

**You know what they say about  
Texas**

*Roy Ellison*



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Smashwords Edition

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All characters in this book are at least 18 years old.

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"D'you need some help, darling?"

Drew looked up. He had been rummaging in the car's trunk for several minutes now, but there clearly was no jack in it. Also, for some reason, his phone was entirely out-of-bounds. He sighed. Some woman in a pickup truck had stopped

next to him. He said:

"Do you have a jack? My tire burst and I can't change it."

The woman looked at him, smirked and answered:

"A jack I don't have, darlin', but I think I can help you."

"How so?"

She grinned and climbed out of her car. As she walked around it, Drew noticed that something was definitely odd. First of all, the woman was old. At least over fifty. She had her strawberry blonde hair tied in a bun and wore a plaid shirt and some very short shorts. Daisy dukes, to be exact. Actually, they looked odd on her. The point was, she was ridiculously muscular. The woman was rather tall and looked like a heavyweight hardcore bodybuilder. As she walked, her huge thighs made the already short jeans slip up until they reached her crotch. Speaking of her crotch, Drew was confused. It was clear to him that this was a woman. She had a feminine voice, a small waist and wide hips, yet at the same time, there was a massive bulge in the tightness that were her shorts.

She came closer and said:

"Watcha lookin' at, darlin'?"

Drew gulped:

"Nothing."

"That's fine. Now, about your car. Got a spare wheel?"

"There's one in the trunk."

"Very well."

She walked over and lifted the wheel out with one hand. Carrying it easily to the burst tire, she said:

"Darling, I'm goin' to need your help now."

"What can I do?"

"I'm goin' to lift your car. As I'm a-liftin' it, I want you to take off the wheel and put on the new one. Got it?"

Drew nodded. Still, he asked:

"Won't that be too heavy?"

The woman laughed:

"I'm sure it ain't. I might could lift it with one hand if I had to."

With these words, she grabbed the front of the car, squatted and stood up, lifting the car easily off the ground. Drew was speechless. She stood there, calm and rather relaxed.

"Darling, shut your mouth and get to work. It's getting late and my husband is a-waitin'."

Drew did as ordered. Once he was done, the woman let down the car, wiped her hands and said:

"So, what's your name, anyway, darling?"

"My name's Drew Cartwright."

"And what brings you to our county? We don't get too many strangers around here."

"Actually, it was the GPS. Stupid thing led me all over the place and I got lost."

"I see. Been on the road all day, have you?"

He nodded. She continued:

"I tell you what, darling. You got a big drive back to the freeway comin' up. I say, you come with me, spend a nice evenin' and enjoy the southern hospitality. And tomorrow, you go on."

Drew was intrigued. This woman was amazing. He did want to know more, even if it was morbid curiosity. He agreed:

"I'd be delighted. Mrs.?"

"Owens. Wendy Owens."

She grabbed his hand and shook it. Her grip was vice-like.

They drove off and soon reached an isolated farm that essentially consisted of a house, a barn, some sheds and a silo. There were some stables too, but everything was surprisingly simple and small for Texas. As Drew got out of the car, he was greeted by a large dog that immediately ran to the vehicles and barked loudly. The beast was quite huge, but Wendy grabbed it, lifted it off the ground as if it were a chihuahua and held it with one arm while she mussed its

fur. The animal barked and licked her face. Drew's gaze wandered to the woman's bulging, ripped biceps. He had seen arms like these on bodybuilders at his gym, never on a woman. She let the dog back down. The animal happily ran in circles around them, almost knocking Drew on his butt, huge as it was.

Wendy grabbed some jerrycans from the bed of her pickup truck and led the way.

"Come on, you've got to meet my husband. Also, I need a drink."

He nodded and followed her quickly.

The house was nicely decorated. It was clear that Wendy was a woman and a perfect wife. She had Drew drop his stuff in the living room and said:

"Jefferson is out in the back. If you don't mind, we still got a few things to do before I fix dinner, but you can just relax on the couch, maybe take a nap. I'll get you when we're done."

"That's really nice. I will, I just want to meet Jefferson before that."

"That's a damn fine idea. Let's do this."

Somehow, Drew had expected her husband to be a wimp, but he couldn't have been more wrong. Although he was easily as old as she was, Jefferson was a

broad-shouldered, brown-haired giant of a man. Whereas his wife was ripped and muscular, he was almost bear-like. He greeted Drew with a slap on the shoulder and a laugh and said:

"Grab a beer, my friend. I don't doubt my wife has told you to rest, but you can also watch us a-workin'. You city guys are always impressed by the true country life, so just sit down on this there patio and enjoy."

