Darrell continued to suck with desperate, rhythmic pulls, his cheeks hollowing around May's swollen nipple like a starving calf at its mother's teat. His eyes fluttered beneath heavy lids as their bodies finally collapsed in a sweaty, tangled heap atop the flattened corn husks, the mingled scent of their rutting hanging heavy in the humid afternoon air.

"Turn that boy over," Leona commanded, her words thick as molasses. "We'll lick that pretty cock clean and keep him standing tall for another go-round."

May's hands gripped Darrell's sweat-slicked shoulders, flipping him onto his back with the practiced ease of someone who'd handled livestock all her life. He barely had time to gasp before their mouths descended. May's lips, plump as overripe berries, closed around his root while Leona's tongue, pink and nimble as a cat's, swirled over his sensitive crown.

The women worked in tandem, their mouths hot as August noon, determined to coax the blood back into his spent flesh before it could retreat.

Darrell's lean hips bucked upward like a wild colt breaking, his spine arching off the trampled corn husks. "Sweet Jesus!" he snorted, his voice cracking.

Leona's mouth—hot as a fever dream and slick as creek mud after rain—formed a perfect seal around his hypersensitive flesh. Each downward plunge took him deeper, her throat opening like some unholy flower to swallow him to the root, nose brushing the sweat-dampened thatch at his base.

On the upstroke, her cheeks hollowed, creating a vacuum that threatened to pull his very soul through his cock. Her practiced rhythm never faltered—up and down, relentless as a well-oiled piston, her blonde head bobbing between his trembling thighs.

Darrell's cock sprang free with a wet pop, glistening like a plum dipped in dew. Leona lunged after it like a starving creature denied its meal, her tongue—impossibly long and sinuous—unfurling from between her lips and whipping up and down.

"Gimme that boy-cock," she purred, capturing his shaft in a vise-like grip, her fingers encircling the base where his pulse throbbled visibly beneath the taut skin.

Her tongue performed an obscene ballet around his swollen crown, painting slick circles that caught the golden light filtering through the corn. When she found that tender band of skin beneath where his head flared like a mushroom cap—she attacked it with darting flicks that came quick as hummingbird

wings, each precise lash drawing a strangled whimper from deep in Darrell's chest.

Leona rose above him like a lioness claiming her kill, powerful thighs bracketing his narrow hips. With one hand splayed across his heaving chest for balance, she reached between them with practiced fingers, positioning his glistening crown at her entrance.

"Time to rut, sugar," she gasped.

Her eyes—sharp as a hawk's and hungry as winter wolves—locked onto his as she sank down in one fluid motion. The tight ring of her opening stretched around his considerable girth, the pink flesh yielding reluctantly before swallowing him inch by throbbing inch.

A shared gasp tore from their throats as his length disappeared into her molten core, her body gripping him like a silken fist soaked in summer honey. When his swollen head nudged against the mouth of her womb, Leona's eyes fluttered closed, her sun-weathered face transformed by an almost religious ecstasy.

"Sweet Jesus in heaven," she gasped, voice breaking on each syllable, "the good Lord blessed you something fierce."

Her palms pressed flat against his sweat-slicked chest as her body struggled to accommodate his impressive endowment. The delicate pink folds of her sex stretched taut as drumheads around his girth, clinging desperately to every vein and ridge of his shaft.

Darrell smiled, a boyish grin spreading across his flushed face as he deliberately flexed his powerful pelvic floor muscles. His thick, veined shaft pulsed inside Leona's velvet heat like a living creature with a mind of its own. "I'll—I'll stay hard as a steel fence post for you, Mrs. Leona," he stammered, his voice cracking between octaves. "Use my... my big pole to work all that pleasure out your body... however long you need."

"Oh sugar," she drawled, "I surely intend to use that big baby maker of yours."

She began to move—not up and down as he expected—but in languorous figure-eights that made his vision blur. Her powerful farmer's hips rolled with the practiced precision of a woman who'd spent decades perfecting her craft, each deliberate rotation sending his rigid length scraping against her innermost ridges, places untouched since her youth that now sang with rekindled fire.

Darrell's trembling fingers crept toward the edge of the black silk blindfold that had kept him in darkness since they'd first led him into the cornfield. "Mrs. Leona," he whispered, his voice cracking with need, "could I... might I please just peek at your—" he swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing in his slender throat "—your titties? Just for a minute?"

