

GRANDPA'S BUSTY COWGIRL CH. 02

rmDEXter

Zoey visit to Grandpa's ranch comes with its first surprise.

Incest/Taboo

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Zoey was surprised when she slowly came awake and noticed it was close to noon. She was surprised for a couple of reasons. First off, she'd expected her parents to wake her up early to chew her out over what had happened last night and, second, she was surprised she'd slept that long, sure that the worry circling round in her head when she'd gone to bed would have woken her up long ago. She smiled to herself and muttered as she got out of bed, "I guess there's nothing like a good night's sleep after getting soundly fucked."

She pulled her robe on and brushed her hair as she looked at herself in the mirror. "All right, girl, might as well get this over with."

Steeling herself against who knew what, Zoey made her way downstairs and into the kitchen. She was surprised to see her mother sitting at the table on her own, nursing a coffee. Her father was nowhere in sight.

"Uh...where's Dad?" Zoey asked as she poured herself a glass of orange juice.

"He's out in the garden," her mother replied firmly. "I told him I'd handle this, he's too upset to even think straight."

"Mom, I...I can expl--"

"Don't even start!" her mother interrupted. "We know exactly what we saw, so don't try to come up with some wild explanation. It was obvious those boys weren't holding you hostage."

"But Mom..." Zoey gasped out, feeling her eyes welling up.

"Zoey, sit down! Right now!" Her mother gestured to the chair at the table next to her. Zoey did as she was told, looking down at the table as she cradled her glass of orange juice in both hands.

"All right then, after what we witnessed last night, your father and I have decided that something has to change for you."

Zoey looked up, her eyes misty as she stared at her mother. "Change?"

Her mother nodded solemnly. "Yes. After talking with your father, I've made a phone call this morning and things are settled; you're going to spend the summer at your grandfather's ranch."

"WHAT?" Zoey belted out.

"Yes, your grandfather has agreed to take you in for the summer, and I told him I want him to put you to work. At the ranch, you'll learn the importance of hard work, discipline, and family. Things you obviously seem to be lacking."

"But Grandpa Jack's ranch is all the way over in Nevada," Zoey responded as she shook her head. "No mom, I can't do that. I've got things I need to do here."

Zoey could see her mother getting angrier before the older woman spoke again. "We saw exactly the kind of 'things you need to do here'. And that's too bad, you're going, and there will be no argument about it."

"But Mom, that's not fair."

Her mother shook her head. "Don't talk to me about fair, this decision is more than fair. Your grandfather runs his ranch with a firm hand and discipline. That's exactly the kind of thing you need in your life right now. So you're going there, with no computer, no phone, nothing."

"You can't take away my phone!"

"Okay, you can take your phone," her said, a sarcastic smile on her face. "But I'll tell you right now, it's not going to do you much good. There's no reception way out there on the ranch."

"But--"

"No buts! It's decided," her mother said as she got up from the table. "I'll drive you there Monday morning after your dad goes to work. And you're not to budge from this house until then." She paused and looked at Zoey sternly. "Do you understand me, young lady?"

"Yes, ma'am."

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Zoey spent the rest of the weekend wallowing in misery. At least her parents hadn't taken her phone away. She was quick to text Claudia and let her know what had happened, and that it looked like their plan to spend the summer competing for cock had gone up like a puff of smoke in a hurricane.

Saturday seemed to drag, as did Sunday. Her father barely looked at her during mealtime, which made her feel even worse.

It was after dinner Sunday when her mother stuck her head into Zoey's room. "I forgot to tell you, you don't need to pack much. Basically just your toiletries and makeup stuff. Your grandparents will take care of the rest."

Zoey couldn't keep the flummoxed look off her face. "What? What about my clothes? What are you talking about?"

"Your grandfather's kind of old-fashioned and he expects any woman, whatever age, to dress a certain way when they're on his ranch. I've given Grandma Rose all of your sizes and she said she'll make sure you have everything you need."

Zoey held her hands up in exasperation. "You're kidding, right?"

"No, I'm not. And here..." Her mother tossed a bag towards her. "I went to the store and got you something to wear tomorrow. Your flat white sandals should look fine with that. I know the kind of thing your grandfather expects and that should do the job for when you show up. It's been a long

time since you've seen any of them and I want to make sure you get on his good side right from the start."

Zoey caught the bag her mother had thrown at her and stood there staring at it, totally confused.

"All right then, I'll wake you up at eight tomorrow. I want to be on the road by nine. It's a long drive and I want to be there before it gets dark."

Zoey could only nod, feeling like her life was unravelling right before her eyes.

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Zoey still felt bleary-eyed as her mother pulled her SUV out of the driveway and they were off. Zoey sat in the passenger seat with the window open, the warm summer air washing over her.

Surprisingly, she wasn't as disappointed as she thought she'd be when she'd checked out the bag of clothes her mother had bought her to wear today. Inside was a simple yellow sundress. It was sleeveless with a modestly-scooped neckline, not as daring as Zoey usually wore, but still low enough for some of her substantial cleavage to be visible. The dress fit snugly in the bodice before flaring out over her hips with the bottom portion flaring out until the hem ended just north of mid-thigh. Zoey thought it actually looked cute and girly, but again, a little too conservative for her compared to anything currently in her closet. It looked nice on, and with the warm weather she didn't mind wearing it at all. As her mother had suggested, her flat white sandals matched the look of the outfit perfectly. Zoey glanced over at her mother, having noticed when they'd gotten into the car that her mom had on something different than her usual attire as well.