Wendy seemed a little unhappy with this and said:

"It's not very relaxin' for me, Jeff."

Drew shook his hands.

"Don't mind me. Just do as you always do. I'll just keep to myself."

Wendy asked:

"You sure about that?"

"Of course. I'm a guest here, I can't intrude on you."

She gave her husband an enigmatic look.

"That's right."

Without further ado, she unzipped her fly. Immediately, she seemed relaxed. However, to Drew's surprise, a huge eight-inch-appendage unrolled and dropped from the aperture. It was red and meaty and fit her overall hugeness quite well. Drew stared stupidly at her. She grinned:

"Quite the sight, huh?"

The words came slowly from his mouth:

"Yes ..."

Wendy waited for Drew to recover, then said:

"So I guess you like this, don't you?"

Drew blushed and had to ask:

"Why? How? Oh my God."

"It was pretty big when I was a young girl. But when I got out of puberty, I decided I really enjoyed havin' this huge, meaty clit, so I carefully worked on it over the years. Got it bigger and bigger. At the same time, I started trainin' really hard. I worked on the farm and in the evenin', I was trainin'. Jeff fell in love with me and my big clit, and he's been doin' what he could to get it even bigger."

Jefferson added:

"For a while, I even hooked it to the milkin' machine. Now, the suckers are too small and too weak. There's no point anymore."

She grinned as he continued:

"Also, dear, we should get to work if we still want to get some work done today. You ready?"

"I'm always ready, darlin'."

Drew couldn't help noticing that she had called him "darlin'" too before this. The mere thought of having a chance with this woman made him tight in his pants.

The pair walked outside and disappeared in the barn. Drew stayed there and waited for them, sipping on his drink. Soon, the woman walked back out, wearing a harness that covered her shoulders and chest. It made her look even more bulky and muscular. She had removed her shirt, now showing off her massive abdominals. She looked at Drew and said:

"We're goin' to do some plowin'. You can watch if you want."

"Should I help? I guess I can lead the horses or something."

"Horses? We don't need no horses. You ain't much of a farmer, are you?"

"I work in a bank."

"I thought so. Don't worry, darlin', ain't going to be any help to be done. Why do you think I'm wearin' this there harness?"

"Are you going to ...?"

"Of course."

She turned to the barn and asked:

"Need some help, Jeff?"

His voice came out a little irked:

"I'm managin'. Get your sweet butt on the field."

Soon, he came out, leading a very traditional plow. One of the old ones, with wheels. Jeff turned to the confused banker and explained:

"We used to take the tractor, but Wendy just enjoys this so much. Also, she's quicker."

"She is?"

"Definitely."

He hooked the device to the back of the harness and shouted:

"Giddyap!"

Wendy grinned, then strained herself against the harness. Within seconds, the steel blade was tearing through the ground at an amazing speed. Despite his powerful build, Jefferson struggled at keeping up with his wife's velocity.

In no time, the field was covered in deep, even furrows. Jefferson seemed out of breath, while Wendy seemed sweaty, yet eager for more. She lifted the plow out of the furrow and hit the blade with her fist, dislodging the mud, dirt and stones

still stuck to it. Then, she stretched, pulling back her muscular, veiny arms. She almost tore up the harness doing this. Her chest now seemed even wider and more muscular than before. She grinned at Drew and said:

"This always makes me horny. I don't know why, but the idea of hitting a deep furrow with a steel-hard ..."

He interrupted her:

"I get the idea."

Indeed, her clit was now enormously swollen and stood out at an angle from between her legs. Sweaty as she was, her skin was a deep shade of tan, yet the clit was an incredible red. She put her powerful hand to it and began fingering herself.

"Jeff, get me somethin' else to do or I'm going to just play with myself. You know how the sayin' goes: All play and no work makes Wendy a sad girl."

Minutes later, Drew followed them further along the way, across the fields. By now, his fancy shoes were muddy and the long day was taking its toll. Still, walking behind this goddess, watching her ripped butt-cheeks move in her ridiculously short shorts, the striations tearing themselves into her rock-hard flesh, he just couldn't resist. He longed to touch her, to caress her, to fuck her. His own cock was now hard, but still, her enormous clit was only at half-mast.

