

Dear Diary

Miss D'Mena

Like most women, I like to keep a diary, noting down day to day events as they happen so that they jog my memory or allow me at a future date, to remember special occurrences. Mine is nowadays kept online, away from the prying eyes of my husband and family and documents episodes in my life and my thoughts. It is something I have done since I was young, back then, they were actual diaries, unfortunately, they had to be destroyed years ago, for fear of implicating people that I loved. This is not my complete diary, more or less extracts from it, as nobody wants to read the normal rubbish, we females tend to write.

Dear Diary

Thu 2nd Dec 2021: The decision has been made. After last year's imprisonment, Tom, and I are heading south this year to spend the festivities with mostly his family. In the past, we would visit regularly, but it is now three years since we last went down. The pandemic coupled with our age has had an impact with neither of us looking forward to the six-hour journey from where we live in the north.

This weekend I phoned Doris, Tom's sister, and she is going to look in at the apartment and make sure it is aired before we arrive. We bought it years ago and used to use it often when we visited. Its location is perfect, set back several hundred yards on the opposite side of the road from the cliff edge and the beach below, it has great views out to sea. Nowadays we allow friends and family to use it or even let it out occasionally for holidays, even though we are not supposed to. Perhaps the time is coming when we sell it. With us both getting on, I can't see us getting much more use out of it sadly.

I spent all of Friday wrapping presents that need to go with us as well as washing and ironing. Can never tell what the weather will be like or where we may get invited to, so a range of clothing is needed. Hate this part of the run-up to Christmas, so much to do before the big day. It's only five more days before we head south, hope the weather stays mild for us while we make the journey. Once we are there it can do what it likes. A couple of stops on the motorway and splitting the driving between us will make the journey easier.

Sun 19th Dec 2021: Early start in the morning so I'm scribbling this before we turn in. Tom's doing the driving on the first leg of the journey and I'll do the second. It's safer that way, the closer he gets to his origins, the faster he drives. A pensioner at his age doing ninety on the motorway isn't the best combination.

Here at last. Despite it being three years, everywhere looks the same. Cases are unpacked and we had our first brews before friends and family started to call. It proved to be a hectic day with a constant parade of people coming and going. Went out for a meal that evening, it seems over the years to have

become a ritual on the day we arrive, everyone wanting to say their hellos and catch up on any gossip.

Wow! Andrew our grandson called around today to say hello. His mother Janet, our daughter, married a young bloke in the forces and when he came out they settled down south near Tom's family. I've known Andrew all of his life and on our frequent trips down I've watched him grow up. He's twenty-two now and suddenly seems to have gone from an awkward teenager to a handsome young man. He is, I've decided, a bit of a flirt, Tom was nipping out to see one of his brothers and my grandson invited me out for a walk, just a short stroll along the cliff tops. Despite the milder weather, it was a bit blustery and I ended up taking his arm. It's funny how comfortable and thrilling it felt to be on the arm of this young man. At one point we stopped to gaze out to sea and he stood behind me to shield me from the chilly offshore breeze as I snuggled in against him and felt his arms around my waist. It was all perfectly innocent I told myself, except I noticed the slight bulge down below as we parted and headed back to the apartment. I hadn't been able to feel anything because of the bulk of my coat, but it appeared that he'd enjoyed having me

close to him. Now I wouldn't say I do anything out of the ordinary to keep myself fit, although I do like walking. Yes, I'm getting on a bit but I'm still slim and all the bits are still in the right place, and in good working order, even if some do tend to sag nowadays. Surely he couldn't be finding me interesting in that way?

Thoughts on yesterday. It felt strange but also exciting as I wonder if I was turning my grandson on. He knows nothing much about my previous life, other than what his grandfather can tell him, and that's very little. I've told plenty of little white lies over the years.

I began an incestuous relationship many, many years ago, first with a cousin and then moved on to my brothers. You could say I've been around the block quite a few times, but it was exciting and fun and I have never once regretted what I've done. I've been married several times and had more than my fair share of affairs, but for quite a few years now, I have behaved myself. Whatever it is, something about that walk yesterday has ignited old desires!!!

Tom and I had a drive out to drop the presents off to different members of his family ready for tomorrow and have a catchup with the relatives. We are all meeting at Janet's tomorrow for Christmas lunch, unfortunately, Andrew was out today when we called so I missed seeing him. Janet said she needed to speak to us while we are down here, but said it will wait until after Christmas is over.

Sat 25th Dec 2021 Christmas Day: What a day, I'm exhausted as well as pissed. You must excuse the handwriting diary. The morning and afternoon were excellent even if it was a little boozy. Andrew of course was there and I've decided that he is a naughty boy. He started plying me with drinks the moment Tom and I arrived. Lunch was a splendid affair if somewhat noisy and I ate far too much. Andrew suggested a walk for a breath of fresh air mid-afternoon, to which everyone declined except muggins here.

Once out and alone, his arm was quickly around my waist as we strolled together. 'People will get the wrong idea,' I told him. He seemed completely unperturbed as he hugged me closer. 'Let people think what they want. I like the feel of you

next to me.' I must admit that it put a spring in my step as well as a tingle in my fanny. Can he even imagine what I'm thinking, if he did, would he run a mile?

Christmas night and Janet's was bulging at the seams. Everybody was tipsy and giddy, silly games being played, followed by loud music and dancing, Andrew insisted several times and it felt nice being pressed against him. As usual at these affairs, never enough chairs to go around and so ended up sitting on his lap in one of the armchairs. His hands never touched anywhere inappropriate, it was just the feel of them on my upper thighs and occasionally my stockinged legs. At one point he asked, 'Are you comfortable? Nothing poking into you?' I couldn't help myself when I replied, 'Unfortunately, not yet.' The look on his face was sublime, I could just tell that if the house had not been full of guests, he may have plucked up the courage to say something more.

Got a Christmas night shag, but only from Tom. After flirting all evening with Andrew, I was wet and rampant. Remember now why I don't drink very often, at least not to excess, thumping head this morning. Went to Doris's at lunchtime;

some of the family were there again. Didn't want to ask beforehand if Andrew would be there and make it sound obvious. Finding that I'm thinking about him quite a bit at the moment, makes me feel excited. Thankfully he was. Cold and wet outside so had to forgo a walk but felt his eyes on me all afternoon.

Andrew came and picked us up after Christmas and Boxing day, he said his mum Janet had a request. Apparently, he has finished university and has been offered a job in the city about twelve miles from where Tom and I live. Janet asked if he could stay with us until he finds his feet and gets himself a flat. Being only the two of us we have plenty of room and the thought of having Andrew that close had me wanting to jig around the lounge. The look on his face when we said yes was one of pure mischief and satisfaction. Pretty certain that he has designs on me once he moves north, he doesn't realise yet what he is letting himself in for, I'm going to eat him alive.

Fri 31st Dec 2021 New Year's Eve: Don't know why, but found myself making a special effort. Yes, I do, Andrew. We all went out to a posh dinner and dance and I wanted to look good for

him. Don't get me wrong, I love Tom. But after many years of being a good girl, I'd forgotten what the excitement feels like when you're thinking of doing something you shouldn't. If I say so myself and even if I am old, I can still look sexy. After dinner and once the dancing started, Andrew seemed to be pulling me up quite often. Tom's not a dancer, more a "prop up the bar fella" especially when he's with his family.

With alcohol flowing and midnight closing in, I found it difficult to miss the erection that kept pressing against my mound. Should I have said something or not? Decided not to at that point. Drink tends to loosen my tongue however and any inhibitions I may have, quickly disappear, (they are very few). As we celebrated a New Year, I was pressed against him once more and asked if I was the cause of what I could feel. The music was too loud to hear his answer properly, but I definitely heard what sounded like, "bed". Unfortunately, after that, the evening quickly came to an end leaving me with damp panties and a torturous lust for my grandson. 'Jesus fucking Christ, I want to shag him!!!'

Got a New Year shag, again only Tom, and again because I was feeling sexual. Andrew seems to have been a constant while we have been visiting. Only a few more days before we head home. Left hubby watching television while Andrew and I went out for a walk. His arm was quickly around my waist, he seems to like that close contact, and I'm sure I do. I asked if he was looking forward to coming to stay with us. His reply of, 'I'm looking forward to seeing a lot more of you,' was accompanied by a gaze that went from my face, down my body and then back up again. I couldn't help myself as I joked, 'Play your cards right buster and you may get to see more than you anticipated.'

It feels like we are admitting to something but without actually declaring our intentions or desires. I'm sure he wants to fuck me, does he know or realise yet, that I want him to fuck me? I wanted to kiss him, I wanted him to kiss me, but there were too many people about and I don't think he is yet ready to take that final step and admit to what he is after. Wait till I get him up north.

