

GRANDPA'S BUSTY COWGIRL CH. 04

rmDEXter

Grandpa gives busty Zoey something big to kiss good night.

Incest/Taboo

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CHAPTER FOUR

Zoey was standing beside Uncle Dan's truck, touching up her lipstick when the staccato-like whine of an engine broached the quiet country air. She looked up to see a man approaching at a pretty good clip on a four-wheeled All-Terrain-Vehicle, bounding over a slight rise as he came their way. He pulled to a stop next to the trucks and shut down the noisy vehicle before stepping off and nodding to Zoey as he walked up to her.

"How's your morning been?" her Uncle Ted asked, and Zoey was struck again by the resemblance the men in the family shared. It was hard to tell one from the other and she figured she'd feel different about that once she got to know them all better. But right now, Uncle Ted and Uncle Dan looked like two peas in a pod to her. Uncle Ted was maybe an inch or so taller, but they both shared the same tall, solidly-built frame as their father, but on a slightly smaller scale, but still way better than average, as far as Zoey was concerned.

"My morning's been okay," Zoey replied. "They've shown me a few things, but I think I've been able to handle everything okay so far."

"That's good," Uncle Ted said as he gave her a gentle pat on the arm before turning to address the three men working on the fence. "So, guys, is Zoey right? Is she doing okay with what you've asked her to do?"

"She's been a godsend," Drew called back.

"Yeah, it's too bad Dad asked for her to go and work with you guys this afternoon," Uncle Dan added. "I'd love for her to stay and help us out this afternoon as much as she's helped us this morning."

"Well, your loss, I guess," Uncle Ted chided playfully. "Hopefully she'll be able to do as much for the four of us as she has for the three of you."

"Oh, I think you'll find she's very helpful," Uncle Dan added before picking up a handful of nails and getting back to work.

"All right, little lady, let's go," Uncle Ted said as he led Zoey over to the ATV. "You ever been on one of these before?"

"No, I haven't," Zoey replied as she looked at the rugged little machine. There wasn't much to it, four big knobby all-terrain tires, the engine housing, and a decent-sized seat with the back part set a little higher for a second person to sit on. She figured that would allow the passenger to see clearly over the shoulder of the person driving. Behind the seat was a small platform at the back to strap something onto, but it was empty right now.

"The ride's a little rough," Uncle Ted said as he threw his leg over and straddled the machine, "but it'll get us from Point A to Point B on this ranch pretty good. Just climb aboard behind me."

Zoey stepped on a footrest at the side and grasped her uncle's shoulder as she threw her leg around behind him and sat down, noticing that with her legs spread like this, her little skirt had ridden well up on her thighs. If her uncle hadn't been sitting right in front of her, her panty-covered pussy would have been clearly in view. Her uncle fired up the machine and Zoey could feel the powerful throb of the engine coursing right through her, the vibrations through her bum making her pussy start to tingle. Uncle Ted hit the throttle and the surge of acceleration startled Zoey, causing her to quickly reach out and grab onto his arms.

"You'll learn quick you have to hold on tight when you're on one of these things," he called back over his shoulder. "Now, reach around my waist and kind of snuggle in right behind me. We've got a few bumps ahead and I don't want you to go flying off."

Zoey did as he asked, shifting even closer as she circled her arms around him. She felt her skirt getting pushed up even higher as her legs were forced to spread further apart, her panty-covered mound now pressed right up against his back.

"That's better," Uncle Ted said as he wriggled back slightly, one of the belt loops on his jeans rubbing against Zoey's protruding clit.

He speeded up again as Zoey held on tight, loving the feel of the hot country air whipping against her skin, her lustrous brunette locks flowing out behind her. They'd been cruising along for a few minutes before they hit a bump, causing Zoey to lose her grip for a second before instinctively grasping onto her uncle once more. She noticed that they'd both shifted a bit, and her hands had landed lower on his hips.

"That was a bad one," he called back to her again over his shoulder. "And there's probably a few more ahead." She felt him take one hand off the handlebars and take hold of her wrist. "Here, make sure you hold on real tight so that doesn't happen again."

He took her hand and moved it right down to the inside of his thigh, pressing her hand against the smooth denim of his jeans just below his crotch. He took her other hand and pressed it against his midsection, pulling her even closer against him and making sure she was holding on tight.

"There, that's better," he said as he reached down to her hand on the inside of his thigh and gave it a gentle squeeze before bringing his own hand back to the handlebars. "You should be able to get a nice firm grip now."

Zoey was shocked when he'd placed her hand on his leg, but she couldn't resist the curiosity she was feeling as she encountered a warm protuberance beneath his jeans. *Oh my god, is that his cock?* she thought to herself as her fingers instinctively started to move along the pronounced bulge. Her fingers slid along his jeans and she felt a stirring beneath her fingertips, the bulge starting to grow.

"Oh, fuck me," she muttered under her breath as her hand kept going, finally reaching the end, her fingers cupping what she knew to be the bell-shaped cockhead. And boy, did it feel big to her. With her breath catching in her throat, she slowly rubbed her fingertips back along the stiffening shaft, feeling it getting harder and harder by the second.

"Here, let me help you with that, I want to make sure you have a good grip," her Uncle Ted threw back over his shoulder before he reached down and deftly undid his belt and zipper. Pushing the

flaps of his jeans to the side, he took Zoey's exploring hand and shoved it right inside his pants.

"Oh fuck," Zoey groaned as her fingers encountered the broad thick root of his stiffening cock. He was going commando, like she'd noticed with Uncle Dan and her two cousins, with nothing between her little hand and his big mature cock. Zoey slid her hand further into his jeans as Uncle Ted drove on, her fingers circling the throbbing prick, loving the feel of the warmth of his crotch and the latent power of that big cock lurking beneath her fingers. Taking a good firm grasp, she drew it out, the long thick shaft coming out as she looked over his shoulder, her eyes opening wide as the engorged cockhead finally came into view, the shaft unfurling like a King Cobra, the big mushroom cap and wet red eye pointing skyward.

