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# COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART ONE



BY KLRXO

## COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mary Beth fixed him with a knowing look.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Rumors?" Mary Beth repeated questioningly.

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

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

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

"Lord have mercy, yes!" The words burst out of Mary Beth in a heated rush, her eyes glazing over with lustful remembrance.

"That boy's got a johnny-come-long the size of my forearm, Ma. I ain't never seen nothin' like it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She fixed Mary Beth with a sly look.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

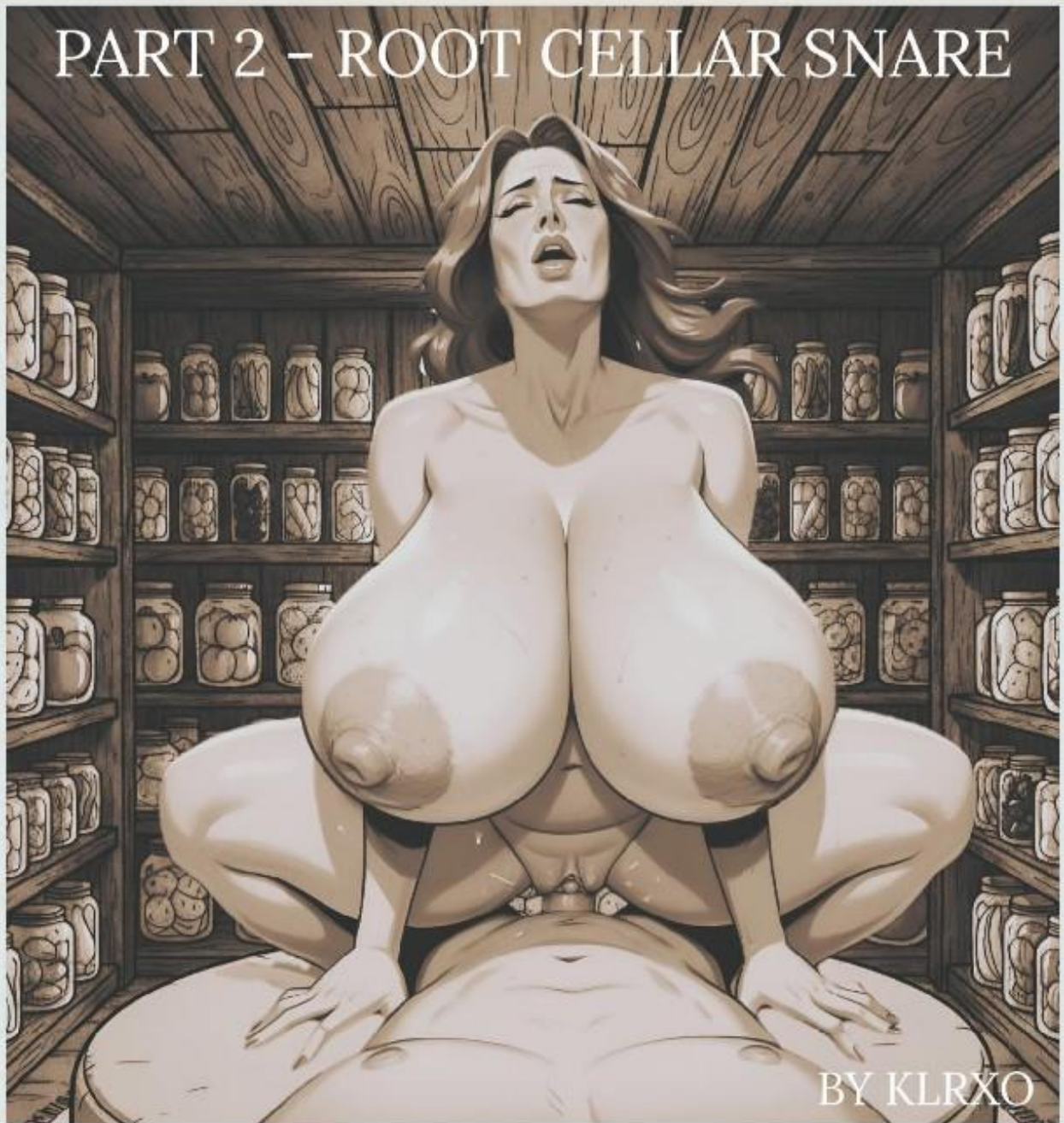
As she sashayed towards the washroom door, Darrell's hungry gaze drifted down to her bodacious backside. The flimsy gown was so short, he could clearly make out the crease where her plump buttocks met the backs of her creamy thighs. Each cheek was a ripe, mouth-watering melon, bouncing and undulating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

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

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

# COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 2 – ROOT CELLAR SNARE



BY KLRXO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Boy traps?" Mary Beth giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 3



BY KLRXO

## COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 3

By Klrxo

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 rumped 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 yowl 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 momma-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 mamma'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 I-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 throbbed 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 mamma."

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.

# COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 4



BY KLRXO

## COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 4

By Klrxo

Lester's pickaxe struck the rock of the mine with a dull thwack that echoed through the cramped shaft where black dust hung thick as midnight fog. Sweat carved pale rivulets down his soot-darkened face as he paused, noticing young Earl hunched in the weak glow of his headlamp.

The boy's coal-stained fingers trembled slightly as they caressed a dog-eared photograph of Lester's niece, Jesse. Her smile, preserved in sepia tones, seemed to illuminate the oppressive darkness surrounding them.

"Boy, them rocks ain't gonna break themselves," Lester growled, his voice rough as gravel. "Put that picture away 'fore the foreman catches you."

Earl tucked the photo into his breast pocket, right against his heart. "Sorry, Uncle Lester," he mumbled, eyes downcast like a scolded puppy. "Just seven more days 'til I make her my wife. She's pure as fresh snow, I swear it—an angel God himself sent down just for me."

Lester spat a stream of tobacco juice that hissed when it hit the damp ground. "Angels, my ass. You're just achin' to finally get between them thighs after all this waitin'," he chuckled, his laughter echoing off the narrow walls.

Earl's face flushed crimson beneath the coal dust. "Well sir," he admitted, voice dropping to a whisper, "she did promise to save herself proper for our wedding night. Been mighty difficult, but I respect her wishes."

Lester's laughter erupted like dynamite in the narrow shaft, echoing off the walls until it seemed the mountain itself was mocking the boy. He wiped a grimy hand across his mouth, leaving a smear of coal dust in his yellowed beard.

"Boy, you don't know shit about the women of Red Gulch," he wheezed. "They got sexual appetites that can't wait on a miner's schedule. How you know your precious Jesse ain't bent over a bale of hay right now, skirts hiked up while some sun-browned farm boy splits her like kindling?"

"Not my Jesse," Earl said, voice tight as a new drum. "She wears my promise ring and reads her Bible every night. When I take her on our wedding bed, ain't nobody been there before me."

His eyes gleamed wet in the lamplight. "She's good as gold, Uncle Lester. Pure as the mountain spring."

Up at the surface, miles from the secluded mine, Jesse, Earl's fiancée, was perched on a wagon seat, twisting her promise ring so the afternoon sun caught its cheap brass. Her melon-sized breasts strained against the threadbare cotton of her Sunday dress, fat nipples visibly hardening with each bone-jarring rut in the dirt path.

"Seven more days till I'm Mrs. Earl Blackwood," she sighed, her plump bottom lip caught between her teeth. "Can't wait to find out what a man feels like betwixt my thighs."

Her mother, Jolene, snorted, her own massive tits bobbling together like two hogs fighting in a burlap sack.

Jesse's words died in her throat as she spotted a wagon half-hidden in a thicket of scrub pine, rocking violently on its springs. "Ma," she whispered, pointing at the unmistakable rhythm, "ain't that Aunt Mary Beth's wagon?"

"Sure is, sugar," her mother answered. "And it look like someone's in there ruttin' and groanin' like possums in heat."

Inside the wagon, Darrell sprawled like a satisfied tomcat, hands tucked behind his sweat-matted hair, transfixed by the obscene spectacle of his ma's enormous ass-cheeks slapping against his belly with each bounce.

The meaty globes jiggled and quivered, hypnotizing him like twin moons caught in a vulgar dance. His cock stood proud as a flagpole, angry veins snaking around the purple shaft that disappeared into Mary Beth's dripping cunt with each downward slam of her hips.

"Goddamn, Ma," he drawled, spitting on her lower back to watch it trickle between her ass crack, "your fat ass looks like two hogs fighting when you ride me backward like this."

Mary Beth's entire universe narrowed to the thick teenage rod jackhammering her sopping cunt. Each brutal thrust sent electric jolts from her swollen, blood-engorged clit—now

protruding obscenely like a miniature cock—straight up her spine.

Her slick, meaty labia gripped his veiny shaft like hungry lips, making vulgar squelching noises as her juices bubbled around his girth. Her massive tits, slick with perspiration, slapped violently against her torso and each other, the nipples raw and pebbled as she impaled herself repeatedly on his throbbing meat pole.

The mother's drawl thickened like honey left in the sun as she arched her back. "Grab these child-bearin' hips, boy. Dig them fingers in. I'm fixin' to grind on this throbbin' pole till kingdom come."

She reached back, guiding his trembling hands to her sweat-slicked flesh. "A real man steers his woman like a prize stallion—it's a filthy dance we're makin' together, darlin'."

Darrell's fingers sank into the dimpled fat of her hips, his eyes rolling back as she worked her dripping cunt in tight circles.

"Sweet Jesus," he moaned, his cock buried to the hilt, her massive ass cheeks flattened against his pelvis like two slabs of raw dough pressed to a hot skillet. "I think I'm feelin' all the way up into your womb, ma."

His cock pulsed inside her like a living creature, each vein throbbing against the slick, rippled walls that gripped him like a fist. Her cunt squeezed and released with primal rhythm, pink flesh clinging to every inch of his shaft as though desperate not to let him withdraw.

Bottomed out, the swollen purple head of his dick kissed her cervix, that tight ring of muscle guarding her womb, making her gasp and curse as he nudged against the entrance where only seed was meant to pass.

Her juices ran thick and hot, coating him in slippery evidence of her need, running down his clenched-up nut-sack and pooling beneath them in a shameful puddle that marked their rutting place.

Jolene, Mary Beth's sister's voice cracked through the air like a bullwhip. "Sweet merciful Christ on a cracker!"

The wagon boards creaked under her considerable weight as she hauled herself up, Jesse clambering behind. Their shadows fell across the tangled flesh below—Mary Beth's ass still impaled on Darrell's glistening pole, her tits swinging like pendulums.

Jesse's mouth gaped open, her virgin eyes drinking in the sight of her aunt's cunt stretched obscenely around her cousin's veiny shaft.

Mary Beth's head whipped around, sweat-matted hair slapping against her flushed cheeks. "God damn it, Jolene! You about scared the life outta me! Ain't proper to sneak up on a couple mid-fuck!"

Jesse's trembling finger pointed accusingly, her voice high and breathless. "Mama! Aunt Mary Beth's takin' Darrell's cock like she birthed it just to stuff it back inside her baby hole!"

Jolene cackled. "Lord have mercy, I been hearin' all about the ungodly ruttin' you two been doin' out on Clara's farm. This boy's been makin' every female in the bloodline squirt like a geyser with that donkey-dick he's packin'."

"Donkey-dick?" Jesse repeated in confused innocence.

Her jaw went slack as Darrell's monstrous shaft emerged from Mary Beth's glistening hole like a creature birthing itself. The angry purple rod kept appearing, inch after obscene inch, until Jesse's knees trembled at the unholy size of it.

When the bulbous crown finally popped free with a vulgar squelching sound, Mary Beth's swollen cunt lips clung to it desperately, drooling thick ropes of cream down his balls.

Jesse's virgin eyes bulged like a strangled chicken's as she gaped at the glistening monstrosity. "Sweet sufferin' Jesus," she gasped, her voice barely a squeak. "That ain't no penis—that's a goddamn fence post!"

She unconsciously licked her lips, transfixed by the purple veins throbbing along its obscene length.

Mary Beth smirked, her cunt still dripping down her thighs. "Just teachin' my boy how to ruin a woman proper," she drawled, reaching back to give the slick shaft a possessive squeeze. "So when he finally splits some lucky bride open, she'll walk bow-legged for a week."

Jolene nodded in agreement. "And you're gettin' that stretched-out baby hole of yours stuffed fuller than a Christmas turkey while you're at it."

"Well, I will confess," Mary Beth blushed, "trainin' a horny teen with a great big bull cock does have it's perks."

"Mind if I climb down there and wrap my mouth 'round that throbbin' young pole?" Jolene drawled, already hitching up her skirts.

Mary Beth smirked, her hand still holding Darrell's glistening shaft. "Reckon there's enough meat here to feed more than one mama," she cackled.

Jesse's breath caught in her throat as she watched her ma drop to her knees in the wagon bed, joining her aunt in a depraved feast. Their tongues slithered up opposite sides of Darrell's cock like hungry snakes, leaving wet trails of spit that caught the afternoon light.

Jesse felt a shameful heat bloom between her legs, her untouched quim dampening her cotton drawers faster than when Earl had pressed his dry lips against hers behind the church.

Jolene's face split into a grin as she gazed up at her daughter. "Get your virgin ass down here, girl," she growled, a string of drool connecting her bottom lip to Darrell's throbbing shaft. "Time you wrapped those pretty little lips 'round a real man's meat instead of dreamin' about Earl's pitiful pecker."

Jesse's fingers trembled against her promise ring, twisting it nervously while her eyes remained fixed on her cousin's angry purple cockhead, slick with her mama's saliva. "Mama, I love Earl... despite his SHORT-comings."

Mary Beth pulled her mouth off Darrell's meat with an obscene pop, her chin dripping. "Oh Jesse, your precious fiancé's buried so deep in that coal mine he can't see what his bride's cunt is achin' for," she drawled, roughly palming Darrell's balls.

"Damn straight," her mother added. "What happens in this here wagon stays in this here wagon."

Jesse swallowed hard. "Reckon that's true enough," she whispered, already hitching up her skirts to climb down, her untouched pussy dampening at the sight of the glistening rod that would soon violate her mouth.

Darrell's eyes narrowed to slits as his timid virgin cousin's pink tongue slithered up his veiny shaft like a frightened animal. Her wet muscle trembled against the throbbing ridges until she reached the angry purple crown where a pearly pool of pre-cum bubbled from his piss-slit.

She hesitated, then lapped at it like a kitten at cream, her innocent face contorting at the bitter salt taste.

Christ, she was a sight—that flame-red hair falling across her face, them freckles sprayed across her milky skin like cinnamon on fresh cream. Her dress strained against them massive Huckabee tits, nipples poking through the fabric like two thumbs.

While his ma and aunt slobbered over his ball sack like hogs at a trough, he grabbed a fistful of Jesse's copper mane. "Swallow that knob whole, girl," he growled, then rammed his cock-head past her virgin lips, watching her eyes water as he skull-fucked her untrained throat.

"Oh yeah, just like that," he gasped, marveling at how her pretty lips stretched obscenely around the stalk of his meat.

Darrell threw his head back and howled like a gut-shot coyote, his spine arching as Jesse's virgin throat stretched around his veiny battering ram.

His cock bulged obscenely against her pale neck while his ma and aunt attacked his ball sack, their mouths slurping and sucking his hairless nuts like they were trying to drain every last drop of baby batter straight from the source.

"Sweet fuckin' Christ," he groaned, watching their spit-slick lips work his swollen testicles, their tongues probing the wrinkled skin as they moaned like starved sows at feeding time. "You're a natural-born cocksucker, cuz," he grunted at Jesse, gripping her copper hair like reins on a mare as she gagged and drooled around his throbbing meat.

The three Huckabee women passed his oversized cock between them like a communion wafer, their mouths forming a slick daisy-chain of depravity.

Mary Beth's practiced tongue lapped the underside of his shaft while Jolene's bee-stung lips stretched around his purple crown, her cheeks hollowing with each greedy suck.

"Lord Almighty," Jesse whimpered, her virgin mouth hovering over his veiny shaft, "it's like lickin' warm velvet wrapped 'round hot iron."

She dove between his legs, tongue extended like a hungry cat, slurping one swollen testicle into her inexperienced mouth while her mama and aunt traded his cock between them, drool connecting their lips in glistening strands as they passed the fleshy baton.

Mary Beth swung her meaty thigh over Darrell's face, her swollen cunt lips descending like a fleshy curtain until his nose was buried in her dripping gash.

"Eat Momma's pussy good," she growled, grinding her slick hole against his mouth while she bent forward to join the slobbering feast below.

Her ripe cunt dripped tangy juices down his chin as he plunged his tongue into her sopping hole, tasting the musky depths that had birthed him. Darrell growled like a rabid dog as he lapped at her throbbing clit, his face shiny with her slick cream while above him, the three women's mouths made obscene wet sounds as they devoured his pulsing shaft, their spit-slick lips fighting for every veiny inch.

Jesse felt Darrell's cock-root throb against her stretched lips like a living creature, the thick vein underneath pulsing with each heartbeat. The base swelled obscenely where it erupted from his wiry pubic hair, the skin there taut and burning hot against her tongue.

"Sweet Jesus," she gasped, pulling back with a string of drool connecting her bottom lip to his glistening shaft. "Even though I ain't touched it, I know Earl's little pecker ain't got no pulse like this monster. It's like this thing's got its own heartbeat!"

Jolene smirked as she roughly palmed Darrell's balls. "This here's prime breeding meat, girl. Some men piss with what God gave 'em, but your cousin here? He was blessed with a bull-dick that turns tight cunts into hungry caves."

"That's right," Mary Beth added, her lips planting wet butterfly kisses around the flaring rim of his glans. "Some boys just born lucky—they get the biggest tools and the juiciest pussy to plow with 'em."

Jesse's eyes, wet with tears and rimmed with smeared kohl, locked onto her ma's weathered face. "Momma," she whispered, her voice cracking like thin ice, "I love Earl somethin' fierce, but my virgin cunt is achin' to be split open by a monster cock like Darrell's."

Jolene's lips stretched into a grin as she exchanged a knowing look with Mary Beth. "You'd rather get that tight cherry hole of yours busted open right here in this wagon than wait for your weddin' night?"

Jesse nodded, twisting Earl's promise ring around her trembling finger while her free hand unconsciously pressed against the damp spot spreading across her cotton drawers. "I know it makes me a whore of a bride-to-be," she admitted, her freckled chest heaving with each breath, "but

this achin' pussy deserves to be torn to bloody shreds by a real cock its first time, not somethin' like Earl's."

Mary Beth's swollen cunt peeled away from Darrell's face with a wet sucking sound, leaving his chin dripping with her tangy secretions. He gazed up at the glistening pink folds hovering above him, her engorged labia parted like a ripe fruit split open, cream-colored juices still connecting his mouth to her pubic lips in glistening strands.

"You hear that, baby boy?" Mary Beth purred, her face flushed and sweaty. "Your cousin wants that big fuckin' cock to tear her virgin pussy wide open before that coal-dust husband of hers gets his sorry little dick anywhere near it."

Darrell's eyes shifted to Jesse, watching as she wiggled her freckled ass, shoving her cotton panties down trembling thighs already slick with her arousal.

"Well shit," he drawled, licking his mother's essence from his lips, "reckon it'd be downright disrespectful to turn down such a fine offer."

The two mothers scrambled aside like hungry dogs making way for the alpha as they positioned themselves for the show.

Darrell rose to his knees, his massive cock jutting from his sweaty pubis like a flesh-colored Billy-club. Jesse's eyes bulged, a frightened whimper escaping her trembling lips as she stared at the angry purple head leaking pre-cum onto the wagon's wooden floor.