"You can look your fill, boy," she drawled, leaning close enough that her cinnamon breath warmed his ear, "but only if you promise to fuck me proper—hard enough to make my teeth rattle."

Darrell's lips curled into a wolfish grin, the muscles in his lower abdomen tightened visibly, causing his engorged member to rise and flex in her gripping sheath like a creature with its own consciousness. Veins snaked along its impressive length, pulsing with each thunderous beat of his heart as a pearlescent bead of anticipation formed at the purplish crown. "Oh yeah," he drawled, "I'm fixin' to plow you hard n deep... Scouts honor, Mrs. Leona."

Darrell lifted the blindfold to the sight of her breasts swaying hypnotically above him—heavy, pendulous orbs that defied gravity despite their tremendous size, each capped with areolas the color of burnished copper and wide as teacup saucers.

With every roll of her powerful hips, they swung in mesmerizing counterpoint, their weight pulling the skin taut before releasing it in a rippling dance that left Darrell transfixed. Pearlescent droplets beaded at the tips of her nipples—thick as the end of his little finger and standing proudly erect—before breaking free to trace glistening trails across the blue-veined expanse of her flesh.

"Sweet Lord in heaven," he gasped, his voice cracking with adolescent wonder, "them's the biggest milk-filled titties I ever laid eyes on! As big as my mamma's titties!"

Leona's throaty laugh rippled through the cornfield as she captured her distended nipples between thumb and forefinger, squeezing until pearlescent streams spattering across Darrell's flushed chest and parted lips like warm summer rain.

"That's what happens when you birth a nine-pound baby just four weeks ago," she purred, her hips never ceasing their hypnotic rhythm.

She didn't bother to tell Darrell that it had been one of his classmates—Charlie Adams who had planted that seed deep within her womb. How she'd ensnared him after the county fair, luring him with honeyed words and the promise of her experienced touch. How she'd wrapped those sturdy farmer's thighs around his bony hips inside that abandoned wagon, its weathered planks groaning in protest with each frantic thrust. How the boy had whimpered and sobbed against her neck when he spent himself, his teenage seed flooding her hungry depths while light filtering through the wagon's splintered slats.

Leona's massive milk-laden breasts swung like pendulums, slapping against her rib cage as she began to bounce atop Darrell, droplets of pearly liquid flying from her distended nipples with every impact. Darrell's mouth fell open in wordless reverence as his gaze traveled downward to where their bodies joined in unholy communion.

Her glistening folds—pink as the inside of a conch shell and stretched taut as a drumhead—parted around his angry purple shaft, the veins along his length standing out in stark relief against her pale flesh.

Just above their joining, her neatly trimmed triangle of blonde pubic fuzz framed the swollen bud of her clitoris, which protruded prominently from its hood like a fat, ripe blueberry

ready for plucking, pulsing visibly with each thunderous beat of her heart.

Leona's breath came in ragged gasps against his ear. "Boy, if you're fixin' to fuck a girl proper," she drawled, "you best start movin' those narrow hips 'fore I mistake you for a fence post."

"Yes ma'am," Darrell stammered, the words barely escaping before his lean hips pistoned upward, driving his throbbing length into her molten core. Their bodies collided with wet, meaty slaps that echoed through the cornfield.

"That's it," she crooned, her fingers digging crescents into his sweat-slicked shoulders, "give this old girl kinda ruttin' she likes." Each powerful thrust sent tremors through her heavy breasts, droplets of milk raining down on his flushed chest like sacred baptism.

The way her soft, dangling udders swung pendulously around his flushed face made Darrell's erection flex involuntarily at its base, the rigid shaft swelling and pulsing inside her like a divining rod that had found water. Each powerful contraction sent him deeper into her velvet heat, ripples cascading across her milk-swollen flesh, hypnotic waves that mesmerized the boy until Leona's husky voice broke his trance.

"Quit gawkin' like you never seen titties before," she commanded, "Start suckin' while I work myself off proper on that young cock of yours."

"Yes ma'am," Darrell answered before he buried his face in the valley between her pendulous tits, his tongue tracing damp patterns across the freckled expanse.

He nuzzled deeper into her cavernous cleavage where the skin was impossibly soft and warm. His face disappeared completely between the swaying mounds as he shook his head back and forth, his delighted moans vibrating against her flesh.