Zoey gasped as she saw it, her hand nowhere near to closing around the pulsing shaft. It was not as huge as her grandfather's, but pretty damn big, bigger than the three that had already fucked her today. Just staring at it as her hand slowly stroked up and down, she decided to try something. She reached forward with her other hand and wrapped that one around the throbbing prick as well. Even with one hand above the other, there was still plenty of gnarled veiny shaft and the blossoming cockhead left exposed. Just the sight of it took her breath away. With her hands locked firmly around her uncle's pulsing boner, Zoey slowly started to slide her hands up and down, her eyes gleaming as she saw a steady stream of precum start to ooze from the tip.

The sound of the engine winding down turned Zoey's attention from the hard cock in her hands as Uncle Ted slowed the ATV and stopped next to a stand of aspens.

"Seems like you need a little help there," Uncle Ted said as he swung his leg over and climbed off, his turgid prick thrusting out from the front of his open jeans.

Zoey couldn't keep her eyes off his dripping cock and sat there mesmerized until he picked her right up and lifted her off the seat. Before she knew it, he'd turned her around and set her down on the little metal shelf at the back of the ATV.

"Let's take a look at what we've got to deal with here," he said as she pushed Zoey's legs to each side, the movement forcing Zoey to sit back and grasp the edge of the shelf behind her. He pushed her skirt up higher, exposing her mound, her panties almost transparent from her flowing juices that had soaked into them.

"Nice, very nice," Uncle Ted said as he reached beneath her skirt and pushed her panties to one side, her flushed pink pussy coming into view, her labia glistening with her juices.

As Zoey leaned back to support herself, her Uncle Ted reached down and wrapped his hands around her cowboy boots, drawing her legs up and apart until he had her spread out like a wishbone before him, her feet pointing at the sky.

"All right, sweet thing," he said as he moved in closer, his huge throbbing cock still thrusting from the front of his open fly, "you steer."

With trembling hands and her heart beating wildly in her chest, Zoey reached down and wrapped her fingers around the throbbing rod, bringing the flared crimson crown up against her dripping cuntlips. She swooned with longing as she rubbed the big angry knob all over her juicy flesh, the hot hard cock making her stiff clit throb and tingle with anticipation.

"Put it inside," her uncle said. "I want to get every inch inside that hot little pussy of yours."

Zoey gasped with arousal as she pushed the engorged cockhead lower, fitting it right into the slick opening between her soft folds of flesh. Her Uncle Ted took it from there, flexing his hips and sending his long thick cock all the way into her with one slow merciless stroke.

"OH FUCK!" Zoey cried, her eyes closing in bliss as she felt the enormous cock stretch and fill her hungry young cunt.

Uncle Ted really started to go at her then, levering his hips back and forth savagely, his long hard cock tearing deep into her with every stroke. Zoey came almost right away, her body shaking like she'd been zapped by lightning, her steaming little box spraying him with her juices. Her uncle just kept going, pushing her legs back even further, making sure he could get as deep into her as he could. A few minutes later, Zoey couldn't stand it, her body starting to twitch and convulse as a second climax shot through her.

"That a girl," he said, rolling his hips, "come as much as you want."

Zoey gritted her teeth and moaned like a wounded animal as her uncle took her, absolutely throttling her sweet young pussy as he thrust the full length of his huge cock into her time and time again.

Just as he yelled, "OH FUCK...I'M GONNA COME!" Zoey felt herself cresting once more, climaxing right along with him. She was mumbling and moaning incoherently, her body thrumming from the paroxysms of delight flowing through her. She came for a long time as her uncle pumped her full of cum, her big tits heaving up and down as she gasped for air. She sat back with her eyes closed as she started to recover, her heart rate starting to slow.

"Very nice, very nice indeed," she heard her uncle say as she felt him lower her legs and let go of her. He stepped back, his spent dick coming out of her in a hurry. She looked down as a veritable river of cum shot from between her legs, milky ropes of spunk spewing onto the ground before her. She couldn't believe how much there was as she looked at the puddle on the ground, and still gobs of pearly semen continued to ooze out of her puffy cunt.

"Get yourself together, girl, we've still got a ways to go." Uncle Ted quickly stuffed his cock back into his pants and zipped up.

Zoey sat there, shaken but blissfully happy by the intensity of her climax. She pulled her panties back into place, knowing they'd be a disaster within seconds, but out here with nothing to change into, she didn't have much choice. She slid off the little platform and climbed back on behind her uncle as he fired up the ATV. He gunned it and took off as Zoey slipped her arms around him. He reached back and pulled her hand down again, until her fingers were wrapped around the soft warm bulge lying against his thigh. She couldn't help it as her fingers curled around the lengthy tube, squeezing gently.

"Just leave your hand there," he called back against the billowing wind. "That's a good place for it."

Zoey couldn't agree more. She nestled into Uncle Ted's broad back, languishing in the peaceful lassitude after being thoroughly fucked by a big beautiful cock.

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About fifteen minutes later they arrived at what Zoey learned was known as the 'West Barn', one of the numerous out-buildings around the ranch. This one was a good size and could house cattle and

horses when necessary. Uncle Ted and his three sons were working here, cleaning out the inside of the barn and repairing a number of deteriorated boards on the north face. She spotted a pile of weathered barn boards in a stack along with numerous bales of hay wrapped in twine and piled high.

Zoey was quickly introduced to this group of cousins; Josh, Matt, and Owen. They were basically the same ages as Drew and Ryan, and looked very similar. They greeted her with broad smiles, which made Zoey feel welcome.

"Matt," Uncle Ted said after Zoey met the boys, "while Josh is helping me work on that north face, why don't you and Owen show Zoey what you've done with those new stalls inside?"

"Sure, Dad, no problem," Zoey assumed the one named Matt responded. He turned to her and extended his hand as he gestured for her to follow. "Right this way, cousin, and you'll have the royal pleasure of seeing what the inside of a barn looks like. It's not exactly Buckingham Palace, but it'll do in a pinch."