"How you want my big dick to tear you open, cousin?" Darrell growled, roughly grabbing his shaft. "Doggy-style? Cowgirl? Or you want me to fold you in half?"

Jesse's freckled cheeks flushed crimson as she splayed her milky, farm-girl thighs. "Like a bull," she whispered, "brutal-like, with me on my back so I can feel every inch destroy me."

Her mother cackled, slapping her knee with glee. "That's it, girl! Flat on your back so that fat cock can punch straight through that virgin wall. You'll bleed like a stuck pig, but you'll thank the Lord for every inch!"

Darrell's cock lurched like a rabid animal, pre-cum oozing from its purple head as Jesse peeled off her sweat-dampened top. Her young tits spilled out like pale melons, swaying with the heavy weight of untamed flesh.

Though not as massive as her ma's humongous udders, each breast still bulged larger than a prize-winning cantaloupe, crowned with dinner-plate areolas the color of dirty pennies and nipples thick as shotgun shells.

Jesse sprawled backward, her muscular thighs—toned from years of farm labor—splaying open to reveal her glistening pink slit crown by a thin patch copper fuzz. Her feet hovered, toes curling with anticipation. "Ram that monster into my virgin hole till, Darrel," she snarled.

Darrell's lips split into a grin as he glanced at his ma, his eyes gleaming with animal hunger. Mary Beth's nostrils flared, her meaty thighs already slick with fresh juices. "Go

on, baby boy," she rasped, her voice thick as molasses.  
"Wreck that tight virgin pussy till she can't walk straight."

"Make that little cunt cream all over that bull-horn," Jolene added, rough fingers already working her own swollen mound. "Flood her fertile womb with your baby batter till it leaks outta her ears."

Darrell lowered himself and wedged his bony hips between Jesse's trembling thighs, his wiry frame hovering over her like a starved coyote.

He locked eyes with his cousin as he dragged his purple cockhead through her slippery folds, the angry mushroom tip parting her virgin lips like a hot knife through lard. Jesse's body shuddered, her back arching off the rough planks as electric shivers raced up her spine.

Darrell reached down and peeled apart her swollen cunt lips, exposing the glistening coral-pink meat hidden between those fleshy curtains. Her prepuce hood retracted like a bloated slug, revealing the fat, throbbing knob of her clit standing at attention.

"Goddamn, cousin," he growled, "you got yourself a juicy button fat as a tick on a hound dog."

He smashed his purple cock-head against the engorged nub, grinding the leaking slit of his dick against her most sensitive flesh, coating her with stringy ropes of his slippery pre-cum until the obscene friction made her groan like a bitch in heat.

"Oh baby girl," her mother cooed, "you like the feel of that big hot dick grinding against your slick little button, don't you? Your virgin hole's weeping like a widow."

"Yes, Momma," she gasped, her hips betraying her as they bucked upward. "His cock feels like hot iron against my cunt—harder than any plow handle I ever sat on by accident."

"Split that virgin peach around your cock, baby boy," Mary Beth told her son, rubbing her own juicy clit with anticipation.

Darrell's lips peeled back in a wolfish grin, sweat beading on his upper lip as he rammed his hips forward with brutal force. His bloated purple cockhead mashed against her virgin entrance, the angry slit weeping pre-cum as it bullied its way between her swollen pussy lips.

Her tight opening fought against the invasion, stretching obscenely around his girth until—with a wet, meaty pop—her maidenhead tore like wet tissue paper. Blood-tinged cream coated his shaft as Jesse's piercing shriek echoed through the wagon, her body convulsing violently while inch after veiny inch of cousin-cock plowed through her formerly pristine cunt-tunnel.

"Fuck, shit, goddamn virgin cunt," Darrell snarled, his fingers digging cruel half-moons into the quivering lard of Jesse's ass-cheeks.

He wasted not time sawing his cock in and out, his sweat-slick torso slapped against her jiggling tits, flattening those freckled melons with each brutal thrust.

"Taking my fuckin' cock," he growled, his pelvis smacking her blood-smeared thighs with wet, meaty thuds as he began rutting into her like a horny animal.

Mary Beth's palm cracked across his tensed buttocks. "That's it, go get it baby, go get it," she howled.

Darrell responded by pile-driving harder, his cum-heavy balls swinging like wrecking balls against Jesse's upturned ass, each impact making her puffy cunt-lips quiver. His powerful fuck-thrusts caused the wagon to rock and creak violently beneath them.

Jolene's eyes bulged like a stepped-on toad as she frantically worked her swollen clit, the oversized nub protruding from its hood like a fat cherry. "Sweet Jesus and all his angels," she howled, "that boy fucks like he's got the devil's own pitchfork for a cock!"

Mary Beth's face contorted into a mask of pride. "Damn straight," she cackled. "Momma's lessons in dick-slingin' are payin' off—taught him to drill cunts till they're raw as hamburger meat."

Darrell grunted in shock when Jesse's surprisingly powerful fingers suddenly latched onto his hair, yanking his face down to hers. Their mouths crashed together, teeth clacking as her inexperienced tongue shoved past his lips, writhing

against his like two copulating eels fighting for dominance in a bucket of warm spit.

The cousin-kiss deepened with obscene wetness, Jesse moaning into his mouth with the desperate hunger of a new bride on her wedding night rather than the cousin-whore she'd become.

Jesse's virgin cunt gripped Darrell's cock like a vise, her untouched walls clinging desperately to every vein and ridge as he hammered through her torn hymen. Unlike the MILFs he'd rutted, her pink tunnel squeezed his shaft with brutal pressure, the muscles inside rippling in virgin confusion around the invading meat.

"Fuck," he grunted, feeling how her tight canal molded itself around his girth, "your cunt's grabbin' my dick like it's tryin' to milk the cum straight outta my balls."

Jesse's sweat-slicked body bucked beneath him, her strangled sobs turning to guttural moans as he packed her to the cervix with each savage thrust.

Jolene's pig-like squeals filled the wagon as her daughter's eyes suddenly blazed with unholy fire. "Holy shit, you flipped her pleasure-switch!" she howled, spittle flying from her lips. "Ram that horse-cock deeper, boy! Make my baby girl's cunt squirt all over them teenage balls!"

Jesse's spine suddenly arched like she'd been cattle-prodded, her body going rigid as a corpse at rigor mortis. Her pretty eyes rolled back until only the whites showed, like a sacrifice on an altar of filth, while her throat

unleashed a series of banshee wails that echoed off the wagon walls.

Darrell's fingers sank knuckle-deep into the quivering lard of Jesse's ass-cheeks, gripping that farm-girl flesh like he was trying to anchor himself during a tornado. Her body thrashed beneath him, spine arching so violently he thought she might snap in half, her cunt rippling around his cock like it was trying to strangle the sperm right out of his balls.

"Holy fuckin' Christ," he snarled, eyes bulging as her pussy-juice erupted in obscene wet splashes, the sticky girl-cum splattering his lower belly and dripping down his cum-heavy nut-sack. "Look at her buckin' like I'm puttin' cattle prods to her clit! She's squirtin' all over my goddamn dick!"

"Don't you dare shoot that baby-batter yet, boy!" his mother screeched. "Pound another orgasm outta that tight little cunt first!"

Jolene nodded in agreement, still frantically frigging her swollen button. "Break her in proper so she'll be crawlin' back to your dick even after some poor bastard puts a ring on her finger, beggin' for another filthy cousin-ruttin' like the cum-hungry slut you're makin' her!"

Darrell folded his cousin's voluptuous body in half like a sweaty pretzel, her ankles slamming against her ears as he propped those farm-girl legs on his bony shoulders. He jackhammered his purple cock-missile into her blood-slicked hole with the desperate fury of a man fucking through the apocalypse.

Recent experience, provided mostly by his ma, had trained his cock like a championship stallion—he could pinch off his nut-blast by clenching his taint muscles until they bulged like steel cables, letting him drill cunts longer than any other boy in three counties.

Darrell propped himself up on his elbows, his sweaty torso hovering just high enough to drink in the obscene sight of Jesse's once-innocent face twisted into a slack-jawed mask of cousin-fucked ecstasy. Her glassy eyes rolled back as another orgasm ripped through her quivering body.

His hungry gaze slid down to her jiggling udders, those fat freckled tits flopping and slapping against each other like two hogs fighting in a mud pit with every brutal thrust of his veiny cock-hammer.

"Fuck, you're still cummin', ain't ya?" Darrell grunted, feeling her cunt-muscles ripple and spasm around his throbbing shaft. "Your greedy pussy's chewin' on my dick like it's tryin' to bite the fuckin' thing off!"

Grunting like a rutting boar, he lowered himself and latched his mouth onto her jiggling tit-flesh, gnawing those swollen nipples like a starved coyote on roadkill while her cousin-cunt squelched and farted around his battering ram.

"F-fuck my c-cunt raw," Jesse babbled, drool leaking from the corner of her slack mouth as another lightning bolt of pleasure coiled in her guts. "Breed this tight c-cunt like a—ohhhh God—like a fuckin' farm animal!"

Her nails raked across Darrell's back, adding fresh wounds atop the crusty scratches his ma and grandma had carved into his skin yesterday. Her trembling thighs clamped around his skinny hips like a vise, ankles locking behind his sweat-slick ass as her pussy began to convulse yet again.

"I'm gonna—gonna—" she wailed breathlessly.

"Take my fuckin' nut with you this time!" Darren groaned, his balls drawing up tight as a deluge of hot teenage spunk erupted from his pulsing cock-head, painting her cervix with sticky ropes of cousin-seed that immediately began leaking back out around his still-pumping shaft.

"Flood that teenage baby-factory with your thick farm-boy cum!" Jolene shrieked, while Darrell's scrawny ass clenched like a fist. His spine arched like he'd been electrocuted, cock buried to the root as Jesse's cunt-muscles milked his throbbing shaft.

They thrashed like feral animals in a dirty puddle of their own making, before collapsing into a tangle of heaving limbs and cum-slicked flesh.

"O-h-h-h my G-god," Jesse gasped, aftershocks still rippling through her post-virgin flesh.

Jesse's unprotected womb didn't stand a fucking chance against the millions of sperm now swimming through her virgin plumbing—a gang of the strongest tadpoles already racing toward her ripe egg.

One week from today—while poor, stupid Earl slipped a ring on her finger—three fetuses (triplets) would already be squirming in her womb, their DNA screaming Darrell's name louder than any marriage vow she'd pretend to honor.

"Virgin pussy?!" Clara shrieked, as they stood on her front porch at the ranch. "Oh darlin' boy. I bet that tight teenage snatch felt like heaven squeezin' your dick, didn't it?"

"Like warm butter grippin' every inch," Darrell stated with a proud grin.

Mary Beth tussled his hair proudly with her fingers. "Boy fucked her so goddamn hard I thought he'd pound that squealing virgin straight through the wagon boards. Nearly broke the axle with all that ruttin'."

"Sounds like we're trainin' ourselves a prize bull," Clara gleamed, her giant, fatty tits quivering beneath her dress.

"Boy can fuck, that's for damn sure," Mary Beth snorted. "But he's still missin' them special techniques that'll have every cunt-owner in three counties beggin' him to split 'em open till their eyes roll back and they can't remember their own fuckin' names."

"Wait, I am?" Darrell's face scrunched in confusion. "What am I missin' ma?"

"Grab that broom over there, sugar" Clara commanded, pointing a finger at the corner of the porch. "Now sweep this section of porch...right here."

Darrell obeyed, his bony arms working the bristles across the weathered boards while both women watched, arms folded beneath their pendulous breasts.

"Good, but you missed spots," Clara barked, jabbing toward dark patches of dirt. "Even though you're mighty capable with that broom, you'd didn't do it quite perfect-like."

"I could just—"

"Same thing applies to fuckin', boy," his gran blurted, cutting him off. "You may have done a fair job hammerin' that virgin cousin-pussy, but with some technique behind that cock-piston, you could've had her squirtin' halfway to Sunday."

"What kinda technique you talkin' about?" Darrell asked. "I thought I was doin' it right."

"You certainly ain't doin' it wrong, baby," Mary Beth chimed in. "But fuckin' ain't just about jackhammerin' your dick into some lucky gal's hole like you're tryin' to break through river rock."

Clara's hand grabbed Darrell's chin. "Boy, you gotta learn to angle that cock upward to hit the sweet spot behind her piss-hole."

"And when you feel them walls flutterin'," his mother added, "you slow down and grind them hips in circles, not that rabbit-fuckin' you been doin'."

"Position matters too," Clara stated. "Get her ass up high so your dick-head kisses her womb with every thrust."

Darrell scratched his balls through his filthy jeans. "Hell, it feels so good wrapped 'round my dick-meat that I ain't never thought 'bout none of that fancy stuff before," he admitted, voice cracking.

"Boy, don't your pecker throb like it's gonna explode when that pussy starts squeezin' and milkin' your meat during them orgasms?" his gran asked.

"When her cunt-walls flutter and that hot cream soaks your balls?" his ma added.

"Well, yeah," Darrell nodded, adjusting his growing bulge. "It's the best feelin' ever!"

"Then makin' her squirt like a whore means your dick gets to feel heaven, not just some warm hole," his gran stated.

His mom jabbed a finger toward the door, her massive tits heaving beneath her sweat-stained dress. "Get your scrawny ass in there and strip them britches off! Time to get that horse-cock hard again and ready for some sweet spot training!"

Darrell scurried inside like a whipped dog, belt already unbuckling as the screen door slammed behind his bony ass.

"That boy's cock is a goddamn gift from heaven," Mary Beth whispered, sauntering over to her mother-in-law. "Splits me open better than any man ever has. But it's like havin' a prize racehorse that ain't been trained proper—all that raw power just slammin' away without knowin' where to aim that magnificent meat-stick."

"Damn right, girl," Clara agreed. "That colt needs to learn the fine art of cunt-wranglin'. We gotta show him how to make a pussy weep and beg for more. Technique and practice... that's how we'll turn that dick into a legend in these parts."

A short time later, Darrell knelt on the mattress between Clara and Mary Beth, their legs splayed with anticipation. His eyes darted hungrily between their glistening cunts and the massive, vein-mapped tit-flesh spilling off their torsos like melting wax.

"Listen up, boy," his gran wheezed, spreading her pussy-lips with her fingers, exposing the glistening coral-pink of her inner meat. "There's a magic button up in these cum-gutters that'll make any whore squirt like a broken faucet."

His mom nodded in agreement, her swollen labia already dripping slick juices onto the sheets. "Slide two fingers in each of our fuck-holes and curl 'em upward like you're beckonin' the devil himself," she commanded. "When you feel somethin' rough as a cat's tongue, you'll know you struck gold."

Darrell's fingers slid into the slick oven of his ma first, two knuckles deep, then crooked upward the way she'd barked at him. The rough patch he found felt like cat's tongue all right—sandpaper tucked inside velvet—and when he brushed it Mary Beth's hips lurched so hard the bedsprings she groaned.

He grinned and continued the rapid come-hither motion with his fingers until a gush of hot juice squirted over his wrist, splattering the quilt like warm buttermilk off a churn.

"Jesus, Ma, you pissed on me," he blurted, nose full of the sharptang of her.

"Hush, fool boy," she panted, head thrashing side to side, "that ain't piss, that's the river every woman's got dammed up inside. Keep diggin'."

He did—curl, press, release—while his other hand mirrored the motion inside Gran's swampy hole. Clara's wide birthing hips rolled up to meet him, mattress groaning like a gate in a gale. Her inner patch felt rougher, ridged like bark on a hickory, and when he tickled it her thighs snapped shut on his forearm.

"Atta boy," she wheezed, "stroke that little nut of gristle like you're scratchin' a sow's itch. Make it burn."

Darrell's cock stood so stiff it bobbed each time his pulse thumped, purple head weeping clear syrup onto the sheet. He pictured himself bucking between their warm thighs, plumbing those same spots with his dick instead of fingers and wondered if the women would squirt clear across the

room when he nailed the bull's-eye. His balls drew up heavy and hot, aching to try.

Mary Beth's hand clamped over his wrist, holding him deep while her walls fluttered and gripped. "Feel that, sugar?" she gasped. "That's the trigger. When you're inside a gal and her cunt starts doin' that flutterin' dance, you slow to a grind, press upward, and that river'll bust loose all over your root."

"A slow grind and upward press – got it ma!" he stated, marveling as he felt the spongy rugae lining the walls of their cock-grinders.

"Boy learns fast," Clara giggled. "Now quit finger-bangin' and saddle up. Time to put theory to practice."

Darrell yanked his dripping fingers free, quickly licking them dry, and knelt between Gran's spread knees. His cock twitched like a pointer dog scenting game, anxious to split that fat peach and sink into its liquid furnace.

"Come on, boy, mount this old gal," Clara stated as she hooked her calves over his skinny hips, opened herself so wide he could see the slick pink tunnel winking at him.

Darrell's tongue lolled from his slack-jawed mouth, drool threatening to spill onto his chin as he gave his dripping cock-head three slow, appreciative yanks.

His grandmother's fat cunt gaped before him like a split-open fruit, pink inner flesh glistening with slick juices that trickled down toward the puckered, dusky-pink star of her

asshole. The folds of her pussy lips spread wide against the stained mattress, revealing the dark, hungry hole that had birthed his own mother decades ago.

"Slide in slow," she ordered, voice rough as creek gravel. "Find that spot with your knob first, then hammer it 'til I gush."

He nudged forward, crown sinking through her vestibule and spearing into furnace heat. The old woman's cunt felt looser than Ma's but hotter, wetter, gripping him with a velvet suction that drew him deeper.

"O-h-h, that sure is hot pussy," the boy gasped.

When he was halfway buried he tilted his hips, dragging the underside of his shaft along the upper wall until the swollen head bumped that sandpaper patch.

Gran's hand clamped the small of his back, shoving him lower until his belly slicked across her pubis. "Drop your hips, boy—like you're crawlin' under barbed wire," she rasped.

The motion folded him until his chest kissed her humongous tits and his cock kinked upward inside her, the swollen crown rasping right over that gritty pad he'd just fingered. A jolt shot through his nuts so hard his knees rattled.

"That's the angle," Gran panted, voice cracked but sure. "Now grind—slow circles, like you're churnin' butter."

Darrell shut his eyes and pictured the old hand-crank churn Ma kept by the stove, the thick slap of cream against cedar, and let the rhythm sink into his hips. He rolled instead of stabbed, pressing, dragging, pressing again, feeling Gran's velvet walls drag over every ridge of his shaft while her wet heat soaked his root.

"Sweet Jesus," he managed, voice barely a whisper as his hips stuttered against her.

Mary Beth's hand slid behind him, fingers finding his taut balls and giving a lazy tug. "Feel that flutter?" she whispered against his ear, breath hot as fresh biscuits.

He did—Gran's insides gripped, released, gripped again, a rippling milk-squeeze that tried to suck the juice straight outta his tube. His thighs quivered; sweat dripped off his chin onto Gran's collarbone.

Clara's heels drummed his flanks. "Faster circles, boy—don't you dare pull back. Stay pinned."

He obeyed, hips swiveling in tight, deliberate arcs, the leaky head of his cock scrubbing that sandpaper spot until it burned sweet.

Clara's breathing deepened and she locked her brawny arms around him like a bear trap, her farm-hardened thighs clamping his narrow hips in a vise-grip that threatened to crack his pelvis.

"Ride me, boy," she snarled, bucking upward so violently the mattress springs screamed in protest. Her pussy squelched

obscenely with each thrust, the wet suction sounds filling the room like boots pulled from deep mud.

