

Dad's Old Laptop

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Chapter One

"Damn it, not again," I muttered under my breath as the headboard in the bedroom next to mine began to smack against the wall. That room was where Grandma and Grandpa slept. If they kept to their usual routine the banging would end in roughly ten minutes. Little consolation for a first year college student trying to finish up an important paper for school. What could I say; apparently even at sixty-three years old Gramps was still a horny old bastard. I couldn't blame him, at sixty-one, Grams was still a fine looking woman. The only thing that torked me off was this was the fifth time in four days that the sound of that stinking headboard had interrupted my studies. The worst part was it was only seven-fifteen in the morning! I'm all for sex, but damn, they're retired, couldn't they at least wait until bedtime to bump uglies? Or better yet, wait until I had left for school? Roughly eight minutes later I heard a couple of grunts and the incessant banging slowed down then stopped.

Grandma and Grandpa Carver were Dad's parents and they were staying with us until the renovations on their house were complete. Dad had said that it shouldn't be more than a month before the work was finished. They had only been here four days and it already felt like two weeks, I could only imagine what it was going to feel like after a month. With my concentration ruined for now I decided to finish up later. I removed the flash drive that held all my notes and powered down my laptop. Throwing on my clothes I rushed out into the hallway and ran smack dab into Grandma. She was coming from the bathroom with her head pointing down and didn't see me. I instinctively wrapped my arms around her to prevent her from landing on her butt. Her tiny five foot four inches was no match to my six feet of lean hard muscles.

"What the...? Russell Carver, you really should learn to slow down," she squealed, and then a puzzled look crossed her face as she noticed the odd stare I was giving her.

I had let go of her and stepped back only to notice the robe she was wearing was untied and wide open. My eyes took in her ripe full breasts with less than the normal sag to them for

a woman her age, before they swept down to observe the full bush of greyish-black pubic hair that covered her prominent mound. She had a small waist and soft wide hips that tapered down to strong firm legs.

"Sorry Grandma," I stammered, my eyes locking onto the dark brown silver dollar sized areolas that topped her tits.

It didn't take long for her to realize where I was looking. She glanced down and noticed the state of undress she was in. Swiftly she clutched the robe together as her face started turning all shades of red.

"Oh my," she whispered sliding past me and scurrying toward her bedroom.

"Hey Grandma," I called out. When she turned to look at me I added, "Lookin goooood!"

"I can say the same thing to you," she snickered taking a quick glance at the front of my jeans before ducking into her room. I didn't have to look down to know that there was a bulge there, I could feel it.

I got downstairs and went directly to the kitchen where I knew Mom would be. She was sitting at the bar that divided the dinning room and the kitchen proper. Perched on one of the two tall stools, one slippered foot on the floor the other wedge on the stools rungs, she was sipping her coffee with both hands on her cup. I took a moment to admire the toned shapely leg reaching the floor. Her floor length nightgown had a slit on both sides that went from her feet all the way up to the middle of her thighs. The bronze tan that covered her leg went nicely with the rich maroon color of her nightgown. Mom was what I called a Tan-O-Phile. She'd start working on her tan in very early spring, weather permitting, and wouldn't stop until it got too cold to lay by the pool. Even now, in late fall, I'd come home from school and catch her out by the pool sometimes. I didn't mind, at thirty-nine my Mother is a raven-haired beauty with a killer bod, and the swimsuits she wore covered only as much as they legally had to.

After exchanging good mornings I snagged a bottle of water from the fridge, gave Mom a quick peck, and made my way out the front door. I was running late, Tom Crowley was parked at the curb waiting impatiently for me. Grandpa's voice coming from off to the side startled me.

"Have a good day, Champ," he growled between puffs on his pipe.

I glanced over and saw him sitting in the wicker chair on the porch sipping a steaming cup of coffee. I wanted to tell him to tone down the headboard activity, but I didn't think Grandpa Roy would take kindly to being lectured about his sex life by a nineteen year old. I just said thanks and went around Dad's car in the driveway and climbed into Tom's. It wasn't until half my day was gone before it dawned on me to wonder how Gramps had gotten dressed, poured a cup of coffee, and managed to be sitting on the porch in the short time it'd taking me to get downstairs. The rest of the day's classes made me forget all about it.

My classes end early on Fridays so it was around one in the afternoon when I got home. Dropping my books on my bed, I changed into sweats and a t-shirt, and headed downstairs to raid the fridge. Grandma was washing out a few dishes in the sink and didn't hear me come up behind her. She had on a loose fitting tank top that drooped enough at the armholes for me to see the sides of her white bra if I looked hard enough. The stretch pants she had on hugged her small round rump provocatively and I couldn't resist giving it a little pat as I walked by her. She squealed and called me a masher causing us both to start laughing.

One of the things I loved about her was her easygoing nature. She never seemed to take anything too serious. Another thing she liked to do was flirt with me. Just the other evening I was sitting on the couch watching the TV when she came into the room and plopped right down on my lap and planted a big wet one on my lips. When she pulled away she smushed my cheeks in her hands forcing my lips to pucker up like a fish's then asked, "How's my stud muffin of a Grandson doing?" I wasn't sure if that was funny or not, but Gramps, who was

sitting on the other end of the couch had thought it was hilarious. It had taken him a full five minutes to stop laughing. After Grandma's soft ass left my lap, it had taken almost that long before the swelling in my groin had gone down. I think she really likes seeing how uncomfortable she could make me.

"So Russ, did you get an eyeful this morning?" she chirped not missing a beat on what she was doing.

"Truthfully Martha," I started playfully, using her given name, "What I saw this morning really should be in one of those men's magazines, so the whole world can see how stunning my Grandmother is."

Her hands stopped moving in the sink and she turned her sparkling blue eyes in my direction. "You thought it looked that good huh?"

"Without a doubt," I replied.

"Hum, I guess I could make some extra money by posing for a girlie mag. The only trouble would be finding a photographer that I could trust," she remarked, looking up and to the side as if she were actually thinking about doing it.

Unsure if she was still teasing me or not I blurted out, "I've been told I take good pictures, so if you want, I'll gladly volunteer for the job."

"I'll keep that in mind," she laughed and turned her attention back to the sink.

"Where's Mom?" I asked after tearing my eyes from the drooping armholes of her top.

"It's a sunny afternoon, where do you think she is?"

I took one last look at Grandma's fine ass, nasty little thoughts running amok in the back of my brain, and went out to the

pool area. There was Mom, all five-foot nine inches of her stretched out on a lounge, the light brown bikini she was wearing blending in nicely with her bronzed skin. She had a huge brimmed hat pulled over her eyes and didn't see me coming. Being a typical horny teenager I took this opportunity to scope out the goods. Long slender legs crossed at the ankles, smooth flat stomach, and firm globes of tit flesh barely covered by the triangles of her suit greeted my eyes. Yep, Dad's one lucky fuck I told myself before faking a cough to announce my presence.

"Hey sweetie, how was school today?" she asked pushing the hat back on her head and fixing her soft brown eyes on mine.

"The usual, too many boring lectures and not enough time with the hands on stuff," I told her taking a seat on the lounge next to hers.

I was taking computer science hoping to become a programmer so I could create my own games. This was a field that Mom had worked at for some time, before she developed

a software package that garnered her enough money to say the hell with working. Now she worked on her tan and her physique. Dad enjoyed the thrill of making business deals too much to give up his job. I suspect that the occasional overseas assignments also appealed to him. When I had first started school I had planned to get my own place, probably sharing rent with one of my pals, but Mom had talked me out of it. She had said that I would be better off not having the burden of having to work part time to pay the rent. So here I was living at home with my parents, while my classmates partied and enjoyed their college experience. At least I was getting good grades, something Mom seemed proud of.

"You know kiddo, you got to put the knowledge in the noggin before you can do what you want with the hands," she philosophized.

"I suppose," I agreed, absently staring at the swell of her 38D chest as it rose and fell. I'd done enough laundry to know what size clothes my whole family wore.

"Martha tells me that you got more of a look at her this morning than you should have," she said, a smile spreading on her full lips.

"She told you about that?"

"Yeah. She said she wasn't paying attention and walked right into you. So tell me Russ, how's the old gal holding up?" I saw the twinkle in her eye and knew she was just being silly. I played along.

"To tell you the truth Mom, Grandma's got one fine body. That's probably why their headboard keeps banging against my wall every morning," I chuckled nervously. I hadn't wanted to add that last part, it just popped out.

"I guess Roy still has some wood in the forest after all," Mom snickered.

"Well if it's all the same, I'd rather he be sawing logs instead of planting trees at seven in the morning," I grumbled.

"Are you sure it's seven? Roy's usually in the kitchen getting coffee by that time of the morning, I know, he gets me my first cup about that time," her brow knitted up as she asked.

"I could be wrong about the time. All I know is they hump every morning right when I'm trying to cram in a quick study session," I told her nonchalantly.

Laughing lightly she said, "They're not getting any younger, so be a dear and let them have their fun. It's only for a few more weeks."

"Okay, I'll just put on headphones. Anything new on the home front?" I asked changing the subject.

"Not much. Other than your Dad's upcoming trip this week, everything is honky-dory," she answered pulling the brim of the hat back over her eyes.

"That's what, the fourth one this year? Where's he off to this time?" I asked not really giving a shit. It wasn't like I disliked Dad, we just didn't spend much time together.

"Tokyo I believe," she murmured already back into her relaxed mode.

I stood and was just about to walk away when I turned back to her and said, "Tans looking good Mom."

"Thanks honey. Just wish I could get away with doing this without a swimsuit. Look how pale I am under it," she said, pushing the top of the patch of material covering her groin down a fraction to emphasize her point.

"I wish you could too," I thought to myself as I stared at the small strip of white skin being revealed. As small as her bottoms were, if she had pushed them down any lower I was sure I would have been able to see if she shaved her snatch or not. I followed my boner back inside and went up to my room to pursue one of my favorite past times, porn surfing. I fired up my laptop before realizing that I didn't have anything to drink. A quick trip to the fridge and I was all set. Like a dumb ass I sat the opened bottle of water next to my computer.

About six months ago my buddy Tom had turned me on to a site that featured a lot of mature women. It also had clips of mother-son incest, simulated of course. The more I watched, the more I became enamored with the idea of having sex with an older woman. My mind even went so far as to suggest Mom as a possible target of my desire. At first I was disgusted with myself for even thinking that. But then the idea began to grow in the back of my head. Soon I was jacking off to thoughts of Mom bending over and taking all eight inches of my cock into her warm pussy from behind. At five-nine, all she would have to do was lean over a little as I sidled up to her ass with a raging

hard-on. I wouldn't have to bend my knees much to poke it up her tunnel.

It wasn't long before I was engrossed in a video of an older woman devouring a stiff prick with her mouth, my hand down the front of my sweats pulling my rod. I had to pull the front of my sweats over my dick when it got to the point where I felt the stirrings of an approaching orgasm. The woman's face on the screen faded right before my eyes and was replaced with my Mother's. My cock got harder and jizz started squirting out the head of it. That's when Grandma decided to knock on my door.

Panic-stricken I tried to stem the flow of spunk shooting out of my dick by placing my hand over the tip of it; at the same time I was trying to pull the sweats up over myself. Three things happened simultaneously. My hand got messy, my leg jerked out sending my foot against the desk rocking it, and the bottle of water tipped over and poured onto my keyboard. Sparks flew followed by a puff of smoke. I watched in horror as the screen flickered then went black. I jumped up, my hand still down in my pants, and screamed.

"Fuck!"

Grandma barged in shouting, "What's wrong, what's wrong?"

"I just fried my computer," I mumbled staring absently at the wisps of smoke rising from my laptop.

"Did you hurt yourself?" I heard her ask from far away.

"No," I said, turning to see the strange look she had on her face.

"Then why are you holding yourself?" she asked.

"Huh? Oh, I was just scratching," I replied sheepishly when I realized she was looking at my crotch. I yanked my hand out of my sweats and hid it behind my back.

"I see," she said, a knowing smile spreading on her lips.

