

# GRANDPA'S BUSTY COWGIRL CH. 06

*rm Dexter*

*Busty Zoey learns all about breeding horses.*

Incest/Taboo

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## CHAPTER SIX

A soft buzzing woke Zoey. She reached over and silenced the annoying alarm before dropping her head back onto the pillow. She'd been sleeping so soundly that it took her a few seconds to even recall where she was, and once she remembered, the delightful dull throbbing between her legs was an even better reminder. She couldn't stop thinking about her grandfather's huge cock, and the numerous orgasms he'd given her with it. Laying there with her eyes closed, she felt her lips turn up in a contented smile.

But then she remembered, in her near comatose state, that his last instruction was for her to come to his room first thing and suck him off. Zoey was all for that. She figured there must be more to this situation with her grandmother sleeping occasionally in her sewing room. The confidence with which her grandfather instructed her to come to his room told Zoey all she needed to know; her grandmother must be sleeping in that room every night.

She started to rise from the bed and realized she'd been so out of it that she hadn't even moved from the position her grandfather had left her in after he'd pumped her ass full. She was even still wearing the high heels. She started to rise from the bed and found the sheet beneath her come up as well. The spunk that had leaked out of her and slid down her body had partially dried, making the sheet stick to her. With a smile on her face, she pulled the sheet away and stood up, her legs shaky beneath her. She turned and looked back at where she'd been laying.

"Oh fuck," she muttered, taking a look at the state of the bed. The burgundy sheets were a stained mess, darkened and matted with her and her grandfather's combined juices. Wads and strands of milky spunk stood out in bold contrast against the dark red sheets. She also saw a greasy stain where she knew her grandfather had wiped his hand after spreading the lube on his cock before he fucked her ass. All in all, the sheets were a total disaster. *Jesus*, she thought, *I'll have to take care of that later.*

Realizing she was eating into her allotted fifteen minutes, Zoey took a glance at herself in the mirror. She pulled the chemise into place and slid her boobs back into the supple bra cups before smoothing the hem down over her hips. Remembering her grandfather's request, she applied a fresh coating of the brilliant red lipstick, knowing most of it would end up spread along his magnificent cock soon enough. She hurriedly pulled her big robe around her, just in case she happened to encounter anyone as she went through the house. Cinching it tight, she made her way out of her room and quietly closed the door. She was just about to turn and head down the hallway when a voice behind her made her pull up short.

"Good morning, sweetheart. Did you sleep well?"

Panic-stricken, Zoey turned to see her grandmother in the kitchen, already dressed and wearing an apron, a mixing bowl and whisk in her hands. Not sure what to do now, Zoey muttered in reply,

"Yes...I...I slept very well, thank you."

"That's good," her grandmother replied, giving her a comforting smile as she nodded towards her. There was pregnant pause before her grandmother spoke again. "Well dear, don't you have somewhere to be?"

Zoey just stood there, shaking and unsure of what to say or do. "I was just uh...I...uh..."

"It's all right, dear. You just be on your way now," her grandmother said as she gestured down the hall in the direction of the master bedroom. "Your grandfather always finds it so hard getting up in the morning these days and, at his age, he can use all the help he can get."

Zoey felt like you could have knocked her over with a feather as she listened to her grandmother's words. 'Hard' was right; her grandfather's cock felt like an iron bar as he was pounding it into her last night. But still, she was confused; did her grandmother just think Zoey was going in there to help rouse her grandfather from bed, or did she really know what was going on? Her brain was swirling as she pondered it all, but she knew that time was wasting, and she really did want another chance at her grandfather's cock. "Um, okay, maybe I can help," she said shyly before turning and heading down the hallway, noticing how loud the provocative 'clack-clack' of her high heels was on the hardwood floor. She instinctively started to walk on her tiptoes, trying to be as quiet as she could.

The door to the master bedroom was open a few inches and she stepped inside, quietly closing the door behind her. Turning, she saw her grandfather lying on his back on the far side of the bed, his eyes closed in sleep. The light on the bedside table closest to her was turned on, with the sheets on that side of the bed in disarray, as if her grandmother had just been sleeping there. "What the heck is going on?" Zoey muttered to herself as she took a few steps closer to the bed, one of the floorboards creaking beneath her. She instantly stood still, the sound catching her off guard.

"Ah, Zoey," her grandfather said as he came awake and looked over at her. "Right on time."

Zoey watched as he raised himself up on his elbow and pushed a bunch of pillows up against the big wooden headboard. Apparently satisfied, he shifted around until he was leaning back against it, propped up by the stack of pillows beneath him. He was bare-chested, but still covered to his waist by the sheet, which Zoey could see was tented up provocatively over his midsection.