More visiting today, Monday, last chance before we set off for home tomorrow. Didn't see anything of Andrew yesterday, telling myself that I must be careful. Once Tom and I are home and then Andrew joins us, things will be a lot easier. I hope!!!

Tue 4th Jan 2022: Short and sweet I'm afraid diary. Back home at last. The journey seemed endless. I dozed in the car for a while, my mind full of thoughts about this young man who is going to be part of our life for the next few months. My perverted imagination means I have constant damp knickers as I dream about him doing things to me. This part of any relationship, waiting for it something to begin is always the worst, be glad when he finally gets here. He's driving up on Saturday and then starts work on the 12th, all about induction nowadays. Never like that when I was young, you turned up and started working.

The past few days have dragged but I've been kept busy catching up with our local family and washing the clothes we used. Tomorrow is the day, feeling quite anxious and excited, can't wait for him to arrive. I will have to be extra cautious and

don't do anything silly which would give the game away. This time of year Tom's mostly at home, in summer he's out fishing or playing bowls, I will have to see what I can arrange. I hope the attraction is still there with Andrew, if it is, then I'm going to entice him into my bed.

Found it hard to stop fidgeting and clock watching. Janet rang to say Andrew had set off around about ten so should be here about four o'clockish depending on the traffic. It was nearer five when he arrived and thankfully dark outside. I opened the door and waited just inside, wet and bitterly cold out there. Tom took his small case up to the spare room and Andrew brought in the bigger one. I had expected a kiss on the cheek, what I got was a quick peck on the lips which immediately started the juices between my legs flowing and made my nipples hard and tingly.

I must admit it took my breath away as he quickly put some distance between us and gave me a mischievous look. Have we in a way, just signed a contract, do we both know what we intend to do and is it now just a question of when or is he simply a tease? Good job Tom's here because I would be

undressing this good looking young man by now. I desperately want to have sex with him.

Sun 9th Jan 2022: Took the opportunity to show Andrew around town. We all three went out together just so he could get his bearings as to where things are situated. After lunch, we did the drive out to where he will be working so that he knows the route and certain shortcuts to avoid the traffic. Tom dropped us at home and nipped up to the off-licence for some beers, took the chance to lay the law down to our new lodger so that there are no mishaps.

He looked quite shocked at first because I was quite brazen about what I thought his intentions were and how I might respond if I was correct. I've told him no messing about when Tom is nearby and in the house. He should continue to call me gran at home and out and about, but he can call me by my name when we are alone. There were other things but I'm not going to list them, suffice to say that we have to be careful.

This is a dangerous time. I'm sure we have both consented to eventually have sex with each other but I'm hoping there will be plenty of teasing before that happens. If the past is anything to go by, that's when trouble can arise. You get carried away, hormones running amok, and you end up taking risks. No way I want us getting caught before I even get Andrew into bed.

It's his first day at work tomorrow. Nothing to report I'm afraid diary, with the weather wet and miserable we have all been stuck indoors. There has been no opportunity even for a bit of teasing. I did go for a short stroll with him today, in between showers, and he of course had lots of questions. It seems, he told me blushing, I have been his fantasy for the last few years. He considers me fit and sexy. I like the compliments and being told I'm sexy. He said that I surprised him at Christmas with my attitude and the way I behaved. He'd imagined that nothing would ever come of his desires and was initially shocked when I seemed to be up for it.

Finding it quite frustrating, harder than I imagined. Andrew is at work during the day and Tom took him down to the local

tonight for a pint. The teasing has started at least. Tom and I normally retire early during the week and watch tv in bed; he had gone up and I was in the kitchen washing up some cups. Andrew appeared in there and quickly took his chance by squeezing my arse. The kiss was fantastic, with instant arousal as my mouth worked against his. There was no missing his erection as he grabbed my buttocks and pulled me tightly against it. He didn't touch me anywhere else and it had to be quick, but my body was buzzing by the time I went upstairs.

Fri 14th Jan 2022: Tonight we have been down the social club for a few hours and tomorrow, my plans which were to get him alone while Tom is at the football, have been scuppered as he's invited Andrew to join him. I'm struggling at the moment, the anticipation about the forthcoming sex fills my head. I seem to be wandering around in a daze, my body starting to make demands with my nipples constantly erect and having to change my knickers regularly as they seem to be permanently damp. Thankfully Andrew has behaved impeccably, treating me like he has always done when Tom's around. The moment he's out of the way for a few minutes though, he's rubbing his erection against me. Got my first

sense of it when Tom nipped out yesterday evening, I could feel it throbbing against my hand when I rubbed at his bulge through his trousers. It felt huge and powerful, my fanny pulsing at the thought of having it inside me.

Andrew also got his first feel of my tits. Wish I'd known Tom was nipping out, I'd have lost my bra so that he could cop a proper handful, 'Jesus, he nearly made me cum!' When his hand cupped my breast and squeezed, I could feel my legs turning to jelly. The kissing that accompanied our groping was frantic, grunts and moans of pleasure with our lips pressed together and our hands exploring.

I've said that this is the most dangerous point, and it is, my mind was already calculating if we had the time to have sex. All other thoughts were being dismissed as I was considering whether we could manage it on the dining table while Tom was out. It was only my age and sensibilities that saved the day as I stopped us from doing anything further just before I heard Tom's key in the door. It's that scary part afterwards that brings you to your senses, my heart was going like the

clappers for a while and I was desperate that Tom didn't notice that I was flushed.

What a waste of a day, Tom and Andrew are at the football currently and then after tea, we are going down to the social club again. We normally go every Friday and Saturday, meet up with friends and indulge in the local gossip. Then it's the highlight of the evening with a few games of bingo before the cabaret act comes on and then dancing later. I told Andrew this morning he could venture out on his own if he wished, no need to accompany us geriatrics. He has decided to join us anyway, not like he knows anyone around here yet.

UPDATE: 'Thank you, God. I promise to be good again... after Andrew.' At the club tonight Tom was reminded by Eddie that there is a fishing match in the morning. He gave me that look that said, 'Do you mind?' I smiled sweetly, 'do I mind?' Of course, I didn't *fucking* mind. It means he'll normally be up and out of the house by six o'clock in the morning and not back until after dinner. My mind has been alive all evening with possibilities. I haven't told Andrew. He's going to get a surprise in the morning.

Sun 16th Jan 2022: I faked being asleep when I felt Tom getting up and dressed. Bless him, he tries to be as quiet as possible but does blunder around a bit in the shadows cast by the bedside lamp. When the bedroom door closed my eyes were open, my heart beating loudly. I heard him out at the shed retrieving his stuff and then eventually the sound of the car starting.

Bathroom first to wash my face and brush my teeth and then back to my room to apply a little bit of slap, Yes, I'm vain! but need to make the most of what I've got. Quick check in the mirror and then lights off and five minutes for my eyes to become accustomed to the darkness. I tiptoed to Andrew's room and quietly let myself in and disposed of my robe. If Tom returns early I should hear the car in the driveway.

Slipped beneath the covers, Andrew was still asleep. Couldn't help breathing heavily, lying naked next to my grandson. Allowed a few minutes to pass as I warmed up and it gave me chance to peer at him, although with no light, I couldn't see a lot. Resting my hand on his chest I felt my first eruption of

arousal, his skin is so smooth and soft. Tom's chest is quite hairy while Andrew only has a smattering yet. I allowed my hand to move downwards slowly until I encountered his limp cock, another eruption of arousal as I finally got to wrap fingers around it and ease the skin down. Just stroking it softly seemed to work wonders, I'm sure I was panting as I felt it start to grow, getting longer and fatter in my hand until finally, I was grasping his full erection. 'Shit, it felt fucking magnificent!'

I felt evil as I slowly and gently began tossing him off until he twitched and started mumbling in his sleep. My nipples were aching, my fanny wet through as I moved hard against him, another burst of arousal as I felt our naked skin touch. At first, I was wondering if I was going to have to wake him, but then his head turned sideways. 'Gran?' I told him his grandfather had gone fishing and that he didn't have to call me gran. My words seemed to bring him fully awake as suddenly his lips were pressed against mine and his hands were caressing my tits and playing with my erect nipples. I'd forgotten how exciting situations like this could be, my body already letting me know that a climax was imminent if I wasn't careful.

The kiss was full-on, arousing and aggressive, mouths working against each other and tongues exploring. I had to break off for a second to cry out when his hand first rested on my fanny. 'God, I must have been dripping down there by that point.' And then the moment I had been waiting for as his finger slipped inside my cunt. I couldn't help but squirm and groan as he fingered me, still tried to toss him off but he was distracting me badly. I'd hoped to make that part last longer, but I was fighting a losing battle, Andrew is more experienced than I anticipated and with his fingers in my cunt and his mouth and tongue abusing my tits, he pushed me to the edge and then over it.

