

A Mom Helps Mom

I'm Robbie and my mom's name is Beverly. Mom is from a mixed-race marriage, her dad French and her mom Chinese. Mom inherited the best attributes from both races. She is tall with a thin frame, flared hips and long toned legs. Her breasts are not huge, but larger than her mother's. Her facial features lean more toward Chinese and her hair is silky black, the same as her mother's hair.

Yes, she's hot, but she's much more. She is intelligent, witty and has a great sense of humor. Her smile can brighten a room when she walks in. She's compassionate and I wouldn't want to be with any other woman. I love my mother.

My grandmother attended college in Paris where she met her husband. She married him when she was eight months pregnant with my mother. She was eighteen at the time. Her family disowned her, which bothered her at first, but she loved her husband and had quickly become accustomed to the western lifestyle. After her graduation, my grandfather's company relocated him to America for his business.

Mom grew up in a mixed language environment. My grandparents spoke mainly English for Mom's benefit, but she did pick up some Chinese and French as she was growing up. Mom followed Grandmother's path and ended up pregnant in high school. I was born right after she graduated. Her boyfriend quickly left her, having no desire to deal with the responsibilities of a family.

This left Mom in a desperate situation with no income and a child to raise. My grandparents came to the rescue and we moved in with them. Mom found a job and Gram took care of the house and helped raise me.

I was named after my grandfather. My grandmother changed her name to Carol from her original Chinese name. I've never heard anyone call her Carol or her original name. My mother called her Mom and I referred to her as Gram. She spent so much time raising me, that sometimes I also called her Mom. I rarely saw my grandfather as his business required a lot of travel.

Gram was a petite woman, barely five feet tall and she had to weigh less than a hundred pounds. Her legs were thin and her breasts weren't larger than a softball, but appeared hefty on her small stature. She wore tight tee-shirts and never wore a bra, which didn't have an effect on me when I was little. Gram and Mom loved being with each other and their conversations would change to a mix of English, French and Chinese. I think they did it when they didn't want me to understand what they were saying.

When I was thirteen, I heard Mom and Gram having a heated argument. They were speaking in mixed languages, so I couldn't understand what they were saying. Days later my grandparents moved out and relocated to a city a hundred miles away, leaving the house to my mother. I asked my mom what happened, but she wouldn't divulge any details, telling me they had to move away due to my grandfather's business.

This was the time I started to get interested in girls. My mom and I connected closer too, due to her having to take Gram's place in raising me. She devoted all her free time to me and we were happy to be together. She encouraged me to stay in Boy Scouts and helped me acquire badges and the various awards. We were inseparable the next

several years. She took extra vacation time each summer and we'd travel to other states for weeks at a time. Those were my happiest times growing up, traveling with my mom.

My first kiss on the mouth was from my mother. I had earned the God and Country Award in Boy Scouts. The award ceremony was held at the church and it was required that mother and son kiss on the lips during the presentation. It was a strange requirement and most boys dreaded this, but at this point, any kiss was welcome. When we kissed, I lingered on her full, wet lips breathing in deeply, taking in her scent. I didn't want to part, but I didn't want Mom to think I was a pervert, so I reluctantly pulled away.

My nightly masturbation fantasy changed to include my mother, reliving our kiss. I also started taking notice of her sexy curved body. Her skirt hemline ended at her knees, so I would only get glimpses of her smooth full thighs when she sat down. On the times she didn't wear a bra, her larger than average breasts pushed up the material showing no sagging.

I can still remember the first time ejaculate erupted from my balls. It was a mom fantasy involving our kiss and the stolen glimpses of her thighs. Several spurts of hot cum shot out my prick as I climaxed, landing on my chest. It surprised me and I yelled out 'Whoa' several times. I could hear Mom's footsteps coming down the hall. I barely had time to cover up with my sheet before she opened my door and entered with a look of concern.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" queried my concerned mom, thinking I was hurt.

"Nothing Mom, I'm good. I had a leg cramp," I hastily told her, not having enough time to think of a good reason for yelling.

"Oh sweetie, that's too bad. Let me check it out," she said as she came over and pushed the sheet off my calf. Her hot hands massaged my exposed leg like she was working out a cramp. I froze solid as my cum was oozing up through the sheet and she had to notice my pungent cum scent.

After a couple minutes of smooth caressing, I told her, "It's good Mom, it wasn't a bad one." Her stroking was having an effect on me and I had to get rid of her before my prick made a tent in front of her.

She got up and kissed me on the cheek and turned to leave. I'm sure she noticed the wet spots on the sheet and the rising lump in reaction to her caressing, but she only smirked and left without saying anything. I laughed, thinking of how my first load of cum was the result from a fantasy of kissing my Mom, from a Boy Scout award. A God and Country award, religion does work in mysterious ways.

I started dating girls my age thinking my mom fantasies would go away as I became more mature. I compared each date to Mom and never found any close contenders, physically or intellectually. My dating slowed up through the months, as I preferred to spend more time with Mom.

Mom always planned something special for certain occasions and on my eighteenth birthday she took me to a play in town followed by a nice meal. Her dress revealed an ample amount of cleavage and her skirt hemline was several inches above her knees. I didn't pay attention to the play as I was covertly checking out my beautiful mother. She leaned into me partway through the play resting her head on my shoulder. Her silky hair felt wonderful on my cheek and her perfume was driving me crazy.

When we arrived home, she gave me a tight hug for my birthday and I could feel her meaty bra-less tits press into my chest. She released me and lightly kissed me briefly on the lips wishing me a happy birthday. Later I stroked off three times before falling asleep.

I graduated, landed an internship at Mom's company and continued to live at home. Mom never hinted or discussed why I hadn't moved out on my own. We continued to spend all our time together, bonding closer and closer. She hugged me tight whenever we'd get home from an outing or before going to bed. It was exciting to hold her and smell her scent and whenever possible I would gently press my hard erection into her. She didn't physically advance our relationship and I was afraid of initiating anything in case I'd destroy the connection we were enjoying.

My physical relationship with Mom was restricted to my masturbation fantasies. I would get plenty of stroking fuel from stealing glimpses of her bare thighs and legs when we'd go out together. She was content with our situation and never questioned why I no longer went out with any girls. The months flew by and I successfully completed my internship.

I had an interview with the same company resulting in securing a full-time position which would begin in two months. I was elated, not only for the offer, but also looking forward to spending more time with Mom. My nineteenth birthday was arriving and I was looking forward to an evening with her.

I was off for only a few days when my grandfather died. My mother and Gram had rarely talked to each other since they moved out. Gram called and talked at length with Mom after his death. Mom was in good spirits during their conversation and it appeared this event was going to help mend their relationship. Gram asked us to attend the funeral and offered her house so we could spend the night, but Mom declined and decided to get a hotel room. She didn't want to burden Gram with taking care of us when she'd be busy dealing with the arrangements.

We drove up and checked into a nice hotel. It was fully booked and we were lucky to get the last room. It was a suite with a king-sized bed in the bedroom and a couch in the front room. When we entered I offered to sleep on the couch. Mom pronounced, "No you won't, we've slept in the same bed on our summer trips before. This is no different. Unless you think I'm going to snore and keep you awake."

It was true. We did share a bed on our road trips, but I was a lot younger and not as horny. I hesitated answering, not wanting to seem too eager to sleep in the same bed with my hot mom. After a short pause I stated, "It'll be fine Mom. I've never heard you snore and even if you do I'm so tired from the trip I'll sleep through it."

We went down to the hotel restaurant and enjoyed a nice dinner before calling it a night. She had a few glasses of wine and was feeling no pain when we left for our room. She leaned into me more than usual in the elevator and on the walk to our room. The scent of her perfume and her soft breast pushing into my arm was exhilarating. As we sat on the couch to watch TV, Mom leaned into me resting her head on my shoulder.

The time went fast as Mom rested, her hot soft body against mine. In an attempt to get more comfortable, she squirmed and snuggled in closer. I hadn't noticed before but the top few buttons on her blouse were undone and a gap opened giving me a clear view of her sexy bra. I openly stared at her barely covered breasts heaving in her restful state. The edge of her dark nipples were barely visible hiding beneath her silky blue bra. I wrapped my arm around her and held her tight enjoying the moment together. After an hour of bliss, Mom stirred and straightened up pulling her blouse together not saying anything as I leered. Her smile conveyed approval and then she broke the mood saying it was time for bed.

She told me to shower and get in bed, then she'd follow. Once I was under the covers and Mom was in the shower, I took off my tee-shirt and threw it to the floor, as I liked sleeping in shorts with nothing else. Mom had turned off the room lights before going in to take her shower. When she came out, the bathroom was dark except for a nightlight. It was dim but light enough I could see Mom was dressed in a thin nightie. Her long bare legs were on display as her sleeping attire ended a few inches below her panties. Her full bra-less tits were pushing up the material but the light was too dim to show her nipples.

She crawled in, leaned over and kissed me on the cheek telling me goodnight. She turned over so her back was facing me. I was rock hard and getting to sleep was going to be a struggle. I thought I should get up and relieve myself in the bathroom, but didn't know how to get by Mom without her seeing my tented shorts. I decided to turn on my side with my back to her to try to sleep. I eventually drifted off reliving several of my favorite fantasies.

I woke up around six feeling overheated. I didn't remember the room temperature excessively hot when we went to sleep. I soon discovered why as my mom had turned over in her sleep and had snuggled up next to me. One of her smooth long legs was draped over my legs. Her bouncy breasts pressed into my back and her arm was wrapped around my bare chest. I could feel her hot breath on my neck and her nightie-clad soft breasts heaving with her deep breaths as she slept.