I was wiping the spooge off my hand onto the seat of my sweats when Mom joined the circus, wondering what was going on. She'd heard me clear out by the pool. Grandma excused herself while I explained to Mom how I had ruined my laptop. When I was through I could tell Mom wasn't too pleased with my carelessness. She did say that she'd get me a new one, but since Dad was leaving Sunday night she wouldn't be able to until Monday. She wanted to spend as much time with him as possible before he took off. She walked away before I could whine about the school assignment I'd just lost. I was just about through cleaning the gunk off my hand when Grandma reappeared. She was carrying a warm wet washcloth that she held out to me. She still had a grin on her face.

"Here, you might need this," she said glancing down to the front of my sweats.

Red faced I took it from her and looked down myself. The front of the grey sweats had a large wet spot on them. When I looked back up Grandma was gone. She hadn't even told me what she'd wanted in the first place. I closed my door and stripped, put on my robe and went to take a shower. After the shower I put on some cargo shorts, a t-shirt and went downstairs to mope.

The rest of the day went by pretty fast. At six Dad came home, kissed Mom on the cheek and went upstairs to the master bedroom. He came down dressed in pajamas just in time for dinner. While we ate he droned on about his upcoming trip to Japan and how much money he would get if he closed the deal on time. He also informed us that he would be leaving tomorrow morning instead of Monday. Mom took it in stride, I didn't give a rat's ass, but Grandma seemed a little bummed out after she learned of his trip.

"How do you handle having Frank gone so much Tammy?" Grandma asked Mom. "Don't you get lonely?"

"I'm used to it Martha," Mom answered, clearly not overjoyed with the idea of Dad being gone. "Besides, I have Russ to keep me company."

"Ah yes, we can't forget about young Russell here, now can we." As she spoke she glanced over at me with a strange look in her eyes.

After the dishes were cleared Mom and Dad went upstairs while Grandma, Grandpa and I sat on the couch to watch a little TV. I wasn't too thrilled by how close Grandma was sitting next to me with Grandpa at the other end of the couch. I really got uncomfortable when she placed her hand on my thigh and told me what a hunk I'd grown up to be. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Grandpa glance over and smile. When she placed her other hand on his thigh I began to relax. A short time later Grandpa stood up and stretched.

"I'm kind of beat, think I'll turn in Ma," he said bending down and giving Grandma a kiss on the forehead.

"Okay Pa, I'll be up in a little while," she said.

"You guys actually call each other Ma and Pa," I asked with a chuckle after he was gone.

"Sure, and when you're old and married you and your wife will do the same, mark my words," she chuckled right back.

"I seriously doubt that," I told her.

"You'll see," she replied confidently, patting my thigh and settling her hand a little higher on my thigh.

"You never did tell me what you wanted earlier Grandma," I reminded her.

"Oh that. Your Grandpa and I are going to have our forty-third anniversary soon, and I was thinking about doing something special for the old goat. I was hoping you might be able to help me," she said shyly.

"How can I help?" I asked.

"Well, you said you were good at taking pictures. I was thinking of putting a small scrapbook of photos of me together for him to enjoy when I'm not at home."

"What kind of photos are we talking about Grandma?" I asked
my curiosity peaked.

"Nothing obscene, just something sexy enough to get his motor racing is all. Interested?"

"Just how sexy are we talking?"

"Like the girlie magazine shots, only not quite so bold. I won't be naked if that's what you're worried about. I thought some of me posing in my nighties would do the trick," she said turning to gaze into my astonished eyes.

"And you want me to take them?" I gulped.

"Why not? Unless the idea of seeing me dressed in skimpy clothing is repulsive to you."

"That's the problem Grams, I think it would be anything BUT repulsive," I said hoarsely.

"If you're worried I'll notice you getting a chubby, like you did this morning, then don't. I was actually flattered. In any case, it might help me strike better poses knowing a young man such as yourself would find me attractive enough to get a hard-on," she quipped.

"Grandma!" I hissed.

"Oh relax honey. Just think about it okay? I promise not to make it too hard on you if you do help me," she said, her hand almost touching my crotch now.

"How would we get away with it? What about Grandpa, won't he get suspicious if you were wearing your nightie in the middle of the day?" I inquired earnestly.

"Let me worry about him. So, does that mean you'll help me?"

"On one condition," I said, my voice dry.

Smiling brightly she asked, "What condition?"

"That you don't make fun of the baggy pants that I will definitely have to wear."

"It's a deal," she told me, patting my thigh and grazing my growing bulge with the tips of her fingers.

When I said I was going to bed she stood up too. After helping me lock up I followed her up the stairs, my eyes glued to her soft round butt as it jiggled in her stretch pants. By the time we reached the top my cock was as hard as a rock. She gave me a quick peck on the lips and said goodnight. I went into

my room, shut the door softly behind me, and then jacked off into a wad of tissues like never before.

The next morning I put on just pajama bottoms and a t-shirt and headed to the kitchen. I was halfway down the stairs before I realized something. The headboard next door hadn't banged against the wall today. Gramps must have been too tired I told myself as I made my way into the kitchen. Mom was sitting on the same stool as yesterday, wearing the same nightgown with the slits up the legs, and sipping her coffee. I did something I rarely did; I fixed myself a cup and sat on the stool next to hers.

"Morning Mom, something wrong?" I asked seeing the troubled look on her face.

"Morning Russ. No, nothings wrong, it's just your Dad can be pretty selfish sometimes."

"Uh oh, what'd he do this time?" I asked reaching my hand up and stroking her back.

As an answer she just shrugged and said forget about it. Mom and I are really close, and for her not to tell me what was bothering her meant only one thing. It had something to do with her sex life, about the only subject we hardly ever talked about. I took a stab in the dark.

"Dad wouldn't put out last night huh?"

"Russ!" she yelped and turned in her seat to look at me.

"Well?"

She laughed when she saw the blank look on my face and said, "If you must know, he hasn't put out, as you say, for over a week now."

"Wow! Is he sick?"

"What? No. He's not sick, why do you ask that?"

"Because I can't imagine being married to you and not wanting to do you all the time," I told her, a big smile on my face.

"Russell Carver, I can't believe you just said that to me. But thanks for the compliment honey, I needed it," she whispered.

"You're welcome Mom. Besides I'm nineteen, and no virgin either, I know what married people do," I said hoping I wasn't going too far.

"Well, since you're all grown up I don't suppose you could do me a favor could you?" she asked, touching my cheek gently with the tips of her fingers.

"What's that Mom?" I asked, my mind flashing to the favor Grandma wanted.

"Get me another cup of coffee, mister know-it-all," she laughed holding out her empty cup.

"You know Mom," I said while handing her a full cup, "You could just march upstairs and demand Dad ravage you before he takes off."

"That's a thought, only he's already gone," she replied wistfully.

"Sorry," was all I could say as I sat back on my stool.

"Don't be, you're not the one who left me high and dry."

More like high and wet I told myself. I began rubbing her back again and she relaxed enough to make cooing sounds. That gave me a naughty idea. When I asked if she'd like a real back rub, she hesitated before answering.

"I don't think that would be a good idea right now sweetie. I'm a little sensitive if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Your horny," I chuckled.

"You don't have to be so crude, but yeah I am. That's why I don't think it would be such a good idea to have your hands roaming over my body. That would just agitate me more than I already am," she explained.

"Okay, but if you change your mind..." I let the idea trail off.

"I'll let you know if I do," she snickered.

"Do you think it'd be okay if I used Dad's computer in the office to re-do my paper for school?" I asked changing the subject.

"I don't think that would be a good idea, he has a lot of important documents on it. I guess we could go get you a new laptop today since he's already gone."

"Nah, but thanks anyway. It's too nice of a day, I wouldn't want you to miss out on all the sun," I said, hoping I wasn't sounding like a whinny kid.

"You know, he does have an older laptop that he doesn't use anymore up in the attic. Why don't you see if you can use that until we get you a new one."

"How old is it?" I asked, expecting her to say that it had Windows 95 or something like that on it.

"It's really not that old. If I remember correctly it has XP on it, along with all the office stuff too. He only used it to store files of some sort on it that I know of. It should be in one of the boxes up there."

"I'll go up there and see if I can find it, thanks Mom," I said hopping off my stool and heading up the stairs.

At the far end of the upstairs hallway is a door that most people would've guessed to be a closet of some sort. But once you opened the door you would see steep stairs leading up to the attic. I flipped on the light switch just inside the door and was about to head up the stairs when Grandma called out to me. Glancing over my shoulder I saw her coming from her bedroom. She was in her robe and it was tightly tied in the middle. I could still see the swell of her chest bounce when she walked however. She asked what I was doing, and when I told her she offered to help. Before I could decline she slid past me and started up the stairs. She was more than halfway up before I started to climb too. I looked up just as she reached the top and noticed that I could see up her robe. She wasn't wearing any panties. I was slightly winded and half hard by the time I joined her.

"So where should we look?" she asked.

I looked around at the clutter of boxes. There were several stacks of them lining the wall to the right of the stairs, and a couple more boxes sat on top of an old desk that was pushed into one corner. How Dad had gotten the desk up here was anybody's guess. It had a flat top and wasn't very big, but still, to lug it up those stairs must have been a chore. Grandma said she'd start on one stack and I should start on another. Thirty minutes later, no laptop. I was just about to give up when I heard her gleefully call to me. She was pointing above the desk at a shelf that I hadn't noticed.

"I think I see what you're looking for," she said happily clapping her hands together.

I went over to stand beside her and gazed up. Whoever put up the shelf must not have wanted anyone to notice it. It was basically a square board sitting on a couple of two-by-fours jutting out from the wall. Sticking slightly over the edge I could see part of the plastic shell to a laptop. Quickly I cleared off the desk and was about to climb on top of it to reach the laptop when she grabbed my upper arm.

"Maybe you should let me do that Russ. I don't think we should trust this old thing to hold your weight." There was genuine concern in her eyes.

'It'll be fine Grandma," I tried to reassure her, but she insisted so I gave in.

Making a stirrup with my hands and bending over a little I watched as she stepped out of her slippers and put one bare foot into my hands. With her hand on my shoulder for balance I hoisted her up until she could step onto the desk. She glanced down at me and I was sure she saw where I was looking. She really did have a fine ass for someone her age; it was smooth and un-dimpled.

"Make sure you hold on to me now, I wouldn't want to fall," she said turning away from me and looking up.

"How am I supposed to hold you?" I asked, my eyes lingering on the portion of her butt I could see.

"Grab my legs and keep me steady while I reach up and get it."

Hesitantly I placed my hands on her legs just below her knees. She laughed and said I needed to grab higher if I want to keep her from falling. I slid my hands up to the middle of her thighs and she told me to go even higher. By the time she stopped saying higher, my hands were nearly on her hips and my thumbs were pressing into the bottom swell of her ass cheeks. When she reached up with both hands her robe rode up a little and gave me a view of most of her butt. I was even able to see between her legs slightly. Unfortunately the tangle of curly pubic hair kept me from being able to see her slit.

"Got it!" she squealed, bringing it and the power cord attached to it down together.

"Way to go Grandma," I joined in with equal glee.

"Okay, I'm gonna turn around and squat down. When I'm ready reach under my arms and help me off the desk. Don't let go until I tell you to," she said, already starting to turn.

With my arms up under her robe, my hands on her upper thighs, she slowly turned all the way around. As she did so my fingers caressed over her skin and brushed lightly against her pubic hair near the juncture of her thighs. Once she was all the way turned I noticed my arms had caused the bottom portion of her robe to open a little. I was staring straight up at her exposed hairy mound. Holding the laptop and cord to her chest she lowered herself into a squatting position with her knees parted. I looked down into the glory that was my Grandmother. There before my stunned eyes, her slit opened up revealing a rather large clit and sweet puffy pussy lips. She looked wet. My dick was instantly hard. I tore my eyes from this lovely sight and gazed up into her face. She wasn't smiling, but she didn't appear to be angry that I had seen her cunt either. The expression on her face was one I'd never seen before on a woman.

"You like looking at your Grandma's pussy?" she gently asked, her eyes ablaze with what I could only describe as lust.

"I...I...Oh Grandma it's beautiful," I stammered unable to stop myself from looking at it again.

