

Foxy Grandma

Chapter 1

Janice had never been more pissed at her daughter. She had to slam the phone down in disgust. Her daughter, Erin, had just called her to break the news. Janice's grandson, Erin's son, Danny, had proposed to his girlfriend. Just hearing this made Janice slam down the phone. How could Erin be this stupid? How could she let this happen?

Danny had come from a long line of sluts. Erin had always been a little slut, and Janice had been the same. Janice had slept around quite a bit in her younger days, resulting in her pregnancy at the age of 15. Her parents were very strict, and forced the boy responsible to stay by her side and eventually marry her. As her friends graduated high school, Janice was the married mother of a three year-old little girl, Erin.

Inevitably, Erin's father left Janice. He was too immature to handle the responsibility of being a parent. But Janice was. She had learned her lesson. Having a child that young made her realize the error of her ways. She knew she had to grow up fast to be a good mother to Erin. Her parents had disowned her after getting pregnant, and with her child's father now out of the picture, she was on her own. Janice buckled down, worked hard, and got through the next few years putting a meal on her daughter's table.

She had learned what not to do from her parents in relation to raising a child. Her parents were very cold and strict and just plain sticks in

the mud. In that environment, of course she would rebel. So she vowed it would be different with Erin. She would be a good mother.

Her treatment of her daughter was strict but fair. She wasn't as cold and heartless as her parents had been. She let her make her own mistakes, small ones, but she also reinforced the important things. She didn't want her daughter to be a young mother like she had been. Janice was resistant when Erin reached the age when boys were interested in her. Janice made it clear how much work it had been to raise her as a single mother. She did not want her to repeat the same mistakes.

In her own opinion, Janice was doing a great job as a mother. And how did Erin repay her? She got knocked up by some dumb jock when she was fifteen. Janice was furious with her. Janice had done all the right things with her. She had poured her blood, sweat, and tears into giving Erin a good life, and Erin just ignores her like an insolent little bitch.

It was at this point that the rift between Janice and her daughter formed. Janice tried to be as supportive as she could, but Erin suddenly thought she knew how the world worked. Janice tried, she really did. She wanted Erin to stay with her during the pregnancy so the child would have a positive female influence in her life, but Erin wanted to live with her burnout boyfriend, who had left his parents home to live by himself. Janice just knew that this was a mistake and she tried to put her foot down, preventing Erin from leaving. But she didn't listen. At six months pregnant, Erin was out of the house, living with her boyfriend, and for the first time, Janice was alone.

Janice cut her daughter off. If she thinks she could get by on her own, then that's what she'll get, Janice thought. She had been working for so long. And she had been so focused on raising her daughter, and being a good mother, that she never took time for herself. Now there she was, thirty years old, single, and alone. A thirty year old grandmother. She had sacrificed her own personal life for her daughter, and her daughter repaid her by abandoning her. A permanent rift had been created between mother and daughter, a rift that Janice would never forget.

Their relationship remained strained by the time Erin gave birth. She delivered a beautiful boy, Danny. He was the first boy in a long line of girls their family had had through the years. Janice tried to play a large role in his life, but Erin would never let her around. Finally, Erin and the boyfriend decided to move across the country. Janice was furious at her daughter for this. She just waited for the day that she would come crawling back, baby in tow, admitting that Janice was right.

But that day never came. Janice was not surprised, though, when Erin called her letting her know her then-husband had left her. Shocker! But Janice was surprised when Erin didn't beg to come home. It seemed as if she was too proud to admit she was wrong. Two can play at that game, Janice thought. Janice would not beg for her to come back. If she wants to be on her own, she would be on her own.

They corresponded occasionally, but for the most part, Janice had moved on. Not having a daughter to support freed her up in way. She was now able to pursue her personal life, and this did not present her any problems, because she was spectacularly gorgeous. Having a child had not decreased her looks one bit. In fact, it had only added to her attractiveness. It did not take her long to settle down with a good man. A good, rich man.

Janice had married him quickly. For the first time in her life, she was financially set. Her new husband insisted that she didn't work. He was old fashioned in that sense. He was fifteen years older than she was, and liked to live the good life. He had a nice house, nice clothes, and nice cars. He wanted her to enjoy this life. Janice did not fight him. Quite frankly, she felt like she deserved it. She had been working hard for almost fifteen years. Now she had something to show for it.

Unfortunately, not all good things last. Janice's husband passed away after about fifteen years of marriage. All of his riches were left to her. Janice mourned for a good while before finally deeming it necessary to move on. Just because her husband had died didn't mean she had to spend the rest of her life mourning. He wouldn't want that. So, Janice moved on.

It was the unwelcome loneliness that followed her husband's death that made her realize she wanted to reconnect with her daughter and grandson. She had visited sporadically through the years. Janice had been taken aback by Erin's parenting style. She was one of those new-age, hands off parents that did things the opposite way they needed

to be done. Despite this, Danny was turning into a good young man. He had a good head on his shoulders and would turn into a good man as long as some of Erin's tendencies didn't get passed onto him.

This was why she was so mad when Erin called to tell her Danny had proposed to his girlfriend. Erin knew what a mistake it was to get married so young, having experienced it herself, and seeing her parent's divorce so young. He was only 18! If Erin were any sort of mother she would try to talk him out of it. But no, she was excited. She was supportive of Danny's decision. Stupid woman! This little slut that Danny was marrying probably wanted to get into Danny's pants. Wanted to get a good young man like him locked down. If this little slut gets pregnant, that would ruin what could possibly a great future for him. Janice knew she had to do something about this.

Janice knew that Erin had never exactly raked it in. She had done just well enough to get by. Janice had offered to help, but Erin had resisted. She was too proud to accept help and give her son a better life. Also, this young girl that Danny had proposed to, LeAnn, did not have a lot of money either. This gave Janice her plan, her way to get involved in this wedding, and try to talk Danny out of this foolish marriage. To do what a good mother should. She calmed herself, picked up the phone, and dialed her daughter back.

"Hello?" Erin said.

"Darling, it's me. " Janice said. "Sorry I hung up."

"Are you mad about this? Why aren't you excited? Danny's getting married!" Erin said naively.

"Honey, you know how difficult it was being married so young. It didn't work for you, and it didn't work for me. I just... do you think this is a good idea?" Janice asked.

"Of course! He deserves it! He's such a good boy. And LeAnn's a sweet girl. They'll be so cute together." Erin said. Janice couldn't help but exhale loudly in annoyance.

"Erin, they are so young. Can they afford a wedding? What if she gets pregnant? What is their plan for the future?" Janice asked.

"Who cares, Mom? They are in love. Who cares if they are young? We don't have a lot of money, but we'll figure something out. And if they get pregnant, then it'll be a blessing. They are both smart people. They'll be fine." Erin said. Janice just rolled her eyes at her daughter's idiocy.

"Listen, Erin, let me talk to Danny." Janice asked.

"No, Mom. You're gonna try to talk him out of it. I don't want you to do that." Erin said.

"He's my grandson, Erin. I deserve to talk to him." Janice insisted.

"No, Mom, I don't want you to." Erin said.

"Erin, you have kept me out of his life for years. I haven't seen or talked to my grandson in three years. You called me because you wanted my approval. If you want my approval, I want to talk to Danny." Janice replied.

"He's not even here right now." Erin replied. Janice rubbed her forehead in frustration. Then, an idea popped into her head.

"I'll make you a deal, Erin. Let Danny visit me for a couple weeks. I would love to see him, and we haven't talked in years..." Janice started.

"No, Mom." Erin interrupted.

"If you let him visit, and let him explain to me why he wants to marry this girl, then I'll pay for the wedding. I'll give your son the best wedding imaginable." Janice offered.

"I don't know." Erin started, considering the offer.

"C'mon, Erin. Don't you want your son to have a dream wedding?" Janice replied. Erin paused.

"I'll talk to him." Erin said, hanging up the phone. Janice smiled, knowing she had her.

That was how a few weeks later, Danny found himself entering the airport, following his mother and walking alongside his fiancée LeAnn. His mom had come to him a few days prior and threw out the idea of him visiting his grandmother. The thought made him happy. He barely knew his grandmother. The last time he saw her was a few years prior, at her husband's funeral. He always wished he had a stronger connection with her, but he knew that his mother and his grandmother had a strained relationship. Danny was happy at the thought of visiting his grandmother, because he thought that he could get to the bottom of the issues between his grandmother and his mother and possibly bring them all closer together.

Danny was a good young man. He would attribute a lot of what he was now to his mother. In many ways, his hero was his mom, as dorky as that may sound. But it was true. He knew it was a struggle to raise him as a single mother. Once he realized how hard she was working to give him a good life, he vowed to himself to be a good son. He vowed to listen when she taught him a lesson and he did. That was how he learned to respect his elders, not curse, and to always treat women right.

People were often surprised by him when they got to know him. They took one look at him and thought he was some dumb, mindless jock. Danny was shy, which came across to others as either being

dumb or aloof. That was why he struggled with girls. It was his shyness and his overall good nature that would get in the way. He had many girls hit on him. He was a big, strong, handsome young man, so that was probably inevitable. He had dated a few girls, but those relationships soured. Danny was a good boyfriend, but he would get nervous when he realized that the girls he was with were pushing for him to take their relationship to the next level. He would push them away and the girls would get angry at him, effectively ending their relationship. They wanted to date some dumb meathead, not the good-natured, articulate young man they got. Danny was waiting for the right girl, a girl that would understand him.

He found that girl in LeAnn. When she first spoke to him, Danny realized that this girl saw through him, and saw what kind of guy he really was. She saw past the fact that he was a football player. When she saw his big frame, she didn't assume he was some dumb jock. She saw what he really was. A sweet, good-natured young man. And that's what she was looking for in a guy. They were a perfect match, and a relationship soon blossomed.

Although they were a perfect match personality-wise, they were a mismatched pair physically. He was a tall young man, and she was a petite young girl. They started dating their sophomore year of high school. As the next couple years passed, and they both turned 18, their contrasts only increased. He grew taller and filled out, growing strong and sprouting firm muscles all over, while she maintained her petite frame, still looking the part of a young girl. But Danny had become a young man.

While some of the other guys on the team were talking about scholarships for football, Danny was looking into going to school for writing. He was a very creative guy. Plus it would allow him to stay close to LeAnn.

LeAnn was an artist. She loved to draw and she loved to paint. She was hoping to go to art school to pursue this dream of creating art. She had drawn many pictures and painted many pictures for Danny, which he had hung up in his room. Danny was her biggest fan, and he encouraged her to pursue her dream. They both knew it wasn't the most lucrative future, but it was what she wanted to do. Danny wanted to make all of her dreams come true.

And it was at her graduation party that Danny made one dream of hers come true. He proposed to her, around their friends and family. She accepted, of course. They were young and in love. They were eager to be married and be in love forever.

They had gotten to the airport very early, about an hour or two ahead of schedule, so they had sat down and decided to chill out for a bit. LeAnn pulled out her sketchbook and started to draw something. Danny didn't want to disturb her, plus he always liked to wait and see the finished product. So Danny sat next to his mom.

While it wasn't his intent, Danny knew that LeAnn resembled his mother in many ways. They were both free-spirits. They were both loving and open and very encouraging. They even looked alike, both being very slim and petite. This would turn off most guys, but to

Danny, he was proud to have a fiancée who resembled his mom. His mother was his hero.

"So, honey, don't forget about us when you're with your grandma." Erin said with a smile.

"Oh, I won't." Danny said earnestly, not knowing if she was being serious.

"Honey, I was joking." Erin said, laughing.

"Oh." Danny said, laughing.

"Seriously, though, I just want to tell you to be careful around Grandma. She can be a bit controlling." Erin said.

"I think I'll be alright." Danny said, not knowing if her opinion was biased due to the strained nature of their relationship.

"I know you'll be alright. You're a good kid." Erin said, pulling her son close.

The call went over the speakers that the plane was now boarding. They all stood up, and Danny grabbed his bags. As they reached the gate, Danny turned back to them.

"Bye, Son." Erin said, hugging her son and giving him a peck on the cheek.

"Bye, Mom." Danny said. He pulled away and turned to face LeAnn.