My prick quickly hardened and found it's way out of the slit in my shorts. I was careful not to make a move so I didn't disturb her. It was more than sexual as I felt so secure and relaxed with her body molded to mine.

I could have remained in this position for the day, but after an hour Mom woke up. She lowered her hand to remove her arm from my chest. She went too low and her arm hit my exposed spongy prick head. I thought she'd jerk away, but instead she gently pulled her arm back keeping contact with my prick as she pulled away. My breathing stopped as Mom scraped my stiff prick along the length of her arm.

She slid her leg off mine and rolled over, getting out of bed to go to the bathroom to get dressed. It was light in the room and I rolled over to

steal a glimpse of her as she walked away. The backs of her bare legs were erotic and I lustfully watched her walk away. When she got to the bathroom door, she turned and smiled saying, "Good Morning Robbie, sleep good? I hope you didn't mind using you to keep warm. I got cold during the night."

She turned enough to show a side profile of her full perky breasts proudly pushing up her thin nightie. I had a hard time moving up to connect our eyes, but eventually did saying, "Slept like a log, Mom. I didn't notice anything." She paused and made no attempt to hide her near nude body as if she were displaying it on purpose.

I wondered if she was teasing me or hesitating because she had just woke up. In either case, it had an effect on me. I hardened fast as my eyes traveled up and down her thinly covered body. My eyes connected to hers and her look told me she knew I was lustfully leering at her.

Her smile grew wide, as she turned and closed the door to change. I got up and threw on my clothes and was ready to go when Mom emerged looking radiant as ever. We left the hotel and went to the funeral services. Mom and Gram hugged each other in their grief and they had a lengthy conversation. I was hoping they'd get back together as I could tell Mom missed the talks with her mother. Gram hugged me tight telling me how much she missed me and was surprised at how much I'd grown. I told her I missed her too and kissed her on the cheek.

On the way home, Mom teared up a few times. I tried to cheer her up as I hated to see her in a depressed state. As we neared home, Mom told me she was overcome with emotion, not from her dad's death, but

from connecting again with her mother. She missed the close relationship they enjoyed when she was younger

Their brief connection at the funeral resulted in Mom and Gram talking more frequently on the phone. After a few weeks, they were talking and laughing together at length on a daily basis. Mom was happier than ever and we had a marvelous dinner for my nineteenth birthday. At this point, my love and lust was solely focused on my mother. My fantasies were strictly of her and I would openly admire her sexy assets when we were together. She never scolded me for staring and her skirts were becoming noticeably shorter.

I still had a few weeks before I started work and was looking forward to advancing my relationship with Mom. I was thinking of various ways to seduce her, when I heard her talking to her mother with a mix of French, Chinese and English like they used to do. I heard my name mentioned several times as I tried without success to understand their dialogue. After Mom hung up, she called me in to the kitchen to talk to her.

She explained that her mother needed someone to help around the house and was feeling lonely with the passing of my grandfather. She offered my services for a week. This threw a wrench in my seduction plan and she saw my disappointment. She pleaded and I couldn't resist her seductive smile and told her I'd be glad to do it. She promised she'd make up for it during the free time I'd have when I got back by taking us somewhere nice.

On my way out to go to Gram's house, Mom hugged me tight and kissed me on the lips. This was a progression from the usual cheek

kissing. Our lips lingered together longer than the usual peck. I breathed in deep taking in her familiar scent which always made me hard. Was she advancing our relationship, or was she conveying to me she would miss me? We parted and she smiled sexily while telling me goodbye.

Driving to Gram's my thoughts were monopolized with the recent events with Mom. The warmth of the sensual parting kiss still lingered on my lips. The sexy near-nude display she openly offered at the hotel and then the accidental scraping of her arm across my hard cock were images keeping me hard. Her smiles had transitioned, more like wanting or lustful, or was it my horny imagination running away. My destination town quickly appeared as I continued to think of Mom.

I arrived and knocked on Gram's door, not entirely sure of how she would treat me after our lengthy separation. We were close when I was younger and fun memories flashed by as I waited for her. Gram answered the door and hugged me tight. I forgot how small she was and as she held me her head was on my chest and her hard bra-less breasts pushed into my stomach. My hardening prick slammed into her midriff. I had to quickly back off to avoid embarrassment.

She looked much younger than her actual mid-fifty years. Her skin was smooth and she had maintained her thin build. She was wearing shorts and as she gave me a tour through the house I admired her legs. They were much thinner than Mom's, but still sexy. She was wearing a tight tee-shirt like she did when I was a child and her nipples were pushed out tight against the material. I doubt if she owned a bra, not needing one to support her small perky breasts.

After I got situated in my room, I met her in the kitchen and we discussed the jobs she had for me. I could see a lot of Mom in her facial features. She had the same cute china-doll smile that kept me hard while she talked. I hadn't noticed how sexy she was when I was growing up. I pictured how she would look riding my cock, but was worried at the same time of breaking her, as she looked so delicate.

I began working on the jobs the next day and she'd help me through each one. She was more touchy than I remembered and hugged me repeatably and kept telling me what a handsome young man I turned out to be. She pampered me and our relationship quickly returned to the close affectionate state when she was raising me. Nothing was too good for her grandson.

I was surprised at Gram's lack of grief for Granddad's passing and wondered if they had emotionally separated long ago. She never mentioned him and her mood was vibrantly happy. She dressed much less conservative than Mom, showing off her bare legs and midriff. She'd wear a short robe in the morning and it was open enough to show the insides of her small breasts when she'd bend down to pour coffee.

I was never reprimanded when I openly stared in her robe, sometimes seeing her aroused pink nipples proudly standing out. After working hard all day, she'd give me a neck and shoulder massage after my shower and her tiny hands felt wonderful on my sore muscles.

The days were hot and we both wore shorts. Our legs touched while working and I suspected she was intentionally making as much skin contact as she could. After a particularly strenuous day of work she told me she'd give me a nice massage before our showers.

We changed to our robes and I laid on her bed face down. She positioned herself so her knees were pressed to the outside of my legs. She pulled my robe off and threw it to the floor. I was nude as Gram began massaging my shoulders and back with her hot tiny hands. She worked lower until she got to my ass cheeks. She gripped them and mauled them like I had imagined massaging Mom's breasts. She pushed them up and I felt cold air hit my ball sack as it was exposed. I heard her breathe deeply and sigh, keeping my pelvis elevated while checking out her grandson's balls and shaft.

She shifted down to my thighs to complete her massage running her hands close to my crotch on each up-stroke. She quietly spoke then, telling me she was going to give me a head massage using an old Chinese technique. I heard a soft thump as I saw her robe land on top of mine. I felt her hot body as she lowered herself, squirming back and forth until we had maximum skin contact. Her breasts were pressed into my back and I was glad my hard prick was in the mattress so she wouldn't see her horny grandson was sexually excited.

She ran her fingers through my scalp and caressed my head in a soothing motion. It felt wonderful and she was whispering in Chinese as she kissed my shoulders. I'm not sure if it was an ancient chant or if she expected me to understand, but it was comforting. When I was close to falling asleep, she got off to put on her robe. I glanced over to catch a glimpse of her landing patch trimmed pussy. She caught me staring, smiled and told me to take my shower as she left the room.

I entered the shower with a raging hard-on and was ready to relieve myself with a Mom fantasy, when I heard the bathroom door open. The next thing I knew she was in the stall with me and she was nude. She

hugged me and told me she wanted to wash me. My hard prick was pressed into her stomach. She said she loved treating her men like kings.

Still red-faced from jamming my rock-hard prick into her as we hugged, I was barely able to say okay as I turned around so she could wash my back. She sensually washed my body, reaching around to clean my front. She avoided my stiff prick while thoroughly cleaning the rest of me. She then turned me around and pulled me down to kiss her. It was an open-mouth kiss and any thoughts of Mom vanished from the sensual kiss Gram was giving me.

"One more thing I want to wash," she lustfully croaked as she wrapped her soapy hands around my stiff prick and began to stroke up and down under the pretense of washing. She rinsed us off, keeping her hands tightly wrapped around my hard staff. She was slowly committing the bumps and veins to memory as her hands explored every inch.

She turned off the water, looked down and muttered, "Oh sweetie, so hard and big. I wonder ..." and abruptly stopped as if she were imagining something from the past. She cupped my balls with one hand massaging them, then looked up to me lustfully saying, "Did your old Gram get you hard and full of cum?"

"You sure did, you're beautiful and your hands are so soft and feel so good on my skin. You are a sexy woman."

"Let me help my poor young man," she mewled as she lowered enough to enclose my hard shaft between her breasts. She pushed her breasts together to create a tight sheath and began moving up and down.

I had no trouble tit-fucking her with my pre-cum soaked dick. I reached around to pull her in tight and stroked my hard shaft between her tits as she pushed in on the sides of her small breasts. My breathing was shallow and rapid. I was getting aroused from tit-fucking my grandmother. She sensed it and on one upstroke, she bent down and sucked in my large mushroom shaped crown. She released her breasts, grabbed my balls with one hand, while firmly stroking my shaft with the other.

Her hand strength was more than I could imagine as she squeezed and milked my shaft. She continued to keep my prick head locked in her mouth, swirling her tongue around the sensitive head while she massaged my balls. I was so stimulated I came within a minute. As I erupted in her mouth, she swallowed my entire payload of cum and continued to stroke my stiff prick until I started to soften.