Zoey smiled as she fell in stride with her two cousins while her uncle and his other son made their way around the side of the barn. The broad doors at the side and one end of the barn were wide open, bringing far more light inside than she would have imagined. Matt and Owen stopped in front of the second in a line of stalls along one wall.

"We've cleaned all the old crap out of these stalls and are just getting started putting the new hay down," Matt said as he gestured to the billowy stack of crisp golden hay stacked high in the stall. Zoey noticed that this and the first stall were the only ones that had been done so far, the bare earth floor visible in the rest.

"Zoey, you were here a few times when you were a little kid, right?" Owen asked.

"Sure."

"Do you remember jumping into piles of hay like that?"

"Yeah, it was fun."

"Well, why don't you go ahead and give it a try?" he said as he nodded his head towards the stall.

Zoey did remember how much fun it was when she was little, throwing yourself into the stacks of hay and getting lost in it. "Okay," she replied before throwing herself forward and turning around in the air. She landed on her backside, laughing as the huge mound of hay cushioned her fall. Smiling broadly, she propped herself up on her elbows and looked out at her cousins, equally big smiles on their faces.

"You look pretty comfortable there," Owen said.

"I am, it feels wonderful. Just like I remember."

"That's good," Matt said as he nodded down at her, "'cause that's where you're going to be spending the rest of the afternoon."

Zoey's eyes opened wide as her cousins stepped closer, both of them starting to undo their belts.

Late in the afternoon, Zoey found herself in the backseat of another pickup truck, but a bigger one this time, with a small bench seat in the back of the cab behind the two front seats. While Uncle Ted headed back to the main ranch house on the ATV, Zoey rode in the pickup with his three boys. Owen was driving and Matt was in the passenger seat. Zoey rode in the back with their brother, Josh. They had decided that was the best situation, since Uncle Ted and the two boys in the front had already dumped three loads each into Zoey, while Josh had only given her two.

So Zoey found herself kneeling on the floorboards in front of the backseat, her head bobbing up and down as she sucked Josh's cock. She happily received a big mouthful of warm thick jizz just before they pulled up in front of the ranch house.

Wiping her hand across her mouth, Zoey took Josh's offered hand as he helped her out of the truck. The boys headed to the Bunkhouse to clean up for dinner, while Zoey headed inside the main house.

Her grandmother was there to greet her. "Well, my dear, did you have a good day?" she asked, a broad smile on her face.

"I...I did, Grandma. Thanks," Zoey replied as she stepped into the kitchen, the comforting aroma of fresh warm bread teasing her senses. "What kind of bread is that you made? It smells wonderful."

"Oh, that's my sourdough your grandfather asks for all the time. I just took it out of the oven a few minutes ago. I made it to go with the beef stew we're having tonight."

After all the spunk she'd swallowed today, Zoey didn't have much of an appetite, but that bread smelled so good she was anxious to have some of that. She figured it might help to soak up some of the jizz sloshing around in her stomach.

"Now, c'mon, sweetheart," her grandmother said, interrupting her thoughts, "you'd best go take a shower and get cleaned up after those boys put you to work all day."

Zoey thought back on just how much 'work' the boys had put her through, and she couldn't stop the soft smile that came over her face as she thought about it. Her grandmother led her into her room and stepped over to the closet door, which Zoey was surprised to see in the open position after being locked up until now.

"There's a nice robe for you here when you get out of the shower," her grandmother said, pointing to a fluffy white terrycloth robe hanging from a hook on the back of the closet door. Her grandmother stepped over and pulled open a couple of the drawers on the dresser to show Zoey that they'd been unlocked as well. "As you can see, the locks are all undone. Now, I've put another outfit on the bed that you should wear for dinner tonight. I hope you like it."

Zoey glanced over and saw what looked like a yellow sundress draped across the bed. She glanced down to the side of the bed and saw a gorgeous pair of yellow slingbacks, with sharply pointed toes and slender high heels. "Uh...no cowboy boots?" she asked.

Her grandmother slowly shook her head. "Oh no, dear, not at night. As you know, your grandfather believes woman should dress a certain way when they're on the ranch. Cowboy boots are fine during the day when you're working but, at night, your grandfather believes a woman should dress like a woman, not a cowhand."

"Um, okay, I understand," Zoey said, her eyes flicking over to the sexy shoes once more.

"All right then," her grandmother said as she moved towards the door. "I'll let you get ready. Dinner's gonna be on the table in about half an hour."

"Thanks Grandma, I'll be ready."

Left on her own, Zoey quickly rifled through the contents of the drawers and the closet. She was surprised by the amount of sexy lingerie in the drawers. There were bras, panties, corsets, bustiers, nylons, and all of it incredibly sexy and in a variety of colors. She found numerous sweaters and skirts in the drawers, most of the tops low-cut in the front and the sweaters appeared to be quite tight-fitting. Her perusal of the closet had her smiling as well. There were a few dresses there that she just adored. There were a number in that calico design, but they were definitely form-fitting and she could tell that the hems would end quite high on her thighs. One wall had a series of shelves, all of them full of shoes. They were a couple of pairs of cowboy boots, and numerous pairs of high heels, nearly all with pointy toes and rapier-like heels that were sexy as anything. Once again she thought, "If this is what I have to wear here on this ranch, it might not be so bad after all."

With that thought in her head, she entered the shower, the pelting spray from the stinging pellets soothing her. With shampoo in her hair she turned her back to the showerhead and washed herself, thoroughly lathering up her inner thighs and privates, making sure to wash off all the dried and sticky spunk clinging to her.

Drying off, she donned the robe her grandmother had pointed out. Zoey couldn't believe how plush and soft it was. It was like something she'd expect to find at a ritzy hotel or spa. She loved it. With the robe cinched tight around her waist, she stood before the mirror in the bathroom, then blow-dried and brushed her rich chestnut hair until it framed her pretty face in lustrous waves. She did her makeup, applying her eye shadow in pinky-bronze tones that she knew looked sexy. She gave a touch of mascara to her already-long lashes, although she didn't really need it. She looked at herself in the mirror and smiled, her ample cleavage visible through the partially-opened front of her robe. She shook her body from side to side, watching her massive boobs wobble enticingly. If her grandfather wanted the women there to 'look like women', she hoped she'd get his approval.

