

COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 6



BY KLRXO

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Months blurred into a haze of sweat, cum, and endless pussy for Darrell, his huge, raging cock transforming him into Red Gulch's secret stud legend.

Word spread quiet among the big-titted farm wives—their miner husbands buried deep in mine shafts all day, oblivious—while these curvy mamas dragged Darrell into marital beds, haylofts, root cellars, and shadowed barn corners perfect for savage rutting.

Darrell deployed the arsenal Mary Beth and Grandma May had equipped him with: jackhammer thrusts that pummeled G-spots with the precision of a seasoned miner, a tongue that lashed at blood-engorged clits like a whip, fingers that delved into assholes and made cunts grip his cock like a fucking vice.

All the while, he feasted on their titanic tits, burying his face in their sweat-slicked cleavage, gorging on their fat nipples like a starving beast.

Bessie Harlan groaned from her core, a sweat-glazed brunette with freckles scattered like buckshot across her cheeks. Her tits, heavy as harvest moons, swung pendulous as she bent over her marriage bed, skirts hiked to her waist, ass cheeks sprawled wide.

"Fuck me senseless, boy," she growled, voice ragged with need, cunt glistening like a split plum.

Darrell dropped to his knees behind her, a thread of spit dripping from his lips to her wrinkled bud, glazing it before he jammed two fingers knuckle-deep into her shit-pit, twisting and scissoring while his veiny horse-cock rammed into her sloppy cunt, balls slapping her fat clit.

Her fat ass rippled with each brutal thrust, flesh smacking loudly against his sweat-slicked abs.

Darrell's eyes rolled back, feeling that farm-girl pussy clamp down on him, all them ridges and muscle, squeezing every damn vein on his cock.

"Lord have mercy, Miss Bessie," he groaned, voice ragged as a rusty saw blade, cock stiff as a fence post. "That there's some damn good pussy"

He bucked into her, splitting her wide like a plow through virgin soil, his knob planting a sticky kiss on her cervix with each plunge.

Bessie hollered back, slamming her thick ass against him, tits swinging like milk jugs. "Goddamn, boy! Ain't never had no pecker like that before—feels like a fuckin' anvil poundin' my insides!"

He flipped her onto her back, thrusting her ankles up by his ears, her sweaty cunt gaping for more. His face mashed against the quivering mountain of her tit, mouth suckling the

engorged nipple, drawing out hot ropes of milk that painted his throat.

Darrell yelped like a kicked pup against her jiggling tit-flesh, his cockhead cleaved her pussy lips and his prick plowed through her clamping channel.

She swallowed him whole, her cunt clamping him like a summer sausage in a too-small casing, their bodies finding a fuck-rhythm slick n nasty.

Her screams echoed off the walls like a filthy symphony as her pussy convulsed, gushing slick juice around his relentless cock, the wet squelches of their fucking filling the room like a raw, obscene rhythm.

Darrell's skinny ass flexed as he worked himself in the juncture of her creamy splayed thighs. He pistoned into her with untamed ferocity, his cock a relentless jackhammer.

Her cunt gripped him like a slick, velvet vice, her body convulsing with each brutal thrust. His cockhead battered her cervix, the blunt force threatening to breach her womb.

Her juices gushed, flooding his shaft, foamy and hot, as he pumped her full. Three times he emptied himself, balls pulsing, rope after rope of thick cum jetting into her depths.

Her belly swelled almost imperceptibly by the month's end, his virile seed taking hold, while her oblivious husband toiled in the stifling bowels of the earth.

Then there was, Rosie Kline, a blonde Valkyrie with thighs thick as oak trunks, pouncing from the shadows of her root cellar. She was naked, sweat glazing her flesh like a suckling pig, the musk of her arousal cloying in the damp air.

She slammed Darrell against the potato sacks, their burlap rough on his bare back, and pinned him with the weight of her body. Her tits, massive and milk-swollen, heaved against his chest, the nipples hard as pebbles.

"Heard you've been plugging up mamas left and right, boy," she growled, her voice a low, dirty rasp.

She hitched her meaty legs around his waist, squeezing like a vise, and impaled herself on his cock. Her ass was a beast all its own, flexing and gripping as she bounced on his shaft, her asshole winking at him like a hungry little mouth.

"Reckon my fuck-troops been splashin' home in a whole lotta them mamas," Darrell grunted.

His fingers dug into the rippling flesh of Rosie's ass, her cheeks splayed wide as he jackhammered up into her sloppy cunt.

His cockhead battered her dilated cervix, the spongy mouth sucking at his tip like a hungry calf at the teat. He knew just how to make a mama take it deep—a trick his own ma had taught him, grinding down on his cock until her cunt surrendered, gushing hot fuck-juice like a burst water main.

Pulling out, his cock, slick with her cunt's juices, pressed against the tight pucker of her asshole, demanding entry.

Rosie gasped as he pushed forward, his thick shaft stretching her open, a raw, burning intrusion that made her eyes water and her breath hitch.

He sank in deep, her ass gripping him like a velvet vise, so tight it was like fucking a fist. He groaned, low and feral, as he began to move, his hips slapping against her ass cheeks, his balls swinging heavy and full.

“Lordy, that shithole's swallowin' me whole,” Darrell grunted, feeling her chute stretch around the bulb of his cockhead.

“You're pluggin' me somethin' fierce, boy,” Rosie hollered, “Feels like I'm sittin' on a damn fence post.”

Her bowels were slick and hot around him, a filthy, forbidden pleasure that had him grinding his teeth to hold back the explosion building at the base of his spine.

He rode her hard, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips. Her tits swung beneath her, pendulous and dripping milk that splattered onto the sheets with each brutal thrust.

He could feel her cunt squeezing his shaft through the thin wall separating her channels, could feel the wet, sloppy sounds of her arousal as she moaned and writhed beneath him.