It was the most exceptional of orgasms, my body refusing to stay still as his finger pummelled my cunt and loud sloppy noises filled the quiet bedroom while I screeched my release. I was still descending from the ceiling when he rolled on top of me and I felt his cock rub against my pussy and then delirium as I felt it being inserted and slide into my passage. I had to apologise later, but with his cock inside my fanny, I just let loose, urging him to shag me, my language coarse and

uncouth, turning the air in the bedroom blue as I told him in no uncertain terms to fuck me faster and harder.

Our hands were never still, and he seems obsessed with my tits, 'Thank god!' His pounding of my fanny seemed never-ending, I've forgotten what it's like to have that much energy. And then I was screaming at him to cum inside me, I needed to feel his cream flood my cunt as he ejaculated. I barely remember my body going taut, my first orgasm was fantastic, this time with his shaft stretching my pussy, it was out of this world. I actually climaxed twice, the first time as he made me cum and then a second as he groaned loudly and his cock flexed and jerked inside me, just before his dam burst and he started to ejaculate.

Afterwards, as we cuddled into each other and he held me, I was supremely satisfied. I'd had to wait, but it had been well worth it. I did apologise for my language but Andrew said it was the most thrilling arousing thing he had ever heard. He said he could never have imagined me using language like that in his presence.

It was starting to come light outside when I mounted him for a second encounter. I loved the feel of his hands touching and caressing my body as I perched atop him, his cock filling my quim. It was slower, more sensual this time, the daylight coming through the curtains allowing us to see each other properly. His body looks so young compared to mine and yet he was extremely complimentary. I knew he wasn't lying, I only had to look into his eyes to see the lust and excitement there. He hoisted me as though I weighed next to nothing as he fucked me. Must admit that I just clung on and allowed him to do what he wanted, my body was his to abuse. Can't remember the last time I had so many orgasms, many years ago now I'm afraid.

And then much to my disappointment, we had to get up and wash and dress before Tom returned home. I've told Andrew how much he has pleased me and that I can't wait until we can do it all again.

Mon 17th Jan 2022: Thoughts on yesterday. What a fantastic experience, even though my body is protesting a bit today, I can't wait to do it again. Andrews is at work and as the weather

has cleared up a bit, I was able to go out for my daily walk. Tom was pottering around at home, he doesn't mind the occasional stroll but he says I don't walk, I march. It gives me chance to clear my head and enter a world of my own. It's still early days yet and Andrew should be with us for at least a couple of months.

I've had a word with my family up here, plenty of nieces and nephews of a similar age and they are going to take him under their wings, especially the girls who can't wait to meet him. There is no sense of jealousy on my part, this isn't something that's going to last forever. It's a bit of fun and when he's ready, we'll go our separate ways. It's not like we are going to be at it every day, for years it has just been Tom and I and I don't want to upset the balance by suddenly neglecting him or disappearing too often with Andrew. I will take the chances when they arise and hopefully, providence will smile kindly on me.

Old routines are slowly returning, especially during the day when Andrew is at work. Yesterday evening a couple of our nieces turned up and asked if Andrew could go out to play.

(Cheeky young buggers.) I could tell they were immediately taken with him as they all went off laughing. (You're only young once.) I have no worries at all, now he's sampled a proper woman, he knows where to cum (LOL) for more. We were already in bed when he returned. Used the excuse that I was just going to check on him as I slipped on my robe. Downstairs, I don't think Andrew could believe his luck. After a whispered conversation we were quickly kissing, his hand inside my robe as he fondled my breasts and rubbed at my vagina. There is teasing and then there is teasing! That wasn't fair of him, I wanted to fuck but with Tom awake upstairs it was an instant no, no. Returned to bed with a craving for sex, Andrew is a rotten bugger leaving me like that.

Tom was out playing bowls this afternoon, not a lot of good as Andrew was at work. No football or fishing this weekend, as far as I know, his team is away and it's too far to travel. It wouldn't be so bad if it was summer as we have plenty of countryside within a short drive, but winter is usually miserable. Andrew is out again this evening and seems to be finding his feet, I'm sure my nephews and nieces will lead him astray. In one way it is a good thing, he's doing exactly as Tom

and I expected and so diverts any suspicions. We went down to the social club as usual and met Andrew on the way home.

Sat 22nd Jan 2022: Tom woke this morning with a bit of a cough and sniffles. He did a lateral flow test that is negative, so hopefully not Covid. Told him it was his own fault for spending six hours sitting on a canal bank, still, glad that he did. Andrew helped me do the shopping and it gave us chance to talk in the car. Seems he s just as eager to repeat the experience as I am, just don't know when the next opportunity will arise. Tom has been up and about but went back to bed late afternoon and it looked like we wouldn't be going out this evening. Andrew offered to put off his own plans and escort me to the club. Told him no, but after a bit of a debate, he walked me down there and then picked me up and escorted me home later.

The walk back together was nice, hanging off the arm of this young man. Couldn't do or say anything though as other members of the family were there. When we got home, I checked on Tom who was fast asleep, did I dare take the chance? Bloody right I did. Got undressed and into a pair of

pyjamas and went back downstairs, Andrew seemed to get the hint immediately. He told me he had no PJs and normally slept naked, my mind was suddenly full of images. 'Shorts and a t-shirt,' I suggested, he was up and downstairs in a flash. The shorts were doing nothing to hide what was going on below, especially when I unbuttoned my pyjama top. I had him seated on the couch with me on his lap facing him. With his shorts pushed down his thighs, I could feel his cock pressing against my fanny through the pyjama bottoms. It was the best way to keep him in check until I was ready. Can't explain how fantastic it feels to have his hands fondling my breasts as we kiss, and especially my nipples, they seemed so sensitive tonight. No matter how I tried to evade it, one hand was soon down the front of my PJ bottoms as his fingers teased the lips of my pussy open. He withdrew it momentarily to show me how wet I was, told him it was his fault. His fingers quickly returned, slipping and sliding between my lips as he teased.

I pushed them down as much as I dared, giving Andrew greater access to be able to finger me as I tried to muffle my cries of pleasure by kissing him or thrusting my mouth against his shoulder. I was afraid to undress completely,

always having one ear cocked for the sound of footsteps coming downstairs. I wondered what he was doing when he turned and slid me from his lap, and then the sudden realisation as he moved and knelt on the floor in front of me. I felt slightly afraid when he removed the PJ bottoms, but that was swiftly dispelled as he opened my legs and shuffled closer. His look of mischief made my heart skip a beat and then I felt his breath on my fanny seconds before his tongue licked my genitals for the first time. 'Shit.' I had to clamp my hand over my face. The feel of his mouth as he kissed, licked and sucked at my pussy was phenomenal. He'd dragged me into a lounging position so that he could continue poking his tongue into my cunt at the same time as he abused my tits, I just knew that I was going to climax far ahead of him.

The shock of my orgasm twisted my body, one moment I was trying to push him away from my clit and the next pulling his mouth tightly against my cunt once more. One hand was clamped against my mouth and even then the sounds I was making seemed loud inside my head as I luxuriated in the sensations filling my soul but at the same time dreaded hearing footsteps coming down the stairs. Eventually, I had to

beg Andrew to stop, my fanny far too sensitive for him to continue as I panted and tried to recover my composure. The look on his face told me he was pleased with himself. 'Fuck that,' I was pleased with what he'd just done to me, it is one thing I particularly like.

I was going to return the favour but quickly found myself naked and lying on the floor in front of our ornamental fireplace. With raised knees and open legs, I watched Andrew mount me at the same time as thinking, 'Fuck, if Tom comes down now, there is no way I can be on my feet and dressed.' That's the problem when arousal and desires kick in, common sense goes out the window. With his cock pumping into my fanny I just submitted to what we were doing, sensations flooding my brain as Andrew's cock expanded my cunt with each thrust.

It was short and sweet, maybe a little bit frantic. We had no wish to be discovered and so Andrew fucked me like there was no tomorrow, our groins slamming together as his cock filled my cunt. I'm sure he's obsessed with my tits, his eyes never left them as he fucked me and they bounced back and forth.

And then that moment when it all becomes worthwhile, my legs around him as I dragged him into my flue, his cock jerking as his spunk filled my cunt and unfortunately, his hand over my mouth to stop the noise I was making. We lay side by side for a few minutes panting and then the sound of a floorboard creaking upstairs had us on our feet and dressing rapidly. No footsteps were heard and Tom didn't appear, but afterwards, I had to refrain from laughing hysterically as my heart pounded in my chest. When I was ready, Andrew said he was going to stay downstairs a little longer and kissed me goodnight. Tom was still sleeping as I slid into bed, sensibly I'd stopped at the bathroom before the bedroom and wiped my fanny, a mixture of spunk and juices that would have given the game away flushed down the loo.

Sun 23rd Jan 2022: Tom was feeling better this morning. Did another lateral flow test and another negative, thankfully just a bit of a cold.