"C'mere, sweetheart, you know what you have to do," her grandfather said as he nodded towards the tented sheet, which, based on the size of his enormous cock, made Zoey think of Barnum & Bailey's Big Top.

"But Grandpa," Zoey said quietly as she gestured with her thumb over her shoulder, "I saw Grandma in the--"

"Don't worry about your grandmother," her grandfather cut her off with a wave of his hand. "And when you're in here every morning, there's to be no talking. You've got better things to do with that pretty little mouth of yours."

With that, Zoey watched as he drew the sheet off, his massive rod thrusting upwards towards the ceiling, the enormous prick bobbing invitingly with each powerful beat of his heart. Zoey couldn't help it as she subconsciously licked her lips as she started to moved forwards, drawn in like iron filings to a magnet.

"Your robe, get rid of it," her grandfather said as she stepped closer.

Snapping out of her trance, Zoey shucked her robe right there, letting it slip off her shoulders and pool on the floor at her feet. With her eyes still locked on that glorious cock, she got onto the bed and crawled between her grandfather's legs as he drew his knees up.

"That's a good girl," her grandfather said as she got closer and closer, her mouth salivating like crazy. "And you remembered the lipstick. Very good. Now, give your new friend The Hammer a good morning kiss before you start sucking."

At the mention of 'The Hammer', Zoey quickly thought of her cousin, Anna, and wondered if she'd been in this same position every morning last summer. It didn't matter to her, as long as she got a shot at her grandfather's huge cock right now.

Zoey did as he asked, pursing her painted lips forward and placing a soft warm kiss on the bloated cockhead, her lipstick leaving an erotic red coating on the pebbly glans.

"That's nice," her grandfather said as he reached forward and took her head in his hands. "Now get to work so I can feed you your breakfast."

Zoey didn't need his help, but she loved the feel of her grandfather's long thick fingers sliding deep into her brunette locks, loved the feel of him taking control of her as he pulled her face forwards. He pushed down, her mouth opening wide as her spread lips slipped over the flared helmet and down the thrusting shaft. Again, she almost swooned with desire as she felt the huge cockhead slip into her mouth, the size of the thing unbelievable. She didn't have long to savor that moment as her grandfather started pulling her head up and down, wanting to make use of her mouth without delay.

"Mmm," Zoey purred as he started to work her mouth up and down, pushing a huge wad of saliva to the front of her mouth as her tongue rolled all around the rigid shaft, the long hard cock feeling like it was at home in her mouth, as if servicing this incredible cock was what she was born to do. They quickly got into a steady rhythm, Zoey's lips pursed well forwards as her grandfather worked her face on his cock, shiny trails of her spit sliding erotically down his thrusting erection.

"Oh yeah, that's it," her grandfather said a few minutes later. "Just do that thing you did yesterday with those fingernails of yours and you'll get your reward in no time."

Zoey knew exactly what he meant. Bringing both hands to the broad base of his cock, she took her fingernails and started tracing the tips all around the exposed root and slightly up the throbbing shaft. In just seconds, she felt his cock get even harder and saw his balls start to draw up in his sack, the big nuts swollen and heavy with what she hoped was a mighty load.

"Oh yeah, here you go, breakfast is served," her grandfather said as he pulled her mouth back until just the throbbing helmet was captured between her lips.

Zoey felt a strong pulsing in the shaft and then he started to shoot what felt like a river of thick creamy cum, ribbons of jizz spewing into her mouth. She eagerly swallowed as she continued that teasing scratching around the thick root of his cock as rope after rope shot deep into her mouth. His load seemed even bigger than the one he'd fed her last night, and Zoey enthusiastically swallowed it down, his milky spunk finding a welcoming home in her stomach.

"Now, that's the way to start the day," her grandfather said as she swallowed the last of his goodness, her lips and tongue drawing out the final drops of seed.

"Thank you, Grandpa," Zoey said as she gave his spent prick one last kiss on the tip, licking her lips as she sat back.

"Same time, same place tomorrow," her grandfather said as he pushed the sheets out of the way and clambered out of bed.

Without another word, or even a glance in her direction, her grandfather walked into the bathroom and she heard the shower come on. Realizing she'd been dismissed, Zoey pulled her robe back on and was about to make her way out when she remembered her grandmother, already at work in the kitchen. Hoping to sneak back into her room unnoticed, she slipped off her high heels and carried them, padding softly along the hallway.