Darrell purred like a kitten nestled beneath its mother. "I can hear it in there—your milk—sloshin' and swishin' around inside these big ol' titties."

"Nurse on those teats," Leona's voice pleaded, her naked hips still gyrating.

When he finally emerged, gasping for air, his cheeks were flushed crimson. He kissed his way up the gentle slope of her left breast, following a roadmap of blue veins until he captured her leaking nipple between his lips.

Sweet, warm milk flooded his eager mouth as he sealed his lips around the center of the dusky areola, its pebbled texture rasping against his tongue as he drew the distended teat deep into his hungry mouth.

Leona's head snapped back, her spine arching as a guttural gasp tore from her throat. "That's it," she hissed through clenched teeth, her fingers tangling in his sweat-dampened curls. "Suckle me like you're starvin', like you ain't been fed in days."

Her hips never ceased their relentless motion—a hypnotic dance of rise and fall, twist and grind that made the cornstalks around them seem to sway in sympathetic rhythm.

Darrell's cheeks hollowed as he drew deeply on her teat, his face half-buried in the pillowy expanse of her tit-melon, warm milk flooding his throat with each greedy pull.

Through the haze of pleasure, he noted the methodical precision of her movements—the same practiced technique he'd felt from his mom and Aunt May: three to six deep plunges that sent his length disappearing entirely into her slick heat, followed by a corkscrew grinding that pressed his swollen crown against something impossibly deep inside her, a secret chamber where her innermost walls clutched at him like a hungry mouth, coating his throbbing shaft with silken nectar that ran in rivulets down his tightening sack.

Leona's fingers dug into his scalp. "Bite me," she commanded, her voice a ragged whisper. "Not like some scared little pup—like you mean to mark me." Her eyes flashed with feral hunger. "Chew on that teat till I can feel it in my spine. Darrell obeyed without hesitation, capturing her swollen nipple between his teeth. He worked the sensitive flesh with increasing pressure, alternating between gentle nibbles and savage tugs that made her gasp. Milk spurted violently, trickling down his chin and neck in rivulets.

He growled against her flesh, animal-like, his jaw working as he worried the tender areola between his molars. The effect was instantaneous—Leona's inner walls contracted violently around his shaft, her velvety passage transforming into a rippling vice of corrugated muscle that seemed to clutch and milk his length with rhythmic precision, each ridge and fold inside her preparing for the inevitable explosion.

Darrel's ears rang with the sound of his Aunt's high-pitched squeal—not the throaty moans of moments before, but the startled, breathless sound of a girl discovering pleasure for the first time.

Her powerful hips bucked and twisted against him in complex figure-eights, creating a wild friction where their bodies joined. Inside her velvet heat, he felt himself being manipulated, massaged, and milked by undulating internal muscles that seemed to possess a mind of their own.

"Sweet fucking Jesus!" she screamed against the humid air, her enormous breasts heaving and trembling around his face like flesh-quakes. Her thighs suddenly clamped around him with crushing force as a gush of warm, viscous fluid erupted from where they were joined, soaking the cornstalks beneath them and filling the air with a musky sweetness that reminded him of overripe peaches.

Darrell's milk-sheened face emerged from between her wobbling tits, his cheeks and chin glistening with pearlescent droplets that caught the afternoon light filtering through the cornstalks.

He peered down at where their bodies joined, mesmerized by the viscous honey-gold nectar bubbling forth from her quivering petals. The slick essence cascaded down his shaft in glistening rivulets, pooling around the tightened sack of his scrotum before dripping onto the crushed cornstalks below. "Lord have mercy," he whispered, voice cracking with awe, "you're soakin' my cock and balls somethin' fierce—and don't it feel amazin'!"

He gazed up at her contorted features—her pretty face now transformed into an almost demonic pleasure-grimace, her full lips peeled back from clenched teeth, nostrils flared, and a single crystalline tear carving a glistening path down her flushed cheek as she continued to grind her sopping core against his unyielding teenage spike.

The aftermath of his earlier release inside Aunt May had left him in a state of blissful endurance, allowing him to lie there like a human altar upon which Leona could sacrifice her inhibitions, her powerful thighs trembling violently as wave after wave of mind-blowing pleasure wracked her sweat-slicked body for what seemed like an eternity.