She released me and rose up to hug me tight. As we kissed, I could taste some residue of my salty semen. "It makes me feel good when I'm pleasing you sweetie," she whispered, as she backed off. I could see the look of content in her eyes. She dried off her wet sexy body with a towel way too big for her small body. We watched some TV, then retired to our bedrooms.

As soon as I was in bed, Gram entered wearing a see-through nightie with nothing underneath. I started to harden at the sight. She came over to the side of the bed and cooed, "I want to sleep with you tonight.

You'll sleep better with your Gram comforting you and I miss the company of a man while sleeping."

I lifted the covers to allow her entry and she quickly climbed in. She told me she wanted to spoon me so I got on my side as she snuggled up to my back and started to gently caress me. After several times hitting my waist band as she stroked, she blurted, "These must go. I want to feel your smooth hard body."

I gladly complied and as I was slipping them off, I felt her shift to remove her nightie. Her thin negligee hit the floor at the same time as my shorts. She snuggled in tight, bonding her nude body to mine. She interwove her left leg between my legs and draped her arm over me, caressing my stomach and chest. She nestled her head in the back of my neck and softly whispered, "Sleep dear. I'll keep you warm and safe."

It reminded me of the time her daughter, my mother, snuggled up to me in the hotel room. I experienced the same secure and content feeling and also had the same problem with a hardening prick. I soon fell asleep with Gram tightly holding me.

Unlike waking up to her holding me tight like I experienced with Mom, I awoke to Gram slurping up and down my hard cock. She was still nude and was sitting on my legs as she slowly sucked my shaft. She was slow and sensual as her mouth caressed my stiff prick. She looked up, locking eyes as she sucked and licked my slick shaft. She continued until I was oozing pre-cum.

A rush of cold air hit my hot prick as she pulled her mouth off and ran her hand up and down my shaft coating it with my slick juices. Positioning her crotch over my shaft, she held me by the base of my cock. Rubbing the head around the mouth of her pussy, she slowly lowered down.

"So big, you didn't inherit this from your grandpa. I have to go slow sweetie; let me do the work. You only have to enjoy."

I was happy to comply, anticipating the great fucking I was going to receive. I was still concerned with her petite body. She spent a long time rubbing the head up and down her pussy lips. We were both oozing pre-cum. I looked down to see her slick lips surrounding my large helmeted head which was ready to pierce her treasure. She managed to lodge the bloated head past her engorged lips. She let it soak for a few minutes, then began a slow descent down my slick pole.

It was tight, nearly painfully, as she lowered down my shaft. After a couple of inches, she would lift back up and then ease back down. My prick was separating folds of pussy that had never experienced a shaft this size. Her pussy squeezed and convulsed as she slowly fucked up and down the top third. I looked up at her face seeing pleasure mixed with determination to fuck her grandson's cock. She reached down and grabbed my sides using me for leverage to stroke up and down my pole.

Her panting was increasing as fast as mine. The pleasure my prick was relaying to my brain was overwhelming. I wanted to hump up and bury my hard cock into her hot channel, but I was still afraid of harming her. Her stroking increased as her pussy accepted the brutal assault

from my hard shaft of flesh. She lowered down further each time and was close to having my entire manhood inside her delicate body.

As if to make room for the rest, she exhaled deeply and fell the rest of the distance until our pubic hair was meshed together. She gasped, replacing the air she had expelled. She moaned in pleasure with my entire length embedded in her cunt. It was boiling hot and tight.

She was smiling lustfully, pleased at her feat. I wonder if she was also concerned it wouldn't fit. She swirled her hips around causing my prick to get caressed by her squeezing snatch. She raised up and lowered quickly several times, fucking me with ease with her loosened, long-unused cunt. I was quickly closing in on an orgasm.

"Gram, I'm close to coming. Your pussy is so tight and hot, I can't last much longer."

"I know sweetie, let it happen. I'm going to make you feel so good," she huskily said as she leaned down and french-kissed me. My excitement peaked and I erupted in her pussy. I spurted out more than I thought possible as her tight pussy kept massaging my erupting prick. When I started to soften, she lifted off my spent member causing a river of cum to flow out of her saturated pussy.

"Good thing I can't have babies. You filled my pussy with so much hot cum."

I hardly noticed her weight as she fell on top me. She was so light and delicate, her breathing still heavy with sexual excitement. I felt remorse as I experienced another orgasm and she still hadn't had one with me. I felt selfish, and she must have sensed it as she softly told me, "Sweetie, enjoy the moment. I get my pleasure when you're happy."

We cleaned up, dressed and worked some more on our home projects. We openly caressed each other throughout the day, working us up to a sexual frenzy by the time evening arrived. After our showers, we wore robes to watch TV. She snuggled up to me on the couch and gently caressed my chest as she told me how her and Mom broke apart.

She told me my grandfather had been reassigned upstate. She didn't want to leave as she was attached to me like a mother. My Mom agreed with her dad and told Gram she should move with her husband. They had a heated argument and Gram accused my mom she was jealous because her son loved her more than his own mother. The argument escalated ending their relationship, resulting in my grandparents moving out.

Gram said she knew it was a dumb fight and should have never happened. It did result in her becoming close to her family in China again. In her loneliness, she reconciled her relationship with them. After Granddad's death, she also decided to make amends with Mom. My mother was more than amicable and they reconciled their differences and became close again. She reached down to hold my prick saying, "I wish I could have been with you growing up to break this in. I could have taught you well."

She was so concerned to please me, that I decided it was her turn. I got up and pulled her up to hug her. I leaned down to kiss her, removing both of our robes as our lips were locked. As we parted, she gave me a questioning look, not knowing what I had in mind. I reached down and swept her off her feet carrying her like a groom would do to his new bride. She was giggling while I easily carried her light body to her bed. I gently placed her on her back and crawled up between her thin sexy legs.

I slowly caressed her calves, then up to her firm thighs. She was enjoying the massage, moaning and groaning as I stroked her legs. This was the first time I was able to examine her near shaved pussy and spent several minutes massaging her mound and engorged lips. I noticed some gray in her thin strip of hair showing her age.

Her pussy hair was silky and smooth as I ran my hands through it, then down to stroke her slick labia. Mom had the same silky black hair as Gram. I wondered what her pussy looked like. In my fantasies I had imagined Mom having a bushy and full mound of hair, but in actuality had no idea. I was getting harder as my mind drifted to images of my mother's nude body.

I felt guilty dreaming about Mom when my original intent was to please Gram. I brought my focus back to the hot nude woman beneath me. I leaned down and kissed her thighs. I sucked in a chunk of hot thigh flesh and she yelled out something in Chinese.

I grabbed the top of her thighs pulling them apart opening her cock-starved gash. I lowered my face to her open pussy, inhaling her musky pussy scent. I lightly licked up and down her slit wetting her fat lips.

Without warning I latched onto her pussy sucking and mauling her sensitive cunt. Her hands went to the back of my head pulling me in hard as I continued to eat her starved pussy. Chinese expletives and my name could be heard throughout the house as she screamed in pleasure.

I stuck my tongue in deep and swirled it around her sensitive pussy walls as she writhed on the bed. I rotated tongue fucking her pussy with clamping down on her sensitive clit between my lips. I was hard as a rock and ceased licking her pussy, proceeding up her body. My hot hands roamed up to her breasts and easily held their entire mass. She humped her pelvis up and down trying to locate the prick she knew was close.

I twisted her taut engorged nipples causing her to scream out again. I positioned my prick at the mouth of her pussy. Her fat lips clamped down hard as if she was afraid I was going to pull back. I leaned down and kissed her as I slowly slid in her hot channel. I was afraid of lowering my weight on her delicate frame but she wrapped her arms around me and pulled me tight to her causing her to expel all the air in her lungs. We explored each other's mouths as I slowly pushed my rock hard cock into her tight convulsing pussy. She was fully aroused and was stroking my back as she kept humping up trying to get more of my prick into her canal.

Once I hit bottom, I started to fuck her fast and hard. In and out I plowed into her velvety lined cunt. She wrapped her legs around my waist bouncing her pelvis to meet my thrusts. She was burning up with sexual passion and I had the hose to quench her fiery cunt.

"Sweetie, you fuck me so good. Fill your Gram. I'm going to come, and it's going to be a big one. Oh, fuck me honey!"

I was short on breath but was able to reply with, "Yes Gram, I'm going to fill your pussy with a load of hot cum. Come with me! Make us both happy."

I continued sawing in and out of her pussy. I varied my strokes and noticed her catching her breath when my prick head scraped a rough patch on her pussy wall. I concentrated on her G-spot and pounded her hot cunt as hard as I could. She was having a hard time breathing and was nearing climax. I locked my lips to hers and looked into her open eyes as my prick swelled to it's largest possible size. Her eyes widened with the knowledge I was coming. Her pussy violently clamped down on my invading cock. She climaxed again and then my balls shot out it's first payload of cum.

She experienced a stronger orgasm when she felt me flood her cavern with hot gooey sperm. We climaxed together several more times until we were both spent. Her legs released my back and I rolled off and held her as we both relished our post-coital incestuous coupling. She snuggled up to me caressing my tired body.

"I haven't come like for a long time, sweetie. You're such a wonderful lover. I'm so lucky to have you here," she said while gently stroking me.

"You're so sexy Gram, I haven't come so hard either. You wore me out," I rasped as we rested. Our breathing became softer and deeper as we both fell into a deep sleep, sexually satisfied.

The next day we spent relaxing around the yard and house as we were done with our projects. My time was up and I dreaded leaving my hot grandmother. The thought of getting back to Mom cheered me up, making up for the disappointment of leaving Gram.

