

A MIDNIGHT FEEDING
NANA AND ME

Everyone in the small Bible belt town of Milan, Oklahoma thought Mary was putting on a brave face by not shedding many tears at the funeral of both her son and her husband. The actual truth though was a bit more complicated than all that with the reality being she was relieved to be out from under both her over bearing husband and her mean spirited son.

The two of them had been out drinking one night a week ago, getting hammered as usual, when her Joseph lost control of his old pickup truck out on route 10. He ended up crashing into a telephone pole, killing them both.

While she warned Nathan, her son, plenty of times about drinking and driving, she dared not warn her husband though as nobody could tell old Joseph, as he was known around town, anything. Nope, old Joseph, sixty one and as stubborn and ill-mannered as a mule, was an ex-marine and a self-proclaimed expert on nearly everything. Much to Mary's sorrow though, the one thing he was not good at was being a decent husband or a good father.

Now at the ripe old age, it seemed old to her anyways, of fifty one, Mary was alone in this world except for her adoring grandson, Nathan Jr., aka Nate, or little Natey as she

affectionately called him at times when they were alone and enjoying a quiet moment.

Now she would – finally- get to spend some quality time with her now eighteen year old grandson. Prior to both her husband and son's untimely demises, over the years, they pretty much prevented Mary from spending any quality time with him.

Her son, damn him, was particularly hard on Nathan Jr., proclaiming, "That boy is pussified enough already without you making things worse Mom by treating him all sweet and nice. The world is anything but sweet and nice and he needs to learn that."

In her own marriage, Joseph had prevented her from showing anything but the barest of kindness to her son growing up, because Joseph feared his kind hearted wife would turn their son into a "mama's boy".

She was only sixteen when she made the mistake of marrying the hard bitten, hard drinking marine, twelve years her senior. A mere nine months later, in an extremely hard delivery, she gave birth to Nathan. She would, sadly, be unable to safely have any more children after this first rough delivery.

Her marriage to Joseph, after a brief honeymoon period where he treated her relatively well, quickly became, on the best of days, tedious, and on the worst, downright ugly.

His overbearing attitude on child rearing was a real bone of contention between them as Joseph loved three things more than anything: the marines, the bible, and strict discipline. While the strict discipline stretched to all parts of life it was, in particular, apt in summing up his view on raising children.

Raised in the Bible belt by ultra-conservative parents who instilled those same strict values in her, Mary never seriously considered divorce. She was simply expected to tough it out and hope for the best and that is exactly what she did up until the day both her husband and son died.

Nathan was nineteen when he knocked up his girlfriend, Alison, an older, fun loving twenty three year old blond, ex-high school cheerleader, and at his father's insistence, he did the right thing by marrying her.

Her son's marriage, much like her own, was nothing to brag about. This was thanks mainly, like in her own marriage, her son's hard driven and hard drinking ways. He worked construction and made good money allowing his wife, Alison,

to spoil little Nathan Jr., at least until he started to get older and Nathan's drinking, and gambling, started to take a toll on the family finances.

After a particularly brutal fight, which turned physical when Nathan slapped the living shit out of his wife a good three or four times, Alison packed up her bags and moved out. Little Nate was only six years old at the time.

When she tried to take little Nathan Jr. with her, his father flew into such a rage, threatening to kill her and her damn son, and then, of course, himself, Alison caved and left without her son.

Six months later, and two failed attempts to reconcile her marriage, Alison moved to California, intending on sending for her son when she got settled.

A series of bad boyfriends and dead end jobs never gave Alison the needed comfort in bringing her child to California. Adding to her angst, was her now ex-husband swearing if she tried to gain custody of her son he would take Nathan Jr. and simply disappear.

Knowing her ex-husband was not one to make idle threats, Alison caved, settling for a long distance phone call and letter exchanging relationship with Nathan Jr. as he entered his formative teen years.

Mary actually, once or twice, tried to talk sense into her son by telling him Nathan Jr. might be better off with his mom but both times ended in failure. When Joseph got wind of her "needless meddling" he told her in no uncertain terms to "butt out" of their son's business. After that she suffered in relative silence at the situation.

Now with both Joseph and Nathan gone, Mary feared Nate was going to run off to California to live with his mother, but such fears proved to be groundless after Nate suggested she sell her house and move in with him.

Thinking a fresh start would be good, and it wasn't like the house she lived in with Nathan contained anything but the barest of happy memories, Mary readily agreed.

Mary, wanting a fresh start beyond just having a new place to live, underwent a complete transformation. She went on a strict diet, took up yoga and started hitting the gym religiously, allowing her to be in the best shape of her life. Spread out nicely

on her five foot seven frame, Mary's weight was down to a fit and trim one hundred and thirty six pounds. Then, in a rash decision, she got a stylish new haircut.

Actually, up until this point in his young life, Nate usually preferred women with longer hair but his Nana, with her light brown hair combed short and neat over to one side, while showing not a hint of gray, thanks to the magic of having her hair freshly colored at a local hair salon, made it work as he found her new hairstyle, along with her attitude in life, quite appealing.