Returning to her room, she surveyed the new clothes her grandmother had laid out for her on the bed. She couldn't stop smiling as she picked up the various items. Like earlier today, there was a matching bra and panty set in delicate lace. But this time, it was a gorgeous buttery yellow color, not white. Zoey slipped off the robe and put on the new things, loving the feel of the sexy underwear against her skin. The yellow sundress was next. It was very pretty, the color almost matching the bra and panty set exactly. The dress had tiny white flowers throughout the yellow fabric, and looked very sweet to Zoey.

She slipped it on and did up the zipper at the side. Like the dress her mother had made her wear, this one fit snugly in the bodice as well, the heavily-structured bra and the tight-fitting top of the dress making her generous breasts all but ooze over the front of the deeply-scooped neckline. Once it got past her waist, it flowed out loosely in a playful flounce, ending just above mid-thigh. With her legs left bare, Zoey slipped her slender feet into the slingbacks, loving the feel of them as her foot slipped right in, her toes hidden by the pointed caps at the front. Adjusting the straps to go behind her heels, she took a look at herself in the full-length mirror across the room. She gasped at what she saw, a beautiful young woman in a gorgeous summer outfit, with matching sexy shoes that made her shapely legs look spectacular.

"My goodness, this dress is so pretty," Zoey said out loud as she did a pirouette, smiling to herself at the way the flouncy part of the dress flipped up playfully as she spun around, her panties almost

coming into view.

A soft knock on her door broke her out of her reverie. "Zoey," her grandmother's voice called. "Dinner's ready."

"I'll be right there," she called back before taking a couple of deep breaths. She almost forgot, but made a quick dash to bathroom, looking at herself in the mirror as she applied a nice full coating of the brilliant red lipstick her mother had left for her. Pursing her lips and giving herself an air kiss, she made her way out, finding her grandfather, her three uncles, and all of her male cousins already seated at the huge table. Zoey noticed the admiring glances of her cousins and uncles as she took her place, once again at her grandfather's side.

"Well, don't you look lovely," her grandmother said as she came up behind Zoey and set a bowl of stew and a plate of bread in front of her. "Don't you think so, Jack? Don't you think she looks pretty?"

Zoey looked at her grandfather as he looked her over, a warm comforting look in his dark penetrating eyes as his gaze roamed up and down over her substantial curves.

"Very pretty indeed. That dress you picked out looks perfect on her, Rose."

"I thought it would," her grandmother said before setting her hands on Zoey's shoulders. "Now, eat up, girl, the boys tell me you've had a busy day helping them."

Zoey could barely look down the table at the rest of them as she tore off a piece of the warm bread and stuffed it into her mouth.

"So Dan," her grandfather called down the table to his son. "How's it going over there at that fence? Another day or so to get it done?"

"Nope," Zoey glanced down as she heard Uncle Dan respond. "We got it finished just before the end of the day today. Me and the boys just felt kind of energized this afternoon and got 'er done. I don't know what it was, maybe just having Zoey out there helping us for a little while this morning inspired us."

"Glad to hear it. You've got other chores to get started on tomorrow," Zoey's grandfather said as he scooped up a spoonful of stew.

"That's wonderful of your uncle to say that, dear," Zoey's grandmother said quietly to her from directly across the table. "I'm so pleased to hear that you've been helpful. Your mother would be happy about that too."

"Speaking of Mom, did she get off okay today?" Although Zoey's words were directed to her grandmother, she couldn't help but look at her grandfather out of the corner of her eye. The last she'd seen of her mother, she was on her knees with her mouth full of Zoey's grandfather's cock.

"Your mother got away a little later than she intended," her grandfather interrupted as he tore off a sizable chunk of bread and dipped it in his stew. "She and I had a good talk and got a few things straight between us before she left."

Zoey figured she knew exactly what 'thing' they'd 'gotten straight between them'. "That's...that's good."

The rest of the meal proceeded without incident, the talk mostly about things that needed to be done on the ranch happening around the table. Zoey wolfed down all the bread she'd been given, happy to feel it settle into the puddle of cum sitting in her stomach. She ended up eating more of the stew than she thought she would, realizing that the fresh air and the day's 'activities' made her far hungrier than she'd anticipated. Dessert was ice cream, which went over well with the boys. Zoey ate a full bowl, the cold ice cream melting on her tongue and reminding her of the numerous loads of cum she'd swallowed as it slithered down her throat.

After dinner, her uncles and cousins dispersed, with two of them staying to take care of the dishes. Zoey was told the boys rotated that duty daily, in charge of cleanup and doing the washing for the meal that their grandmother had provided.

"Would you like to watch a little TV, or maybe sit and read a book?" her grandmother asked as they got up from the table, her grandfather already gone.

"What, uh...what do you and Grandpa usually do?"

"Well, sometimes we watch a little TV together, sometimes we do our own thing. Your grandfather said he had to look at some supply lists so he's already gone to his office."

"What are you gonna do?"

"I have a bit of sewing I was going to finish up. Do you want to see my sewing room?"

With nothing better to do, Zoey agreed. She followed her grandmother down the hall and passed her grandfather's office room. The door was open and she could see her grandfather at his desk, that handsomely rugged face of his staring at a computer screen on his desk. Just past the office, she and her grandmother came to the 'Great Room', a towering room with a sloped ceiling constructed of heavy wood beams, with a massive stone fireplace soaring two stories high at the front, high banks of windows on each side of it, the view to the mountains spectacular. Zoey's grandmother pointed out the TV area in one corner, with some soft-looking leather chairs and couches. Adjacent to that was a whole wall of bookshelves, filled with leather-bound volumes and hardcover bestsellers.

Another hallway in the sprawling house continued beyond the Great Room, this one containing a number of bedrooms off of it. The guest room that her mother had been in was on one side of the hall just beyond the Great Room, with a spare bedroom beyond it with another across from it. Beyond that was the Master Bedroom, with one other small room in between. This was her grandmother's sewing room.

