

**Video camera
in the Kentucky motel
of uncut hillbilly dicks**

The Adams Boys and Me!

Believe it or not, I just finished with the Adams Boys. Or was it, they just finished with me? No need to stretch the truth where Mike and Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Adams' long-stemmed sons, are concerned. They're hillbilly half-brothers, hung big, with 21 inches of cock between them. They got Southern drawls, you-all's, and meat enough to make the South rise again!

"How big you want it?" Mike asked. "Drooping down or all the way up?"

"Show me that monster cock."

Mike licked his palm and stroked the shaft of his thick pud hanging low between his thighs. His wet hand made slap-slap on his meat. I focused on him through the viewfinder of my video camera. His big soft penis grew hard, blood rushing to fill the longest, thickest cock I'd seen in a long time, longest and thickest except for his half-brother's equally long, thick dick. The Adams boys are an embarrassment of riches in the long, thick, hick-prick department. My mouth watered.

"Y'all want me to kick in?" Wolf asked.

"Hit it."

This was supposed to be a hot videotape of two brothers, both hung too big to be missed, jerking off together, wearing boxer shorts and smoking cigars. A fetish film if ever there was one. Jerk off, shorts, cigars—but most of all, not just one boy, but two brothers, each dragging 10½ inches.

They're so unusual!

Mike and Wolf stood over my face, beyond the camera lens, flopping out their meat, comparing one dick to the other, moseying up to full hardon the way they always had back in their old Kentucky home. True exhibitionists.

"Our daddy always said we ain't neither of us got no shame," Wolf said.

"Who could be ashamed of all that," I said. "Is your daddy hung as big as you?"

"He's the same," Wolf said.

"No. He ain't," Mike said. "He's bigger."

These mountain boys were tall, lean, and lanky. And they loved hanky-panky.

I moved the camera in for a tight close-up. Both big blond dicks sported huge shafts and big heads. Veins wrapped around both dicks almost identically. The glisten and shine of spit and lube wet their palms. Their balls slapped between their young thighs. My mouth ached to swing on both pieces of meat right down to the root.

"You guys ever go down on each other?"

"Shit no, man. We leave that to guys like you. Most we ever do is kick back and jerk off together."

"Is this a sound movie?" Wolf asked.

"I'm catching every word you say."

"Damn!" Mike said. "My prick is burnin' up!" The head of his blond dick flushed purple from the pressure.

Wolf pulled his shaft from the head to the base, catching up, keeping pace. The bodyscape of their crotches looked like two valleys with twin missiles powering up to full blast-off. A man could taste the thick loads of cum triggering up in their long rods.

"You want us to cum beating off?" Wolf asked.

"Or you want to suck us off?" Mike offered.

Talk about a sexual dilemma!

Wolf was hot. "You want to suck...or wha-a-a-t?" he drawled, sounding for all the world like the very butch gay movie star Brad Davis playing Sonny Butts, the good-looking, degenerate young Southern sheriff in the movie *Chiefs*.

I wanted both those big, young, redneck dicks. Did I want their cum on camera or did I want it in my mouth? One way I could rerun it and cum many times. The other way I could taste the firm clots of the real thing.

Mike bailed me out. "We both can shoot more 'n once," he said. He was matter-of-fact, the way supremely potent young cocksmen are.

"Cum on camera," I said. "I'll take care of you later."

As if I'd dropped a checkered flag, they both stood in front of my video cam, revving up to a bad-ass cum. Their hips pumped. Their butts tightened. Their hands slapped dick. They rocked, swayed, and spitpalmed the huge circumference and length of their enormous cocks. Mike moaned

first. His fist clenched tight around the base of his cock. His first spurt of cum set off the cum in Wolf's dick. Thick white clots rained down from both dicks, landing hot on my naked thighs, as I knelt videotaping in front of them. One of them came as much as two guys and both of them together, way more than four. The bigger the gun, the larger the load.

The scene looks dynamite on videotape: two hillbilly brothers, very Appalachian in the looks department, swinging two unusually king-sized pieces of wild mountain meat.

Without even a breather, Mike asked. "You ready now?"

"We're ready," Wolf said.

I licked my lips.

They stayed hard, working their cocks with their hands, while I rooted around their balls, sniffing their sweet sweat, licking my way first up Mike's cock, then Wolf's. Then back. Chowing down finally, alternating one dick with the other, feeling the huge cylinders of cock strain the opening of my mouth, dropping my jaw to suck down deeper, choking and gagging, all the way from the tip to the base, defying my throat, intent upon taking two verifiably measured 10½-inchers down to their base, until my head was filled with cock, big cock, two big cocks, one after the other, both cramming their dicks down my throat, holding my head, pumping my face: cumming a second time, first one and then the other, deep down my throat, cum exploding out of my nose, running out of my mouth, my eyes watering for the total experience of two brothers, together, feeding me more meat than I've ever seen on any two men in recent memory.

"He liked it," Mike said.

"I know he liked it," Wolf said.

They both lay back with their stillhard dicks flopped up, navel-height, against their tight bellies.

"You want anything else?" Wolf asked.

"Yeah," I said. "I want a Trophy Shot."

"What's that?" Mike asked.

"I want to put my 35mm still camera on cable release and shoot the two of you hanging your dicks across my face, so I can have proof I really had two 10½-inch dicks at least once in my life. I want to hang us over my fireplace mantel."

They liked the idea. They stood over me as I sat in front of the camera. *Click*. They laid their dicks like huge roll bars across my face. *Click*. They clowned around. *Click*. They each stuck their hard 10½-inch cocks into my ears. *Click*. Two brothers. *Click*. 21 inches. *Click*. My face. *Click*.