"Is everything all right, my dear?"

With her hand on her bedroom door, Zoey looked up to see her grandmother looking over her shoulder at Zoey as she stood in front of the kitchen sink. As Zoey paused, uncertain of what to say, her grandmother turned and dried her hands on a tea towel as she took a few steps towards Zoey.

"Umm, yes, everything's fine," Zoey finally mumbled out, her hand on the doorknob trembling.

"Were you able to help your grandfather get up?"

Zoey still had no idea how much her grandmother knew about exactly what was going on. "Yes, I...I helped him and he's now in the shower."

"Oh good. Thank you, dear," her grandmother said as she smiled and moved right up to her. "Now, you better go and have your shower as well. I've laid out a new outfit for you for today. And while you were busy with your grandfather, I changed your sheets and made up the bed. My word, girl, from the way those sheets were all messed up, it certainly looks like you're a restless sleeper."

Zoey stood there stunned, picturing her grandmother scooping up the stained and cum-soaked sheets. Too shocked to even answer, she could only stand there as her grandmother reached out and patted her on the shoulder.

"Now, you run along and get cleaned up, breakfast is going to be ready soon." With that, her grandmother turned and strode back into the kitchen.

Barely able to catch her breath, Zoey hurried into her room and closed the door behind her. She stood leaning against the door, breathing raggedly as she tried to get her rapidly-beating heart to slow down. Sure enough, the bed was fully made, with all the covers and pillows back in place. The coverlet was turned down near the top, and she could see a new set of clean sheets, brilliant white ones this time.

She spotted some clothes spread out on the bed, including another lacy bra and panty set, pink this time. With her head spinning, she made her way into the bathroom and took a shower, standing under the hot spray for a long time as she tried to wrap her head around everything.

It was clear by this time that Grandma Rose knew exactly what was going with her husband. She couldn't have changed those sheets and thought anything different. There was enough cum splattered on there to choke a horse. Or maybe her grandmother just didn't pay attention to things

like that? *Could she really be that oblivious to what was happening right under her nose?* Zoey thought. She still wasn't one-hundred percent sure.

Zoey got ready for the day, making sure her hair, makeup and lipstick were just right. She wanted to keep on her grandfather's good side. Returning to the bedroom, she surveyed what she realized was going to be the 'daily outfit' her grandmother had laid out for her, a routine she figured would likely continue for the rest of her stay. So far, Zoey had no complaints, and that included today's outfit.

The matching pink bra and panty set were exquisite. Intimately lacy and feminine, with the bra having enough structural support to make her girls swell up and push together in an enticing display of boobage. The panties were like the pair from the previous day, cut scandalously high on her hips with the tiny panel at the front barely covering her shaven mound.

A faded denim skirt came next, and Zoey loved the feel of the soft material as it sat low on her hips, the hem ending high on her full creamy thighs. The top was a light pink collared blouse. It was very different from anything she owned and it took her a moment or two to figure it out once she slipped it on. It was sleeveless, showing the smooth skin of her shoulders and tanned arms. It buttoned down the front like a regular blouse, but the buttons ended just beneath the projecting shelf of her breasts, as did the back and sides of the blouse, leaving the lower part of her torso exposed. With the last button secured, she looked down at two lengthy 'tails' on each side at the front.

"Oh, I get it," she said under her breath as she took the two tails and tied them together in a jaunty knot just below her set of guns, leaving a fair section of her midriff exposed. A pair of black cowboy boots completed the outfit.

Zoey turned and looked at herself in the mirror. "Oh my, that is pretty sexy, if I do say so myself," she muttered, a smile on her face as she took in the sight of her trim stomach teasingly on view between the bottom of the knotted blouse and the low-slung waistband of the skirt.

Zoey felt all eyes on her as she joined the rest of the Colton crew at the table, but she was used to men looking at her like that after all these years.

Her grandfather patted her leg as she sat next to him in her dedicated spot. "You look very nice today. That outfit looks perfect on you."

"Thank you, Grandpa. It's lovely."

"Here you go, dear," her grandmother said as she reached around Zoey and slid a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon in front of her. With her head right next to the side of her face, Zoey heard her grandmother whisper into her ear, "Maybe we should call this your 'second breakfast'."

Zoey quickly looked up to see the older woman give her a quick wink as she stepped back and served some of the others, leaving Zoey befuddled and wondering what the heck was going on?!

Before she could ponder that any longer, her grandfather told Zoey that she was being assigned to work with Uncle Rob and his three boys today. "That way, you can learn something about horses," her grandfather said.