"Don't you dare slow down," she hissed through clenched teeth, "I'm fixin' to flood your cock like a broken dam in springtime."

Darrell felt like a goddamn bug caught in a venus flytrap, his bony ass cheeks clutched in Gran's talons as she manipulated him like a flesh puppet. Her cunt muscles clamped and released around his throbbing prick with shocking strength, milking him like calloused hands on a cow's teat.

The silky inner walls of her pussy gripped his shaft in a vise of wet heat, her guts churning and squeezing as if trying to wring the cum straight from his balls before he was ready to give it up.

A low growl rolled out of Clara's throat, rising like creek water over a beaver dam until it broke in a strangled howl. Hot liquid gushed around his shaft, sluicing down his balls in syrupy waves, soaking the quilt beneath them with the sharp tang of her spend.

Mary Beth's fingers tightened in his hair, yanking his head up so he had to watch: Clara's body convulsing, blue veins standing out across her tits, milk-white thighs shuddering against his skinny ribs. The sight shoved him right to the cliff's edge—his nuts drew up hard as river stones, fire licking the base of his spine.

"Not yet," Mary Beth hissed, pinching the tender skin behind his sac. "You got more work to do, angel."

She shoved him off Clara, cock slurping free with a wet pop, the air cool against his slime-slick shaft. Gran lay spent, cunt drooling clear onto the sheet, chest heaving like a broke bellows.

Mary Beth hooked her ankles behind his skinny hips and hauled him down until his chest mashed her swaying tits. "Same spot inside me, sugar. Find it and churn."

His cock, slick as a greased hog, slithered up the dripping gash of his ma's cunt, the purple head dragging through her folds like a plow through spring mud.

She let out a raw gasp when his shaft rubbed against her swollen clit—an angry red nub poking out from its hood like a boiled cherry.

He rutted back down her sloppy trench, his cock-head leaving a snail-trail of pre-cum mixed with her juices, before finding the hungry mouth of her hole. He pushed forward, feeling the tight ring of her opening stretch and then surrender with a wet squelch as his meat-pole invaded her steaming tunnel.

"Lord A'mighty," she moaned, voice thick as molasses, "ram that thick bull-prick up in me 'til I taste it in my throat."

Darrell felt the wet furnace of her clutch him tighter than Clara's had—hotter, silkier, alive. He tucked his hips, kinking his cock upward the way Gran had showed him, and

the swollen crown scraped over a patch rougher than cat's tongue.

Mary Breath's breath hitched; her fingernails clawed furrows down his back that burned like fresh nettles.

"Grind, baby—slow circles," she hissed, voice cracking the same way it did when she cussed at stubborn mules.

He rolled, feeling every ridged inch of his shaft drag through her syrup, the head scrubbing that spot until sparks shot clear to his toes. Sweat dripped off his chin onto her collarbone, mingling with the slick between their bellies.

"Now ease back, sugar—just the crown," his ma hissed, voice shaking like a loose wagon wheel.

He slid out until only the plum-shaped head kissed her slick rim, cool air kissing his shaft where her heat had been.

"Hold... hold... now bury it to the root in one stroke—hard."

He obeyed, hips snapping forward, cock spearing through buttery silk until his balls slapped her ass. His momma's breath whooshed across his ear, hot and ragged. Again she made him pause, inner muscles fluttering around every ridge of his length like a nest of sucking mouths.

"Shallow now—five fast little jabs right on that spot," she panted, rolling her pelvis so her swollen clit ground against his pubic bone.

He gave short, choppy thrusts, crown rasping over the sandpaper patch, feeling it swell beneath him until it felt like

a knotted rope inside her tunnel. Sweat dripped off his forehead onto her slippery tits, mingling with milk already beading from her nipples.

Mary Beth's nails raked his scalp. "Deep again—slow... count to three 'fore you hit bottom."

He dragged his length through her clutching sheath, savoring the drag of velvet pleats over taut, pink cock-skin. Then, the boy slammed home and held, feeling her womb kiss the eye of his cock.

The mother groaned—a sound low and animal—her legs locking tighter around his skinny hips. "Alternate, baby—shallow, deep, fast, slow—like churnin' different creams."

He found the rhythm she wanted: three shallow rabbit-jabs making her clit spasm, then a long, grinding glide that bottomed out and pressed her button hard. Her breathing turned to broken sobs, belly slick against his as sweat pooled between them.

Every change she called came with a squeeze of her thighs or a twist of her hips that taught his body the geometry of her pleasure. "Circle when you're buried," she whispered, voice cracking.

"Oh mama," he whimpered as he swiveled his hips, feeling his shaft stir her molten core like a spoon in thick stew, the rough spot rubbing patterns on the underside of his crown.

After a few minutes of this, his balls drew up, fire licking his spine, but Ma sensed it and clamped her calves. "Not yet, stallion—switch again."

He pulled out until only the flared head stretched her entrance, then drove back in a slow glide that made her choke his name. Shallow, deep, fast circles, slow churn—each command turned her cunt into a new instrument gripping his cock.

Finally she let him speed up, urging shallow thrusts that kept her trigger mashed. Her whole body stiffened beneath him, tits quivering, breath hitching. "Hold right there—press," she squealed, grinding her clit hard against his shaft.

Darrell felt the telltale ripple start—ripples turned to waves—then her insides clamped down so fierce he saw stars, hot nectar flooding his cock-root and running down his balls in syrupy gushes.

Only when her shudders eased did she rasp, "Now finish me, sugar—pound it out."

He drew back and slammed deep, repeating until her cunt turned to cream and a howl rattled the window glass; her big thighs locked so tight he thought she'd snap his ribs.

Her urethral slit swelled, turning from a tight pink crease to a gaping maw that flowered open like a hungry mouth. Thick spurts of girl-cum erupted in violent pulses, each blast hitting his cock-shaft with enough force to splatter back onto his balls and thighs.

The hot slop drenched him from root to tip, running down his sac in rivulets that pooled beneath them on the already-soaked sheets. Her mammoth tits heaved and shuddered with each convulsion, the fat globes slapping against each other, then against his chest as she arched up, her nipples dragging wet trails across his skin.

He kept the circles going, gritting his teeth against the fire curling up his spine, until the last spasm left her shuddering beneath him like a broke mare.

Mary Beth's palm cracked his buttock. "Off—now," she sighed breathlessly. "Back to your Gran."

Darrell wrenched his cock free from Mary Beth's clinging hole, feeling her cunt-lips grip and suck at his shaft like a hungry mouth reluctant to release its meal. His purple rod emerged dripping, coated in a thick sheen of her spend that hung in ropy strands from his veined shaft to her swollen lips.

Her juices had painted his cock and balls with a glossy varnish that caught the dim light, his small patch of pubic hair matted into dark, wet curls. He glanced down at the spreading dark patch beneath her splayed thighs, a puddle of girl-cum that had soaked through to the mattress ticking.

"Look at that flood," he crowed, chest puffing. "Made you squirt like a stuck hog, didn't I, ma?"

"Uh-huh," Mary Beth gasped, too breathless and fucked stupid to say more.

Clara's fingers clamped his skinny hips and yanked him down until his sternum mashed the pillow of her tits. Warm breast-flesh oozed around his ribs like biscuit dough. Her cunt sucked him back in, hotter and wetter than before, the slick walls rippling against every ridge of his cock.

"Same patch, sugar," she rasped, voice gravelly as creek bed. "Feel it—up high, two knuckles' worth."

He tucked his hips, angling his dick until the swollen head scraped over that sandpaper knot. Clara's calves hooked behind his thighs, heels digging sharp half-moons into the tendons.

"Now pound," she ordered, "but short—two inches in, two inches out—like you're pokin' coals in a stove. Keep the tip scrubbin' that spot."

He started—short, nasty jabs that made her cunt growl around his shaft. The slap of sweat-slick skin on skin filled the room, louder than the bedsprings. Every third stroke he added a circle so the crown dragged across the spot, and Clara's breath clawed in her throat.

"That's it... faster, sugar," she urged, voice breaking. "Rattle my bones till the juice runs."

He shortened his strokes, hips pumping in a tight, vicious blur. Clara's huge tits bounced against his chest, nipples scraping his skin. He felt her walls start to flutter—little ripples that grew until they quivered down the whole length of his cock.

He angled deeper, letting his crown kiss her cervix with each snap of his hips. The soft thud of each collision shivered through her belly and into the mattress.

"Oh now you're learnin' your way around a lady's parts," she panted and clutched him tighter, talons raking welts down his sweat-slick back as her hips bucked in a savage counter-rhythm. Each upward thrust of her pelvis forced his cock deeper into her dripping cunt, the fat lips gobbling his shaft greedily.

Her massive tits heaved and slapped against each other, nipples dragging wet trails across his chest.

"F-fuck, Gran." he choked out between ragged breaths, voice cracking like green timber, "love how your pussy just... just swallows me up."

He hammered harder, balls slapping wetly against the ring of her puckering asshole with each brutal plunge.

"Look at me," she growled, grabbing his chin and yanking his face up. "Watch what you do to a grown woman."

Her beautiful eyes were wild, pupils blown wide, sweat dripping from her graying bangs. Her features began to twist in a mask of pleasure. He couldn't look away.

"Now speed up—hammer it, boy!" she snarled, voice cracking like cedar.

He obeyed, hips a blur, slapping against her so hard little drops of spit flew from her mouth. His balls swelled, but he

gritted his teeth against the fire coiling at the base of his spine.

“Grind hard on it—NOW!” Clara clamped her thighs and yanked him in to the hilt. The angle slammed his crown against that rough patch over and over, his young tight ass flying up and down in a frantic blur.

“Yesss!” his ma cheered. “Get it, baby. Go get it!”

A low, guttural growl tore from Clara's throat. Hot liquid gushed around her grandson's root, coating his thighs and soaking the sheets in a flood that smelled like wild musk and summer hay.

He stayed pinned, cock pulsing inside her velvet grip, waiting for her tremors to ebb. When they did, she gave him a tired slap on the ass.

“Good boy” she croaked, voice hoarse. “Now drag it out slow—let it drip.”

Darrell stared down at his cock—shiny, purple, dripping Gran's spend like warm syrup off a hoe handle. “Ain't never had a gal soak me that heavy,” he muttered, voice raw, chest still jumping from the pounding he'd given.

Mary Beth snatched his wrist, yanked him forward. “Lesson ain't over, colt. Plant that big wet bull-cock back in Momma and show me you were payin' heed.”

She flopped backward, knees jack-knifing to her ears, fat tits slopping sideways. “Ankles on your shoulders, sugar.

Fold me like a church bulletin and aim that knob upward—same patch you just polished a little bit ago.”

Darrell hooked her calves over his collarbones, hips wobbling. He gazed into his mom's pretty eyes for a moment as she stared back like a bitch in heat. Then he nudged in, slipped once, twice, then found the furnace of her hole and slid home on a gulp of hot cream.

The angle felt different—steeper—his crown scraping that sandpaper knot right off. He began to buck his hips like a colt ruttin' a mare.

“Slower,” his ma snapped, palm cracking his ass. “Count one-two before you bottom out; don't jab like you're pokin' fire.”

He dragged back, felt the cool air kiss his shaft, then pushed, counting Mississippis in his head. One. Two. Glide and press. Her walls fluttered; a slick gush of mama-honey kissed his root.

“Circles now—grind, don't pound,” she growled, nails digging his shoulder blades. “Pretend you're churnin' butter inside me.”

Darrell swiveled, feeling his ridge scrub that spot. Sweat dripped off his chin onto her clit, mixing with the river already seeping out around his cock. His thighs trembled; he wanted to ram, but her glare pinned him to the tempo she demanded.

“Shallow jabs—five fast,” she ordered, voice cracking.

He gave short, choppy thrusts, crown kissing the knot over and over. Her breath hitched; tits sloshing on her chest like they were packed full of creamy tit-nectar.

“Deep again—slow drag,” she panted.

He slid to the hilt, felt her womb kiss his tip, held while her cunt rippled like a sack of eels. The rhythm sank into his bones: shallow-fast, deep-slow, circles, grind, hold.

His nuts drew up, fire licking his spine, but she clamped her calves. “Not yet. Feel that flutter? Stay pinned—press hard.”

Darrell's upper lip curled back like a rabid hound's as he flexed his pubic muscle, making his cock throb and swell. The corpus cavernosum filled with a fresh surge of blood, veins bulging like earthworms under the stretched skin.

His engorged glans flared wider, the ridge underneath catching on every pleat of her sopping cunt-walls. Her vagina stretched to accommodate him, the labia minora dragging wetly along his shaft while her cervix retreated deeper into her pelvis. It didn't matter – that puffy ring of muscle couldn't escape his impressive cock-length.

Her clitoris, swollen and exposed from its hood, mashed against his pubic bone as nerve endings fired like lightning through her pelvic floor, sending electric jolts straight to her hypothalamus where pleasure chemicals flooded her brain stem.

“SWEET, LORD!” the mother gasped as her whole body locked, then bucked. A hot geyser squirted over her boy's

root, running down his balls and soaking the sheet beneath. She howled, throat raw, pussy milking him in waves that made his vision blur.

Only when the shudders faded did she rasp, "Now finish it—pound it out."

He drew back and slammed, repeating until her cunt turned to slick cream and her howl rattled the window-glass.

Mary Beth's palm cracked his ass again, the sting zipping straight to his nuts. "Feel that boil, sugar? That's the good stuff creepin' up your tube. Now tuck your hips tighter—yes, like that—so your knob kisses my womb with every slap."

Darrell did it, breath hitching when the angle made his crown rasp the spot she'd sworn would light her up. His balls drew up hard as hickory nuts, slapping wet against the cleft of her ass with each full-length drive

"Ma," he croaked, voice cracking like a boy half his age, "I... I feel it creepin'. Can I let it go?"

She answered by clamping her ankles across the small of his back and rolling her pelvis a fraction higher. "Not yet, colt. Slow to a grind—little circles, like you're stirrin' biscuit dough."

He whined but obeyed, hips swiveling instead of plunging, feeling his shaft stir her molten silk in slow, creamy swirls. The pressure in his sac mounted, a sweet ache that throbbed behind his cock-root.

"Count five strokes deep," she panted, "then pull back 'til just the head's inside. Let the cool air kiss that shaft, make it beg for the oven again."

Darrell counted, sweat dropping onto her tits. One... two... three slow plunges, each nudging her deepest spot. Four... five... He slid out until her rim kissed only his flared crown, cool air licking the veined shaft like creek water on hot steel.

"Now slam home and hold," she growled, nails digging half-moons in his shoulders. He drove in to the root, pubic bone grinding her clit, crown wedged against her womb mouth. A shudder rolled through him; his nuts pulsed, fire licking the base of his spine.

She felt it. "Not yet," she hissed, inner walls rippling around him. "When I say, you churn three fast circles, then pound till your eyes cross. You'll shoot so hard you'll see heaven's gate creak open."

Darrell gritted his teeth, every muscle locked. His cock felt twice its size, veins beating like drum-skins. He waited, breath frozen, for her command.

Mary Beth's voice cut through the red haze behind his clenched eyelids. "Now, boy—churn!"

Darrell snapped his hips in three tight churns, each circle grinding the swollen crown over the rasping pad inside her. The friction blazed up his shaft; his nuts felt ready to split.

"Pound it home!" she snarled.

He slammed forward, skinny hips hammering so fast the bedframe shrieked. Sweat stung his eyes; her tits slapped his chin. A white-hot rope shot through his core, gathering behind his balls.

“Hold deep—let it rip,” his ma gasped, heels digging into the small of his back as she clutched him like he was a skinny fuck-doll.

He buried to the root, crown kissing womb, and the dam burst. The first spurt rocketed through his length, jetting so hard it splashed back hot around his buried shaft.

His spine arched; a guttural howl tore from his throat as pulse after pulse flooded her, each throb milked by the rippling grip of her cunt. His vision tunneled to black sparks while Mary Beth’s walls kept clutching, coaxing every drop until his knees buckled and he collapsed, cock still twitching inside her creamy heat.

Their hearts pounded like jackhammers against each other's rib cages, the sweaty meat of their chests fused together. Darrell felt his mother's pulse throb through her cunt walls, still gripping his cock like a wet fist.

Their gasps grew ragged, then shallow, as the fuck-sweat cooled on their skin. He rested against her, tits pancaking beneath him, both of them marinating in the musky aroma of their rutting as the last aftershocks rippled through their spent bodies.

Darrell's consciousness ebbed like a tide pulling back from shore. His eyelids fluttered, then sealed shut as exhaustion

claimed him. Sleep dragged him under into a vivid dreamscape where Mary Beth's pendulous tits engulfed his face—the areola wide as a saucer, nipple thick as his thumb.

He latched on with desperate hunger, cheeks hollowing as he suckled. Warm, sweet milk flooded his mouth, trickling down his chin in rivulets. Beyond the soft flesh mountain that dominated his vision, he could make out the rhythmic clack-clack-clack of pickaxes striking stone.

He shifted his gaze without breaking suction, peering past the curve of her flesh to see a line of miners in soot-stained coveralls, their muscled backs glistening with sweat as they chipped at the walls. Their faces remained turned away, oblivious to mother and son nestled in the shadowy corner of the mine shaft, his gulping sounds drowned by their labor.

Mary Beth's lips brushed his ear, her breath hot and wet. "Look at 'em sweat," she whispered, voice honeyed yet cruel. "Breakin' their backs for pennies while you're up here splittin' their wives' slick cunts wide open.

Darrell continued to suckle like a baby and listen to his ma's voice. "Bet you love how our heavy tits leak all over your tongue while our husbands chip away at that black rock. Your young cock's gettin' the cream while they get the dust."

Before he could answer, Ma's back arched violently, her mouth stretching into a silent scream that suddenly erupted into a feral howl. The sound bounced off the mine walls, yet Lester never looked up, just wiped sweat from his brow and

drove his pickaxe deeper into the rock's face, deaf to his wife's pleasure-wracked cries.

Mary Beth's howls shattered the mine's stillness, her voice vibrating the walls until dust and pebbles rained down.

The miners' heads snapped up, eyes wild with panic as chunks of ceiling crashed around them. "Cave-in!" someone bellowed.

Bodies scrambled, tools abandoned, boots slipping in the muck as the mountain groaned above them.

Darrell jolted awake, heart hammering, to find himself sandwiched between two sweaty female forms—Mary's Beth's giant tits pressed against his back while Gran's belly curved against his stiffening cock.

The sour-sweet stench of their mingled juices filled his nostrils as he thrashed free of their tangled limbs. "Pa!" he screamed, voice cracking, balls still aching from the phantom pleasure of his coal-mine dream.

# COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'



BY KLRXO

## COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 5

BY KLRXO

Darrell shoveled the last forkful of hay toward the milling cattle, the sun beating down on his broad shoulders like a hammer on an anvil. Dust kicked up around his boots, mixing with the earthy stink of manure and sweat-soaked hides.

At 18, his body was all lean hard muscle from farm work, but his mind wandered to dirtier thoughts lately—thoughts that made his thick cock twitch in his trousers since his own pretty Ma was teaching him the ways of pleasing a woman.

The porch door creaked open behind the house, snapping his attention away from the beasts. He glanced over, and there she was—his Ma, Mary Beth striding across the yard with those wide, child-bearing hips rolling side to side.

Her heavy tits strained against the thin cotton of her dress, nipples poking through like they were begging for a squeeze. The fabric clung to her curves from the morning's chores, outlining every sway.

“Mind the mud, woman!” Darrell’s Pa's voice boomed from the field, Lester's grizzled face twisted in annoyance as he wiped his hands on his overalls.