"I drew this for you." LeAnn said, holding out a piece of paper. He took it and looked at what she had drawn. She had drawn a picture of him and her together at the airport, as if a photo was being taken of them. Danny was touched. He pulled LeAnn in for a hug and a kiss.

"Call every day." LeAnn said.

"I will." he responded. With one last glance back, Danny turned and boarded the plane.

Janice was at the airport, waiting for Danny to step off an airplane for a two week stay. Janice couldn't help but notice the eyes on her as she waited. She could feel their stares on her. But this didn't bother her. She was used to it.

Just by looking at her, you couldn't tell she was a grandmother. Despite being 48, she looked ten years younger. If anything, she

looked like a mother in the prime of her life, which she was. She was used to men making comments about her, about how sexy she was. She got hit on all the time, by men both much younger and much older. She couldn't blame them. She knew that men loved looking at sexy, mature women. Sexy, older women with EE-cup breasts that had filled out perfectly as she aged. Sexy, mature women with a perfect, full, round ass. She had heard the term MILF in relation to her, and she knew that term perfectly described her, even though she was technically a GILF. A MILF with long, sexy legs, and smooth, creamy skin. It was only when you looked at her beautiful face up close that some signs of aging were noticeable. She had slight wrinkles around her eyes. Her dark black hair was cut in a sexy younger style, easily competing with women half her age. She was very gorgeous and sexy, with full lips. Despite being a grandmother, a young grandmother, she was built for sex.

She was proud of her age. She was a classy, mature woman. She had a streak of gray hair mixed with her black locks, illustrating her age while still showing she was sexy. She had used some of her deceased husband's money to have massive breasts lifted, but they were still nice and firm regardless. This was a necessary evil. Even though she hated to go under the knife and have surgery on her perfect form, as a single woman, she knew it was necessary to keep the attention of men.

Despite her young pregnancy, and being a young mother, that did not change the fact that she was, and always had been, a slut. She had various one night stands in her twenties, not having time for a full relationship. She tried to fight her slut nature for awhile, but the pressure became too much to bear. Her hot body needed satisfaction.

That was how she came to meet her now deceased husband, an older man with a voracious sexual appetite. Her perfect body was the type of body men craved and he was no exception. Spending one night with her and experiencing her ravenous sexual nature and perfect body made him realize he needed to lock her down fast. He married her quickly and kept her rich, happy, and sexually satisfied. It might not have been true love, but it suited both parties well.

As Janice aged, she noticed more and more eyes following her body. She realized that while men do love young sluts, what they love even more is a sexy, mature woman. Mature women with perfect bodies just drive men wild. Since she had a lot of time on her hands, she spent a lot of it at the gym, keeping her body fit and firm, unlike most women who get soft and doughy in their older age. As she reached her forties she realized that the men who were staring at her were young. Late teens, early twenties. Young men who couldn't get enough of the sight of a perfect and mature body in tight, form fitting clothes. Janice maintained her style, wearing sexy clothes to highlight her best attributes, resistant to the notion that she should "dress her age." Those young sluts sneered at Janice, fuming with jealousy as their men could not take their eyes off of her.

Once her husband died, it took her awhile to get on the prowl again. But once she did, she was an unstoppable force. A lot of the younger sluts were amazed that this brazen, slutty "old lady" would come to their clubs, ones that catered to a younger crowd, spend just thirty minutes there, and would walk out hand-in-hand with the biggest stud there. The young buck that all those young sluts were targeting would walk out with a woman over twice his age. Those sluts

couldn't understand what those studs found more appealing about that "old lady".

Janice had developed a taste for younger men. Could she be blamed for this? The only thing that prevented her from still having the sex she had been having for years was that her older husband's heart had crapped out. While the sex was always good, Janice realized that an older man like him couldn't quite keep up with her. He wasn't the optimal mate for her. A man that was young, full of energy, and eager to prove himself is what she needed. And her experiences with these younger men had been great, but there was something missing. Janice had noticed the young men she had been with tended to be extremely arrogant and overconfident in their skills. While they were good at what they did, they were too arrogant to let Janice run the show, so to speak. They wanted to "be the man" in the bedroom. They were too proud to admit that this "old lady" was their sexual superior. Too proud to let this "old lady" with the rocking body dominate them in the bedroom like they so deserved. Janice didn't push the subject because most of the young men she was with were too bigheaded to ever be anything more than a one night stand for her.

Janice had often fantasized about going full force and dominating a man in the bedroom like she so craved. Often, when in a social setting, she would stare at the younger men preening and trying to impress those young idiotic girls. Janice fantasized about wiping the smirks off their faces, forcing them into a bedroom and showing them what a real woman can do. What a real woman is capable of.

She had often fantasized about what type of young man would suit her best. They needed to be handsome, built, and hung, obviously. But there needed to be an innocence to them. A naiveté, preventing him to being too demanding. A young man with little experience. A stud that was ripe for the plucking. Not experienced enough to know what he wanted. Capable of being taught and cultivated into a young stud eager to please. No, not just please. Eager to serve. A young man cultivated and taught by an older woman, not demanding anything, because a real woman would be in charge. This young man would not fight for control, because he would not know any better. He wouldn't know that society dictates that a man was supposed to be in charge in the bedroom. All that he would know is what he's been taught, what's been reinforced in his head time and again by the woman that fucks him day after day.

But where could Janice find such a man? If a young man that handsome and built existed those stupid young sluts would no doubt scoop him up. Unless he was too intelligent, too nice and too good hearted to get caught up with that crowd. If he was naïve to enough cling to the idea that he should wait for his true love. To push away those sluts, thinking he was better than that. Janice needed to find a young man that was not only sexually attractive, but friendly. Friendly, nice, full of hope and with a good head on his shoulders. A young man with his whole life ahead of him, looking forward to the future, not a care in the world. Not knowing that he belonged on his knees, serving an older woman. But where could Janice find such a man?

Janice waited patiently as she watched people start to emerge from the tunnel, exiting the plane. Janice scanned the crowd, waiting for

her grandson to emerge. The last time she saw him was at her husband's funeral, and he was at such an awkward age at that point. She was also such an emotional wreck by that point that she barely interacted with him in any meaningful way. Her main memories of him were from his younger days.

That was why she didn't think twice as a tall young man started walking towards her, staring at her. She had had this effect on men before, so this wasn't anything new to her. She quickly gave him the up and down, and realized that this young man definitely suited her tastes. She was disappointed that she had to pick up her grandson because otherwise she would definitely pursue him. She looked past him, waiting for her grandson. That's why she was so surprised by what came next.

"Grandma?" the young man said to her. Janice studied his face, shocked when she realized who this was.

"Danny?" Janice asked, legitimately surprised. She didn't know Danny had grown up so much. He had grown up, and filled out. He was tall, easily six feet. He had short, blondish brown hair, and a handsome face. Janice felt horribly embarrassed as she realized that moments before, she had checked him out before she knew who he was. She had accidentally checked out her grandson.

"Yeah." Danny confirmed with a cute little smile. He walked towards her with his arms open. She opened her arms as the distance between the two closed. She wrapped her arms around his back, hugging her grandson for the first time in years. She made it a tight one, and in

doing so pressed her breasts into his chest. She pulled away and admired the man in front of her.

"Wow! You've gotten so big!" she said, rubbing his bicep. When she had last seen him he was a scrawny boy. Now, he had filled out and become a strong, muscular young man. And they weren't show muscles. They were real muscles. Firm and strong.

"Yeah, well, I had to work hard to get on the football team. It was worth it though." he said, before changing the subject. "How are you?"

"I'm good. Gosh, it's been so long, Danny. How've you been?" Janice asked.

"I'm great. Things are great." he said simply.

"Well, you hungry?" Janice asked.

"Starving." Danny said with a smile.

"Then let's go get some lunch." Janice suggested. Danny agreed and they started to walk to the baggage claim, chatting. They grabbed his bags and five minutes later they were in Janice's Benz driving towards a restaurant that Janice really enjoyed.

As they were seated, Janice couldn't help but notice as the greeter and several other patrons eyed them strangely. Were they wondering the relationship of these two newcomers who had entered the restaurant? Were they wondering why such a young stud was sitting with such a sexy older woman? They might think she was his mother, but if she was, why would she have all of those buttons exposed, showing that juicy cleavage of hers? Janice always liked to show off, regardless of her company. It didn't matter who she was around, whether with some friends or a prospective boy toy, even her own grandson. So what would they think if they didn't think she was his mother? They wouldn't think it was his grandmother. They would think this was a sexy older woman eating a meal with a young man. And with that cleavage exposed, they wouldn't see this as just a meal. They would think this was a date. An older woman on a date with a younger man. Janice shook these thoughts from her head. They were wrong. They quickly ordered their drinks, before resuming their conversation.

"So, let me see her." Janice said.

"What?" Danny asked, confused.

"Let me see this girl who's stolen your heart. You have to have a picture of her?" Janice asked.

"Oh yeah." Danny said with a smile, reaching into his pocket and pulling out his phone. He pulled up a picture and showed it to her.

"Her name's LeAnn." Danny said proudly. Janice looked at the picture. The picture must have been taken after swimming in a pool because both Danny and the girl pictured were covered in water. Janice couldn't help but smirk as she looked at this girl's body, because LeAnn had a girl's body, not a woman's body. The girl was a twig. She had no discernable breasts and was rail thin. She was kinda cute, Janice thought, but by no means would she be classified as a looker, let alone sexy. Her brown hair looked stringy and uncared for. Janice started to doubt her grandson's taste in girls. Janice's eyes drifted to her grandson's image. He was covered in water, flattering his muscular chest and torso, which definitely proved he was a catch. Janice's eye widened as she noticed something that Danny had not intended her to see. He would be too innocent to even consider this aspect of the image as something people would notice. But Janice had. Any woman like her would.

What she had noticed was with his trunks soaked by the water, and they clung to what appeared to be a baseball bat under his trunks. Janice glanced at her grandson holding the phone then back at the picture. Could it be? Could it be that Janice's own grandson was packing a massive cock? How was that even possible? He had always been such a scrawny boy growing up. Yes, he had filled out, but she couldn't believe he had filled out that much. She had to be mistaken. But what if she wasn't? What if Danny did indeed have a huge cock? That would change everything.

"She looks lovely." Janice said. Throughout the rest of the meal, she kept coming back to the fact that her grandson might be packing some serious heat. Janice was definitely a fan of well endowed men. She didn't notice her nipples had hardened. She again tried to shake

these thoughts from her head. She had to quit sexualizing her grandson. Sure he was hot, buff, and maybe packing heat. But he was her grandson! It was sick. Sure, she was a pretty liberal woman sexually, and she had done some things sexually that most normal people wouldn't agree with. But she was not going to cross that line. The rest of the meal passed by in a blur. The time came to pay, and when Janice reached into her wallet Danny stopped her.

"Allow me." Danny said, grabbing his wallet.

"No, please. You're my grandson. I insist." Janice said.

"Listen, Grandma. My mom taught me three things: don't lie, don't curse, and always treat a lady right. I'll pay." Danny insisted. Janice was taken aback by this. She almost had to stop herself from laughing at this statement. That was just like something her daughter would instill in him. Something that sounded good and romantic, but was ultimately horribly misguided. Janice knew the world was a cruel and callous place. A naïve young man like him would get eaten alive out in the real world without the proper support system. Erin was definitely not capable of providing any legitimate support. Janice could only hope that this girl he was shacking up with would be there for him.

"Okay. Fair enough. But, if you want to treat me like a lady, stop calling me Grandma. It makes me feel old. Please, call me Janice." Janice said with a smile.

"Okay... Janice." Danny said, feeling a little strange calling his grandmother by her first name. He quickly paid and soon they were quickly on their way to Janice's home.

Janice went over the plan in her head. Janice's goal, other than getting to know her grandson better, was to get him out of his engagement. By all descriptions, this girl was not the type of girl that Danny deserved. She was his first and only girlfriend, and the first girl he ever loved. A young man like him needed to sow his wild oats before settling down. He needed to know a lot more about women before getting married. Janice knew it was her duty to let Danny know this.