Sitting the laptop off to the side she put her ass on the desktop and leaned back onto her arms and hands. Without taking her eyes off my face she slid her feet apart and spread her knees wider. Her cunt opened up like a blossoming flower and showed me the pink wonders hiding between the fur-covered lips.

"Would you like to touch it?" she practically purred.

"Can I?" I croaked.

"Of course. But only with your mouth, your hands are dirty from looking through these boxes."

I was like a boy possessed. The fact that this was my Grandmother never entered my head as I lowered my mouth onto her cunt. Greedily I licked up and down her slit, probing her tunnel with my tongue as I went. My drool and spit mixed with her juices and coated my cheeks and chin with their slime. I pushed my mouth harder against her and hungrily devoured her tangy treat. Her ass began to buck as her head pivoted from side to side.

"That's it boy! Eat my pussy! Eat your Granny's cunt," she hissed.

Propping herself on one arm she brought her other hand to the back of my head and pushed my face even harder into her squashy slit. Her upward thrusts increased in force until I began to worry that I'd drown in between her hairy lips. Just when I thought my face couldn't take any more, her hips stopped bucking and she sat straight up with her legs dangling over the desk. I stood up and smeared the juices on my face with my hand. While I was doing that she leaned forward, took the waistband of my pajamas in her hand and pulled

them down over my raging cock. Her fingers curled around my shaft and pulled me closer to the desk.

"Do you want to stick this nice hard cock in your Grandma's pussy Russell?"

"Oh God yes!" I blurted out.

"Okay, but first I want you to spank my clit with this big piece of meat," she said, and then lay backwards and scooted her ass to the edge of the desk.

She lifted her legs straight up and spread herself as wide as she could. I didn't need any more encouragement. I stepped forward until the front of my thighs were pressing against the swell of her butt and looked down at her erect clitoris sticking through the tangle of her bush. Holding the base of my throbbing cock with two fingers I began to bounce the swollen head off her bud. Harder and harder I smacked my cock against her engorged clit and watched her head roll back and forth faster and faster.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me now! Stick it in me now damnit," she demanded harshly.

Sliding my inflamed cockhead over her clit I pushed it between her sloppy wet lips until I found the entrance to her steaming hot cunt. With no regard for finesse I pushed all eight inches of stiff dick into my Grandmother's pussy, stopping only when my balls felt the succulent soft cheeks of her ass. Immediately I began to hammer her cunt with my cock, the feel of her walls pulling at my shaft spurring me on to faster and harder strokes. The sound of my balls slapping her ass mixed with my groans and her mews of pleasure.

"UNNNNNNGGGGGGHHHHHHH!" she cried, throwing her hand over her mouth to muffle the scream.

I felt her pussy clamp down and start to squeeze my shaft with alternating strength. It felt like her cunt walls were rippling as I plowed into her heat. Without warning my spunk shot out of me so hard that it splashed against the back of her pussy

and rolled out along the shaft of my cock, before oozing down between her butt crack.

"Grandma!" I groaned through gritted teeth as rope after rope of semen poured out of me.

When the last spurt of spunk left me, so did the last ounce of energy I had. I slowly stepped back pulling my softening cock from her wet hole with a plop and sank to the floor on my butt. With the heat of passion fading fast, the realization of what we'd just done began to sink in. I lowered my face into my hands and began to tremble. Seconds later I felt a soft hand touch the back of my head. When I looked up I saw Grandma gazing down at me with love in her eyes and the warmest smile I'd ever seen.

"Grandma I'm so sorry," I sniffled.

"Hush now" she whispered squatting down next to me. Her knees opened up a little and the pungent smell of our mixed cream drifted up my nose.

"I don't know what came over me," I moaned.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she quietly asked.

"Yes."

"Then don't be sad, you didn't do anything that I didn't want you too," she said, rising and then helping me to my feet.

"But I...we...had sex. And what about Grandpa? What if he finds out?" I was almost in tears as I pulled up my pajamas.

"You let me worry about your Grandpa. Everything's gonna be just fine, you'll see," she whispered lightly as she stroked my cheek.

"I can't believe I fucked my own Grandmother," I mumbled to myself.

"Believe it Russell. And I thank you for it too. Whew! You are definitely your father's son," she said as if she were talking to herself.

"What do you mean by that Grandma?" I asked.

"Oh nothing. Let's go get cleaned up, and don't forget the laptop," she replied already heading for the stairs, leaving drops of my juice on the floor as she went.

Chapter Two

I managed to make it down from the attic without breaking my neck. When I got to my room I cleared away my fried laptop and put Dad's old one in its place. I wasn't too optimistic about what shape it was in, but after plugging it in and turning it on I began to think it would be fine for my purposes. Despite the need to get started on my schoolwork, all I found myself doing was staring blankly at the screen and reliving the experience of having creamed my Grandmother's cunt. Although my cock and balls were pleased with the incident, I on the other hand was nervous as hell and riddled with guilt. All I could think about was; what if Grandpa finds out? Finally, to take my mind off my worries, I began exploring the files and software on Dad's old laptop.

After checking the laptop's system specs I opened up My Documents to see what was in there. I didn't see anything that interested me; just several old documents and a couple of folders that I was sure contained more of Dad's old business files. I closed out My Documents and returned to studying the

system specs once more. I realized that this laptop wasn't too much out of date compared to my fried one. To test its performance I decided to install one of my games on it and see how it handled it. On the side was a cd/dvd drive combo. I popped it open and was surprised to see there was a disc already in it. There wasn't a label or any markings to tell me what was on it so I closed the drive and opened up My Computer from the desktop. Clicking on the drive icon opened the disc. The only thing it showed was an unnamed folder. I opened the folder only to find one file inside it, a video file labeled MM1. The old saying curiosity killed the cat kept running through my mind as I decided if I wanted to play the video or not.

"Yeah, but satisfaction brought him back," I mumbled to myself and clicked on the file.

My eyes bugged out and my jaw damn near dropped into my lap as the video started playing. A much younger version of Grandma was sitting on a bed dressed in a frilly pink see-thru nightgown that stopped at her lap. Her tits were clearly visible through the material and sat proudly on her chest. Gone were

the streaks of grey in her hair and she looked as if she were no older than Mom. Her hands were in her lap blocking my view of her privates. As I watched in stunned silence, she held out her arms as if beckoning to someone and opened her mouth as if she were talking. The video appeared to be quite old and had no audio, nor did it need any. It was obvious what was going on.

Whoever was holding the camera panned down the front of themselves revealing a very erect penis to the viewers. It had to be at least as big as mine. The veins on it stuck out and I could swear I saw it throbbing. Pre-cum glistened on the bulbous head. Captivated by what I was watching I didn't hear Mom come in the room and stand behind me. The guy with the camera stepped up to Grandma and held it steady as she leaned forward and took his cock into her mouth. Slowly she sank more of his rod into her mouth while keeping her blue eyes turned up to watch the camera. The camera jerked a little and showed only the top of her head for a second or two as Grandma swallowed the rest of the guy's dick. I was as hard as steel and oblivious to everything around me. That is I was

oblivious to everything, until Mom softly placed her hands on my shoulders. I nearly crapped myself.

"What the hell are you watching?" she asked so gently I almost didn't hear her.

"Shit! I'm sorry Mom, I didn't know what was on the disc," I replied shakily as I tried to bring the cursor over enough to shut off the video.

Reaching over my shoulder, her breast pressed into the back of my neck, she covered my hand and held it still preventing me from turning it off. She kept her face down low next to mine and said, "Oh my God, is that Martha?"

"Umm, I believe so," I could only say.

"Damn! She's pretty good at that," Mom shocked me by whispering in my ear. "Let it play, let's see how it ends."

"I think we know how it's going to end Mom, Grandpa's gonna blow his nuts if Grandma doesn't stop soon." I was quite surprised when I didn't feel a smack to the back of my head for making that remark.

Mom continued to lean over me a little, her hand still on mine with her tit pressed against my neck as Grandma began to really go to town. She pulled her lips back until just the head of the cock was in her mouth and started pumping the shaft in fast steady strokes. The guy was having a rough time of holding the camera steady. Grandma's cheeks were sunk in as she sucked his cock, but her eyes never left the camera lens. We watched as his shaft seemed to expand a little and the camera began to really jerk. When the lens settled down we saw that Grandma was obviously swallowing his spunk. After several seconds she pulled her mouth off the guy's dick and began rubbing his cockhead around her lips and chin. The last drizzles of his sperm leaked out and coated her lips and cheeks. She had an enormous smile plastered to her face. The camera wavered a bit, then slowly turned and panned the room until it settled on a man sitting in a chair. He was naked and holding his deflating cock in his slimy fingers. Spoooge

had run over his hand and dribbled down onto his ball sack. Just before the video ended Grandpa Roy smiled hugely at the lens.

"What the fuck...?" I stammered, unable to take my eyes from the blank screen.

"Holy shit!" Mom echoed my sentiment.

Mom stood all the way up and I turned in my chair to stare into her eyes. The look on our faces conveyed the same question. If Grandpa was in the corner whacking off, then who in the hell had Grandma just blown? It took me a bit to notice what Mom was wearing. She had on tight white short shorts and a plain purple t-shirt that stretched snugly against her chest. By the way her aroused nipples poked through the front of the shirt it was easy to tell she wasn't wearing a bra. She asked where I got the video from and I told her about finding it already in the laptop. From the look she was giving me I don't think she believed that. I ejected the disc and showed it to her, adding there were a couple more folders on

the computer with similar labels attached to them as the one on the disc. Still skeptical she had me show her. In My Documents there were five folders simply labeled MM.

"Open one," she told me. But when I tried it asked for a password.

"Hmm, why would Frank put password protection on these files?" she more or less asked herself, completely ignoring my shrugging shoulders.

She told me to wait a minute and left. When she returned she was holding a flash drive in her hand.

"Let me get in there, I bet I can crack em," Mom said, sliding past me as I stood and stepped sideways out of her way. The tent in my pajamas rubbed slightly against her ass as she slid in front of me.

She inserted the flash drive into the usb port then opened up a DOS window and began typing in a string of crap. I had no idea as to what any of it meant. Her fingers flew over the keyboard and in a couple of minutes she was done. Next she went back to the folders and clicked on one. A little hourglass icon began to spin slowly in circles over the file name. Apparently satisfied with her work she turned in the chair to face me, a smug smile on her lips.

"That should do it," she stated.

"What did you do?" I asked puzzled.

"I put a password cracker I developed on the computer. It might take a while, but I'm pretty sure it will open up those folders."

"Wow Mom, that's really cool. I didn't know you were a hacker," I said, enjoying her delight at what she'd done.

"I still know my way around a computer," she smiled. Her smile grew larger when she saw the tent in the front of my pajamas.

"I see Martha's video meets with your approval," she chuckled as I vainly tried to hide the bulge with my hands.

Being a smart ass I shot back with, "Judging by the way your shirt has two big points poking out, I'd say it met with yours also."

Looking down at her chest she grinned and turned to leave. She got as far as the doorway then turned around.

"I almost forgot what I came in here for. Do you think I could get you to rub in some tanning lotion on my back in a little while?" she asked.

"Do you even use lotion anymore? I mean, your tan is so dark I'd of thought you didn't need it," I replied, intrigued by the idea of running my hands over her flawless skin.

"Normally no, but I'd like to get the skin under the straps darker. If I can't get the rest of me tanned, at least I'll still be able to wear backless dresses without looking silly."

"Okay, I need to jump in the shower first though, those boxes in the attic were pretty dirty," I told her.

"Thanks. I'll meet you at the pool in say, thirty minutes. That give you enough time to take care of...I mean, get showered?" she asked wickedly grinning at me.

It was plenty of time. The shower was both relaxing and relieving. Stress free I strolled out to the pool where Mom was already stretched out on a lounge. She was lying on her stomach with the wide-brimmed hat completely covering her head from view. Although the shorts I'd put on were fairly baggy, I still had to discreetly rearrange myself when my eyes

settled on her round rump covered by a small triangular piece of red cloth. This suit was smaller than her other ones. I could tell because I could see parts of her cheeks that hadn't been tanned yet. The untanned portions were as white as Grandma's ass. I adjusted myself a little more.