"I can handle myself in the barnyard, darlin'," Mary Beth shot back, her tone sweet but laced with that bold edge she saved for when she wanted something.

Her eyes locked straight on Darrell's, dark and hungry, a mischievous glint promising trouble. She didn't break stride, boots splashing through the soft patches near the fence, closing the distance fast.

Darrell's heart hammered in his chest, his cock already stirring as she reached him. Up close, she smelled of soap and sun-warmed skin, her full lips curved in a knowing smile.

Without a word, she grabbed his hand, her grip firm and warm, tugging him toward the barn's shadow.

"C'mon, boy," she murmured low, just for him, her voice like velvet over gravel.

He followed, pulse racing, glancing back at Pa who was already turning away to yell at the cattle in the field.

There'd been a cave-in at the mine yesterday, where several men were hurt. Luckily his Pa, Lester, wasn't one of them. The men of Red Gulch all knew the dangers of working underground—it was the risk they took to support their families.

Mary Beth led her son to the barn looming ahead, its weathered boards offering cover, but they weren't deep inside—just slipped behind the wide double doors, out of direct sight from the yard.

Mary Beth didn't waste time. Her fingers hooked into his belt, yanking it open with practiced ease.

"Been thinkin' about this all mornin'," she whispered, eyes flicking up to his face as she shoved his trousers and underdrawers down to his ankles in one rough pull.

His big, sinewy cock sprang free, thick and veined, already hard and jutting out like a fence post. The cool barn air hit his balls, making them tighten, but it was her stare—devouring every inch—that made pre-cum bead at the tip. Darrell's breath hitched, his hands clenching at his sides. He was eager, yeah, but still naive enough that his cheeks burned with a mix of shame and raw want. Ma was his mother, for Christ's sake, but the way she looked at him like he was her secret prize... it drove him wild.

She crouched down slow, her knees sinking into the hay-strewn dirt, dress riding up her thick thighs. One hand gripped his hip, steadying him, while the other pushed his legs apart wider.

"Good boy," she purred, her hot breath ghosting over his exposed skin.

Then her tongue darted out, long, flat and wet, licking a slow stripe up from his taint.

Darrell jolted, a low groan escaping his lips as the slick heat dragged over that sensitive spot, sending sparks up his spine.

She didn't stop—oh no, Mary Beth was bold, always had been. Her hands spread his ass cheeks apart, palms digging into his firm muscle, exposing his tight asshole completely.

Her tongue circled the puckered ring, teasing the rim before pressing in, lapping at him like she was starving for it. Wet, slurping sounds filled the air behind the barn, mixing with the distant lowing of cattle and the creak of wind on the roof.

Darrell's knees buckled a bit, pleasure twisting in his gut like a knife. He loved getting tongue by his Ma—her mouth was filthy and perfect, tongue probing deeper, fucking his asshole with short, insistent thrusts.

"Fuck, Ma," he gasped, voice hoarse and barely above a whisper.

His hand moved on instinct, wrapping around his thick cock, stroking from base to tip in firm pumps. The shaft swelled in his fist, veins pulsing under his grip as he jerked faster, matching the rhythm of her licking.

Pre-cum slicked his palm, making each slide smoother, wetter. He could feel her spit dripping down his taint, cooling in the air before she lapped it back up, humming against his skin like she loved the taste.

Mary Beth pulled back just enough to glance up, lips shiny with her own saliva, a string of it connecting to his asshole. "That's it, work that fat hog for Mama," she commanded softly, her voice dripping with lust.

Then she dove back in, tongue spearing into him again, harder this time, while one hand reached up to fondle his heavy balls, rolling them in her fingers.

"Oh don't that feel damn good," Darrell moaned louder than he meant to, the sound echoing off the barn walls.

His hips bucked forward into his own hand, chasing the building pressure, but he couldn't tear his eyes from her—those massive tits heaving with each breath, nipples hard as pebbles begging to be sucked.

The thrill of Pa just yards away, oblivious, made it all dirtier; what if he stepped around the corner right now? The thought only fueled Darrell's strokes, his cock leaking steadily now, balls drawing up tight.

Mary Beth's free hand slipped between her own thighs, rubbing her pussy through her dress—he could hear the faint rustle, smell her arousal mixing with the barn's musk.

Mary Beth's tongue finally pulled away from Darrell's asshole with a wet pop, leaving him gasping and clenching around nothing.

Spit trailed down his taint, cooling against his heated skin, but his cock throbbed harder than ever in his fist, slick with pre-cum and begging for more.

She stood up slow, her knees popping from the crouch, those heavy tits bouncing under her dress as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

Her eyes burned into his, dark with that same forbidden hunger that twisted Darrell's gut every time she looked at him like that—like he was hers to devour.

Without a word, she turned toward the barn wall, where a rickety ladder leaned against the weathered planks, leading up to the loft.

Mary Beth grabbed the bottom rung, hoisting herself up with a grunt, her wide hips straining the fabric of her dress. As she climbed, she reached down with one hand and hiked up her skirt, bunching it around her waist. No underdrawers—nothing but bare skin.

Darrell's eyes locked on the sight, his strokes faltering for a second as her naked pussy came into view, smooth-shaven lips puffy and glistening with her own juices.

Higher she went, and her round ass cheeks spread just enough to flash her tight asshole, winking in the dappled light filtering through the barn slats.

Darrell's mouth went dry, his thick cock pulsing in his hand as he pumped it harder, the long, veined shaft slick and shiny.

"Fuck, Ma, you're bare under there," he gasped, her pussy lips parting slightly with each step up the ladder, showing off the pink inner folds dripping wet.

That asshole, puckered and inviting, made his balls ache—he wanted to bury his face in it, or better, shove his cock right in.

The risk hit him again; Pa could yell for her any second, stomp over here, but the thought only made Darrell jerk faster, pre-cum flying in thin strings to splatter the dirt.

He could smell her arousal stronger now, musky and sweet, cutting through the barn's stink like a promise of what's next.

Mary Beth paused halfway up, glancing down over her shoulder, her skirt still hiked high. Those big tits hung heavy, nipples scraping the ladder rungs through her dress.

"You gonna stay down there strokin' that fat cock all day, boy?" she teased, voice low and husky, laced with command. "Or you comin' up here to rut Mama's holes like a good son should?"

Her words slammed into him like a punch, heat flooding his face and groin. Rut her—like an animal, right there in the loft where anyone could hear the hay rustling.

Darrell dropped his hand from his cock, the shaft bobbing heavy and untouched, leaking steadily. He kicked off his tangled trousers and boots in a rush, bare-assed now, and scrambled for the ladder.

His hands gripped the rough wood as he hauled himself up fast, heart pounding louder than the cattle outside. The view below blurred—Pa's distant figure in the field, oblivious—but up close, Ma's exposed ass filled his vision, cheeks jiggling with her movements.

By the time Darrell crested the loft edge, pulling himself over onto the creaky floorboards, Mary Beth had already shimmied out of her dress completely. It pooled at her feet like discarded skin, leaving her stark naked—those massive, natural tits swaying free, dark nipples hard and begging, her wide hips framing that smooth pussy and the curve of her meaty ass.

She bent over a fat bale of straw, knees sinking into the prickly pile, presenting herself like a bitch in heat. Her ass stuck up high, cheeks spread just enough to show her wet pussy lips and that tight, pink asshole clenching in anticipation.

The loft air was thicker up here, hay dust tickling his nose, but all he could focus on was her—the way her arousal dripped down her inner thigh, the faint sheen of sweat on her skin.

Darrell knelt behind her quick, his knees hitting the rough boards with a thud. His cock slapped against his belly, rock-hard and aching, the head purple and slick.

“Ma... fuck, just look at you,” he muttered, voice rough with need, hands shaking as he reached out.

He grabbed her ass cheeks, thick and soft under his fingers, spreading them wide. Her asshole winked at him, tight and untouched except for his own tongue at his grandma Clara's place.

Below it, her pussy throbbed, lips swollen and parted, begging to be filled—but no, he wanted that ass first, the dirtiest part, the one that made his gut clench with shame and thrill.

Mary Beth pushed back against his hands, grinding her cheeks into his grip. "That's it, spread Mama wide," she groaned, arching her back deeper. "You see how tight it is? Gonna have to work that big cock in slow, boy—make me take every inch."

She reached back to swipe a finger through her pussy, coating it in her slick juices before circling her asshole. The wet sounds echoed in the loft, mixing with Darrell's heavy breaths.

Darrell's breath hitched as he watched Ma's finger slide out of her asshole with a slick pop, leaving the tight ring glistening and slightly gaped.

His cock jerked in the air, the fat head smeared with pre-cum that dripped in a long string toward the hay-dusted floor. Fuck, he needed to be inside her—needed to feel that forbidden heat clamp down on him.

His hands dug deeper into her ass cheeks, spreading them wider, the soft flesh yielding under his grip.

"Ma... you want my cock in your tight asshole?" he asked, voice trembling.

"Mm-hm," she hummed. "The tunnel of a woman's shitter is custom made for a big boy's cock like yours."

She pushed her ass back to tease the tip of his shaft against her puckered hole. "Mama's fixin' to teach you how to beat that dick right through my butt—make me squeal for more of my own son's meat."

Her words hit Darrell like a gut punch, shame and lust twisting hot in his chest. Pa was still out there, hollering at the cattle maybe, close enough that one loud moan could bring him running. But that risk

only made Darrell's cock throb harder, pre-cum bubbling from the slit as he leaned in.

He gripped his thick shaft at the base and rubbed the swollen knob against her asshole ring. The heat of her skin seared him, her puckered hole twitching under the slick pressure, coating his cockhead in a mix of his pre-cum and the remnants of her finger's juices.

"Like this, Ma?" he grunted, sliding the tip up and down her crack, bumping her wet pussy lips on the way back, feeling her arousal smear along his length.

"Atta boy, grease that pole till it's drippin' wet," Mary Beth moaned. "Rub that leaky knob right on Mama's shitter. Make it shine before you shove in."

Darrell did, pressing firmer, the tight ring resisting at first then kissing his cockhead with a wet suck. Every circle he made sent jolts up his spine, his balls tightening as more pre-cum oozed out, lubing her up.

Finally, with a shaky breath, Darrell lined up and pushed. The head of his cock breached her asshole slow, the ring stretching around him with a burn that made him hiss. "

"Hot damn, Mama—your backdoor's squeezin' me like a vise!" he groaned, inching forward, watching her hole swallow his thick shaft bit by bit.

Mary Beth arched her back, pushing back to meet him, her inner walls gripping—hot, velvety, and pulsing around his meat.

Inch after sinewy inch sank in, the friction pulling a string of spit from her lips as she bit down on her forearm to muffle a cry.

Darrell's hands trembled on her hips, fingers digging into her wide flesh, until—goddamn—with a final thrust, he buried himself balls deep.

His heavy sack slapped against her dripping pussy, the sensation making stars burst behind his eyes.

“Oh, yes—fill Mama's ass full,” Mary Beth gasped, her body shuddering around him, tits scraping the rough straw as she adjusted to his girth.

She clenched her asshole deliberately, squeezing his cock in waves that had him seeing white.

“Now listen up, boy—this here's different than dippin' your wick in the honey jar. Gotta ease it in gentle-like, then pull back till you're 'bout to pop out, then drive that meat wagon home. Feel how my back door's grippin' ya? That there's the sweet spot.”

Darrell nodded, dazed, his mind a haze of her scent and the obscene stretch of her hole around him. He drew back careful, the drag of her walls on his veined shaft pulling a groan from deep in his throat, pre-cum and her slick easing the way.

Then he thrust in—hard, like she said—burying deep again with a wet smack, his bell-shaped glans rearranging her bowels.

Mary Beth moaned loud, the sound echoing off the barn beams, her pussy clenching empty below as juices trickled down her thighs.

“Harder now, son—beat that cock through my ass,” she urged, voice breaking into whimpers. “Grab my hips and rut like you mean it, make Mama's brown star gape for you.”

Darrell obeyed, hands clamping her wide hips, pulling her back onto him as he started pumping. Each stroke built faster, his balls slapping

her wet folds, the loft filling with the filthy squelch of ass-fucking and their ragged breaths.

He could feel every ridge of her tunnel gripping him, the heat building to a fever, his cock pile-driving in and out while she rocked back, udders swinging wild.

Darrell's mind raced— this was his Ma, bent over and taking his dick in her shitter like a whore, teaching him to fuck her raw. His world narrowed to the obscene grip of Ma's asshole around his pounding cock, every plunge sending shockwaves through his body.

The tight ring stretched wide with each thrust, but inside—fuck, inside her rectum was a furnace of slick, rippling heat that clutched at him like it never wanted to let go.

Her walls were velvety smooth yet textured with faint ridges that dragged along his veined shaft, milking him deeper into the forbidden tunnel of her guts.

He could feel the way her inner muscles quivered, hot and pulsing, squeezing his length in rhythmic waves that made his balls ache with the need to unload.

Sweat poured down his back as he hammered in balls-deep, the head of his cock nudging against the bend in her rectum, buried so far, he swore he could feel her heartbeat throbbing around him. His thick cock leaked steadily now, pre-cum oozing from the slit to slick the brutal friction, turning her shitter into a sloppy, sucking mess.

The flex of his own teenage muscles anchored him—sinews in his thighs and the root of his dick tensing like iron cables, powering each steady, powerful thrust.

He pulled back almost to the tip, watching her asshole cling to his retreating shaft, the pink inner flesh pulling out slightly before he

slammed home again, the smack of his heavy balls against her dripping pussy echoing in the loft.

"Goddamn, Ma—your ass is suckin' me dry," Darrell grunted, his hips snapping forward with a force that jolted her body.

Mary Beth's moans grew louder, raw and unrestrained, bouncing off the barn rafters like a siren's call that could draw Pa any second. Her ass muscles fluttered wildly around him, gripping tighter with every stroke, the heat building to a scorching vise that had his cock throbbing inside her.

"That's it, boy—fuck Mama's shitter raw," she gasped, pushing back hard to meet his plunges, her wide hips grinding against his grip.

Juices from her neglected pussy leaked down, soaking his sack and dripping onto the straw below, the scent of her arousal thick and musky in the air.

She clenched deliberately, her rectum contracting in hot pulses that rippled from his buried cockhead all the way to the stretched ring, pulling a guttural groan from his throat.

Darrell's hands dug deeper into her hips as he drove his cock even deeper, chasing that electric friction. The way her tight walls parted for him, then snapped back to hug every inch, made his vision blur with lust.

He could feel the slick juices coating his shaft, his pre-cum mixing with her inner heat to create a wet, squelching glide that only urged him faster. His muscles flexed at the base, tendons straining as he anchored his rhythm—steady, powerful pumps that shook her heavy tits against the bale, her nipples scraping raw.

"Harder, boy—pound that big dick through my guts," Mary Beth whimpered, her voice cracking into a moan that vibrated straight to his core.

Darrell obliged, hips moving with raw need, the filthy rhythm building to a frenzy. Each thrust slapped wet and loud, his balls smacking her swollen pussy lips, her arousal splattering with every impact.

He lost himself in the sensation—the hot, clenching tunnel devouring him, her moans fueling the fire in his veins, sweat slicking their bodies as the loft reeked of sex and sin.

Then it came—a shout from below, Pa's voice booming up through the floorboards. "Mary Beth? Darrell? Where the hell you two at?"

Darrell froze mid-thrust, his cock buried balls-deep in Ma's shitter, the sudden halt making her inner walls flutter around him in protest. His heart slammed against his ribs, panic flooding his veins like ice water. Pa was right there in the barn, close enough that Darrell could hear the creak of boots on the dirt floor.

If Lester looked up, if he climbed even one rung of that ladder... fuck, they'd be caught with his dick stuffed in his own ma's ass, her pussy dripping juices onto the hay like a faucet.

He gripped her hips harder, trying to still her, breath caught in his throat. But Ma didn't give a shit. She just kept humping back, careless and bold, her fat ass cheeks rippling as she ground against him.

Those wide, child-bearing hips rolled with a filthy rhythm, slamming softly into his trim midsection with each push. He looked down, mesmerized by the sight—his thick, veiny cock disappearing into her obscenely stretched asshole, the pink ring puffed out and gripping tight to his root on every thrust she forced.

It winked at him when she pulled forward, inner flesh clinging to his shaft before she shoved back, burying him to the hilt again. The stretch was obscene, her shitter molded perfectly around his girth, juices from her pussy leaking down to coat his balls and make everything sloppier.

"Darrell? You hear me, boy?" Lester called again.

Darrell's muscles locked, his thighs burning from the effort to hold still, but Mary Beth's ass kept working him, her rectum pulsing hot and insistent around his throbbing length.

He looked up to see his pretty Ma grinning back at him mischievously, daring him to make a moan.

Darrell bit his lip to stifle a groan, the danger twisting in his gut like a knife, but his cock betrayed him—twitching harder inside her, leaking more pre-cum that dribbled down her crack.

Lester muttered to himself below, confusion thick in his grumble. "Damn fools, probably off chasin' strays or somethin. Gotta get to the mine—ain't got time for this."

The footsteps retreated, the barn door creaking open and shut as Lester headed out to saddle his horse. The clatter of hooves and tack followed, fading into the distance as he rode off.

Darrell let out a shaky breath, his body sagging with relief even as Ma's ass clenched around him in victory.

"That was close, Ma," he whispered, voice hoarse and trembling, his hands sliding up to squeeze her jiggling cheeks. "Too fuckin' close. Pa almost—"

"Danger makes the pleasure even more intense, don't it, son?" she purred.

Without waiting, she ground back harder, her hips circling to stir his dick deep in her guts. Her asshole fluttered wildly, gripping his root like it was starving for more, and she moaned loud now—no holding back with her husband gone.

"Now git up in there and wreck Mama's back door like you was born for it, boy."

The words snapped something in Darrell, the fear melting into raw, urgent need. He pulled back slow, watching her stretched ring drag along his shaft, pink flesh turning out before he slammed home with a wet smack.

His balls slapped her pussy hard, the impact sending a fresh gush of her juices splattering down his thighs.

"Fuck, yeah—your ass is milkin' me so good," he growled, hands digging into her hips again as he set a punishing rhythm.

Each thrust buried him balls-deep, his cockhead battering the tight walls of her rectum, the heat and suction pulling groans from his chest.

Mary Beth pushed back to meet him, her fat ass rippling with every collision, the cheeks spreading wide to expose where his thick dick stretched her open.

"Pound that donkey dick up my back door, boy—make me see stars!" she demanded, voice cracking into a moan that filled the loft.

Her inner muscle clenched in hot waves that rippled from tip to base, squeezing out more pre-cum to slick the way. Sweat poured off both of them, dripping onto the straw, the air thick with the musk of ass-fucking and her dripping cunt.

Darrell's midsection tensed, abs flexing as he drove in harder, the obscene press of her asshole against his root making his vision blur. He could feel every inch of her—the velvety grip, the pulsing heat, the way her shitter sucked at him like it wanted his load right then.

His balls tightened, aching with the build, but he held on, thrusting steady and brutal, lost in the filthy grind. Ma's moans grew wilder,

her body shaking under him, pussy untouched but leaking rivers that soaked his sack.

“Goddamn, Ma—gonna fill your guts,” he growled, hips snapping faster.

The teenager's balls drew up tight, the pressure building like a storm in his gut. He clenched his teeth hard, a low growl ripping from his throat as the first thick spurt of cum blasted out of his cockhead, flooding Mary Beth's stretched asshole deep inside her rectum.