Her plan had a few parts. If she had her way, Danny would move out here. That was her ultimate goal. She wanted to make up for the years she had missed. So, her plan was to show him the other side of life. She would show him how the other side lived. Erin never had much money, so Janice wanted to flaunt her wealth in his face. She wanted him to get accustomed to the good life. So accustomed that he would not want to leave. Also, she wanted to try to convince Danny to come out here for college. There were some good schools out here. Plus, this area offered a wider variety of women than where he came from. The type of women that would allow him to sow those wild oats.

"So, Danny, there are a few schools out here that I was hoping I could convince you to check out." Janice said.

"Um, well, I already know where I am going to school. I am going to school back home, with LeAnn." Danny replied, confused.

"Really? What are you going to school for?" Janice asked.

"Writing. I want to write when I get older." Danny stated.

"Oh. I'm shocked. I thought you would be going to school for football." Janice said.

"Nope. My dream is to write. Plus, LeAnn will be at the same school. It'll be perfect." Danny said, as they stopped at a stoplight.

"Seems like a waste of all those big muscles." Janice said, reaching over to rub his bicep. Danny laughed nervously as he pulled away a bit.

Janice had trouble taking her hand off of him. That muscle of his felt so good. She loved guys that were in shape. She didn't know why Danny was driving her crazy like this. Janice couldn't help but sneak glances at her grandson's crotch as they drove. She couldn't get it out of her mind. As much as she hated to admit it, Danny was just her type. If he wasn't her grandson, she would have already fucked the shit out of him. Janice fought against these feelings. She had to get home fast or she would lose control.

Finally, they pulled into her home, and Janice was able to get some fresh air. But her mind was still drawn to the bulge in Danny's shorts. She tried to think of a way to confirm her suspicions.

Janice tried to justify this bit of nastiness. She tried to rationalize why she was scheming to figure out the size of her grandson's cock. It was curiosity, she told herself. She didn't want to take it beyond that. It was just her own sick curiosity. She didn't come across truly massive cocks very often. They were a rarity. And if Danny had one, Janice had to know. It was her nature. She had to know what kind of man she was dealing with. And once she did, she would move on from there.

Janice could tell he was awed by the sight of her house. He had actually never been to her place.

"Do you like it?" Janice asked.

"It's awesome." Danny said, awed by her mansion. An idea popped into Janice's head.

"Do you want to go for a swim? I've got a pool in the back." Janice offered.

"I'd love to." Danny said.

"Hope you brought a swimsuit." Janice said to herself as they walked in. Janice showed him to his room, and they dropped off his stuff.

"I'll meet you out there." Janice said, leaving the room. She made her way to her room. Janice scanned through her various swimsuits. She had to decide which one to put on in front of her grandson. She giggled for a second when she thought about her motivations. She invited her grandson to swim in her pool simply so she could know for sure whether he has a huge dick. She laughed at herself for a few moments, before the lure of a huge cock wiped other concerns from her mind.

'It wouldn't hurt to know for sure.' Janice thought to herself. She skimmed through her various bikinis, trying to decide which to wear. Her goal was to see how big her grandson's cock was. The only way to know for sure how big he was is if he was hard. The best way to get him hard would be to parade some sort of sexy stimulation in front of him. And the best sexual stimulation she could parade was her hot body. And Janice knew how to parade it. But would Danny respond? Would he respond sexually to his own grandmother? Yes, Janice realized. Janice had lots of experience with men, and she knew that men would respond to any sexy sight. It didn't matter who it was. It didn't matter if it was his own grandmother. Sure, it would be embarrassing for him to get aroused by his grandmother, but he was too nice of a guy to dwell on it. If the sight was sexy enough, a man would respond. Janice grabbed one of her sexiest bikini's and put it on quickly.

She didn't feel a little guilt about this. It was just one of her standard bikinis. He would see her in one eventually. It wasn't anything inappropriate.

Janice bounced out towards the pool. As she stepped outside, and felt the sun's rays warm all of her exposed flesh, she noticed Danny had already gotten started, swimming laps in the pool. He came to a stop when he noticed Janice was watching.

"Hey." he called out. "You gonna join me?"

Janice was disappointed to realize that he did not give her that familiar once over that she received from most men. He was too nice to do so. Janice looked like a total slut in this bikini. It was a bright blue string bikini, with patches covering her large breasts, and a hint of hard nipple showing through. Her bikini bottoms were also very skimpy, not quite a thong but very revealing. But Danny did not notice. He was too good hearted to even consider giving his grandmother a cursory once-over.

"Sure." Janice responded, knowing she had to step it up to gain a response. She dived into the pool gracefully, joining him in the pool. She swam a little with Danny before exiting the swimming pool, hoping that Danny's eyes would follow her hot body in the soaking wet swimsuit. Again, Danny didn't seem to notice. Janice was annoyed even more. How dare he not notice the incredible view she was providing? Most men his age would kill to get this view. Janice retreated to a lounge chair, hoping to get a little sun.

After a few minutes, Danny joined her by sitting down on the lounge chair next to her, attempting to tan. Janice had stared at his crotch as he exited the pool, but she hadn't noticed anything out of the

ordinary. Maybe Janice was mistaken. Maybe what she saw in the picture was a shadow or something.

As they sat next to each other, baking in the sun, Janice brought up her main goal of having him here.

"So, Danny, the main reason I wanted to you to visit was to get a lot of things out in the open. I don't know how much your mother mentioned to you about why we've had our disagreements." Janice started.

"No, actually. She never said anything. I'm actually pretty curious." Danny said.

"I had your mother when I was 15. I married that man soon afterward. It was the biggest mistake I ever made. I wasn't prepared for raising a child when I was that young, let alone being married. That marriage did not last long. It was not a good situation. We were both too immature for it to succeed. I realize that now. Back then, I thought it was true love. I was a fool. But, I worked hard to give your mother a good childhood. I spent years working, with little free time, to give your mom a normal youth. I told your mother the mistakes I made, and I wanted to make sure she did not make those same mistakes. But, your mother was always very stubborn, so she ignored my advice. And like that, she was pregnant at 15, just like me. She ignored me, and made the same mistake I did. Not to say you're a mistake, darling, just that at that point, no one is ready to be a mother or a wife. Your mom married your dad, and like I told her, it did not last. Your mother, still being stubborn, again ignored me

when I told her to make sure you didn't make the same mistakes. That is the basis of our disagreement. I don't think she's given you an accurate view of the world. She is very idealistic, and not very realistic. In her world, letting you marry this young is incredible. But, speaking from experience, I know better." Janice said. She looked at Danny, and she saw that for the first time, he appeared to be upset.

"Are you saying me marrying LeAnn is a mistake?" Danny said.

"I am saying that you may need to wait to make such a big commitment. She could be a great girl. But I don't think you've seen enough of the world to know whether you are making the right decision. I want to show you there are other parts of the world that your mother would never show you, or let you see." Janice replied. Danny was visibly annoyed.

"I have never met anyone like LeAnn. I love her. She is my soul mate. There is absolutely nothing that will change my mind about that." Danny replied, his voice rising.

"Danny, I just..." Janice started.

"Grandma!" Danny said, angrily. "Drop it!"

Janice narrowed her eyes at him as he called her Grandma. He was clearly as stubborn as his mother. She knew she couldn't be as direct as she was now without him turning away.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you." Janice said.

"It's okay. It's just that I don't like to think about not being with LeAnn." Danny said.

"I totally understand." Janice said, hiding her disappointment. She scanned his crotch again, and saw nothing out of the ordinary. Annoyed at having wasted her time, Janice stepped inside to get herself a drink.

It took Janice longer than expected to fix her drink. As she stepped back outside, she was disappointed to see that Danny had nodded off. After the long plane ride, she couldn't blame him. She walked up to the table next to her lounge chair and set her drink down, and as she turned to sit down, she saw it. Janice's eyes went wide. Her knees went weak and she had to sit down.

There in front of Janice, separated from her eyes by a thin swimsuit, was what appeared to be a massive cock. Janice had not been mistaken at all. In fact, she might have been underestimating. Danny must be having a nice dream, she thought. The thin, wet fabric was plastered to his cock, revealing its size to her leering eyes. Janice confirmed he was asleep, and then knelt down to get a better view. Janice just shook her head in awe. His cock was massive. She had been with plenty of men, and she had never encountered a cock as big as the one in front of her. It might just be eleven inches! Janice

was dying to lift up the hem of his shorts to get a peek of it in the flesh, but she knew that would wake him. Plus, he was her grandson.

Janice sat up and weighed her options. This changes everything. Janice couldn't believe it. Her grandson had a massive, beefy cock. 'What to do, what to do?' Janice thought. She couldn't control the thoughts going through her head. Here she was, a hot, sexy, mature woman with a fetish for younger men. And what happens? A handsome young man with an eleven inch cock is just plopped into her lap. A nice young man, full of hope, not a care in the world. The perfect type of man for her. It was at this point that Janice's hormones took over. It was at this point that Janice became truly sex-crazed. There was only one thought going through her head.

Janice wanted to fuck her grandson.

This thought felt like fire in her mind, but she couldn't help but play it out in her head. Danny would get eaten alive out in the world. Too many evil, callous people would bring him down. He needed a woman who would support him and teach him the real ways of the world. That girl he was engaged to would not be able to handle it. Danny needed a mother to guide him. Not his sham of a mother. A real mother. Danny needed to learn his place. He was not meant to live this care-free existence with that waste of a girl. He needed to know that a man like him belongs at the feet of an older woman. He would be dependent on her during this entire visit. That was a good start. But not good enough. He needed to be serving her, catering to her every whim. Complete and utter servitude. He needed to know that he did not belong in that life of squalor he's been dealing with

before. He deserved to live among the elite, like her. After experiencing this life, there would be no going back.

Janice was furious that he had not responded to her body. How dare he? Insolent asshole. He thinks he can get a free show of a hot older woman's body and not appreciate it. Who the hell does he think he is? Janice would teach him a lesson in respect. When she was done with him, he would only respond to older women. Does Danny think he can wave that massive cock under Janice's nose and expect that cock to still be his? How does he not know that that massive cock belongs to her now? For Janice, the future was clear. There was no other way this could end.

Janice considered the ramifications of this thought. It would be incest. Such a taboo thought. Could she really be that dark and that depraved to consider an act of incest in order to slake her thirst for young men? Incest was such a taboo subject. Simply saying the word would cause a shiver to run up your spine. It was so dark, so messed up, so forbidden. But so erotic. Janice's pussy was getting moist just thinking about it. Janice had heard whispers of other women indulging in incestuous sex. Just rumors that she heard from various girlfriends. And she had always heard the same thing: incest was addictive. Its forbidden nature made the sex world-changing. Janice had always acted disgusted, but a deep dark part of her found the concept intriguing.

A young man fucking his own grandmother was so fucked up. How often had that actually happened in real life? How often had there been a situation where both the young man and his grandmother

were sexy enough to want to get down with each other? It was a situation that had no advantage for the man. Quite honestly, for a young man such as him, a woman thirty years older was not a viable lifelong mate. But, for an older woman, a young man was a perfect mate. Only a young man could keep up with an older woman's gross, insatiable sexual nature. An older woman/younger man coupling greatly favored the female. Janice would have to make it worth his while if he were to become her sex slave. His grandmother's sex slave. He would have to know that the sex she would provide would be something that he couldn't get anywhere else. It would have to be so good that he would simply know he could get no better.

Janice stared at her grandson again. She studied his sleeping form. Could she do this to him? He was such a sweet young man. He was clearly destined to do great things. Could Janice be so selfish as to ruin that? Could she corrupt him and take all that potential and use that for her own selfish purposes? He was destined to make the world a better and brighter place. Not to be the sex-slave of his sexy, hot-bodied, sex-craved grandmother. If you looked into his future, which phrase would best describe him: A good man who is madly in love with his high school sweetheart, or an incestuous crazed animal who was obsessed with fucking his own grandmother? It was up to Janice.