Her mother, Liz Colton, was already doing well in real estate when she'd married Zoey's father, so with a certain degree of name recognition already out there, she kept her maiden name after marriage. Zoey understood that, and heard that her mom had stood firm when Zoey was born, making sure that her daughter got her last name as well, even if it was hyphenated with Zoey's father last name. Zoey had asked about that when she was little, and understood when her mother told her how proud she was of her family, how much it meant to her to be a 'Colton' and that she hoped Zoey would feel just as proud.

Her mother, Liz, was built very much like her daughter, and they were often mistaken for sisters, Zoey's mother looked that good. A little heavier than Zoey, a little taller, but packed with the same alluring curves and shimmering chestnut hair that her daughter had inherited from her. Her mother was wearing a summer dress in a sky-blue color that was almost identical to Zoey's in style, and looked great on her. The bodice hugged her upper body attractively, following her curvy hourglass figure with a nipped-in waist before flowing out playfully over her matronly hips. The flouncy hem ended at about mid-thigh, like Zoey's, and her mom's legs looked great, her feet clad in matching sky-blue flat sandals.

Although still ticked off, once her mother had the car in cruise control on the highway, Zoey realized that no amount of complaining would get her mom to change her mind at this point. She could tell by the look on her mother's face that nothing she could say would make a difference. Resigned to her fate, she decided to stop sulking, at least for the rest of the long drive ahead.

It had been quite a long time since Zoey had been to her grandparent's ranch, not since she was a little girl. She knew her mother paid a visit there a few times a year, helping out with things while Zoey and her father stayed home. Her mother always looked happy and rejuvenated when she

returned, as if she regretted having to come home. She would often talk longingly about how happy she had been growing up there on the ranch. To a city girl like Zoey, she just didn't get it.

"So, Mom, who's going to be there? It's not just Grandpa Jack and Grandma Rose, is it? Don't some of your brothers work on the ranch too?"

"That's right. It takes a lot of people to run a ranch that size, especially at this time of year. Three of your uncles help work the ranch all the time. Uncle Eli is busy with his job in New York, so he doesn't get home too often anymore. Your grandfather said some of your cousins are working there for the summer too. They're all a bit older than you, but they'll treat you all right."

"Uncle Eli's the oldest, right? And you're the baby?"

Liz nodded. "That's right. Eli came first, then there was Ted, Dan, Rob, and then me."

"Huh," Zoey said, her brain twiggling on something. "All of you have names that are just three letters, or longer names that can be shortened to three."

Liz looked over at Zoey and smiled. "That's right, my parents planned it that way on purpose. And I don't know if you realize it, but our generation kind of did the same thing; all our kids have four-letter names."

"Oh yeah, I never knew that."

"Yep. I won't list all the boys' names, you'll probably meet most of them there. Your cousin Anna was the first girl in this generation, and then you. You two are the youngest of all the cousins, all the boys are older than you two. You know, you're complaining about having to go there, but Anna spent last summer there and Eli said she really enjoyed it."

Zoey remembered meeting Anna at a family wedding a couple of years ago. She was a couple years older than Zoey, either 18 or 19 when they'd seen each other at the wedding. Being the only girls of a similar age, they hit it off. Zoey was happy to see that Anna was a bit of a wild child, just like herself. Later on in the evening, after Zoey hadn't been able to locate her cousin for quite some time, when she did find her in the Ladies Room, Anna confided to her that for the last hour she'd been out in a van in the parking lot, sucking off each of the guys in the wedding party, including the groom!

"Uncle Eli really said Anna liked being on the ranch?" Zoey asked her mother, not really believing that for a second. "I met her and I just don't see her taking to a place like that. She seemed a lot more like me than some Little House on the Prairie wannabe."

"Nonetheless, your Uncle Eli said she came home a changed girl; happy, respectful, and nice to be around." Liz paused and looked at Zoey seriously. "We're hoping for the same for you. I know you think it's the end of the world, but if you just give it a chance, I think you'll be pleasantly surprised."

"Hmm, I don't think there's much chance of that," Zoey said before sinking back into her seat, eventually dozing off as she wondered how a hot little cocksucker like Anna had managed a whole summer at someplace as dusty, dirty and isolated as her grandfather's huge ranch.

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Almost nine hours after they started, Zoey finally spotted the miles of fencing surrounding her grandfather's property as they rounded the last turn in the road. She knew his ranch was one of the

biggest in the state, and the fencing just seemed to go on for miles. Eventually, further on, they came to huge iron gates that parted in welcome as her mother pressed the entry code, the words 'WESTWIND RANCH' burned into the massive raised wooden beam that spanned the broad gate from side to side. The private road inside meandered for quite a ways before Zoey spotted the massive sprawling ranch house, her gaze taking in a number of outbuildings and barns surrounding it.

It had been years since Zoey had been here, and it didn't take long for her to remember how big and imposing the whole property was. 'Big and imposing', those same two words ran through her mind when she thought about her Grandpa Jack. She had the picture of a stern giant in her mind, and wondered if that image from her childhood would be borne true when she saw him today.

Zoey didn't have long to wait. Her mother swung the car around a massive redwood and there before them was the main entry courtyard to the house. She was surprised at the number of people she saw standing out front. It was obvious they'd been awaiting their arrival. They appeared to be all males, with the exception of her Grandma Rose, who stood next to her husband.

