

# Corn Porn (Uncle Pete Goes A' Ploughin' with Another Consentin' Adult)

by Paul de Denus

Somewheres' in the middle of eastern Nebraska, the sun was beating off a tractor, sittin' in the middle of a bare naked field. Two figures were relaxin' side by side on the tractor bed they'd been pullin'. When the sun saw what they was doin', it slipped behind a sexy cloud and turned a blind eye.

Uncle Pete had been surveyin' the lay of the land and now he wanted to sample an ample sample. His thick meaty hand reached over and slowly began unbuttoning Sally-Ellen's checkered shirt.

"These melons look as ripe as Ben Peckeran's last year's summer squash crop," Uncle Pete said, givin' the braless heavy gourds a tender squeeze. His thumb toggled a succulent nipple that looked like something from Fred Greely's early grape yield over in Wheatland.

*"Firm as a pencil eraser,"* he murmured to no one in particular.

Sally-Ellen didn't jump like a Jackrabbit or nothin', just let Uncle Pete grope around a bit, like he was shoppin' about at the Farmers Market over there in Chesterton on Saturday mornings.

"Uncle Pete," Sally-Ellen said. "'I like farmin'. It's just the best. Must be that musty smell of nature."

"Sure do," Uncle Pete said, gently takin' Sally-Ellen's hand and placing it on his suddenly sprouted corncob that had appeared out of nowhere, like tall corn in the fertile summer heat, right after a rainy season.

"Do you enjoy cream corn?" Uncle Pete said to Sally-Ellen, unbucklin' her handmade corn belt and slidin' two fingers, stocky and bulbous like knuckled zucchini, down towards her moist

feathered furrow, as deep and dark as Roscoe Snapp's drip-irrigation well over on the south side of the community.

Sally-Ellen didn't answer, only blinked about in the warm blue yonder, her hand moving up and down the corncob like a one-handed milkin' of Clara Bell's dairy cow.

"You enjoy farmin' too, don't ya Uncle Pete," Sally-Ellen said finally, her look as far away as Hugo Anderson's wheat silo three miles off County Road 6.

"Yup, I sure do," Uncle Pete said, feelin' a little lightheaded. "I'm a seed farmer darlin'. Always have been, always will be. Now, I think that's about enough pullin' for today."