When she braced her palms against his sweat-slicked shoulders and began to bounce on his glistening shaft with renewed vigor, Darrell gazed up at her flushed face. "Mrs. Leona," he gasped between thrusts that made her heavy tits sway like ripe fruit in a storm, "you sure know how to ride a guy proper."

She giggled breathlessly, her honey-blond curls bouncing against her freckled shoulders as she leaned down until her milk-swollen nipples brushed his chest. "That's 'cause us mommas," she drawled as her hips executed a particularly wicked twist that made his toes curl, "we love to fuck like it's Sunday service, and honey, it's 'bout the only thing we do better than bakin' pie."

"I surely do love your apple pie," Darrel panted, "but ain't nothin' in this world sweeter than the nectar 'tween your thighs or the warm milk flowin' from these fat titties."

Leona's eyes flashed with a predatory gleam as she planted her palms on his chest. "Boy, you better grab hold of these hips like your life depends on it," she commanded, voice husky and raw. "I'm fixin' to ride you harder than a wild mare in heat, gonna milk every last drop of that sweet, hot seed straight from those achin' balls."

Darrell's fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hips, leaving crescent-shaped marks as her rounded ass rose and fell with punishing force. Each downward plunge drove him impossibly deep, the wet sounds of their coupling nearly drowned out by his muffled groans as his face disappeared between the heaving valley of her milk-heavy breasts.

Their bodies locked in primal rhythm, his tumescent penile-flesh plunged into her glistening canal with hydraulic precision. Her labia, swollen and flushed crimson, parted like velvet curtains around his veined shaft, the delicate inner tissues clinging desperately to every ridge and contour as he withdrew.

Each thrust created a vacuum seal of flesh against flesh, her abundant nectar churning into a pearlescent froth that collected at their joining. His glans, purple and engorged, repeatedly kissed the rippled texture of her cervix, sending electric jolts through both their bodies.

Their mutual climax built like a gathering storm—her vaginal walls began their telltale spasmodic clutching while his testicles drew tight against his body, the vas deferens preparing to deliver its potent cargo through his pulsating urethra and into her welcoming depths.

Darrell's body began to convulse like a man touched by lightning, every muscle from his curling toes to his straining neck locked in sweet agony. His words emerged as desperate vibrations against the slick valley of Leona's heaving tits, his lips and tongue sliding wetly across her salt-sweet skin.

"Oh—oh Lord—" he gasped between gulping breaths, his voice cracking like a teenage choir boy's. "I'm—I'm fixin' to—" His hips bucked upward with such force they nearly unseated her, his fingers digging half-moons into the flesh of her buttocks. "—cum so hard I might die from it, ma'am!"

Leona snarled like a cornered mountain lion, her plump lips peeled back to reveal a perfect row of gleaming teeth clenched so tight the muscles in her jaw rippled beneath her flushed skin. "I'M CUMMIN'!" she shrieked.

Her powerful thighs suddenly contracted, driving her pelvis downward with such savage force that Darrell felt his engorged crown slam against the quivering ring of her innermost barrier, the sensitive tip threatening to breach her cervix entirely.

Her honey-slick channel convulsed in violent waves, each spasm ejecting hot, viscous girl-cum that splattered between their joined bodies in rhythmic, pearlescent arcs, soaking the crushed cornstalks beneath them with the musky evidence of her pleasure.

Darrell's throat tore open with a guttural howl that echoed through the cornfield like a wounded animal. His spine arched

violently off the trampled stalks, lifting Leona's sweat-slicked body skyward as if offering her to the heavens.

His teenage balls contracted with seismic force, pumping nine distinct, molten ropes of pearlescent seed deep into her quivering womb. Each explosive pulse sent visible shudders through his straining abdomen, his toes curling so tightly they cramped.

When the final spasm subsided, they collapsed in a tangle of trembling limbs, their mingled fluids pooling beneath them in the crushed vegetation, steam rising from their bodies in the cooling afternoon air.

Darrell watched Leona roll off him with a satisfied groan, her enormous milk-swollen breasts collapsing outward like overripe watermelons, glistening with perspiration in the dappled sunlight filtering through the cornstalks.

A pearlescent mixture of their combined essences trickled from her reddened, petal-like folds, creating rivulets down the curve of her inner thigh before soaking into the trampled golden husks beneath them.