Mom and Gram talked a long time on the phone in the afternoon and I didn't catch much of their conversation, but at the end of the call Gram appeared to be happier than normal.

We celebrated our last night and went out for a nice dinner. After we got home, we showered and watched some TV. Gram wore her sexy nightie, nude underneath, causing me to be hard most of the night. We retired early to her room, both of us knowing we weren't going to get much sleep. We made love several times during the night, savoring each coupling as if it was our last.

After breakfast I packed up and went out to the living room to say goodbye to Gram. She was beautifully dressed in a short skirt and a tight blouse. I was trying to think of a way to call Mom and make an excuse to stay longer, when I noticed a suitcase on the floor. I looked up to see her grinning at my puzzlement.

"Robbie, I'm going with you. That's what your mom and I was talking about yesterday. I'm going to spend a week with you and your mom. I can't wait to tell her everything we've been doing."

My puzzlement turned to fear. Mom would kill me if she knew I'd been fucking her mother. She was laughing at my expression as she teased, "Kidding silly. What happens at Gram's house stays at Gram's house."

We laughed as we went to the car for the drive home. I was excited to be heading home to Mom, but apprehensive with Gram staying with us. I wanted to be alone with Mom this week, but it would still be fun being with these two women I loved.

Mom greeted us with a hug, then showed Gram to her room. We went to the living room to talk. Mom wanted to know what jobs I had done at her mother's house. After hearing all I'd done, she told me she was so glad I was able to help out. I smiled, wondering what she'd think if she knew I was stuffing her mother's snatch full of dick.

Gram and I were sitting on the couch and Mom was in a chair opposite us. I kept glancing at Mom's beautiful legs. Her short skirt had risen halfway up her thighs and the show of bare flesh was causing me to harden. I switched to look at Gram's exposed legs and compared them. Both were sexy and I longed to stroke each.

After a few hours, Mom told us she was going to go to the market for groceries, and it'd be faster if she went alone. As soon as Mom's car was out of the garage, Gram demanded, "Go to your room and get undressed. I'm going to take care of you before you explode."

I removed my clothes as I walked to my room. "I saw how hard you became staring at your mom's legs. She's so beautiful and sexy I can't blame you," said my Gram as she followed me in my room. As I was

taking off my shorts, I saw a pile of clothes land beside me. Damn, she could strip fast. I turned around to admire my nude Gram and she wasted no time as she pushed me on to my bed.

"Make me ready. I'm going to fuck you fast and hard," Gram lustfully grunted as she straddled me, lowering her steamy snatch to my face. I grabbed her ass cheeks and held her tight as I licked her slot. She engulfed my hard prick and caressed it with her lips and tongue. She was leaking as I tongued her sensitive pussy. Once my shaft was thoroughly coated, she released it and shifted toward my feet, directing my prick to her juicy snatch. She lowered down faster than our previous fucks. She hit bottom and quickly stroked up and down fucking my shaft. I had a view of her ass as she was humping me.

I reached up and caressed her tiny ass cheeks helping her hump up and down my rod. I was so excited from staring at mom's legs coupled with the fact I was screwing her mother in our house, I was close to a climax. Lucky for me she was doing most of the work so I could hopefully last long enough to give her an orgasm.

She was getting more aroused as she humped up and down my shaft at the odd angle. She abruptly stopped with my cock bottomed out in her hot cunt. I looked up and couldn't believe how nimble she was, as she turned around while my prick stayed fully lodged in her. Facing me with a triumphant smile, she was obviously pleased with herself. She resumed fucking me at a frantic pace.

She humped my shaft, her small tits flopping up and down. She had her hands on my stomach, using it for leverage as she fucked me for several more minutes. She looked fully aroused and was ready to

climax. As she bent down to kiss me, I reached up and mauled her small breasts. She moaned in my mouth as I tweaked her sensitive nipples.

I reached around and hugged her tight, then rolled her over so I was on top. I furiously humped her convulsing hot pussy as she screamed out in pleasure. She was coming as I hammered her hard. My cock spurt out it's first stream and she came again. I continued to drench her pussy as she climaxed on my spitting prick. After we were spent, I remained in her and rolled to the side, leaving my prick in her cum-filled cunt. We didn't say anything, recovering from our intense incestuous coupling.

My cock slipped out as it softened and Gram reached down to rub our mixed juices on my stomach and chest. "You are such a good lover," my grandmother softly murmured.

"Anyone would be a good lover with you, Gram, you're so hot."

We lay silent for several minutes when Gram said, "You know, your mother wants a man in her life."

"I didn't know she was looking. She's still young enough to get a man. It makes sense. I guess she'll be looking for a husband, It won't take long, she's so beautiful," I stuttered, sounding disappointed, as I didn't want her to be with another man.

"Don't worry sweetie, she's not going to get a new man anytime soon. She told me on the phone she wasn't looking because of you. She loves

you and doesn't want to get a new man while you're home," Gram whispered to me, observing my reaction.

I had mixed feelings on this information. I didn't want her to get a new man, but I didn't want to prevent her from being happy either.

Before I could answer, she said, "I think you should be her man. She loves you. You love her. Give her what she needs."

I tried not to smile, but I couldn't help it, my thoughts visualizing me fucking my beautiful mother. I wondered how this would be possible, but then again, who thought I'd be fucking my grandmother on a regular basis.

She reached down to my hardening prick picking up on my lecherous mother-son thoughts. She gently caressed it saying, "Yes, you like the thought of fucking my beautiful daughter. I'll help you. We will be one big happy family."

She told me she had a special relationship with my mom and she'd be able to connect us physically. I expressed some doubts, but she assured me she knew her daughter better than I did. She could tell from their phone conversations and how she acted around me that she was in love with me, more than a normal mother and son.

After Mom got back from shopping, Gram suggested we go out and see the sights around town. Whenever there was an opportunity, Gram positioned me between Mom and herself and intertwined her arm in

mine. She pushed me into Mom whenever she could, mashing Mom's nearest breast into my side or arm. Mom didn't say anything to her mother and pushed back, smiling and laughing during our flirting.

We ate dinner at a nice restaurant and went home for the evening. Gram said she was going to shower and get comfortable for the night. Mom and I followed suit and went to our rooms. Gram was first out and sat on the couch with barely enough room for one person between her and the end. Mom emerged from her room and Gram told her to sit beside her in the narrow spot. I was last to show up, dressed in a tee-shirt and loose silk shorts, which was a good thing as I quickly hardened.

Gram was wearing a see-through nightie, bra-less, but was wearing panties. Mom was red-faced, squished in between her sexy mother and the end of the couch. She was wearing a thin robe and it had risen up to show a lot of thigh flesh.

When I approached, Gram slid over and told me to sit, patting the small area between her and Mom. It was a tight fit and my bare legs were snug against both women. Gram wrapped her arm around me, hugged me and proclaimed, "Here he is, my favorite grandson. He's grown into such a fine young man, don't you think Bev?"

Mom answered, "Yes, he has his father's physique, he's very attractive. And Mom, he is your only grandchild, so you may be bias. And I bet you're his favorite grandmother, especially when you wear your nightie." Mom's face was less red from initially seeing her mother in her thin covering, but made sure to comment on it. She displayed no anger in saying it, more like teasing.

Gram hugged me tighter saying, "It's so comfortable, maybe too revealing, but it feels good on my skin."

Mom looked over at her commenting again on her attire with, "You should probably wear a bra when you're around Robbie. Seeing you like this could make him uncomfortable."

"Oh Bev, I don't own a bra and it's so much better being free. I doubt if you wear one either under your robe. Bras are so constricting." She removed her arm from around me and placed it on my leg patting it while saying, "You don't mind, do you Robbie?"

"Of course not. I never object to having such beautiful women sitting close to me," I blurted, smiling wide and looking from one to the other. Gram stroked my leg gently while we watched TV. As sweat was forming on my legs from being trapped between two hot women, Gram rasped, "Robbie, take off your shirt. You're overheating." Before anyone could say anything, she grabbed the bottom of my shirt and pulled it up and off.

"There, that's better, isn't it," she said as her hand came up and stroked my chest wiping away beads of sweat.

"Yea, it is getting warm in here," I breathed, as I saw Mom stealing looks at my chest and stomach. Gram's hand went back to my leg and stroked it some more. Nothing more was spoken for the next thirty minutes and I was enjoying the smooth caressing from Gram and the close contact

of my leg pressed to Mom's hot body. I was hardening and my shorts formed a tent.

Gram reached over and grabbed my rising prick covered by my thin shorts and rasped, "Robbie, it's unhealthy for you to remain excited for so long. You need to release, so you can relax." I saw Mom's eyes dart to Gram's hand with a look of panic and surprise. Gram reached up to the top of my shorts and pulled them down past my balls, then gripped my hard prick and stroked it up and down.

It was my turn to turn red. I felt blood rush to my face as my cock was on full display in front of my mother. I was amazed Gram exposed my hardness with Mom next to us. I thought for sure this was crossing the line. Mom was speechless as she witnessed my shaft getting stroked by her mother.

"Mother! That's my son! " Mom screamed, but didn't sound angry. This was the first time she had seen my adult prick and her eyes were locked on to it.

"Oh Bev, relax. I did this to your dad to relax him. It's harmless. He has to release his load when it builds up."