"This is a nice little setup you've got here," Zoey said as she looked around, spotting numerous bolts of fabric stacked high on shelves, containers full of buttons and other do-dads, and her grandmother's sewing machine set up on a table. Zoey was curious to see the room contained a queen-sized bed, which currently had the covers in a bit of disarray, as if it had been used recently. "Uh, Grandma, with the guest room and the other empty bedrooms down in this part, why do you have a bed in here?"

"Oh, that," her grandmother said as she glanced over her shoulder at the bed. "Sometimes I grab an afternoon nap when the mood hits me, and sometimes your grandfather snores so loud I just have to get out of there. I just feel nice and comfortable in my little room here, so we moved that bed in quite a while back."

"Oh, okay," Zoey said as her grandmother settled in at her sewing table. "So, would it be okay if I watched a little TV back there?"

"Of course, dear. You'll figure out the remote quick enough. We've got a satellite dish so you should be able to find something you like."

Zoey made her way back to the Great Room and watched TV for an hour or so before her grandmother called out to her from the kitchen area. She hadn't even heard the woman walk past behind her. "Zoey, could you please shut the TV off and come here for a minute."

Not really interested in what she was watching anyway, Zoey shut off the TV and joined her grandmother, who was standing at the door to Zoey's room. "What's up, Grandma?"

"Your grandfather and I are going to bed now and I wanted to show you what I've laid out for you to sleep in tonight."

"Uh, okay." Zoey shrugged as she followed her grandmother into her room, expecting to see another of the long white cotton nightgowns like she'd worn the night before.

"I think this will do the job for tonight," her grandmother said as she pointed to Zoey's bed, a flash of green catching Zoey's eye.

Zoey walked past the older woman for a closer look. Reaching down, she picked up the flimsy garment and held it up in front of her. It was a satin chemise, in an absolutely gorgeous emerald green color, with delicate white lace trim around the hem and bra cups, with slender white satin shoulder straps. As Zoey held it up, she could see a lace-trimmed slit at the bottom on one side that she could tell would sit high on her thigh, and looked incredibly sexy. The chemise was beautiful, and Zoey loved the sensuous feeling of the cool satin beneath her fingertips, but it was definitely not what she'd expected. "I...I get to wear this tonight?" she asked tentatively.

"Yes, I think you'll find it more to your liking than the nightgown I gave you yesterday."

"It's...it's so pretty. I love it."

"I'm so glad." Her grandmother walked over to the closet and reached in to the shelves there, which Zoey had noticed earlier with all the cowboy boots and high heels on them. Her grandmother came back with a pair of green suede pumps in her hand, with sharply pointed toes and slender high heels. She held the shoes out to Zoey as she nodded towards the chemise in her hand. "Your grandfather's coming in to say good night in a few minutes and you can wear these along with that."

Zoey couldn't keep the look of incredulity off her face. "You...you want me to wear this and those shoes while Grandpa visits?"

Her grandmother calmly nodded. "You know how we said your grandfather expects to see women look a certain way, well, this is part of it. I'm sure you'll find that outfit nice to sleep in, and you can just put the shoes back in the closet once he's said his good night."

"Um, I don't see any matching panties for this," Zoey said questioningly as she gestured towards the chemise.

"That's because there aren't any," her grandmother said flatly and then rubbed her hands together, indicating that was the end of the discussion. "Well then, good night, my dear. I'm off to bed."

Zoey's grandmother gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and left, leaving Zoey to ponder her situation. The chemise was gorgeous, and she couldn't stop running her fingers over the cool shiny satin. The high heels were a surprise, but she was quickly learning that not much on this ranch ended up being as it first appeared. She was definitely intrigued by this concept of her grandfather 'expecting women to dress like women' and decided it was just as easy to go along with it than make a fuss. Besides, just the idea of putting on the sexy chemise and the high heels was more than appealing to her.

Stepping into the bathroom to wash up, Zoey decided against it and just brushed her teeth. If her grandfather expected women to look the way he liked, it was clear to Zoey that it was probably best if she left her makeup on until after he left. The one thing she did do was put on a fresh coat of lipstick, knowing he would like that.

Returning to the bedroom, Zoey hung up the pretty sundress in the closet and slipped off her new yellow bra. She decided to leave on the lacy panties that matched that bra she'd been wearing. When she drew the chemise over her head and let it fall into place, she smiled, loving the feel of the unstructured bra cups as they molded themselves to her mammoth breasts, the cool satin making her nipples come alive and thrust against the shiny fabric. Zoey slipped her feet into the high heels, again amazed that they fit perfectly. She looked at herself in the mirror and extended her one leg, watching that slit high on her thigh open up teasingly.

Not sure what to expect from her grandfather's visit, she covered herself with her plush white robe and cinched it tight. She turned off the overhead light and turned on one of the ones next to the bed before sitting down, the warm golden glow from the light casting soft shadows across the room. She felt strange sitting on the bed waiting, her body almost totally covered by the fluffy robe, but with high-heeled pumps on her feet. As she sat there contemplating that, there was a soft knock at her door.

"Come in."

Her grandfather didn't say anything but simply nodded in her direction as he strode into the room and closed the door behind him.

Zoey didn't know if he'd come in dressed in his pajamas and a bathrobe, or what. Her question was quickly answered as she could only stare at the mountain of a man striding purposely across the room. He was still dressed in his work clothes. Her eyes were immediately drawn to the way his rolled-up sleeves hugged his pronounced biceps, his strong arms almost taking her breath away. Like she had been when they'd arrived yesterday, she was equally impressed by the way his work shirt fit across his thick powerful chest and broad shoulders. His strong thick legs made her start to tingle as well, his old worn jeans looking fantastic the way they hugged his lower body and perfectly-shaped butt, a noticeable bulge at the crotch. He stopped and took a seat in the leather armchair, reaching over to turn on the reading light beside him.

"Zoey, you've been here a day now so I think it's time you and I had a little talk."