“Fuck, I'm 'bout to paint yer guts with a hot load, Rosie,” Darrell drawled, feeling his bull-balls draw up tight against his body, cock throbbing like a steam engine

“Give it to me, ya fuckin' stallion,” Rosie hollered, clamping down so her shithole sucked at him like a catfish mouth on a river-bottom.

Darrell's release roared through him like a freight train, his cock pulsing and jerking as he pumped her ass full of his thick, hot cum.

He pulled out with a wet pop, his seed dripping from her gaping asshole, and rammed his still-hard cock into her swollen cunt.

She screamed then, her back arching, her body convulsing as he fucked her through one orgasm and into another.

Her pussy milked him dry, sucking every last drop of cum from his balls until he collapsed on top of her, panting and spent. Her tits were sticky and deflated beneath him, his mouth and chin coated in her sweet milk.

Darrell simply lost track of the married moms he'd plowed through, their faces and holes blurring into a sweat-slicked fuck-fest.

Like dark-haired Tessa McCoy up in her hayloft, flat on her back with her massive tits swaying like udders, nipples hard enough to cut glass.

She ground her needy cunt against his cock, pussy lips gripping him like a starving leech, milk dripping from her tits onto his chest as she came and came, the floor beneath them turning into a fucking swamp of their mixed juices.

Then there was redhead Tami Fay, who didn't even make it past her front porch, bent over with her ass cheeks spread wide, asshole winking at him like a hungry little mouth.

He crammed his thick cock into her shit-pit, her ring stretching obscenely around his girth as he worked her clit with his fingers, then blew his load deep into her cunt, her pussy squirting arcs of hot juice like a fucking geyser.

Public spots too, like behind the livery, where he bent curvy Ida over, her skirt hitched up, thick ass cheeks bare and spread.

He gripped her meaty hips, his cock slamming into her, each thrust jolting her body, tits heaving against the wall, moans ripped from her throat.

Passersby glanced over, eyes widening at the sight of her plump ass rippling with each impact, but none dared interrupt.

Another time, creek-side with plump Ginny on all fours, he feasted on her fat pussy lips, thick and glistening, her clit a swollen nub begging for his tongue. He snarled like a hungry dog as he lapped at her, teeth grazing her sensitive flesh, before gripping his cock and driving into her from behind, belly slapping against her ass, his load pumping into her until she was bloated with it.

Nearly a dozen mamas now carried Darrell's bastards—bellies huge and rounding under loose dresses, husbands patting them proud, clueless to the sweat-soaked knots of limbs and filthy moans that echoed daily while they worked.

Like with Clara Voss, a broad-hipped mare whose bedsprings squalled like a stuck pig beneath her and Darrell's sweat-soaked tussle.

She rode him reverse, her wide ass slapping his thighs, cheeks jiggling like fresh-churned butter while Darrell worked her shit-pit, thumb dug deep.

Then he flipped her, giant tits spilling like udders into his greedy mouth, sucking hard on those fat teats as he plowed her deep.

Her screams echoed sharp as a coyote's howl, pussy clamping his cock like a bear trap with each gushing climax.

"Cram another young'un in me, bull!" she hollered, "Want my husband to hear me wailin' while he's slavin' in that dusty mine!"

Darrell did just that, groaning like a wounded animal, cum churning in her fertile tube.

The twins, Nora and Nellie Grant, a pair of thick-bodied farm mommas with identical giant jugs, tag-teamed Darrell the next day in Nellie's loft while their young'uns played in the field nearby, none the wiser.

One sucked his cock root-deep, her throat bulging like a gopher in a snake's belly, while the other ate his asshole, tongue-fucking his pucker somethin' fierce.

Then there they were, a pair of bitches in heat, kicking up a storm on all fours, their thick, meaty backsides slapping against his thighs like a goddamn applause.

They were mirror image of each other, same fuck-hungry tongues lolling, same dripping cunts winking, same titties swinging like udders heavy with milk.

Darrell was in hog heaven, grunting as he crammed his cock into them pussies, fingers pluggin' their shit-pits, making 'em squeal and cream like a couple of stuck pigs.

The room was a fucking swamp, sweat and juice dripping off their slick hides, the air thick with the stank of hot cunt, ass funk, and teenage cum.

Darrell's prick was a tireless piston, his veiny length pulsing purple and angry after each hot load. He'd honed his fuck-craft to a sharp edge—knowing just how to jackhammer deep into them cunts at the right angle, biting down on leaky nipples to make 'em buck, and turning proper mommas into slobbering sluts with a flick of his fingers in their shit-pits.

He'd ride 'em hard and put 'em away wet, their hot juices soaking his thighs with every shuddering, screaming release.

They wrestled him in hot mama squeezes, all limbs a-tangle, titties mashed against his chest like warm biscuits, asses

grinding on his face or cock like they were tryin' to start a friction fire.

Down and dirty fuck fests with the windows open, screams carrying clear to the county line.

Nearly a dozen knocked up, his legend grew like a goddamn weed—wives desperate for his big ol' bull-horn to plow 'em silly all damn day while their old men slaved in the mine.

Deep in the choking darkness of the Red Gulch mine, George swung his pickaxe, muscles straining under sweat-soaked shirt, dust caking his young face.

His mind wandered far from the rock face, cock twitching hard in his trousers as he pictured his beautiful wife Elizabeth—her ginormous pregnant belly swollen tight, those milk-heavy tits ballooned bigger than ever, nipples dark and rubbery, leaking sweet nectar down her curves.

He trembled, grip loosening on the handle, imagining her waddling naked through their farmhouse, fat ass cheeks jiggling, pussy lips puffy and dripping from the baby's weight.

“Fuck,” George muttered under his breath, shifting to hide his bulging dick from the other miners grunting nearby.