Zoey's eyes went immediately to Grandpa Jack, and how could they not? He was just as 'big and imposing' as she remembered, a veritable mountain of a man. As the car got closer, she got a good look at him. She wasn't sure how old he was, but he still looked like an iron god. Zoey figured he had to be close to six and a half feet tall, and built like the proverbial brick shithouse. He was wearing a checked work-shirt with the sleeves rolled up, the shirt showing off his powerful arms. The shirt fit snugly across his barrel chest, and Zoey wondered if he took a deep breath if it would pop open. Beneath a wide western belt, he wore jeans that encased his tree-trunk like legs stoically, with a pair of old tan cowboy boots on his feet. A true cowboy through and through.

His face was ruggedly striking, with an iron jaw, pronounced cheekbones, deep-set blue eyes, and the tight weathered skin of a man who's spent his whole life outdoors. He had the same shock of wavy brunette hair that ran in the family, but his was cut short and graying at the temples. Zoey had never remembered him being this handsome, but there was no doubt about it now as she looked at him. He had that rugged powerful cowboy thing going to the point she couldn't take her eyes off him. She knew women would find him compellingly attractive, but she also thought he looked like a real 'man's man', as they say.

Just looking at him up close, Zoey felt her heart skip a beat and she had to take a breath to catch herself. At the same time, she felt that telltale moistness between her legs, just from looking at him. It shocked her, but she couldn't stop looking; there was something about him that was incredibly charismatic, as if all the other people around him were mere window dressing.

"Glad to see the two of you got here safe and sound," his big booming voice seemed to thunder in the air as he pulled open her mother's door once she'd stopped the car, the low masculine timbre of his voice sending a shiver of excitement tripping down Zoey's spine.

"Dad, it's so nice to be here," Zoey's mother said as he helped her out of the car. Zoey watched as he pulled his mother in for a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

As Zoey got out, he came around the car and approached her. She felt like a deer in the headlights as she looked up at him, those deep blue eyes seeming to penetrate into her soul.

"Zoey, welcome to Westwind Ranch, it's been a long time," her grandfather said as he all but swept her up, his massive form enveloping her as he pulled her close and kissed her on the cheek. She felt giddy by the closeness of his powerful male body, his warmth and comforting male scent setting

her senses on fire. As he pulled her against him, her large breasts pressed against the muscular plates of his chest, and she almost swooned at how firm they were, his very being seeming on the verge of totally possessing her, just in that first hug.

"Th...thank you," she found herself barely able to gasp out as he stepped back and released her.

"Let me look at you," he said, his warm low voice comforting her more than she would have thought possible.

Zoey found herself blushing a bit as he looked her up and down, his eyes taking their time as she watched them rake over her substantial curves, lingering for longer than she would have thought proper for a grandfather to do over her sumptuous chest. It dawned on her that she was so nervous and caught unawares by his presence that she found herself breathing rapidly, her boobs heaving up and down as she fought to catch her breath and calm himself. She even glanced down quickly, noticing that her nipples had stiffened up and were thrusting against the front of her dress. No wonder he was looking.

"Well, you're certainly all grown up now," he said, those riveting blue eyes once more flicking to her breasts. "Just relax now, girl, you look as skittish as a filly that just got her legs under her for the first time."

"I...I'm fine, thank you," Zoey stuttered out as she tried to compose herself, although being near this huge man had her feeling as shaky as her grandfather had described. "It's just been a long drive. I'm a little tired."

"Well, don't worry, sweet thing, we won't work you too hard today," her grandfather said with smile and playful wink as he slipped his arm around her shoulder and turned to the rest of the assembled crew. "It's time to meet the others. I think it's been a while since you've seen all of them."

Her Grandma Rose hugged her next, and Zoey was reminded of how much all the women in the family looked like each other. Her grandmother's hair was the same rich chestnut color as Zoey and her mother had. Whether that was natural or courtesy of her hairdresser, Zoey couldn't tell, but it looked great on the older woman. She was an inch or two taller than Zoey, the same height as Zoey's mother. Her grandmother was a bit heavier than both Zoey and her mother, but she still bore the tell-tale curves with which all the Colton women had been blessed.

"So these are your uncles; Ted, Dan, and Rob," her grandmother said as she nodded in turn to the three men standing behind her.

Zoey could see the similarities in their bearing and features to both of her grandparents, and to her mother as well, although they were all rugged-looking men who she knew had grown up on this ranch. They were all around six feet tall and well-built, with broad shoulders and powerful physiques that she knew most men would envy. They weren't on the same magnificent scale as their father, but Zoey found them pretty impressive nonetheless.

"And this rabble behind them," her grandmother continued, "are all your cousins. Colton boys through and through."

Zoey looked over and nodded at her cousins, all boys, and all a bit older than her. As her mother had said, she was the baby of that generation at 18, and her cousin Anna would now be 20. She knew these boys ranged in age from about 21 to 27, give or take. She quickly counted, and there were eight of them; strapping young men who obviously took after their fathers, and their

grandfather before them. They all had that cowboy thing going, wore plaid or denim work shirts and jeans and all of them wearing cowboy boots. Zoey could see that all eight of them were handsome boys, even if their attire wasn't quite what she was used to.