My life from the outside looks no different after Christmas than it did before, the only difference being that Andrew is staying with us. The neighbours are getting used to him back

and forth and I'm seeing a lot more of my nephews and nieces than I did in the past. We were all chatting tonight and he mentioned that he may start looking for a flat sooner than expected. When we managed to get five minutes alone I asked why. His answer excited me. With his own place, he reckons that instead of being confined solely to weekends and hoping Tom is out, I can visit some evenings without causing any suspicion. Got to admit that when he described his thoughts and the logic, he had me wet. If Tom hadn't been at home I'd have let him fuck me again.

It's not the ideal situation when you suddenly find yourself with a young lover. Tom's continually at home, Andrew at work every day. Evenings he's out quite often, can't complain, you are only young once. Invariably, when Tom does pop out for a pint, I'm alone in the house, though to be fair, he is never out long enough to take the risk even if Andrew was here.

Felt like a wasted weekend I suppose. Out as usual down the social club, Andrew out with friends. Tom's team was away again, he only takes in the away games if they are local to us. At the moment it seems no opportunities are presenting

themselves and I am gagging for a good fuck. Normal jobs need doing and we did go and look at one flat that Andrew had found in the local paper. No chance! How do they get away with charging that amount of money for basically one room and a toilet/bathroom? We both told him to keep looking, I'm sure something will come up if he is patient.

Wed 2nd Feb 2022: Popped out tonight with Andrew to look at another flat, better than the last one due to it having a living room and separate bedroom, but it was a shared kitchen. Told him to forget about it, liable to come home one night and find someone had already eaten his meal. We popped into one of the locals for a drink while we were out. Fun to have some time alone with him but had to be extra careful, never know if there is someone out and about who would recognise me.

Before we got the taxi back home we indulged in some heavy "snogging". God, listen to me, it shows my age. Do the youngsters even snog anymore or is it just 'Get your kit off and let's fuck.'

It's difficult at home for the simple reason that Tom and I have had years of doing things together. Normally we retire at the same time and I can't find any excuse to stay up later without him. Tom may pop out a couple of times during the week for a pint, but often that is dependent on the weather. 'Oh, how I wish it was summer.' I'm not complaining, but there is that excitement with a new relationship when you just want to over-indulge.

Been out to the club tonight and Tom is slumbering next to me while I quietly tap this out on my tablet. One of my nieces, Kirsty, seem's to have got her claws into Andrew, they turned up at the club together. Listen to me sounding "catty" but it seems age's since he last fucked me and I'm starting to feel some frustration. It's a warning that I need to be extra careful, going without like this makes me take risks. The good news is that Tom is going to the football tomorrow. disappointed when he asked Andrew to join him, but then saddened when he said he'd already made other arrangements, 'Shit.'

The crafty young bugger!!!! Andrew went out about one-thirty; said he was meeting up with friends in town. Tom left

about a quarter past two, catching the coach to the match with his mates and I had reconciled myself to spending the afternoon alone. I was startled when I heard the front door open and then a grinning face and hand appeared around the lounge door, Andrew holding a bottle of wine. The bastard had planned this all along, nearly three hours before Tom will be home. 'Down here or.....' he motioned with his head and I knew exactly where he was indicating. I may be getting on, but I bet folk have never seen their gran grab a corkscrew and two glasses as quick in their life.

It was minutes only before we were naked, in bed, and sipping at our first glass of wine. Still taking sensible precautions and using Andrew's room and bed; didn't want the smell of sex in mine. 'God, he's a pervert,' LOL. Kept dripping wine from his glass onto my nipples and then licking and sucking it off. I love his mouth on my nipples, he can nearly make me cum by doing that. Next was my belly button, a little puddle on my stomach and his tongue tickling as he licked it out while I couldn't stop laughing. Well, that was until he dripped some lower. Cold wine on my fanny and then his warm tongue and mouth licking it off. I don't know where he has learned to lick

fanny, but all I know is he's fucking good at it. Climax No 1!! God, it took my breath away, good job I'd put my glass down as his bed would have been wet, well, wetter than it was, I do tend to leak when I cum.

I just had to reciprocate, the sight of his rock hard cock soon had me changing places with him as it was then my turn. You know cock and wine go together quite well. It was so hot and stiff, throbbing in my hand and gloriously smooth, the skin providing a slight softness to the rigidity beneath with his plump glistening knob topping it all off. Christ, it looked good enough to eat and so that is what I did, not literally. It's no surprise most men love being gobbled, taking his knob to the back of my throat though, does cause me to gag. A soft stroking motion at the same time as easing the skin up and down his shaft, while sucking at his knob and running my tongue beneath its rim. It wasn't long before his thighs and stomach were quivering, if I say so myself, I'm pretty good at giving a hand and blowjob. Normally Andrew is quiet, but from the moans and groans he was making, I presumed he was enjoying what I was doing to him and had to grip him tightly a couple of times to stop him from exploding.

Being in two minds, I decided to let him cum in my mouth another time. I had no idea how quickly he would recover once he shot his load and we only had the afternoon. As you can imagine, my fanny by that point was desperate to have his shaft inside it as I moved, lay next to him and pulled him on top of me. That first insertion as my cunt stretches always makes me groan loudly, I love it, especially as to begin with, Andrew fucked me slowly. That highly arousing sensation as my vagina stretches and contracts. I added another tease this time, letting him watch as I teased my clit while his cock was sliding in and out. The look on his face was a picture, not knowing where to look or touch next as his hands played with my tits while his eyes moved between what he was doing to my breasts and what my fingers were doing to myself.

He must have been getting close because suddenly he was off at a sprint, his hips slamming his cock into my cunt, my body trying to slide away from him with the force. It was simply solved by wrapping my legs around him, it slowed him a little for a minute before he speeded up again. The sensations rippled through my body as I sensed another impending

climax, digging nails into his buttocks as I pulled that glorious cock into my cunt. Fucking hell, It was like a bomb going off; I couldn't keep still and only realised afterwards that I was shouting at him until at last, I heard him groan and say my name as his torrent of spunk filled my pussy.

I found out that Andrew recovers a lot quicker than Tom does, but then there is a huge age difference. No sooner was I resting my weary bones than he was tinkering again. Maybe a good job it's only occasionally, if he had his way I'd probably end up in an early grave. Before I knew it I was in the doggy position as he took me from behind, constantly withdrawing and rubbing his cock against my arse. I'm wondering if he'd like to, just hasn't got the nerve to try it yet. Something else for the future.

Sun 6th Feb 2022: A bit of good news. It appears one of the blokes Tom goes to the football with has a flat coming up shortly, he's going to give us a call when it's vacated and we can have the first dib's on it. Andrew's overjoyed at the news, it seems he's getting used to being in my presence as he told me, 'I love being here with you, but it is quite constricting with

granddad around all the time. Having my own place means I can fuck you regularly.'

Got to say that I agree with him. I have no wish for Tom to find out about my infidelity, which means not taking any risks at home, but it also means I'm not getting enough of my grandson. The flat is going to be vacant this coming weekend and we can go and view it. Tom's football team is away at the other end of the country and so he is going to be around all Saturday and Sunday. Might as well put the time to good use as there is going to be no chance of getting Andrew into bed.

Kirsty and Andrew turned up at the club later this evening, Tom and I sat with her parents, my brother and his wife, and Andrew for some reason looking slightly embarrassed. At the end of the evening, I took my chance when he invited me up to dance. He was very apologetic as he whispered that he and Kirsty had slept together. I told him he had no reason to apologise but have to admit to feeling a pang of jealousy. I'm not ready to relinquish him yet, even when he said he would understand if I wanted to stop. Told him in no uncertain

terms that I had no wish to stop and that his relationship with my niece was to be expected.

The other reason for my jealousy pang was that over the years I have had a few affairs with other women. That doesn't necessarily make me a lesbian, there have just been times when I have felt the need for female flesh. Kirsty is a pretty young thing and reminds me a lot of myself at that age and my adventure with Andrew has reawakened some of those feelings from the past. I wouldn't mind corrupting her if the opportunity ever arose.

The three of us went to view the flat owned by Tom's mate; the previous tenants haven't really looked after it and at the very least it needs a good clean, a coat of paint and some wallpaper. Tom's a "good'un", he haggled with Mark and said that we would clean and decorate it if he could find his way to dropping the rent slightly.

Andrew's pleased as punch, he's going to sign a six months lease and now has himself a fully self-contained one-

bedroom flat with a separate lounge, kitchen and bathroom. Tom is a good handyman so he's going to help Mark patch up where it's needed while Andrew and I do the cleaning and then we'll pay to get some decorators in.

Feeling excited now, it needs some furniture, but I'm sure the rest of the family will help out where they can. The main priority is a bed as far as I'm concerned, Andrew and I have a perfect excuse to be here together while we clean the place and hopefully get up to mischief.