Better yet, the lines on her face seemed less evident, her smile a bit livelier, and maybe, most obvious of all, her whole demeanor just appeared to undergo a positive transformation in Nate's eyes. Best of all it was new attitude, light, carefree, and playful, which Nate now found himself irresistibly drawn to.

But it wasn't the new haircut or new attitude which impressed Nate the most about this new and improved version of his grandmother: it was her more shapely body.

It was obvious by the way she dressed now around the house her new carefree attitude extended to her sense of fashion.

Maybe proud of the way she was hitting the gym five times a week, along with her strict diet, Mary appeared to want to show off her new and improved body by doing several things such as: wearing both tighter jeans and tighter tops, along with maybe a few more buttons left undone on her blouses, all left no doubt in Nate's eyes his grandmother possessed a nice, fit body for a woman her age.

While it might have been embarrassing to admit, the truth was damning: whenever they were in the same room together, Nate had a difficult time keeping his eyes off of his nana's body – in particular her chest. For some reason her tits now seemed both bigger and fuller than before – much to his secret delight as he was a deluxe, first class tit hound.

The reason Mary's tits seemed both bigger and fuller than before was simple: she used the money from the sale of her house to have a breast lift performed, giving new life to her nice thirty eight inch, D- cup breasts.

Roughly two months after moving in with Nate it was a Saturday night in late January and her fifty second birthday. After celebrating with a nice dinner at a fancy Italian restaurant nearby, he drove them home.

Mary, thanks to a couple glasses of red wine and the absolutely intoxicating way her young grandson was treating her, was feeling as light as a feather as she settled down on the sofa in the two story, three bedroom house's cozy downstairs living room.

Mary was wearing a snug pair of jeans and a new, close-fitting white with black horizontal stripes top with the whole ensemble managing to be both sexy and classy all at once. Nate, for his part, was also dressed casually nice in a pair of tan khakis and a light blue button up dress shirt.

"More wine, Nana?" he asked hopefully after she sat down on the sofa. He liked how his Nana got a bit friendly and flirtatious when she had a little too much wine. Tonight, being her birthday, he figured just might be a good night to push things to the limit, so to speak, and see how she might act if she got "sloppy" drunk.

"Hmm, maybe one more glass, hon," Mary answered. "That will put me at my limit of three for the night but first I'm going to go upstairs and change into something a bit more comfortable."

A few minutes later she came back downstairs wearing, much to his disappointment, a pair of old sweatpants and a heavy plain sweatshirt.

After bringing her the fresh glass of red wine he handed it to her with a smile saying, "You know tonight is your birthday, Nana so there shouldn't be any talk of limits . . . especially in regards to alcohol. I mean aren't people allowed to get, you know, sloppy drunk, on their birthdays?"

"We'll see," she said with a coy smile as she wondered if her usually reserved grandson was actually trying to get her drunk on purpose. Maybe it was those furtive sips of wine she not only let him take, but encouraged him to take during their dinner at the restaurant that had him acting so bold.

After sitting quietly for a few minutes while they made general small talk, Mary excused herself to use the bathroom. Nate, as soon as she had disappeared inside the bathroom, used the chance to make a mad dash to his bedroom where he retrieved his Nana's birthday gift.

After the rotten way his grandfather, and his dad, for that matter had treated her all those long years, Nate decided he

was going to go all out on her birthday to make his nana feel special.

When Mary got back Nate was sitting on the sofa with a wide grin. Next to him, where she had been sitting, were a dozen red roses and a large teddy bear.

"Oh God roses, honey. You shouldn't have. They are beautiful," she told him while feeling so utterly thrilled he did.

"Beautiful . . . like you, Nana," he told her as he hit her with his best charming smile.

"Hmm, such flattery I am not used to . . . but I could get used to it," she told him as she leaned in, giving him a warm hug. "Real used to it, sweetie," she whispered in his ear before letting him go.

They spent the next few minutes making idle chit chat on the sofa as Mary sipped on her wine getting pleasantly wasted before he asked a serious question.

"So Nana how was your birthday? I mean did you get everything you wanted?"

After a long pause she answered, "Hmm, almost everything."

"Only almost. What more could I give you?"

She sighed, unsure if she should even broach the subject.

Sensing she had something important to ask him, Nate pressed her to tell him. "C'mon on Nana. Ask me. I am in a giving mood and besides it's your birthday and that means I can't deny you anything." Grinning broadly he added, "I think it's an official rule or something."

"Well since you are so desperate for me to ask . . ." She took one final gulp of her wine, nearly finishing it off before taking a deep breath. "I know I have no real right to ask this but my worry is simple and sometimes keeps me awake at night. I'm just afraid you are going to go running off to California to be with your mom and I was hoping you could somehow promise me you wouldn't do that. At least not right away. I know it's a promise I don't have the right to ask of you but--"

Leaning in, he quickly grasped both of her hands in his firmly. "I promise . . . so see, you have absolutely nothing to worry about."

"That is easy for you to say now but I just have the feeling someday, maybe sooner than later, she is going to reach out to you and try to lure you out there and the truth is . . . I mean, c'mon you and your mom have, and will always have that special mother and son bond that as your grandmother only I could never hope to compete with."