Hot ropes of teenage seed painted her inner walls, the slick heat of her shitter clenching around his pulsing shaft to suck every drop deeper. His hips jerked forward one last time, burying his dick to the root as he unloaded, veins throbbing against the tight grip of her ass tunnel.

Cum leaked out around his base, mixing with her pussy juices to dribble down his sack in messy strings, the obscene stretch of her pink ring puffing out from the force of his eruption.

“Fuck—Ma, takin' it all,” Darrell snarled, his vision spotting white as wave after wave pumped into her guts.

The sensation was overwhelming, her asshole milking him with rhythmic squeezes that pulled more seed from his balls, the wet squelch of his cum filling her echoing in the loft.

His knees buckled under the intensity, thighs quivering as he collapsed backward onto the straw, chest heaving like he'd run a mile.

Mary Beth giggled and twisted around quick, her fat ass lifting off his cock with a wet pop that sent a glob of his thick load splattering onto his thigh.

Before he could catch his breath, she swung a leg over him, straddling his lap like she owned him—which she damn well did in that moment.

Her wide hips settled heavy on his midsection, the fleshy cheeks smothering his abs as she reached back, grabbing his still-spurting boner. She lined him up and sank down fast, her stretched shitter swallowing his entire length in one greedy slide, the ring clamping tight around his root again.

Darrell groaned, hands flying to her thighs for purchase as her weight pinned him down. The heat of her ass enveloped him completely, the cum inside her sloshing around his shaft with every shift.

"Goddamn, Ma—still so tight," he muttered, feeling her inner walls flex and stroke his sensitive cockhead, the muscles rippling like they were determined to wring him dry.

Her asshole pulsed hot and insistent, the grip sucking at his length in slow, deliberate waves that milked out the last spurts of his load, dribbling more cum into her already flooded rectum.

She leaned forward, heavy mama-udders dangling in his face, nipples hard and brushing his lips as she started grinding. Her hips circled slow at first, stirring his dick deep in her cum-slick tunnel, the motion making her ass cheeks jiggle against his skin.

"That's right, sugar," she panted, "feel how Mama's back door's grippin' that monster? Gonna squeeze you dry till them jewels are empty as a church collection plate on welfare Sunday."

Her rectum clenched tighter, the walls fluttering around his veined shaft, pulling at him like a hot, velvet fist. Sweat beaded on her skin, dripping onto his chest, the air thick with the sharp tang of cum and ass-fucking.

Darrell's hands slid up her sides, fingers digging into the soft flesh of her waist, but she grabbed his wrists rough, guiding them higher.

"Get a good grip on these fat milk-bags, baby—hang on tight while mama empties them balls," she growled, mashing his palms against her heaving jugs.

They overflowed his grip, the weight of them heavy and warm, nipples scraping his palms as he squeezed. Her tits bounced with each grind, the motion sending jolts straight to his cock buried in her ass.

With her thick ass hugging his midsection, Mary Beth ground her hips in tight circles, her shitter flexing relentlessly around his boner, the cum inside bubbling out to coat his balls and puddle on the straw beneath them.

"Yeah, squeeze Mama's big titties—pinch those nipples while I squeeze this cock dry," she moaned loud, head thrown back, her wide hips rolling with urgent need.

The grip of her asshole was merciless, the inner muscles flexing and sucking at his shaft, stroking from base to tip in hot pulses that made his toes curl.

Darrell bucked up into her, unable to stay still, his fingers twisting her nipples as fresh waves of pleasure shot through him. His cock throbbed inside her, still leaking despite the massive load he'd just blown, the sensitivity making every clench feel like fire.

"Ma—fuck, you're suckin' me empty," he panted, abs clenching under her weight, sweat stinging his eyes.

"Mmm," she moaned. "Mama's ass is eatin' up every bit of that cream."

Darrell's grip tightened on her tits, kneading the heavy flesh as his body tensed again, another weak spurt firing into her depths despite the ache in his balls.

The relentless ass-sucking grip had him seeing stars, her rectum pulsing in hot waves that stroked his entire length, refusing to let go until he was spent.

Miles away from the dusty farm, the sun beat down merciless on the quiet town of Red Gulch at high noon. The streets lay empty, save for the faint echo of women screaming in ecstasy.

Female ruled the sultry afternoon, their bodies free to indulge without prying eyes—except those of their own kind, hungry and unashamed.

Up in the General Store's upper room, the air hung thick with the stench of sex and tobacco, the wooden floors creaking under the weight of raw lust.

Martha Johnson stood naked at the open window, her sweat-soaked skin glistening like she'd just been fucked raw—which she had. A cigarette dangled from her full lips, smoke curling lazy into the hot breeze as she peered out at the barren street.

Her huge milk-filled udders jutted out heavy and obscene, the swollen globes swaying with each breath, dark nipples protruding from areola that stretched across the peaks of her tits.

Her teats leaked thin trails of cream that dripped down her belly to mix with the drying farm-boy-cum smeared across her thighs.

Her pussy throbbed still from the pounding she'd taken minutes ago, hairless lips puffy and slick, asshole twitching with the memory of

fingers probing deep while that young stud's cock stretched her cunt wide.

She took a long drag, the burn in her lungs sharpening the ache between her legs, and glanced over her shoulder at the bed that occupied most of the room. Her friend Annie, another miner's neglected wife with tits just as massive, rode the cock of a young man Darrell's age with vicious abandon.

It was the same kid Martha had just drained. His name was Will—his lean body sprawled on the rumpled sheets, face buried in Annie's flopping udders as she bounced on a glistening shaft that was hard as a railroad spike.

Annie's fat ass cheeks clapped loud against his thighs, her pussy slurping greedily around his dick, juices squirting out with every downward slam.

The boy's hands gripped her wide hips, knuckles white, as he thrust up hard, his balls slapping wet against the pucker of her asshole hole.

"Fuck yeah, feels so good, Annie," the teen gasped. "Yur squeezin' the hell outta my dick."

Annie moaned loud, head thrown back, her heavy, pendulous tits smacking the kid's face as she swiveled, her clit grinding against his pubic bone.

"Goddamn, boy—your cock's plowin' WAY the fuck in there," she growled, ass rippling with the force of her ride, pussy walls clenching to suck him in tighter.

The young man grunted, tongue lashing at her rubbery nipple, sucking hard enough to draw a squirt of whatever milk she had left, his hips bucking wild to bury his dick balls-deep in her sopping hole.

Cum from Martha's earlier fuck still coated his shaft, frothing white at the base where Annie's lips gripped him like a vice.

Martha's eyes flicked back to the street, her cigarette burning low between her fingers. The town felt like theirs alone, the women's domain of sweat and sin while the husbands slaved below ground.

A faint clatter of hooves caught her ear, and she squinted into the dust.

Her sister Mary Beth, heavy-titted and bold as ever, sat tall in the wagon bench, her skirt hiked just enough to show the gleam of sweat on her thighs. And beside her, that cute nephew Darrell, his young face flushed, trousers tented obvious with a fresh hard-on, eyes darting nervous but hungry.

"Well, all be damned," Martha drawled aloud, voice thick and raspy with lust, flicking her cigarette butt out the window to smolder on the dirt below. "I think my sister Mary Beth and my cute nephew Darrell just rode up."

Annie jerked upright, popping off the boy's rod with a sound like a boot pulled from deep mud. His massive tool flopped against his belly with a meaty thwack, dripping with secretions he's just carved from her cunt.

"Yeah, that's Darrell alright," she hissed, her heavy jugs swaying as she stared out the window. "Same stud who turned my sister into a drooling mess over at Clara's place. Banged her AND his mama senseless."

Martha's lips curled into a dirty smile. "Guess it's my turn to take a ride on that prime beef."

"See if Mary Beth'll bring him upstairs," Annie said. "We can take turns ridin' that pole of his."

Matha snatched up the thinnest shift from the floor—barely more than a ragged slip of cotton that clung to her curves like a second skin—and yanked it over her head.

The fabric stretched taut over her massive tits, the wet spots from her milk already blooming dark across the front, her huge areolas visible through the sheer material.

It barely skimmed her thighs, leaving her ass cheeks peeking out with every step, her puffy pussy lips rubbing slick against the hem.

She bolted down the creaky stairs of the General Store on bare feet, her udders bouncing wild and slapping against her ribs. The door banged open as she burst onto the dusty street, the hot sun blasting her skin, making her sweat anew.

There they were—Mary Beth dismounting with a sway of those wide hips, her skirt still hitched high enough to flash the sticky mess between her legs, cum trickling down from her freshly fucked asshole.

Darrell slid off the wagon awkward, his lean frame tense, that big bulge in his pants throbbing obvious as he adjusted himself, face red from the ride or maybe the memory of pounding his own ma's shithole.

Martha's eyes raked over her nephew like she was starving, taking in his cute, handsome face flushed with that boyish hunger, his lean muscles rippling under his shirt from farm work.

"Goddamn, nephew, ain't you just a fuckin' snack and a half," she drawled low and filthy.

She sauntering up with her hips rolling, milk leaking faster from her tits at the thought of his young cock stretching her holes. She didn't wait—lunged forward and wrapped him in a crushing hug, yanking his body flush against hers.

His face sank right between her squishy udders, the hot, soft flesh smothering him as she ground her leaking nipples into his chest, soaking his shirt with warm cream.

Her hands slid down to grip his ass, squeezing hard through his trousers, feeling the firm cheeks clench under her fingers.

Darrell flushed deeper, his breath hitching hot against her skin, overwhelmed by the press of her massive tits and that sweet, dripping milk scent flooding his nose—mixed with the raw stink of her cum-crusting pussy.

His cock jerked hard in his pants, trapped against her thigh, pre-cum already leaking to make a wet spot as he fought the urge to grab her ass right there in the street.

“A-Aunt Martha,” he stammered, voice muffled in her cleavage, but she just chuckled rough, holding him tighter, her own cunt throbbing at how easy he'd be to break.

Mary Beth watched with a smirk, wiping sweat from her brow, her own heavy tits heaving under her blouse, still sticky from the barn fuck.

“Easy there, sister—don't scare the boy off before we get him inside,” she teased, but her eyes gleamed hungry, knowing full well Darrell's cock was primed and leaking from their ride.

Before Martha could drag him toward the store, a burst of giggles echoed from down the street—high and filthy, cutting through the dusty quiet. She pulled back just enough to glance over, her arm still slung possessive around Darrell's waist, one hand 'accidentally' brushing the bulge in his pants.

Two naked moms—miners wives, with huge tits flopping wild as they ran—dashed past the saloon, their fat asses jiggling, pussies shaved bare and glistening with fresh juice.

One had cream smeared across her belly from a recent tit-fuck, the other sported red handprints on her cheeks from a spanking. They squealed playful, glancing back over their shoulders at the young man chasing them—no older than Darrell, a huge hard cock bobbing thick and veined, balls swinging heavy as he pumped his legs.

The boy looked anxious to use it, face twisted in desperate lust, pre-cum flinging from his fat cockhead with every stride.

"When I get my hands back on y'all," he hollered, "I'ma pound them holes till ya can't walk straight!"

He kept jacking his throbbing rod while he stumbled forward, desperate to catch up.

The moms laughed louder, tits smacking loud against their ribs, one reaching back to flash her asshole at him, winking it teasing before they veered toward an alley, hips swaying to taunt him further.

"Look at that—town's alive with cock-hungry whores today," Martha murmured to Darrell, her breath hot on his ear. "Bet you'd love to join in, nephew—chase some fat-assed mama and ram that big farm-boy dick up her cunny like a horny dog."

Mary Beth's hand tightened on Darrell's arm, her fingers digging into his bicep like she owned him, which she damn well did.

"C'mon, boy, let's get what we came for," she said, voice low and teasing, laced with that filthy promise that made his balls ache all over again.

"Supplies for the farm?" Martha asked.

"Mm-hm, and don't you fret none, sister, my boy's dippin' his wick plenty back home. That joystick ain't gatherin' no cobwebs, I guarantee ya that."

"So I hear," Martha grinned, licking her lips. "Word is you been lettin' others take a ride on that veiny flesh-pole. How 'bout you lemme borrow that boy for a spell? Aunt Martha's achin' to drag him upstairs and fuck him till he's drippin' like a stuck hog."

"I'm sure you've gotten more than your share of farm-boy cock today," Mary Beth said as she tugged her son toward the General Store. "You look like you been gettin' ravaged all mornin'."

Martha fell in behind them, her massive udders swaying heavy under that sheer shift, milk droplets pattering onto the dusty boardwalk like rain.

"Oh come on, sis... you know us Chesterfield girls," Martha giggled proudly. "We were born to fuck 'til the cows come home."

She licked her lips, eyes locked on the way Darrell's pants tented, his lean ass flexing as he walked.

The store door creaked open under Mary Beth's push, the cool shade inside hitting them like a slap after the sun's blaze. Shelves crammed with canned goods, bolts of cloth, and sacks of flour lined the dim space, the air thick with the scent of leather, tobacco, and faint pussy musk from constant rutting in the upper rooms.

There was no one else around—just the old proprietor dozing behind the counter, his snores rumbling soft.

Mary Beth steered Darrell toward the dry goods aisle, her hand sliding down to squeeze his ass cheek quick and hard, making him jolt.

Martha crowded in close in front of him, her breath hot on Darrell's neck. Her hands roamed bold over his body—one palm pressing flat against his chest, feeling his heart hammer, the other dipping low to trace the ridge of his bulge through the denim.

Darrell swallowed thick, his skin burning where she touched, cock leaking fresh pre-cum that soaked his drawers.

"Those floppin' udders outside get you excited, did they, Darrell?" Martha whisper, her nails digging against his tender cock-flesh as she massaging his hardening meat through his trousers.

"I reckon," he whispered.

"Make you wanna rut nasty with a mama?" Martha purred, staring into his eyes hungrily, "let her squeeze her cunny 'round that fat hog—soak that nut-sack."

Mary Beth glanced back with a wicked grin, picking up a sack of cornmeal and tossing it onto the counter casually.

"His Mama's been trainin' him up real good when it comes to rutting, Martha. Boy's a natural—eager as a bull in heat."

"Mmm, I love me a teenage bull 'tween my thighs," Martha purred. "Stirrin' up my cunt real deep and nasty like."

"Got his very first taste of a woman's tight asshole just this mornin', right before we rode out." Mary Beth said it plain, no shame, her heavy tits heaving as she leaned in to snag some twine, nipples brushing against her boy.

Darrell's face flamed, but his cock twitched violent in Martha's grip at the memory—Ma's hot shithole clenching around him, milking his load deep while Pa called from outside.

He shifted, trying to hide the throb, but Martha's hand cupped his balls through the fabric, squeezing gentle but firm, making him bite back a groan.

"Well, hell, every boy needs to be milked proper by a woman's shitter," she agreed, voice dropping to a growl as she spun Darrell

around to face her, backing him against a shelf of jars that rattled soft. "Nothin' breaks 'em in like a tight ass-grip—teaches 'em how to thrust boner deep and fill that ass up."

She bent over, pressing her thick derriere back against his bulging crotch. The heat of her cheeks seeped through his pants, her shift riding up to bare the crack of her ass.

Martha ground slow, deliberate, circling her hips to rub her puckered asshole right over his cockhead's outline, the friction making pre-cum ooze copius from his slit.

"Mm, bet the stretch feel so good 'round that meat," she hissed, feeling his boner flex against her crinkled rim.

A heavy thud echoed from the stairs at the back of the store. Darrell's head snapped up just as Annie burst into view—naked as sin, her massive tits squashed flat against Will's broad chest, sweat gleaming on her skin like she'd been oiled for a fuck.

The young stud carried her easy, his strong arms hooked under her thick thighs, her legs clenched tight around his waist like a vice. His cock—thick and veined, slick with her pussy juices—stayed buried balls-deep in her dripping cunt, the lips stretched wide around his root as he took each step.

"Martha, honey, you got any of that salve left? Will's poundin' my shithole next, and I want it slick for his fat dick."

"Hey, Annie," Mary Beth waved with a glance their direction.

"Hey, ya'll," Annie grinned, waving casual at Mary Beth and Darrell like she wasn't getting railed standing up in front of God and the grocer.

Will shot Darrell a quick wave, cock twitching inside the MILF latched onto him as he turned back toward the room without breaking stride.

"Catch you later, Darrell," he grunted, voice strained with the effort of holding her weight while fucking.

Slaps of skin on skin faded as they vanished into the bedroom, door slamming loose, followed by Annie's loud moan—"Yes, fuck meeee!"

Darrell's cock jerked hard in his pants, the sight burning into his brain: that young buck rutting a grown married woman raw while walking, her cunt gripping him like it owned his dick.

The old proprietor just snorted in his sleep, like upstairs fucks were background noise.

Martha chuckled low, still pressed back against him, her asshole grinding deliberate over his bulge. "Town's full of that kinda heat, nephew. Makes a boy's cock ache somethin' fierce."

Darrell swallowed thick, turning his head to Mary Beth, his voice coming out curious and hoarse, barely above a whisper. "Ma... they was fuckin' standin' up like that? With her legs all wrapped 'round him?"

Mary Beth's eyes sparkled wicked, her heavy tits brushing his arm as she leaned in close. "Yeah, sugar, that's one way a boy can rut with a mama—or any hungry woman, for that matter. Standin' up lets you bounce her on your cock deep, feel her pussy or shithole clench tight while you walk her 'round."

Martha's eyes narrowed with a mix of amusement and hunger. "You mean to tell me you ain't shown this fine boy of yours how to let a woman cling to him while he stands and ruts her hard against the wall? Sister, that's a damn shame. In this town, every young buck

needs to know how to pin a slut up and pound her dripping holes without missin' a step."

"Just 'cause I ain't done it yet don't mean I don't plan to, Martha," Mary Beth stated. "My boy's already learned to fuck me six ways from Sunday, we just ain't tried that position yet."

"No better time than the present to learn such a skill, nephew. Come on—let's get you trained proper," Martha said as she grabbed Darrell's hand firm, yanking him toward the creaky stairs at the back.

"Martha," Mary Beth giggled, "we ain't here to fuck."

"That's not what that hard hammer in his pants is tellin' me, Mary Beth."

Martha's ass cheeks jiggled under the thin skirt as she pulled Darrell along, the outline of her dripping pussy lips visible through the cloth, cum from some earlier fuck still trickling down her thighs.

Darrell's heart pounded, his big cock straining painfully against his pants, pre-cum soaking the front as he stumbled after her.

"Be right up after I'm finished shoppin', sugar," Mary Beth stated. "Don't let your cock-hungry aunt scare you too much—she's just eager to feel that farm-boy dick stretch her wide."

The words made Darrell's balls ache, his mind flashing to the barn, his Ma's tight asshole milking him dry, and now this—his aunt, bold as brass, dragging him into the private space above the General Store.

Martha pulled him past the first door where Annie and Will's room echoed with wet slaps and moans. But that was just the start.

Martha smirked, her free hand squeezing Darrell's bulge through his pants, whispering, "Boy, you ain't seen nothin' yet."

They pushed through a second door into a long hallway, walls lined with open rooms where dozens of naked moms lounged, their huge-breasted bodies slick with sweat and flushed red from hours of rutting.

The air hit him like a wall—thick, musky stench of pussy-cum, sweat, and spurting milk that made his head spin and his cock leak pre-cum into his drawers.

These were miners' wives, bold and insatiable, giggling and chatting like it was a damn quilting bee, but their cunts glistened wet between spread thighs, assholes still gaping from recent poundings.

In the first room off the hall, three moms were piled on a lanky teen, his skinny body buried under their heavy flesh. One fat-assed mom straddled his hips, her pussy slurping down his hard dick balls-deep, grinding slow so her ass cheeks clapped against his thighs.