To conceal his unbearable horniness, he asked:

"What exactly do you plant here?"

"That's a good question. Well, Jefferson used to work for the milit'ry. He brung some special crops from there. A scrapped project. Couldn't get it to work. Turned out it only needed special attention."

"What do they do?"

She grinned and flexed her huge arms.

"They contain more protein than anythin'. They also do somethin' to your hormones. If you're on a steady diet and you train hard, you get huge. People in California, they pay us any money for just one root. Poor fuckers. Still, our win."

"But you use a lot of them, don't you?"

"Of course. It's near the only thing I eat."

"I see."

Jefferson smiled and added:

"I only eat them on special occasions. Wendy's always looking for more recipes, but I'm more of a steak person."

They reached the end of the field. There were several tree stumps. Drew was told that the pair had already chopped down the trees a few days ago and that she now wanted to remove the stumps. He asked:

"Aren't you going to need a shovel for this?"

"Shovel? What for? The stupid things always break."

With these words, she squatted down and sank her fingers into the bark. The sight was incredible. He could literally see the wood splinter and rupture as she forced her nails into it. Once she was done, she said:

"Get away. Don't want to hit you with any roots."

She adjusted her stance, took a deep breath and stood up. With a groan, the soil exploded. The stump was torn out of the earth, its roots flailing aimlessly. Wendy pulled on, slowly extracting more and more of the maze of roots. Finally, the entire stump landed on the ground. She cracked her knuckles and said:

"Next."

After half a dozen trees, she was once again sweaty, but she didn't seem too tired. She griped:

"This is no challenge. Can't we do somethin' more challengin'?"

Drew, whose face was now completely red, hesitated, then suggested:

"We could fix the stump to your clit. This way you could ..."

He trailed off. Jefferson looked at his wife and said:

"We could try that. Let me get some chains."

Minutes later, a steel chain was wrapped around the stump and Wendy, now increasingly horny, slung it around her aroused clit.

"Let's give it a try!"

She squatted over the stump, adjusted the chain and said:

"There goes nothin'."

Instantly, her thighs swelled to gargantuan size and her calves grew into footballs. She turned crimson, grunting and growling. Then Drew noticed the shivering of the earth. He took Jeff by the arm and led him away:

"Be careful. She's doing it. She's actually doing it!"

With a crack, the stump was torn from the soil. Wendy instantly changed her stance and pulled, slowly stepping away from it, the massive piece of wood

hanging on her now steel-hard clit.

She almost roared:

"That was awesome! Let's do another one!"

Soon, there were only a few stumps left. She turned to Drew, her engorged clit now easily nine inches long and five inches around. She said:

"You, idea guy, another suggestion! There's gotta be more!"

"Just how hard is this thing?"

"Pretty hard."

"Why tie it to the stump?"

Her eyes narrowed.

"I see."

She walked to one of the remaining stumps and knelt down next to it. Then, she took a deep breath. Her abdominals disappeared into the depths of her body. With a ear-shattering crash, she rammed her pelvis forward and smashed her clit into the wood. Splinters flew and she gasped as her body shivered with orgasmic ecstasy. The clit now firmly lodged into the stump, she stood up, instantly ripping the stump from the ground. The noise was deafening. When she finally dislodged the busted piece of wood from her enormous appendage, she seemed vaguely satisfied.

"That was surprisingly nice. Any other ideas? I'm just getting in the mood."

Drew was now completely confused. His body was aching with lust, at the same time, this woman was absolutely terrifying. The idea of even letting this monstrous tool close to him made him both horny and horrified.

"We could give it a good squeeze."

"How? What could you do to even try and move it?"

"Why don't you remove the stumps and Jeff and I are going to come up with something."

"Suit yourself."

She loaded two stumps on her shoulders, deemed them too light and added two more.

"Be quick, though. I ain't going to take long and I don't want to let all this go to waste."

With her Kegels, she made her steel-rod clit jump.

Soon, Drew and Jeff were ready. The farmer seemed to enjoy the other man's suggestions and had laid out the tools as Wendy arrived. With a sweeping gesture, he showed them off.

"Turns out the city man has plenty of nice ideas. Wife, come over."

She walked close. Her clit was now slightly more relaxed, but he could see that she eager to learn what they had come up with.

She looked at a vise her husband used to hold pieces of metal when making repairs.

"Seriously?"

"Sure."