If Danny did become her slave, where would that leave his mother Erin? And his fiancée LeAnn? Well, LeAnn would be left in the dust, obviously. The way Janice saw it, she was doing her a favor. LeAnn had a lot of growing up to do if she felt she could hold onto a man. She needed to understand that men liked real women, not girls. And what about Erin, Danny's mother? If Danny became his

grandmother's sex slave, his relationship with his mother would quickly cease to exist. Janice was twice the mother Erin was, and Danny would soon realize this. Spending some time with her would make him realize the shoddy mothering he had been subjected to by her daughter. He would realize that Janice was the mother he truly needed. He would understand that he needed a mother in his life more than he needed a fiancée or a wife. He was not ready to be on his own. He might never be. He needed a mother in his life constantly. He needed someone to do all the things that a good mother should. To run his life, to tell him what to do, to teach them the way the world works. And when the time comes, and if he's man enough, to show him some extra stuff. To show him what real sex was all about. To dominate his life thoroughly, where his only thought was to serve her.

She had worked hard to give her daughter a good life, and that ungrateful bitch ran away from her. Her debt to Janice was then passed to Danny. Danny owed Janice everything for where he was now. And Janice would collect her debt. Janice had lost years of her life to give Erin a good life. Danny owed those years to her. Every year of his life was a year he owed to Janice. He owed her years of complete and utter servitude.

Janice considered one last time whether this was the right thing to do. She would be corrupting her bright, intelligent grandson simply to serve her own needs and feed her own ego. It would be incest, something that is one of the most fucked up things possible. She had done some nasty things, but never that nasty. She might be stealing what potential he had to serve her dark designs. She could be breaking up a case of true love. But, he had an 11-inch cock. Janice

lived for big cocks. 'Fuck it,' Janice thought. She knew what she had to do. She had to do it. She needed that huge dick.

Janice was going to fuck her grandson.

After finally coming to terms with the fact that she was willing to commit incest with her hunky grandson, it felt like a weight was lifted from her. She had never felt so free, so happy. She now had an 11-inch cock within her grasp. It was hers for the taking. If her plan worked, she could be getting plowed by a huge dick for the rest of her life.

Janice stared at her grandson, her pussy wet and her nipples hard. Janice would be the mother he so desperately needed. And he would serve her like a good son should. He didn't know that he would never be going home again. She would never let him leave. This was his home now. Earlier that day, she had asked him to call her Janice, as calling her Grandma made her feel old. Now, she thought of something even better.

Very soon, Danny would be calling her Mom.

As the day went on, Janice revised her plan. She had to throw out her previous plan. It did not go far enough. The end-goal was to drive Danny and LeAnn apart by showing that the world was a big place.

Now, she had a new end-goal, and a new plan of attack. Breaking up Danny and LeAnn was only the first step. The final step was simple: get Danny's massive dick buried in her tight, creamy snatch. And her new plan of attack was to use his sexuality against him.

Since he had a big dick, there was no doubt he had a huge sexual appetite. But Janice suspected correctly that he was a virgin, and so she knew that that appetite was not being satisfied.

The million dollar question was how to convince this hunky, young, good-natured man to fuck his grandmother. Incest wasn't even on his radar. Neither was fucking an older woman. Janice realized that she would have to lead him to her step by step. The first step was to isolate him from home. No phone calls to his mom. No phone calls to LeAnn. She needed him lonely, aching for someone to fill the void in his life. He needed to be separated from his mom and fiancée long enough to start to forget about them. The next step was that she needed to get him thinking with his dick. She didn't want him touching himself while he was in her home. She wondered whether he was too nice to even do that. She needed to keep interrupting him, preventing him from settling down or having any time to take care of his aching balls. She needed him horny, on-edge.

The next step was to plant the idea in his head that older women were viable mates. He needed to open his eyes to the fact that older women being with younger men was more prevalent than he thought. She needed to get him curious about MILFs and mature women. She wanted to spread the rumors that mature women were the top of the pack as far as sex goes. Janice knew that wasn't a lie.

Mature women were amazing in bed. But Danny needed to know that.

However, Janice knew the biggest hurdle was incest. Janice didn't know how to best approach that. Her ultimate goal was for him to make the leap from older women to realizing that his own grandmother was one of those sexy older women. She needed to get Danny thinking about her sexuality. About her body. Janice didn't know how she would do that yet. She would cross that bridge when she got there. All she knew for sure was that Danny was going to get views of her body that most men would kill for. Janice would wear her tightest clothes to best highlight her body. She wouldn't wear a bra, letting her breasts jiggle in front of him until he couldn't help but follow them. She would act like a total slut in front of him, bending over with straight legs in front of him to show off her perfect round ass. She would accidentally reach over him, forcing her tits into his face. She would beat him over the head with her body till he became addicted to seeing it.

After having Danny get mad at her earlier, Janice knew she had to win him back over. She knew he was too nice to hold a grudge, and she planned to take advantage of that.

Janice was friendly with him the rest of the day. He was in a good mood despite getting mad earlier, and Janice enjoyed conversing with him about life in general. She cooked his meals and spoiled him as much as she could. She didn't give Danny the chance to breathe until they got settled for bed the first night. Danny was in his room and decided to make his promised phone call home.

He chatted to his mother for a little bit. She asked about how her mom was treating him, and he replied that she was treating him great. He didn't mention their little tiff earlier, not wanting to widen the divide between his mom and his grandmother. Their conversation soon ended. Danny then called LeAnn.

"Hey, sweetie." LeAnn said happily.

"Hey baby." Danny replied, happy to hear her voice.

"How's Grandma's house?" LeAnn asked.

"It's nice. Really nice actually. I have never been in a cooler house." Danny replied.

"What's your grandmother like?" LeAnn asked.

"Well, she's nice. She's a little controlling, like Mom said. But it's nothing I can't handle." Danny replied.

"What did you guys do today?" LeAnn asked.

"Well, we just hung out. Swam a little bit. She's actually pretty young, so we were able to talk about stuff. She's not like some old lady or something, so it's not a drag or anything." Danny said.

"That's cool." LeAnn said.

"I miss you." Danny said.

"I miss you too." she replied. The conversation devolved into sickeningly sweet, lovey-dovey talk. This went on a few more minutes before saying their goodbyes.

Janice set the phone down. She had listened in on the conversation. That little shit making phone calls home behind her back. She knew this couldn't stand.

As they had breakfast the next morning, Janice brought it up.

"I heard you talking on the phone last night." Janice said.

"Sorry if I was loud." Danny replied.

"That's not it. I do actually mind you using the phone. I would prefer that you didn't call home while here. This is a vacation. I want you to focus on that, and not spend all your time thinking about home." Janice replied.

"But..." Danny started.

"Danny, this is my house. My house, my rules." Janice said sternly.
"Got it?"

"Yes Janice." he answered.

Danny had enjoyed spending time with his grandmother. He barely knew her, so he had enjoyed finally getting to know her. He had been at her place for a week now. Living with her was much different than living at home. His mother was very loose in her rules and generally let him come and go as he pleased. His grandmother was a bit stricter and more ordered. It was nothing bad, just different. And it was her house, so he abided by her rules.

The most difficult rule to abide by was that she hated when he used the phone. She told him not to, but he thought he could get away with trying. He missed LeAnn dearly, but whenever he talked to her on the phone, Janice would stop him. He tried to talk to LeAnn in private, but his grandmother seemed to keep interrupting him, forcing him to end his call in fear of making her angry. It wasn't that she was resistant to technology, quite the opposite. She seemed to be up on the most current stuff. She was on her cell a lot and was very savvy on most things technical. She just seemed to hate seeing him on the phone. It was weird. Besides that, things were going great.

After really getting to know her, he realized it didn't feel like he was hanging out with his grandmother. Saying that he was hanging out with his grandma made it sound like he was stuck with an old lady. Janice, as she insisted to be called, felt like any other woman to him. She was a lot like some of the girls he knew, just with an added layer of maturity. She was young at heart and she was always fun to be around.

Janice was spoiling him rotten. Danny never had money growing up, so it was odd to be in a situation where he now had money. If he looked at something she bought it for him. It was weird to suddenly have a lot of the stuff he wanted.

He didn't bring his laptop with him, so he borrowed Janice's when he wanted to cruise the internet or check his Facebook. Janice demanded that he friend her, since she had a profile, so he complied. She warned him not to chat with his friends on there. He was secretly able to finally send a message to LeAnn letting her know about Janice's strict phone policy, and he said he would try calling her in the middle of the night in a few days. It felt weird to him to be using someone else's computer. He was afraid of accidentally violating her privacy. But she didn't seem worried, so he felt free to use her computer. What's the worst that could happen?

Later that day, Danny was watching TV while Janice was texting on her phone. Danny looked at her and laughed.

"What?" she asked.

"It's just weird. It's strange to see my grandmother texting." Danny replied.

"Hey, I have to keep up with you young people. I'm a single woman. I need to keep up with the current trends. Most people my age don't." Janice replied.

"Who are you texting then?" Danny replied.

"Well, I have my fair share of admirers. Like I said, I'm a single woman. I have to stay up with what the young people are doing to stand a chance." Janice replied.

"So, you're texting younger guys?" Danny said, surprised.

"Sure. I have had many relationships with younger men. They seem to really like me." Janice replied, overjoyed that Danny was unwittingly assisting in her plan.

"You're kidding?" Danny asked.

"Nope. They keep calling me a MILF. You know what that means, right?" Janice asked slyly.

"Yeah." Danny said, uncomfortably.

"Does it bother you that young men think I'm a MILF?" Janice said, smiling wide at how uncomfortable she was making him.

"Um, uh, well, no." Danny stammered out.

"It happens more than you think. Young men going out with older women." Janice said.

"I don't think that's true." Danny replied, laughing.

"Sure it is. I have seen it happen with my own eyes." she replied.

"Uh, well, okay, I guess." Danny stuttered, wanting the conversation to be over. Janice smiled and continued to text.

Danny was hung up on the idea of younger men with older women. He had never even thought about it. Sure, he had heard his buddies talk about MILFs, but they were just playing around. He really doubted it was as prevalent as Janice had said. When he got a free moment, he grabbed the computer and used a search engine to see if he could find any statistics on the subject. He found a report stating that relationships between women over 40 and men under 25 have increased by over 20% in the last year or so. There has also been a

sharp rise in men taking their wives' last name. This made Danny laugh. He couldn't imagine taking a woman's last name in marriage. It just seemed like the only time that would happen was when the girl wore the pants in the relationship. He also saw that pregnancies for women over the age of 40 have increased by 30% in the last year. Danny realized that maybe Janice was telling the truth.

He pattered around online looking up more information on the subject. He clicked on a link, not knowing what was on the other side. Finally, the site booted up. Danny looked at the screen, and was shocked by what he saw. On the screen was the image of a naked woman having sex with a man. It appeared that this woman looked older, maybe in her forties. And the man looked younger, maybe in his early twenties. The image was taken from the side, highlighting the woman's curvaceous form. She had large breasts, and a bubble butt. Judging by the picture, she was having a good time.

Danny's immediate reaction was to shield his eyes. He never looked at porn, and was quite repressed in many areas. He was a good boy, still a virgin. So this image was foreign territory to him.

He was freaked out that he had accidentally looked up porn. He shut down the computer, hoping that Janice would not know somehow what he had done.

Early the next morning, he went for a swim. When he was done and he walked inside, he walked in to find a very stern looking Janice sitting at the kitchen table, with her laptop in front of her.

"What's wrong?" Danny asked, worried. She looked up at him before grabbing the laptop and spinning it around, showing him what she was seeing.

"What is this?" she asked, seemingly angry. She turned the computer around to reveal the picture he had seen the night before. The porno picture.

"Whoa! What is that? Why are you showing me that?" Danny asked, trying to play dumb, too embarrassed to admit the truth.

"I looked through my computer... at some of the sites you looked at. I just wanted to see what my grandson was interested in. I didn't realize this is what I would find. This is just the tip of the iceberg. There's a lot more really nasty stuff on this site." Janice said.

"I've never seen that before, Grandma. It has to be some sort of mistake." he said. Janice smiled.

"Danny, it's nothing to be ashamed of. Young men like you look at porn all the time. There's nothing wrong with it. I just didn't realize you were into older women. You acted so naïve yesterday, but now the truth comes out. That's not exactly beginner stuff. It takes a keen eye to realize that older women are superior lovers. I didn't realize you were so knowledgeable." Janice said, sounding impressed.