"C'mon, let's get you settled in," her grandfather said as he gave her a small pat on her bum before turning to the car and sweeping up their luggage like he was picking up a tissue from the floor.

Zoey fell in next to her mother as they moved towards the house. "Mom," she said casually, "how old is Grandpa?"

"He's 68 now."

"WOW!" Zoey couldn't keep the surprise out of her voice.

Her mother couldn't help but laugh. "I know, he could easily pass for someone quite younger."

"No kidding. I can't get over what good shape he's in."

Her mother waved her arm towards the horizon. "He says it's living in a place like this that keeps him young, and I have to say, I really miss being here too."

"Is that why you like to come at least three or four times a year?"

Her mother shrugged, a coy smile on her face. "Yeah, that's part of it, and I just like being with my family, that's all."

"Okay, Zoey, you're going to be in your mother's old room," Grandma Rose interrupted once they'd stepped into the house.

Zoey and her mother followed the older woman to a room just a short distance away from the huge country kitchen. The whole house was enormous, but Zoey hadn't remembered her mother's old room being so large. It housed a king-size bed with a heavy wooden headboard, covered with a duvet bearing a southwest motif that fit the room, and the ranch, perfectly. A short distance away was reading area, with a low bookshelf adjacent to a cozy-looking armchair covered in deep red leather. Next to it was a small table with a reading light on it. Off to one side her grandmother showed her the en-suite bathroom that she'd have to herself. Zoey hadn't realized her quarters would be so elaborate.

"With your mother being the only girl in the family, and the baby," her grandmother added, by way of explanation, "I guess we kind of spoiled her. Her brothers had to share a bathroom, but she got her own."

"What can I say? I love it," Zoey said as she looked around, quite surprised to be happily taking in everything before her.

"Now Liz," Zoey's grandmother said as she addressed her daughter. "I've taken the few things you left in the drawers here and moved them to the guest room. You'll be staying there tonight."

"Thanks, Mom. That's great."

"Dinner's almost ready. You two get settled in and washed up and be ready to eat in half an hour."

Left on her own, Zoey put away her toiletries and the few items her mother had allowed her to bring. After breathing in road dust for hours on end, she was happy to take a shower. As surprising

as the size of her mother's old room had been, the bathroom was even more impressive. The center piece was a huge glass-walled shower in one corner, the walls inside it lined with rich honey-colored marble. Zoey luxuriated in the warmth of the steaming shower, letting the soothing spray wash away the rigours of the long drive. The towels in the bathroom were plusher than anything they had at home, and Zoey felt like just wrapping herself in one and drifting off to sleep right there.

She quickly blew dry her hair and gave her makeup a minor touch-up. Returning to her room, and remembering what her mother had said about her grandparents taking care of her clothing, she stepped over to the dresser and tried one of the drawers. She was surprised to find it didn't open and tried another, with the same result. Puzzled, she paused, noticing that all the drawers in the dresser and the two side tables on either side of the bed had keyed locks below the handles. She decided to try the closet, to see if there was anything in there she could wear. It was locked as well. *That's strange*, she thought. Deciding there was nothing she could do about it right there on the spot, she went into her bag of the few things she'd been allowed to bring and pulled out some clean underwear. With that in place, she donned the same dress she'd worn for the journey.

Joining the others, Zoey was introduced to her eight cousins as the whole gang sat around the big table in the dining area just off the gigantic country kitchen. The boys introduced themselves, but she lost track of the names after about the third one. The one thing she did notice was that, as her mother had said, all the boys' names had four letters, just like hers.

Zoey's grandfather insisted that she take the spot right next to him as he sat at the head of the table, with her grandmother directly across from her and her mother by her side. The rest of her cousins and uncles filled up the rest of the seats, with Uncle Ted at the other end of the enormous table.

The dinner was incredible. She didn't realize how hungry she was but the barbequed chicken and ribs, roast potatoes and salad were amazing. Zoey stuffed herself, and felt like she could have eaten for days, it was that good. Forcing herself to stop, she did manage to leave room for a delicious peach cobbler her grandmother had made.

With the meal complete, the boys departed, making their way to the 'Bunkhouse', as they called it, one of the outbuildings a short distance off from the main house. The uncles hung around for a while, talking with their mother, the siblings ribbing each other playfully.

Eventually, with darkness creeping in, Zoey's grandfather spoke, "All right, everybody, time to hit the hay." He turned in Zoey's direction. "Zoey, you'll find that we generally go to bed pretty early around these parts. Work on a ranch starts bright and early, which makes for a long day. Now, like I said, we've gone easy on you today, but tomorrow'll be a different story. We're going to put you to work first thing. You might find things hard at first, but I guarantee you'll sleep like a baby tomorrow night."

"Uh, okay, Grandpa," Zoey replied with a forced smile, wondering what kind of work they had in mind for her.

"Come along, dear," Grandma Rose said as she gestured for Zoey to follow her.

Trailing behind her grandmother, Zoey noticed her mother and grandfather speaking with each other as they made their way down the hallway, his arm around her mother's waist.

"Well, dear, I hope you'll be comfortable here," her grandmother said as she ushered Zoey into her room. "Let me just get you something to wear for tonight."

Her grandmother stepped out of the room for a second, leaving Zoey totally confused. Less than a minute later, the older woman was back, a long white cotton nightgown in her hand.

"You can wear this for tonight. I think you'll find it comfortable enough."