I closed my eyes enjoying the moment, as Gram squeezed hard, stroking up and down. I thought if my eyes were shut, Mom wouldn't be as uncomfortable with her son's exposed prick so close. As Gram fondled my balls with her other hand she said, "See Bev, he has a lot of pressure down here. They are so full and tight. Feel them." Mom was in a daze unknowing how to react. Gram pulled Mom's hand over to

cup my balls. Mom continued to massage and caress me after Gram removed her hand.

Gram stroked harder and squeezed my head each time at the top. It surprised me Gram had the power to control Mom to convince her to fondle my balls. A thought came to me that maybe Mom was using Gram as an excuse to advance our relationship. Mom gently squeezed my balls pushing me over the edge. A large blob of cum hit my upper chest as my prick erupted. Several more loads spewed out covering my chest and stomach with pools of sticky cum. One glob was rolling toward the edge and Gram quickly scooped it up saying, "You can't make a mess on the couch, you nasty boy."

I opened my eyes to see Mom intently staring at my hard cock and the piles of white sticky ejaculate. She used her fingers to wipe up a glob like Gram to prevent it from rolling on the couch. Mom gasped when Gram stuck her fingers in her mouth and sucked down the glob of cum she had recovered.

"Mother, you shouldn't do that. I'll go get some Kleenex," Mom murmured as she got up to go to the kitchen. We watched her leave and when she thought we weren't looking, she put her own cum covered fingers in her mouth to lick off her son's sticky semen. Mom came back and cleaned up the cum on my chest as Gram wiped off my prick.

"So messy, but I bet you feel better, don't you Robbie," Gram said as she pulled my shorts back up over my softening cock.

"Yea, Gram. Thanks a lot. I didn't realize how much stress I had. I'm tired. I think I'll go to bed."

We got up off the couch and Gram wrapped her arms around Mom and me pulling us together. Mom's meaty breasts were pressed into my side as Gram hugged us tight.

"Goodnight, my wonderful family. It is so nice being with the people I love most," Gram said as we parted. Mom and Grandma stayed back and was talking to each other as I went to my room. I left the door open a crack so I could hear what they were saying.

"Mom, I don't know if it's a good idea what you're doing to Robbie. You know, he wouldn't be sexually excited if you'd dress more appropriately," my Mom said, lightly scolding her mother. She still didn't seem as mad as she should have been, more like a duty as a mother to protect her son.

"Oh Bev, he'll be fine. His young body is full of hormones and if you must know, he's also getting excited when he looks at your legs. You have such a lovely and sexy figure. It wouldn't hurt to show it off to your son. Another problem I noticed when he was staying with me a lot of the slutty neighborhood girls were chasing him. You wouldn't want him to get his heart broken with some immature slut, would you? Wouldn't it be better to keep him home until he finds a nice girl?"

I laughed to myself as the only slutty girl I encountered at Gram's was her. I could see Mom thinking over what she said. The last statement hit home and her expression softened as Gram convinced her it was for

my good. She responded with, "Well, he certainly is handsome. I guess it wouldn't hurt until he gets in a healthy relationship. I have a nightie I'm sure he'll like. He's seen me in it before."

I didn't sleep for awhile, amazed out how well Gram could manipulate my mother. I hoped Mom would wear her nightie. I was positive she was referring to the one from the hotel.

I awoke refreshed and anxious to continue a day with Mom and Gram. I threw on a robe with nothing underneath and went to the kitchen for breakfast. Both were wearing short robes preparing breakfast during their constant conversation. They told me to sit while they brought the food to the table. We ate and discussed what we'd do today. Their bare legs and parted robes woke up my horny prick. I quickly hardened and the top three inches of my prick stuck out my robe. I was close enough to the table so no one would notice.

When we finished eating, Mom and Gram got up to take away the dishes. Gram looked over my shoulder and saw my exposed cock. She pulled me back from the table, pulled my robe apart and exclaimed, "Oh look Bev, we can't let Robbie go out like this today. Let me take care of this."

She firmly grasped my prick, stroking up and down while Mom stood close and watched her mother once again jack off her son. Gram was squeezing hard and twisting on my bloated head causing pre-cum to lubricate my pole. She was gripping my prick hard and my thoughts drifted back to the first time I fucked her, remembering how tight it felt.

She grasped my hand and pulled it inside her robe to cup one of her breasts as she commented, "More stimulation will allow you to finish faster. We can't wait any longer for you to release your tension." Mom didn't say anything but she did fold her arms up under her breasts, as if she were imagining what it would feel like if her son was cupping her titillating tits.

I was fully aroused and cried out, "Gram, I think I'm ready."

"Not on the clean floor," Gram purred as she leaned down and popped my spurting prick in her mouth. She kept stroking my convulsing prick urging my cum to spew out. Mom's sudden intake of air and her arms rising up putting pressure on her breasts betrayed her obvious arousal. I expected her to say something, but she was having a hard time breathing as she stared at her mother swallowing down her son's cum. Gram pulled off leaving some globs of sperm running down my pole.

She fell back in her chair acting fatigued and said, "Bev, finish cleaning up Robbie. I'm exhausted."

Mom grabbed a few Kleenexes and carefully wiped my sticky cock clean, holding the shaft with one hand. She had to dab my pubic hair several times and then ran the wipes around my balls. After my cum was cleaned off, she ran a wipe around my balls and shaft for several more minutes. She released me and I pulled my robe closed concealing my satisfied spent prick.

We continued the day as yesterday, with Gram trying her best to get as much physical contact between Mom and I as she could. They both

wore shorter skirts and Mom was bra-less. Her blouse wasn't tight, but I could see the hard points of her nipples pushing out the material several times during the day. I was getting hard thinking of tonight's activities. Gram told me privately she had something special planned for me tonight.

We dined at a nice restaurant and arrived back home to relax for the evening. I showered and decided to wear only my silk gym shorts. Much to my delight, Mom and Gram were both wearing nighties. Mom was bra-less and her firm breasts proudly stood out under the thin material. It was the nightie she wore in the hotel. It opened in the front and the top several buttons were undone, showing the insides of her bare breasts. I barely made it to the couch without tripping, intently staring at Mom's thinly clad body. I sat as before with their legs pressed to mine.

We had a pleasant conversation while watching some sitcoms. I was having trouble keeping from getting hard trapped between these two sexy women. Gram reached down and started to stroke my leg. She commented, "Robbie, your legs are so much bigger than mine. Look at my skinny legs compared to your powerful legs."

She squeezed my thigh muscle as if to demonstrate the difference. She took my hand and placed it on her leg guiding it up and down her thin smooth leg. She whispered, "See how small mine are. You are so strong. My legs are too skinny, aren't they?"

I stroked up and down, enjoying the texture of her hot flesh, then said, "Gram, your legs don't have to be strong and large to support your thin

build. They're the right size for you and are smooth and firm." I squeezed her thigh several times emphasizing my appraisal.

Mom wasn't saying anything but stared red-faced while I stroked Gram's leg. Gram directed my other hand to Mom's leg above her knee and used my hand to stroke up her thigh saying, "See how your Mom's legs are stronger than mine? What do you think of her legs?" My mother inhaled deep as my hand touched her bare thigh. She didn't say anything, but her eyes went to my hand touching her where I had never touched before. I was waiting for her to object, but she was silent and her breathing was short and rapid.

I slowly stroked up Mom's firm thigh and then back to her knee. Her flesh was hot and I resisted the urge to lean down and suck in a hunk of succulent thigh flesh. I continued to stroke both of their thighs and my shorts were tented up from my fully aroused cock.

"Mom's legs are firm and smooth as your legs. Both of you have wonderful legs." I glanced at Mom's breasts to see the nipples fully hardened pressed out tight against her thin nightie. Her breathing was labored as I caressed her thigh, going closer to her pussy each stroke.

Gram broke the mood by saying, "Oh dear, looks like Robbie is in a painful state again." She pulled my shorts down and my hard prick sprung out at full staff. She started to stroke my hard cock. Her touch was light and less tight than before, allowing me to enjoy the moment without the worry of coming. After a few minutes, she released me and stood up. She headed to her room as she ordered, "Beverly Ann, finish him up. I have to go to the bathroom."

Mom didn't reply, taken back from her mother using her full name instead of Bev, as if she were a child in trouble. I wondered how many times Gram used that tone with Mom when she was growing up. It's a trick Mom used on me to emphasize no back talk, just obey. Mom was in a trance trying to figure out her next move. She glanced at Gram's closed door, reached over and slowly wrapped her fingers around my shaft. She had a firm grip on my hot cock and was exploring every inch of it as she stroked up and down. I started to leak pre-cum and her hand coated my shaft with my juices.

I was still caressing her thigh, gently squeezing it while Mom was focused on massaging my prick. It was so slick with juices I barely felt mom's pressure from her stroking. Mom quietly asked, "Are you getting close Robbie?"

"I don't know if it's going to happen Mom. It's feels weird having my mother jack me off. I could use some help," I whispered as I lustfully stared at her full breasts. I knew I risked ending the ordeal, but those luscious tits were driving me crazy. I had to touch them.

"Go ahead. Let's get this over with," my mom said as she reached over and guided my hand to her nearest nightie-clad breast. She inhaled deeply as I cupped her tit and her stroking rate increased. This was the first time I had Mom's full breast in my hand. Covered by a layer of fabric didn't make it any less exciting making my head spin. I don't know how I didn't blow. I squeezed her meaty globe, marveling in it's beauty. My fingers gently wrapped around her thinly covered nipple, gently squeezing it causing her to quickly exhale. As she continued to stroke me, I released her tit and brought her head down for a kiss.