God, he craved rutting her raw right now, feeling her massive ass ripple under slaps from his hips.

His pecker was a measly 5 inches, not near long enough to tickle her innards and feel her cervix sucking on his knob like a hungry calf at the teat.

Couldn't plug her deep as a damned oil well and flood her womb with thick, hot ropes of his cum. But hell, he still reckoned himself lucky just being married to her and hitching a ride on that sweet pussy.

No doubt, Elizabeth was squirming and creaming for him too, fingers knuckle-deep in her sopping cunt, moaning his name like a damn mating call while she tugged and squeezed her own heavy tits, milk squirting like a fuckin' fountain.

George's world would crumble like a house of cards if he knew the truth—right then, miles up in the sunlit world, his wife's sweat-glazed body was slamming down on Darrell's hard frame in their marital bed, her plump ass cheeks clapping loud as thunder against his solid thighs with every needy bounce.

Elizabeth yelped like a stuck piglet, eyes bugging wide as Darrell's beefy pole rammed into nerves she never even knew she had.

His purple monster pummeled her half-open cervix, their mixed juices frothing like a hot, fuck-spiced moonshine between their throbbing flesh.

Elizabeth hiked up and slammed herself down on Darrell's pole, reverse cowgirl style, her gigantic pregnant belly sticking out like a blister about to pop.

Her pussy lips were stretched thin around his thick, veiny cock, gripping it like a vice like she was fixin' to milk him dry.

"Oh fuck a duck, stud—ram it deeper!" she hollered, voice raw as sandpaper, hips working overtime, grinding like a bitch in heat. Her asshole winked right above his balls, exposing everything.

Her juice was just a-pourin' out, making a fucking puddle on his sack, bed squeaking and groaning like it was giving its last dying breaths under their fucking.

Darrell's hands dug into her jiggling ass cheeks, spreading 'em wide so he could watch his fat cock vanish into her hole, her cervix blooming open to swallow his cockhead whole with each thrust.

"Lord have mercy, that's one hungry pussy," he groaned. "Fixin' to drain me dry as a bone."

"Jesus H., I ain't never had no pecker this damn big," Elizabeth gasped, her voice ragged. "Feels like you're knocking on our young'un's front door with that beast."

Darrell loved when she talked about "their baby," 'cause he knew damn well it was his seed that plowed that field.

He recalled that hot-as-hell day when Ma sent him to town. There she was, that shy little bride Elizabeth, stacked like a farm-girl dream—tits bursting like ripe melons and an ass that'd make a priest cuss.

Darrell's mouth watered like a hound eyeing a steak. He leaned against the alley wall, hand wrapped 'round his cock, giving it a good, slow tug so she could see what he was packing.

Elizabeth stopped dead in her tracks, eyes bugging out at the thickest, longest slab of boy-meat she ever did see. She hesitated, looking 'round like a nervous filly, making sure the coast was clear before she stepped into that alley, helpless as a moth to a fucking flame.

In that there alley, Darrell and Elizabeth rutted like a pair of wild hogs in heat. He had her pinned against the wall, her thick farmer's daughter thighs hitched up 'round his waist, ankles locked tight.

Her massive tits swung free, slapping against his cheeks like fat udder slabs, damn near knocking his teeth out.

She growled like a bitch in heat, clawing at his back, bucking like a bronco wanting to be broke, her big, naked ass rippling from the rut.

Darrell's balls were dripping sweat and girl-cum, a puddle forming on the dirt beneath his fuck-dancing feet. Elizabeth was creaming more in that single dirty fuck than in the whole damned year she'd been hitched to that short-dicked George.

Darrell grunted, hosing a massive load of jizz deep into her cunt, painting her insides like a barn wall, getting her belly big and round with a bun in no time.

Back in the present, Darrell growled like a wildcat, face buried under Elizabeth's milk-swollen teat—mouth crammed full of thick, chewy nipple and dark areola, gnawing hard as warm milk flooded his throat.

Elizabeth's tit flesh engulfed him, sweat and sweetness dripping into his eyes, her moans resonating through the udder as she bucked faster.

“Suck it dry, boy—milk my fat udder!” she growled, reaching back to wriggle a finger knuckle-deep in her own shit-pit, swirling it to stoke the fire in her cunt.

Darrell was smothered under a mountain of tit-flesh, milk dripping like a leaky roof onto his tongue. He latched on, greedy as a starving calf, tongue thrashing the rubbery teat, teeth scraping to make her gush harder. Milk streams burst from his lips, soaking his chin and neck,.

His cock was a purple thunderbolt inside her, veins pulsing against her clamping walls, balls drawing up tight, ready to unleash a fucking flood.

Elizabeth's thick rump slapped loud as a summer thunderclap, waves of flesh rippling like a stormy sea. Her belly, big and round as a harvest moon, bounced heavy while she chased her peak.

Down in the mine, her George was clueless to the wet smacks and hungry groans echoing through their farmhouse.

Elizabeth's body quaked like a leaf in a twister, her hot box clamping down like a bear trap on Darrell's cock. Her cum

flooded out, but she kept on riding, desperate for his seed to mix deep in her baby-making chute.

Darrell bucked up fierce as a wild bronco, driving deeper, milk dripping from his mouth stuffed full of her sweater-meat, growling like a mad dog through the smothering, jiggling tit-flesh.

Darrell ripped his mouth off her teat, a string of milk and spit still stretching between them like a cobweb.

"Gonna drench that baby-makin' hole—paint your insides like a fucking fence with my cum," he growled, before latching onto the other nipple, sucking like a man possessed.

His cock started spittin' ropes of hot jizz, hosing down her womb, marking her deep like a territory pissed on by a wild beast.