Again, Zoey hadn't worn a nightgown like that since she was a little girl, but she didn't want to appear rude.

"Uh, well, thanks, Grandma. That should be fine. Um, I was wondering, my mother said you and Grandpa Jack were going to take care of the clothes I was going to be wearing here. I uh...I tried to open some of the drawers and the closet but they were all locked. What...what am I supposed to do about clothes for tomorrow?"

Her grandmother smiled and nodded knowingly. "I'll explain everything to you first thing tomorrow, dear. And don't you worry, those locks will all be opened then. We've already got you a number of things that are appropriate for a young girl to wear when you're working on a ranch like this, and we'll go into town in a day or two to get you some more things. All right?"

"Um...okay. What kind of things are 'appropriate' for me to wear for working? Wouldn't my usual jeans and t-shirts be okay?"

Her grandmother shook her head. "As your mother probably told you, your grandfather is kind of old-fashioned and expects the women around him to dress a certain way. Like that dress you're wearing. He told me he thought you looked mighty fine in it, but I bet that didn't come from your closet, did it? I bet your mother bought that for you to wear."

Zoey gazed down at her calico dress. "Well, yes, that's right."

"All right then. Just hush now, dear, and get a good night's sleep. We'll talk more about this tomorrow. I'll come see you first thing before breakfast with a new outfit for you to wear for your first day of work. Okay?"

She moved in close and gave Zoey a quick hug and a peck on the cheek before Zoey could even answer. Without waiting for a response, she turned and left, closing the door behind her.

With nothing else to do, Zoey changed into the soft nightie and got into bed after washing up. She pulled out her phone with the intention of texting her friend Claudia, hoping to commiserate about her miserable lot in life. She was saddened to see that her cell phone showed zero bars, the reception next to nil way out here in the boonies, just like her mother had said it would be. "Fuck that," she cursed, tossing her phone down on the bed and pulling the covers over her as she turned off the light.

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Even though the big king-size bed was incredibly comfortable, Zoey tossed and turned as the house became eerily quiet. At first she'd heard the low rumble of some voices talking in the distance, and then even that was gone. It was so quiet it was almost scary, so different from living in the city. Feeling fit to be tied at her plight, and unable to get to sleep, she figured she might as well at least go outside and get some fresh air. Maybe the country air would help put her to sleep.

She carefully made her way through the kitchen and out the front door. The warm night air felt blissfully soft on her skin as her eyes turned skyward. She'd caught a glimpse of the full moon, and had a better view as she stepped down and turned the corner of the big wraparound porch. She gasped at the brilliance of the sky, shimmering with a million stars and the moon brighter than she'd even seen it. It completely took her breath away. She stepped further along the flagstone walkway along the side of the house, stopping as she looked at the dark outlines of the rising mountains in the distance against the brilliant sky. She had to admit, this ranch was a beautiful place, so different from the city.

"Ohnn..." Zoey was startled by a low moan, wondering if a wounded animal was close at hand.

"Oh fuck, yesss..." This time the words were clear, definitely a woman's voice, coming from further down the side of the house. She could see a light coming from an open window further down, and that's where the sound had come from. Zoey had heard that kind of sound enough, especially from herself, to know exactly what was happening. She figured Grandpa Jack was giving Grandma Rose a little action, and after having her own pussy start to drip just looking at the big man, Zoey's curiosity took over from her better judgment.

The right thing to do would have been to just turn around and go back into her room, but Zoey had never really been the poster child for 'doing the right thing'. Instead, she stealthily made her way along the pathway until she came up to the open window of what she assumed was her grandparent's room. Pressing herself close up against the wall, she peered around the corner of the frame. The light on the bedside table was on, casting a warm amber glow over the two people on the bed.

"What the...?" Zoey almost gasped out loud as she saw who it was. Her grandfather was there, all right, but the person he was fucking wasn't her grandmother--it was her mother!

The realization of what she'd seen had made Zoey instinctively pull back. Had her eyes deceived her? Was this actually the guest room, and not her grandparent's room? Her grandmother and mother did look quite similar. Maybe she'd been mistaken? Steeling herself, and with her heart hammering in her chest, she moved back to where she'd been, peering around the corner of the window frame.

"Oh fuck, Dad, that is so good. I've missed this so much. You know he could never fuck me like you do."

Well, there was no denying it after hearing that, and Zoey's eyes hadn't deceived her either as she looked at the two bodies rocking in unison on the bed. It was definitely her mother, but not as she'd ever seen her dressed before.

Zoey was looking at them directly in profile, and even with her mother on her back she was able to see clearly what she was wearing. A black corset covered her generous curves, the structured garment accentuating the size of her large heavy breasts, the corset pushing those mounds up and together in a dazzling display of tit-flesh.

Her legs were adorned with sheer black nylons, with intricate lace bands at the top held in place by ribbon-like garters that ran down from the corset and bit tightly into the whispery nylons. Her mother's feet were clad in black high-heeled pumps. And right now, those slender heels were pointed at opposite corners of the ceiling.

The reason was that Zoey's grandfather was sitting on his haunches between his daughter's spread thighs, his big hands wrapped around her ankles as he held her legs spread wide apart. Zoey's breath caught in her throat as she looked at the naked man, his broad thick chest and powerful physique taking her breath away. She could clearly see the defined muscles and flowing sinew beneath the skin of his torso, the power within his broad shoulders and thick arms already starting to make her pussy weep. She couldn't believe this man was in his late 60's. There was no fucking way that could be true; he looked barely into his 40's, and in better shape than any of the boys on her high school football team. She'd thought he'd looked like an Iron God when they'd driven up today, and now, looking at that incredible body of his as he held her mother spread wide open before him, that impression was solidified in her young mind, and was making her pussy start to drip like crazy.