Another shoved her dripping cunt onto his face, smothering him as he tongued her clit and asshole, her moans muffled by the wet smacks.

The third knelt beside him, sucking his teenage balls into her mouth, licking the taint while her udders dragged heavy across his leg, nipples leaking milk onto his skin in sticky trails.

The boy bucked up, fucking the riding mom harder, his cock plunging in and out with squelching sounds that echoed down the hall.

Darrell's breath hitched at the sight, his own dick throbbing painfully. His aunt laughed low, proud as a queen showing off her kingdom, her nearly-naked body pressing close—sweat-soaked skin sliding against his arm, her huge swollen tits leaking warm milk down her belly.

"See that, nephew?" she purred. "Us mothers feast on boys like you all day, while our men dig dirt. Your big, young cock's gonna fit right in."

The public thrill of it all—the hallway open, moans spilling out—made Darrell's balls ache, his asshole clenching at the thought of joining the pile, maybe getting his taint licked while he fucked one of those gaping pussies.

Martha tugged him onward, deeper into the maze of writhing flesh. The walls seemed to pulse with the rhythm of grunts and wet fucks, moms glancing over with hungry eyes, one even reaching out to pinch his ass cheek as they passed.

"Care to share, Martha?" she asked, eyeing Darrell's body like a staving cougar.

"Already sharing with his Mama," Martha answered. "Send her our direction when you see her come up."

After entering the only empty room, Martha didn't hesitate, shoving Darrell against the wooden wall, the impact jarring his back. She quickly shed her gown and pressed her voluptuous body flush against his, those massive udders squashing against his chest, warm milk seeping through his shirt as her hard nipples dragged over his skin.

"Look at you, all flushed and hard for your auntie," she growled, voice husky with need.

She hooked one thick leg around his waist, grinding her soaked cunt against his bulge rough, the wet heat of her pussy lips parting around the fabric of his trousers.

Juices smeared his pants, the musky scent filling his nose as she humped him deliberate, her fat clit rubbing his shaft through the barrier.

Darrell groaned low, hands instinctively grabbing her wide hips, feeling the sweat-slick flesh quiver under his fingers.

Martha's mouth crashed onto his, her lips sealing in a filthy kiss that swallowed his gasp. Her long, experienced tongue lashed into his mouth, thick and wet, twisting around his own like she was claiming every inch of him.

He nearly choked on the invasion, tasting the bitter tang of her cigarette smoke, but his body arched into her anyway, cock throbbing harder against the soaked fabric trapping it.

She didn't break the kiss to rip his shirt open, buttons popping as her nails scraped his chest. The cloth tore away, and her gigantic tits slapped heavy against his bare skin, flattening with a wet smack.

Warm streams of milk squirted from her swollen nipples, trickling down his abs in sticky rivulets, soaking into the faint trail of hair leading to his navel.

Darrell's mind reeled—he knew Aunt Martha had squeezed out a little one not long back, her udders bloated with that motherly nectar, and now it leaked all over him, the sweet, creamy scent filling his nose, making his balls tighten with fresh hunger.

Martha pulled back just enough to growl low, her breath ragged, eyes locked on his flushed face. “Fuck, boy, you're built like a goddamn bull,” she rasped, hands yanking at his belt.

His pants hit the floor in a heap, boots kicking them aside as her fingers wrapped around his big sinewy cock. She stroked it frantically, palm slick with her own juices, thumb smearing the pre-cum leaking from his slit.

“This here's a real cunt-hammer, Darrell. Thick as my wrist, veiny and ready to split a woman wide. Been dreamin' of feelin' a nephew's meat like this stretchin' my holes.”

Her grip tightened, jerking him rough from root to tip, balls slapping her wrist with each pump. Darrell groaned, hips bucking into her fist, the raw friction sending sparks up his spine.

"Grab my thighs, lift me up," she ordered, voice thick with command, her dominant lust shining through as she boosted herself higher against the wall. "Seat that juicy pole in my drippin' cunt, boy. Auntie needs it deep."

Darrell obeyed without a thought, hands clamping onto her thick, sweat-slick thighs, muscles straining as he hoisted her voluptuous body. She was heavy, all curves and heat, but his farm-boy strength held, her strong legs wrapping tight around his skinny waist like a vice.

Her heels dug into his ass, pulling him closer, and he felt the wet heat of her pussy lips part around his leaky knob, juices coating his shaft as it nudged her entrance.

"Get that fucker in," Martha hissed, bucking on his pole until her cunt-hole found its purple crown.

Darrell's cock split her twat wide, the tight ring of her cunt sucking him down into the hot furnace of her flesh. Inch by throbbing inch, he buried himself balls-deep, her walls clenching like a fist around his girth, pulsing with greedy hunger.

Milk still dribbled from her tits, smearing between their pressed bodies, and Darrell's nose buried in her neck, inhaling the musky mix of her sweat, cum from whatever fuck she'd had before, and that faint milky sweetness.

Her pussy was a sloppy mess, stretched and slick, gripping him so tight it dragged a moan from his throat.

Martha's head fell back against the wall with a thud, her milk-heavy tits sloshing as she ground down on him, ass cheeks flexing against his hands.

"That's it, boy—sweet Jesus, you're stretchin' me somethin' fierce. Ram that horse-cock in deeper, make this mama-cunny gush for ya."

She locked her ankles behind him, using her leverage to hump up and down, her cunt slurping wetly around his plunging cock. Each thrust slapped their bodies together, her juices squirting out to drip down his balls, soaking the floorboards.

Darrell's arms burned from holding her, but the burn only fueled his rut, hips snapping forward harder, driving his thick shaft into her depths. Her meaty MILF body clung to his skinny frame, her powerful farm-girl legs clamped around his hips possessively as her giant tits rippled against his torso.

Each thrust bumping his swollen tip against her cervix. But this wasn't like any he'd felt before. This one was softer, more yielding, dilated wide from her recent birthing. It swallowed the head of his dick with a wet, sucking pull, like her womb was hungry for his load.

He marveled at it, the way it parted and hugged his knob, hot and spongy, drawing him in deeper with every slam of his hips.

Sweat poured down his back as he grunted into her neck, lost in the filthy heat of her body clamped around him.

"Aunt Martha... fuck... it's so soft, suckin' my tip right in," Darrell groaned, voice ragged, his balls slapping wet against her ass as he drove harder.

The sensation made his shaft leak more pre-cum, slicking her walls even further, turning her pussy into a sloppy, churning mess.

"That's 'cause I just squeezed out a little one, nephew," she panted. "Softened this whole damn furnace up for a thick cock like yours. It can eat your knob whole—swallow it down and beg for your seed."

She ground her hips in a circle, forcing his tip to nudge that dilated ring again, her cunt walls fluttering around his length. Milk leaked faster from her mammary ducts, squirting between them with each bounce, the creamy, sticky fluid dripping down to where their bodies joined, lubing his pounding shaft.

Darrell's mind spun with the taboo thrill—his own aunt's post-birth pussy devouring him like this, incestuous heat flooding his veins. He adjusted his angle quick, tilting his hips up to thrust even deeper, aiming straight for that puffy ring.

He groaned loud as it parted wide under the pressure of his knob, bubbling with hot secretions that coated his cockhead in thick, sticky warmth. The ring stretched around him, sucking him through like a greedy mouth, letting him sink balls-deep into her core.

Her pussy clenched hard in response, juices gushing out to soak his pubes and drip down his thighs, the wet slaps echoing off the upstairs walls of the general store.

"Yes, fuck—ram it through, boy! Stretch my womb with that nephew dick," Martha snarled, her voice a dominant growl, tits heaving as she rode his thrusts.

She was heavy in his arms, but the burn in his muscles only made him fuck her harder, hips snapping with raw urgency.

"Stick a finger up my tight asshole, Darrell," she ordered suddenly, eyes blazing with lust as she wiggled her ass against his hold. "Wiggle it around while you pound this cunt. Make Auntie feel full in both holes."

Her words hit him like a whip, his cock twitching inside her at the command, anal play igniting that forbidden spark he'd discovered with Ma just hours ago.

Darrell didn't hesitate, his hand sliding from her thigh to her crack, fingers brushing the sweat-slick clench of her asshole. It was tight, puckered and hot, still leaking a hint of whatever cum she'd taken earlier.

He pressed his middle finger against it, feeling it resist for a second before popping through the ring. The heat inside was intense, her ass walls gripping his digit like a vice as he swirled it slow, stretching her rim wide.

"Like this, Auntie? Feelin' your shithole suck my finger?" he rasped, thrusting his cock deeper in rhythm, the dual invasion making her body quake.

"Fuck yes—deeper, swirl that finger in my dirty ass!" Martha moaned. "Mix it with your cock reamin' my pussy."

Darrell twisted his digit inside her, feeling the thin wall between her holes, his cock bumping it from the other side as he fucked her standing, relentless.

Her secretions bubbled out around his shaft, farting wetly with the force, while his finger churned her ass, pulling out strings of her slick to smear over his knuckles.

The air thickened with their musk—sweat, milk, pussy juice, and the faint earthy tang of her ass. Darrell's arms trembled from the effort, but he held her firm, pounding up into that softened cervix, groaning as it milked his bulbous tip.

The door to the upstairs room creaked open, and Darrell's head snapped toward the sound. There stood Ma—Mary Beth—her heavy

tits straining against her blouse as she stepped inside, eyes locking onto the filthy scene with a knowing smirk.

She wasn't fazed one bit by her son plowing his aunt's holes. Instead, she shut the door soft behind her and started unbuttoning her top slow, peeling it off to let those wide, child-bearing hips sway as she freed her sweat-damp skin.

Darrell's thrusts faltered for a split second, his eyes widening at the sight of his Mama humongous tits springing free, but Martha's cunt squeezed him hard, urging him back into rhythm.

He plowed deeper, his thick shaft slamming through her puffy folds, the wet schlick of her juices echoing as his finger swirled wider in her leaking shithole, churning the slick mess inside.

"Sweet Jesus, sis, your boy's hung like a damn mule," Martha squealed. "He's splittin' me wide open, poundin' my guts so hard I can taste him in my throat."

"Mama-bear's been learnin' him up real good," Mary Beth smirked proudly, her skirt dropping next to reveal her naked pussy already glistening.

"And enjoyin' every second I'm sure," Martha giggled.

"Heard the men had quite a scare in the mine yesterday," Mary Beth said casually, standing there buck naked now, hands on her hips. "Partial cave-in, two fellas hurt bad."

"Thank goodness our husbands weren't in that area of the mine when it happened." Martha added, her massive udders slapping against Darrell's chest with each upward thrust.

"Yeah, praise the good lord for that," Mary Beth said, "Lester and your man slavin' away in the dark, keepin' us fed, while we up here... well, you know."

"Fuckin?" Martha giggled as she ground her hips down hard, forcing Darrell's tip to batter her softened cervix again, the spongy ring sucking at him greedily.

Her asshole fluttered around his swirling finger, leaking more of that earthy slick as he twisted it deeper, feeling her walls pulse in time with his rut.

Darrell's mind reeled at the normalcy of their chat—talking about Pa and uncles like doting wives while he finger-fucked Aunt Martha's tight ass and rammed his nephew dick balls-deep into her post-birth pussy.

He wondered if any of those miners down in the shafts suspected their women turned into daytime cock-sluts like this, chasing young bucks for sweaty, hole-stretching sex while the men hacked at rock all day.

"Mmm, boys like this one keep us wives happy," Martha groaned, her voice husky as she clenched her legs tighter around Darrell's waist, nails raking his back.

She humped back fierce, her dripping asshole sucking his finger like it wanted more, the thin membrane between her holes letting him feel his own cock's bulge as it plunged.

Milk leaked profuse from her swollen tits, soaking his skin, the sweet scent driving him wild—his cock twitching at the thought of sucking those leaky nipples while buried in her.

Mary Beth's naked body tempted him bad now, her bold curves on full display, pussy lips swollen and wet from watching. Her eyes fixed on where Darrell's shaft disappeared into Martha, the obscene sight of her sister's ass cheeks spread wide around his probing finger making Ma's own asshole twitch in memory of his morning load.

"You trainin' him good this way, sister? That man-muscle of his looks right at home stretchin' your sloppy cunt."

"Oh fuck, yes!" she hissed. "I'm 'bout to cum hard on that thick nephew dick of his."

Mary Beth stepped up right behind her cunt-fuckin' boy, her humongous heavy tits crushing soft and warm against his sweat-slick back, the hard peaks of her nipples scraping his skin like brands.

Darrell gasped at the sudden cocoon of flesh, trapped between aunt and ma, their curves molding to him in a sweaty, dominant embrace.

Mary Beth's wide hips pressed flush to his ass, her dripping cunt smearing hot slick along his butt-cheek as she wrapped her arms around his waist, one hand sliding down to grip his hip bone.

"That's right, sugar," she drawled, her tongue darting out to taste his salty skin. "Let Mama show ya how to drill that pussy proper—gonna make your auntie cream herself silly all over that horse cock."

Darrell shivered, his cock twitching inside Martha as his Ma's hands guided his hips, pulling him back slow before shoving him forward with precise force.

She rocked her own pelvis in rhythm, demonstrating the pattern—short, grinding spears that angled up to batter the front wall of Martha's cunt, then a deep, twisting plunge that stirred her depths wide.

"Like this, darlin'," Mary Beth murmured, her tongue lapping at the sweat pooling in the crook of his neck. "Stay with me—fuck her just the way I show ya. Hit that spot deep, make her ass clench on your finger too."

He faltered at first, his thrusts going sloppy from the overload, but Mary Beth urged him on, her grip firm, hips bumping his to set the pace.

"Again, boy—spear in deep, twist on the out. Feel how she quivers?"

Darrell obeyed, stirring his thick shaft inside Martha's furnace-hot hole, the bulbous head scraping every nerve along her slick lining, his finger plunging in sync to churn her shithole's tight ring.

Martha's moans turned guttural, her thick legs clamping Darrell's waist like iron, nails digging trails down his back.

"Fuck yes, there—oh god, you're wreckin' me!"

Her cunt convulsed hard, walls rippling in waves that yanked at his cock, the puffy folds swelling fatter as climax built. Milk streamed unchecked from her udders, soaking them both in sticky warmth, the room reeking of cum, sweat, and that raw pussy musk.

Darrell's balls tightened, pre-cum leaking steady into her depths, the incestuous thrill of his Ma guidance—her body glued to his, whispering filthy instructions—pushing him to pound harder, finger-fucking Martha's asshole with urgent twists.

"Keep it steady, son," Mary Beth breathed, licking his neck again. "Jam that big ol' knob right up against her baby-maker—split her open while you're fingerin' her back door."

Her hips bucked against him, mimicking the motion. Darrell locked into the rhythm, his lean muscles flexing as he drove forward, cock spearing Martha's cunt with shattering precision, finger swirling deep in her clenching ass.

Martha frantically matched Darrell's thrusts in counterpoint, her voluptuous body knowing the rhythm well. She sped up, grinding her

sopping cunt hard against his thick cock, the swollen lips dragging along his shaft with every frantic buck.

Darrell's mind reeled from the overload—his aunt's greedy pussy clenching like a fist around his buried length, her asshole sucking greedily on his plunging finger, while Ma's heavy tits mashed into his back, her hot breath and slick thighs urging him deeper into the forbidden rut.

"That's it, boy—keep spearin' her just like that," Mary Beth growled low in his ear, her hands firm on his hips, directing each powerful snap forward.

She angled him precise, aiming his throbbing cockhead straight at the spongy ridge inside Martha's cunt—the spot that made her walls quiver and flood.

Darrell felt it hit, the way Martha's inner flesh swelled and pulsed, her juices gushing out in hot spurts that drenched his balls and thighs.

"Fuck—oh shit, you're hittin' it, nephew! Right there, wreck my fuckin' cunt!"

Her legs locked tighter around his waist, nails raking red lines down his back as she humped back with savage need, her puffy anal ring parting wider around his swirling digit.

Mary Beth held him steady from behind, her dominant grip unyielding as she whispered filthy commands. "Deeper now, darlin'—grind that fat knob on her G-spot, make her explode all over your dick. Feel how she's clenchin'? She's 'bout to burst."

Darrell obeyed, thrusting with urgent power, his sinewy shaft spearing into Martha's depths, the bulbous head battering that sensitive ridge while his finger twisted deep in her asshole, stretching the tight ring wide.

"Cumming—fuck, I'm cumming on your thick cock, boy!" Martha cried out as her body went rigid, then shattered. She screamed so loud it pierced the air, a guttural wail that every horny woman in Red Gulch could probably hear echoing down the dusty streets.

Her pussy burst around his root, walls convulsing in violent spasms that yanked at his length, flooding him with a torrent of hot fem-cum.

It splattered between their sweat-slicked bodies, running off his heavy nuts in sticky rivulets, mixing with the milk squirting from her heaving udders.

"F-fuck," Darrell groaned, "you gonna squeeze my dick clean off."

His own climax teetering on the edge as her cunt's obscene squeezes dragged him deeper, her asshole clamping down on his finger like it wanted to trap him forever.

The orgasm roared through Martha, her voluptuous frame bucking wild, tits flopping and slapping as she ground her clit against his pubic bone. Fem-cum erupted from the slit of her urethra with each shudder, soaking their joined flesh, dripping to the floor in wet puddles that reeked of raw lust.

Darrell could hardly breathe he was being squeezed so hard, his skinny body locked in a vice of trembling arms and legs. His knees buckled under the intensity, but Mary Beth held him upright, her strong arms anchoring his hips.

"Hold steady, son—let her ride it out on your cock. Keep that finger buried in her shitter, stir it slow while she floods you."

Her voice was a husky command, unfazed by her sister's pleasurable screams, her naked body glued to his, nipples scraping his back as she nipped at his neck.

Martha's climax stretched on, wave after wave crashing through her, her moans turning to breathless gasps as her pussy fluttered and gushed endlessly.

"Don't stop—oh god, keep fuckin' me through it!" she begged, her dominant lust unbroken even in ecstasy, those wide MILF hips rolling to chase every last spark.

Martha's body finally slackened, her legs unwrapping from Darrell's waist with a wet pop as she slipped off his jutting cock.

Her pussy lips dragged along his slick shaft one last time, leaving a trail of her thick fem-cum smeared from root to tip.

She gasped, chest heaving, those massive udders jiggling with the motion, milk still dribbling from her swollen teats in lazy trickles that cut paths through the sweat and cum coating her skin.

Darrell's cock throbbed in the open air, rock-hard and glistening with her juices, the veiny length pulsing as it stood straight out from his lean hips like a stiff third arm.

"Sweet Jesus, Mary Beth," Martha gasped, "that boy made my pussy squirt like a goddamn geyser."

Martha's gaze dropped to his wet, jutting cock, her eyes widening with lustful awe as she licked her lips, tasting the salt of their shared sweat. "He's got a real baby-makin' bull horn on his loins—gonna flood every hole in this town with his seed.'

Darrell blushed hard, his face burning under the praise, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from Martha's huge, dripping udders. They hung heavy and full, the wide areolas pebbled dark against her flushed skin, nipples fat and swollen from all the milking and rutting, leaking that sweet nectar.

"Aunt Martha..." he uttered timidly.

"What is it, sugar?" she smiled, moving her shoulders to make tits sway back and forth under his obvious stare.

"Can I... can I have a drink from your titties? They look so full."

Mary Beth chuckled from behind him, her naked body still pressed close, one hand sliding around to grip his hip while the other teased his ass crack, her finger circling the sensitive ring there.