"The lotions right her Russ," I heard her say from under her hat.

"Where do you want this put on?" I asked, picking up the lotion and sitting on the edge of her lounge.

"Undo the strings to my top and you'll see. Oh, and this suit is small so you'll have to make sure and cover the exposed areas on my butt too."

Reaching up I undid the tie at her neck and flipped the ends over her shoulders out of the way. My hands were shaking a little as I untied the ones in the middle of her back. As I was undoing them Mom moved her arms from where they had been resting down by her sides to up under her face. From

my vantage point I could see the side of her tit closest to me expand outwards as she lowered her chest down on the lounge. Most of that part of her boob was dark, but I saw a sliver of paleness closer to the lounge. In my sitting position it was impossible to adjust myself any further, so I just grimaced a little and got to work.

"So Mom, why do you think Grandpa let Grandma do what she did in the video? I always thought he was really possessive of her," I said, luxuriating in the feel of her toned back under my hands.

"From the looks of it, I'd guess that Roy likes to watch more than he likes to do," she replied.

"I guess. But still, how does a man let another man stick his thing in his wife's mouth like that and not get jealous? I know I couldn't do that," I stated.

Turning her face under the hat to point to the side I was on she said, "It just goes to show that you never really know a person. Not completely anyway."

"Would you get mad if Dad wanted to do something like that?"

"First off, I wouldn't be sucking another guys dick if your father was watching. And secondly, I don't think I have to worry about that anyway," she replied.

"Why not?"

"You're getting a little personal Russ," she told me flatly.

"Sorry Mom, I was just curious is all."

"If you must know, your Dad's kind of a stick in the mud when it comes to sex," she said.

"Stick in the mud? What's that even mean?" I asked.

"Not very inventive. Now can we change the subject?"

"Sure."

"Good. I think you've got my back good enough, put some on my butt now."

"You sure you want me to do that Mom?" I asked, a little tremor in my voice.

"Yes, just be careful where your fingers go," she laughed at my discomfort.

"Okay, but I think it would be easier if I got between your legs. That way I could do both sides at the same time," I rationalized.

After some hesitation she must have decided that was a good idea too, because I had to stand up when she opened her legs a bit and started pushing me off the lounge with the closest one. I went around to the end of the lounge and climbed up until I was kneeling between her knees. My eyes automatically went to the spot between her legs where her thighs joined. The swimsuit was not only smaller than her others, it was a lot tighter in the crotch area too. A perfectly formed outline of her pussy stared back at me as I put a blob of lotion in one palm and rubbed it together with the other. The material at the center of her crotch had sunk into her cleft making her outer pussy lips appear puffy and swollen. That wasn't the only thing around here that was swollen.

Cautiously, my hands were shaking so badly, I reached down and placed both palms on Mom's firm buttocks. Slowly I began working the lotion over the white areas and getting closer to the junction between her thighs. I didn't try to go under the suit, but with my thumbs pointing inward and rubbing the inside of her upper thighs as I pushed upwards on her cheeks, I was getting dangerously close to bumping her cunt with them. Higher and higher I gradually rubbed in the

lotion on her cheeks until the inevitable happened. One of my thumbs pressed up against the outer lip of her pussy. It was a brief encounter, but I could've sworn Mom had pressed back. To test that theory I waited a few seconds then let my other thumb accidentally touch the other side of her pussy. Not only was there a definite pushing back, but she let out a soft moan too. Pushing my luck I brought both thumbs up and pressed them into her folds a little harder than before.

Mom's ass rose up a fraction and I heard a sharp intake of air before she gently said, "I think that's good honey, thanks for your help."

Before getting to my feet I took one last look at her crotch. I saw a darker shade of red right in the center where I guessed her entrance to be. I was pretty sure that I would be heading inside and climbing back into the shower. I wiped my greasy hands on a hand towel near the lounge and started to walk away.

"Hey!" she called out, making me think she was going to scold me for being so brazen. Instead she just told me to tie her suit back up.

Instead of heading upstairs I went to the kitchen to grab something to eat. Sitting on Mom's favorite stool I was almost through with my sandwich when Grandpa walked in. He grabbed a coke out of the fridge and took a seat next to me. I couldn't even look him in the face. The fear that he'd see something in my eyes and figure out what had happened between his wife and I was causing my nerves to bunch up.

"I'm heading into town, you need anything?" he asked, the sound of his voice making me jump.

"No Gramps, I'm good," I replied in a tiny voice.

"Something got you down Champ?" he asked hoisting his lanky frame from the stool.

"No, everything's fine."

"Okay then. I'll be gone a couple hours, so tell your Mom if she asks where I'm at."

"Will do Gramps," I said, my face pointed down at the bar top so he wouldn't see the fear in my eyes.

He headed toward the front of the house then stopped and turned around.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Your Grandma's looking for you, something about a project you're gonna help her with." He left before the twitch at the corner of my mouth became too noticeable.

I sat there contemplating what to do. On the one hand the video that I'd watched clearly showed that he was aware that Grandma was getting it on the side. It also showed that he approved of it. But on the other hand I was his Grandson.

That changed the whole scheme of what Grandma and I had done from just being wrong, to one of incest. That I was reasonably sure he wouldn't approve of. I had to make Grandma understand how uncomfortable I was with our new relationship. Groaning, I reluctantly climbed the stairs and headed to her room. The door was closed so I lightly knocked, secretly hoping she wasn't there. When I heard her say come in, the urge to flee almost overpowered me. My heart thumping wildly in my chest I slowly turned the knob and let the door swing open.

Grandma was standing by her bed on the far side of the room. Her hair was freshly brushed and she had on a sheer black floor-length gown with ruffles around the neck. It was opened all the way down the front. Underneath that I could see she had on a set of matching black bra and panties. They too were sheer and did nothing to hide her womanly charms from my eyes. In fact the bra was only used to lift her breasts up, because there were no cups covering her large brown nipples. Blood poured into my cock as I looked lower and saw her pubic hairs through the fabric of the bikini style panties. A

smile spread on her face as she blatantly watched the front of my shorts bulge out.

"Well, you think this will get the old goats blood pressure up?" she purred.

"That'll get the blood pressure of a dead guy up Grandma," I stuttered as my eyes tried to take all of her in at the same time.

"Good. Shall we get started?" she asked turning and picking up a camera off the bed and handing it to me.

The camera was a point and click type that actually used film instead of digital media. All I had to do was aim and shoot, a chore that would have been easy under any other circumstance. But when your dick is straining against your pants it's not so easy to do. My hands shook constantly as she moved about the room striking pose after pose. At first her poses were innocent enough, her arms and hands were used to block the intimate parts of her body from view. We used up the first 12-exposure roll of film pretty fast. When she

stood next to me helping me to reload I could smell the sweet scent of her bath soap.

The next set of poses grew ever more provocative. She'd hold open the gown and flash her tits, sometimes pushing them together until both nipples touch. Other times she'd turn her back to the camera and reached around herself to cup the globes of her ass. It wasn't until she dropped the gown and climbed on the bed on all fours that I realized the panties were crotchless. She reached one hand up under herself and brought it to her mound. Looking over her shoulder and smiling at me, she slowly let one finger work itself between her cunt lips and sink up to the second knuckle inside her cunt. I completely lost it. There was no way that I could bring myself to fuck her on Grandpa's bed, so I dropped the camera on the bed and rushed to the bathroom down the hall.

The water streamed over me as I worked the soap's lather into a slippery froth on the shaft of my raging penis. I didn't realize I wasn't alone until I heard the shower door open and Grandma stepped in behind me. Before I could protest she pressed her naked front against my back then reached around

and grabbed my cock with both her hands. The feel of her hands stroking my slippery shaft stopped any protests I might have had dead in their tracks. Instead a steady stream of moans poured out of my lips.

"I reckon since I caused this, then I should be the one to take care of it," she whispered against my back.

"Oh God Grandma, that feels so good," I moaned as her hands increased the speed of their stroking.

"Let me know when you're ready and Grandma will give you a surprise," she cooed, pumping faster and faster on my rod.

"I'm...I'm...I'm gonna cum Grandma!" I groaned as the pleasure coursing through my nerve endings built to overflowing.

Grandma let go of my cock and grabbed me by the hips, and then she spun me around and slammed me up against the

shower wall. Lowering herself down on bent knees she trapped my dick between her soft ripe tits and began using them to jack me off. The soap made the valley between her boobs super slick and I felt the first string of cum shoot out in no time. The first glob caught her under the chin, but the remainder squirted out onto her chest and breasts. She continued to rub her tits up and down my shaft until I was dry. On her way up to a standing position she took one finger and brought it under her chin and scooped up most of the first glob of my cum. Amazed I watched as she stuck her finger in her mouth and sucked my seed off it.

"Ummmm, you taste good Russell," she said with her finger still in her mouth.

I was too drained to say anything; I just leaned against the shower wall and watched as she rinsed my spooge from her body then got out of the shower. It was some time after I'd heard the soft click of the door shutting that I was able to clean off and get out myself. I stumbled back to my room with just a towel wrapped around me and collapsed face down on my bed. I didn't know if I had shut my bedroom door or not, nor did I really care.

I must have slept the afternoon away because as my eyes slowly opened I noticed the light in my room was fading. I glanced over and was relieved to see that I had indeed shut my door. I rolled onto my back and immediately noticed the glow coming from Dad's old laptop. Looking over I saw Mom sitting at my desk staring at the screen. At first I thought she was naked, but as I looked a little harder I saw the red of her swimsuit. The first thing to pop into my head was, she may as well be naked, her suit didn't cover much anyway. The second thing was, why was she in here with me just wrapped in a towel? Then I remembered the videos.

Standing up I cinched the towel tighter and went over and stood behind her. She was so engrossed in watching the password cracker trying to decipher the password she didn't know I was there. I glanced at the screen and saw that the cracker had uncovered four letters of the password. In the back of my mind a word popped up. I suddenly realized what the password was. Dad's favorite fruit.

"The password is tangerine Mom," I spoke softly.

She damn near jumped out of the chair when she heard my voice. "Shit Russell, you scared the crap out of me!"

"Sorry," I said placing my hands on her bare shoulders. "Try tangerine."

She turned and looked at me briefly then turned back to the screen and typed in the word. Instantly the folder opened revealing two files, one labeled MM2 the other labeled MM3; both of them were video files. She let out a tiny triumphant squeal then looked back at me again. The same signal passed between us; do we really want to watch, or should we close the folder and walk away?

"It's up to you Mom," I told her, gently rubbing the tops of her shoulders.

"I want to see what's on it, but I'll feel kinda weird watching it with my son if it's the same thing as the other one."

"Pretend I'm not here. Besides we watched the other one together and it wasn't too weird," I reminded her.

"Oh okay, here goes nothing." She turned back to the screen and clicked on the first file.

This one started out showing Grandpa sitting on the bed leaning against the headboard playing with his semi-erect penis. The camera panned the room after a few minutes and showed Grandma crawling up the foot of the bed toward Grandpa. She was completely naked and her tits swung under her as she made her way forward. When she was close enough she leaned down and took Grandpa's cock into her mouth. The camera moved until it showed a close-up view of her upturned ass and the furry slit of her slick looking pussy. I could clearly see her inflamed clit poking through the tangle of her bush. My towel began to tent and I started rubbing Mom's shoulders a little harder. As we watched the camera went up and showed Grandpa's face. He appeared to be saying something, but as before there was no audio.

The bed seemed to wiggle along with the jerky motions of the camera. Whoever was holding it had climbed up behind Grandma and was now running a hand over her smooth rump. Several seconds later the hand slid between her legs and cupped her cunt. I felt Mom stiffen as we watched one finger slip into Grandma's pussy. Another followed that finger. Grandma's hairy cunt lips opened up as the fingers sank all the way in up to the knuckles. When the hand pulled back we could see her cream sticking to the fingers in a thick coat. Mom let out an involuntary moan. My hands slid down a bit on the front of Mom's chest and my towel was poking straight out in front.