The next day, deep in the choking dust of the mine, Parker swung his pickaxe with limp fury, muscles straining under the dim lantern glow, but his cock hung soft and useless in his sweat-matted trousers.

Unlike George's blind devotion, Parker's gut twisted with raw jealousy every goddamn shift. He loved his wife Aubrey fierce—her fat pregnant belly swelling huge, those milk-heavy udders—but his pecker betrayed him daily, refusing to harden no matter how bad he craved her dripping holes.

They barely fucked anymore; his limp dick flopped pathetic against her thigh most nights, leaving her sex-starved and snarling.

Yet here she was, knocked up massive again, another kid baking in that fertile womb soon to join their litter. Those constant hickeys sucked raw across her swollen tits screamed the truth: some young bull with a rock-hard monster cock was rutting her nasty while Parker slaved in this hellhole.

“Fuckin' whore,” Parker growled low, pickaxe clanging dull off rock, mind racing filthy visions. He pictured her legs splayed wide in their bed, some stud's thick meat slamming balls-deep into her sloppy cunt, her screams echoing as she milked his balls dry.

Miners grunted nearby, oblivious to his torment, but Parker seethed hotter, hammer swings wild.

Miles above on the remote plains, Parker's every suspicion hammered true: Aubrey's thick thighs harnessed vise-tight around Darrell's sweat-slick waist, her family wagon creaking violent under their savage rut.

She'd dumped the little ones with granny hours ago, heart pounding eager as she tracked down Red Gulch's prime young bull for a pussy-wrecking fuck.

Parked hidden in scrub brush, no soul near to hear her ear-splitting orgasm shrieks, Aubrey rode Darrell's massive sinewy cock like a feral bitch in heat, pregnant belly heaving heavy between them.

Darrell gripped her fat ass meat brutal, fingers bruising deep, yanking cheeks wide to watch his veiny girth stretch her dripping cunt lips obscene.

“Oh fuck yeah—ram that knocked-up snatch!” Aubrey screamed raw, hips slamming down thunderous, pussy farting juices in hot squelches that soaked his swinging balls and puddled the wagon bed.

Her milk-heavy udders—suck-marked purple from his earlier chomping—bounced savage with every thrust, rubbery nipples spraying arcs of warm milk across his ripped chest, dribbling sticky down his abs to mix with their sweat and cream.

Darrell bucked up ferocious from below, abs flexing steel-hard, cockhead battering her softened cervix deep—sucking his fat knob whole into that dilated furnace.

Her asshole puckered tight above the plunge, clenching hungry; Darrell's thumb shoving knuckle-deep to swirl filthy inside, stretching the ring wide.

Aubrey's body shuddered electric, walls vise-gripping his shaft, milking pre-cum leaks as she ground her clit raw against his pubic bone.

“Fuck me deeper, you cock-sure sonofabitch—plow my hot mess of a married pussy like you do your mama's sloppy snatch,” she wailed deafening, nails raking his shoulders, pregnant tits flopping to slap his face.

He latched savage onto one leaking nipple, teeth chewing the stretched nub while tongue lashed to guzzle milk—hot streams exploding down his throat, overflowing lips in gushing spurts.

Aubrey's free tit jetted wild from his pinches, soaking them both as her bounces turned manic, ass cheeks clapping red-hot on his muscular thighs.

Darrell growled around the tit-flesh as he felt her gush, his free hand fisting her hair to yank her head back, exposing throat for bites while his thumb reamed her asshole deeper, hooking to spike the burn.

'Yes—fuckin' hose that farm-boy nut into me!' Aubrey shrieked piercing across the empty plains, pussy walls fluttering death-grip, asshole clamping Darrell's thumb as hot fem-juices squirted violent, splattering his groin.

Her pregnant belly quaked, tits heaving milk-rivers, lost total in the filthy rut—her husband Parker's doubts a distant fart in the wind.

Darrell snarled beast-low, hips pistoning savage upward, cock swelling fatter inside her quivering depths, balls drawing tight for the flood.

The wagon rocked wilder, axles groaning, their sweat-slick bodies slapping urgent under the blazing sun, birds circling lazy overhead.

Deep underground, the army of miners grunted curses at stubborn stone, unaware their fat-assed women chased

orgasms all day, tits flopping wild, pussies gushing around Darrell's veiny meat in barns, wagons, and marital beds.

If any bastard should worry, it was Lester—Darrell's own pa—blissfully blind to his heavy-titted wife Mary Beth fucking their son like rabid animals every stolen chance.

Those twins swelling her gut? Not his weak seed, but from gallons of thick boy-cum Darrell had pumped raw into her unprotected womb, flooding her birthing tube till it frothed white.

Lester gripped his axe tight, veins popping on forearms, pounding the rock wall with deep, savage thrusts—mirroring exact the way Darrell's fat knob carved at Mary Beth's cervix right that moment, secreted-coated glans grinding her deepest vaginal flesh, stretching the puffy mouth wide.

Back at the farm, miles from the mine's hell, Darrell growled beast-low beneath Mary Beth's heavy milk-udders, the massive globes smothering his face as she rode his throbbing cock fierce.

“Oh mama!” his voice quivered muffled between the sweat-slick tit-flesh, lips brushing rubbery nipples leaking warm streams down his cheeks.

“Feel good, havin’ that knocked-up pussy squeezin’ your fuck-stick, baby?” she panted.

“Ain't no snatch got nothin' on yours, Mama,” Darrell groaned, and damn if that wasn't the fucking truth.

He'd stuffed dozens of eager mom-pussies with his dick, felt 'em drool and gush all over his shaft, but ain't none of 'em held a fucking candle to Mary Beth's greedy, cock-hungry snatch.

The bedframe groaned violent under her birthing hips' powerful rolls, wood cracking threats as she slammed down balls-deep, giant, pregnant belly heaving heavy atop his ripped abs.