"Grand... uh, Janice, it wasn't me. I didn't look at any of that stuff. I've never looked at any of that stuff. I didn't do it." Danny replied, still clearly flustered.

"Well, then how did this stuff end up on my computer, Danny?" Janice asked brightly.

"I have no idea." Danny replied, still refraining from looking at the screen.

"Is that how it's gonna be, Danny?" Janice asked.

"What? It wasn't me!" Danny replied. Janice smiled wide.

"Okay, Danny. Of course you didn't look at MILF porn on my computer. I believe you." Janice said sarcastically, as if acknowledging the shared secret that they both knew he had looked at the porn. She shut her computer, stood up, and walked away with a big smile on her face.

Danny stood there, confused. He wanted to get away, but he had no way to leave the house without talking to his grandma. And he was far too embarrassed to do that, so he went back outside for a while.

Danny had trouble sleeping that night. He was horribly embarrassed by Janice discovering he had accidentally looked at porn. He needed

comfort. He needed to talk to LeAnn. He quietly picked up the phone and dialed.

"Danny?" LeAnn asked.

"Hey, baby." Danny replied.

"Oh my god. I miss you so much." LeAnn said.

"Believe me, I miss you too." Danny asked.

"So, your grandma's pretty strict about phone use?" LeAnn asked.

"Yeah, it's weird." Danny replied.

"Yeah, so I checked out her Facebook. I didn't realize your grandma was so young looking." LeAnn asked.

"Yeah, I guess." Danny said.

"I was shocked. But yeah, your grandma is a hottie!" LeAnn said with a laugh. "Good thing you're not in to older ladies." she added jokingly.

This made Danny swallow deep. After this day, this was the last subject he wanted to talk about. Before he could say anything, the door opened.

Danny tried quickly to hand up the phone, but from the doorway, Janice easily saw him do it. Danny looked up, fearing her angry stare. He was shocked by what he saw.

Janice was standing in the doorway in a slinky little nightie. It was black lace, and it was shockingly see-through. He could see her smooth belly. He could see her small matching black panties. The only thing the lace obscured was her breasts, but Danny could easily tell she wasn't wearing a bra.

"How many times do I have to tell you to not use the phone?" Janice said angrily.

"I'm sorry." Danny stammered. Janice walked over to the phone and ripped the phone wire out of the wall.

"If you do it again, I might have to give you spanking." Janice said. This comment puzzled Danny. Was she being serious?

Janice knew she was making progress. She had planted the seed in his head about older women, and she knew that seed would grow in his mind until he had an unrelenting desire to be with a mature woman. She knew how the young male mind worked. Janice was still disappointed that Danny had not yet begun to appreciate her spectacular body.

To be honest, she had been dressing and acting like a total slut in front of him. She would bend over in front of him, pointing her delicious ass at him. No response. She had been flouncing around in indecent miniskirts, showing off her long legs. Nothing. She had practically shoved her bouncing tits in his face while "cleaning". Not even a respectful glance at her monumental cleavage. She had been wearing incredibly inappropriate bikinis in front of him, exposing as much mature flesh as possible, letting her curves pour out of the material. He didn't think twice about it. She would change with the door wide open, but he would walk straight on by. He was driving her nuts. That disrespectful little shit needs to learn how to properly appreciate an older woman's body.

Janice was just as friendly to him as normal the next morning, but now she was teasing him verbally. Danny was on edge the next few days as every so often Janice would make a little comment to him that implied his interest in older women. They were stopped at a stop light, when Janice leaned over and pointed at something on the sidewalk.

"Look at that!" Janice said excitedly. Danny looked over to see what the commotion was. All he saw was a woman walking down the sidewalk.

"What am I supposed to be looking at?" Danny asked.

"Look at her ass! It's spectacular! She's just your type." Janice teased. Danny realized the woman on the sidewalk was an older woman. He rolled his eyes.

"Grandma!" he said annoyed as Janice laughed.

"Hey, what did I tell you? Call me Janice." she added. She looked at him, waiting for a response.

"Sorry, Janice." Danny mumbled, annoyed. Janice smiled and drove on.

A day or so later, Danny was on the computer, checking his Facebook. Janice was in the kitchen, behind him, peering over his shoulder when she had the opportunity. He had scrolled past the section that listed his interests. Janice couldn't help herself.

"You know, with that 'My Interests' section, I can think of a few things you should add... Old Ladies. MILFs. Mature women. However you want to put it." Janice said with a smile. Danny just

shook his head as he quickly shut down the computer and left the room. Janice was kinda pissing him off by doing this, but he was in her home, and he had to live with her for another week. He just had to get through this and then get home, where his mother and his fiancée were waiting. He couldn't wait to escape this uncomfortable atmosphere Janice had created. He wanted to be back in a more nurturing household.

Unintentionally, Danny thought, Janice's teasing was having an effect. Thanks to all of Janice's comments, Danny had MILFs on the brain. He couldn't help but notice the attractive older women on TV or when they were out in public. He hoped Janice hadn't noticed. But now, whenever he was on her computer, he had to resist the urge to look up some more MILF porn and see what all the fuss was about.

Danny was very inexperienced sexually and still a virgin. He couldn't wait till his wedding night so he could take care of that. He had never looked at porn, and he rarely masturbated. He was always ashamed when he did so. He was a good boy. He was happy to be engaged to LeAnn, a girl that shared his beliefs.

But even a good boy couldn't resist the temptation that MILF porn offered. Janice had stepped out to talk to a female neighbor, leaving Danny alone with his thoughts. He knew he was a click away from some hardcore MILF porn. He had heard some buddies say the term MILF, and for a while didn't know what it meant. He just didn't get what some young men saw in older women. Young men are supposed to be with young women. It just didn't make any sense for a man to be with an older woman. What was it the MILFs offered

that drove young men nuts? Danny just had to find out. He looked around, verifying the coast was clear. He might not get another chance at this. Danny typed MILF porn into the search bar.

Danny entered into a whole new world. The world of MILF pornography. All of those curvy MILF bodies. Those gorgeous MILF faces. Those round MILF butts. Those massive MILF breasts. Danny was starting to see the appeal. He only looked at pictures, not daring to look at the movies. He saw one set of pictures where a guy was fucking a girl around his age. Suddenly, a curvy-bodied MILF entered the picture. She pushed the young girl out of the way, stripped off her clothes, and proceeded to have sex with the young man. Judging by the pictures, the young man was enjoying the MILF sex more than with the younger girl. Danny had become so engrossed by the MILF porn that he didn't notice Janice quietly re-enter the house. She silently walked towards Danny, noting with glee what he was looking at.

"Enjoying yourself?" Janice said with a smug smile as she walked by. Danny must have jumped a foot in the air. In a panic, he closed the browser and quickly shut down the computer.

Danny was so embarrassed. He had been caught looking at MILF porn by his grandmother! He was ashamed to show his face in front of her.

Luckily for him, when he finally had to confront her, she made no mention of what he was doing. He did notice her being extremely happy, and a little touchy feely. She would rub her hands along his

shoulders. The only thing that made him uncomfortable was later that night, when he was helping her make dinner. He was focused on stirring the contents of a bowl when he felt a swat on his ass.

"Keep it up, slugger." Janice said. Danny was on edge again.

Things seemingly returned to normal by the next day. They went into town to run some errands. Danny offered to do some grocery shopping. He knew Janice had made plans to meet her friend for lunch. Janice had him drop her off at the restaurant. She told him that once he was finished, come back to the restaurant and meet them for lunch. Danny agreed.

Danny finished shopping quickly, and he drove back to the restaurant. Danny walked into the restaurant and was surprised to see Janice sitting with a blonde woman. An older woman, like her. Danny walked nervously up to the table. As he got close, Janice noticed him. Unfortunately for her, Danny did not notice the fact that she had unbuttoned a few buttons on her blouse, exposing as much cleavage as was decent in public.

"Ah, honey. Well, it's about time. I want you to meet Lilith." Janice said. The other woman stood up. Danny guessed she was in her forties, about the same age as Janice. She was quite gorgeous, with smooth skin, full lips, and pretty eyes. She seemed very friendly, wholesome, and happy. Danny couldn't help but glance at her body, and he had to admit it was great. She had a fairly large chest, not as large as Janice's, but still larger than most. She wore a tan tank top and a light sweater over it, and she wore a slim pair of jeans that

molded to her firm legs. Lilith held out her hand, and Danny shook it politely. Danny sat down across from Lilith, to the side of Janice.

"Nice to meet you Danny. I've heard so much about you." Lilith said brightly.

"Oh yeah?" Danny said, not knowing how to respond.

"Lilith is one of my best friends, Danny." Janice explained. Before the conversation could continue, the waitress approached.

"What can I get you, handsome?" the waitress asked. Danny turned to look at the waitress. If Lilith looked happy, wholesome, and pretty, this woman was the opposite. This woman gave off the impression of someone who had seen it all. She looked to be about the same age as Janice and Lilith. This was a woman who was stone-cold. This was a woman who you didn't want to screw with. That's not to say she wasn't pretty. She was strikingly gorgeous, but she lacked the friendly demeanor that Lilith seemed to have. She seemed dark, and naughty, but with a hint of playfulness. Like a cat playing with a mouse.

"Uh, excuse me?" Danny asked, distracted. He realized the contrasts between her and Lilith didn't stop at demeanor. While Lilith had light hair and light clothes, the waitress had black hair, wore dark clothes, and had a little bit of a darker complexion. While Lilith's clothes were worn to look nice, this woman's clothes seemed to be more about highlighting her body. Her tight black blouse was

scooped low to highlight her prodigious bust, nearly as large as Janice's. Her dark jeans molded to her legs, displaying their firmness.

"Just get him a lemonade, Camille." Janice told the waitress. The waitress looked at Janice and smirked slightly before walking away.

Janice, Lilith and Danny made small talk as they ate their meals. Danny learned that Lilith had been divorced for a few years and had a daughter a few years older than Danny. She prompted Danny to tell her a bit about himself, and he obliged politely. She was one of those people who was easy to talk to since she was so friendly.

Janice seemed to know the waitress, Camille, by the way they talked to each other. Camille made him uncomfortable, as she kept making little comments about him, calling him handsome, or hunk, or tiger, but other than that, the meal went pretty well for awhile.

Danny stood to go to the restroom. He took care of business and walked out into the restaurant. As he did, he noticed Janice, Lilith, and Camille engrossed in conversation around the table. Danny noticed Janice hold her hands about a foot apart. Right after that, both Lilith and Camille turned to look at him and smile.

"What are you talking about?" Danny asked.

"Oh, nothing." Janice said with a giggle, causing both Lilith and Camille to laugh. "I was just about to go to the bathroom." she added,

standing and walking towards the restroom. Camille had left to get refills, leaving him alone, sitting across from Lilith. As soon as both Janice and Camille were gone, he turned to look at Lilith's smiling face. As soon as he did, he felt something pressing into his groin. He felt something pushing against his penis. He tried to push himself back, but there was a line of people walking behind him, preventing him from moving backwards. He looked down at his groin and saw a bare foot pressed firmly against his groin. He looked at Lilith, and saw her wink at him and smile evilly.

"What are you doing?" he whispered at her. She started to rub her foot up and down his hardening shaft.

"Just confirming my suspicions." she said.

"But, you can't, I...I..." Danny stammered.

"Listen, honey. Ask your grandmother if it's okay if you can come home with me. I'm sure she'll be okay with it." Lilith said, a dark side Danny didn't know she had now emerging.

"I can't. I, uh, have a fiancée." Danny replied.

"Danny, I have been looking for a young man like you for some time now. Come home with me, and I'll take good care of you." Lilith added. He looked down and noticed Lilith's nipples were now showing through her shirt.

Danny looked around nervously and was relieved to see Janice approaching. But, as Janice sat down, Lilith did not stop rubbing her foot against him. This woman was not afraid of being caught. Danny looked at her and she smiled evilly again.

This continued for the rest of the meal, Lilith keeping him on edge. Danny had not masturbated in weeks, so it wasn't difficult for her to have him throbbing. Janice was seemingly unaware of the torment Danny was undergoing. Lilith was able to talk calmly to Janice while driving Danny insane.

Finally, the check came. Janice paid Camille, and as Camille returned with the receipt, she handed it to Danny.