The fingers moved faster and faster in and out of Grandma's pussy. Her ass pushed back against the hand in ever increasing force. Suddenly the fingers withdrew from her wetness and the camera panned down and showed an erect penis being held by sticky fingers. Our eyes were glued to the screen as we watched the head of the penis get closer and closer to Grandma's cunt. When it was close enough to touch her, the guy rubbed the head up through her slit and separated the

furry lips. As if in slow motion the penis began to disappear inside Grandma's wet hole. Mom moaned again, only louder this time. I tore my eyes from the screen long enough to look down. Mom had moved the hand not holding the mouse between her parted legs. It was too dark to really see anything but that didn't stop me from knowing that she was rubbing herself. I slid my hands lower on her chest, the tips of my fingers almost touching the two stiff points of her nipples. Just as the guys cock bottomed out I bent down and planted a soft kiss on the side of Mom's neck.

"Don't do that baby," she whispered. Her protest sounded weak and her voice had a tremor to it.

The camera panned up to show Grandpa's face. His eyes were closed and his mouth was open as if breathing hard. I could see the back of Grandma's head as it bobbed up and down on his cock. The lens slowly crawled down over Grandma's back until it was showing the guy sawing gently in and out of her cunt. His cock was covered in slickness and each time his pelvis bumped up against her it made her ass cheeks ripple. Bravely I kissed Mom's neck again. This time she didn't

protest, instead she pushed her head gently back while keeping her eyes on the screen.

"Oh God!" she hissed as my fingertips rolled over her stiff nipples. The hand in her lap seemed to be moving faster.

So was the guy pumping Grandma. Her ass was really jiggling as he hammered her from behind. Without sound it was hard to tell how loud the slapping of her ass was, but it wasn't hard to imagine. I snuck my fingers under Mom's top and pinched each stiff nipple with my fingertips. Her moans were long and loud. I pulled my fingers back and untied the string around her neck. The tiny triangles of red fabric fell downward exposing her light brown nipples to my gaze.

"No Russ, you mustn't. It's wrong baby," she softly croaked, working her hand between her legs faster and faster.

Ignoring her feeble protest I stepped to the side of her that had the hand holding the mouse. With one of my hands tweaking her nipples, I used the other one to remove the

towel from around my waist. I saw her eyes leave the screen as if she were in a daze and look at my bobbing cock. Pre-cum oozed from me as I reached down and took her hand off the mouse and brought it up to my dick. As soon as her palm touched my shaft her fingers curled around it and began a slow steady stroking along its length. Both our eyes went back to watching Grandma getting fucked.

The faster the guy pumped into Grandma, the faster Mom stroked my cock. With jerky motions we watched the guy pull his throbbing member out and lay it in Grandma's ass crack. A thick rope of cum shot out and landed halfway up her back. Several more followed but only managed to smear her butt and tailbone with slime. In the background we could see Grandpa's hand giving a thumbs up.

"OH GOD!!" Mom groaned as she began pumping her fist faster than ever on my shaft.

"UUUUGGGGGGHHHHHHH SHIT!!" I cried as cum spurted out all over Mom's tits.

Stunned we didn't say anything; we just stared into each other's eyes. Trance-like I bent down and picked up the towel and as softly as I could I wiped my dripping spunk from her chest, careful not to rub too hard against her sensitive nipples. When I finished there I cleaned the stuff off her hand that had managed to dribble on it. Calmly Mom stood, glanced down at her exposed tits and then at my shrinking prick. Without bothering to cover herself she turned and went out the door. Naked myself I went over and looked out into the hallway. I was just in time to see Grandma come out of her room and stare wide-eyed as Mom went into hers. Mom's door shut and Grandma looked down the hall at me. I could've sworn I saw her wink just before she slipped back into her bedroom. I closed my door and sat down in front of the laptop, the urge to see what was on the other file tugging at me. Maybe it was because I'd just shot my load, or because I was feeling pretty shitty for doing what I'd done to Mom, in any case I just couldn't bring myself to open the file. I shut down the laptop and curled up in bed instead.

The next morning I woke up famished, I hadn't eaten anything since lunch the day before. Throwing on an old pair of sweats and a faded green t-shirt I went down to the kitchen. My first reaction was one of puzzlement. It was only seven-thirty and there wasn't anyone around. I fixed myself a bowl of cereal and sat at the bar to eat it. I was almost done shoveling the cereal into my mouth when I felt a presence behind me. Turning I saw Mom standing in the doorway holding a coffee cup. She seemed to be trying to make up her mind if she wanted to come in or not. I couldn't blame her if she didn't want to be near me. Hell, I wouldn't blame her if she told me to find another place to live for that matter. She made up her mind and came into the kitchen going straight to the coffee pot. With a fresh cup in hand she surprised me by coming over and sitting on the other stool.

Her first words to me were, "We need to talk."

"I know," I replied staring into my bowl. "But before we do, I really, really want to say how sorry I am for what I did."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. What happened should never have happened, but it did, and there's nothing we can do to change that now. I think I'm just as much to blame as you. We both got carried away," her voice cracking a little as she told me this.

"Yeah we did, me a little more than you Mom," I said turning to look at her.

"It wasn't your fault Russ. Shit, it wasn't either one of our faults. Can we agree on that?" she whispered.

"Agreed! I think anyone would have gotten carried away, after-all, those videos are pretty intense," I chuckled trying to lighten the mood.

"That's one way to describe them," she laughed.

"I could have said there're smoking hot. It's not every day a guy gets to watch his Grandmother getting banged," I blurted out. The look in her eyes made me think I'd gone too far.

Instead of scolding me she just said, "That's something guys aren't supposed to see."

When she saw my face turn red she asked, "Is there something I should know Russell?"

"What do you mean?" I asked playing dumb.

"It's obvious that Martha has a strong sex drive, and I've seen how she flirts with you. So what I want to know is, has she made a move on you?"

"God Mom, she's my Grandmother! Why would she hit on me?" I countered.

"Yeah, you're right, forget I even asked." Her mouth said one thing, but the questioning look in her eyes said another.

"So we're good?" I asked.

"Yes, we're good," she chuckled leaning over and giving me a hug.

"By the way, I haven't seen either Grandma or Grandpa today. Are they even here?" I asked keeping my arms around her so I could feel her breasts pressed into me longer.

Pulling away from me she told me that they had left early this morning, something to do with wanting to drive around and see the countryside.

"So it's just me and you here?" I asked.

"All day kiddo," she replied.

"Do you want me to put some more tanning lotion on you today?" I asked hopefully.

She caught me off-guard by saying, "No sunbathing today, I think I'd rather check out some more of those videos instead."

Dumbfounded I just said, "Really?"

"Of course. Don't you want to see who Martha's doing?"

"Yes, I am curious about that. But...remember what happened?"

"That's something I'll never forget Russell, but I think I know how to prevent it from happening again," she said confidently.

"How Mom?"

"It's simple, you'll sit in the chair and I'll stand behind you."

I had to admit, it was a simple solution to my wandering hands. If she were behind me I wouldn't be so prone to touch things I shouldn't be touching. I put my bowl in the sink and followed her out of the kitchen. As I watched her walk I wondered if she ever slept in anything other than the maroon gown she had on again. I wasn't complaining; the way the smooth fabric caressed her ass was a sight to behold. That sight got better as I followed closely behind her, the slits up the sides making it easy for her to climb the stairs. The lack of panty lines also had me wondering. We went straight to my room and as promised she stood behind my chair and waited for me to sit.

Again I had to put in the password to open the folder. I clicked on the file labeled MM3. The video opened up with a close-up of a guys dick buried into a hairy pussy. Slowly the view widened until we could see Grandma sitting on Grandpa's lap with her legs spread to the sides of his. Her clit was stiff and erect and poking through the tangle of hair as she rose and

fell on Grandpa's cock. It was clear to see that he wasn't completely hard, his dick kept bending as she came down on it. The quality of this video was a little better than the other ones, leading me to think they'd gotten a new camera. Another surprising twist was this video also had sound.

"Pinch my tits Pa," we heard Grandma say.

Hands came around up under her armpits and fingers began to squeeze her brown stiff nipples. She started moaning and bucking a little faster on the imbedded cock up her pussy. Gradually the cock began to swell and grow stiffer. Whoever was holding the camera could be heard moaning as he moved back to get more close-up shots of Grandma's cunt sliding up and down on the cock.

"Yeah girl that's it, just a little more," Grandpa groaned.

Just as he finished saying that we saw his dick throb and white streams of cum flowed from her cunt around the shaft of his penis. The camera retreated so we could see both of them.

Grandma slowly stood letting the flaccid penis fall from her hole followed by thick globs of cum that fell onto Grandpa's lap. She had a smile on her face as she looked directly into the camera.

Grandpa gave a thumbs up gesture and said, "That's how it's done Champ."

The video ended there leaving me seriously disappointed and highly aroused at the same time. I could sense Mom's disappointment as she shifted from one foot to the other behind me. I turned to look at her just as her fingers were leaving her breasts. She had a glazed look in her eyes.

"That's what Gramps calls me," I said, staring right at her hardened nipples as they poked the front of her gown.

"That's what he calls everybody sweetie," she replied, seemingly unaware of my lingering stare.

"That was way too quick," I remarked, reluctantly turning back around to face the screen.

"I agree. At least now we know why Martha needs to have a spare dick around," she snickered.

"I wasn't referring to how fast Gramps popped Mom," I chuckled.

"Oh. Okay," she snickered some more.

"Mom, why does Dad have these on his laptop anyway?" I asked.

"I have no idea Russ. Maybe I'll ask him when he gets home. But until then see if the password works on any of the other folders," she told me.

The next folder in line opened just as easy as the last ones. Dad really should've switched passwords I thought. There was

only one file in this folder. It was labeled MM4. This one started with Grandma and Grandpa walking toward what looked like a small pond. They were both as naked as a jaybird. He had a wicker basket in one hand and his other hand was cupping her bare butt. She had a blanket in one hand and her other hand was lost from view since it was in front of Grandpa. The angle of her arm suggested she had a hold on his cock, but I wasn't sure. The quality was about the same as the last one.

Along the banks of the pond were large patches of grass. They spread out the blanket and settled down on their butts. The camera guy sat on her left facing them while Gramps sat on her right. As if some sort of signal had been passed, Grandpa and the camera guy stretched out right next to Grandma. She reached over and took both theirs cocks in her hands then began to masturbate them. Grandpa was slow to rise but the other guy was hard as a rock in no time. We could see the strain in the guy's abdomen as he tried to film and hold his head up at the same time. A couple of minutes of Grandma pumping their cocks brought Grandpa to an abrupt climax. His spunk squirted out just enough to coat her hand and make

a gooey mess. Letting his shrinking dick go, she moved her messy hand to the other guy's cock and smeared it with Grandpa's cream. After she had it covered in spunk she used both hands and really began to pump. Grandpa propped himself up on his elbows enough to watch.

"That's it ma, make him shoot a big one," he said smiling hugely.

"OHHH SHITTTT!" the guy cried, the camera wobbling erratically as his sperm shot up in the air and came back down to land on his stomach and Grandma's hand.

"Oh my, look what I've gone and done. I got you all messy. Here, let me clean that off you," Grandma cooed, then leaned over and stuck his dick in her mouth.

I don't know how long ago Mom had placed her hands on my shoulders, but when the guy's cock erupted I felt her nails dig into me. It was a little painful but I was too engrossed in watching Grandma lick the spunk off the guy to care. She

spent several minutes cleaning the guy and her messy hands before sitting back up with a satisfied smile on her face.

"All better baby?" she asked smugly.

"Uh huh," the guy replied right before the video ended.

"Holy shit," I whispered reaching up to place my hands over Mom's. They were trembling.

"You can say that again," I heard her whisper back.

"Are you okay Mom, your hands are shaking?" I asked, turning my head so I could see her out of the corner of my eye.

"Yeah, just got a cramp in my leg is all," she obviously lied. I could see her nostrils flare as she tried to slow her breathing down.

"Why don't you sit? I'll stand for a while," I told her.

Gently laughing she said, "Nothing doing, we both know what happens when you're behind me don't we."

"Yeah, we do. You could sit on my leg if you want to though. But you better behave yourself," I chuckled heartily.