"I've missed you too, sweetheart," her grandfather said, "you and that hot cunt of yours. Let's make up for lost time, shall we?"

Zoey gasped at her grandfather's words, but was riveted in place as she watched her grandfather slowly draw back, withdrawing his prick from her mother's clutching snatch. *Holy fuck!* Zoey thought to herself, her eyes zeroing in on the couple's joined bodies as her grandfather's cock came into view. It glistened lewdly with her mother's juices, and was incredibly thick, almost as thick as her arm. And still her grandfather kept slowly flexing his hips backward.

Fuck me...my god, how big is that thing? Zoey said to herself as her eyes opened wider with every second she watched. She was able to see what had to be seven inches of exposed thick cock, and still he kept going. Now eight, and Zoey gasped when another inch came into view. He finally stopped, with what had to be close to ten inches of shiny, thick, muscular cock showing, his cockhead still trapped within his daughter's gripping cunt.

"Oh fuck...what a cock!" Zoey mumbled under her breath as her hands went to her midsection. One hand gripped the material of her nightgown and pulled it up around her waist while the fingers of her other hand sought out the slippery folds of her drooling cunt. She'd only been watching for a minute or so, but the sight of that enormous cock had her absolutely soaked already.

"Is this what you want, sweetheart," her grandfather said as Zoey watched him smile down at his daughter, the big flared glans of his prick nestled snugly between the pink petals of her mother's flushed cunt.

"Oh fuck, dad. That is so good. It's so big," Zoey heard her mother groan out as the woman tried to roll her hips back against the cockhead stretching her open. "Yes, that's definitely what I want. I've missed it so bad."

"How much do you want?" Zoey's grandfather asked as he levered his hips forward, sending about three inches back inside his daughter's juicy twat before stopping and rolling his hips.

"Oh, don't tease me like that, Dad," Zoey's mother groaned. "You know I want it all, every last inch of that big hard cock of yours."

"Like this," Zoey's grandfather responded by slamming his broad muscular hips forward, sending the incredible length of his cannon-like cock balls-deep into his daughter's juicy folds, his midsection slapping noisily against her warm mound as he buried it to the hilt. As soon as her grandfather had driven it home, Zoey saw her mother's hands shoot out to the sides and grab the sheets in a death grip.

"OHNN...YESSSSSS!" Zoey heard her mother do her best to suppress the wail of pleasure that had overwhelmed her when her father had bottomed out inside her, that one savage thrust triggering a climax that Zoey guessed started deep inside her mother and shot to every jangling nerve ending of her body from the way she was flip-flopping like a ragdoll.

"That's it, sweetheart, let 'er buck," Zoey's grandfather said as his daughter started thrashing about beneath him, her lush curvy body twitching and shaking as her orgasm ripped through her.

Zoey was beside herself watching her mother get off like that, wondering how it would feel to have a gargantuan cock like that destroying you, blissfully, rapturously, tearing up your insides. *With a cock that big, how could it do otherwise?* Zoey thought as she watched her mother continue to quiver and spasm as the last vestiges of her climax surged through her. But it was obvious from what she'd just seen and heard that this wasn't the first time this had happened. All that talk about "missing this" and "you know what I want" made it pretty obvious that her mother had fucked her grandfather before, on who knew how many occasions. But as Zoey watched her grandfather draw back and start to get into a smooth fucking rhythm, Zoey couldn't blame her mother at all. Who wouldn't love getting skewered by a velvet-covered telephone pole like that?

With the first orgasm for his daughter out of the way, Zoey watched her grandfather leaned forward over his daughter, his hands still wrapped around her ankles. Zoey gasped, watching him pin his mother's legs almost back to her shoulders as he fucked her, fucked her good and hard. Her mother's hands released their grip on the sheets and came up to clutch at her father's broad shoulders, her nails scratching at his skin as he pounded it into her over and over.

"OH FUCK...I...I'M COMING AGAIN!" her mother shrieked as a second climax shot through her, her body once again spasming and convulsing like a wild thing.

Watching her mother twitch and quiver and moan like a wounded animal was all it took to send Zoey over the edge. Her fingers had been busy between her legs since she'd started watching, and a quick strumming of her clit finished her off. She was gasping as she leaned against the wall for support, her eyes glued to her grandfather's pistoning cock as her hand became a sticky mess, her fingers covered with her creamy cunt-honey. She was breathing heavily as the luxurious sensations coursed through her, picturing herself being where her mother was right now.

She kept her fingers busy in her throbbing pussy as she watched her grandfather take her mother to another squealing climax, his broad hips driving up and down as he powered his huge cock full length into her, the bed squeaking and groaning in protest.

"I'm gonna come soon, where do you want it?" Zoey's grandfather said as his hips took on a corkscrewing motion on the next few downstrokes, skewering her mother deeper into the mattress.

"You know where I want it," her mother responded as Zoey watched her mother look up at Zoey's grandfather longingly, her eyes full of both hunger and love.

"All right, sweetheart, I'll give you exactly what you want."