Her pussy walls vise-clenched his sinewy girth, farting juices in hot squelches that soaked his swinging balls and puddled sheets—twins inside her stirred by daddy's seed churning fresh.

Mary Beth's fat ass cheeks rippled thunderous on his muscular thighs, asshole winking tight above the plunge; Darrell spat rough up there, middle finger shoving knuckle-deep to ream the hot ring, swirling filthy to spike her burn.

'That's it, boy—wreck mama's married hole while pa digs dirt!' she snarled husky, nails raking his chest, grinding her big, juicy clit raw on his pubic bone.

Milk jetted wild from her pinched nipples, arcs splattering his neck as bounces turned manic, cervix sucking his cockhead whole into a dilated furnace—softened from the pregnancy he bred.

Darrell bucked up savage from below, hands bruising her wide child-bearing hips, yanking her deeper to batter her womb's door.

His cock swelled fatter, veins pulsing against her fluttering walls, pre-cum leaking thick to mix with her fuck-oil. Mary Beth's moans shattered loud across the empty farmhouse, tits flopping to slap his face.

She leaned back filthy, exposing her pregnant swell for his bites while pussy spasmed hard, fem-cum flooding ropes down his shaft.

Darrell's thumb hooked her asshole wider, free hand latching savage on a leaking udder, teeth chewing nipple raw to guzzle hot milk exploding down his throat.

Mary Beth shrieked piercing, hips swiveling frantic, bed legs splintering under the assault—twins kicking wild inside her belly as her orgasm built, walls death-gripping his meat.

“Cum in mama—breed those babies deeper!” she wailed raw, ass grinding urgent.

Inside, Mary Beth's birthing tube was a hot, wet mess of ridged flesh, swollen and greedy from the babes growing in her belly. It was like a tight throat squeezing and releasing, all slick and spongy, gripping Darrell's cock like a fucking vice.

His fat knob plowed through it, a hot railroad spike splitting open her juicy walls, carving out her insides like a plow through wet earth. His cockhead flared wide as a plum, angry and purple, leading the assault like a fucking bull charging through a matador's cape.

The teen growled like a rabid coyote 'round a mouthful of tit-flesh, his abs tight as a washboard, cockhead butting up against her cervix, ready to hose her down direct.

Sweat dripped like a leaky roof, their bodies slapping together like a screen door in a storm, the whole damn farmhouse shaking from their raw, backwoods fucking.

Darrell grunted low and mean from his gut, like a wild boar rooting in the muck, his cock throbbing like a live rattlesnake inside Mary Beth's swollen, slick pussy.

His fat shaft was buried to the hilt in her pregnant hole, her wide birthing hips holding him down like a wrestler's pin, while those massive milk-udders muffled his face in their sweat-slick heat.

His balls were drawn up tight against her dripping taint, full and ready to burst like a ripe tick, eager to unload every last drop into mama's waiting guts.

“Fuck me, Mama!” he growled, mouth full of tit-flesh, teeth scraping the stiff nub as milk spurted hot across his tongue.

Her pussy walls clenched tight as a chick strangling a worm, hot and slick as a velvet vise milking his thick, ropey cock—all them ridges inside her rippling like a fuckin' wave from her stretched-out cunt lips all the way up to that wide-open cervix mouth sucking his cockhead whole.

That sloppy pussy tunnel gripped him like a goddamn bear trap, her fat pussy lips swollen and shiny, inner folds clinging to every bulging vein like a fuckin' leech as she

bore down. Juices squirted out in wet farts, soaking his swinging balls, the air thick with her ripe pussy stank and his sweaty ball-funk.

Darrell's middle finger, slick as a pig in slop, dug deep into her asshole, twisting like a corkscrew. Her hot, tight ring quivered and winked at his knuckle while her big, round belly, full with his kin, heaved on his sweat-shined abs.

Darrell's voice cracked like a rusty hinge as he gasped, "Mama, I'm fixin' to nut somethin' fierce!"

Mary Beth, feeling his cock swell like a river 'bout to burst its banks, leaned down and growled dirty in his ear, her voice sweet as sin.

"That's it, my big bull, paint mama's insides with your thick cream. Fill me up like a jug of moonshine, make them babies swim in your hot seed. Cum for mama, cum hard, my big-cocked stud."

Her words were like pouring kerosene on a wildfire, Darrell's balls drawing up tight as a drum, ready to explode like a shotgun blast.

He let out a guttural groan and his cock bucked like a mule, spitting thick ropes of white lightning straight into her sopping, greedy hole—first shot blasting her cervix like a scattergun, painting her insides white as fresh cream.

Her pussy churned like butter, his cum mixing with her juices, frothing like a shook up bottle of cream, bubbles

popping back up his shaft and drizzling over his balls like honey from a spoon.

“Drench mama’s baby-makin’ hole, bull!” Mary Beth hollered, voice cracking like a mule skinner’s whip, tits slapping Darrell’s cheeks.

Her hips bucked like a wild mare, asshole squeezing his finger like a vice in a pissed-off possum’s death grip. Her pussy walls milked him somethin’ fierce, sucking every last drop like a calf gone wild on the teat.

“CUMMIN—SHIT!!” the mother cried out, her holes clamped down, orgasming like a fucking tornado, pussy and ass convulsing like a chicken getting its neck wrung, drawing out his cum load till he was drier than a desert.

Those ridged walls fluttered and gripped his cock tight, cervix yawning wide as a cave mouth, swallowing his cockhead whole. She guzzled his spurts direct into her womb, twins kicking like a couple of wild mustangs while daddy’s seed flooded in fresh.

Mary Beth groaned like an animal as her pussy hosed down his crotch like a summer storm, spraying his pubes and belly with hot blasts of her cum, mixing with his own spunk.