"I'll see you soon, slugger." Camille said. Danny looked down at the receipt, and saw that Camille had written down her phone number. Danny looked over at Janice, and she smiled happily.

"Well, I guess we'll get going." Janice said. She looked at Danny, as if expecting him to say something. There was a long pause before he finally answered.

"Yeah, let's get going." Danny said. For a second, he thought Janice looked disappointed. Danny looked over at Lilith, and she definitely looked disappointed. They all stood up, and Danny had no way to hide the bulge in his shorts caused by Lilith. He saw Lilith peek at it. He turned to look at Janice. As he looked at her eyes, she looked at

him, pulling her eyes off of something else. Before he realized it, Lilith had walked around the table and pulled him into a tight hug.

"Don't be afraid to call me, darling." she said, slipping a piece of paper into his pocket. As she did, her fingers rubbed against his hard penis gently. He tried to pull himself away from her, but she held on tighter, causing his bulge to rub against her firm belly. Finally, he escaped her grasp. He turned to walk out, following Lilith and Janice. He looked down at Lilith, and noticed her firm butt swaying. He looked away, only to be drawn in by Janice's butt. He watched her butt sashay for a minute before he realized what he was doing. He lifted his eyes, only to notice Camille watching him from the side. She winked at him. Danny was relieved to finally get outside and get some fresh air. Janice and him parted ways with Lilith, and they walked to their car.

The drive was silent for a few minutes. Danny realized he was still hard. He had never been hit on as unabashedly as he had just been. He had had two older women hitting on him like crazy. He had two phone numbers in his pockets. He was engaged! But, why did he respond physically? He had to admit they both were sexy. He justified it to himself, saying that it was hard not to respond when being hit on so hard. It was a purely physical response. Nothing more.

"Well, what did you think of her?" Janice asked, getting his attention.

"Who?" Danny asked.

"Lilith! I have been telling her about you for days now. She had been dying to meet you." Janice said.

"She was kinda hitting on me." Danny said.

"I know." Janice replied.

"Did you tell her I'm engaged?" Danny asked.

"Yes, of course. But that's not gonna stop a girl like her." Janice said with a laugh.

"So... you set this up?" Danny asked.

"Of course I did. I knew about your fascination with older women, so I wanted you to meet her. I was hoping you might want to take her out." Janice said.

"Grandma, for the last time, I'm not into older women! This is starting to piss me off." Danny said angrily.

"Don't call me Grandma!" she hissed at him.

"Okay, uh, Janice... Why are you trying to set me up with one of your friends? I'm engaged. I don't need to date." Danny replied.

"Danny, I know you're into older women. I caught you looking at MILF porn! Quit lying to me! I just... you're so young, and you've only had this one girlfriend to love. I just thought it might be a good idea to play the field a little bit before you make a big mistake." Janice replied.

"A mistake?! You think me marrying LeAnn is a mistake?" Danny asked.

"Danny, it's like I told you. When I got married, I was young, and I thought it was true love. Looking back, I realize how wrong I was. How naïve I was. I told your mother these things, and she didn't listen. She married young too, and she thought it was true love. You know how long that lasted. She realized how wrong she was too. I'm just hoping you're smart enough to listen to me and believe me when I say I know what I'm talking about." Janice said.

"Janice, I'm not being naïve! I love LeAnn. That won't change." Danny replied. He could see her roll her eyes.

"Okay, Danny. If you insist. It seems you inherited more of your mother than you should have. You're as stubborn as she is. Just don't come crying to me when it doesn't work out." Janice replied.

"It'll work out!" Danny said.

"You think so? I've met boys like you before. Boys who have a little fetish for older women, and they think they can hide it from who they're with, and themselves. But they never can. At some point, they just have to know. They have to know if older women are as good as advertised. And they always are. So many marriages have ended due to the fact that the man has a MILF fetish that he thinks he can control. But they never can. That's why I wanted to set you up. To make sure you wanted to pursue this marriage, or... once you see what else is out there, maybe you would change your mind." Janice argued.

"I'm not gonna change my mind. I don't need you setting me up with your MILF friends." Danny replied.

"Well, you got one thing right. She is a MILF." Janice said. Danny didn't know why he assumed she was a MILF. "And she was very interested in you. You made a big mistake not meeting with her. She is a catch."

"Janice, young men don't date older women. I've never seen it happen." Danny said.

"It happens all the time. I've dated younger men. You are so engrossed in this little world you've been stuck in that you don't know how the world really is. You don't know that in the real world, young men date older women all the time. Just think of all the things

you don't know, that an older woman could teach you. Why does a young man dating an older woman bother you so much? It's perfectly natural." Janice explained.

"It's just strange." Danny replied.

"It's nothing to be afraid of. People won't look down on you. My friend Gina just got married to a man 21 years younger than her, and it's going great. People are so happy for them. They are so cute together, and he's never been happier. Having a fetish for older women is nothing to be ashamed of." Janice explained.

"Can we just drop it, Janice?" Danny asked.

"Fine." Janice said, clearly annoyed. They drove home in silence.

Danny was still annoyed for the rest of the day, so he called it an early night and went to bed. This gave Janice the opportunity to invite Lilith and Camille over to discuss the day's events.

Once they arrived, Janice led them to the backyard, not wanting to let Danny know they were there. Janice had let them in on her plan a few days prior. She knew that they were as open minded sexually as she was, so she knew that they would not view her as a disgusting slut for planning on seducing her grandson. Despite that, Janice thought it would take some coaxing for them to see eye-to-eye with her. But Janice was surprised at how easily they accepted her

incestuous plans. Janice realized that these two were as nasty as could be. Janice knew they were sluts, like her, but she did not know they were capable of that level of depravity. But this made Janice happy. It would make her plan easier.

They hadn't talked since meeting up at the restaurant. Janice had arranged this meet-up via text. That is why they were bursting to talk to each other. That was why, as soon as Janice shut the back-door, Lilith burst out, as if she was a glass filled to the brim.

"Oh my God, he's so fucking hot!" Lilith practically moaned out.

"Honey, no one would blame you for wanting to fuck him." Camille started. "Quite frankly, I don't know how you haven't fucked him yet." she added, laughing.

"So, you're with me, girls." Janice said.

"Honey, whatever you need us to do, we'll do." Lilith said. "As long as you share that hunk of man with us."

"Girls, if all goes well, he will be all ours." Janice said.

"Janice, you're a stronger woman than me." Camille started, lighting up a cigarette. "If he were staying in my house, I would have tied him to the bed and fucked him till he liked it."

"You nasty slut." Janice said with a laugh.

"I'm with Camille." Lilith started. "If he was in my house, I would be sucking that dick of his the first night, whether or not he wanted it. And honey, that dick of his..." Lilith trailed off wistfully.

"Babe, I know." Janice said.

"Girls, imagine how big his balls are." Camille stated. "Imagine how much cum he has stored in there. He probably has enough to drown all three of us. And I bet it tastes delicious, too. He looks like one of those guys whose cum tastes amazing. And that body of his. He could fuck us all for hours and probably have enough stamina to keep going."

A silence surrounded them all as they each daydreamed about Danny's huge cock.

"Janice, you so deserve him. He's perfect for you." Lilith said.

"I know." Janice said, smitten like a young girl.

"So, have you thought about what happens after you make him yours?" Camille asked, puffing on her cigarette.

"Believe me, it's all I've thought about. I've thought about his daily duties once he becomes my slave. He'll wake me up, maybe by slipping his dick into my tight little pussy. Then, he'll take care of all those boring chores, freeing me up to get some sun, keeping my body all tan and yummy. His reward for that, a nice-long ass fuck." Janice said.

"Where will we be during all of this?" Lilith asked.

"Girls, you'll be spreading my ass-cheeks." Janice stated simply. Both Camille and Lilith moaned lightly, both turned on by the idea of helping their friend fuck her grandson. "You guys will have free reign to him whenever you want, as long as you know he belongs to me. And in exchange, you will help him fuck me whenever I want. If I want it up the ass, you'll be spreading the cheeks. If I want it in my pussy, you'll get his dick nice and wet with your tongues. If I want that yummy body of his looking all sexy for me, you two will be the ones spreading the oil on those sexy muscles." Janice stated, establishing her dominance among her friends. Even though they were all dominant older women, and even though Janice respected them more than anyone, Janice was the queen of this group. Janice was the queen bee, and she expected them both to do her bidding, to assist her in making this incestuous fuck happen. And those two nasty sluts both moaned in consent, both turned on by this arrangement.

"Why don't we just go up their now, make this happen?" Lilith asked.

"That won't work." Janice replied.

"No young man can resist three, sexy older women. Let's just take off our clothes, walk into his room, and surround him with our sexy flesh until he can't fight us off." Lilith asked.

"We could get one good fuck out of that. And I'm sure it would be great. But he would get scared off. Sure, he would be addicted to MILFs at that point, but he would run away from us forever. He would fight his feelings about what happened, but would not be able to resist the temptation that older women provide. He would end up in the arms of some old whore that doesn't deserve him. If we take it slow, if we make him want it, then we can make him ours. If we follow the plan, he will belong to us forever." Janice explained. Camille and Lilith nodded in agreement.

They gabbed for the rest of the night, typical girl talk. They chatted about young studs, huge beefy cocks, and rough fucking. Typical girl-stuff. As they did, Janice went over her plan in her head.

Janice knew she had pushed this MILF fetish of his as far as she could. She knew she couldn't push that fetish into him any harder without driving him away. She knew she had pushed the MILF fetish into his head enough that she knew he was now interested in older women. Janice had convinced her grandson that he had a MILF fetish. He had never considered older women before. But now, he had responded to both Lilith and Camille. She knew it was inevitable that his huge dick would wind up inside a MILF eventually. Janice just had to make sure she was that MILF.

Janice was now ready to move on to the next step of her plan. It was time to instill an incest fetish in her grandson. She needed to open his mind to the idea of incest, and once she did, his future was inevitable. An incest fetish, on top of a MILF fetish, would be Danny's undoing. As soon as she had instilled the incest fetish in him as efficiently as she had the MILF fetish, there was only one possible destination for his massive, beefy cock: deep inside his grandmother's cunt.

Chapter 2

Janice tried to find an elegant way to bring up the concept of incest with her grandson, but she was struggling to find a way to do so. Finally, she realized she would have to BS it. She thought it over and finally she felt like she came up with a good plan.

She walked into the living room to see Danny surfing the internet on her laptop. She saw he was on some news site, which gave her the opening she needed.

"Hey, did you read that story about the mother and her son?" Janice asked.

"No. What are you talking about?", Danny asked, only half paying attention. Janice sat down across from him.

"Yeah, so apparently, this mother, she was probably about my age, maybe a little younger, seduced her own son. Her son was your age, and he was, you know, a football star. He had a scholarship to a great school, and was probably set for life. But, his mother was this absolute babe, and he had always had this thing for her, because she was so hot. She had suspected that he was into her, but she just wrote it off. Then he filled out, got all buff and gorgeous, and she got some not so motherly thoughts about him. The future was inevitable for them. She was a babe with a husband who was never around. And he was a young stud who was down for anything. He had tried to hide his true feelings by banging some slutty high school girls. Finally, his mom knew if she didn't do anything about it, her son would be wasting his time with girls who didn't deserve him. So, since he was such a hunk, she decided to seduce him. She hit on him until he finally was able to accept his true feelings. Until he finally accepted that he was in love with his own mother. That mother had sex with her own son." Janice said, pausing.

"That's sick." Danny said, his full attention on the story Janice was telling.

"They continued for months, and both had never been happier. They both said it was the best sex they had ever had. They said that it being incest only made it better. The forbidden nature of it made it addictive. Then, their neighbor saw them doing it, and called the cops." Janice added.

"Yeah?" Danny asked.

"Yeah. Turns out this bitch neighbor of theirs had this thing for the son, and had wanted him. She turned them in, because she was a jealous bitch." Janice said angrily.

"Wait, what?" Danny asked, confused. Why was she angry at the neighbor? She did the right thing.

"Yeah, the neighbor was a bitch. She was a jealous bitch who wanted her hunky young neighbor's cock. She ruined a perfectly healthy, sexual relationship between consenting adults because she was jealous." Janice said.