The next time he drew his hips back, Zoey's grandfather let go of his daughter's legs and pulled his cock right out of her. Zoey heard a nasty wet sucking sound as his glistening cock came out of her mother's gripping cunt, and then he was scrambling up on the bed next to her, finally kneeling beside her chest. Fortunately for Zoey, he was on the other side of her mother, facing Zoey as she looked in through the window. Zoey gasped as she saw his cock in all its glory as it pointed in her mother's direction, the enormous mushroom head engorged and menacing-looking, precum

dangling from the tip. Her grandfather wrapped his hand around the thick shaft and pointed it at his daughter's massive breasts as he started to stroke it.

"Hear you go, baby, it's all for you," he said just as he started to go off.

Zoey watched, totally in awe, as the wet red eye at the tip filled with a pearly cloudiness for a split-second before he started to shoot, his cock firing off like a cannon on a gunship, launching rope after rope of thick milky cum onto his daughter's tits. Zoey gulped as she looked at the enormous strands of semen, so brilliantly white that she knew it had to be absolutely chockful of sperm. Just the thought of all those potent swimmers going to waste had Zoey salivating at the thought of taking a load like that into her mouth.

"Oh god, Dad, I love it. Cover me," Zoey's mother's voice quavered with excitement as her hands went to her chest, pressing on the sides of her corset-encased breasts, offering them up to her father for target practice.

Zoey noticed he didn't miss as he just kept on shooting, what seemed like a veritable tidal wave of spunk raining down on her mother in a silvery deluge. Ribbons and gobs of milky cum spewed from his cock all over those massive breasts, almost totally covering them. Finally, after what seemed like a minute, the pearly ropes and wads of jizz slowed until her grandfather's hand came to rest around the thick shaft, flicking the last few drops or creamy goodness onto his daughter's breasts.

"Here you go," he said as he turned slightly sideways towards Zoey's mother's face, the bloated head of his cock a mere inch away from her mouth, a shiny strand of cum dangling from the tip.

Zoey's mother didn't hesitate, opening her mouth wide and moving forward, her lips closing down once she had the flared mushroom head trapped within her mouth. "Mmm," she purred, and Zoey felt like purring right along with her, imagining how incredible it must feel to have that huge, beautiful cock in your mouth.

"That's my girl, that's the way," her grandfather said as she watched him settle back on his haunches once more as his daughter pleased him. His hands came forward and he took her head in his hands, slowly pulling her mouth back and forth on his cock as she serviced him. Within a minute, Zoey heard her mother make a nasty gagging noise, as if his cock was starting to extend deeper into her mouth.

What the heck, Zoey thought, a man that age can't be getting hard again already, can he?

"That's good. Just a little more and then I'll give you what you really want," her grandfather said as he continued to work his daughter's mouth back and forth on his resurgent cock, his huge hands making her head look small in his grasp.

Zoey watched, and listened to the scintillatingly wicked slurping sounds, as her mother slavishly sucked on the older man's cock. Less than two minutes later he pushed her off, his thrusting cock pointing skyward like a deadly missile, her mother's spit hanging off the engorged tip.

"How do you want it, on your back or from behind this time?" Zoey's grandfather asked, his huge cock bobbing enticingly with each powerful beat of his heart.

"From behind," her mother said as she started to get to her hands and knees. "That way you can go in nice and deep."

"Of course, the way we both like it," Zoey's grandfather responded, a sly grin on his face.

Zoey saw him reach over to the side of the bed, but couldn't see what he was doing. And then he leaned back, a plastic purple bottle in his hands. He popped the lid and turned it upside down, and she watched as he squirted a shiny gob of lube onto one of his hands. Setting the bottle aside, he wrapped his hand around his lengthy prick and slid it back and forth, coating it until it shone obscenely. When he was done, he rubbed his greasy hand on the sheets and moved behind his daughter.

"I think you're gonna like this," he said as he reached forward and pushed down on his daughter's back. She compliantly did as he wished, leaning forwards until she was leaning right down with her face turned sideways, pressed against the sheets.

She was facing towards Zoey, and the girl stayed stock still, wanting to make sure her mother didn't see her. Zoey knew she should draw back carefully and get out of there, but there was no way she could leave now. Her pussy was still hot and itchy from watching what had happened so far, and she couldn't wait to see what was next. With her mother's face buried in the sheets while still on her knees, her back was severely arched, her backside raised high in the air, begging for attention.

"That's nice," Zoey's grandfather said, "I like it served up to me like that." Zoey watched him run his hand over his daughter's plump curvy behind, the corset, nylons and garters framing her exposed sex. Even from her spot at the window, Zoey could see how juicy her mother's glistening labia were, her backside and mound covered in shiny dew.

Zoey's eyes opened wide as her grandfather moved closer and pressed down on his thrusting erection, pressing the apple-sized knob between his daughter's curvy bum-cheeks and right up against her tight rosehole. *Oh fuck! He's...he's not really going to try and fuck her in the ass with that monster, is he? He'll tear her in two!* Zoey thought to herself as she continued to watch, totally spellbound.

"I know how much you love it in the ass, and since that husband of yours thinks it's dirty, I'll make sure this one is real good for you."

Zoey couldn't believe her ears! Her mother loved it in the ass?!?! And her father thought it was dirty? Zoey loved it in the ass too, and what kind of man was her dad? All the guys she knew loved to fuck someone in the ass, and it seemed her horse-cocked grandfather did too.