With these words, Jefferson led her by the hand and took hold of her clit. He stroked it, gently first, then faster and harder. Soon, it was erect and throbbing.

He slid it between the jaws of the vise and asked:

"Ready?"

"Give me all you got!"

He gave the handle a spin and the grips closed on the crimson appendage.

"Is that all you got? Twist it harder!"

Jefferson strained against the handle. The thing wouldn't budge. Once again, Drew made a suggestion:

"Use a lever!"

Moments later, the two men were leaning against the lever with all their weight. Wendy was now gasping and groaning.

"It's still not tight enough!"

"We're doing what we can!"

"Then you're too weak."

She gave the lever a push. With a snap, the vise flew apart.

"More! Now!"

Jefferson stared at Drew:

"Any suggestions, city man?"

The banker pointed at the sledges resting against the barn wall. Wendy cocked her head.

"Not a bad idea."

She grabbed the nearby anvil and moved it over with perfect ease.

"Give it to me."

She laid her clit on the steel surface.

"Now!"

Jefferson handed one sledge to his city-bred partner and swung. The head smashed on his wife's clit. The shock went through his arms. He barely managed to lift it off again, as the second head came crashing down. As they found their rhythm, Wendy's gasps grew ever more elated. She was really getting off on this.

"Gah! This is incredible. More! Faster!"

She moaned and howled as they increased the cadence. They could tell that she was about to get off. Her clit was now once again fully erect, all ten inches of it. Between blows, they could see that it was now engorged with blood, its veins visibly pumping. Still, just as they could see her come, they found themselves unable to cope with the speed she asked for. Wendy shouted:

"What are you doin'? Why don't you keep it up? Don't let me hang!"

The two men were now breathing heavily. Drew barely managed to lift the sledge. Jefferson was soaking wet with sweat. He managed another blow before he finally collapsed.

The hugely muscular woman stared at the two weaklings and breathed deeply, her magnificent, muscle-bound chest heaving.

"What were you thinking? I was about to come!"

Between deep breaths, Drew managed:

"Let's ... try ... horses."

"Horses?" Jefferson gasped for air.

Minutes later, they had four horses lined up. Wendy clung to a post sunk in the concrete foundations of the barn. A network of chains was wrapped around her clit. The horses were snorting and wheezing. Jefferson asked:

"Are you sure about this? This is more than we ever did."

"Go ahead!"

He shouted and hollered. The horses advanced and soon found themselves held back by their mistress. They leaned into their harnesses. Wendy grunted. As the beasts pulled harder, she gave out a shriek of pain. Jefferson almost released the animals, but she just shouted:

"More, now! Don't stop."

The horses strained. Drew could see Wendy's muscles quiver under her skin. The thick chords of steel-hard flesh contracted, pulling the horses back. She growled, screamed and thundered as the beasts fought for every inch. Her enormous clit was a deep red now, it was bulging and her cunt was gushing. The monstrous

woman struggled on, then finally, with supreme elation, came.

The team was suddenly pulled back several inches, the post was almost torn out of its foundation and Wendy stood in the middle of it, her innocently relaxed face betraying the stupendous display of power she had just shown.

With a quick rip, she tore up the chains on her clit and walked over to her men.

"Drew, darlin', you know how everything is bigger in Texas?"

He nodded, still astonished by this incredible display of strength.

"Well, so is our gratitude."

With these words, she grabbed him, took her husband in her other hand and clutched their pants with her teeth. A quick tear exposed their privates.

"Payback time."

Instantly, Drew felt his incredibly hard dick engulfed by her hot warm lips. He desperately tried to hold back, but this tremendously muscular older woman was sucking him off like a pro. Within seconds, he was on the verge of coming. That's when he felt her tongue press against his dick. Instantly, his urge to come ebbed off. Just as he wanted to say something, she started again. Every time he was almost able to come, she held him off. By the time she finally let him, he

was so eager, he was practically shaking in her arms. He shot his load, but she eagerly lapped it up, giving him a good licking to finish him off. He barely realized that she continued with her husband.

The next morning, he clambered into his car and rode off. Somehow, this evening had spoiled him for the rest of his life. Once he was back in his office, he ordered a catalogue of heavy machinery. He circled some articles and sent it to a certain place in Texas.

"Just to get you in the mood."

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at [El\\_Roy\\_1999@gmx.de](mailto:El_Roy_1999@gmx.de). Rates upon request.