"Sweet Jesus, boy," she panted, her honey-blond curls plastered to her flushed neck, "ain't nobody churned up my insides and made me flood like that before."

Darrell's chest swelled with masculine pride, a lazy, satisfied grin spreading across his face as he admired the trembling aftermath of pleasure still visible in her quivering thighs.

From somewhere beyond the trampled cornstalks, Mary Beth's honeyed voice drifted through the humid air like a siren's call. "You better keep that young stallion hard as iron, sugar," she cooed, each syllable dripping with maternal hunger. "Put that blindfold back on them pretty blue eyes and come find your momma."

"You heard that, boy," Leona drawled, placing the fabric against his eyes and tying it with practiced efficiency. "You got more work to do before the sun sets on this cornfield."

Darrell stumbled forward on trembling legs, arms outstretched like a sleepwalker, guided only by the honeyed timbre of his mother's voice. The silk blindfold clung to his sweat-dampened face, transforming the golden afternoon into perfect darkness.

His still-engorged manhood jutted proudly before him, bobbing with each uncertain step, glistening with the pearlescent mixture of his and Leona's combined essences.

"That's it, sugar," Mary Beth's voice purred from somewhere ahead, the sound wrapping around him like invisible fingers. "Come get inside momma's special place."

He could smell her now—that familiar scent of vanilla extract and womanly musk growing stronger as cornstalks brushed against his naked shoulders, marking his path through the field like breadcrumbs.

Mary Beth cooed like a dove in heat, her voice dripping honey and sin. "I can see you still got enough fire in those young loins to give your momma a nice, hard ruttin' that'll make me howl at the harvest moon." Her words caressed him from just ahead,

floating through the stalks. "A little further, sugar...almost there..."

Then he felt it—his still-slick member colliding with the pillowy globes of her fleshy ass. His cock slid upward with a wet sound, nestling in the humid valley between her warm, meaty cheeks that quivered like gelatin with each of her anticipatory breaths.

Darrell reached out and grasped the generous curve of her hips, his fingers sinking into flesh that had once stretched to bring him into the world. "I'd know the feel of these birthin' hips anywhere, Ma," he drawled, a wolfish grin spreading across his sunburnt face.

His mother responded with a giggle. "These hips gonna work you somethin' fierce," she promised, arching her back until her haunches pressed against his still-slick manhood. "When you mount your momma from behind, this thick country ass gonna clap against that flat belly of yours so hard the whole county'll hear it."

Darrell's Adam's apple bobbed visibly as he swallowed. "I'm likin' the sound of that somethin' fierce, Ma," he drawled, his voice thick with anticipation.

Mary Beth glanced over her shoulder, her lips curving into a predatory smile. "Well then, sugar," she purred, "you best take that throbbin' bull cock in your farm-boy hand and guide it home to the very same birth canal you came screamin' out of eighteen harvests ago."

Darrell complied with desperate eagerness, groaning like a wounded animal as her slick, corrugated passage stretched to accommodate his veined intrusion, the muscular walls of her maternal channel gripping him like a silken vise.

Darrell snarled in pleasure, saliva drooling from the corners of his mouth as his cock-base fused completely to her outer labia like two pieces of wet clay pressed together. His entire purple-veined stalk disappeared into the hot liquid furnace of her maternal cunt, which gripped him like a velvet-lined vise soaked in honeyed nectar.

"Sweet merciful Jesus, Ma," he exclaimed, "your cream-slick honey pot is tighter and juicier than all of 'em."

Mary Beth's inner walls suddenly constricted around his shaft even tighter, each deliberate ripple of her pelvic floor muscles squeezing his manhood with the precision of fingers milking a cow's teat.

She glanced over her shoulder, her eyes glittering with carnal pride. "These birthin' muscles of mine can squeeze a man dry as autumn corn," she drawled. "Your momma can out-fuck any doe-eyed farm girl or high-fallutin' city woman who ever spread her legs for a boy's pleasure."

Their bodies began to react on pure animal instinct, settling into a primal rhythm that sent Mary Beth's dimpled buttocks rippling like disturbed pond water with each powerful collision against his sweat-slicked abdomen.

She twisted her neck to observe the obscene joining of their bodies, her pretty eyes drinking in the flex of her son's sun-

bronzed muscles beneath his damp skin. "That's it, sugar," she drawled between gasping breaths, "every woman from here to Tallahassee loves a good doggy-style ruttin'.