"Hear that, sister? My boy's thirsty for your milk after wreckin' your holes."

Martha's laugh turned throaty, her eyes gleaming with lust as she cupped one massive udder, lifting it toward him, milk squirting a thin arc from the nipple.

"Get over here, nephew,' Martha ordered, beckoning him with a crook of her finger while she leaned back against the wall for support. "Latch onto this rubbery tit and get yourself some milk from the udder."

Darrell stepped forward on shaky legs, his cock bobbing with each move, brushing against her thigh and leaving a wet streak. His hands trembled as he reached up, grabbing the underside of her huge tit, the flesh overflowing his palms, soft and heavy with milk.

He leaned in, mouth opening wide, and latched onto the fat nipple, the rubbery texture yielding under his lips as he sucked hard. Warm tit-milk flooded his mouth instantly, sweet and thick, coating his tongue as he gulped it down greedily.

Martha moaned low, her hand tangling in his hair to pull him closer, forcing more of the udder into his face. "

"That's it, boy—suck this Mama's tit like a good little stud. Drain it all out while your cock throbs for more."

Darrell's cheeks hollowed with each pull, milk dribbling from the corners of his mouth as he nursed, the sensation making his dick leak pre-cum onto the floor in fat drops.

Mary Beth watched from behind, her fingers dipping lower to tease his balls, rolling the meat of his nuts gently while she ground her wet cunt against his thigh.

Martha's free hand slid down her body, fingers parting her swollen pussy lips to rub her fat, juicy clit, still sensitive from the orgasm.

She gasped as fresh milk let down under his sucking, spraying from her mammary-ducts and into his throat in stronger jets.

"Fuck, he's good at this, Mary Beth," Martha sighed. "Tongue that nipple, swirl it around while you swallow."

Darrell obeyed, his tongue lashing the large pebbled bud inside his mouth, tasting the creamy flow mixed with a hint of her sweat. His cock ached, untouched but desperate, the oral pull on her tit echoing the way he'd love to bury it in a hot, wet hole again.

Mary Beth's breath was hot against Darrell's ear as she leaned in closer, her heavy tits draping over his shoulders like warm pillows, the stiff nipples scraping his skin.

"Mmm, look at you, my handsome boy," she purred. "You do like suckin' on them squishy udders, don't ya? Got your face buried in your aunt's fat tit like a hungry pup."

Her hand squeezed his balls tighter, rolling the heavy sack in her palm, feeling his jewels churn with fresh seed.

Darrell groaned around the mouthful of Martha's nipple, the sound muffled and animalistic, his face sinking deeper into the spongy meat of her watermelon-sized udder. The flesh yielded under his cheeks

like warm dough, trapping his nose in the creamy scent that made his cock throb harder.

He sucked like a starving infant, lips sealed tight, tongue swirling the rubbery bud as milk gushed into his throat in thick spurts. It was sweet and warm, coating his mouth with that rich, forbidden nectar, and he gulped it down greedily, his throat working visibly.

Excess sprayed from the corners of his lips, dribbling down his chin and splattering onto Martha's belly, signaling just how tasty her milk was flowing out of that swollen tittie—hot jets that filled his belly and made his dick leak pre-cum in sticky strings onto the floor.

Martha's fingers dug into his hair, yanking him closer as she arched her back, shoving more of the heavy tit into his face. 'Fuck yes, nephew—suck harder, drain this udder dry,' she growled, her free hand abandoning her clit to grab his hand and force it between her thighs.

She guided his fingers to her sopping pussy, making him shove two inside the clenching heat, the walls sucking at him like a second mouth. The faint screams of women in the next room only fueled his lust.

Thoughts raced through his mind—how wrong it was to guzzle his aunt's milk like this, her body still quivering from the fuck he'd given her, pussy juices drying on his balls. But the taboo only fueled the fire, making him hump the air, desperate for friction while her tit filled his mouth.

"That's my boy," Mary Beth purred, "show Aunt Martha what a good little tit-milker you are."

He curled his fingers inside her, scraping the spongy walls, feeling her asshole wink nearby as if begging for attention.

"Shit, this tittie's almost empty," Martha rasped, "but its twin's just as full and achin'."

She tugged his head back with a wet pop, milk stringing from his lips to the glistening nipple, and shoved his face through the deep cleavage between her tits. The sweat-slick valley enveloped him, skin sliding against skin, the musky tang of her body overwhelming as he nuzzled through the soft barrier.

"Work your way through there, boy—latch onto the other one and suck it proper."

Darrell obeyed instantly, his tongue darting out to lap at the salty sweat pooled in her cleavage before finding the second fat nipple, erect and beaded with milk.

He latched on with a hungry slurp, sucking deep, the fresh flow hitting his tongue even thicker than the first—creamy and hot, flooding his mouth as he swallowed convulsively. His cheeks bulged with the effort, more sprays escaping to trickle down his neck, soaking his chest hair.

Martha moaned loud, the sound echoing off the walls, her hand pressing his head firm while her hips bucked against his fingering hand, pussy juices squirting around his knuckles.

Mary Beth and Martha locked eyes over his head, exchanging knowing smiles that dripped with shared filth.

"Mamas like milkin' young cocks just as much," Martha murmured, reaching down to wrap her fingers around Darrell's throbbing dick, stroking the slick length from base to tip. His hips rocked on instinct, fucking his meat through her grip.

"Mmm, and tastin' their milk," Mary Beth added, her own hand joining in from behind, cupping his balls while her finger pushed past his asshole's resistance, sinking knuckle-deep into the tight heat.

Darrell's muffled growl vibrated against Martha's tit, his body tensing at the double assault—sucking her milk while his aunt jerked his cock and his ma squeezed his balls and finger-fucked his ass.

The intrusion burned sweet, her digit swirling skillfully inside him, pressing against that spot that made his balls tighten.

He thrust into Martha's corkscrewing fist, making wet schlick sounds as she lathered his pre-cum around the taut pink skin of his cock, veins bulging lewdly.

"Shit, boy," his aunt rasped, "I think we better get this dick sheathed quick before you pass out from losin' all the blood everywhere else."

She gave his cock one last tight pump before shoving his shoulders to turn him toward Mary Beth who's finger popped from his asshole.

"Ready to rut with this mare?" his asked as she threw her arms over Darrell's shoulders, yanking him close, crushing her huge mama-tits against his chest.

The soft, sweat-slick flesh mashed flat, her fat, stiff nipples scraping his skin like hot brands, the weight pinning him as her pussy ground against his thigh, smearing hot juices there.

"Just like we showed ya earlier," she growled into his ear, "thrust deep and hard. You're on your own this time; make Mama's cunt sing."

Darrell nodded fast, his voice a choked whisper. 'Ok, Ma.' His hands trembled as he grasped her thick thighs, the skin slick with sweat and her arousal, lifting her up against the wooden wall.

Mary Beth's silky-smooth legs wrapped his waist tight, her heels digging into his ass cheeks, pulling him in. He angled his hips, the fat knob of his cock nudging her sopping pussy lips apart.

"There ya go, Darrell," Martha urged, "split that twat open and bury that hammer up in there. Let your Mama sink to your nut-sack."

With a few prods, Darrell's spear hit its target and he seated her with one exquisite thrust. The tight, wet heat swallowed him whole, his shaft sinking balls-deep in a single brutal push that slammed his purple knob right against the puffy ring of her cervix.

Mary Beth's moan ripped through the room, loud and raw, her head thrown back as her pussy walls clenched around his invading cock like a vise.

"Fuuuck, yes—fill me up, you big-dicked stud!"

She ground her hips down hard, taking control of their rut, her wide child-bearing hips rolling in urgent circles that smeared her juices over his balls. The pressure on his knob was intense, her cervix yielding just enough to kiss the tip, sucking at it with each grind like it wanted to pull him deeper into her womb.

Darrell groaned, his skinny frame straining to hold her weight, muscles flexing in his arms and back as he pinned her to the wall.

Her pussy was a furnace, hot and slick, the folds rippling along his length with every shift. He could feel every inch of her gripping him—the way her inner walls pulsed, milking his shaft from root to tip, her clit grinding against his pubic bone with wet slaps.

His hips snapped up instinctively, slamming into her with short, powerful jabs that made her fat ass cheeks jiggle against the wood.

"That's it, boy—pound Mama's hole like you own it," her voice quivered. "Feel that cervix? It's beggin' for your seed."

She clenched deliberately, her pelvic floor fluttering tight, squeezing his shaft and crown until pre-cum leaked from his slit to mix with her wetness.

The room filled with the obscene sounds to match those in the next room—the wet smack of flesh on flesh, her loud moans echoing off the rafters, the creak of the wall under their weight.

Darrell's balls slapped her ass, heavy and full, churning with the need to unload again just as he had deep in her ass that morning. Martha watched from the side, her hand between her own thighs, fingers plunging into her cum-dripping pussy as she smoked a fresh cigarette, the haze curling around them.

“Look at him go, sister—stretchin' you wide like a proper bull.”

Her eyes locked on where Darrell's cock disappeared into Mary Beth's hairless cunt, the labial lips stretched thin around the girth, beating wetly on his cock-base with every plunge.

Mary Beth's moans grew wilder, her body shuddering as she took him fully, hips slamming down to meet his upward fucks. Her asshole winked below, still slick with semen that drooled out from her depths from their barn session.

Darrell's mind raced—wanting to finger it, to feel her clench around him there too—but he focused on the rut, his cock throbbing inside her, building toward that explosive edge.

Mary Beth's heels dug deeper into boy's ass cheeks, her strong legs locking him in place as she guided his hips with rough yanks.

“Follow the pattern I showed ya with your aunt's cunny, boy,” she hissed against his ear, her voice thick with lust. “Churn that knob inside me first—stir up Mama's womb—then slap it home hard.”

Darrell's mind reeled, trying to recall the rhythm from earlier. He twisted his hips experimentally, churning the fat purple head against her puffy cervix, feeling the soft ring yield and suck at his tip like a hungry mouth. The motion made her inner walls ripple, squeezing his shaft in hot, wet pulses that sent jolts up his spine.

"Oh-h-h damn, mama," his voice quivered, "your baby-tunnel's chewing on my meat g-good."

He slammed forward, the slap of his trim midsection against her fat ass echoing loud in the room, his balls smacking her perineum repeatedly with a wet thuds.

Mary Beth's pussy clenched tight around him, hot girl-honey being carved from her walls by his plowing cock, dripping down his sack to soak the floorboards below.

Darrell groaned into her neck, the burn in his thighs building as he matched her guidance, churning deep before slapping hard, over and over.

Each plunge ground his knob against that yielding cervix, stretching it wider around his purple glans, while the slaps drove his full-length balls-deep, her pussy lips stretching thin and obscene around his girth.

Her mouth crashed against his in a wet, fierce kiss, lips smashing as tongues collided like two snakes in a pool of saliva, writhing on a hot iron.

Mary Beth's tongue plunged through his mouth, thick and demanding, swirling and tangling with his own in a sloppy dance.

Saliva bubbled between them, spilling over their chins in stringy ropes, mixing with the sweat pouring down their faces. Mary Beth

sucked on his tongue greedily, tasting the faint milk from her sister's tits and the salty tang of their shared arousal.

Martha leaned against the wall and watched her sister and nephew rut like animals, her fingers still buried knuckle-deep in her own dripping cunt, plunging in and out with wet schlicks that matched their rhythm.

Smoke from her cigarette curled lazy in the air, but her eyes were glued to the filthy scene—Darrell's tireless cock hammering in and out of Mary Beth's stretched pussy, the lips puffing red and swollen.

"Pound her harder, boy," she urged, her voice a gravelly rasp, free hand tweaking one of her leaking nipples to spray milk onto Darrell. "Make your mama come apart on that bull cock. Fuck up into that sloppy hole good 'n proper—watch her writhe like the animal she is."

Her words fueled Darrell's thrusts, his hips snapping faster, the churn-slap pattern turning brutal as he snarled, pinning Mary Beth harder against the wall.

The mother's moans shattering the air in raw, guttural bursts—"Ahh! Fuck, yes! Deeper, boy—churn that cunt to cream."

Her hips bucked wildly against him, wide and child-bearing, grinding down to meet each slap with desperate force as they fucked with the endurance that only a mother and son could.

Darrell felt her pussy spasm, the hot walls convulsing around his plunging cock, milking him with urgent squeezes that pulled at his knob. Juices gushed out in hot spurts, soaking his thighs and dripping to puddle beneath them.

The harness of her plush MILF body trembled around him as she growl like an animal in ecstasy, her flexing, sweat-sheened limbs squeezing around his skinny body so tight her could hardly breathe.

Darrell could only move his ass and his thrusts turned frantic, slamming home with bruising force, balls tightening against his perineum as her tremors shook them both.

"You got her ass quiverin' good," Martha blurted. "Keep goin', Darrell—make her squirt her hot bubblin' honey all over that cock."

The encouragement hit him like a spur, his hips pumping faster, churning deep into the quivering heat. Mary Beth's scream nearly ruptured his ear-drum, her body arching off the wall, pussy flooding him in a gush of hot fem-cum that splashed their legs.

"O-h-h damn, she soakin' me," Darrell groaned, teetering on the brink, his cock flexing hard inside her clenching depths.

The way her pussy chewed on his cock was too much—those cock-hungry walls gripped him like a hot, sucking fist, pulling at his knob with urgent tugs that sent fire racing up his spine.

Darrell's balls tightened hard, his cock swelling thicker inside her clenching depths, pre-cum bubbling out to mix with her gushing juices. He couldn't hold back anymore, the forbidden thrill of fucking his Ma right here, with Martha watching and other boys like him getting fucked next door, pushing him over the edge.

"Ma... shit, I'm cummin'!" he announced, voice shaky and raw, breaking into a guttural groan as his hips jerked uncontrollably.

Inside Mary Beth's cunt, it turned into a wrestling match of pink, spurting flesh—his thick cock flexed and erupted, blasting rope after thick rope of hot boy-semen deep into her birthing tube.

The cum mixed with her mama juices in a sloppy froth, bubbling and churning around his plunging shaft as he slammed home one last time, balls emptying with heavy pulses.

Her cervix kissed his spurting tip, sucking down every drop like it was starving, the frothy mess overflowing to leak out around his girth, coating his sack in creamy white strands.

Mary Beth's moans turned to shattered screams as she came again, her pussy fluttering and squeezing to wring him dry, her limbs locked so tight around him that he felt her heartbeat pounding against his chest.

Martha watched it all from inches away, her fingers plunging frantic into her shaved pussy, knuckles-deep in the slick heat. The sight of her sister and nephew coming apart like that—mother and son locked in raw, incestuous rut—pushed her over too.

“Goddamn, look at you two floodin' each other,” she growled, voice husky from the cigarette dangling forgotten from her lips.

Her big-titted body shuddered hard, girl-juices spurting from her shaved pussy in clear arcs that splattered across Darrell's back and Mary Beth's jiggling ass.

“F-F-FUUUUUCCCCCKK!!” she snarled, her flesh convulsing as she shattered, nipples leaking steady streams down her belly.

Darrell's knees buckled under the weight of it, his cock still twitching and kicking inside his Ma's quivering cunt, the frothy load sloshing with every aftershock.

He gasped for air as he slowed, face buried in her neck, tasting the salt of her sweat. Mary Beth ground down one more time, her pussy wringing his engorged meat to milk the last drops from his balls.

"That's my boy... you filled Mama's tube good," she murmured, voice thick and satisfied, her legs finally loosening just enough for them both to slump against the wall.

The air reeked of their combined release—sharp cum, musky pussy, and the earthy tang of milk—thick enough to choke on.

Mary Beth finally eased off him, her pussy releasing his soaking-wet shaft with a pop, a thick glob of their mixed cum dribbling down her thigh to puddle on the floor.

One of Martha's friends suddenly burst into the room, her naked body as flushed and sweaty as Mary Beth's was from the heat of her own rut.

"Baby's crying, Martha," she said, her breathless words making her big, meaty tits quiver.

"Well, duty calls," Martha said, looking at Mary Beth and her boy, a wicked grin split her face. "Hope that boy of yours left enough nectar in these titties for baby Riley. Can't have the little one goin' hungry after Mama's been such a greedy slut."

"You take care of that young'un, sister," said Mary Beth. "We'll be headin' out soon enough."

Martha nodded, blowing a kiss toward Darrell's flushed face before turning on her heel. Her big, round ass cheeks jiggled with each hurried step, the flesh rippling over those thick, sexy legs as she rushed out the door.

Martha's friend licked her lips like a hungry coyote eyeing a rabbit, her gaze never leaving Darrell's wet, semi-hard cock.

"Why don't you haul that stallion son of yours into the next room, Mary Beth," she drawled. "Reckon us moms could take turns ridin' that pole till he's drained drier than a desert well."

"Thanks, but we best gather our supplies and head back to the farm," Mary Beth replied, turning to her son. "C'mon, boy. Time to get decent. Can't have the whole town seein' your cock drippin' Mama's cum everywhere."

Darrell fumbled for his pants, his fingers clumsy as he stuffed his thickening shaft back inside, the rough denim chafing against the sensitive skin.

His balls felt heavy and drained, but the ache in his groin stirred fresh hunger at the scent of sex still hanging thick in the air—musky cum, tangy milk, and the sharp bite of sweat. He tugged his shirt over his head, the fabric sticking to his damp chest, and followed Mary Beth through the maze of rutting bodies toward the stairs, her wide hips rolling with that familiar seductive sway.

As they went, the sounds hit them like a wave: raw, guttural moans spilling from open doorways, mixed with the wet slap of flesh pounding flesh.

Down the hall, in a room with the door ajar, Darrell spotted Will bent over a different miner's wife, her big, sweaty ass cheeks slamming back against his midsection with meaty smacks.

She was on all fours on the rumpled bed, her face buried in the pillows, muffling her screams as Will's hips pounded forward, his cock—thick and veined—plunging balls-deep into her puckered asshole.

The woman's cheeks spread wide with each thrust, her hole stretched obscenely around his girth, slick with lube and sweat, the rim gripping him like a vice. Rivulets of ass juice dripped down her thighs, pooling on the sheets, and her heavy tits swung pendulously, slapping against her arms.

Will glanced up, sweat beading on his brow, and waved casually at Darrell without missing a beat, his free hand digging into the

woman's hip to pull her back harder. "Bye, Darrell!" he grunted, the bed frame groaning under the force of his rut.

"Catch ya later, Will," Darrell answered back as his Ma led him down the stairs.

They hit the main floor of the general store, the air cooler but still thick with the faint echoes of upstairs moans filtering down. Shelves lined with canned goods and bolts of fabric stood quiet, the shop empty save for the clerk behind the counter, who barely glanced up from his ledger.

Mary Beth's voice dropped low, commanding as she nodded toward the piled supplies—sacks of flour, jars of preserves, coiled rope—stacked near the door.

"Haul those out to the wagon, sugar," she ordered, her eyes flicking to his crotch where his bulge tented obviously. "I'll settle up here, then we'll head home. Got more teachin' for you on the ride back—maybe show you how Mama's mouth works that big dick of yours while we roll along the trail."

Darrell swallowed hard, grabbing the first sack. The thought of her lips wrapping around him, sucking him off in broad daylight, made pre-cum leak into his drawers.

He hefted the load toward the door, the street outside baking under the noon sun, empty but for the distant clatter of a horse, the promise of more forbidden heat hanging in the dry air like a threat—or an invitation.

Once outside, a sweet, honeyed voice called out from behind him, cutting through the dry heat. "Hey, Darrell."