His low powerful voice was making Zoey tingle just sitting there. "Sure. Okay, Grandpa."

"You're old enough now that both of us can speak honestly without beating around the bush. I can see already that you've got some of me in you, so I'm guessing you feel the same."

His words 'you've got some of me in you' had set Zoey's mind to wondering, *how would she feel with a certain part of him in her?...pretty good*, she thought before she responded. "You're right, I do

feel that way. So what did you want to talk about?"

"First off, stand up," he said, a firm tone in his voice and a steely look in his eye as he looked across at her.

Zoey felt herself trembling a bit at the authority in his voice, but it didn't stop her pussy from dripping even more. Pushing herself up, she stood at the side of the bed, facing him.

"That's a good girl," he said as he gave her an approving nod. "Now, take your robe off."

With her heart beating wildly in her chest, Zoey undid her robe and peeled it off, tossing it on the bed behind her.

"That green color I picked out looks perfect on you. Very nice indeed. Do you like it?"

"I...I do. It's beautiful."

"But not as beautiful as the girl who's wearing it." Zoey's grandfather smiled, the expression on his face warming her heart as his eyes roamed over her.

"Thank you," she replied, surprised to feel herself blushing under his ardent gaze.

Her grandfather stood up, his gigantic form filling her field of vision as he slowly walked around her, eyeing her up, making Zoey feel like a girl waiting to be sold into slavery. She felt almost hypnotized by his sheer presence as he moved purposely in circle, his gaze running slowly over every bit of her curvy body.

"Yes, very nice," he said as he came around in front of her and stopped. "Now, tell me, did your uncles and cousins treat you all right today?"

He was so big and so close that Zoey had to tilt her head well back just to look him in the eye. "I...I, yes, they did. They were all very nice to me. It felt good to get to know at least two of my uncles and some of my cousins better after all this time."

"I'm so happy to hear that. Tomorrow you'll be with Uncle Rob and his brood. They're a pretty good bunch too, so you shouldn't have any problems. Now, here's the important thing I want to talk to you about." He paused, and his dark penetrating eyes made Zoey feel like he was looking right into her soul. "Your mother told me all about why they've sent you here. And I just want you to know that I'll make sure you get everything you need while you're here."

Zoey stood there, breathless and unable to speak.

"So I just want to be clear about something," her grandfather continued. "While you're here, I don't care about what you do with your uncles and cousins during the day, but, at night, you're mine." Zoey gasped when he said that, his hand reaching forward and the tip of one long thick finger tracing down along her jawline, his touch so incredibly soft and delicate that she thought her legs were going to give out beneath her. "You can have as much fun as you want during the day, but at night I expect you here, either on your knees ready to suck my cock, or on your back on that bed, spread-eagled and ready to fuck."

Zoey felt herself blushing beet red, and she was breathing so rapidly as her heart pounded like a jackhammer, her huge breasts all but spilling out of the chemise as they heaved up and down. She

saw her grandfather look down at her ample breasts hungrily, but she couldn't move an inch, totally hypnotized by his words and his immense body looming over her.

"So, young lady," her grandfather said as he ran his fingertip under her chin, turning her face up to meet his, "give me a kiss to show me you understand."

Totally mesmerized, Zoey could only stand there as he lowered his mouth to hers, his lips deliciously soft and warm as he pressed them against hers. She closed her eyes in blissful rapture as he slowly feathered his tongue into her mouth, rolling it luxuriously over hers.

"Mmm," she purred, instinctively throwing her arms around his neck as she kissed him back, loving the feel of his strong mature body pressed against hers. She loved the way he kissed, both firm and tender, like a man who loves women, knows exactly what they need, and get what he wants, which is exactly the way Zoey felt about him after seeing him make love to her mother.

"That's a pretty little mouth you've got on you, sweet thing," he said as he finally broke the kiss and leaned back, his eyes continuing to bore into hers. "I've told you what I expect from you, and I think we'll start with some cocksucking tonight."

Zoey stood there trembling, her pussy weeping like crazy. She could feel a stream of emulsion running down her leg already.

"You can start by taking my shirt off."

Zoey moved as if in a trance, her slender fingers reaching up as she unbuttoned her grandfather's shirt, pulling the tails out his jeans and pushing it back off his broad shoulders. He let it fall to the floor and she reached up, running the palms of her hands over his strong chest, her fingers sliding through fine dark curls that she could see led in an inviting treasure trail into the top of his jeans. His upper body was shaped like an Olympic diver's, but on a much larger scale. The muscles and sinews beneath his skin stood out provocatively, making her twitch with longing as she ran her fingers over the firm plates of his pecs.

"That's good. Now, get on your knees." He set his big hands on Zoey's shoulders and pressed lightly downwards.

Zoey knew he didn't have to do that. She eagerly dropped to her knees before him, looking up at him and eagerly awaiting his next instruction.

"That's a good girl. Take my boots and socks off next."

He lifted one foot at a time as Zoey slid his boots off, his socks following.

"I don't think I have to tell you what's next," he said, nodding towards his midsection.

With her hands shaking in anticipation, Zoey reached up to his belt buckle, her face mere inches away from the massive bulge pressing against the front of his jeans. She could barely catch her breath as she got his jeans undone and started to lower his zipper, the raspy metallic sound like music to her ears.

"Those breasts of yours are really quite spectacular," her grandfather said and she glanced up to see him looking down at her, a pleased look on his face as he looked straight down into her mile-long cleavage. "Yes, just as nice as your mother's."

Zoey drew in a sharp intake of breath, surprised that her grandfather was admitting this to her.

"Yes," he said, "I saw you last night, watching us from the window."

"Wha...how....?" Zoey could barely speak, her hands frozen in place on his zipper.

"The outline of your hair makes quite a distinctive shape in silhouette, especially in full moonlight like it was last night."

"You knew...you knew I was there the whole time?" Zoey stammered out, aghast that she'd been found out.