Outside a short time later, as her other uncles and cousins dispersed to other parts of the ranch, she was introduced by Uncle Rob to his three boys, Eric, Adam, and Zack. Zoey was reminded again of how strong the Colton family genes were, her Uncle Rob and his three looking very much like her other uncles and cousins, obvious descendants of the patriarch himself with their rugged good looks and outdoorsy charm.

"So, Dad says we should teach you some things about horses," Uncle Rob said as he clapped his hand around her shoulder and started to lead her towards the long low horse-barn just a couple of hundred yards away. "Well, just you pay attention, young lady, and you'll learn soon enough. Horses are what this ranch is all about. A girl like you belongs here. Although you might have your daddy's name, I can see that you've got a lot of Colton in you."

Zoey gulped, thinking about just how much 'Colton' she'd had inside her in the past twenty-four hours. Uncle Rob was right; there had been a lot of it.

"Adam, you and Eric bring Titan out to the first corral. Zack, get Ember for the first go round," her uncle said as the boys nodded and disappeared into the stable.

Zoey continued walking next to her uncle as they made their way along towards the back of the building, where she could see wood rail fencing surrounding the corral. "What did you mean, Uncle Rob, that thing you said about the 'first go round'?"

"You see, Titan's your grandfather's prize stallion and we're in the process of having him breed a few of the mares. Ember's the first one up today. Hopefully Titan takes to her. That's what I meant."

"Oh, okay," Zoey replied, never having seen horses being bred before. For some reason, she found the whole idea of it to be luridly interesting.

Zack brought out Ember first, and Zoey was taken by how beautiful the animal was. The horse looked strong and was a bit skittish when Zack first walked her out and led her around the corral, before Ember settled into a gentle stride that was effortless. Zoey was taken by the colour of Ember's coat, which was a warm chestnut that matched the color of Zoey's own hair perfectly. When the horse strode gracefully across the yard, her coat shimmered as it caught the light, so beautiful it almost took Zoey's breath away.

"Easy boy," Zoey heard Adam speak out from the stable.

Her attention was diverted to the open barn door as Adam and Eric led another horse into the corral. This horse was almost the exact same color as Ember, a glorious chestnut, but this horse was enormous in stature. Zoey thought it made Ember look like a pony. The boys each had a hand on the reins and the horse was snorting and trying to rear up as they fought to control it, without having much luck. Zoey could see that the horse was definitely spirited, and looked incredibly strong, the muscles and sinews beneath his coat moving fluidly as he jostled about the corral. Zoey had never seen such a magnificent beast in all her life.

"That's Titan, your grandfather's favorite and our prime stud," Uncle Rob said as he led Zoey over to edge of the corral and leaned on the top rail.

Zoey couldn't help but think about her grandfather as she looked at the stout, majestic thoroughbred, who her uncle had said was her grandfather's favorite. She wasn't surprised, the horse reminded her of him in every way; strong, confident, and both having a certain unbridled

charisma that she couldn't take her eyes off of. They were both powerful male beasts that Zoey knew could get whatever they wanted, any time they wanted.

"Oh, he's got the scent of her now," Uncle Rob said, diverting Zoey's attention back to what was happening before her.

Zoey saw the big stallion snort and now he turned in Ember's direction, a bit wild-eyed as he moved in towards the mare. Zoey glanced down and noticed the big horse's cock start to emerge from its sheath. She gasped as it grew and grew, reminding her once more of her grandfather. Titan moved purposely behind Ember, snorting wildly and pawing the ground impatiently.

"He likes that beautiful rump of hers," Uncle Rob said and Zoey felt his hand slide along her waist and over her curvy bum. "Yes, I can't blame him at all for that."

Zoey saw Zach hold tight onto Ember's reins as the other two brought Titan right behind her, the big horse straining against the tethers as they tried to control him.

"There's no holding him back now," Uncle Rob said and Zoey felt him move behind her. She felt her little denim skirt being pushed up at the back as she leaned forwards and gripped the top rail. "Yes, that big boy's gonna just take what he wants."

Zoey watched, totally mesmerized, as Titan aggressively mounted Ember, his huge horse-cock sliding deep into the welcoming mare. At the same time, she heard the familiar sound of zipper being undone behind her.

"Oh yeah, very nice," Zoey heard Uncle Rob say as she felt her panties being pulled to the side before he slid his fingers into her pleasure-groove. "Nice and wet and hot. It looks like I've got my own Ember on my hands here."