He turned, sack forgotten for a beat, and his eyes locked on Amelia, the pastor's wife, leaning against the store's porch railing. She smiled

seductively, her full lips curving like she was already tasting something forbidden.

Her dress, a tight calico number, strained against her curvy frame, the neckline dipping low enough that her fat cleavage spilled out in soft, jiggling mounds, pale skin glistening with a sheen of sweat that made the valley between her tits look like a slick invitation.

Dark nipples poked faintly through the thin fabric, hard and begging for a mouth or fingers to pinch them raw.

"H-hello, ma'am," Darrell stammered, his cheeks flushing hot under her gaze.

She was bold as sin, this one—everyone in Red Gulch whispered about how the pastor's prim wife snuck off with horny farm-boys while her husband droned on about hellfire.

Amelia pushed off the railing, her hips swaying as she sauntered closer, those heavy tits bouncing with each step. "You here with anyone, handsome? Or can a lonely woman steal some time with a strong farm-boy like you?"

Her eyes raked over him, lingering on the bulge tenting his pants, a hungry glint flashing in them.

"My ma's with me, ma'am. She's inside payin' for the goods."

Amelia's smile faltered into a scowl, full lips pursing as she crossed her arms under those massive tits, pushing them up higher until they nearly tumbled free.

"Your ma, huh? Damn it, boy, I was hopin' to get you alone," she stated disappointedly. "Don't reckon she'd mind sharin' a fine piece like you for a quick, hard rut? I've been achin' all mornin' for a big, teenage cock to stretch my holes proper—no sermons, just sweat and fuckin' till I can't walk straight."

Darrell's cock throbbed against his trousers, Amelia's words hanging thick in the dusty air like a promise of sin.

He gulped, picturing himself atop the pastor's wife, her silky church-lady legs wrapped around his back while he pounded her so hard the cross on the wall rattled, her holy hole gripping his massive tool like salvation itself, all while her husband droned on about hellfire just one floor above their sweaty, sinful coupling.

"My pussy's real hot, Darrell—wet too," she cooed, battering her eyelashes. "It'll feel real good 'round that hard pecker of yours."

Darrell opened his mouth to reply, but the rumble of wagon wheels cut him off, crunching over the dry street as a battered old rig pulled up sharp beside the hitching post.

A redheaded woman with a wild mane of curls yanked back on the reins. Liza, that's who she was—farm-wife like Mary Beth, with legs like tree trunks from years of work. Her skirt was hiked up scandalous around her thighs, showing off those strong, sweat-slicked muscles that could crush a man's hips if she rode him right.

"Darrell! Boy, is that you all grown up?" Liza shouted, her voice booming with a playful lilt, green eyes sparkling under the brim of her bonnet.

She slapped her hand flat against her hip at about waist height, grinning wide.

"Used to babysit you when you were just this high—couldn't keep your grubby paws off my tits even then, you little rascal."

Darrell blinked, a flush creeping up his neck as memories flickered—soft, giant breasts bouncing as she chased him around the kitchen, her laughter filling the room while she pinned him down for tickles that always ended with him nuzzling into her cleavage.

"I... I reckon I remember, Miss Liza," he said, smiling shy despite the ache in his balls from the morning's fucks.

His cock jerked at the sight of her, those massive tits straining her bodice, plump nipples poking like bullets through the damp fabric.

Liza leaned forward, her giant udders shifting heavily, nearly spilling out as she beckoned with a crooked finger.

"Well, climb up into this wagon right now, handsome. Let's take a nice little ride so I can see just how much you've grown."

She licked her lips, eyes dropping to his bulge, her strong legs flexing as she shifted on the seat, skirt riding higher to flash a glimpse of thin pubic red curls matted with sweat between her thighs.

Darrell hesitated, glancing back at the store door where Ma was still inside haggling over prices.

"I gotta pack some supplies with Ma first, Liza."

His voice came out thick, mind torn between the two women, both eyeing him like fresh meat.

Liza waved a hand dismissively, her tits jiggling with the motion.

"Oh, Mary Beth won't mind a bit. We'll just ride out somewhere nice n quiet-like—have a hard sweaty little rut in the back of my wagon. I'll nurse you on these fat hooters while I squeeze that big dick dry with my gushin' cunt. Have you back here in no time, boy, before she even misses you."

Liza's words dripped with raw hunger, her hand dipping under her skirt for a quick rub, a wet smack echoing as she fingered her slit openly, right there in the street.

Before Darrell could move, soft, heavy tits crushed against his back, Amelia's body molding to him like warm dough.

Her arms snaked around his waist, one hand diving straight for his crotch, groping his thick cock through the denim with a firm squeeze that made pre-cum leak into his drawers.

"She won't fuck you as hard as I can, Darrell," Amelia hissed hot against his ear. "My pussy's nice 'n tight—gonna clamp down on that long shaft and milk every drop while I ride you reverse, ass bouncin' for you to watch."

Liza growled, her voice turning filthy urgent, one hand yanking her bodice down to free a massive tit. The nipple, fat and dark, jutted out, already beading with sweat—or was it milk?—as she pinched it hard, a droplet flying toward him.

"Get over here, boy," she demanded. "Them Sunday school bitches don't know shit about ridin' pole. A country gal like me'll milk your dick dry till your balls look like raisins."

"Forget her wagon," Amelia urged. "I'll drag you to the basement and let you pound me till I scream your name louder than Sunday hymns."

Darrell groaned low, his hips bucking involuntarily into Amelia's fist as she stroked him rough, the friction sending sparks up his spine.

"Climb up here and shove that dick balls-deep in my sloppy farm pussy," Liza begged. "I'll wrap these strong legs around you and fuck you so raw you'll forget this pasty preacher's slut ever touched you. Mary Beth raised you right—time to rut like animals in broad daylight."

The door to the General Store banged open, and out stepped Mary Beth, her heavy tits bouncing under the thin fabric of her blouse. Her wide hips swayed with that bold, fuck-me strut, eyes sharp as a

hawk spotting prey, locking right onto the filthy little scene unfolding by the wagon.

Darrell's cock twitched hard in Amelia's grip, the preacher's wife pumping his shaft through his pants like she owned it, while Liza's exposed tit jiggled obscenely, nipple dripping sweat that trailed down her massive udder toward her belly.

"Sorry, ladies," Mary Beth drawled, her voice low and commanding. "This boy's his mama's helper today—no riding for him with sluts like you two. I already promised him a reward on the ride home that'll be much better than whatever dry-fucked hole either one of you can offer."

She snagged Darrell's arm and yank him free from Amelia's groping fingers. Her eyes raked over Liza's heaving tit and Amelia's spilling cleavage, a smirk curling her lips as she pressed her own massive breasts against Darrell's side, the heat of her body making his skin prickle.

Liza's face twisted in a scoff, her green eyes flashing with pissed-off lust as she yanked her bodice back up, the fabric snapping over her fat nipple with a wet smack.

"Fuck you, Mary Beth," she spat, but there was no real fight in it, just frustrated heat. She slapped the reins hard, the horses lurching forward with a snort, kicking up a cloud of dust that choked the air and stung Darrell's eyes.

Amelia let out a long sigh, her curvy body deflating like a punctured bellows, fat cleavage jiggling as she stepped back.

"Fine, you greedy bitch," she muttered, eyes hungry on Darrell's crotch before she turned, sauntering away with an exaggerated sway of her ass, dress hugging the cheeks like it was painted on.

Mary Beth turned to her boy, her bold gaze softening just a touch as she cupped his flushed cheek, thumb brushing his lower lip.

"Finish loading the wagon, darlin'," she said, voice dropping to that husky whisper that always made his cock leak.

"Ok, Ma," he nodded.

"Don't you worry 'bout those cock-teases—Ma's gonna give you a good dose of womanly affection on the way home. Gonna wrap my hot mouth around that big pussy-prod of yours, and suck it till your balls empty down my throat, or maybe bend over the seat and let you ram my tight asshole again while the horses trot. Whatever you need to drain those nuts dry."

Old Man Thompson sat in his rocking chair on his weathered porch, his gnarled hands folded over his lap, eyes squinting against the sun. He'd been there for decades, watching wagons come and go, knowing every dirty secret this town buried under its pious facade.

As Mary Beth's wagon rumbled closer, Thompson's gaze sharpened, spotting the boy first—Darrell's flushed face, mouth slack with moans, hands guiding his ma's head as she knelt next to him and slurped shamelessly on his exposed dick.

Thompson raised a hand in a warm wave, his smile cracking lines deeper into his sun-beaten face, no shock or judgment in his eyes. Just a nod of understanding, like he'd seen this play out a hundred times.

Mary Beth didn't miss a beat, her ass cheeks jiggling with the wagon's bounce, skirt fully bunched now to bare her dripping pussy lips and puckered asshole to the open trail.

She popped off Darrell's cock with a gasp, strings of spit connecting her lips to the glistening head, and glanced up at the old man, waving back with a wicked grin before diving down again.

Her long tongue swirled around the shaft, sucking harder, the obscene wet sounds carrying on the breeze as Thompson rocked slowly, chuckling to himself.

In his mind, the old farmer recalled the town's filthy underbelly—the miner wives climbing aboard young studs in broad daylight, tits flopping wild as they bounced on hard cocks, screams of ecstasy ripping through the structures whenever he hitched his mule in town.

He'd caught glimpses plenty: mothers and boys knotted together, sweaty flesh slapping frantically. Farm-boys' asses clenching as they pounded into beautiful, busty women bent over barrels or spread on hayloft floors. It was all hidden from the husbands, those poor bastards hacking away in the dark mines, oblivious to their women turning Red Gulch into a rutting paradise by day.

Old man Thompson shared the silence, his own cock twitching faintly in his pants at the memory, but he was too damn old for joining in. Instead, he just watched, complicit in the lust that kept Red Gulch alive.

Darrell's grip tightened on the reins, but his eyes were locked on Mary Beth's bobbing head, her lips sliding slick and tight over his throbbing cock.

The wagon jolted along the trail, dust swirling in the hot afternoon sun, but every wet slurp and gag from her throat pulled his focus harder, his balls churning with building pressure.

Old Man Thompson's porch faded behind them, the old guy's knowing wave just a blur now as the horses plodded on.

Mary Beth's tongue flicked relentlessly at his knob, whipping around the flared ridge and against the band of skin on the underside that pulled taut on his cock-skin. Her lively licker battered piss slit, scooping up beads of pre-cum, her heavy tits swaying and slapping against his thighs with each bounce of the wagon.

Darrell's hips twitched involuntarily, fucking up into her mouth, the exposed shaft glistening with her spit under the open sky. Anyone riding by could see it—his ma on her knees, devouring her boy's dick like a filthy slut—but that fact only made his cock swell thicker, veins pulsing against her tongue.

He barely noticed the trail narrowing, his mind drowned in the heat of her suction, until the wagon wheel caught a rut. The whole thing lurched sharply to the left, veering off the dirt path into a patch of dry scrub brush.

Sticks cracked under the wheels, the horses snorting in confusion as Darrell snapped back to reality, yanking the reins too late.

The wagon ground to a halt, tilted slightly in the uneven ground, sacks shifting in the back with a thud.

Mary Beth popped off his cock with a wet smack, strings of saliva dangling from her chin to his slick head. She giggled low and throaty, licking the salty goo from her lips.

"Whoops, darlin'," she said, glancing at the derailed path. "Just keep the wagon right here while Ma drains those fat nuts of yours. Ain't no rushin' home when your cock's this hard."

She didn't wait for an answer, just shifted her knees wider on the bench, her skirt still hiked up, fat ass cheeks spreading to flash her dripping pussy and tight asshole to the empty trail.

The public thrill hit Darrell like a gut punch—out in the open, no barn or store walls to hide behind, just the vast plains and the chance of some passerby spotting them.

Darrell leaned back against the wooden seat, his chest heaving, reins forgotten in his lap as he watched Ma dive back in.

Her tongue curled around his swollen knob first, flailing wild and wet, lapping at the sensitive ridge like she was starving for his taste. He loved it—fuck, he loved how she teased him like that, swirling and flicking until his cock jerked in her grip, pre-cum oozing fresh onto her lips.

“Shit, Ma,” he groaned, his voice rough, hands fisting the edge of the bench. “Love how you tease my tip like that.”

She grinned up at him, eyes locked on his, before plunging his meat deep into her throat. Her lips sealed tight at his root, stretching wide around the thick base, and Darrell's eyes got big, a sharp gasp ripping from him.

“Shit, Mama!” The outline of his boner bulged her neck, pressing out visibly as she swallowed him whole, her throat muscles rippling around every inch.

She held him there, nose buried in his pubes, humming low so the vibration shot straight to his balls. Then she pulled back slow, sucking hard enough to hollow her cheeks, spit bubbling at the corners of her mouth and dripping down his sack.

Darrell's thighs trembled, the wagon creaking under them as she bobbed faster, her head pumping with urgent rhythm.

One hand cupped his balls, rolling them heavy and full, squeezing and pulling on the coiled tubes inside his sack just right to make cum boil up.

The other hand stroked what her mouth couldn't reach, twisting slick over the veined meat. Air rushed over his exposed skin, cooling the sweat on his abs, but Ma's hot mouth kept him burning, her gags wet and filthy as she forced him deeper each time.

Darrell's ass clenched, hips bucking up off the seat as he fucked her throat, and the pressure built unbearable.

"Ma... fuck, g-gonna... "

He couldn't finish, his voice breaking into a guttural moan.

She sucked relentlessly, tongue pressing flat under his cock, urging him over the edge. His balls drew tight, and he bucked hard, cock pulsing as thick ropes of cum poured straight into her belly.

She swallowed every spurt, throat working around him, not spilling a drop even as he flooded her. Hot jets kept coming, his dick flexing deep in her gullet, until his vision blurred and his knees went weak.

Mary Beth moaned around him, the vibration milking him drier, her ass wiggling on the bench like she was getting off on the taste alone.

Finally, she eased off, lips dragging slow over his spent shaft, nursing on the quivering flesh, cleaning the last dribbles with her tongue.

Darrell slumped back, chest rising and falling fast, cock twitching soft and slick against his thigh. But Ma's eyes sparkled with hunger, her hand still pumping lazy at the bulky base, like she wasn't done yet.

The trail stretched empty ahead, but the wagon sat crooked in the brush, a perfect spot for more if she wanted.

"Good boy," she purred, licking her lips, her heavy tits heaving as she straightened up. "But Ma's pussy's still achin' from watchin' you cum. You ready to steer us straight... or fuck me right here first?"

Minutes later, the wagon rocked hard in the open plain, creaking and jolting with every slam of their rut.

Birds circled overhead, their shadows flicking across the sun-baked ground as they peered down at the filthy scene—two sweaty bodies, mother and son, tangled in the back of a wagon, exposed to the empty sky and any rider who might pass.

Mary Beth straddled Darrell's hips, her thick farm-girl ass bouncing up and down with urgent force, meaty cheeks rippling each time they slapped against his sweaty, muscular thighs.

Her pussy gripped his big sinewy cock like a vise, hot walls clenching and sucking as she rode him raw, juices squirting out with every downward plunge.

"Fuck yes, sugar," she groaned, grinding her clit against his pubic bone, her asshole winking above where his shaft disappeared into her cunt.

Darrell's face buried deep in the cleavage between her giant tits, the soft, sweat-slicked flesh enveloping him like a hot pillow.

He turned his head, lips latching onto one fat nipple, sucking hard. His tongue swirled over the rubbery bud, flicking and lashing while his hands dug into her ass cheeks.

"Ma... shit, I love suckin' these titties," he mumbled against her skin, the words vibrating into her breast as he bit down lightly on the teat, drawing a sharp moan from her.

Sweat dripped from her body onto his, mixing with the slick mess between them—her pussy cream coating his balls, his pre-cum bubbling up around his plunging shaft.

“Lord in Heaven!” the mother cried as her son delivered a particularly forceful upward thrust, the head of his engorged member stretching her cervix to its limit.

The massive intrusion pushed deep into her reproductive canal, while her swollen vulva made obscene, wet squelching noises as it sealed tightly around the base of his throbbing shaft.

The wagon's wood groaned under the assault, sacks shifting in the back with each bounce, the air thick with the wet smacks of flesh on flesh and her heavy breaths.

Mary Beth leaned forward, crushing her rippling tits harder against his face, her strong thighs flexing as she lifted and dropped, impaling herself deeper on his rock-hard rod.

“Suck 'em dry, darlin’,” Mary Beth commanded, voice husky and raw, one hand tangling in his hair to hold him there.

Her other hand reached back, fingers teasing her own asshole, dipping in to swirl around the tight ring while she rode.

The sight hit Darrell like fire—his ma fingering her ass-ring while her pussy milked his cock, all out in the open where buzzards wheeled lazy circles above.

He groaned into her cleavage, tongue lapping sweat from the valley between her breasts, his hips bucking up to meet her counterpoint slams.

His cockhead battered her cervix with every thrust, the soft barrier yielding to his crown just enough to make her shudder, her walls fluttering around him.

The mother's finger was knuckle-deep in her asshole now, her finger wiggling, which not only stimulated the cluster of nerve-endings there, but nudged and rubbed the meat of her boy's boner through the walled barrier between her ass and cunt-tunnels.

"I can feel your finger, Ma. Oh don't that feel good," he growled, teeth grazing her nipple, the incestuous heat flooding his veins like whiskey.

The sun beat down merciless, turning their skin slick and salty, but Mary Beth didn't slow, her ass cheeks clapping louder against his thighs, rippling waves of flesh that made his balls tighten.

Birds cried out overhead, dipping lower as if drawn to the rut, and Darrell's mind flashed to Red Gulch—the brutal, incestuous pulse of the town where miners slaved in the earth while Mas and their boys chased this nasty pleasure all day without shame.

Out here, no walls hid it; just raw, public fucking, her pussy farting wet around his plunging pecker, asshole puckering under her probing finger.

She pulled her digit free, slick with her own juices, and shoved it toward his mouth.

"Taste Ma's ass, boy," she ordered, and he sucked it in greedily, tongue curling around the salty tang while his cock flexed and kicked deep inside her.

Darrell's hands roamed up her sweaty back, pulling her down harder so her tits smothered him completely. Damn didn't he love that—being blanketed by his sweaty, naked mother, her pillowy tits crushed so tight around his face he could hardly breathe.

He thrust up fierce, chasing the friction on his flesh, balls slapping her ass, the wagon rocking side to side like it might tip.

Her moans grew louder, echoing across the plain, pussy squeezing him in rhythmic pulses that dragged his veiny meat along the nerve-rich patch of her G-spot.

“Harder, fuck me like you own this hole,” Mary Beth panted, grinding circles now, her clit mashing against his base. His farm-boy dick stood tall—hard as a fence-post inside her as she ground on its rigid stalk.

Sweat stung Darrell's eyes, but he kept sucking her squishy tits, alternating between them, as her body trembled with pleasure above him.

Mary Beth's pace quickened, going from grinding to slamming her fat ass down with brutal force, cheeks spreading wide on impact to flash her puckered hole to the sky.

Darrell knew when his Mama was about to gush and she was showing all the signs—body squeezing and trembling, cunt-tunnel shrinking up, making him work harder to pound his meat all the way inside.

“CUMMMMMIIINNGG!!” she cried out, followed by a series of convulsions that had her boy holding on tight.

Darrell's world blurred to the heat of her body, the slap of flesh, the circle of birds watching their filthy display. He was lost in it, cock throbbing as it was strangled tight, but she kept riding, drawing out her climax, hot, sticky juices running down his balls and onto the soft blanket beneath them.

The boy was well trained—virile and cunt hungry, and his mother's dominant hunger promising no end anytime soon.

THE END