Her insides were a fuckin' mess of motion, walls squeezing and milk-in' his cock like a farmhand wrangling the last drops from an ornery cow's teat.

His cockhead was butting up against her womb like a billy goat in rut, her asshole winking and sucking on his finger like it never wanted to let go.

Their trembling bodies slapped together like a couple of pigs wrestling in the muck, all sweaty and slippery, his cock giving its last few kicks like a dying rabbit.

Her pussy was farting out his cum around his shaft, bubbles popping as she ground down on him, draining his balls dry 'til they ached like hollow gourds.

"That's mama's good bull—emptied every last drop in my married cunt," she panted, all husky and ragged, nails scratching his chest raw while her tits kept on leaking, steady streams dripping down his neck like a leaky roof.

Darrell gave one last weak buck, groaning as her pussy gave a final squeeze, her asshole kissing his finger tight one last time, their bodies collapsing together in a sweaty, spent heap.

He gasped like a gutted fish beneath her, cock a-twitchin' still buried in the sloppy mess they'd made, cum bubbling lazy from her gaping, used-up cunt lips clinging to his root.

Mary Beth chuckled, low and dirty, grinding slow to churn the spunk inside—her pussy walls slack and slick with their mingled juices, cervix a-kissin' his cockhead soft as a summer breeze.

"Pa's axe-swingin' ain't got shit on your breeder cock, boy," she whispered, hot and husky against his ear, ass cheeks

rippling as she squeezed her holes tight, milking out fresh dribbles.

Darrell's hands went to her wide, fertile hips, his belly tensing under her swollen weight, mind reeling from the fuck-drain.

His finger slid free from her asshole with a wet plop, dragging strings of her funky ass-musk to his nose—he sucked it clean on instinct, groaning at the tangy stink while her fat pussy lips clung to his shaft like leeches.

Lester hammered on oblivious miles off, but here mama's hole owned him, pregnant with his get, ready for more once his balls refilled. She crushed him close, his face mashed against her massive, slick tits, sweat gluing them together like pigs in a mud wallow.

"That's it, my bull," she panted, "you've grown into a right proper cunt-wrecker, ain't ya?"

Darrell grunted, nose and mouth filled with her ripe scent, his voice vibrating through her fat, milky udders. "Reckon I owe it all to you and gran May," he muttered against her hot flesh. "You both trained my cock up real good, made me the pussy-destroying bull I am."

Mary Beth giggled, her fingers tracing the sweat-slick lines of his jaw, their flesh still pulsing together in her stretched-out cunt.

"You've plowed so many fields, boy," she murmured, her breath hot on his cheek. "Planted your seeds deep in all

them ripe, married furrows. How many horny mamas you reckon are walking 'round with your bastards cooking in their ovens?"

"Just hoping them husbands don't never find out," Darrell mumbled, his voice still ragged from the fuck.

Mary Beth threw her head back, laughing like a witch cackling over a boiling pot. "No chance, sugar," she said, looking back down at him with a wicked grin. "They're all too busy busting their asses in that goddamn mine. Ain't got no time to worry 'bout all the nasty shit we get up to while they're down there in the dark."

Darrell's ears pricked sharp at the rumble rolling in through the cracked-open window—wagon wheels crunching gravel hard, hooves clopping urgent on the dry trail.

His heart slammed sudden in his chest, cock still half-buried in mama's sloppy cunt, fresh cum bubbling around the root as her walls flexed lazy.

"Fuck—sounds like a wagon comin'," he gasped ragged, propping up on elbows slick with sweat and tit-milk, eyes wide. "Hope that's not pa."

Mary Beth chuckled low and filthy, her pregnant belly heaving as she rolled her thick hips off him deliberate. Her stretched pussy lips clung greedy to his veiny shaft, popping free with a loud, wet *schlurp*—strings of their mixed cream stretching long before snapping, thick globs of boy-spunk and fem-juice splattering hot onto his throbbing cock and swinging balls.

Fresh cream gushed from her gaping hole in a slow drip, pearly ropes puddling the sweat-soaked sheets between her spread thighs, her asshole winking puckered above the mess, still loose from his earlier finger-ream.

Mary Beth flopped back casual on the mattress, humongous milk-laden tits rolling heavy off the sides of her chest—rubbery nipples jutting stiff, leaking steady white streams that trailed down her ribs to soak the swell of her massive pregnant belly.

That baby-packed dome jutted out huge, skin stretched taut shiny with sweat, navel popped out like a ripe button begging for a tongue.

“Nah, baby boy,” she drawled husky, one hand lazy palming her dripping udder, squeezing a fresh squirt across her thigh. “I just invited a few big-titted mamas over for a farm-boy feast. Your cock's the main course—gonna drain those nuts dry all over again.”

Darrell's big erect cock bobbed stiff on his loins, slathered thick in mama's pussy cream and his own cooling cum—shaft veins bulging purple, fat knob leaking fresh pre from the slit as it slapped wet against his ripped abs.

He scrambled to the window fast, peering out with balls dangling heavy.

Down below, a dusty wagon creaked to a halt, packed brim-full with huge-breasted married mamas—their dresses strained tight over humongous jiggling udders, nipples poking hard through thin fabric.

He spotted Grandma May right in front, her sagging monster tits flopping wild as she hopped down first, gray-streaked hair loose, eyes hungry.

Elizabeth waddled heavy beside her, swollen belly leading the way under milk-swollen jugs leaking dark wet patches.

Aubrey next, suck-marks purple on her pale udders peeking cleavage-deep, thighs rubbing slick.

More piled out—Liza's red curls bouncing over her farm-thick ass, Amelia's tight waist flaring to wide hips, a half-dozen others he half-knew from furtive ruts in haylofts and wagons, all married to miners swinging picks oblivious miles underground.