Nate smiled at her warmly. The truth was his mom had already reached out to him, more than once since his father died, inviting him to move out to California to be with her. He politely demurred, telling her, "Maybe later when I get some money together."

Of course, he did not tell any of this to his Nana Mary, nor would he now, for sure, considering her insecure feelings.

Squeezing her hands, Nate dropped his voice to a low whisper as he told her, "My bond with my mom is not that strong Nana . . . I mean how could it be? She has been gone for years and is a thousand miles away, give or take."

"I know all that but I also know what I witnessed over the years . . . I mean when she was here when you were younger you two were so close . . . at least when your father wasn't around to stop her from being, you know, physically close to you."

"Nana that was a long time ago."

"I understand what I witnessed, first hand, as to you bonding with your mother and know such bonds last a lifetime."

"What did you witness," he asked curiously.

"I . . ." Mary shook her head before hanging it sadly. "It will make you uncomfortable and me sad talking about it."

"Tell me," he insisted. "Please."

She sighed before giving in. "You were real young then, only a baby, maybe seven or eight months old. I had gotten into a bad fight with your grandfather, bad enough where I actually left him. I moved in with you guys. I was sleeping on the sofa at night. Your old sofa, before this one, it was right here in the exact spot." She paused to point. "Over there where the easy chair is now was a comfortable loveseat."

"Anyways that first night I didn't sleep well, and was woken up when I heard your mother enter the living room where I was sleeping. I think I mumbled something to her and she told me to go back to sleep. I heard you crying softly and then she sat down. I could just make out her dark figure as there was a bit of light shining in from the kitchen. Your mom always left the small light on over the sink. I was almost slipping back to sleep when I heard you cooing softly, contently that is and then I heard the soft sound of suckling. I peeked out from under my blanket and watched, my heart growing jealous as she sat on the loveseat breastfeeding you. I remember the old grandfather clock, the stupid thing is still there over in the corner I see, began to toll then. I counted the chimes . . . there was twelve of them. Anyways, I was there maybe a week and every night around the same time the same thing . . . she would breastfeed you sitting there not five feet away from me on the loveseat and every night I felt the same . . . jealousy."

Mary feel silent then for a quiet moment before reaching out to him. "Those types of bonding moments between a mother and son are embedded deep honey and like I said before . . . I could never compete with something like that since I never, obviously got to breast feed you or even hardly cuddle with you at all."

Nate wasn't sure what to say as his grandmother's story-- it obviously had great emotional meaning to her-- ended.

After a long moment of silence, Mary let out a heavy sigh before starting to get up. "I should go off to bed now, hon."

Reaching out, he snagged her by the arm. "No, Nana. Stay. I don't want you to go to bed upset."

"Yeah, but I am tired, hon." She paused before adding, "All that wine, plus it's getting late you know. It's got to be getting close to midnight by now."

"So sleep here on the sofa. I'll . . . I'll stay next to you." Going for broke, he added, "You could fall asleep while cuddling me, Nana. I'll let you and besides . . . like you said earlier, you never got to cuddle me enough when I was younger and since dad or grandpa it not here to tell you we can't cuddle we should take advantage of it."

"As nice as your suggestion is to fall asleep while cuddling my precious little Natey, the fact is you are not my precious little Natey . . . anymore. Nope, instead, you are all grown up,

eighteen years old, and what eighteen year old boy wants to be cuddled by his nana."

Nate smiled at her. "Maybe I am in a mood to . . . you know . . . channel my inner child tonight and let you cuddle me all you want Nana." Deciding to empathize the point he acted as if the issue was settled when he hopped up from the sofa and began to hurry out of the room.

"Hey where are you going?" she said as he started to leave the room.

"Just to the hallway closet to get your favorite heavy quilt for us to cuddle under Nana. I mean cuddling is always better on a cold night under a warm blanket right?"

Mary sighed as she nodded her head in agreement. It was nice how sweet Nate was trying to be with her. She thought about his suggestion to fall asleep there on the sofa while cuddling him and it seemed markedly better than the alternative of sleeping alone in her own bed.

Five minutes later they were snuggled under the heavy quilt. As promised, Nate was allowing her to cuddle him as he pressed his warm body up against hers.

She wasn't comfortable though. Between the heavy quilt and her sweatpants and sweatshirt, and with him pressed up against her, she was simply too warm.

"Honey . . . as much as I'm enjoying cuddling my adorable grandson your nana is simply not comfortable."

"Why not?"

"I guess I'm just too warm. Maybe I should just go upstairs huh and sleep in my own bed. It's not your fault."

Nate dressed in his usual sleeping attire of a tee shirt and gym shorts told her, "Actually I'm not surprised since I'm a little warm myself so I can imagine you must be real warm considering your wearing that stupid heavy sweatshirt and ugly sweatpants but I don't think you sleeping upstairs is a good answer to the problem . . . unless you are just using this as an excuse because since I'm older now I am no longer worth cuddling?"

"That is nonsense, sweetie. I am enjoying cuddling you. Really, I'm just too hot is all. So anyways, what is a good answer then if it's not me going off upstairs to sleep in my own bed?"