She didn't hold back this time as she french-kissed me. I could feel her quickly exhaling through her nostrils from the heat of the kiss. I reached through her nightie front, seizing and kneading her full bare breast. She didn't back off and continued to slide her hand up and down my slippery hard pole. After a few minutes of bliss, I pulled back to tell her I was close. She had a look of lust in her eyes as she leaned down and stuffed my hot prick in her mouth.

"Oh god!" I screamed, surprised by Mom engulfing my hot cock. I caught myself from saying anything else. I didn't want to interfere with the wonderful cock sucking I was receiving. I didn't have to worry, as she was lost in her own world slurping up and down the hard cock she's been fantasizing over for years. It might have been a long time since she'd had practice, but it was obvious she missed sucking a hard cock and she was an expert at it.

She didn't hold on to the head and stroke me with her hand like Gram had done. She was slowly going up and down my hard shaft, scraping her teeth along the way. Her tongue would swish around my sensitive head on the upstroke. I was squeezing her breast hard as she continued milking my hard cock.

She increased her pace and I knew I was going to spew out my load. I twisted her nipple hard as I shot out a hot stream of cum. She squirmed and her body was shaking as she sucked hard. She swallowed every drop of cum I deposited in her hot receptive mouth. She allowed my prick to remain until it started to soften, then released my spent member and pulled my shorts back up.

She kissed me lightly on the lips, softly saying, "Did that relieve you, honey?"

Clearly an understatement, I would never have imagined Mom was so eager to suck cock. I was beginning to think Gram didn't have as much control over Mom as she thought. She had her own sexual agenda and I was part of it.

"Oh yea Mom, that was great. Thank you so much," I said as I reluctantly removed my hand from her breast.

Before we could say anymore, Gram came back in the room with a broad smile, witnessing the whole thing from a crack in the door.

"Is Robbie cleaned up and done, Bev?"

"Yes Mother, he's finished. Everything is fine." Her response reminded me of a daughter reporting to her Mom her homework was done. She looked like she wanted Gram's approval for doing such good work. Gram smiled and gave Mom the look of approval she desired.

"Okay kids, let's get a good rest and hit the sights again tomorrow. Come give me a hug," Gram said as she held out her arms to hug both of us. Two women in thin nighties were tightly hugging me, pressing their thinly covered breasts into my bare chest. I was in heaven. I looked down to see a large wet spot on Mom's panties barely hidden beneath her nightie. She obviously had a climax, while giving her son a blowjob.

She was so horny I briefly envisioned stripping her and fucking her on the floor in front of Gram. I still wasn't sure if she was ready to accept an incestuous coupling. She might have been caught up in the process of helping me relieve my stress. Before I could think too much, they pulled back and headed to their rooms.

Gram had warned me earlier to proceed slow with Mom. She didn't want her daughter to think she was being forced into anything. I was beginning to think Gram didn't realize her daughter was as horny as her. I went to bed thinking of how the seduction would progress the next day.

When I showed up for breakfast the following morning they were wearing their short robes. After we finished, Mom got up to clean the table. She hesitated by me, as if she were waiting for a repeat blowjob. Gram didn't mention anything concerning my stress relief. She walked to her room saying, "We should get going. I want to see a lot of the town today."

Gram was going to leave us in a sexually excited state throughout the day. Mom and Gram looked extra attractive today, each wearing short skirts and were bra-less. Mom wrapped her arm around me and initiated skin contact whenever she could without Gram's help. She was competing with Gram, flirting more aggressively. I was enjoying the attention from these beautiful women.

After touring the city for several hours we went grocery shopping, ending the day at a nice restaurant. While having dessert, Mom invited Gram to move in and live with us permanently. She immediately accepted and said she was excited to have a close family again. She told

us she had also made amends with her family in China last year and was so pleased to have her entire family back.

When we got home Mom and Gram went to take their showers while I unloaded the car and stowed the groceries. Mom finished first and was in the living room before I was done. She walked over and hugged me thanking me for the fun day and telling me how much it meant to her having her mother move back in. She lightly kissed me on the lips, then backed up to allow me to go take my shower.

I quickly stopped when I saw what she was wearing. Her thin nightie was the only thing she had on. I could discern her full black hairy bush and her dark hard pointed nipples through her thin nightie. I was instantly hard and stood frozen as I stared at her beauty. She cleared her throat, and nodded to my room to bring me back to reality. "Take your shower sweetie, I'll go work in the kitchen until you and Mom are finished."

I ran into my shower with a raging hard-on. I was going to relieve my turgid member, but decided to save myself for whatever Mom had planned. Right after I dried off, my door opened and Gram walked in with a towel around her. She threw it down as she came over and pressed her nude hot body to mine, kissing me.

"You're so hard, sweetie. Did your two ladies get you hot and bothered today?" She wrapped her hand around my prick and stroked it hard. I was leaking pre-cum and her hand was coating my shaft with my juices.

"Yea, and to top it off Mom is wearing her nightie with nothing underneath. I can't wait to get back out there," I excitedly told my Gram, eager to check out my hot mom.

"It's time you fucked your mother, sweetie," Gram cooed as she stroked me. "But first we have to take the edge off. If you were to stick this in your mom, you'd be done under a minute. My daughter deserves to come hard the first time her son fucks her."

"Open the door. It's time to show your Mom what she's missing." She positioned herself on the bed so her pussy was on the edge facing the door. She lifted her legs and spread them displaying her wet snatch ready for a fucking.

I went over to the door and opened it, then went back and started to feed my hard prick into her tiny tight pussy. I stroked in and out increasing my pace as she loosened up. She pulled me to her open mouth for a french-kiss. I massaged her breasts and squeezed her engorged nipples as we kissed.

Her pussy was hot and slippery as it kept massaging my prick. She whispered, "Fuck me Robbie, come in me like you want to do with your mom."

I fucked her hard and fast, trying to climax as fast as possible. I flashed through the images of my near-nude mom from the last few days and my arousal increased. I remembered feeling Mom's full breast while she blew me and I got harder and closer to orgasm. Gram could sense I was going to come.

She wrapped her legs around my waist as I pummeled into her. Her head was on my shoulder whispering into my ear while she was watching the doorway. "Robbie, she's going to be here soon. Let's give her a good show."

She started to scream my name along with a few Chinese and French phrases which were obvious words of pleasure. I pounded into her at a furious pace. I didn't hear any footsteps, but Gram whispered in my ear, "She's at the doorway. Watching. Smiling. Give her a show Robbie."

I slowed my pace pulling out until my prick was barely in her pussy, then eased back in until our wet pubic hair meshed together. Witnessing my slick shiny prick sinfully sliding in and out of her mother was having an effect on Mom.

Gram whispered again, "She has her fingers in her hot cunt. She's stroking at the same pace as you. Squeeze my breasts and twist my nipples sweetie. Fuck me faster."

I mauled her breasts, kneading and twisting her nipples. I increased the rate I was pummeling her with my fleshy ram. We were nearing orgasm and ready to complete our taboo act in front of Mom.

"Oh yes, she's squeezing her tit now. You're fucking her in her mind. She's ready Robbie. Come in me. Fill me with hot cum!"

She lifted her pelvis so Mom would have an unobstructed view of her son pumping her mother full of stiff cock. I kissed her and as our tongues fought my balls erupted it's first load of cum. Gram's pussy clamped down, coming hard, causing our juices to flow out of her hot hole. The loud wet sloppy sounds filled the room as I continued to fill my Gram's hot cunt full of sticky cum. Mom still hadn't said anything, frozen, fucking herself while watching our carnal copulation.

Our orgasms ended and I slowly pulled my sticky cock out and flopped down on the bed flat on my back with my cum drenched prick standing proud. I looked at Mom, still frozen and fucking herself. She licked her lips sensuously as her eyes locked on to my soaked freshly-fucked prick.

"Sweetie, go over to your boy. Clean our cum off your son's cock before he soils the sheets," Gram said, smiling broadly.

Mom removed her hand from her pussy, walked in a trance to stand next to my nude body. She leaned down, locked eyes with mine and licked up and down my shaft drinking in our mixed juices. Gram crawled up further on the bed and watched as her daughter cleaned my soaked manhood. Long after my prick was void of cum, Mom was still sucking my half hard prick attempting to coax it back to life.

"Bev, you missed some," my Gram whimpered as she spread her legs showing her cum-filled pussy. Mom switched to Gram's pussy and began licking up our sweet syrup.

"Yes honey, eat your son's cum out of my pussy. It's so tasty, isn't it?"

My mom moaned in agreement as she devoured her mom's pussy. The view was erotically stimulating witnessing my nightie-clad mother eating her mom's pussy. It surprised me I could feel signs of recovery after coming in my grandma moments earlier. Mom's tempting tits hung down against the thin fabric. Gram reached up and pulled on Mom's nightie revealing her full smooth ass and then continued to pull it until her hanging breasts were revealed. I looked up to my smiling Gram and without verbal communication she relayed to me it was time for me to fuck my mother.

I positioned myself behind Mom while she was bent over tongue fucking Gram. I held her smooth ass cheeks and traveled up her waist, feeling her hot flesh for the first time. Slowly caressing her sides and rib-cage my hands explored her hot body. Gliding up to the outside of her breasts I moved my hands around to firmly hold each meaty globe.

I was in heaven. This was much better than my fantasies. Her flesh was hot and firm. I was fully hard again living out my fantasy I have dreamed of for so long. Gram wrapped her legs around Mom's head locking her firmly to her cunt.