Mon 14th Feb 2022: Tom's been out all day while Andrew's at work. He and Mark have been doing some work on the flat. He says it is not worth trying to clean it yet until they have finished, which should be about a week. Andrew and I are going tomorrow evening to start stripping wallpaper, every bit helps to keep the cost down.

I'd hoped to have him alone but Kirsty turned up for several hours to give us a hand. I desperately wanted shagging, not helped by the leggings Kirsty was wearing. It was as if her legs

and arse had been sprayed black and left very little to the imagination. 'Christ, she has a peach of an arse, lovely rounded buttocks.' I could imagine myself biting into her succulent flesh. By the time she left, Andrew and I only had half an hour before we needed to head for home. Imagining that we may have been alone I had accompanied him, "Sans" bra and panties.

My jeans had been thrown across the room, the lights turned off, and my back was up against the wall we had stripped of wallpaper as Andrew's cock slid into my cunt. There is no furniture yet to make life more comfortable as I allowed him to take me standing, my legs wrapped around his hips as his hands gripped and supported my buttocks while we fucked. In that position, with no legs supporting me, his cock seemed to fill my cunt to a greater degree. Tonight was my turn to tease him; with his hands occupied I hoisted my t-shirt, exposing my naked breasts with their erect nipples.

Cupping both tits, my fingers squeezed and rolled my elongated teats. Alas, my breasts are not large enough that I can hoist them to lick my own nipples, but Andrew didn't

seem to mind, his eyes fixated on them as I played and he rammed his cock into me. With the limited time we had, it was never going to be a prolonged coupling, Andrew shagging me as fast and hard as he could and only slowing when he got too close as he waited for me to catch up. It didn't take me long before I was uncouthly screaming at him, my cunt full of rock hard cock as my orgasm exploded and I felt juices pouring from my fanny to splatter on the bare floorboards. Thankfully there were rolls of paper towels there to mop at my vagina which was wet with my juices and Andrews spunk before we hurriedly dressed and set off for home.

Whilst I like it better when we can have the time and relax in bed, it is episodes like tonight that are the spice of life.

Tom's been a the flat all day and says it is going well. Andrew and I went stripping wallpaper again, Kirsty putting in another appearance. Unfortunately, tonight she stayed until the death and we all walked home together. 'Bugger!' I was looking forward to another shag.'

Just got back from the club. Tom's at football tomorrow afternoon so I've asked Andrew not to make any plans. The lounge and bedroom walls in the flat have been stripped and all the waste cleared away. Tom says he and Mark have nearly finished and that I can go in on Sunday and start cleaning. Andrew and Kirsty are going to help, I won't mind as hopefully tomorrow afternoon I will have him all to myself. I'm going to finish now as Tom is getting frisky, suddenly I seem to be getting a lot more sex than I was twelve months ago.

Sat 19th Feb 2022: Tom departed at his normal time and within twenty minutes, Andrew and I were in bed. As I'd promised myself, this weekend was going to be my turn to tease and pleasure him after all he has so far done for me. It takes very little to have his cock standing to attention as I slowly stroked his erect hard flesh. I do love a cock when it is stiff and standing to attention, the skin stretched tightly along its length and the slight veins standing proud as they pump blood to the plump smooth head. It always looks good enough to eat and today, that is what I did, taking it into the warmth of my mouth as my tongue licked and teased his helmet. The

movement of my hand was teasingly slow, working the skin up and down as I tossed him off, Andrew lying back with his eyes closed as he groaned softly.

I'm well practised at this and it wasn't long before his hips were rising from the mattress as he tried to fuck my face. When his stomach and thighs started quivering, I stopped and gripped him tightly, allowing the sensation to diminish before taking his cock to the back of my throat again. Several times, he tried to stop me, especially when I judged he was close and about to ejaculate. I wondered if he was afraid to cum in my mouth. Unfortunately, I didn't get it all my own way, suddenly finding myself spun around and lying top to toe with him as he set to on my cunt.

'How the hell am I supposed to concentrate on my blowjob when his tongue is poking and licking at my pussy.' As my arousal built steadily, I managed to keep him hanging on until I felt my climax start. And then I wanked him as fast as I could, my hand sliding up and down his length of meat while my mouth and lips sucked on his knob. That first spurt of cum blasting inside my mouth is always the best, cheeks puffing

out as several more spurts pump his spunk into my mouth and down my throat, a slippery salty dessert that I swallow hungrily, as Andrew's hips bounce off the bed, and moans continuously.

A quick spin around and I kiss him, tasting my juices on his lips and allowing him to taste his cum which still coats the inside of my mouth as our tongues tango. There was a short respite while we recovered, sad to say that he was ready long before I was which was why I had decided that he would get his second wish today. A jar of Vaseline had been secreted in his room and was retrieved as I rubbed it into his once more burgeoning erection and then allowed him to rub it around my anus.

Up onto all fours, I proffered him my buttocks, excited as he pulled my cheeks open and then felt his knob pressing against my rear entrance. Andrew was very gentle, the pressure increasing slowly until I felt my back passage expand as his knob entered. He seemed to draw it out, inching forward until his cock filled my arse and then he sodomised me, his testicles banging against my buttocks as I was back scuttled, his hand

reaching over, one playing with my tits and the other rubbing at my cunt.

It suffices to say that he had me aroused and pleading in no time at all. I desperately wanted it in my fanny but was determined that I was going to let him cum in my arse as he thrust frantically against me, my tits hanging down and swinging as he gripped my hips and analed me for all he was worth. I finished off using my fingers, rubbing at my clit and jamming them up inside my cunt as he exploded inside my arse.

It took him considerably longer this time to recover, unable to stop himself from enthusing about what I had allowed. Seems I'm the first woman that has swallowed his spunk, while previous girlfriends had allowed anal, he was unsure whether I would or not. He's going to learn over time that there is nothing I won't attempt where sex is concerned, everything is acceptable.

We finished off with a slow passionate fuck in the missionary position, Andrew lavishing his attention all over my face and breasts. The only downside to all this sex is that I could happily fall asleep afterwards rather than have to get up, shower and dress.

Sun 20th Feb 2022: The three of us spent all-day cleaning the flat ready for getting the decorators in. another one for Tom who seems to know people, a friend of a friend. I wonder if he would be as eager if he knew what I and our grandson were doing and what the flat was going to be used for. Kirsty was there again until the death, honestly, I could not have cared less today, you could say I'm well and truly fucked.

Painters and decorators are starting Wednesday, just plain paper and then a coat of paint. That is what Mark recommends, easier to patch up and change if accidents happen. I've had phone call's from our relatives to say that they have already collected pieces of furniture and one of our sons has an old double bed that Andrew can have, 'Perfect,' the most important item. Decorators reckon they will be finished by the weekend, just doing the lounge and bedroom,

kitchen and bathroom are fine now they have been cleaned up.

We all popped round tonight to see how it's going. The lounge and bedroom look completely different with a coat of paint on all the woodwork and fresh paper on the walls. They are applying the emulsions tomorrow, blue in the lounge and grey in the bedroom, love the smell of new paint.

We have paid the bond and the first month's rent so that Andrew can move in when he wants. Still needs more furniture, but we can add to that as and when, Mark says he has some pieces that are coming out of another property. Andrews going to move in this coming weekend, I said I would give him a hand, LOL.

After the last two storms we have endured, we could do with a change in the weather. The high winds, heavy rain and snow have kept Tom indoors all day and evening, Andrew the only one who ventured out because of work. It means that any type

of teasing has halted for the moment, too risky with my husband always around.

Most evenings, Andrew is now seeing Kirsty, and I wonder if they have christened the flat yet. I'm under no illusions that they aren't having sex, the young ones are more inclined to jump into bed than my generation was. It's not jealousy, more the fact that he could be shagging me rather than her, or at least including me in their fun and games. Ha,ha,ha.

Thu 3rd Mar 2022: The weather has picked up and whilst it's cold out, at least the sun is shining. Tom popped out to the pub tonight; said he'd only be an hour while I was watching the soaps on tv. Fortunately, Andrew was at home when Tom announced his intentions. The look on his face told me he was up to something, especially when he disappeared for ten minutes. The minute hubby was out the door, Andrew had hold of my hand and was dragging me upstairs. Again, it wasn't a long drawn out affair, time was of the essence and so we were both quickly naked, me, spreadeagled on the bed as his cock pierced my flue.

Oh my God, I love him fucking me, his energy is intense and he has the knack of having me close to a climax within a short time. Andrew is definitely obsessed with my tits, don't know why as they do sag nowadays, but for whatever reason, he can't keep his hands or mouth away from them. His constant thrusting as he fucked me meant I was twisting and thrashing beneath him, coming out with coarse language as I urged him onwards. I would love to orgasm at the exact moment he ejaculates, but he always manages to push me over the edge just before he ejaculates in me.