"It's definitely not that Nana . . . you sleeping in your own bed so maybe . . . maybe you are just overdressed. I mean since we are under the quilt do you really need to be wearing that heavy sweatshirt and sweat pants anymore?"

"I . . . I suppose not but . . . but I can't imagine you really not being grossed out or something if your nana was to strip down to her underwear so I'm going have to take a pass on that idea."

"Nana," he protested loudly, "why would I be grossed out? No way."

"Look hon, I simply don't wanna embarrass myself in front of you OK?"

"Embarrass yourself how? You got a great body, Nana. Yeah, I have noticed all the weight you lost. Your weekly trips to the gym have not been wasted on my eyes, Nana. Besides, it's pretty much dark in the living room so . . . what's the big deal?"

While not completely dark, they had left a small lamp on in the far corner of the living room, it was still comfortably dim in the living room.

Mary, secretly thrilled by his comments, responded coyly. "Well great is probably an exaggeration but I have been working out and lost a bit of weight and you are right . . . it is pretty much dark in here so maybe that is not a half bad idea."

"I think it's a great idea and would prove you really do still wanna cuddle with your young and needy grandson."

"Young and needy huh? I think I like that description of you," she said with a sigh as she stood up. Against her better judgement maybe, she decided to follow his advice.

"Yes needy as in I'm in the mood to be both cuddled and babied by my pretty Nana M."

Mary smiled inwardly. Nana M. was what he called her when he was just a young kid and it had been basically forever since she heard him call her that.

"Nana M.? God you have not called me that in years. Not since you were young and usually when you wanted something so maybe you really are in a needy mood, Natey."

"I am," he whispered.

Taking a deep breath, Mary slowly stripped off first her sweatshirt and then her sweatpants, tossing both casually off to the side.

Under her clothes Mary was wearing matching burgundy underwear. The wire free bra, in particular, he found to be quite tantalizing as its V shaped front afforded a nice slice of bare cleavage to his curious eyes. His nana, as he had suspected for some time, possessed a super nice set of tits. He estimated them to be a pair of 36 or 38D's anyways.

"You sure I'm not embarrassing myself, hon?" she whispered.
"Front or back?"

She turned around then, affording him an opportunity to check out her backside. The stretch-jersey briefs with satin trim and high-cut legs he found to be both sexy and classy all at once while allowing him to see his nana had an ample backside,

wholly unlike most of the too skinny chicks in the booty department he saw at work.

Wanting to wholly reassure her, Nate said firmly, "Front and back both check all the boxes for being both classy and sexy Nana M."

"Hmm, good," she said while fighting the impulsive to dive back down under the quilt to cover her half naked, now, fifty two year old body. Instead, it must have been the wine, combined with both his sweet words and actions that was driving her boldness, she gestured to him as she whispered, "Your turn, hon. Stand up."

"My turn?" he replied, unsure as to her meaning.

"Yes. You can't expect your Nana M. to be the only one cuddling under the blanket in just her underwear."

Nate hesitated. Staring at his nana's great body in her sexy, to him anyway, burgundy underwear, had given him a semi woody. A panicked thought crossed his mind, would she notice?

Seeing him hesitate, Mary boldly reached down, grabbing his hands. "C'mon, you said you were in a needy mood Natey so maybe you need your Nana M. to help you get undressed huh?"

Unable to resist, Nate allowed her to help him to his feet, comforted by the fact it was rather dark in the living room so maybe she would not notice the growing bulge he was sporting inside his tight white briefs.

She reached out, hooking a pair of fingers under the bottom edge of his tee shirt as the raw tension, dare say sexual tension, continued to slowly rise between them.

Feeling the need to say something, Nate whispered, "So are you having a nice birthday Nana M."

"I am thanks to you, Natey but . . ." She paused as she pulled his tee shirt up and off of him before tossing it next to her discarded clothes on the floor.

"But what?" he asked.

"Oh your Nana M. doesn't wanna complain," she said as she reached out, slipping a pair of nervous fingers under the front waistband of his gym shorts.

"I said I am feeling needy and one of those needs is a need for you to be completely happy and content tonight Nana M. . . . You know, especially since it's your birthday."

Carefully she pulled his gym shorts down and then off of him. Turning before she could do the unthinkable, checking her young grandson out down there, she tossed his shorts onto the growing pile of discarded clothes on the floor.

"Yes, speaking of my birthday that is my complaint I guess . . . that my little Natey has not given his Nana M. any of those sweet birthday kisses . . . you know . . . like he used to when it was her birthday. Maybe you have outgrown given your nana kisses though huh?"

She looked down, sadly maybe, while both praying, and not praying as it might led them down a very dangerous path, he would take the bait. He did.

Reaching out, he tilted her face up. "I am not too old for that, Nana M.," he whispered.

"Then show me," she whispered back.

The nervousness he felt caused him to rush, a fact she pointed out to him when it was all over. Hurriedly kissing her on one cheek, he whispered, "Happy," before switching to the other cheek and whispering, "Birthday," just prior to planting a small kiss there too.

"Hmm, that was nice . . . but hurried I think."