Darrell's hips pistoned forward with the mechanical precision of a well-oiled threshing machine, his sweat-slicked pelvis smacking against her dimpled haunches with enough force to send ripples across her sun-freckled flesh.

"Sweet merciful heaven, Ma," he groaned through clenched teeth, "your honey pot's grippin' me tighter than a new leather glove in December rain."

Mary Beth's throaty giggle bubbled up from deep in her chest as she glanced over one rounded shoulder. "I reckon you still prefer when Momma's got them thighs locked 'round your middle like a corn snake on a field mouse, or when these heavy milk-makers are slappin' against that handsome face while I'm ridin' you like a rodeo bull," she drawled, "but this here position's still gonna milk every last drop from that throbbin' young pole of yours."

Darrell's fingers fumbled with the sweat-soaked blindfold. "May I peek out from under this thing, Ma?" he drawled, voice husky with need.

Mary Beth's ruby-painted lips curved into a Cheshire smile as she nodded. "You can lift it just enough to see what your momma's about to do," she purred. "Then I want you to stop all that jackhammerin' and just stand there like a fence post. Let your momma show you what these child-bearin' hips can do

when I throw this farm-girl ass against your manhood like I'm tryin' to break it clean off."

Darrell lifted the sweat-dampened silk just enough to reveal his eyes, and his ma's face came into focus, her crimson-painted lips parted in a predatory smile that revealed teeth white as fresh milk.

"There's my blue-eyed angel," she cooed. "Now you put them strong hands behind your back and thrust that throbbing bull-pecker forward for your momma."

When he complied, she began working her hips in hypnotic circles before slamming her fleshy haunches backward against his pelvis with practiced precision, each impact sending shockwaves through her unblemished buttocks that rippled like cornfields in an August storm, the meaty sound of flesh meeting flesh echoing through the stalks.

Darrell's manhood jutted from his loins like a steel plow handle, the veined shaft glistening with their combined arousal as it disappeared into his mother's welcoming depths only to reappear again. Each time her hips rolled backward, her maternal passage gripped him with practiced expertise, drawing a strangled groan from his parched throat.

"Lord have mercy, Ma," he gasped, his voice cracking like summer thunder, "you work that honey pot like you're churnin' butter on Sunday morning."

"Sugar, you ain't seen nothin' yet," Mary Beth drawled, honey-sweet. "Now gimme them hands of yours."

When he extended his palms, she seized his wrists with surprising strength, using his outstretched arms like reins on a prize stallion. Leveraging his solid frame, she slammed her generous haunches against him with such force that the impact echoed across the cornfield, her flesh rippling in hypnotic waves with each devastating collision.

"Sweet cornhuskin' Christ!" Darrel sputtered as her pillowy hindquarters became a flesh-toned cyclone against his pelvis. The impact of each backward thrust sent tremors up his spine like summer lightning.

When his hips instinctively bucked forward to meet her assault, Mary Beth's voice cracked like a bullwhip across the humid air. "You freeze them hips right there, boy!" she commanded. "Just stick that throbbin' flagpole out and let your momma do the work. You'll get your turn to plow this field later, but right now I want you standin' still as a scarecrow while I milk that young cock with my God-given talents."

The wet, meaty slaps of Mary Beth's mommy-ass against Darrell's midsection came in rapid-fire succession—SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK—like a frenzied heartbeat.

Each collision sent seismic ripples across the landscape of her haunches, the flesh undulating outward from the impact zone like waves fleeing a stone's splash. The sound echoed through the cornfield, a percussive rhythm punctuated by the squelching whisper of their connection as her body greedily reclaimed his with each backward thrust, her thighs quivering with the strain of her single-minded assault.

The mother's heavy tits hung pendulous beneath her, swinging like huge ripe fruit on a wind-whipped branch with each violent collision of flesh. The rosy peaks of her nipples traced hypnotic circles in the humid air, glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration.

Mary Beth's fingers dug into Darrell's wrists like eagle talons. "Sweet Jesus, boy," she gasped, "you're fixin' to make your momma cum apart like a cheap dress in a tornado."

Darrell's manhood pulsed and swelled within her maternal passage, the veined column twitching against her silken walls as if speaking directly to her quivering insides.