Wanting to see if her mother was capable of taking that monster into her backside, Zoey watched intently as her grandfather pressed the enflamed knob of his cock up against her mother's tight little starfish, spreading the greasy lube all over it.

"Oh, Dad, that feels so good, and you're so big. I've missed that cock of yours so much, and you know I love when you fill me up with it," her mother cooed as Zoey watched her rotate her hips in a slow teasing circle, pressing herself back against her father. "Let me feel it...let me feel every last inch."

"Your wish is my command, my dear."

Zoey could only stare as she watched her grandfather grip his daughter's hips firmly in his massive hands and flex forward. She saw that tight pink wrinkle of flesh stretch and stretch as the broad blunt head pushed against it. She feared her mother was going to tear apart, and then gasped as she watched the constricting ring ease open to allow the invader inside.

"YESSSSS..." her mother hissed loudly as the thick fleshy spear disappeared inside her.

Zoey couldn't believe her eyes as her grandfather just kept pressing forward, not stopping once until his midsection was pressed tight up against her mother's soft round bum-cheeks, his cock totally buried in her mother's welcoming backside.

"Oh fuck, Dad, that is so good," her mother said with a deep groan as she rolled her hips back against her father. "I love it...I just love it. It's so fucking big!"

"Do you want me to stop and take it out?" Zoey's grandfather asked teasingly, a bemused smile on his face.

"Don't you dare. Just give it to me, Dad. I'll take it as hard and as deep as you want."

Fuck me! Zoey thought after hearing what her mother had just said.

"All right then, that's the way you're gonna get it."

With that, Zoey's grandfather drew back his long thick cock until all that was left inside his daughter's clutching bumhole was the big mushroom head. He set himself for a second and then slammed his hips forward, his body slapping noisily against his daughter's.

"OH MY GOD...YESSSS!" her mother squealed loudly, every inch of that enormous cock stuffed inside her clutching chute.

Zoey was shocked that her mother wasn't screaming in pain, but instead, as her grandfather started to rhythmically drive his hips back and forth, her mother kept moaning in pure ecstasy. As she watched and listened to the sinfully erotic scene being played out before her, Zoey found her fingers once more rubbing back and forth inside her sloshy cunt.

It was only a minute or two before her mother cried out, "Dad, I'm gonna come...I'm gonna...OH MY GODDDDDDD!"

Zoey watched her mother tear at the sheets as she came, her eyes closed in bliss as the delightful sensations of her climax coursed through her. Zoey's grandfather kept pounding her, the bed creaking and groaning as he drove every last inch of his rigid cock into her spasming bowels. She watched her mother's legs give out as he drove her right down onto the bed, his massive body now pressed against hers as he fucked almost straight downwards, sending his turgid prick balls-deep inside his daughter. Zoey's mother twitched and shuddered as she came for a second time, and a short time later a third, saliva drooling out of her mouth as she whimpered into the sheets. And still the older man kept driving that stake-like cock into Zoey's mother time and time again, crucifying her as he nailed deep into the mattress.

"Oh fuck, yes, here you go, sweetheart," Zoey's grandfather eventually said as she watched him power it home one last time, sending his cock as far up inside his daughter as he could get it. Zoey watched his muscular butt flex repeatedly as he kept himself buried to the hilt, knowing he was flooding her mother's insides with a massive load of cum each time she saw those muscles flex.

Zoey felt her pleasure level cresting at the same time, her fingers working their magic deep inside her drooling pussy. Her orgasm came on so fast and was so intense that she thought she was about to pass out. She turned and leaned against the wall as wave after wave of rapturous pleasure coursed through her, every jangling nerve ending tingling deliciously. She found herself sliding down the wall, her quivering legs no longer able to support her as she climaxed for a long time.

Sitting down, Zoey rode out the final blissful surges of her orgasm. Breathing like a runaway freight train, she gasped, drawing in breaths of cool air as she slowly recovered.

Overwhelmed by what she'd just seen, and blown away by her mother's behavior and the incredible size of her grandfather's magnificent cock, Zoey drew her sticky fingers out of her soggy cunt and licked them clean, her mind still buzzing at the wickedly erotic display she'd just watched.

Finally able to think clearly, Zoey slowly rose to her feet and peeked inside the room once more. Her grandfather was gone, but her mother still lay on the bed. She looked beguiling sexy in her black lingerie, and she was still wearing everything, including those killer high heels. To Zoey, it was the way her mother was laying that made her look even sexier. She was in the position her father had left her in, flat out on her stomach, her face pressed into the sheets, her feet spread wide apart near the corners of the bed. Zoey looked up between her mother's spread thighs, gasping as she saw what looked like a river of brilliant white cum oozing out of her abused bumhole, a milky puddle of jizz already spreading out over the sheets beneath her.

"Oh fuck, look at that, look at all that cum!" Zoey gasped under her breath as she watched the sizable pool of semen continue to grow. She heard a sound and turned on her heel. It was probably only a small animal or something, but it made her realize she'd better get out of there before she was discovered. Easing away from the window, Zoey silently made her way back into the house and to her bed.

Still not believing what she'd just witnessed, she slept restlessly, waking up in the middle of the night and having to rub off another one, visions of her grandfather's stallion-like cock driving deep into her own hungry cunt overwhelming her. She couldn't wait to see what tomorrow would bring...