"I . . . I can try again . . . if you want. Slower this time, Nana."

"That is an appealing thought and I will take it under consideration but first . . ." Reaching down, she grabbed his hands. "Your nana is starting to get cold and I think we should resume our little cuddling session under the quilt . . . don't you think?"

He said nothing at first, his eyes betraying him as they slipped down to those luscious tits of hers. He desperately wanted to .

. . he dared not finish the thought as he nodded his head in agreement as they sat back down, side by side, on the sofa.

Not really wanting to, it would cover those gorgeous tits of hers up, but knowing he must, he pulled the quilt up and over their semi naked bodies.

They cuddled –fiercely almost –under the quilt, clinging to each other in still silence, as if their very lives depended on it, for an undeterminable length of time before he finally broke the silence.

"This is nice, huh, Nana M . . . you cuddling your little Natey."

"Very nice." Snaking a hand around the back of his head, she gently pushed his face down against her upper chest. She played with his hair a bit, twisting and turning it in her fingers before leaning down and kissing the top of his head sweetly.

"Nana loves her my little Natey so much," she whispered to him.

He looked up; her eyes were filled with tears. "I love you too, Nana. So much it almost hurts," he whispered before reaching up and tenderly stroking the side of her face.

"Oh God, you really mean that, honey."

"I do."

Her hand slipped out, tenderly stroking the side of his cheek. "You are making your nana's birthday so special. You know that?"

He smiled back at her before answering, "Coz you are special Nana and pretty too."

"Stop it, Nate. Your nana turned fifty-two today." She don't know why she revealed her age to him. Caught up in the moment, it just sort of slipped out. All she could figure was maybe if he knew her true age, he would tell her she looked much younger.

"So . . . that just means . . . means your beauty is mature is all," he told her before nestling his head against her chest once more.

They cuddled for a long moment, enjoying the tranquil silence before Mary finally whispered to him, "If you think your nana is so pretty sweetheart why did you hurry your kisses earlier . . . like it was a task you had to complete instead of something you truly wanted to do?"

Raising his head up, he looked at her. She was staring back at him with a seriously sad look on her pretty face. "I told you I could try again . . . and go slower this time."

"Yeah . . . but you haven't and I'm still waiting."

Nate raised up, bringing his face closer to hers, he took a deep breath while admonishing himself to go slower this time.

He started by kissing both of her cheeks, one after the other, all deliberate and slow like, before he started to pull back.

"Is that all the kisses your Nana gets, hon. One each on each of her cheeks?"

"You want more?"

"Much more," she whispered as she used one hand to gently guide his face closer . . . toward her lips.

Their lips met, brushing together ever so slightly, testing the waters maybe, before parting. The shy, tantalizing kiss he just gave her was just enough though to send them both over the edge as their lips came together again and again, this time not so briefly.

Taking the lead, Mary kissed her grandson back, firmly, not allowing him to escape as she snaked a hand around the back of his head, tangling it deep in his long hair.

They exchanged a good half dozen kisses before she let him pull back. Her tongue during this hot little kissing session had ached, absolutely ached, to come slithering out of her mouth and do some forbidden exploring but somehow she managed to keep it securely in place.

She smiled at him. "You really love your nana so much huh, Natey?"

"Absolutely. Totally. Utterly. Enormously . . . I do, Nana M."

There was a brief silence before he bravely brought up a subject, once more, that had been nipping at his heels ever since they touched on it briefly a few minutes ago.

"Nana, you said you felt jealous about my mom breast feeding me as a baby but . . . but I mean, didn't you get to like, you know, breast feed my father when he was a baby . . . I mean like my mother did me?"

His nana snapped her head up sharply; her eyes almost seemed to be growing with anger, with resentment.

"Barely. The colonel wasn't into me breast feeding our baby much to be honest."

"Wait . . . the colonel? Who is that? Grandpa was never that high up in the marines."

"No, he wasn't hon . . . The colonel was a derogatory nickname I secretly gave him since he wanted to control everything and if I was breast feeding my child, our child, it meant he wasn't in control of the situation. He made me switch to bottle feeding almost right away. I tried to talk him out of it but . . . well, you

know how he was. It was his way or the back of the hand for me."

"So you were jealous because my dad let my mom breast feed me while you were never allowed to breast feed him?"

"Yeah, I suppose that sums it all but it's complicated . . . my feelings, but yeah that is one way to put it. I was also jealous I suppose over the way she got to cuddle with you all the time which was something I really wasn't allowed to do thanks to both my husband and your father as they both claimed 'too much cuddling from his nana will sissify the boy'. Of course, I am cuddling you now so my silly jealous heart has finally, at least, been satisfied in that regard."

"Only in that regard though so you still have some jealousy over the . . . you know . . . the other thing."

"Over having to watch your mom breast feed you, you mean?"

After a brief pause she answered. "Yes honey. It may be silly but after all these years, your nana still has an extremely jealous and sad heart over that issue."

Nate looked at her; tears were welling up in her eyes, making his heart wrench. Reaching out, he stroked her face tenderly. "Nana I don't want your heart to be sad. What . . . what can I do to make it better?"