"Wait, you're okay with it? It was incest!" Danny said.

"So? Danny, that's one of those things you don't get to learn about where you come from. Incest is more common than you think. If I was a mother to a son like that, I wish he loved me that much that he wanted to give me as much pleasure as possible. I wish I had a son like that I could love that much and show him his true feelings and make him truly happy." Janice said.

"So, you're okay with it? You're okay with incest?" Danny asked in disbelief.

"Of course. As long as they are both consenting adults, what is the problem? If a young man, who was of age, had a mother, or a sister,

or a cousin, or some other relative that was really hot and down for sex, who am I to stop them?" Janice said.

"You're kidding?" Danny asked, incredulous.

"What, you are not okay with it?" Janice asked, seemingly confused.

"No. It's sick! It's incest!" Danny added.

"So? Danny, you need to realize eventually that just because some things don't exist in your mother's world doesn't mean they can't exist in yours. Just because your mom is so short-sighted doesn't mean you have to be." Janice replied.

"I, just, wow. I think we'll have to agree to disagree on this one, Janice." Danny said.

"Danny, you can't be afraid to confront new things. Okay?" Janice said.

"Yeah, okay." Danny said, eager for this strange conversation to end. Janice soon left the room, leaving Danny with his thoughts. How could his grandmother be okay with incest? The only way he would think why was if she had at some point been involved in incest or thought about committing it with one of her relatives. But, she had such a small family. Who could it be?

After the strange events of the day before, things soon returned to normal. Danny and his grandmother discussed the fact that Janice's 49th birthday was quickly approaching later that week. She asked if he knew what he was getting her. He replied 'no', so she offered to take him shopping the next day to give him gift ideas. Danny had always been bad at buying gifts and usually had to be directly told what to buy as a gift. His mother would have to lay out a few specific things that she wanted and let him pick from there. Erin had told this to Janice, and Janice was planning to use this to her advantage.

She took him out to a few clothing stores. Danny suggested a few pieces of clothing, but Janice laughed off his suggestions, implying that he knew nothing about women's fashion. So Danny just followed her quietly, like a puppy, as his grandmother scanned the clothes. Janice seemed very fussy, not really satisfied by any of the things she saw. They went through a few stores downtown, going to a few classy clothing stores, before they arrived at a much different store.

"This place is my favorite." Janice told Danny as they entered. This place was a little trendier, but not quite as classy as the other places they went to. Danny looked around, taking in all of the sights. They were clothes that, in his opinion, looked a little trashier than some of the things they had seen earlier in the day. They walked up to some shirts that had some words on the front, all with little messages. Janice sifted through the rack, until she gasped out loud.

"Oh, this would be a perfect gift from you." Janice said, retrieving the shirt and showing it to Danny. It was a small purple t-shirt, maybe a size too small for her. On the front of it were two words in fancy lettering:

"Foxy Grandma"

Janice giggled as she saw Danny read this shirt. Danny didn't know whether Janice was joking or not. Would she want a shirt that said "Foxy Grandma" on the front? Would his Grandmother want to advertise that she is foxy? Wait, is she foxy?

For the first time, Danny looked at his grandmother as a woman. He had to admit she was very good looking, gorgeous even. For a woman who was nearing 49 she didn't look a day over 35. She was still very fit, to be honest, in great shape. He thought back to that night he saw her in that skimpy nightie. Her body was very curvy in all the right places. She would fit right in some of the MILF porn he had viewed.

Danny had to shake his head to clear these thoughts. He had had a thought that was so jarring and messed up that he tried to forget it immediately. He had imagined his grandmother in a porno scene. He had admitted that she would be right at home on the set of a MILF porn. How many grandsons had had that thought? How many young men imagined their grandmothers starring in a MILF porn? That's ridiculous! He felt immediate shame and guilt at this thought,

but he felt something else also. He got a certain thrill out of it. There was a certain naughty delight at imagining his own grandmother starring in porn. How messed up would that be if his grandmother was a porn star? Most guys his age had grandmothers who were old ladies. Grannies. Not his grandmother. His grandmother was younger than most, and had the body and mind of a younger woman. Danny wondered what he would do if he had found out his Grandmother had been in a porno. Would he watch it? Would he be able to resist the urge of what promised to be some good quality MILF porn, even though it starred his own grandmother? Danny shook these thoughts away.

Janice was waiting for his response, so he just nodded and smiled. Janice grew a knowing smile and replaced the shirt on the shelf. They moved on to look at the rest of the store. Danny was in a daze at how quickly the idea of his grandmother being a MILF jumped into his head. Did he think his grandmother was a MILF? Danny was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't realize they were standing in the women's underwear section. Danny suddenly felt embarrassed, as if afraid someone was gonna catch him there and think he was a pervert or something. But nothing seemed amiss. No one was looking at him strangely. The cute sales girl met his stare and gave him a friendly smile. Danny looked away, uncomfortable at having been seen there.

Janice thumbed through the underwear, in no rush. Danny was eager to escape this prison of lace undergarments.

"Oh look at this. This is so cute!" Janice said, holding up a skimpy, black lace thong. Danny looked at it in awe. He had never seen a thong in person before. Sure, he had noticed a few of the skankier girls in school had a hint of thong above the waistband of their pants. But he had never gotten a full view. LeAnn would never wear a thong. She wasn't that type of girl. But was Janice? Was his grandmother the type of woman to wear a skimpy thong? Danny gulped as Janice looked at him, expecting an answer.

"Uh, yeah, it's cute." Danny said quietly, hoping no one heard him tell his grandmother the thong in her hands was cute. Danny wouldn't normally describe a thong as cute. A thong drew up dark, naughty thoughts. Janice set it down and skimmed through the rest of the store. Soon they stepped outside, their shopping excursion at an end.

"Well, did you get any ideas?" Janice asked. Danny was surprised that their trip was over so quickly. He felt like she really hadn't shown any interest in much other than the shirt and the thong. He couldn't possibly give those to her, could he? Janice looked at him expectantly.

"Uh, yeah. I got a few ideas." Danny replied. Janice nodded happily.

"Good. Well, I was gonna meet one of my friends for lunch. If you want to go back to any of the stores and pick up what you want to get me, then you should do so." Janice replied.

"Well, uh, I don't have much money." he replied. He had never been a big spender, never having had much money his entire life. Plus, all of Janice's ideas well exceeded his price range.

"That's okay. I'll give you some money, and you can buy me something nice." Janice replied, reaching into her purse.

"Uh, you sure you don't mind paying for your own gifts?" Danny asked.

"Well, all that matters is that they are from my loving grandson." Janice replied. She pulled out a wad of cash, grabbed a seemingly random amount, and handed it over.

"Buy me something nice." she said, leaning over and kissing him on the cheek. "Well, call me when you are all finished."

"Okay. Have fun." Danny said.

"You too." Janice replied, walking away. Danny couldn't help but notice her shaking her butt as she walked. She had always walked like this, but Danny really noticed it this time. She eventually walked out of sight, the clicking of her high heels finally dying off as she turned the corner.

Danny stood there, confused. What would he do? The only gift ideas were the shirt and the thong. He couldn't buy those things for her, could he? What would it imply if he bought his grandmother a thong and a shirt that said 'Foxy Grandma'? What would people think if they knew he bought those things for her? If he bought his grandmother a skimpy lace thong and a shirt that said she was a fox, would that imply that he in some way found her attractive? If you bought those things for anyone else, that would definitely imply attraction. Would the same rules apply to his grandmother?

What would she think? What would his grandmother think if he bought her the shirt and the thong? By buying her the shirt, it would tell her that he did in fact think she was a foxy grandma. You don't buy a shirt like that unless you believe it. And if he bought her a thong? How many grandsons had been put into the position where they had to decide whether or not to buy their grandma a thong? She had pretty much told him that's what she wanted him to get. Those were the only two things she had suggested. So she would understand if he bought those for her. Right? She wouldn't read into it too much. If she had suggested anything else, he would have bought those things in an instant. But she didn't. And she had shown how picky she was with the clothes she liked, so he couldn't just buy something she didn't point out. Danny counted the money in his hand, and then laughed to himself. The amount of cash in his hand would be just enough to cover the purchase of both the shirt and the thong. He guessed fate was leading him in one direction.

Danny stepped back into the store, and quickly grabbed the shirt and the thong. He didn't want to be seen with them, so he took them to the check-out quickly. The girl at the register was the same one who

had smiled at him earlier. As she rung up the items she started a conversation.

"You buying these for that woman you were with earlier?" She asked.

"Uh, yeah." Danny replied. She smiled wickedly.

"Is she, like... your sugar momma?" the girl asked. Danny was flustered by this. He thought about correcting her, when he realized the truth was probably worse. He realized he had to go with it.

"Uh, yeah. She is." Danny replied, blushing.

"Shame. You're pretty cute." she said, handing him the bag containing his purchases after he paid. He walked out quickly, extremely embarrassed. Is that what people thought? Did people think Janice was his sugar momma? Did people look at them and immediately think they were a couple? That's ridiculous. Danny had never felt more humiliated.

He dropped off his purchases in the trunk of the car. He looked around and saw a pay phone. He knew his grandmother wasn't around, so he had an opportunity to call home. He put a few coins in the machine and called his mom. He heard his mom pick up.

"Mom, it's me." Danny said.

"Honey, I have been so worried. How are you doing?" Erin asked.

"I, I kinda want to come home." he replied.

"So, you're starting to realize why I don't get along with her?" Erin asked.

"Uh, yeah, kinda." he replied. "It's just... things are kinda strange out here."

"I'll try calling Mom to see if she will let you come home early. But it's tough, she is kinda in charge. So, unfortunately, you might need to tough it out a few more days. I know it sucks, but just think about us. You have your mom and your fiancée waiting at home for you, and we both love you very much." Erin said.

"Uh, yeah. Thanks, Mom." Danny replied, more homesick than ever. They said goodbye, and Danny knew he had to head out and meet up with Janice.

Danny was in a weird place mentally the rest of the day. He laid in his room alone with his thoughts. He had suddenly been confronted with the fact that his grandmother was a MILF. His grandmother was into young men, and young men were into her. Then, an even more terrifying thought occurred to him. Janice had basically told him that she was okay with incest. This combined with her MILF

status meant only one thing: is she had a son, and he was attractive, she would have sex with him. But, luckily, she didn't have a son. The closest thing she had was a grandson.

This made Danny drop dead in his tracks. All the pieces fell into place. Danny realized his grandmother might have an incestuous crush on him. She had been complimentary about his looks and physique. She had been unafraid to talk about sex type things with him. She had tried to fix him up with other older ladies. She had been priming him for her. She had been getting him prepared for her. This thought terrified Danny.

It was craziness! Was his grandmother interested in him sexually? It couldn't be, could it? It would make sense with some of the things that had happened. It just seemed so crazy, but it could be true. He didn't know for sure. All he knew was that he had to get out of there now.

He quickly made it into the hallway before he was confronted with his grandmother again. She stepped out of her room, as if blocking him. He stepped back and looked at her.

"Where are you going so quickly, hon?" Janice asked teasingly, hands on her hips. For the first time, Danny gave his grandmother the up and down with his eyes.

He had to admit that from a purely objective point of view, his grandmother was very attractive. Her boobs were just huge. They

jutted outward, covering half the distance between her and him. They rode close together as opposed to sagging apart. Her blouse was tight low-cut, exposing her cavernous cleavage. The breast-flesh he could see looked so creamy and smooth. And perky. He knew if he poked one of them, the flesh would rebound against him.

Her shirt molded around her, highlighting her fit belly and torso. Her tight, low-riding jeans molded around her butt and her legs. Part of her belly was exposed, and he could see a hint of her panties.

Janice was overjoyed to see Danny take in her body. She knew she was starting to win him over.

"Uh, well, I just wanted to head outside." Danny said, nervously, trying to get by her.

"Before you do that, I just want to apologize. I know there have been some things out here that have made you uncomfortable. I live in a different world than you normally do. That wasn't my goal. I know you are only here for a few more days, so I want to enjoy those days as much as we can. Okay?" Janice said.