Seem's he phoned his cousin up to say he'd be an hour later when he knew Tom was nipping to the pub, randy young bugger. I was in the bath, relaxing in the hot water when he went out, Tom returning a quarter of an hour later..... perfect timing.

Andrew has now officially left us and has moved into his flat. We have added some more furniture and a friend offered an old television, a perfect little home from home. I'm sure Kirsty will be a frequent visitor, just looking forward to when Andrew and I can christen it.

All this time spent in Kirsty's company lately has re-awakened my infrequent penchant for another woman. I've no way of knowing if she is that way inclined and with her being my niece, it would be extremely dangerous to even think about going there without some sort of prior knowledge that it was what she wanted. It doesn't stop me from dreaming though.

Mon 7th Mar 2022: Fucking Hell!!!! I've never been averse to having something stuffed up my arse, but I now draw the line at a camera. Had to have a colonoscopy and it felt like the surgeon was stuffing his cock up me as well as the camera so he could take pictures of himself. Even with a sedative, it was painful; told him it was hurting but he was insistent I shouldn't be feeling any discomfort. He refused the offer for me to hold his testicles and twist them hard each time it hurt. Eventually told him that if it hurt once more I was going to ram the camera up his arse and see how he liked it. It was not a good day, I'm sure I'm walking like John Wayne when he has shit himself.

We have yet to christen Andrew's flat. Feel a little bit deflated at the moment, like my life has been turned upside down. I've started imagining scenarios that are both implausible and impractical. What if I was twenty or forty years younger? What if we were not related? Would I jeopardise everything to have a full-on relationship with him? I know it's nonsensical, it's just how I presently feel. 'Christ, get over it.' I'm an old woman and he's a young man, nothing good can ever come of that in the long run.

Our usual night at the social club. Andrew and Kirsty always pop in towards the end of the evening because we are there and her parents are normally with us. My grandson goes out of his way to tease me at any opportunity, knowing full well that I can't do anything because we are in company. Got my own back this evening, a wandering hand under the table massaged his cock through his trousers as I felt his bulge expand. When Kirsty returned from the toilet and asked him to dance with her, his face went bright red, let's see him explain his hard-on I smirked to myself. I was feeling a bit heady because Tom is at football tomorrow and Andrew brazenly told them that I was popping over to help him with

a few things. It looks like this is going to be our first opportunity in his new flat and I'm looking forward to him fucking me again.

I waited for Tom to leave before nipping upstairs to get changed. Nothing too pretentious for my outer clothing, just items that I would normally wear. My surprise for Andrew was my underwear, brand new, a lovely shade of blue and sexy looking. It was the full kit, bra, panties and suspenders teamed with a sparkly set of stockings. Nothing too much out of the ordinary when I looked at myself dressed but stood in my bedroom in just the lingerie, I knew Andrew was going to love it.

A short journey in the car and I was there, my grandson watching out for me and the door open by the time I had parked. It seems he had told Kirsty he was taking me out for the afternoon so that hopefully we would not be disturbed. When he kisses me I just want to melt, it always feels so arousing. I had to stop him, 'New panties and I don't want them damp already!' His eyes lit up as I told him, after which he grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the bedroom.

I'm proud of him, he had at least had the forethought to put clean sheets and covers on the bed as he watched me undress, and then I had to giggle as his eyes protruded on stalks. I wasn't bothered after that if my panties got wet or not, I'd a change in my bag as I don't want Tom seeing the new underwear yet.

The bra didn't stay in place for long, quickly disappearing as Andrew concentrated on my tits, licking and sucking at my elongated nipples. He certainly has a thing for my breasts, not that I'm complaining, just wish they were as perky and proud as they used to be instead of sagging a little because of their fullness. With thoroughly wet knickers he rubbed at my pussy, but only through the flimsy material and making me wait for that first contact of his fingers against my moist flesh. The bastard teased me incessantly, I thought he was never going to touch my fanny properly, and then suddenly my panties disappeared and his mouth was pressed against my cunt. 'Jesus,' you should have seen me squirm. That instant escalation of my arousal, the insistent demand from my body to be fucked, to feel his cock roughly sliding inside my cunt

as we shag. He seems to have perfected the art of cunnilingus, long slow licks with his tongue before poking it inside me, somehow making it circle as he teases my internals. And then suddenly his lips take my clit, his tongue flicking and teasing until he sucks gently on it. God only know how much of my juices he must have swallowed because they were pouring from me as he made me orgasm.

When his shaft slid inside, my by now, sodden quim, I was ecstatic, the feel of his hard cock pounding my fanny as his hands abused my tits made my day, it was what I had been waiting for. I can't keep up with his energy levels, he seems to fuck me as if there is no tomorrow, the look of lust and intense excitement I see in his eyes is a wonder to behold, as though he has waited all his life for this to happen. One position changed to another and then another, it was as though he wanted to try and fuck me every way possible and I wasn't about to refuse as one climax followed another and I lost my senses.

Thankfully the time came when we had to shower and dress, 'Thank you, God.' I was knackered and thought that I would

never walk again. My legs ached on the way home, pushing the car pedals seemed like so much work.

Tues 15th Mar 2022: It has taken me until today to recover properly, the sex is superb, it's just that my body is not used to that amount of arousal and pleasure any more. On top of what Andrew and I are doing, I have to make sure I'm in suitable shape to take care of Tom when he is feeling frisky. It's only once a week, sometimes once a fortnight, but I have to make sure that we still have the same love life that we had before Andrew's arrival. Thoughts of Kirsty keep invading my mind. As I say, I'm not a lesbian, but I can appreciate and admire another woman's looks and body. I've tried it before and there is definitely something different about being aroused by another woman, maybe it's because they know exactly where and how to touch which doesn't come naturally to a man.

We are out this Saturday as it is my younger brother's birthday. He is the one that I started an incestuous relationship with back in the day. It was a big thing back then but as we got older and both entered other relationships it

slowly diminished; but over the years we have occasionally come together and had sex, perhaps that is what he would like as one of his birthday presents. LOL.

There was quite a lot of the family there tonight, about twelve or fourteen of us. We went out for a meal and drinks which unfortunately turned into a bit of a piss-up. Andrew and Kirsty joined us and the more I see of this young woman, the more I want her in my bed. It's a dangerous feeling I realise. There are plenty of women out there I could have an affair with, but presently, it is Kirsty that has attracted my attention. It was a fantastic evening up until the point we all decided to make our way around to my eldest brother's home for a few more drinks. We were all leathered by that point and even though it was only a short walk, one of my sisters-in-law managed to fall over and badly bruise her arm and my elder brother fell over and split his head open, both of them having to be taken to the local hospital. You would think at our age we would have learnt better. Four o'clock in the morning when they both finally got home, a birthday to remember. He, he, he.

Another strange thing from last night, which suddenly came into my mind. We had started drinking by six-thirty that evening and so by midnight we were in a bit of a state, at one point I was sitting chatting to my niece, both of us worse for wear. She was waffling on in her drunken state, (I don't know why the young ones think they can drink, we've had years of practice), anyway, she was saying how much Andrew loves me and how he is always talking about me. Then she said something strange, 'I think if you and he were the same age he would be going out with you and not me.' Of course, I denied that Andrew would dream of something like that, (a little too close to the truth), 'Rubbish!' I told her. 'He's young and I'm old.' She was unsuccessfully trying to look serious while hiccupping, but it was her words that caught my attention.

'Don't be silly aunty Gwen, you're not old and you are still attractive and sexy..... we both think so.'

'Whoa, where did that come from?' I must admit it took me by surprise and then we were rudely interrupted and I forgot

all about it. For the moment I'm putting it down to the drink talking.

Mon 21st Mar 2022: Andrew came to ours for tea, it's just as easy making for three as it is for two and it also keeps his outgoings down. Afterwards, while Tom pottered in the garden we sat and chatted. We have reached the stage where we can talk frankly to each other now without any embarrassment. I asked if he thought Kirsty knew what was going on between me and him and explained about her comment on a Saturday night. He's pretty sure she has no idea but he did say that she commented one time about the smell of a women's perfume in his bedroom, he said he'd just used the excuse that I'd been there and was helping him tidy around.

'She said that you both think I'm attractive,' I told him, 'Do you think she is that way inclined?' I tentatively asked. Andrew shrugged his shoulders and said he wasn't sure but odd comments from her from time to time did make him wonder. 'Anyway, it's not like you would be interested, gran.' At that moment I was unsure whether I should say something or not.

I told Tom I was going out for a stroll with Andrew before he went home, at least that way we would continue having the privacy to talk. I think I shocked him when I explained that over the years I'd had a relationship with one woman and affairs with others. I made him promise to say nothing to anyone else, 'No one knows, not even your grandfather, it must always remain a secret, you must promise.' He nodded his head and then quickly asked if I fancied Kirsty. I couldn't say anything so let a wry smile suffice. Andrew went off on one, not angry, but surprised and excited.