"From that little gasp I heard you give out, it must have been just when you arrived. Your mother had been hungry to suck the first load out of me, so when you arrived, I had just started giving her the next load. I dumped a third into that hot tight ass of hers, but I'm sure you had a pretty good view of that." He paused and nodded down towards his midsection as Zoey kneeled there, stunned by what she was hearing. "But don't worry about that right now, you've got more important things to take care of."

His nod in her direction brought Zoey back to reality and she looked straight ahead, the bulge beneath his jeans swelling and getting bigger right before her eyes. As if mesmerized, she drew his zipper the rest of the way down and pulled the flaps of his jeans to the sides. The broad thick root of his cock came into view and Zoey felt herself sweating in anticipation as she reached forward, her slender fingers circling the sturdy trunk. It felt sinfully hot as she tried to close her hand around it, her fingers coming nowhere close to touching. She tugged forcefully, watching the bulge going down his leg move as it strained against the restricting confines of his jeans.

"Oh fuck..." Zoey mumbled under her breath as it started to come out, inch after inch of his gigantic cock coming into view. She could feel the enormous head getting caught up on the straining fabric and she tugged hard, the big knob and the rest of his cock finally springing free. Once the engorged helmet cleared his jeans, the long thick shaft seemed to unfurl right before her eyes, the broad crimson crown rising right up in front of her face, a slimy strand of cock-sap slashing across her face.

"OH MY GOD!" Zoey couldn't help crying out as the words gushed from her mouth, her eyes opening wide as she stared at the hugest cock she'd ever seen. And she could see that it still wasn't totally hard, the big puffy head filling and extending as it stiffened before her. It was a thing of beauty, the like of which she'd only imagined in her dreams. It was long, incredibly long, far bigger than she'd ever had before, arrow-straight, and thicker than her forearm. She couldn't believe something that long and thick could even fit inside a woman, but she'd seen her mother screaming in ecstasy time and time again last night, and knew she had to have it herself, at least just once, or die trying.

"Do you like that?" her grandfather said in that warm lulling voice of his, Zoey's eyes still locked on the majestic member throbbing in front of her.

"It...it's beautiful..." she gasped out, her hand slowly starting to shuck up and down, the immense cock reaching full hardness beneath her fingers. Zoey thought his incredible cock looked more like a weapon of mass destruction than a simple penis. It was definitely the cock of a real man, not the 'boy cocks' she was used to.

"I'm glad you like it. Now, take my pants off so you can get to work."

Zoey shivered at her grandfather's stern voice, but it was a delightful shiver of anticipation and longing, not one of fear. She couldn't wait to get her hands, and mouth, on that enormous cock. As he lifted one leg at a time, she drew his pants off his sturdy legs and set them aside. Naked, he took a couple of steps back and sat down in the leather armchair, the reading light next to him casting a sensual glow over his magnificent form.

"Yeah, this is better," her grandfather said in that low hypnotic voice of his as he spread his legs. He wrapped his big hand around the base of his surging cock and pointed it at Zoey, who thought his thrusting erection looked like a deadly missile, all primed and ready to launch. Her mind was buzzing with excitement, hoping he'd make sure it blasted off inside her mouth, which was already salivating like crazy. Zoey sat there on her knees as if in a trance, staring at that gigantic pillar of flesh as he waved it at her, the enflamed tip drooling a steady flow of precum. "C'mere, baby, it's time you and the Hammer got to be good friends."

His words broke Zoey out of her reverie and it instantly dawned on her the meaning of what Ryan and Drew had said earlier in the day about Anna, that she "got hammered every night". This was the only explanation for what they'd said, and as Zoey pictured her sexy young cousin, and knowing what she was like, she hoped she'd be as lucky as Anna too. If this monstrous fuckbone of her grandfather's was 'The Hammer', she couldn't wait to get hammered every night as well.

Like a doe-eyed pet eager to obey her master, Zoey crawled forward between her grandfather's spread thighs, her eyes zeroed in on that huge cock, her tongue coming out unconsciously to wet her lips.

"That's it, come good and close," her grandfather said as she felt his big hand slip around the back of her head and pull her closer. "I'm gonna give you a little taste, but I want to see how soft that pretty skin of yours is first."

Zoey was like putty in his hands as he held her head with one hand while directing the oozing tip of his engorged cock all over her face with the other. He did as he'd said, running that seeping tip all around her lips first to 'give her a little taste', before moving to her cheeks. She closed her eyes in sheer pleasure as she felt the heat from the enflamed crown pressing against her skin as he moved it all around. He rubbed the dripping knob over every square inch of her face, leaving a nasty snail trail crisscrossing this way and that. To Zoey, it felt like he was 'marking his territory', and she loved it.

"Yes, very nice," her grandfather said as he pulled her head back and looked into her eyes. "Now, I want you to start licking that cock from top to bottom and, if you do a good job, I'll let you suck on it for a while."

His domineering tone set Zoey on fire and she felt her pussy give a little gush into her panties. Her grandfather sat right back in the chair, settling in as she went to work. With his cock thrusting up at about a forty-five degree angle, Zoey could see his huge balls hanging loose in his sack. The lemon-sized orbs looked swollen and full, and Zoey felt her mouth water even more at the thought of how much sperm they must be carrying for her, sperm just waiting for her to suck out. She extended her tongue as she moved right in, pressing the flat of it against the pronounced ventral ridge on the underside of his rising prick.

"Mmm..." she cooed as she started to run her tongue slowly up the thick shaft, her tongue gathering in traces of seeping precum along the way. When she got to the big flared knob, she ran the tip of tongue up the underside of the inverted 'V' formed by his thick, rope-like coronal ridge.

Zoey shuddered as she licked all around that pronounced ridge separating the head from the shaft, knowing it would feel like a luxurious sexual speedbump if she got a chance to get her grandfather's mammoth cock inside her dripping cunt.

"That's a good girl, get it good and wet," her grandfather encouraged as Zoey continued licking, her tongue covering every square inch of the huge pole. She moved in closer, moaning softly as she delicately sucked each swollen nut into her mouth, one at a time. She swirled her tongue over the silky skin of his sack, loving the intense masculine flavor of his body on her tongue.