"Oh Nate, sweetie, it's impossible. Truly impossible for anyone to give me what I truly want."

"What is that?" he asked softly.

"I think there is only one thing that could ever hope to cure your nana's sad and jealous heart, sweetie."

"What?" he again asked softly. "Tell me, please."

She thought long and hard before finally deciding to tell him the truth . . . the consequences be damned.

After taking a deep breath, Mary confessed her innermost feelings to her young, adoring grandson. "To have my little Natey suckling on his Nana's breasts."

Her stark confession stunned him into total silence.

Finally, she broke the silence. "But, of course, it's impossible on so many levels sweetie and for so many reasons."

"Nothing is impossible when it comes to affairs of the heart, Nana."

She looked at him for a long moment. Dare she continue down this path? If not for the wine maybe not, probably not, but the fact was she was more than a little tipsy so . . .

"I agree, Nate but this . . . you, my little Natey, is not a baby anymore."

"Grandma when I was younger I remember how you always told me 'no matter how old and grown up I get I would always and forever be your little Natey.' I took them words, with joy in my heart honestly, to mean I would forever be your adorable baby grandson . . . even as I got older . . . even after I turned eighteen. Did you not truly mean that? Do you not think of me now as your baby?"

"I meant it and . . . and I do but--"

"I want you to Nana. I want you to think of me that way. I like it when you baby me still."

"You do? Even though you are eighteen and all grown up?"

He nodded his head before saying, "Even so, yes."

"But even if I wanted to baby you, in that way, it's still impossible. I mean I have no breast milk to give you . . . even if you were so very hungry for your nana's breasts."

"Isn't breast feeding about the love and the bonding as much as it is about the milk, Nana?"

"Are . . . are you saying you would want to bond with your nana . . . in that way, sweetie? Are you saying . . . while your nana can't give you any nourishing milk to her baby she could give him something else . . . like love?"

"Yes," Nate quietly answered as his eyes fell to her chest. Mary had slowly, maybe subconsciously, maybe purposefully, as they were talking, allowed the quilt to slip down and off of her chest, revealing, once more, her pretty burgundy bra to her grandson's curious eyes.

"And where would that love come from, Natey. Don't tell your nana . . . in words, but instead show her, with your hands where?"

Nate, once more, was stunned into unmoving silence.

Reaching down, Mary gathered his hands in hers. "Here let me help show you where the love would come from, baby."

As if in a dream, Mary slowly pushed her grandson's hands onto her breasts.

While he began to tenderly knead her tits through the soft material of her large burgundy bra cups, something deep inside of her snapped—her moral compass. Right or wrong was no longer an issue, only the way he was making her feel mattered. She went it all then . . . for the forbidden pot of gold at the base of the naughty rainbow they had been chasing all night.

"Go ahead baby . . . it's alright," she murmured softly. "Explore my love for you and where it will come from . . . as you are giving me more of those sweet birthday kisses."

She pulled him closer as their lips came crashing together. This time her wicked, wild tongue would not be denied. Like a caged tiger it escaped to wreak havoc inside his mouth.

Nate, having never experienced such a passionate, aggressive kiss, at first, did not know how to respond before he finally followed suit and let his own tongue loose, allowing it to flicker about her mouth as it engaged in mock battle with his nana's tongue.

Mary happily noted as their enthusiastic make out session ramped up, so did his fondling of her breasts increase in fervent ardor. She felt his hands roaming all over them as he mixed in a plethora of desperate squeezes with his tender fondling of her tits.

They pulled back from each other, breaking off their heated make out session-- if only to catch their breaths maybe-- when fate reared it's not so ugly head.

Just then the old grandfather clock stuck in the corner, the same one she called "stupid" earlier, began to toll.

"Count the chimes, honey," she whispered.

Nate obeyed, silently counting the chimes as his nana held her breath.

"There were twelve, Nana," he whispered to her after the clock finally fell silent.

"It's midnight sweetheart. Time for . . ." She paused, a sudden panic upon her now that the moment of truth was finally upon them.

"For my midnight feeding," Nate finished for her hopefully.

"Yes but is my little Natey hungry for the love and comfort, for the bonding and passion suckling on his nana's big breasts will bring them both."

"Y-yes . . . I'm . . . I'm very hungry, Nana can you . . . fed me?"

"Of course, sweetie, but are you sure. Take a minute to decide while I stand up and stretch my tired old legs."

She stood up before turning to face him. Reaching out, she tilted his head up toward her. "This is a very important step for us, honey and if you decide you really are hungry for your nana to feed you . . . It must be our deepest and most forever secret . . . you understand that?"

"Yes, I promise Nana . . . this will be our secret." His eyes fell to her breasts, in particular to her cleavage so nicely revealed as she stood there in front of him.

That beautiful swath of bare skin between the beguiling burgundy cups made his cock spring to life the more he stared.

"Good . . . then maybe your nana should let you play with her big boobies some more." She gave him a wry smile before dropping her voice down to a sultry whisper. "Maybe that will help, hmm, ramp up your hunger for your coming midnight feeding baby."