They giggled anxious and raw, voices husky with lust, dresses hiking accidental to flash pale thighs and shimmering pussy lips as they rushed the porch stairs two-at-a-time.

Tits flopped obscene beneath bodices, heavy slaps echoing up, some already unbuttoning top hooks to let cleavage spill free—milk scents wafting faint on the hot breeze.

“Damn, Ma—that more'n a few,” Darrell muttered thick, cock twitching urgent at the sight, pre beading fat on his piss-slit.

His asshole clenched memory of their tongues and fingers, balls churning fresh despite the recent drain. Hooves stamped restless outside, birds circling lazy overhead like

they knew the public feast about to shake the farmhouse walls.

“Better get that fuck-pole primed, stud,” Ma smirked, licking her lips. “Got a whole lotta hungry holes comin’ your way—gonna suck that cock dry.”

Footsteps thundered up the stairs now—heavy, eager, dresses rustling with bare skin whispers. Mary Beth stretched languid on the bed, fingers dipping casual into her cum-drooling pussy, scooping a thick glob to smear across her nipple.

“Told ya, boy—Red Gulch mamas been cravin’ that sinewy farm-boy cock since you knocked half ‘em up.”

The door banged open without knock, a flood of sweat-slick mamas pouring in—Grandma May shoving front, her sagging tits bursting free as she yanked her dress down, veiny udders swinging pendulous with rock-hard nipples beading milk.

“There’s my grandboy...bull-horn ready,” she growled raw, eyes raking Darrell’s naked frame, zeroing on his upright cock slick with incest cream.

Elizabeth waddled close, belly bumping the bedframe, hands yanking her bodice apart to let milk-jugs flop heavy—dark, pebbled areolas stretched wide, leaking arcs.

“I got a hankerin’ for that thick farm-cock to wreck me right, leave me cum-drunk and twitchin’,” she panted, eyes locked on his glistening shaft.

Aubrey pressed in behind, meaty ass grinding the doorjamb as she hiked skirts, exposing her suck-marked thighs and puffy, pregnant pussy lips already dripping.

Darrell's throat went dry, cock flexing hard making each vein more pronounced. His knob smearing pre on his navel as the room filled with tit-sweat and cunt-musk.

Amelia groped his balls bold from the side, Liza's fingers tracing his taint teasing toward asshole.

Their eyes glazed over with hunger, lips smacking and tongues clicking like a pack of coyotes circling a kill.

Grandma May growled, "Need to get my lips 'round that fuck-stick, suck it down like a calf at the teat."

Elizabeth panted, hands squeezing her own tits as if milking them, "I wanna lick every inch of that cock-skin, nibble that fat knob like a cob of corn."

Aubrey moaned, fingers already tracing the cherry-sized clit sticking out from beneath its fleshy hood. "Gonna suck that shaft till my jaw locks, graze my teeth soft on those cum-heavy balls."

"Lemme at that asshole, wanna rim that pucker raw," Amelia rasped, "Need to lap at that taint, bury my face in that musk,"

'Fuck—y'all...' Darrell groaned low, hips bucking instinctive into the air, the herd of lust-mamas closing in like wolves on fresh meat.

The bed groaned under the invading horde as the sweaty mamas stripped savage, piling onto him in a writhing avalanche of maternal meat.

Grandma May lunged first, her sagging monster tits slapping his chest heavy and soft—veiny udders dragging milk-slick trails down his ribs as she straddled his thigh, grinding her overheated pussy lips raw against his muscle.

“Mine first,” she snarled, gray-streaked hair whipping as she dove face-first, tongue lashing his piss-slit to lap mama's cum off the fat knob.

Darrell's ass peeled off the mattress, humping air like a bronco bustin' out the gate, chasing May's slobbering mouth.

"Damn, Gran," he groaned, "that tongue of yours is fuckin' magic."

All around him, sweat-slick tit-pillows and belly-mounds squeezed in, packing him tight in a womb of naked mama-flesh. Thick milky tits flopped everywhere, smotherin' him in soft, suckling heat.

Elizabeth lurched closer, her lewdly distended belly squeezing against his chest like an overripe melon, ready to burst.

Her colossal tits swung down, engulfing his torso in a sweaty, suffocating flesh-prison—nipples hard as cow teats, streaking his bicep with trails of sticky leakage.

She bit his earlobe sharp as her hand fisted his balls, squeezing the churning sack.

“Fuck my husband George's limp miner dick—your bull-horn knocked me up fat,” she hissed, lips sealing on his neck to suck purple welts while her free fingers probed his taint, circling his puckered asshole teasing.

Aubrey wedged in from the side, her suck-marked tits swaying like drunken sailors as she threw her leg over his hip, thighs locking down like a fucking bear trap.

Her bloated belly bore down on his abs, squashing the meat of their fully developed baby between them, grinding against him as her cunt leaked hot bitch-juice down his hipbone.

"My hubby's suspicion don't mean shit when you're balls-deep," she snarled, teeth raking his nipple before clamping down hard, her tongue lashing the throbbing flesh.

Liza and Amelia descended on the foot of the bed like starved vultures, their red heads clashing as they battled over his heavy, swaying balls.

Liza devoured one orb, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked it deep, tugging at the taut, pulsing sperm-cord that disappeared into his body.

Amelia's tongue worked the seam of his sack, teeth nipping at the sensitive skin, their massive asses and thick hips churning the mattress, tits swinging like wrecking balls, colliding in the fevered crush.

Mary Beth directed the fuck-fest from the headboard, her distended belly rolling like a stormy sea as she mashed her engorged tits into Darrell's face. "Suck on these dripping teats, baby," she ordered, forcing a thick nipple between his lips.

Milk spurted hot and rich, choking his mouth with creamy streams as he swallowed convulsively, his cock pulsing a furious red, veins throbbing under the onslaught of sensation.