"You take what you need, Ma," he drawled, his voice steady as a church bell despite the pleasure of her grip. "I'm planted here sturdy as an oak for you to ride till kingdom come. Get yourself off proper on this farm-boy pole—it ain't goin' nowhere till you're good and satisfied."

Mary Beth suddenly arched her spine like a startled cat and stood upright, her honey-slick passage still impaling his throbbing manhood. She violently yanked him against her sweat-glazed back, guiding his hands to her bobbling tits.

"Fuck me hard now," she loudly commanded, "lift your momma clean off this good earth and make me howl like a she-wolf!"

Darrell obliged with desperate eagerness, his fingers sinking deep into the yielding flesh of her maternal udders, crushing her against his trim chest until they were fused like two pieces of sun-warmed metal.

He pumped upward with such primal ferocity that her dainty feet lifted clear off the ground with each savage thrust, her body bouncing on his pole like a rag doll in a tornado.

Their mouths erupted with filth that would make a revival preacher faint dead away, words dripping like honey-venom as they rutted with the desperate fury of feral creatures.

Mary Beth's throaty growls mingled with Darrell's bull-like snorts, their bodies locked in a carnal dance older than the red clay beneath them. Her thighs trembled like aspen leaves in a thunderstorm as her release gushed forth, drenching his root in a baptism of maternal nectar, while simultaneously his essence surged upward in pearlescent ribbons, flooding her welcoming garden with the hot seed of his loins.

Their trembling legs finally surrendered beneath them. They collapsed in unison, Mary Beth's substantial weight driving Darrell backward until he landed flat against the warm earth with a breathless "oomph."

His manhood remained buried to the hilt inside her as she sprawled atop him, her back pressed against his heaving chest. Darrell's hips continued their relentless upward assault, making her big titties flop this way and that. Each thrust sent a fresh wave of his pearly essence flooding her maternal depths.

"Good G-god!" Mary Beth gasped, her voice cracking. She frantically pried his calloused fingers from her sweaty tit and guided it downward across the glistening landscape of her belly to the swollen pearl nestled within her soaked folds.

"Right there, sugar," she commanded, pressing his fingertips against her throbbing button. "Circle it just like that—make your momma shatter."

Darrell's fingertip circled her slippery, cherry-sized with surprising precision for such an inexperienced teen. Mary Beth's spine arched like a drawn bow, her heavy titties thrust skyward as if offering herself to the heavens above.

The boy curved his own sweat-slicked torso upward from the warm earth, powerful thighs tensing as he continued driving his throbbing, spurting cock into her maternal depths with the relentless rhythm of a well-pump.

Without warning, Mary Beth unleashed a primal howl that tore through the cornfield like summer lightning—a sound so raw and thunderous that Darrell genuinely wondered if it might reach his pa's ears deep in the mine five miles distant.

Her voluptuous body convulsed atop him in violent waves, her honey-pot clenching his shaft in spasmodic pulses as her essence gushed forth like spring water from limestone, drenching them both in the sweet nectar of her complete surrender.

Finally the white-hot tension of their shared climax surrendered to gravity, their sweat-slicked midsections collapsing back onto the warm, yielding earth. They continued to writhe against each other like nightcrawlers after a summer rain, their limbs tangled in a glistening knot of spent passion.

Mary Beth's honey-drawl fractured into breathless fragments—"Oh sweet Jesus... my baby boy... Lord a'mighty"—

while Darrell's deep moans rumbled from his chest like distant thunder—"Oh Ma... sweet heavens... Ma..."—their voices harmonizing in the ancient hymn of forbidden satisfaction.

After a short while, Clara's face crinkled into a knowing smile from her creaking hickory rocker as her two daughters appeared from the orchard path, their cotton dresses clinging to sweat-dampened skin.

Leona's fingers gripped Darrell's forearm, guiding him along like a prized stallion while he balanced a heaping basket of ruby-red apples against his hip.

"Lord have mercy," Clara cackled, fanning herself with a tattered church bulletin, "y'all got that freshly-fucked glow that'd make the Virgin Mary herself blush!"

Mary Beth tucked a wild strand of auburn hair behind her ear and drawled, "We had us a mighty fine time playin' in that orchard, Mama," while May's plump cheeks flushed crimson.

Clara rocked forward, her humongous titties jiggling beneath her floral housedress. "I could tell by all that screamin' I heard—sounded like y'all was givin' birth out there!"