Taking his hands, she, once more, guided them upwards to her tits. Mary let out a gentle sigh as she felt his playful hands fondling her breasts through the soft bra cups.

"You . . . you like playing with your nana's big titties, sweetheart," she whispered to him in a voice dripping with sweetness.

"Oh God yes," Nate answered quickly.

"Can . . . can you give your Nana some more kisses as you play with her boobies, sweetheart?"

"Yes, of course. I like kissing you." He started to stand up, thinking once more they would engage in a hot make out session when she pushed him back down.

"No, honey," she whispered. "You have already showered my face with kisses now it's time to let your gentle rain of kisses fall elsewhere . . . like here."

She pointed to her tummy, just above her enchanting belly button.

Closing his eyes, as he continued to fondle her breasts, Nate leaned forward and begin kissing her bare tummy above her panties. Mixing in a variety of tender kisses with soft licks,

Nate kissed his way all around his nana's tummy in wide circles.

He could tell by the way she was softly sighing he was doing a good job of giving her what she wanted. After kissing his way up to the lower edge of her bra, she grabbed his roaming hands, pushing them aside as she took a step back forcing him to break his kisses off.

"Had enough of my kisses, Nana?" he asked.

"No, never. I want more. Here, here, here and here." Starting at the base of her throat and working on down, she accented each "here" by pointing to a spot. The last spot ended in between the delicious valley of bare cleavage between the twin cups of her bra.

"Kiss me everywhere I pointed and in between baby. I want you to sprinkle a soft and gentle rain of kisses with love and affection as a prelude to the torrential rain of kisses that will surely fall all over your nana's large tits in a virtual deluge of passion after she takes her bra off for her little Natey."

Touching his face, she whispered, "Consider the kisses as an appetizer to your midnight feeding that is gathering in both passion and strength like a powerful hurricane."

He scooted up to the very edge of the sofa as she took a small step forward. Tilting his head up, he closed his eyes as he lovingly began to sprinkle kisses all over the base of her throat and then on down.

Reaching down, she grabbed his hands, guiding them around to her backside. "If your kisses are the rains of our passionate storm, then your hands should be like the wind, roaming everywhere all over your nana's sculptured landscape."

Pressing his hands against her ass, he joyfully fondled its plumpness through her conservative, control top shaping, brief panties.

Mary closed her eyes while letting her hands fall to her sides, allowing the full force of the gathering storm to sweep over her body. Her libido was in overdrive now as she was thoroughly enjoying the fruits of the "storm analogy" her overactive imagination had just invented.

And by the eager way the "wind" was whipping in increasing force all over her backside she was sure her grandson too was enjoying the storm analogy. Deciding to double down on the analogy, Mary began to imagine several different inventive ways for things to continue along this stormy and most forbidden path.

The storm's rain of kisses, although still basically gentle and tender, were ever so slowly gathering in strength as, Hurricane Nate-- as she was now calling the storm-- made its way downward toward the ripe valley of her bare cleavage.

As his hands continued to claw at her back side, roaming all over haphazardly, she finalized her plans for Hurricane Nate.

He was just kissing, so very tenderly, the bare skin above her bra when she stepped back, breaking contact.

He looked up at her as she stood there with a mischievous smile on her pretty, mature face. He knew she had something in mind and could hardly wait to hear what.

"Listen carefully Nate. I said your hands are like the wind, your kisses like the rain."

"Yes, I like the analogy. I think it's apt."

"It is, honey as is what I am about to suggest. The winds of the growing storm, ahh let's call it Hurricane Nate, are growing fierce. Indeed, nothing stands in the way of a hurricane right?"

"Correct," he answered.

"So why is your Nana's panties still in place, protecting her hilly backside from the storm's raw passion? Why is your nana's bra still in place, protecting her lovey, mountainous breasts from the full fury of the passionate storm? Is not the raw powerful winds of Hurricane Nate not enough to rip these flimsy protective coverings aside."

She paused, smiling down at him as he looked up at her, his heart thudding in his chest from what she was suggesting. "Thus ripped aside your nana's body would be laid bare to the full fury and passion of Hurricane Nate."

Her hand slipped down to his face. Stroking his cheek lightly, she whispered, "Yes sweetheart, your nana wants to experience the full fury and passion upon her bare landscape . . . from the

summit of her mountains to the soft moist valley . . . down there."

Nate swallowed hard. Jesus she was pointing down . . . between her legs!

"Thus far the rain has been gentle, the wind only mild, but . . . but no more. Let your storm of passion rule the day, honey. Let us be swept away. Unleash the raw, untamed cravings of the storm, of Hurricane Nate, upon your nana."

Her voice was coming out in a harsh, raw whisper now, as she finished up. "Do it! Do it now, please! Unleash the fury and passion of Hurricane Nate."

He took a deep breath before he happily did her bidding.

Reaching out, he forcefully grabbed her hands, yanking her closer to him. Mary closed her eyes, thrusting her chest out to him as the winds of the hurricane swept around to her back, clawing at the clasp of her bra.

Nate, not really experienced in undoing a woman's bra, was having difficulty with the intricate clasps. Suspecting as much,

Mary whispered to him, "The fury of the storm destroys all. Don't worry about the damages it may cause. I can always buy another."