"I'll try smarty-pants," she laughed.

Before I could react to her accepting my offer she came around, slid between my knees and plopped her butt down on the thigh of my left leg. She was leaning away slightly until I brought my free arm around her waist. With my hand resting on her hip she leaned inward until she was snuggled up against me. She let her outside arm hang by her side with her hand in her lap and put her other arm around my shoulders. I could smell her shampoo, and if I turned my face too far toward her, my mouth would almost be on her right tit. My cock lurched in my sweats. Apparently she felt it move.

"You just make sure you behave yourself too," she said sternly, taking a brief glance down at me before shifting her eyes back to the screen.

The next folder had two files labeled MM5 and MM6. The first one was a short clip of the camera guy being sucked off while Grandpa jacked off in the background. It didn't have too much effect on either of us. The second one however had Mom squirming on my lap, and my cock crawling down my pants leg right under her ass. If she noticed the head of my cock burrowing under her, she didn't let on that she had.

Grandma was on the bed on her back, her ass almost hanging over the foot of it. Grandpa held her legs straight up in the air by her ankles and was pumping rapidly into her cunt. The angle being shot from put the camera above Grandma's head, and when it panned down we saw her holding the guy's cock and greedily slurping on the head of it. I groaned aloud and Mom shifted on my leg. Her shifting allowed more of my growing cock to sneak up under her soft cheek. I tightened my grip on her hip and let the hand holding the mouse fall

onto the top of one of her thigh. The smooth fabric felt cool to the touch.

"Russ?" Mom whispered keeping her eyes on the screen. I didn't say anything, nor did I move my hand.

"You like that ma? You like it when I ram it to ya?" Grandpa was asking.

"Oh God yes. Ram me, ram me hard you bastard," Grandma squealed.

That's exactly what he did. The camera caught her tits slamming up and down on her chest as Grandpa increased the force of his thrusts. Faster and faster he plowed into her until she no longer could keep the camera guys dick in her mouth. She stared up into the lens with her mouth wide open and her nostrils flaring.

"OH YEESSSS," she sighed loudly as her body went rigid. The camera panned over to catch Grandpa huffing and puffing,

still ramming himself into her as hard as he could. His face turned beet red and he slammed his pelvis forward and stood still.

"FUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKK YEAH!" he hollered emptying his load into her.

Grandpa stood there holding her ankles for a minute before looking up and smiling for the camera.

"Your turn Champ," he said moving back and letting Grandma's feet fall to rest on the edge of the bed.

Movements of the camera showed the guy climb off the bed and walk around until he was filming directly in between her legs. The hair on Grandma's pussy was matted and slick looking. Cum could be seen leaking from her cunt. She opened her legs wider and the camera panned down to show the guy guiding his dick to her opening. He ran the tip of it through her slit getting a wad of Grandpa's cum on the head of it.

"Spank me first. Slap my clit with that meat, you know how I like it," Grandma pleaded.

Hearing that reminded me of how she'd told me to do the same thing. My cock expanded to its full length, actually lifting Mom a millimeter or two. She moaned softly and shifted to the point that the head of my cock was pushing against the swell of her outer lips through her gown. I looked down and saw the hand in her lap press into the junction below her mound. The guy on the screen was smacking his cockhead repeatedly against Grandma's soggy clit. I slid the hand I had on Mom's thigh into the slit in her gown and touched bare skin. Softly I began to run that hand up and down her thigh.

The guy on the screen stopped beating Grandma's clit and lined up his cock with her opening. Cum oozed out around his dick as he pushed his meat into her pussy. He stopped pushing it in when half of it buried itself inside her. When he pulled back, more cum oozed out. Mom moaned louder and I slid my hand higher on her upper thigh. The fingers on

Mom's hand pressed deeper into the junction below her mound and began to rotate in slow circles. I turned my face toward her and captured her cloth-covered nipple in my mouth.

"Russ baby...OH SHIT!" she cried, opening her legs enough for my fingers to reach her pussy.

I clamped down on her nipple as she stared at the screen. The guy was starting to pound into Grandma. My index finger found Mom's soaking slit and forced its way into her tunnel. She arched her back and pressed down with her butt onto my aching cock. My finger slid all the way in. Faster and faster I pumped my finger into her, as she pushed her nipple harder against my mouth. I couldn't hold it; I shot my load into my sweats. Just as my seed spilled into my pants Mom screamed out her own orgasm.

"RUSSELLLLL!!"

The guy on the screen cut loose at the same time. "I'M COMMMIINNNGGGGG MOMMMM!"

Mom and I froze, my finger still sunk deep in her wet cunt. We stared at the screen as the camera fell from the guy's hand and rolled off Grandma onto the bed. It landed with the lens showing the far wall of the bedroom. Grandpa must have picked it up because the next thing we saw was Grandma lying on the bed with a guy sprawled on top of her. His face was turned away from the camera and we could see they were both breathing heavily. Grandma turned her head to the side and stared into the lens, a satiated look on her face. She put one hand on the guys back and rubbed him up and down.

"Lordy son, that was the best one yet," she chirped. The video ended.

"What the fuck!" Mom screamed, jumping up ripping my mouth off her tit and yanking my finger from her smooth hairless pussy.

Mom fled out the door screaming, "That son-of-a-bitch!" over and over. I brought my finger up to my mouth and tasted my mother for the first time.

Chapter Three

I ran out of my room, cum running down my leg, and tried to catch up with Mom. I found her at the bar in the kitchen trying to open a bottle of scotch with trembling hands. She wasn't much of a drinker, but I figured she needed it so I took the bottle and opened it. I fixed us both a stiff drink and sat down next to her, she didn't say anything about me fixing myself a drink.

"You have to calm down," I told her softly.

"Calm down? How in the hell am I supposed to calm down when I just learned my husband has been cheating on me? With his own Mother no less," she replied angrily.

"You don't know that Mom. That could have been anyone on that video," I rationalized.

"It was Frank," she insisted.

"You can't be sure of that. They didn't call him by name. That could just be how they talk, you know, just like how they call each other ma and pa," I said.

"I didn't need to hear his name. Besides, you heard him call her Mom," she said, then downed her drink in one gulp.

I poured her another one and sat quietly waiting for her to calm down some. The scotch burned my throat as I sipped my drink and rubbed her back soothingly. I hadn't seen her this upset in a very long time, she was positively fuming with rage. She took another drink then turned to face me.

"How could Martha have sex with her own son?" she whimpered.

"I don't know Mom. But if you think about it, what we just got through doing could've easily gone in that direction too."

"Oh God...you're right. I'm so sorry baby, I can't believe I let myself get carried away again," she began to weep.

"It wouldn't have happened if Dad was taking care of your needs like he should," I stated.

"That's not the point Russell. I'm your Mother, I shouldn't have let you touch me like you did."

"I don't regret it Mom. I've wanted to touch you for a long time," I whispered.

"What? You have? Oh honey, you shouldn't think that way about me. We're family."

"So's Grandma," slipped out.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked, giving me a wide-eyed stare.

"Um...there's something I need to tell you," I stuttered.

She sat stone-faced while I told her everything that had happened between Grandma and myself. The only reactions I got from her were a stiffening of her nipples and a few "Oh My Gods" as I described in detail my exploits. Her face became flushed when I described how I had gone down on Grandma in the attic. I couldn't stop talking until I'd finished telling her everything, including my penchant for watching incest videos online. When I finished we both sat there just looking into each other's eyes.

"So let me get this straight," she finally said. "Martha forced you to have sex with her?"

"No Mom, she didn't force me to do anything. She offered and I accepted."

"She just spread her legs and said fuck me?" I could see she was having a hard time digesting the whole thing.

"She asked if I wanted to and I said yes."

"And it didn't occur to you how wrong it was? My God Russell, she's your Grandmother for crying out loud!"

"I know that Mom, but I couldn't help it. When I saw her pussy I just went crazy." I was sure my reasoning for fucking Grandma wasn't going over too well with Mom.

"I see. So if I were to spread my legs and show you my pussy, you'd go crazy on me too?"

I took a big drink before answering. "I wouldn't do anything you didn't want me to Mom. But if I had the chance to make love to you, I definitely would."

She lifted her glass to her lips with one hand and brought her other hand up and clutched her chest. I could see the wheels spinning in her soft brown eyes. She ended our conversation by telling me to go take a shower; apparently I was getting a little ripe. I downed my drink, gave her a quick hug and left her sitting there by herself.

As I stripped in my room I realized the smell of dried cum was pretty strong on me. A shower was definitely called for. For twenty minutes the water cascade over me while jumbled thoughts ran through my head. I was more confused than ever by the time I was dried and dressed. I needed answers. Answers to questions like; 'Was that really Dad in the videos?' And if so, 'Why had Grandma let him, and me for that matter, have sex with her?' The only problem with getting answers would be that I'd have to ask her. If I did that then I'd have to let her know about the videos, because I'm pretty sure she'd want to know how I knew about her and Dad. I headed back

to my room pondering whether or not to ask Mom for advice on what to do. I wasn't sure if she'd give me any, but I had to at least ask. I didn't have far to go to ask her, she was sitting at my desk when I reached my room. The laptops screen had a frozen image of the last video we'd watched. Mom had paused it at the point where the guy was lying on Grandma with his face turned away from the camera.

"Mom, what are you doing?" I asked nervously.

"Proving to you that this is your Dad. Come in and close the door," she replied.

I did as she instructed and went and stood behind her. She started the video and pointed to the guy's left shoulderblade. I had to lean in closer before I realized what she was pointing at. The guy had an inch long purple birthmark just below where his shoulder sloped down toward his back.

"Look familiar?" she asked.

"Not really," I told her.

"Then I suggest the next time your Father has his shirt off around you, you take a good look. He has that exact same birthmark!" she spit out.

Truthfully I'd never noticed. In my nineteen years of life I think I'd only seen him shirtless once or twice, and that was when I was quite young. Most of the time he wore t-shirts, even when he went swimming. Something I never understood, but hey, who was I to judge.

"That still doesn't prove it's him Mom," my own confidence was beginning to wane.

"It does to me," she retorted, then stood and headed for the door.

"There might be a way to tell for sure," I said just as she reached out for the doorknob.

Turning to look at me she asked, "How?"

"We could watch the rest of the videos and see if they show his face."

"I don't think so. I already know it's him, but if you want to watch the rest, knock yourself out." She left before I had a chance to reply.

I stood there for a while until my curiosity got the better of me. For the next forty minutes I watched Grandma have sex with both the guy holding the camera and with Grandpa. Not once did the guy's face appear on screen. Not being able to prove one way or the other if that was Dad was disappointing. Even the sex had become slightly mundane. I did have a raging hard-on by the time I was finished watching, but the urge to take care off it just wasn't there. I spent the rest of the day working on my school paper instead. Around four-thirty

I went downstairs and found out I was alone in the house. The Grandparents were still gone, and when I checked the garage so was Mom's car. I ate a couple of sandwiches and washed them down with a soda, then went up and finished my paper.

Seven pm rolled around and I was sitting on the porch when Grandma and Grandpa pulled up. They climbed out of their car laughing and having a good time. When they reached me the dismal look on my face made them both ask if something was wrong. I told them I was fine, just tired. Grandpa seemed to buy my explanation and went inside. Grandma on the other hand wasn't so sure. She sat down in the chair next to me and took my hand in hers.

"What's really bothering you Russell? Is it because we had sex?"

My head swiveled so hard on my neck that I was surprised I didn't break it as I glanced toward the front door to make sure Grandpa wasn't there. He wasn't, but the door was open.

"Relax sweetie," Grandma patted my hand. "Tell me what's on your mind."

"I...I was just wondering why you let me is all," I said.

"Have you ever had an itch that begged to be scratched?" she asked.

"I guess so," I replied, wondering what the hell she was talking about.

"Well, when I saw you admiring me, I got an itch that needed scratching. When we were in the attic and I saw you staring at my pussy, your dick hard as a rock, you reminded me of someone and the itch got too strong to deny it."

I wanted to say that I knew who I reminded her of but didn't. Instead I asked, "Couldn't you have gotten Grandpa to scratch it for you?"

