



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, places, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is a violation of the Copyright Law. Ocean's Mist Press will aggressively pursue those who choose to violate the intellectual property rights of our authors.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any form without permission. The purchase of a copy of this ebook is intended for the purchaser's viewing ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Ocean's Mist Press.

Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. It may be considered offensive to some readers. Ocean's Mist Press' e-books are for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase.

Copyright (c) 2006 by Jade Rivers
Cover art and design (c) 2006 by Jinger Heaston

DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

In the Spirit of the Season, this book is dedicated to the readers.
Happy Holidays!

Love,

Jade.

Southern Fried Sex

By Jade Rivers

Trixie pulled the collar of her heavy wool coat up higher, trying to scrunch her neck low enough to shelter her ears from the freezing wind. It was high winter in West Virginia, and Trixie was sneaking out after curfew to meet her beau, Bubba.

She looked like a bizarre turtle, creeping through the shadows down the path to the barn after dark. *Damn! It's colder than a witch's tit in a brass bra. I must be plumb crazy, letting Bubba talk me into this. 'Blue balls', my ass. So he won't get laid for a couple of weeks while he visits his Granny in Tennessee, he has to get his rocks off on the coldest day of the year? And what do I get out of it? A freezing cold fanny from rolling in the hay after dark, that's what.*

A thin layer of snow crunched under her feet as Trixie tiptoed cautiously past her parent's window. She was fairly safe, her daddy had knocked back a fifth of Wild Turkey with dinner, and her mama always plugged her ears with cotton to block out his snoring.

Trixie paused to admire her family's handiwork as she crept around the edges of the brightly lit front lawn.

Her brother Jethro's broken down Pontiac GTO was up on blocks, wrapped in twinkling red and green fairy lights, and the plastic lawn critters looked so cute in the candy cane scarves her granny knit.

The big clump of mistletoe her daddy had shot out of the sweet gum tree was nailed right above the front porch steps, and every last shrub and tree was plum-covered in blinking lights and silver tinsel garland.

Her family had the best yard on Buck Mountain dang near every Christmas.

Reaching the barn, Trixie checked the latch. *Hallelujah, the door's already open. I won't have to take my hands out of my pockets.* She slipped noiselessly through the door and picked her way carefully along the line of stalls in the dark. "Bubba... Bubba?" She whispered as loud as she dared. When he didn't answer she started to get a mite jumpy. Not that there was anything to be afraid of, but the shuffling of the horses and their soft whinnies made her anxious to find Bubba.

Choking back a scream, her eyes widened in fear as a gloved hand covered her mouth, while a strong arm snaked around her throat, pulling her back into an empty stall. After a moment, she could feel Bubba's chest heaving with laughter against her back.

She shoved an elbow hard into his gut. "You Dirty Rotten Bastard!"

I thought-I don't know what I thought. I'm leavin'!" She hissed through her chattering teeth.

Bubba held his hands out, palms up; green eyes gleaming with humor and excitement. "Aw, Trixie, baby. C'mon, I was just havin' a little fun."

She thawed just a little; she never could stay mad at him. "All right, all right, I'll stay. But I'm warnin' you, I'm not in the mood. First; I'm freezing my ass off, and second; it smells like horse shit in here."

Bubba laughed deep in his chest, reaching for her waist. "Let's see what we can do about that first one."

One hand snaked under her turtleneck, his fingers slipping beneath the cup of her bra to tease her nipple. Immediately, she reacted to the soft leather of his glove. A tingling warmth blossomed in her cooter, and she pushed her breast roughly into his hand. Sliding her hands around his neck, she pulled his Stetson off, tossing it to the floor, and tangled her fingers in his soft, dark curls. Pulling his face down, she claimed his mouth in a hungry kiss. *Danged if this smelly ol' barn isn't makin' me kinda horny!* Groaning, she melted into his embrace as he teased her tongue with his teeth. Holding herself up by his lapels, she flushed and staggered as he pulled away.

He steadied her with one arm and waved a hand at the floor, “Hold on, I’m jus’ puttin’ my coat down.” He took off his gloves and spread the long leather duster over the straw and dirt covering the floor of the stall, roughly pulling her down into his lap.

She could feel his nipples harden with the cold, and bent to tease them with her teeth through his shirt.

He gasped and pushed her head lower, toward his hard belly.

Hungrily she unfastened his flannel shirt, ripping the buttons in her haste. She kissed the rock hard ridges of his abdomen; darting her tongue into his navel, she probed the tiny slit. Her hands slid lower, stroking the boner through his worn blue jeans.

He groaned, the muscles in his thighs tightening with desire.

“Christ, Trixie, slow down, I know it’s cold in here but I don’t wanna cum in my trousers.”

She giggled evilly and pulled at the top button of his Levis, pushing her fingers into the silky hair curling above his boxers.

He sat up and tugged at the hem of her shirt, pulling it up and over her head. He casually discarded it, gazing at her soft pale skin, barely illuminated by ambient moonlight shining through the cracks in the stable walls. With nimble fingers, he released the hook of her bra, pushing it

aside to fondle her hooters with icy hands.