'Wow!, that's so cool gran, you fancy my girlfriend, (that's the first time I've heard him call her that), for whatever reason he seemed to find it exciting and from the look on his face I had to tell him to calm down and behave. I'm a bit worried now that I shouldn't have said anything.

Wed 23rd Mar 2022: Thankfully we are definitely into spring, more daylight and it has warmed up outdoors. Hopefully, another few weeks and it will be warm enough for Andrew and me to venture into the countryside near where we live for

a bit of hankey-pankey, another favourite of mine. Must admit that I am still worried about what I disclosed to my grandson, it has stayed one of my secrets for years and now feels like it is out in the open and has left me feeling vulnerable. Hope it doesn't turn into a stupid thing to have done. Tom's team is playing tomorrow evening and he's going so I've asked Andrew if he's free, you can guess what his answer was.

Andrew always gives Tom time to leave, not long, but enough time so that he does not get invited to the match. The minute my hubby had left, I had darted upstairs and was already naked and in the spare room bed, waiting in anticipation when my grandson let himself in. I love to watch him undress, his cock always semi-rigid at the thought of what comes next.

We had several hours before Tom would be home and Andrew it seemed had come prepared. He has got used to the fact that with me, there is very little that is out of bounds, (really, nothing). From his jacket pocket, I watched as he withdrew what looked like several lengths of cord. Two were tied to my wrists and then to the bedhead, stretching my arms

wide, the other two were attached to my ankles and then loosely bound around my thighs so that my legs were bent and pulled up which made me open then to get comfortable. 'I saw it in a film clip,' Andrew commented. I knew immediately what kind of clip he was referring to.

'Ah-ha, tonight was to be a bit of kinky sex,' I thought, relaxing as I waited for him to do whatever he wanted.

To begin with, my thighs were forced apart as his mouth was pressed against my pussy, his tongue licking and teasing my labia until the piss flaps opened and displayed my moist pink interior. The groans and cries started the moment his fingers gaped me and his tongue darted inside. Trussed up as I was, there was little I could do to escape, Andrew building my arousal as I pleaded for his cock and my release. The bastard teased me incessantly, making me wait until I was begging before shoving several fingers into my cunt and frigging me rapidly as I bellowed and squirted during my orgasm, the first time that has ever happened.

At that, I thought he may untie me so that we could fuck, but no. God knows how much juice I had lost, it had mixed with his saliva and run down the crack of my arse. It's a good job Andrew is strong because there was no way I could move as he wedged a pillow beneath my hips, raising my lower torso and spreading me even more. The moment the knob of his cock touched my ringpiece, I knew that he intended to anal me, gasping loudly as his shaft forced its way up my rectum, the sloppy mess around my cunt and arse assisting its travel.

There is something about being trussed up like a turkey and unable to move as your back passage is plundered, his hands now abusing my tits and nipples before he started sucking on them as though he was expecting to be fed. His next trick was one I was not expecting, his cock suddenly being whipped from my arse expanding my cunt as he fucked me as though possessed. That was what I needed, but then the young fucker stopped just before I reached my climax and reverted to fucking my shitter again. It wasn't once or twice, it became a constant, arse, cunt..... arse, cunt..... arse, cunt, each time bringing me to the brink and then swapping holes.

When he finally did make me cum, I swear the world exploded. I was shrieking and crying, juices flooding from my cunt as the huge spasm burst over my body, and to cap it all, I pissed myself, a small fountain going upwards and splashing over my belly and his groin as he filled my pussy with one spurt after another of his hot cum.

Ok, I admit it, I was a gibbering wreck who needed assistance to get from the bed to the shower and then help afterwards, stripping it down and replacing all the sheets and covers before Tom got home.

Fri 1st Apr 2022: April Fool? Fuck that. Adam and Kirsty have headed south for a long weekend to meet Andrew's family and all our relatives down that end of the country. We have given them the keys to the apartment willingly because I need a rest. Presently feeling exhausted, I'm not complaining about the fuckings I keep getting, but I can't keep it up at this rate. I know Andrew does most of the work, but he seems to be insatiable and my old bones are beginning to feel it, especially as I have to appear normal, spritely and chipper when Tom is

around. To be honest, I'm glad he's away as I intend to have several early nights.

Life after covid is basically back to normal although Tom and I still take precautions. We have both returned to doing the things we did previously and meeting up with our friends and family once more. Andrew and Kirsty had a great weekend, she came round to return the keys and thank me for letting them use the apartment.

Sun 10th Apr 2022: This, has been a funny old month so far. Several things have happened the first being my brother. It was his birthday back in March and at the time I was considering an additional birthday present for him, "Me". Well, it's taken until now to get the chance. Must admit it was a lot of fun, many years now since we last fucked each other. It also made me realise something. When I was a lot younger, sex was an important part of my life and it was so easy to arrange some extracurricular shagging.

Mid-life, when you think about it, you don't really see that much of your partner, a few hours each evening because you are both out at work each day, and then at weekends, normally, the kids are around. It becomes more difficult to arrange meetings without raising suspicions, plus you seem to be busy all the time.

Anyway, back to my brother, we somehow managed to spend nearly a complete day together, the sex, was slow, tender, and fulfilling.

You would think when you retire, that you would have all this time on your hands. You have, but that doesn't mean you have the opportunities. Tom and I are together nearly ninety per cent of the time and because of our ages, we rely on each other. It was after my brother, that I realised what was missing with Andrew. We have to snatch whatever chances we have, the longest normally a few hours, the shortest maybe forty minutes.

This means the sex is always frantic and rapid, one ear cocked in case Tom suddenly returns, or if we are at Andrew's flat, in case Kirsty decides to visit. It was nice to have sex with my brother without the rush or the fear of being caught.

Mon 18th Apr 2022: The weekend was busy with it being Easter, the house full of grandkids as well as nephews and nieces. As one lot leave another lot arrive and so Tom and I set up a buffet in the garden as well as hide dozens of small easter eggs for the kids to find.

It pains me to say this, but I had to speak with Andrew and ask for a couple of weeks' respite. Don't get me wrong, I love him fucking me, it is just that he has worn me out. I'm sure it won't be long before my body is back to making demands, but for the moment, I'm just going to let my life revert to how it was before he came to stay.

Mon 2nd May 2022: Last game of the season this weekend. After a long spell of recuperation, I feel fit and raring to go and was rewarded with a complete surprise. The team that

Tom supports have their final match away and at the other end of the country. Now normally, he wouldn't bother, but as it is against the team his family supports, he is going down there on the train, having a long weekend and going to the match with them. He did ask Andrew, but unfortunately, he can't get the Friday and Monday off work so hubby is going alone.

It seems that Andrew lied, he would have liked to have gone, but because it has been a while since I have allowed him to fuck me, he didn't want to miss the chance of having me all to himself for a weekend.

Kirsty is staying at his on Friday night, and then he has told her he is staying at my house over the weekend to keep me company while his grandfather is away, which means we are going to have all of Saturday and Sunday together.

Mon 9th May 2022: It was just what the doctor ordered. Saturday was warm enough for us to have a drive out. I packed a few drinks and sandwiches so that Andrew and I

could have a bit of a picnic and already had a spot in mind. It is about an hour away, near to a small lake and normally it isn't frequented all that much, especially if you don't mind a short walk away from where the picnic benches are located.

Because of my age, down at the apartment, I would normally wear a one piece swimming costume if we were relaxing around the pool. But with Andrew in mind, for once I dug out an old two-piece, wondering what he would think when he saw his grandmother in a bikini.

The drive was relaxing, Andrew carrying the bags from the car to the lake and then around the edge until I found the spot I was looking for. It is one I have used before, but I wasn't going to tell him that. Despite the weather being glorious, we had it all to ourselves as I set up the picnic blanket and then brazenly undressed to expose the bikini under my clothes. Andrew had brought a pair of trunks and just as brazenly, stripped off before climbing into them.

His cock was already making moves to expand, but I refused to be drawn at that point, he had to wait until we'd had a dip and something to eat. The day may have been nice, but the water was cold. Didn't spend too long in there, just a quick swim and back out again, I bet that shrivelled his manhood. After a bite to eat and with the wrappings cleared away, I allowed him to come closer. His excuse was that I needed warming up. After nearly a month without sex, I was already warm enough, thank you, the anticipation of what was to come next already raising my temperature.

The reason I made him wait was that I knew if I didn't, my bikini would not stay on long, and I was right, because, in a flash, the top half had disappeared as his mouth went to my nipples. My teats were already erect, Andrew's warm mouth exciting them and making them even harder. With all the time in the world today, he could play with them to his heart's content, massaging the pale flesh softly and gently while cupping and squeezing my tits to make my nipples stand proud. Deciding he'd had enough, I pushed him onto his back, 'My turn.'