"Damn, don't this feel good," Darrell uttered as he was submerged in a roiling sea of flesh, swallowed whole by the writhing, gasping mass of pregnant bellies and glistening tits that heaved and slapped against him like waves crashing on the shore.

The air was thick with the scent of sweat and musk, a choking miasma that clung to the back of his throat. The women moved as one, a ravenous horde like sperm swarming eggs, their bodies undulating like a living, breathing organism intent on devouring him whole.

Each mama was a hungry mouth to feed, their bodies aggressive and insistent, demanding his seed, demanding to be ravaged, to be filled deep and true.

Darrell's voice was a drawled mess, smothered by his ma's tit and gushing milk, like a calf suckling at the teat. "Fuck me, that feels fuckin' good," he slurred, words lost in the hot, sweaty flesh of Mary Beth's cleavage.

The other women cackled dirty, their mouths hot on his skin, licking and nibbling like he was a fuckin' salt block.

"You like that, farm boy?" Elizabeth hissed between kisses, her tongue tracing the shell of his ear. "Got your cock harder than blacksmith's anvil."

Aubrey's teeth grazed his nipple, her lips smacking off wet. "This bull's ready to buck, ain't ya, Darrell?" she taunted, hand squeezing his thigh rough and hungry.

Liza and Amelia took turns at his balls, their tongues flicking like snake licks all over his nut-sack. "Got a real tasty pair here," Liza rasped, her mouth full of his sack. "Salty as fuckin' bacon."

Amelia chuckled low, her teeth nipping at his taint. "This here's a fuckin' feast," she growled, lips smacking loud against his sweat-slick skin.

Sweat poured off them in rivers, cunt-musk and tit-milk choking the air thick, moans rumbling through the pile like thunder.

Grandma May's tongue coiled his shaft base to tip, biting at the vein bulge before sucking the knob vacuum-tight—pre spurting salty on her palate.

"Mmnn, if that ain't the sweetest cock-nectar I ever did taste," she drawled, her voice thick as molasses.

Then she lashed that long tongue of hers around his bell-end like a whip, the tip darting and flicking every which way,

making it swell up purple and drip like a nipple ready for feedin'.

With her dangling udders collaring the base of his prick, Elizabeth's finger breached his asshole slow, knuckle-deep swirl hooking his prostate to milk fresh dribbles from his slit.

"Fuuuck—y'all gonna kill me," Darrell groaned muffled into Mary Beth's cleavage, hips bucking wild into the sucking mouths.

The mamas kept on with their filthy sweet-nothings, drawling out every nasty word like they was lickin' hot grease off a skillet.

"Gonna churn that cock like fresh butter, darling," Grandma May growled, her mouth full of his shaft, words vibrating down to his balls.

Another voice hissed in his ear, "Want that fat fuck-pole stretchin' me wide, like splittin' a log with an axe."

Her hand trailed down his sweaty chest, fingernails digging like tiny shovels plowing earth.

"Gonna ride you raw, farm boy," Aubrey stated, "like a stallion bustin' out the gate."

Her thighs squeezed his hip, slick with her hot bitch-juice, marking him like a territorial cat.

Liza and Amelia were still ravaging his balls, their tongues flicking like cats lapping at cream.

"These nuts are sweeter than Mama's pecan pie," Liza rasped, her cheeks stuffed full as she slurped a cum-bloated testicle into her mouth.

Amelia chuckled low and dirty, her lips smacking loud against his taint. "Got me a hankerin' for this meat feast, boy," she growled, words muffled by his flesh as she burrowed her pretty face under his ball-sack, licking and nipping at the loose skin.

Darrell's cock, rigid as a iron rod, throbbed with engorged veins as Liza forced half his length down her throat, choking and drooling a foamy cascade onto Amelia's eager, open mouth below.

Aubrey, her cunt lips swollen and glistening, mashed herself against his thigh, her clit—a hard, red pearl—scraping against his flesh like a frantic animal in heat, her asshole pulsing above, a tight, desperate wink with every fevered buck of her hips.

"I don't know about ya'll, but I need that fuckin' meat inside me," she purred.

The bedframe rattled violent, springs screeching under the mass—farmhouse windows flung wide to broadcast the slaps and slurps and moans to the animals in the field.

From the writhing mound of flesh, the only sign of Darrell was his feet sticking out, toes clenched tight, knuckles white as fuck from the pleasure.

His soles arched taut, mirroring the rigid throb of his cock buried deep within the heap.

A symphony of filthy wet smacks and hungry mama-groans filled the room, a fucking opus of sucking and licking and slurping that set his blood boiling.

The air was thick with the reek of hot pussy and sweet tit-milk, a fucking cloud of pure sex that choked his breath and hazed his vision.

No whisper of husbands crossed their lips; here, the farm-boy legend ruled—Darrell's huge-cocked teen meat the god they worshipped, ready to spear every swollen, dripping cunt one-by-one.

Grandma May popped off his knob with a gasp, strings of throat-spit linking her lips to the glistening shaft.

“Who's first to ride this pussy-plow?” she demanded, eyes feral as she eyed her sisters-in-lust, hands kneading her sagging tits to spray milk arcs over his chest.

Elizabeth shoved forward possessive, massive pregnant belly dragging his cock flat as she positioned her gaping lips over the knob—puffy folds parting slick, ready to swallow him whole.

“Me—gonna flood my womb again while my husband George works,” she panted, ass cheeks spreading wide in invitation, asshole puckered pink above.

Mary Beth pinched his jaw, forcing his gaze. “Pound 'em raw, baby—make these miner-wives leak your cum all trail home.”

The horde shifted restless, bellies grinding, tits smothering, mouths and fingers feasting relentless—his body primed, cock jutting like a battering ram for the first tight hole to impale.

THE END