Zoey wasn't sure she did it, but she shifted her feet out to each side and then leaned forwards. Seconds later she felt the blunt head of her uncle's cock pushing up against her flushed labia, and then he was inside her. She moaned softly as she gripped tightly onto the fence rail, revelling in the luxurious feeling of a thick sturdy cock sliding deeper and deeper into her.

Uncle Rob really started fucking her, varying long slow thrusts with rapid short jabs, making Zoey coo and moan with pleasure. His hands slid beneath her body as she leaned forwards, cupping and then mauling her heavy young breasts.

Zoey lifted her eyes as Ember started whinnying at the same time as Titan snorted loudly. She looked at their connected bodies as the big stallion kept thrusting. She saw a surge of milkyness ooze out around his pistoning horse-cock, and then he backed totally out of the mare, a river of white semen spewing forth from Ember's slippery loins. The sight of that, and the feeling of that big thick cock slamming into her sent Zoey over the top, a climax starting deep in her pussy and shooting all the way to her fingertips. She was white-knuckling it as she held tightly to the top rail, her body thrumming like a plucked guitar string as paroxysms of delight shot through her.

As she started to come down from her orgasm, she saw Adam appear with another horse about the same size as Ember, and Titan started sniffing and pawing the ground anxiously when that mare was brought before him.

"He's...he's going to breed another one?" Zoey asked over her shoulder as her uncle kept driving his turgid prick into her.

"Most studs like that can go maybe two or three times a day, if you're lucky. Not our Titan, or his brother, Thunder, they're each good for at least five a day, sometimes more, just like us Colton boys." Uncle Rob paused for a second as he pulled back on Zoey's hips, slamming his steely cock full length into her. "And just like you too, from what I hear. Yeah, I was right, you're a Colton through and through."

"Oh my god," Zoey said as she watched Titan rear up and mount that second horse as well, his enormous cock sliding deep into the mare like a scythe through butter.

"OH FUCK, YEAH...GONNA COME!" Uncle Rob called out as he slammed it home, flooding her insides with cum.

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Young Eric was next, taking his father's place behind Zoey once the older man was done. Her pussy wasn't empty for more than a few seconds before an equally hard cock was stuffed inside her.

Adam was after that. Like his father and brother before him, and like some of the others the afternoon before, Adam continued to wear his cowboy hat as he took his place behind her and unzipped.

"Don't any of you wear underwear?" Zoey called back over her shoulder as she felt his fiery helmet nestle between her gooey cuntlips.

"Nope," Adam said as he slid it home. "None of us do. It gets in the way and wastes time when you've got a pretty little filly like you that needs taking care of."

He proceeded to grip her hips and give it to her good and hard until he went off with a groan, filling her with rope after rope of potent spunk as he totally unloaded, flooding her gripping cunt with his seed.

Zack was last. Like the others, he'd been standing behind her as she held onto the fence rail, Zoey coming time and again as they all took their turns with her, her pussy dripping like crazy around their hard cocks.

"Hey Dad," Zack called out as he ground his hips forward, making sure she felt every hard inch of him, "is this pretty ass of hers still off limits?"

"Nope," she looked up to see Uncle Rob facing them, his hands on Titan's reins as the big horse fucked still another mare. "Apparently, The Hammer's already been in there, so all three of her holes are now in play."

"Excellent," Zack replied.

Zoey felt him pull out of her gripping cunt and place his goo-covered cockhead up against her bumhole, and then he pushed.

"Oh fuck...yessss..." Zoey hissed as the throbbing wang slipped all the way up her rectum. She came twice with his cock in her ass before he got off himself, flooding her guts with a hot creamy batch.

The next thing she knew, the four of them led her into the shade of the horse-barn, taking her to a straw-filled stall like she'd been in yesterday. For the rest of the morning they took her in every way imaginable; on her back, on her stomach, whatever they could think of, Zoey was willing to try. The



way they went at her, there were nearly always at least two cocks in her at once. Numerous times they even made her airtight, a throbbing prick in each of her three holes at the same time.

Being so close to what had become the men's temporary home away from home, around noon the four men took Zoey to the Bunkhouse, the dorm-like building they all shared. She hadn't been there since she'd arrived and was surprised to see a good-sized pool behind it set in front of a stand of trees, complete with a few shade structures to make the hot summer sun at least somewhat tolerable.

"Eric, get the grill fired up," Uncle Rob said. "I think a burger will hit the spot right about now. Adam, grab some beers for us, and a Dr Pepper for Missy here."

"She's not having a beer?" Adam replied, his eyebrows arching up.