The trunks went to his ankles and were kicked away as I took his semi and worked it to a full erection before wrapping my lips around it, my tongue slipping and sliding over his plump helmet while alternating between caressing his balls and tossing off his shaft. This was what I had been missing with him, the time for foreplay and a slow build-up. As his arousal grew and his cock took on that urgency, I moved, laying back and removing the bikini bottoms. 'Finger me,' I requested.

It didn't take him long. After my abstinence, his fingers in my cunt, frigging me and rubbing at my clit, soon had me ripe for plucking..... I said plucking. When Adam's cock slid into my now wet pussy, I couldn't help but purr with pleasure, I'd forgotten how much I have missed being shagged by him.

Alternating between a slow teasing and a mad thrusting, he had me finally balanced on that edge where I wanted to climax, but at the same time, wanted those fantastic sensations to continue. 'Fuck it. With Adam, he'd be ready to go again long before I would.' Which was why I asked him to fuck me faster and make me cum so that I could feel his spunk shoot inside my cunt. And I've got to say that was exactly what

he did, his cock pounding my fanny as I screeched until that blissful floating sensation of my orgasm took me far away.

That was only my first of the weekend but what I enjoyed more than anything else, was being able to sleep with him on the Saturday and Sunday nights. After a good fucking of course.

Wed 18th May 2022: With the football finished for the season, Saturdays have become a no-go as Kirsty is normally around at Andrews flat or they are here at our house. Sundays, Tom has started disappearing to his fishing or bowls again, but it depends on whether Andrew is free and what Kirsty is doing. Our sex life has settled into a routine I can cope with, I'm getting it at least every couple of weeks which keeps me satisfied and contented but without leaving me knackered. I still dream of Kirsty and what fun I could have with her, better still, what fun we three could have together, but that I'm afraid, is wishful thinking and would probably kill me.

Sat 21st May 2022: 'Fuck me! What the hell are you playing at. Isn't life complicated enough?'

Tom is my third husband and since we married I have behaved myself, no philandering, no affairs or extra-marital sex whether it be male or female. I have tried hard to put my past behind me, that was until Andrew came along. Unfortunately, his influence on me has reawakened some of those desires and bad behaviour that I had forgotten about as I have tried to age gracefully.

I left Tom at home while I went and did some shopping, telling him I would be a while because I was going to drop some groceries at Andrew's flat. Just in case I was in luck, I'd dressed appropriately, not my outer clothing, but my underwear. The bra just about managed to contain my tits and the panties were a strip of material that literally, covered my slit. I don't know if Tom has noticed, if he has, he's never commented. I've shaved, down there, leaving nothing but a small close-cropped tuft over my pussy, the rest is bare and smooth as a baby's bum.

Disappointedly, I was out of luck, Kirsty was already there when I arrived and I wondered if she had stayed the night. As a woman, I can't help myself, cleaning and housework are in my genes, dragging the vacuum out and starting to give the lounge carpet the once over. Andrew said he just needed to pop out and would be half an hour, 'Will you and Kirsty be ok?' he asked, both of us saying 'Yes,' at the same time. She had made me a brew as I finished and packed the Hoover away.

'Auntie Gwen, Why don't you try leggings instead of jeans, they are far more comfortable?'

There are two reasons, firstly I am set in my ways, I come from the jeans generation. Secondly, I've seen some of the young girls in leggings and lots of them are nearly see-through, you can see their butt cheeks, their panties and everything else that they have to offer. I was trying to explain, but Kirsty was having none of it. It wasn't like I hadn't already noticed her, dressed in black leggings and a white crop top.

'It depends on the quality you buy, see, you can't see through mine.' She stood and pirouetted, showing me her bottom.

Now that was bad enough as I gazed at her tight scrumptious posterior, what came next took me by surprise.

'Here, we are about the same size..... try mine on.' Without the slightest sign of embarrassment, she sat on the couch and wriggled out of her pants. I should have been an adult, politely declining. Fat chance! Unfastening my jeans, I slipped them over my hips before jiggling around to get out of them. I'm sure her eyes lit up when she saw the minuscule panties I was wearing as I took the leggings from her. I had to sit to get into them, my legs opening and probably giving her views of my pussy as I slid them up my legs.

Both of us stood as she walked around me, lingering as she stared at my arse. 'Fuck! I wanted to tell her how wet she was making me. Suddenly, she had removed her crop top, 'Try this as well.' Discarding my shirt, my tits were nearly popping from their cups, remember, I had dressed for Andrew, not Kirsty. I could swear she was licking her lips as I pulled it over my head and she adjusted it until she was satisfied.

'You look bloody sexy Auntie Gwen.' It wasn't what she said, but the way she said it, as though she was savouring a meal before diving into the food. Looking at her lithe young body, wearing nothing but panties and bra, I was tempted, but the sound of Andrew's car returning interrupted us. I snatched up my clothes and dashed towards his bedroom, 'I'll leave you to explain,' I said, unable to stop laughing.

I could hear the surprise in my grandson's voice as he entered to find his girlfriend in her underwear as I quickly changed. Re-entering the lounge with Kirsty's clothes, I heard her final comment, 'You should have seen her Andrew, she was delectable.'

I saw the look he gave me, Andrew already knows how delectable I can be.

Finishing my brew, I made my excuses and headed for home, the image of Kirsty's young body, firmly fixed in my mind. 'Was it possible she may be open to some kind of liaison?'

I thought about it before scolding myself. 'Don't be stupid you silly woman.'

Wed 25th May 2022: Strangely, Kirsty phoned me late afternoon today and asked if she could talk to me privately tomorrow afternoon while Andrew is still at work. She wouldn't tell me what it was about but said she would meet me in town and we could grab a coffee. She's got me wondering now if it's something between her and the grandson or a result of the other day. 'Oh well, no point in trying to second-guess.'

Thu 26th May 2022: Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! I'm kind of teetering between anger and excitement. It seems Andrew has let slip that I've experienced another woman in the past. Bloody men, I knew it was a mistake to have disclosed that.

I like Kirsty, she reminds me of myself at that age. Independent, forthright, straight to the point and a little on the blunt side if there is something she wants to know. Just like I did, she believes in calling a spade a spade, there is no

rambling around the bushes, she just comes straight out with her question and to people who don't know her, it can quite take you aback.

I met her as requested and we went and got a coffee and cake. Once the waitress had disappeared, as usual, she was straight to the point. 'Andrew let slip that you have been with another woman..... sexually.' I acknowledged that it was true, but that it was many years ago.

Would you class yourself as a lesbian Auntie Gwen?'

I had to chuckle at that. 'Of course not. It was just that at the time I happened to be attracted to another woman.'

'I was trying to explain to Andrew, that sometimes I see a woman or a girl and I find them attractive, is that wrong,' she asked me.

I shook my head, having to watch what I said and not wanting to give anything away. 'The other day, when you were trying on my clothes. If I found you attractive and sexy, would that be wrong of me?' she asked.

'No..... but it may be frowned upon because we are related.' To be honest, my heart was going like the clappers. It would have been so easy to tell her how I also found her attractive and what I would delight in doing with her. Instead, I just left my answer hanging in the air.

Kirsty continued, 'When I explained to Andrew what we had been doing while he was away, I could see that he was excited, especially when I described your underwear. And yet it seemed to me that he wasn't surprised by what you were wearing. I haven't said anything to him, I wanted to ask you.'

'Is something going on between you and Andrew, I know he never stops talking about you.'

It's not very often that I am stuck for an answer, but on this occasion I was. Two options, a downright denial..... or confirm my niece's suspicions. I must have taken too long, or perhaps it was the look on my face, whichever!

'You don't have to answer auntie Gwen, it's none of my business and it wouldn't matter if you were. The point I'm coming to is..... I'm attracted to you, but I don't know if the feeling is mutual and so I'm asking..... and if it is, are we going to do something about it?'

Talk about getting to the point! The most I said was that I would think about what she was asking. She seemed happy enough with that but bombarded me with questions for the next thirty minutes as to what it was like with another woman. Honestly, I answered the best I could.

Sun 29th May 2022: I still haven't formed an answer. I know what my body is demanding but instead, I'm listening to my head. The more people who know, the more people involved in a relationship, and the more chances there are of

something going wrong. The last thing I need is another failed marriage, and if any of this came out, the destruction it would cause to families on both sides is not worth thinking about.

Sensibly, I should be happy with what I have, a young lover. But then I think, I could have the best of both worlds, a young virile male lover and a beautiful young female lover and who knows what advantages that may bring. LOL

And that, for the moment is where I am going to leave my diary because of the quandary I am facing. I'm still to make a decision and still no wiser as to what I will choose. It sounds exciting you may think, but such escapades are fraught with danger. Feelings get hurt, people get jealous and decide to do silly things. Whichever decision I make, my diary will continue and hopefully, at some point in time, I will be tempted to tell you what happens next.