"Oh honey, Roy hasn't been able to scratch my itches for quite some time. I just take care of them myself, although he does like to watch when I do."

"What are you talking about, he's been taking care of you since you guys got here," I said.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, a confused look on her face.

"I hear you two every morning. The headboard banging my wall?"

Laughing, she leaned over and gave me a hug. "Russell, Russell, Russell. You thought we were having sex because the headboard bumped your wall?"

"Yes. What other reason would it be?"

"Honey, the headboard isn't even attached to the bed. Every time I make the bed it flops against the wall. Hell it does it when I just touch the bed."

"But I hear grunts, then the banging stops," I persisted.

"That's because I use my knees to push the mattresses back against the headboard when I'm finished making the bed. The grunts you're hearing is me using muscles I haven't used in a while."

"Okay, that explains that. But it doesn't tell me why you let me make love to you," I continued.

"When I bumped into you with my robe open I noticed how hard you got. That's when the itch started. When I told Roy how I had made you stiff, and that I wouldn't mind feeling your hardness in me, he told me to see if you felt the same way."

"What a minute! Grandpa knows what we did?" I interrupted her.

"Of course he does. I wouldn't go behind my husbands back; I love him too much for that. Since he can't, your Grandfather loves me enough to allow me to scratch my itches any way that I want. And let me tell you another thing. You are only the second man I've ever had sex with other than Roy." I could tell she was getting a little upset with me.

"Didn't it bother you that I'm your Grandson?" I asked, watching her eyes for signs I'd gone far enough in my questioning.

"Russell honey," she began, taking my hand softly in hers and smiling. "That's what made it special. I love you and I'm pretty sure you love me. I don't just have sex with anyone; there has to be love involved. You understand what I'm trying to tell you?"

"I do love you Grandma. I love you very much," I told her squeezing her warm hand softly.

"I'm glad to hear that. Do you feel better?" She let go of my hand and stood up.

"A little."

"Good. You go get some rest, and stop worrying," she said, making her way to the front door.

"Grandma?" I called out softly.

She turned and looked at me with questioning eyes. "Yes?"

"I was wondering what you meant when you said I was definitely my fathers son?"

"Oh my," she said, her eyes lighting up. "It's a little embarrassing to tell you."

"Please, I really want to know," I gave her my best puppy-dog eyes.

"If I tell you, will you promise not to think I'm some sort of degenerate?" she asked softly.

"I'd never think that Grandma," I told her honestly.

"Shortly after Frank and your Mom got married," she hesitantly began, "They were spending a couple of days with Roy and I. Apparently, since our car was gone, they assumed that they were alone in the house. Roy had gone to the store, but I'd stayed home. To make a long story short, I was going by their bedroom and saw them having sex. For some reason I couldn't stop watching. To this day I don't think they knew I was there. Anyway, the reason I said you were your father's son was because your Dad was banging that poor girl as hard as you banged me. Understand?"

"Yeah," I said, my penis starting to twitch as I recalled how I'd plowed her furry pussy. "Do you need me to scratch your itch again?"

"I'm afraid not sweetie," she chuckled. "You scratched it so good, it's gone now. But I will cherish the memory forever."

She left me sitting there remembering the raw passion of our encounter. I went to my room and watched her get fucked in the videos again, until my own spunk poured out into a wad of tissues. I shut off the laptop and crawled into bed. Just as sleep was overtaking me, Mom walked in and stood by my bed looking down at me. Even in the semi-darkness I could see she had an odd look on her face.

"Mom, something wrong?" I asked raising myself up on my elbows.

"I want you to come straight home from school tomorrow, I need your help with something," she quietly told me, then left before I could ask her anything.

It seemed to take forever for my school day to end. Mom's request to help her with something had a lot to do with making the day drag on and on. Strange thoughts ran rampant through my brain, making it almost impossible to concentrate on schoolwork. I couldn't remember the last time she'd wanted my help with anything other than housework, or grabbing something from the store on my way home. Something in the back of my mind told me it must have something to do with those videos.

"Mom, I'm home," I hollered as I entered the house.

Getting no response I tried again. "Mom? Anybody?"

The house felt empty. Ducking back outside I saw that the Grandparents car wasn't parked in the driveway. I checked the garage and found Mom's car in there. That's odd I thought as

I went back inside. Then it dawned on me, she must have gone somewhere with them. I climbed the stairs and was just about to go into my room when I noticed the attic door was ajar. Dropping my books on the bed I went over and opened the attic door all the way. The light was on.

"Mom, you up there?" I called out.

"Yeah. Come on up," she yelled down.

When I reached the top I saw her standing by the desk with her back to me. She was wearing her tight red swimsuit, only I couldn't see the strings that tied the top on. I found out why I couldn't see them. As I got closer she turned around and placed her hands on her hips. Staring me right in the face was the loveliest set of tits I'd ever seen. Two pale triangular patches of skin with light brown nipples pointing straight at me brought me to a complete stop. My jaw went slack while my cock crawled down my pants leg.

"Mom, what are you doing?" I barely managed to squeak out.

"Waiting for you," she replied in a sultry tone.

"Why?" I nervously asked.

"Come closer and I'll tell you," she said, reaching both hands out and beckoning me forward.

My brain must have shut down. Now the little head was doing all the thinking for me as I shuffled slowly over to her. When I was close enough she reached out, took one of my hands and placed it palm down on her left tit. Her other hand landed on the bulge in my britches. She stepped forward until she was pressing her body against the front of me, my hand still on her firm breast, and hers gently kneading the growing stiffness at my crotch.

"I've been thinking about what you told me you did to Martha. Do you remember what you said you did to her?" she asked, her voice throaty and sexual.

"Y...Yes," my head nodded up and down like a bobble-head doll.

She leaned in, put her arm around my neck and purred into my ear, "I want you to do that to me."

Before I could utter a protest, although I doubt if I had one in me, her full pouty lips covered mine in a smoldering passionate kiss. My hand involuntarily squeezed her tit tighter as her tongue darted into my mouth and searched for mine. As if someone else was controlling me, my arm snaked around her waist and crushed her to me. Our breathing increased as our tongues explored each other's mouths, and our hands began to explore the wonders of our bodies. My hand slid down from the small of her back and cupped the delicious firmness of her ass. The fingers of my hand on her tit found her nipple and pinched it lightly until it was stiff and hard. She moaned and pulled her lips off mine so she could suck in great gulps of air. I dropped my hand from her tit and cupped her other cheek.

"That's it baby, squeeze my ass," she hissed. Swiftly her fingers deftly undid my pants and pushed them down over my raging member.

The ties that held her bottoms on came undone easily as I pulled both strings at the same time. The red fabric was caught between her legs momentarily before she parted her legs and let her bottoms float to the floor. Placing one hand on her ass, I brought the other one around and cupped her hairless mound. My middle finger curled over her clit and the tip of it slid between her slick lips.

"Oh shit, oh shit, God yes," she moaned as I pushed more of my finger into her pussy.

I could feel her hand rubbing the head of my cock, spreading around the abundant pre-cum that was leaking from me. I'd never been this aroused; my cock was so hard it was almost painful. She stroked my shaft a couple of times then pushed

herself away from me. I stood there praying that she hadn't changed her mind.

"Let me get up on the desk so you can eat me first," she huffed.

I began ripping off my clothes as I watched her turn toward the desk and move something out of her way. I wasn't sure what she'd moved; my eyes remained glued to the white pale flesh of her ass cheeks. When she turned back around I gazed in amazement at the smoothness of her hairless mound. I could see her pink clitoris peeking from its hiding place between her puffy outer lips. She pressed up against the desk and slid her butt onto the top. Next she leaned back onto her elbows and put her feet flat on the desktop with her legs wide open. A dab of pre-cum dropped from the end of my dick as I got down on my knees in front of her and inhaled the musky sweetness of her excited cunt.

"Eat me baby. Eat me like you did Martha," she cooed.

Placing both my hands gently on her hips I lowered my mouth and ran my tongue through the center of her slit. When my tongue reached her clit she pushed her pussy harder onto my mouth. I gazed up to look at her face, but saw her pointing what looked like a camera at me instead. I recognized it from magazine ads; it was a GoPro Hero3. The fact that my Mother was filming me eating her out didn't bother me in the least. If anything it turned me on even more. Now I could watch myself doing it over and over. I smiled for the camera and sank my tongue back into her hole as far as I could get it.

"OOOOHHHHHHH FUCK!" she wailed, holding the camera with one hand and placing her other one behind my head to push my face deeper into her soaked slit.

I rode the wave of her bucking hips with my tongue firmly stuck inside her until she began to slow down. When her pelvis stopped moving I stood up holding my cock with one hand while holding her pussy lips opened with the other. Before I could ram myself up her cunt she told me to stop. I

stared with lust-crazed eyes as she reached to her side and affixed the camera to a head strap.

With a shaking hand she held out the camera to me and said, "Put this on your head so you can film your cock as it goes in me."

My hands fumbled a bit before I had the headgear on snug enough so it wouldn't fall off. The weight of the camera was actually lighter than I'd expected. She spread her legs once more and gave me an encouraging nod. I stepped close enough to touch her pussy with the head of my cock, pre-cum dripping down and coating her slit.

"Russ baby, spank Mommy's clit with it first," she purred.

I knew what she was doing; she wanted me to do everything to her that I'd done to Grandma. I held her pussy lips apart and brought the head of my cock down onto her enflamed bud. She squealed in delight each time the mushroom head slapped the stiff meat of her puffed out clit. The longer I beat

my cock against her clit, the more my eyes began to play tricks on me. First I'd see my cock smacking Mom's bare cunt, then I would see Grandma's hairy pussy taking the spanking. Back and forth it went, bald pussy, hairy pussy, bald pussy, then hairy pussy. I shut my eyes to ward off the visions. I could hear Mom's moaning growing louder. I couldn't take anymore. Just like I did with Grandma, I rammed all eight inches home in one single lunge. I opened my eyes in time to see Mom's eyes grow big with surprise and her mouth form a perfect circle.

"SHIIITTTT RUSS!" she screamed, at the same time pushing upwards to take more.

I began to piledrive my meat into her juicy cunt. Sweat broke out on my back as I propped myself over her on my hands and steadily rammed my cock in and out of her velvet glove. Grandma's pussy had felt wonderful, but it was nowhere near like the feeling I was having sliding into Mom's tight wetness. She arched her back and clamped her muscles around my shaft. I could actually feel her juices pouring around my rod as she went over the edge of her orgasmic cliff.

"UUUNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHH!" she yelled, her arms dropping down to her sides as her body slowly settled unmoving onto the top of the desk.

"Not yet Mom. I'm not done fucking you," I growled, standing straight up and placing her ankles on my shoulders.

I pointed my head down so the camera could catch my cock sliding in and out between her puffy lips. I slowed the pace to where I was pumping into her in long easy strokes. I pulled all the way back then slid all the way in, my cock coated with thick slick juice. Each time I drove forward I watched her beautiful tits jiggle, those pert brown nipples pointing up to the ceiling. It wasn't long before I was going faster and faster, her cunt muscles wrapped around my shaft quivering uncontrollably. Her hands came up and touched my hips.

"Now Russell, now! Fill me up baby," she urged, trying to meet my thrust with her own.

"OH FUCK MOM!" I groaned loudly as I flooded her pussy with my cum. I fell on top of her and her legs slid down to wrap around my back. She continued to rock her cunt up and down my shaft for a few seconds longer before she exploded again.

"So good baby, so good," she chanted, throwing her arms around my back and hugging me to her as she rode the last vestiges of her bliss.

When I finally had enough energy to stand, I gazed down hoping the camera was catching the exact moment my softening cock pulled out of her tight confines. I could see her inner lips clinging to my shaft, as if trying to hold me in while I slowly withdrew. Cum poured out once my cockhead cleared her entrance and dripped down onto the desk's top.

"Do you think you can get it up again" I heard her ask as she sat up and looked me in the eyes.

"Huh?"