"She's only eighteen, she's not old enough to drink yet," Uncle Rob said as he nodded towards Zoey, who still had traces of cum sliding sluggishly down the insides of her thighs.

The men all smiled as they looked at her, the irony of the situation not lost on them. Uncle Rob turned to her again. "Zoey, I talked to your grandmother a little earlier on the walkie-talkie. I told her how hard you've been working this morning and that I thought it might be a good idea if you had a bit of break this afternoon."

"Umm, okay," Zoey said with a shrug.

"Yeah, I told Mom that you could hang around here by the pool this afternoon. She thought that was a good idea and brought some things over for you a little while ago. If you go into the Bunkhouse, you'll find a bathroom a few doors down the hallway on your left. She put your things in there." Zoey saw her uncle pause as he looked her up and down. "Uh, feel free to grab a shower if you want. You might want to clean up a bit before putting your bathing suit on. By the time you come back, the burgers should be just about ready."

Zoey liked the sound of all of that, and the pool certainly looked inviting. She knew she must look a real mess. Cum was leaking out of her, there were clumps of the stuff in her hair, and she could feel some tacky bits drying on her face. Yes, she definitely needed a shower. She found the bathroom quick enough and washed from top to bottom. Getting fucked and sucking cock all morning had been a wonderful way to start the day, and the shower was just the thing to invigorate her.

She dried off and investigated the colorful beach bag her grandmother had left for her. Inside she found everything she needed. A big beach towel was stuffed in the bottom with numerous items on top of it. She found a hairbrush, a bottle of sunscreen, a pair of white flip-flops, along with a couple of paperbacks of two of her favorite authors. Her grandmother had put in a small makeup case, with some eyeshadow and, of course, a tube of bright red lipstick.

The main thing that drew Zoey's attention was the bathing suit her grandmother had provided for her. It was a skimpy white bikini. Zoey had one quite similar to this one at home, but whereas hers had built-in structured bra cups, this one was totally unstructured, the material soft and supple beneath her fingers. She drew the bikini bottoms on first, the tiny triangle of material barely covering her shaven mound in front. The back was cut like the panties she'd been given to wear, partially covering her curvy bum-cheeks but not quite a thong. By this time, she guessed that was the look her grandfather preferred. Each side of the bikini bottoms had slender ribbon-like strands that she tied high on her hips, the enticing bows seeming to call out for a male hand to pluck them open, exposing the sweet young treasure lying beneath.

The bikini top came last. She did up the tie behind her back and then pulled the triangular cups up over her heavy breasts, tying the slender straps behind her neck. She looked at herself in the mirror as she took her hands and shifted her girls about within the soft-fit cups, the white material stretched and straining as it fought to contain her mammoth breasts. Even with their substantial size, her 34Es rode high on her young chest with just a bit of natural sag, her cleavage a mile long and as deep as the Grand Canyon. Zoey could see the soft tit-flesh swelling out the sides and tops of the form-fitting triangles, and she wondered if she was gaining a bit more weight up top. Maybe the country air and the mounds of food she'd been in eating in the last two days was already going right to her tits. Just the thought of that made her smile.

She brushed and towel-dried her hair before applying some fresh makeup, touching up her eyes and applying a nice thick coat of shiny lipstick last. Gathering up her items and placing them in the beach bag, she slipped her feet into the flip-flops and made her way out. Stepping down the hall, she noticed a little plaque on one of the doors off the hallway that she hadn't seen on the way in. The plaque on the door read, 'PLAY ROOM'. Intrigued, Zoey reached out and tried the door, surprised to find it locked. With a shrug of her shoulders, she carried on, stopping to give each nipple a good tweak as she neared the door, making them stiffen noticeably beneath her bikini top. She wanted to have a little fun with the boys, and thought that was just the thing. Turning the doorknob and stepping outside, the heavenly smell of grilling burgers wafted into her senses within seconds.

A wolf whistle greeted her as she strode toward her uncle and cousins, the group of them eyeing her up hungrily as they gathered around the barbeque, some standing while others sat at a table nearby, all eyes focussed on her chest. She smiled to herself, knowing they were looking at those protruding nipples she'd just toyed with.

"My, my, aren't you a pretty thing," Uncle Rob said from his spot manning the grill as Zoey took a seat at the table.

Eric was sitting beside Zoey and reached over, his hand sliding along her side as he reached up and cupped her breast. "Holy fuck! Zack, Adam, feel how heavy her tits are. Unbelievable."

Zoey looked over as her other two cousins moved in on her.