My fingers trapped Mom's firm engorged nipples and I lightly squeezed and tweaked them causing her to squeal. I traveled back along her tight stomach and ran my hands up and down her hot firm thighs. I squeezed her thigh flesh moving her legs further apart to reveal her treasure. Her black hairy pussy was full, but not entirely untamed. It was trimmed to provide a clean line on the sides and the height of her hairy bush was uniformly cut. Her crevice barely hidden in her forest of hair was an intoxicating sight.

I lightly ran my finger up and down her wet slit. I slid a finger into her hot snatch. I inserted another finger, then another and explored her smooth slick walls. I gently stroked in and out and after a dozen strokes she hunched her hips back and forth matching my finger fucking. She was leaking profusely as she continued to chew on Gram's pussy. I slowly withdrew my fingers which caused her to spread her legs opening up her hot snatch. She was begging to be fucked by her son.

Moving closer I ran the head of my hard prick up and down her fat cunt lips. Her juices were flowing, coating my shaft for it's glorious journey. I eased my head past her lips and let it sit in her tight channel. I would remember this for the rest of my life, the first time I had my prick in my mother. I slowly stroked in and out, an inch at a time, letting her get used to her son's cock. She wasn't as tight as Gram, but it felt smoother and hotter. The big difference being this was my mother, the woman I've been lusting after for years.

As I continued to push my shaft into her receptive pussy, I reached up to caress her buoyant breasts. Her body was shaking as I drove deeper into her depths. My balls hit her mound of fur as I bottomed out. I pulled out to her entrance and pushed back in hard. I repeated several more times. Her body wracked with an orgasm and her cunt clamped down on my prick as I continued to pound her sensitive cunt while she climaxed. I was thankful Gram had the sense to take the edge off me as I would have blown on my first stroke as stimulating as this was.

Mom's pent up sexual tension over the years had caught up with her, causing her to quickly orgasm from her son's hard prick. I stopped stroking, leaving my prick fully inserted in her horny cunt as she

recovered from her intense orgasm. I explored and caressed her body as she continued to eat Gram's snatch.

It wasn't long before she started to hump back into me signaling she was ready for another hard pounding from her son. I began pumping in and out of her hot cunt. I looked down to marvel in the lewd act of my hard prick succeeding it's long-awaited journey to invade Mom's hairy pussy. It was white and slimy, coated with Mom's copious flowing cum. I firmly held on to her hips for more leverage as I fucked her. I hammered into her pummeled pussy as hard and as fast as I could, giving her the hard fucking she deserved. I was still far from having my own orgasm so I didn't hold back, furiously fucking my mother.

She was moaning and writhing as I fucked her hungry cunt. She gave up on sucking on Gram's pussy, as she was panting so hard and screaming in pleasure. She moved up to kiss Gram and they french-kissed like they were long-time lovers.

Mom was furiously humping back on my thrusts. I rammed in hard several more times and Mom climaxed again, her cunt contracting on my prick. I kept fucking her while she climaxed. I felt proud of myself for bringing Mom to orgasm again. I thought back to when Gram told me my mother deserved a good first fucking from her son and I felt I had indeed succeeded.

I felt her relax after her climaxes subsided and her body went limp. I didn't want to continue to ravish her, not having come yet. I gently extracted my hard rod and pulled her off Gram. I helped her lie on the bed caressing her spent relaxed body.

She looked up at me with nothing but love and huskily said, "Finish off in your Gram. She needs to come on your wonderful prick."

I gladly inserted my rock-hard prick in Gram's loose and juicy cunt and rammed it home. Gram was close to an orgasm from the intense cunt sucking from her daughter. I stroked in and out of her as fast as I could while squeezing her breasts. As I drew near orgasm, I leaned down and kissed her. She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight as her cunt clamped down in orgasm. My prick expanded as I had my own climax.

After we finished coming, I pulled out and collapsed on the bed between the two spent women. We rested in post-coital bliss and didn't say anything for several minutes. Our hearts were racing and we were out of breath from the incestuous fucking.

Mom was the first to speak with, "Wow, so damn good. It's been too long since I've been with a man. I've missed having a physical relationship so much, and now I don't have to hide my lustful urges for my handsome son." She leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips as she caressed my chest.

"We owe our happiness to Gram, Mom. She is an amazing mother, nearly as great as mine." They both smiled and caressed my body as we recovered.

We planned a trip for the next day to drive to Gram's place to pick up some of her personal effects until she hired a moving company. Gram said she was excited to move back in to continue help raising her grandson. We laughed, knowing any further help was going to be sexual in nature. We decided to go to our own beds ensuring a good night's sleep for the long drive.

When I awoke, I heard noises in the kitchen. I went in to see Mom preparing breakfast. She told me Gram was taking her shower and I should take mine before breakfast. As I passed Gram's room, I heard her shower running. I quietly opened her bedroom door, went in and dropped my robe on the floor. I saw her in the shower, soaped up and humming to herself. I opened the shower door, stepped in and asked, "Remember how you like to clean your grandson?"

She smiled and hugged me tight while rubbing my back with her soapy hands. I leaned down and kissed her as she continued to wash my body. She sensually washed and rinsed me. When done, she stroked my prick to full hardness saying, "You want the full job like last time?"

She briefly looked disappointed as I told her, "No, thanks. I have something else in mind." I reached down to hold her ass cheeks and lifted her light body up so we were eye to eye. She wrapped her arms around my neck as we kissed. Her legs wrapped around me as I lowered her open cunt down to my waiting shaft. As the head traveled past the mouth of her pussy, she wiggled around screwing her body down onto my hard fleshy bolt.

I easily lifted her up and down fucking her on my prick. She hugged tighter as our sexual arousal increased. I walked her to the wall of the

shower and pushed into her harder. I held her in place and thrust in and out, hard and fast. She was shaking, nearing orgasm. She released my mouth to scream out my name as she climaxed. My prick exploded, filling her plowed pussy with the cum I'd stored up through the night.

I thought for sure Mom would hear us and come in to see what was going on, but there was no sign of her. We rinsed, dried each other off and got dressed to get breakfast. We walked in together and Mom looked jealous and was blushing, knowing what we had been doing.

"You two get your showers done? Sounds like someone got hurt in there," Mom said.

Gram explained with, "Well Bev, we don't have to worry about relieving your son's pent up tension this morning, along with mine." She looked so happy and satisfied causing Mom's expression to quickly turn to compassion and understanding seeing her mother so happy.

"You two owe me," she said, smiling broadly as she brought our plates to the table. Nothing more was mentioned concerning our coupling as we planned the day's drive.

We didn't take long at Gram's and were able to have a nice dinner on the way back home.

After changing to my robe I went to the living room and sat by Gram, already on the couch. Mom walked out showing off her beautiful nude body announcing, "I'm ready to give you two a tour of your new bed.

It's big enough for the three of us." She turned to leave with Gram and I quickly following, leaving our robes on the floor.

Once we were in Mom's room, Gram and my mother hugged and kissed each other intimately. Gram pulled back and announced, "Bev, tonight is your night. We're here to please you." Mom obediently followed Gram's instructions to lie in the middle of the bed on her back with her legs spread out displaying her beauty.

Gram looked to me and said, "Robbie, explore and caress your mother's body. She wants your attention. Show her how much you love and admire her."

I looked at Mom's lustful smile, then my eyes traveled up and down her nude sexy body. My prick was hardening as I took in all her beauty. Her black bush trimmed to a perfect triangle contrasted attractively against her lily white pelvis. It made her mound look fuller, increasing my arousal. While my eyes were locked on to her hairy pussy, Mom flexed her hips, pushing her full mound higher, as if offering it to me. My prick twitched up to full staff as a result of Mom's wanton display.

My eyes traveled back up to see Mom smiling widely and appreciatively at seeing her son achieve full arousal from admiring her. She raised her knees and spread out wide opening herself for me. It was a signal to continue with whatever I wanted to do, as long as it ended up between her upright thighs. I started at her feet and slowly explored her body. Her legs were firm and smooth. I passed by her pussy knowing I was going to spend more time there later. I squeezed her waist, feeling her ribs and massaged her firm body up to her taut round breasts.

"You're so beautiful Mom and so hot. Your body is so sexy," I whispered as I cupped her full breasts. I gently caressed and squeezed her round firm melons. Her areolas were a deep chocolate brown and puffy, a deep contrast to her lily white flesh. Her nipples were stiff little sticks popped up demanding attention. It reminded me of chocolate mints sitting on top of her breasts ready to be plucked off. It was an invitation I couldn't resist.

I lowered closer so my lips could latch on to a stiff nipple. The heat from her body and her strong sexual scent hit me as I got closer. I got harder as my excitement quickly elevated due to her sexual aura. I locked my lips on to her hard areola and swirled my raspy tongue around her sensitive nipple. Her hands went to the back of my head pulling me tight to her breast. I gripped her other nipple with my fingers kneading the engorged nub as I sucked like a baby on her full firm breast.

"Oh yes sweetie, suck your mother's tits, like you did when you were a baby. I've waited for this for so long. Come back to mommy. Suck your mother's titties, my sweet baby boy."

I continued to suck hard as if I was trying to get milk out of her motherly teats. I switched to the other and repeated my assault on her sensitive nipples. She was panting heavily and groaning as I feasted on her luscious tits. She was writhing and squirming beneath me enjoying the feeding she was providing for her son. I reluctantly released her sweet nipples and rose up to explore more of her lusciousness. My hands roamed up and down her hot body exploring her sexy curves. I

concentrated on caressing her thighs while admiring her full black bush.