"Get that sweet mouth of yours up here and start sucking," her grandfather said as he tapped her on the shoulder, "and don't stop until I give you a nice creamy dose of medicine."

Stopping was the furthest thing from Zoey's mind as she slid her tongue up the throbbing shaft and poised her pursed lips over the big flared head. She gulped with trepidation as she looked at it, the enflamed glans brilliant crimson in color. It was so big that she thought her mouth might tear at the corners, but she knew she'd rather die than not even try.

"Kiss it," her grandfather said calmly as Zoey felt his fingers slip around the back of her head once more.

Zoey pursed her lips and lowered them, placing a delicate kiss on the very tip, his slimy precum making her lips tingle with lurid excitement. She slid the tip of her tongue into the wet red eye, lapping up and sucking out more of the tasty cock-sap.

"Mmm..." Zoey purred like a cat with a bowl of warm cream as the scintillating flavor of his male essence settled on her taste buds. But she knew his precum was just an appetizer, and she definitely wanted the main course. Steeling herself against the fear of having her jaw broken, she started to lower her head, her lips pushed forward and adhered to the pebbly surface of his glans as they followed the flowing contours. She felt her lips stretch and stretch as they approached to coronal ridge, and then she closed her eyes in prayer as she forced her mouth lower, her jaws wide open and her lips stretched as far as they could go. Just when it felt like her lips were about to tear, the engorged knob slipped fully inside her welcoming mouth, her lips clamping down on the turgid shaft.

"That's a good little girl, you've got the biggest part now. But keep going, let's see how much you can take." Zoey flicked her eyes up to see her grandfather staring down at her, a knowing smile on his face. "Don't worry about how much you can take right now, because I promise you, I'll teach you how to swallow the whole thing down your throat soon enough."

Zoey whimpered with arousal when her grandfather said that, creaming herself like crazy as she took a deep breath and forced her head downwards, more and more of his glorious cock feeding into her face. The tip of the flared head bumped up against the opening at the back of her throat and, as much as Zoey loved the idea of the challenge her grandfather had given her, she knew there was no way she could take the whole thing right now. For one thing, she was too excited and wanted to get feverishly sucking, to show her grandfather how good a cocksucker she was, eager to swallow his load, which she knew would be massive.

"Mmmppphhh," Zoey mumbled against his invading cock before retreating, pulling backwards until just the very tip was captured between her lips. She pushed a big wad of saliva to the front of her mouth and then dove back down, her lips sliding luxuriously on the rigid shaft. She got down as far as she had last time, and then backed off, starting to get into a smooth rhythm as she bobbed up and down.

"Oh yeah, that's the way, little girl. If you keep sucking like that, you're gonna get your medicine in no time."

Zoey revelled in her grandfather's words of praise, even as her talented young tongue continued lapping at his cock. With her mouth stuffed full of rock-hard cock, she brought her hands to the base of the thick shaft, extending her fingers and using her painted fingernails to scratch teasingly around the taut skin at the base, a trick she'd learned some time ago. She hadn't met a guy who could stand that for very long without blowing his load, and she hoped her grandfather would be the same.

"Oh fuck, that's good," she heard him say as her lightly-scratching fingernails left little pink tracings on his skin. She kept at it, feeling his cock get just a tad stiffer in her mouth. Being the experienced cocksucker that she was, she knew exactly what that meant. "Oh yeah...just keep doing that...just keep...OH FUCKKKKKK!"

Her grandfather's roar of pleasure was the sweetest sound Zoey had ever heard. She felt his cock start to buck in her mouth and she pulled back, keeping just the head locked inside her vacuuming mouth. The crown seemed to be buzzing as he started to go off, a thick heavy rope of cum jettisoning into her mouth like it was shot from a cannon. She felt her head instinctively pull backward for a split second before she forced herself forward, her lips clamping down even tighter, not wanting to lose a drop of his creamy goodness.

"Oh fuck, yeah...swallow it...swallow that medicine of yours..." her grandfather said with a groan as Zoey saw him grip the arms of the chair tightly. His hips were bucking upwards as he came, shot after glorious shot of thick rich semen spewing into her mouth as he totally unloaded.

Zoey had gotten so turned on at being able to worship this man's gorgeous cock that once that first shot splashed over her tonsils, she came as well. "Mmmnnnhennn..." she gave a little squeal as the delightful sensations shot through her, but she still kept sucking, only now she had both hands wrapped around the bottom of the thick shaft, one over the other, pumping as much of his milky seed into her sucking mouth as she could.

And Zoey's grandfather didn't disappoint her. He kept coming and coming, more than she thought possible, shot after shot spewing into her mouth. She couldn't keep up with the deluge, the overflow oozing out of the corners of her stretched lips and slithering in milky rivulets down her chin and dripping off onto the upper swells of her breasts. Her pumping hands kept going, more gobs and ribbons of baby-batter pooling on her tongue. She loved the texture of it, so thick that she knew his semen had to be chock full of sperm. Just the thought of swallowing all those potent little swimmers was turning her on even more.

"Oh fuck yeah. What a beautiful mouth you have there, sweet thing," her grandfather said as his climax started to dwindle, his spewing cock slowing as the last few wads of spunk pulsed forth into her mouth.

But Zoey didn't stop. She continued nursing at the seeping tip, slowly rolling her tongue delicately all around the sensitive glans as she continued to suck gently, drawing out the last vestiges of his semen.

"Well, sweetheart," her grandfather said as he looked down at her, a pleased smile on his face as she continued to worship his magnificent cock, "did you like your medicine?"

Zoey sucked just a bit more before backing off his turgid prick, her lips coming off the throbbing fucker with a resounding 'POP!'. "Mmm, yes I did," Zoey replied, tilting her head coquettishly and looking up at her grandfather with innocent doe-like eyes. "But I still feel a little funny. Do you think I might be able to get a second dose?"

Zoey loved the naughty twinkle she saw in her grandfather's eyes as he looked down at her. She couldn't wait to see what he had in store for her next...