"Easy there, boys!" her uncle's stern voice stopped them in their tracks. "We've all had our bit of fun this morning. Leave the girl be and let her eat her lunch in peace."

"It's all right, Uncle Rob," Zoey chimed in, enjoying the feel of Eric's big hand hefting her breast. "I really don't mind."

Uncle Rob shook his head. "I appreciate you saying that, Zoey, but these boys need to learn to behave. There's a time and place for everything. Now, Eric, get off your ass and give this young lady her food."

"Sure, Dad," Eric said as he released Zoey's tit and clambered out of his chair.

Zoey thought her burger were delicious, as was the potato salad heaped on her plate. While she was in the shower, the boys had brought out everything they needed for lunch from the Bunkhouse kitchen.

"We've gotta head over to the South range," Uncle Rob said to Zoey as he donned his cowboy hat once the boys had cleared away the food and dishes. "Some steers have wondered off over that

way apparently and your grandfather wants us to take a look. You just enjoy yourself and relax around here." He nodded towards the pool, dappling shadows twinkling on the water from a stand of birches next to it. "You'll find cushions for the loungers, and whatever else you might need, in the little pool house there. And help yourself to anything from the kitchen."

"Thanks, I appreciate that," Zoey said as she stood up from the table, her big boobs wobbling and jiggling beneath the tightly-stretched bikini top. She couldn't help but notice as Uncle Rob's eyes went to her chest. He appeared to be almost salivating as he looked at her huge tits. It wasn't hard for her to tell what he was thinking.

"Uncle Rob, like I said when Eric was feeling them, I really don't mind." Zoey stepped closer to her uncle, her massive breasts touching the front of his shirt. She looked up at him with those big brown doe-like eyes of hers, giving him a look of pure innocence that she knew no man could resist. "It's okay if you want to."

"Oh fuck, you are so hot," Uncle Rob said as he swept her up in his arms and kissed her, his mouth pressing firmly against hers. With one hand around her back, he slid his other hand up the front of her bare stomach and filled his hand with one enormous tit, hefting and squeezing the massive orb.

"Jesus, Eric was right," he said as he drew back and peered down at her mouth-watering tits, his thumb rubbing salaciously over her protruding nipple, "they are so fucking heavy."

"Hey Dad, give me a turn."

The next thing Zoey knew, Eric had replaced his father in front of her, kissing her hotly as he groped her breasts. And then it was Adam's turn, and then Zack, all of them kissing her as they mauled her huge rack. Zack finally stepped back, leaving Zoey gasping and breathless, her huge breasts heaving up and down, her face flushed with arousal.

"Uncle Rob," Zoey said as she looked at the older man, standing in a row with his sons, their crotches bulging, "you guys have to shoot guns here on the ranch sometimes, don't you? Like, rifles and that kind of thing?"

Her uncle looked at her quizzically. "Uh yeah, that's right. Why?"

"Well, I'm not sure how much time you have before you have to get after those steers," Zoey continued, "but I was thinking, maybe I could suck all of you for a little while, get those guns you keep in your jeans primed and loaded," she paused and reached up to the tie of her bikini at the back of her neck, "and then you could all use these as target practice." As she said those last few words, she drew the two triangles of her bikini top away from her body, exposing her breasts.

"Oh fuck," Eric mumbled under his breath and she heard Zack let out a low moan as well.

Her uncle was staring blatantly at her thrusting nipples, and she definitely knew he was salivating this time. "Well, I definitely think we've got time for that." He seemed to snap out of his reverie as he turned to Adam. "Go and get one of the cushions from the pool house for your cousin. I want her to be comfortable for this."

As the others started to shuck their clothing, Adam returned moments later and dropped a blue cushion in front of Zoey. She kneeled on it as she reached behind her and undid the tie in the middle of her back, tossing her bikini top to the side.

"Oh man, what a gorgeous set of tits," Uncle Rob said as he stepped up and plugged his surging cock right into Zoey's open mouth.

"Fuck, I've never seen ones that big, ever," Adam added and, from the corner of her eye, Zoey saw the boy's two brothers nod in agreement, each of them stroking their lengthy rods in her direction.

"Jesus, what a hot mouth," Uncle Rob said as Zoey eagerly bobbed her head up and down on his thrusting erection. "Check it out, boys, you won't believe it."

He drew back, his long hard cock coming out of Zoey's vacuuming mouth with an audible 'POP!' Adam was quick to take his father's place, feeding his meat to Zoey in seconds flat. After a minute, they switched again and Zack started using her mouth like a fuck-toy, and then Eric.