She flushed with the unexpected pain of his frosty fingers there, pulling roughly at her nipples. Rushing now, she yanked his trousers down and engulfed his johnson with her mouth through his boxers, feeling his boner jump like a living creature under her power.

He thrust his groin into her face, seeking her soft lips. The head of his willy peeked out through the fly of his shorts, and she licked it like a cat licking cream, quickly and lightly. His thrusts grew frenzied in his desire for more.

Sliding his boxers down his hips and wetting her lips, she took his monster fully in her mouth and ran her tongue roughly along the ridges underneath. She took a second to appreciate Bubba Jr. She grinned.

“Bubba, I haven’t seen a monster like this since Amos’ prize winnin’ Angus bull down at the County Fair.”

Bubba truly had a spectacular dick. Not *too* long, but with terrific girth and texture. She wasn’t *that* experienced, but she knew quality when she felt it.

His legs straightened as he thrust upward to pump her mouth, holding her head down with one hand and fondling her titties with the other.

She smacked at the hand clenched tightly in her hair and slowly rose. Arching her back and looking into his eyes she shook her head slowly. *Oh no you don't, Bubba.* She playfully slapped his peter. *You're not leaving me all hot and bothered while you get off.*

She tossed her hair back and crossed her arms over her knockers, sliding her fingers slowly downward to caress and squeeze them before tracing small, sensual circles around her belly button. Holding his gaze, she slipped her fingers into the waist of her pants, slowly wiggling them down over hips. Sliding a finger inside her damp panties she fingered herself; feeling her own heat, teasing the hard little nub of pleasure. Slowly withdrawing her finger, she placed it to his lips.

He sucked at the syrup on her finger, drawing it all the way into his mouth. She loved the feel of his tongue all around her, soft and warm. Removing her finger, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled his face to her chest, wanting his hot mouth on her body.

Rising, he casually flipped her onto her back. Shaking his head in awe he murmured, "Damn, Trixie, you could mount a double-barreled Winchester on that rack!" Lowering his head, he drew her breast fully into his mouth. He gave both titties his full attention, bringing the nipples to rock hard points before moving south. Gently, he brushed his boner

against the damp patch of skin between her legs, making her cooter tingle and itch with anticipation. His fingers trailed softly down her sides and across her abdomen, tracing circles and whorls that wound her body into a tight ball of need. Tugging at the front of her panties with his teeth, he nibbled at the smooth skin underneath.

She always shaved herself there, all of it. She loved the feel of his tongue and lips on her naked clit.

He trailed an icy finger down her side and slipped it inside the folds of her pussy, trailing it down to the rosy hole of her rear-end.

She jumped when he touched her there. "What the hell do you think you're doin, Bubba?"

He didn't push, but lowered his mouth to her clit and tasted her. "Damn, Trixie, you taste like a hot-buttered biscuit!" Grinning, he dove into her beaver face first.

She writhed with desire as he licked and sucked at her lower lips, tugging gently with his teeth. Thrusting and swirling his tongue, he got her so riled up she could have bitten through a hank of rawhide.

She came in a screeching fury, clawing at his back like a banshee.

Proud of himself, he spread her thighs farther apart with his hands, sliding his thumbs in close. With one thumb he gently stroked her cooter;

getting it wet with the hot grease that was gushing from her. He trailed it back down and circled the little rose-hole of her backside carefully; pushing at the edges and making her hips buck with need. Very slowly, he pushed his thumb up her ass; at the same time, his tongue breached her clit.

Lights burst behind her eyes and she howled in pleasure, startling the sleeping rooster into a half-hearted squawk.

He stroked rhythmically in and out with his thumb, setting her ass afire with pleasure and pain.

Desperately, she clawed at his shoulders, pulling his face up for a hungry kiss.

He chuckled, "Alright, baby, let's git'r done!" His johnson replaced his tongue and he plunged deeply inside her. He was hard as a rock and bigger than ever. Blessed with the stamina of a hard working farm boy, he took his time stroking her to another climax.

She shoved his chest and bucked her hips, "Lemme up, Bubba, I wanna ride now." She held on while he rolled, holding him inside. Sitting astride him, she let out a high-pitched yell. Picking up his Stetson, she tipped it low on her forehead and got down to business. Throwing one arm into the air she rode him like a bucking bronco, arching her back to

shove her titties into his grasping hands.

The sight of Trixie's knockers jiggling in his hands while she mercilessly pounded his johnson drove Bubba straight into a frenzy. "Yee-haw, ride'em cowgirl!" He grasped her hips and pumped against her pussy with all his strength, making her teeth clack and her hooters bounce wildly. They came together in a symphony of howls and moans, braying like a pair of hound dogs tracking a coon.

She fell back on his coat with a groan. "Shit, Bubba, I'm never gonna make it all the way through Christmas Vacation."

Walking back to the house through a gentle snowfall, her body deliciously sore, she giggled, recalling a child's poem and singing it with a perverted twist. "Big Bubba Grable, lay in the stable, eating his Trixie pie. He stuck his fine thumb, right into her bum, and said 'what a bad boy, am I!'"