Before I could gather my thoughts, she hopped off the desk and sank to her knees in front of me. My lips formed a silent protest as I watched my cock disappear into her hot mouth. While she sucked life back into my flaccid penis her soft brown eyes stared straight into the camera. The sight of my Mother staring up at me with my cock in her mouth was so hot. Blood filled my dick in an instant. With a little help from her hands, one clutching my ball sack as the other stroked my shaft, she drained whatever cum I had left in my balls. Just like Grandma had done in one of the videos, Mom pulled my dick from her mouth and rubbed it around her lips and chin.

Without a word she stood up, removed the camera and headgear from my head and pranced down the attic stairs completely naked. A few minutes later, after regaining some composure, I pulled up my pants and went to my room. I sat on my bed stunned, and overjoyed, by what had happened. I knew Mom was angry with Dad for fucking Grandma, but I never dreamed she'd do me just to get even. I guess I didn't know her as well as I thought. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned certainly fit this situation.

Suppertime came and went. When I didn't show up for it, Mom brought a plate up to my room. She was in her maroon nightgown, her nipples hard and pressing through the thin fabric. She sat at my desk and fired up the laptop while I ate. When I glanced over between bites, I saw that she was watching the last video we'd watched together one more time. She paused it at the place that showed the purple birthmark on the guy then looked in my direction. Without saying anything she stood up and went to stand behind the chair she'd just left. Casually she bent over the back of the chair and placed one hand on the seat. With her other hand she reached around and began to pull the back of her gown up until it was bunched at the small of her back. I stared at the firm round globes of her snow-white ass while she stared at the screen. My plate went sideways on my bed and my pants fell to the floor and stayed where I stepped out of them. Neither of us thought about shutting the door.

I held my rod straight out and sidled up to her butt. Bending slightly at the knees I worked the head of my cock between the slick lips of her cunt until I felt her opening. Slowly, so I

could savor the moment, I pushed deeper and deeper into her wetness. When I was all the way in and my ball sack was touching her clit I reached up under her and latched the fingers of one hand onto her stiff nipple. The harder I pinched her nipple, the louder she moaned. I tried to go slow, and did at first. The feel of her walls sucking my dick soon had me thrusting madly into her. Mom's firm cheeks cushioned her against the powerful thrusts I was hammering into her. They didn't do anything to prevent my sack from spanking her clit mercilessly with each forward thrust though.

"Yes! Yes! Yes," she repeated each time I rammed into her.

"I...I...I'm gonna cum Mom!" I snorted and unleashed a tidal wave of sperm deep inside her clenching cunt.

"GOD YESSSSS!" she screamed as her juices mixed with mine and began to flow out around my shaft. My cream-coated balls made wet slapping noises against her clit as I pumped my last drops of cum into her.

Drained, all I could do was stumble backward and land on my bed. Mom lowered her gown and came over and sat next to me after moving my abandoned plate out of the way. She pulled the covers up around my crotch covering my shrinking penis from view.

"This is all about getting revenge on Dad isn't it?" I was finally able to ask after catching my breath.

"At first. But now..."

"But now what, Mom?"

"But now, this time, it was because I wanted to feel your big hard cock in me again," she stated matter-of-factly.

I was just about to ask her why when Grandma walked by my room. She glanced in, saw Mom and I sitting on the bed, and smiled at us. Neither of us was exposed in any way, so I figured she thought we were just talking. She almost passed

completely by but something must have caught her eye. She stopped dead in her tracks and spun around to face the laptop's screen. Her face became deathly pale and her hands flew up to cover her mouth.

"Roy!" Her scream was barely muffled by the hands in front of her mouth.

I heard the sound of running feet coming up the stairs and Grandpa shouting, "What's wrong?" He stopped next to Grandma and peered into my room. His eyes bounced around the room until they settled on what Grandma was staring at. His face went ashen too.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded, the paleness leaving his face, only to be replaced with an angry red.

"It was on Dad's old laptop. There's several of them," I stammered.

Grandma shot a surprised look at Grandpa then moaned, "Oh dear God Roy!"

Before he could respond she began weeping and ran to her bedroom. The slamming of her door jarred the walls in my room. Mom and I sat there staring at Grandpa for what felt like an eternity. Visibly shaking he pulled his eyes from the screen and looked us both in the eyes. I could see moisture beginning to build in his.

"Give me a few minutes to get her calmed down. We'll meet you two downstairs and explain everything." He didn't wait for a reply, he took one last look at the frozen image on the screen and left.

As soon as he was out of sight I jumped up and threw on my pants. I followed Mom down to the kitchen where we both took a healthy swig of scotch straight from the bottle. I didn't know about hers, but my heart was beating a mile a minute from almost being caught putting the meat to my own Mother. Although in retrospect, I shouldn't have been so

scared. I'd done the same thing to Grandma, and Grandpa knew about it too. We choked down one more swallow and went into the front room. I sat on the couch and Mom parked herself in Dad's recliner facing my way.

We heard them coming down the stairs. Glancing that direction I saw Grandpa supporting Grandma with his arm around her waist. He led her over and they both sat on the couch, somber-faced. Grandma's eyes were red from crying. Grandpa cleared his throat and looked back and forth between Mom and I.

"First off, let us say how sorry we are. We had no idea that Frank even knew about those films, let alone that he put it on his computer. We thought we'd accidentally thrown them out or misplaced them years and years ago. I guess we were wrong."

Mom seized on that in a heartbeat. "Why wouldn't Frank know about them? Shit, it was him that was filming the whole thing in the first place!"

Grandma's head snapped up and she said, "What? No dear, you're wrong."

"Like hell I am! I saw the birthmark," Mom shrieked.

"Calm down Tammy, and let me explain," Grandpa said soothingly.

"Okay, explain how I watched a video of my husband fucking Martha!" Mom was getting more agitated.

"That wasn't Frank you saw, it was Robert," Grandma whispered, then started weeping into her hands.

"Who's Robert?" I asked before Mom could throw out some snide remark.

Grandpa scooted forward until he was sitting on the edge of his seat, put his elbows on his knees and clasped his hands together. "That is...was Frank's identical twin brother. He passed away before Frank and your Mom ever met," he choked out.

"Bullshit! Frank has never mentioned anything about having a brother, especially not a twin," Mom cried out angrily.

Grandpa grew livid. "Listen here missy, if you want to hear the story then shut your damn pie-hole and let me finish. Otherwise, we're done here!"

I've never seen Grandpa so angry. I also expected Mom to come unhinged. Instead she settled back in the recliner, crossed her arms over her magnificent chest, and just glared at him. She didn't open her pie-hole once while Grandpa finished telling us what he had to say.

Robert had been born one minute after Dad. The two boys grew up together more like best friends than siblings. By the

time the boys were seventeen Robert began to have dizzy spells. He never mentioned it to Roy and Martha, only to Frank. In their senior year of high school Frank passed out in the kitchen while helping set the dinner table. He was rushed to the hospital where the attending physician didn't even bother having x-rays taken. The doctor told Roy and Martha that it was just a small concussion from his football playing. The doctor gave them a prescription for pharmaceutical-grade Tylenol and told Robert to take it easy for a day or so.

One week after his eighteenth birthday Robert collapsed in class. He was rushed to the hospital where an intern in the ER ordered a barrage of x-rays and blood test. The results of the tests showed that Robert had a massive tumor growing in his brain. The intern explained that because of its size and location it was inoperable. They refused to believe that and had taken Robert to a specialist. The outcome was the same. The prognosis was that Robert's condition was terminal. Frank took it hard. He blamed himself because he hadn't told Roy and Martha about Robert's dizzy spells. Night after night they heard him crying himself to sleep.

"My God. Why hasn't Frank ever told me?" Mom gently asked.

"I think it was because of the guilt he's felt for not saying anything. As for Roy and I, Robert's dying request was that we got on with our lives as if he'd never existed. He told us he wouldn't rest peacefully if he knew we were in pain from mourning him. That's a request we've honored up until now," Grandma said, the pain in her heart evident.

"I don't understand how you can go through life and not tell anyone about your son," Mom said respectfully.

"We do it because Robert made us promise. A promise we've tried to keep. I think Frank does it because it causes him too much pain and guilt to talk about his brother," Grandpa replied.

"We do miss him terribly. We've got reminders of him all over our house," Grandma added.

"I've been in your house Martha, and I don't remember any mementos of another son," Mom said.

Grandma's eyes grew wide and then she said, "Half the picture you've seen in our house are not of Frank my dear. A lot of them are of Robert."

"I...I didn't know that," Mom stammered.

"Not too many people do sweetheart," Grandma softly said.

Mom leaned forward in her chair and asked, "What about the videos? The birthmark I saw? And not to sound crass, why did the three of you have sex together in the first place?"

"We wanted our boy to experience as much of life as possible before he died, that included being with a woman. No man should ever die before having the joy that comes from being with a woman. But we couldn't just bring in some smelly prostitute, now could we? Martha and I discussed it and came

up with a solution. Martha would give herself to our boy; all of herself. The only thing we hadn't counted on was Robert's reluctance to having his Mom cheat on his Dad, even if it was with him. When we explained things, and I joined in, he grew more receptive to our plan." Grandpa ran out of breath and leaned back on the couch.

Skeptically Mom said, "I'm still not sure if I believe you. I saw Frank's birthmark plain as day on the video."

"Of course you did dear. Both our boys have identical birthmarks on their shoulder blades, only they are on opposite sides. Frank's is on his right, and Robert's was on his left. That's where they were pressed together in my womb," Grandma explained with a slight chuckle.

Mom's eyes grew until they were as round as a plate. After a full minute of staring into space she hollered, "Oh God!" and leaped from the chair and ran up the stairs. Grandma, Grandpa and I just stared at each other for a few seconds before I jumped up and chased after her. I found her in my

bedroom staring at the paused image on Dad's old laptop. It clearly showed the birthmark was on the guys left shoulder.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me" Mom whispered over and over and over.

"What's wrong?" I asked worried.

"Martha's right, this isn't your Dad." She couldn't tear her eyes off the screen.

"So?" I said.

"God, I was so sure it was Frank. I was so mad at him I..." she didn't finish. She turned and faced me, fear was written all over her face.

A knot formed in the pit of my stomach as I asked, "What did you do Mom?"

"I e-mailed the video of us having sex to your father!"

Epilogue

My hands were propped behind my head, a shit-eating grin plastered to my face, as I watched Mom slip her bald cunt lips over the tip of my cock. Slowly, just the way I liked it, she went lower until her pussy swallowed all eight inches and her ass cheeks settled onto my pubic hair. The GoPro strapped to my head capturing the moment in dazzling high-definition. Mom liked to fuck in the reverse cowgirl position as much as I liked for her to do it that way. It gave me a clear shot of her pussy lips slurping my dick as she rose and fell; she likes it because she said it lets my cock reach her special places better than any other position. Faster and faster she rode me until we both achieved the ultimate in pleasure. My seed poured into her and then dribbled out the sides around my sloppy wet cock. When I felt her cunt tighten up around my shaft I grabbed her hips and jammed upwards to help her reach her peak. Sighing contently she slumped back against my front and kicked her feet out toward the foot of the bed. With my

hands cupping her glorious breasts, she lay on top of me like that long after my cock went soft and slid from her sticky warm embrace.

It's been nearly four months since Dad divorced Mom. He never came back to the house; instead he had his lawyer arrange for pick-up of his things. He also didn't have us arrested, or drag Mom through the courts for that matter. The embarrassment of having the world know that he'd been cuckold by his own son would have been too much for him. I'm not sure if I'll ever have a relationship with him again. I seriously doubt it. But on the bright side, Mom and I are having a ball. She plans on having a sunroom built onto the back of the house this summer, so she can tan all over. I get hard just thinking about it.

The grandparents stayed another week, although it was a tense week. The repairs to their house were finished sooner than expected and it took them no time in fleeing back home. To let them know there were no hard feelings, Mom gave them Dad's old laptop so they could decide what to do with the videos. That was okay with me; my new laptop is getting

quite the collection of new videos that Mom and I like to watch together.

I got a nice surprise the other day. I haven't made up my mind if I'm going to tell Mom about it or not. Grandma called and wanted to know if I felt like coming for a visit this summer. She told me her old itch was acting up.

THE END