Gram saw her opening and crawled up on the bed sitting on Mom's stomach. She leaned down and kissed Mom mauling her breasts as I had. I continued to caress mom's firm thighs getting closer and closer to her steamy, hungry cunt. Her juicy pussy was emanating an intoxicating scent. Running my hands up both sides of her cunt, I trapped her hairy bush between my fingers. I gently pulled her fat pussy lips apart and then back together using her mound of fur. Her engorged gash was squishing obscenely as I massaged her lips together.

I released her bush and inserted two fingers into her hot cunt. She humped her hips up to greet them. I explored the inside of her pussy, as I stroked in and out.

I removed my hand and pulled her pussy lips apart using both hands. I lowered my face to her open slot, licking up and down her cunt with my rough tongue causing her to writhe. She pulled Gram up so she could suck on her pussy. I tongue fucked Mom and she must have been doing the same, as Gram was squealing with delight.

Mom closed her upright legs to trap my head between her soft thighs. I could hear muffled screams of pleasure from both of them as Mom's hot flesh was pressed tight against my head. I slurped up her juices as she began to profusely leak from my intense tongue fucking.

Gripping her clit with my lips, I gently rolled it back and forth. I clamped down hard and pulled it as if stroking a prick. She climaxed

as I rolled her sensitive bud around my tight lips. She came again releasing a flood of pussy juice. Gram's pussy was simultaneously convulsing on her daughter's face. Mother and daughter had climaxed together bonding them closer.

Mom lowered and straightened her legs out to the side releasing the hold she had on me. Her body relaxed and Gram pulled off Mom. She stretched out on the bed, facing us to witness the long-awaited incestuous mother-son bonding.

I pulled back and caressed Mom's thighs and midriff while she recovered. My rock-hard prick was poised at the entrance of Mom's open pussy. Mom had her eyes locked on mine as we were on the path to commit the ultimate incestuous act. Mom spread her legs wide opening up her glistening hole, inviting her son to consummate our illicit coupling.

Gram broke the silence with, "I want to watch you two make love. You look so lovely together. You haven't experienced an orgasm together and you deserve it. Robbie, please fuck my daughter and fulfill your mother's fantasies."

Mom was so lovely that I hesitated, taking time to admire her sexy body. Her eyes were still dreamily looking at me as she swirled her tongue around her full open lips. I wasn't going to give my mother a hard fucking, I was going to make love to her this time. I realized I had given Mom several orgasms, but I still hadn't kissed her as a lover.

As I lowered my body, Mom raised her pelvis in anticipation of my mounting. I gently lowered my body to hers, nestling my hard shaft on top of her mound of fur instead of in her hot pussy as she expected. My arms went around her and I hugged her tight. Her breasts were mashed out to the sides pressing against my chest. Her arms went around me to hug me tight. The side of my face was pressed against her head, buried in her silky hair. I inhaled a mix of shampoo and body scent. It was soothing and I loved her natural scent. We stayed together for several minutes enjoying the bonding.

I whispered in her ear, "Mom, I love you so much. I want to make you so happy."

She answered with, "I love you too Robbie, more than a mother should love her son. I'll do anything for you. I've waited for this for so long."

I lightly nibbled on her ear as we gently caressed each other. I lifted my head to look into her eyes. I softly kissed her lips never breaking eye contact. I ran my tongue over her full lips and she opened her mouth. Pressing my lips to hers, we explored each other's mouth with our hot tongues. We kissed like no mother and son should kiss, we kissed as two people madly in love.

My arms were still wrapped around her and she was stroking up and down my back while we were kissing. Her hands lowered to my ass in an attempt to pull me into her. She slid her legs out and raised her knees desperately trying to lodge my prick in her hungry pussy.

Dragging my shaft up and down through her forest of of silky pussy hair, I teased her, preventing our coupling. Her body was writhing as our kissing intensified. I felt the bed move and saw Gram move to the back. I felt a tiny hand grab my balls, Gram's hand. She ran her fingers up to hold my shaft which was trapped on top of Mom's hairy mound. She pulled it back, placing it in her daughter's hot cunt. Her mother's helping hand came to her rescue.

Mom humped up, swallowing several inches of my shaft. I brought my hands around to the front to squeeze her fat meaty breasts as I descended further into her hot sheath. Her breathing was becoming labored and she was having trouble maintaining our kiss. I lifted up keeping my eyes locked with hers. I gently pushed her knees to her chest. She reached out and pulled them tight allowing my prick to go deeper. I drove my prick into her and bottomed out. She exhaled deeply as if my prick had hit her lungs. She was panting and moaning as her arousal was quickly building. I pulled out and slammed into her again. I thrust in and out of her well lubricated pussy at a frantic pace.

She screamed, "Oh my god! It's been so long. You're cock is so hot and hard. I can't believe how good it feels! I'm going to come so fast."

Gram was still in back of us watching her daughter's pussy ravaged by her son. She told her, "Let it go sweetie, you deserve this. You should have never had to wait this long. Let it happen. Come on your boy's cock." She reached up between us to massage Mom's engorged sensitive clit.

Gram's touch put her over the edge. Mom exclaimed, "Oh sweet jesus. I'm coming! Mommy, I'm coming on my son's prick!" Her entire body

was shaking in orgasmic bliss as her cunt clamped down. I wasn't ready to climax as I continued to rapidly thrust through her orgasms. She screamed in pleasure. I slowed down as she relaxed, gently stroking in and out. She lowered her legs to the bed, spreading them out.

I leaned down and hugged her tight and resumed kissing her. I slowly made love to my mother while she recovered. Her breathing slowed enough for her to say, "Oh sweetie, you feel so good. I'm sorry I came so fast. I've been fantasizing about us for so long and it's so much better than I imagined, I couldn't control myself."

Gram moved up to lay beside us on the bed caressing our bodies while we recovered. "Sweetie, it's okay to come often on his wonderful prick. I know how good it feels. You've been needing this. And wait until he floods your cunt with his hot sperm. Your best orgasm will happen when he coats your walls with his hot cum."

"Oh Mom, sounds so good, but we can't do that. I'm off birth control. When he gets close, you'll have to take over." My arousal elevated hearing her words. I don't know why, but it was sexually stimulating to know I was fucking my fertile mother with no protection.

I increased my pace, thrusting to the bottom of her cunt, pulling out to the opening, then slamming back in hard. I kissed her sensuously as our eyes locked. Still looking at her I told her, "Mom, I love you so much. I want to make love to you forever. I'm going to take care of you more than a lover. I want you to be my wife."

Before Mom could say anything, Gram said, "Yes sweetie, you wanted a man. Here's your chance. Make him your man. Own him. Let him flood your cunt with his cum. Fuck your son, show him how much you love him."

I continued to furiously fuck Mom as I saw her expression change to unbridled pleasure. She groaned long and hard as she realized her darkest desires were coming to completion. Her thoughts were only of the pleasure she was receiving from her son and her eyes were filled with pure sexual lust. I kissed her long and hard, sealing our incestuous love.

I caressed her breasts and tweaked her nipples further arousing her. She was moaning as her pleasure centers were firing off. She lustfully spoke, "Yes sweetie. I love you so much. This is what I've wanted for so long. I am your wife. Fuck me hard! Fill me with your hot cum."

We kissed as we fucked like animals in heat. Her body was shaking with excitement, her hips thrusting up to meet my down strokes. My fat shaft was tearing through her shuddering pussy folds with no friction as our juices freely flowed. My prick was enlarging with a surge of hot blood, ready to explode. I reached down and firmly grabbed her ass cheeks, pulling her to me as I hit her cervix with each stroke.

"I'm coming honey! Oh damn, it's a big one. Come with me! Fill my pussy with your sperm! Fuck your mommy's horny hole, the same hole you came out of! Fuck me, you motherfucker!" Mom screamed as I hammered her. She hugged me tight, digging her nails into my back, as if she was afraid I was going to pull out and deprive her of the torrid fucking she desperately desired. She held my lips tight to hers, mauling

my mouth with her tongue as my shaft was doing the same to her pussy.

She sensed the first stream of hot cum flowing up from my balls and it triggered her orgasm. Her pussy contracted tight on my cock, as my engorged erupting head hit her cervix. The first spurt filled her womb with millions of sperm seeking their unprotected targets. I plowed in again releasing another load of hot cum coating her pussy walls. She had multiple orgasms milking my prick as I shot load after load of hot sticky cum into her hot pussy.

I continued to slam into her cervix attempting to shove as much syrupy sperm as I could into her sacred womb. The thoughts of filling my hot fertile mother with my sticky cum kept me hard and my prick still contracted after I emptied my balls of their precious cargo. We ended our kiss, struggling to breathe after our intense lovemaking. We hugged each other tight while my prick was fully embedded in her cum-filled cunt, keeping my load of virulent sperm trapped in her pussy.

Our eyes locked as our lips connected, savoring the bliss of our forbidden incestuous coupling. I could see the deep love along with the sexual satisfaction she deserved. Our hot sweaty bodies remained bonded together, as I softened and my prick fell out of her cum-filled cunt. We were both exhausted, achieving our long desired incestuous relationship. Gram was caressing us while we were joined.

Drowsily I rolled off my mom's body and was flat on my back between Gram and Mom. They snuggled up to me on their sides, caressing my sweaty body. Mom put her head on my shoulder and fell asleep, spent

from our hot mother-son sex. Gram caressed my worn out soft prick, thickly coated and sticky from our mixed cum. As I was falling asleep I felt Gram firmly squeeze my prick and heard her say, "We should take a trip to China. I'd like to give my mother a special present for her seventieth birthday."

THE END