Nate, taking her words to heart, seized both sides of her bra strap in the back before yanking outward . . . hard. After the first powerful yank he felt the twin clasps give some. A second, harder yank, almost vicious, utterly destroyed the dual clasps, allowing her bra to come undone in the back.

Moving quickly, he virtually ripped the ruined bra off of her body before flinging it aside.

He pulled back slightly, wanting to admire his handiwork and what it revealed.

Her chest was heaving as her beautiful tits were now fully exposed to the storm's passion. Unleashing it, he buried his face between her tits, sucking on them wildly as he clawed at her panties. After ripping them off of her, he flung them aside before bringing his hands back up to knead her bare backside.

Hurricane Nate, out of control now with mad passion, lifted his naked Nana up before twirling her around. He flung her

down onto her back on the sofa before falling upon her breasts; licking, sucking, kissing, their entirety while gale force winds descended down to the ripe, moist valley between her legs.

After forcing her legs open, he shoved a pair of anxious fingers up and inside of her. Mary let out a loud hiss as her grandson explored a woman's pussy for the first time.

What happened next came only natural to a young, inexperienced man. As he fell on top of her, sucking savagely on her breasts, he simply could not help himself as he started humping her bare thighs and in less than thirty seconds he let out a little yelp as he came inside his briefs.

With the storm's passion now spent, for the moment anyways, he tried to make good on his escape, embarrassed by what happened, but Mary took control of the situation.

As she helped him out of his cum stained briefs she reassured him. "Honey that was wonderful that you have such passion for me you simply did "that" so quick. There is nothing to be embarrassed about."

"I guess," he mumbled as they, both naked now, snuggled under the blanket.

They laid there, wrapped tight in each other's warm embrace, for a few quiet moments before Mary whispered in his ear. "Now that the storm has passed is my baby still hungry?"

"Yes, Nana . . . still."

She positioned his head so it was cradled gently in the crook of her arm. "Then close your eyes and open your mouth sweetie and let your Nana's love flow from her breasts into your hungry mouth."

Mary let out a deep sigh as her grandson so very sweetly, now that his passion was spent, suckled on her breasts. She gently nudged his mouth from one distended nipple to the other, simply loving the way he tenderly lashed his tongue all around each before clamping his lips around it in a loving embrace of suckling warmth.

Finally, after so many long years of waiting, Mary felt the quiet serenity of having her breasts suckled on in such loving

passion. She closed her eyes falling into a state of bliss, as the quiet sound of his sucking on her tits filled the living room.

After a few heavenly minutes, needing more, wanting more, she grabbed his hand, guiding it down and in between her legs. Nate, sensing what she wanted, slowly pushed his index finger up and inside of while noting how it made her squirm. After several gentle thrusts he added his middle finger to the party, making her squirm all the more.

He gradually increased the speed of his gentle finger fucking, pairing it with an increased urgency in the way he was suckling on her breasts, again noting how this made her wriggle and moan all the more. Her soft moaning was getting him turned on as he felt his cock grow from soft to firm.

Lifting his head up, he stared up at her. She could see it in his eyes; what he wanted matched perfectly with what she needed.

Whispering softly, he said, "Nana can I--"

Not waiting for him to finish, she answered in a harsh whisper, "Oh God yes Natey you can . . . your Nana M needs you so bad baby . . . inside of her."

As he rose up slightly, Mary reached down, grabbing his now stiff member. She guided it to the very doorstep of her wet opening before being plunged into the most forbidden waters of all as Nate propelled his hardness deep inside of her.

She let out a sharp hiss as he began to make love to her slow and gentle. Joseph, invariably, had always been rough in his lovemaking while not caring one wit about her needs. Her Natey, as she was now discovering to her extreme delight, was the polar opposite.

He pumped up and down, slower then faster, then slower again while showering her sensitive neck with dozens of tender kisses. His hardness seemed to penetrate her being to its very core as her slowly budding orgasm, decades in the making, began to work its magic over her.

Her moaning became more pronounced as his intense love for his nana began to turn serious. Wanting nothing more than to make her moan louder, Nate began to pump his cock into her nana at a frantic pace that soon had them both careening towards tremendous orgasms.

Nate raised up, supporting himself on his arms as he propelled his hips forward, harder and harder, making his nana's large tits bounce delightfully up and down as make love to her hard and fast now.

"Oh God, Natey . . . your Nana is . . ." She couldn't finish as she felt herself being swept away by her very first orgasm given to her by another man.

Inspired by what he was able to achieve, Nate quickly followed suit as he came – hard-- deep inside of his nana.

Under the blanket, they clung to each other fiercely for a few quiet moments before she whispered in his ear, "That was some midnight feeding, sweetie. I hope my baby Natey is satisfied."

"For now," he whispered, "for now." He snuggled his head against her ample bosom as the post lovemaking drug of extreme sleepiness over took him.

Mary ran her fingers through his hair for a few minutes while happily contemplating what the future might hold for them. His answer "for now" hinted at this sweet little midnight

feeding of theirs tonight was only the first of many, many more "feedings" to come.

THE END