"Let's keep switching up, boys," Uncle Rob said. "Then we can all use her for target practice at the same time."

Which was exactly what happened. For the next fifteen minutes or so, her uncle and cousins kept alternating as Zoey voraciously sucked one cock after another. She was in heaven, doing one of things she did best, slurping and sucking on man-meat for all she was worth.

"I'm almost there, Dad," Eric said on his next go-round. "I can't hold off much longer."

"What do you say, boys," Uncle Rob said as he moved in closer, fisting his throbbing cock vigorously, the drooling tip pointed right at Zoey, "are you almost ready?"

"Oh fuck, yeah," Zack said as he stepped closer on Zoey's other side. "I was ready to paste those babies as soon as she dropped her top."

Eric pulled out of her mouth as Adam moved in next to him, the four men stroking their raging cocks in unison, their eyes blazing with arousal as they looked down at Zoey kneeling in front of them.

"OF FUCK...I'M GONNA COME!" Eric wailed as he began to climax, pointing the tip of his pulsating cock at Zoey's chest as he started to ejaculate. A glistening rope of semen caught the sun and looked like bolt of lightning as it shot forward, splashing against her tits before the milky strand started to slide into her cleavage.

"OH YEAH, HERE'S SOME MORE FOR YA," Adam said as he started to go off as well.

Within just a few seconds, all of them were coming, flooding Zoey's chest with a torrent of jizz. It didn't take long until her massive tits were covered with the stuff, gobs and ribbons of pearly spunk criss-crossing this way and that like a roadmap of China.

Zoey looked down and cooed in pleasure as she placed her hands beneath her heavy guns and offered them up, thick white gobs of cum already dripping off her stiff nipples. She watched as the four men groaned and continued to fist their cocks savagely, pumping out everything they had onto her welcoming tits. They kept coming, silvery strands and milky gobs raining down on her over and over. Finally, their climaxes ended and they all took a step back, their eyes focussed on Zoey.

"Oh man, what a mess," Eric said as the others nodded in agreement.

Zoey knew exactly what he meant. She was covered with the stuff, her whole chest feeling like a glazed donut. There wasn't one square inch of her chest that wasn't covered with milky goodness.

Silvery ribbons and thick white gobs of the stuff glistened obscenely in the midday sun, the warm spunk starting to slide sluggishly down the Everest-like mounds of her tits.

"Hmm, it would be shame to let all of this go to waste," Zoey said as she tilted her head provocatively to the side and looked up the four of them coyly. With all eyes on her, she took one cum-covered tit in both of her hands and raised it towards her mouth, her eyes locked on theirs as she slipped her lips over the gooey nipple and started to suck.

"Oh fuck...look at that," Adam mumbled as all four men watched, totally spellbound, as Zoey nursed at her stiff nipple, her soft pink tongue coming out from between her lips to circle all around the protruding button.

"Mmm...so good," Zoey purred as she sucked and licked her breast clean, lapping and noisily slurping up as much cum as she could. She moved from one breast to the other, lifting that voluminous globe up to her mouth as her lips clamped down over the raspberry-like nipple. Once she'd licked up as much semen as she could reach with her lips and tongue, she used her fingers to get the rest, running her fingers through the glistening gobs and bringing them to her mouth where she licked them clean.

"That was nice," she said as the four men still stood there, awestruck by what they'd just witnessed. "Maybe we should start to make this a regular thing."

Her words snapped them out of their reverie and it was Uncle Rob who spoke first. "I don't think we'd mind that at all. I'm not sure what your grandfather has planned for you tomorrow, but we're going to be doing the same thing with Thunder tomorrow that we did with Titan today. We were hoping to get to him this afternoon, but Dad wants us to hunt down those steers. I'm afraid Thunder'll just have to wait another day." Uncle Rob had started to pull on his clothes, his boys following suit. "So, if your grandfather doesn't have anything specific planned for you, you're welcome to join us and, yes, maybe we can have a nice lunch like this again."

"I'd like that, it's been a long time since I've had such a wonderful meal," Zoey replied as she scooped up one more gob of cum from deep in her cleavage, her fingertip dripping with the milky stuff as she held it up before her. "And thanks to all four of you for giving me such a yummy desert." She slid her finger into her mouth and lowered her eyes as she slowly sucked her finger clean, teasingly sliding it back and forth between her pouty lips.

"Jesus, we'll never get out of here," Uncle Rob said as he pushed the boys away, knowing they'd never get their work done if they stayed a second longer.

As the four men moved off, Zoey smiled to herself, wondering what the rest of the day would bring...