May giggled, her voice high as birdsong, "We was makin' babies, Mama, not havin' 'em!"

"Well," Clara drawled, "if them titties and bellies of yours start swellin' up like summer melons, I reckon we'll know that boy's teenage seed took root in fertile soil."

Leona just tossed her honey-colored hair over one shoulder, hip jutting out defiantly. "Wouldn't be no big thing anyhow," she declared, "seein' as half the mommas 'round these parts got their bellies filled by boys barely old enough to shave. Just the way of things nowadays."

May agreed, her plump lips curving into a wicked smile that dimpled her flushed cheeks. "With our hubbies buried deep in them mines from dawn 'til dusk," she drawled, "what's a red-blooded country wife to do but spend the good Lord's daylight hours flat on her back with her thighs clamped tight as a bear trap 'round some virile young buck?"

She thrust her hips forward crudely, pantomiming the act. "Just makin' hot sticky cum and squirmin' babies all the livelong day!"

Her crude performance sent the women into peals of breathless laughter that echoed across the porch like wind chimes in a summer breeze.

"I swear I can feel them little cum-soldiers marchin' up my lady canal right this minute," Mary Beth declared, pressing a palm flat against her lower belly. "They're swimmin' upstream determined as salmon in springtime, searchin' for that ripe egg nestled in my womb."

"Lord have mercy, sis," May agreed with a throaty chuckle, "them millions of eager little tadpoles are probably swarmin' our defenseless eggs like hungry coyotes on a wounded rabbit. One lucky little egg don't stand a chance against an army of farm-boy seed that determined."

Clara's rheumy eyes locked onto the prominent bulge straining against her grandson's sweat-dampened denim britches. "I got me one more task needs tendin' to before the good Lord's daylight fades," she announced, her voice honeyed yet commanding, "up yonder in my bedchamber."

She crooked one finger at Darrel, then turned and sauntered toward the farmhouse, her thick buttocks undulating beneath her faded calico skirt. "Come along now, boy," she called over one shoulder, the screen door creaking like a rusty hinge as she disappeared into the dim interior.

Mary Beth, May and Leona erupted in a chorus of throaty giggles as they watched Darrell's lanky frame disappear into the shadowy farmhouse.

May ran her tongue across her lips, the sticky reminder of her own encounter with the boy still trickling down the inside of her thighs.

"Sounds like Mama's fixin' to have that boy split her honeypot wide as a summer melon 'til she's howlin' and squirtin' like a twenty-dollar cathouse girl on payday Saturday."

In a short while, the three sisters crept up the staircase, exchanging knowing glances as they followed the rhythmic squeaking that echoed through the hallway.

Pressing their flushed cheeks against the doorframe, they peered through the inch-wide crack to find Clara's ancient four-poster bed rattling violently against the floorboards.

At the center of the sweat-dampened sheets, Clara's strong shaved legs—surprisingly muscular for a woman her age—flexed like steel traps as they caged the boy against her heaving body, ankles locked in the small of his back.

Darrell's upper body all but disappeared between her pendulous, blue-veined breasts that flopped and slapped against his face like udders needing milking.

That young lean ass, still bearing faint red handprints from earlier encounters, bobbed frantically up and down, feeding her hungry depths with long jackhammering strokes of his glistening teenage cock. His heavy balls slapped wetly against the puckered ring of her asshole with each desperate thrust.

May giggled, her plump lips hovering inches from her sister's. "Look at Ma gettin' plowed like spring soil," she whispered.

"Daddy would be spinnin' faster than a twister in his pine box if he could see her now," Mary Beth whispered, "legs spread eagle on their weddin' quilt, fixin' to drench that boy's throbbin' root with her lady honey."

The women instinctively recoiled, hands flying to cover their ears as Clara unleashed a banshee wail that vibrated the glass panes in their weathered frames. Her voluptuous body bucked and thrashed beneath the sweat-drenched teen like a freshly-hooked catfish on dry land, while her release sprayed across the faded quilt in glistening arcs.

"Like mother, like daughters," May drawled with a knowing smirk, nudging Mary Beth's ribs with her elbow. "Apple don't

fall far from the tree, even when the tree's old enough to remember the Civil War."

Their stifled laughter bubbled up like moonshine in a copper still.

TO BE CONTINUED...