Danny realized he may have leapt to conclusions. He realized what he had been thinking was craziness. His grandmother was not hitting on him. His grandmother didn't want to have sex with him. She was just used to different things. She lived in a different world than he did. In her world, it was okay to push her grandson towards her friends. That was just the environment she was in. He felt bad for

thinking the worst about her. He realized how ridiculous those thoughts were.

"Okay. I'm sorry if I got mad at you." Danny replied. Janice pulled him into a hug. Despite his better feelings, he couldn't help but feel her massive breasts press into his chest softly. The hug parted, and Danny decided to go for a swim.

Danny couldn't help but notice how much Janice paraded around her body. She always seemed to wear tight, skimpy clothes. She constantly showed off her cleavage in whatever she wore. She loved to swim, and loved to wear her collection of skimpy bikinis whenever possible. She always seemed to shake her round butt as she walked. At least she did whenever he found himself looking at it. Danny even noticed how her breasts jiggled as she walked. But at this point, Danny didn't think twice about it. It wasn't that she was an incestuous whore showing off her body in front of her grandson. It was just the way she was.

Danny wrote off some of the things she did. One time, he noticed she bent over, keeping her legs straight, a pose that no doubt would come across as sexual with most women. But, Danny justified, maybe that was how she bent over. He thought back, and every time she had bent over while he was around, she had done it the same way. This cured his worries about that.

One time, while Danny was on the couch, and Janice was cleaning, she leaned over him from the front to grab something from behind him. As she did, she inadvertently shoved her breasts in his face. He

realized that she had done this to him a couple of times over his stay. It must be just the way she did things.

Things settled into normalcy, as Janice said they would. No weird sex talk or anything like that. Just normal, regular stuff. She even allowed Danny to call home. Danny was sitting by the pool. Janice was standing in her bikini, talking to her neighbor, who she had invited over for a swim. Danny couldn't help but notice the neighbor was quite attractive as well. As with most of Janice's friends, she was about her age, and still attractive. She still looked good in a bikini.

"Hey, baby." Danny said as LeAnn picked up the phone.

"Hey! It's been so long. How are things?" LeAnn asked.

"They've been getting better. I'm just looking forward to getting home." Danny said.

"Oh yeah? What do you miss the most?" LeAnn asked teasingly.

"I miss you. I miss kissing you. I miss being around you." Danny said. With all the craziness around here, Danny had been on edge for the last few days. His penis was constantly hard. He rarely masturbated, and he would have considered doing it after the last few days. But he just felt weird about masturbating at his grandmother's house. Plus, Janice had a way of appearing when he least expected, preventing him from having enough time to feel comfortable doing

that. So part of him was hoping that LeAnn would be able to tide him over in some way, despite the fact that they had never been intimate beyond kissing and some heavy petting.

"Well, you'll have to be patient, sweetie. Hey, I drew something for you. Want to know what it is?" LeAnn asked, completely missing the boat on what Danny wanted.

"Yeah. Sure." Danny said.

"Well, I drew a picture of us on our wedding day. It's just as I imagine it. I can't wait to show it to you." LeAnn asked. Danny looked around at Janice and her neighbor. With LeAnn, he got to see her pretty little pictures, day in and day out. With Janice, he got to see MILFs in slim bikinis. The contrast was striking.

"I can't wait to see it." Danny said. They talked for a few minutes more, before Danny had to wrap it up. They said their goodbyes. Danny then called his mother.

"Hi Mom." Danny said.

"Hey, sweetie. Listen, I called Mom and tried to convince her to let you come home early, but you know how she is. She insisted you stay." his mom said.

"It's okay. Things are okay right now. I just can't wait to be home. I miss you." Danny said.

"I miss you, too, sweetie. I can't wait till you get back." Erin said. They chatted for a few minutes before they said their goodbyes. Danny was finally starting to feel comfortable around here, which was good, because the next day was his grandmother's birthday.

Danny was very festive with her, wishing her happy birthday and hanging out with her the whole day. They had a very fun time, before going out and having dinner out at a nice restaurant. They returned home around dusk.

"So, I'm hankering for some gifts." she said, setting down her purse and going to the kitchen. Danny went up to his room to grab the two black bags containing his gifts. He returned to the living room, and found Janice sitting on the couch, with a pile of presents in front of her. He still felt a bit uncomfortable about these gifts. He thought they were a strange thing to give to his grandmother, but again, it might just be how things are in her world. She had poured herself a glass of wine, and had poured Danny a glass as well.

"Uh, I don't drink." Danny told her, setting his gifts in front of her and sitting on the couch across the room from her.

"Oh, c'mon Danny. Live a little. For me?" Janice said with a little pout.

"Uh, well... okay." Danny agreed, picking up the glass and taking a sip. It wasn't that bad, he thought.

Janice proceeded to open up her gifts, one by one. She had received some clothes and knick-knacks from her friends and her daughter, Erin, had sent her a small gift as well. Janice didn't seem overly thrilled with any of the gifts. It seemed like she was saving Danny's gifts for last, as she would move them out of the way repeatedly to get to other presents. Finally, Danny's gifts were all that was left. She picked up one of them, and shook it playfully.

"What could it be?" she asked, sounding genuinely curious. She removed the tissue paper, reached in, and grabbed the mass of cloth inside. She pulled it out, revealing a purple clump in her hand. She unfolded it, revealing a t-shirt with the words 'Foxy Grandma' on the front. She seemed genuinely surprised.

"Wow, I can't believe you bought this for me. I'm touched." Janice replied. She set it down neatly and then went to grab the other present. She removed a clump of tissue paper, and proceeded to sift through it, searching for it. Finally, she unfolded the tissue paper, and removed from its mass the tiny, skimpy, lace thong.

"I can't believe you bought these for me. I don't know what to say." Janice said. "I didn't expect you to buy these. I'm glad you wanted me to have them." Janice replied.

"Well, I'm glad you like them." Danny said, a little uncomfortable. He justified it again by thinking this was how her world was. In her world, it was common for a young man to buy his grandma a shirt proclaiming her status as a fox. It was common for a young man to buy his grandma a thong.

"I guess I'd better change." Janice said, grabbing the shirt and thong and starting to walk away.

"Wait, what?" Danny asked, confused.

"Yeah, I'm gonna put these on for you." Janice said, as if it should be obvious.

"Wait, you don't have to do that." Danny replied. She stepped close to him.

"Danny, let me tell you something. The only reason you buy a girl clothes is if you want to see her in them. I'll be right back, honey." Janice replied, before turning and sashaying away, shaking her butt as she walked.

Danny was confused. He realized that maybe Janice misunderstood his gifts. Now, she was about to wear a shirt that said 'Foxy Grandma' and a skimpy lace thong in front of her grandson. He was understandably nervous. But, maybe that was a normal thing for her. A few minutes passed.

He heard the clicking of high heels as Janice walked down the stairs. He heard the clacking approaching from around the corner. Danny waited for her to appear.

The first thing Danny saw was a long, bare leg in a high-heeled shoe, followed by another one. Finally, Janice appeared, only wearing the two things he had bought her. Danny saw the shirt, maybe a size too small, clinging to her, the words 'Foxy Grandma' stretched across her massive, bulging breasts. Her nipples were pushing against the fabric. The shirt was so snug it exposed her fit midriff. He looked down, and saw the skimpy, black lace panties barely covering her nether regions.

"What do you think?" Janice asked, before twirling around, to let him get a full view. There, before his eyes, was his grandmother's thong-clad ass. He saw that tiny little string splitting her butt cheeks. Her smooth, round butt cheeks. Danny was speechless. She spun around, with a huge smile on her face.

"I'll guess I'll take your expression as my answer." Janice replied, sitting back down on the couch, knowing the effect she was having on him. How do you respond to that? How do you respond to seeing your grandmother's thong-clad butt? What do you say to your grandmother when she is wearing skin-tight shirt molded around her chest that says 'Foxy Grandma'? What can you say?

Janice took another sip of wine, as she stared at Danny intently.

"Uh, what do you want to do now?" Danny asked. Her eyes briefly widened.

"I just want to talk for a little bit." Janice replied.

"Okay." Danny replied nervously.

"You keep saying you're honest, and truthful. I hope you can be honest with me." Janice asked.

"Sure." Danny replied.

"Good. I wanted to bring up something I've been hoping to discuss with you. I wanted to ask you if you might consider moving out here with me permanently..." Janice asked, setting her glass down.

"What?" Danny asked.

"I'm thinking it might be in your best interest. You have showed me a lot of things that illustrated that you might be better off staying here with me." She said.

"Janice, I'm, uh, engaged. I am happy at home. I don't want to move." Danny said, confused.

"I've been thinking about how different you are right now then when you first got here. It just shows me how repressed you have been your entire life." Janice said.

"What do you mean?" Danny asked.

"I've never been a big fan of my daughters mothering style. We've always had our issues, and it's time to solve them for good. I've often thought that she was doing a poor job on you, filling your head with lies. The only reason you turned out as good as you did was simply due to you having a good head on your shoulders. But she did quite a number on you." Janice replied.

"What are you talking about? I think mom did a great job on me." Danny replied.

"A good mother would not let her son marry this young. A good mother would tell her son there's other fish in the ocean. A good mother would not let her son marry a girl like the one you're engaged to." Janice replied.

"What do you mean? What is wrong with my fiancée?" Danny asked, getting a little angry.

"Well, going by that picture you showed me, and your descriptions, I must say I am not impressed. In no way does she sound like a catch. She is simply not good enough for my grandson." Janice said.

"What are you talking about? I love her!" Danny said angrily.

"Danny, she has no future prospects. She's not particularly pretty either. And her body is pretty flat and boring. Quite frankly, I will not have my grandson tied down to a sinking ship." Janice argued.

"What are you saying?" Danny asked, incredulous.

"I'm saying, quite simply, that I will not let you marry her. It's not gonna happen." Janice said simply.

"You can't do that!" Danny replied.

"Danny, I'm just gonna ask you to hear me out. Once I say my peace, I think you'll agree with everything I have to say." Janice replied.

"I sincerely doubt that." Danny replied.

"Danny, I hadn't realized the extent of the damage Erin had done to you until today. It all makes sense now." Janice said.

"What are you talking about?" Danny asked.

"I thought that you just had a thing for older women, and that's fine. That's great. No one blames you for that." Janice started.

"I don't have a thing for older women! I'm not lying about that!" Danny started.

"You're not lying to me. You're lying to yourself! You've been raised in such a messed up, non-nurturing environment that you've buried your true feelings so deep they might never see the light of day. But... the minute you got out of there, and entered a home that was far more nurturing and loving, your true feelings just exploded out of you. The minute you got here, you immediately started to look at MILF porn. Immediately. You're true feelings immediately reached the surface." Janice argued.

"No they didn't!" Danny replied. Danny knew she was mistaken.

"Yes they did!" Janice hissed. "Stop lying to yourself! Now, as I was saying... I hadn't realized the damage that had been done to you by your mother. I'm sorry for that. If she would have let me in your life, you might never have turned out this way. Or maybe you would have... But either way, you would have had the proper mothering you needed. Listen, honey, I thought your fetish ended at older women. But it's clear it doesn't. Your fetish goes so much deeper than that. For a young guy, a MILF fetish is pretty high-level stuff. But what you have, that's the expert level stuff."

"Expert level? What fetish do you think I have?" Danny asked, out of curiosity. Janice paused for dramatic effect. She licked her lips and said one word:

"Incest."

Danny's jaw was on the floor. Janice said nothing else, letting him take this in. How could she think he was interested in incest? That's gross and disgusting. Truly dark, messed up stuff.

"How could you possibly think that?" Danny asked.

"It's simple. You bought your grandmother a thong for her birthday. You bought me a shirt that said 'Foxy Grandma'. It didn't take long for me to connect the dots." Janice said with a laugh.

"You told me to buy those!" he argued.

"I didn't tell you to buy anything. You decided to buy them for me, because you wanted to. You thought I should wear a sexy thong that suits me, which it does. You thought I should have a shirt that said 'Foxy Grandma', to advertise what I truly was." Janice said, letting him take it in. That's not why he bought those things, was it?

"I don't have an incest fetish." Danny replied.

"But it makes perfect sense. Everything you've done supports that. I've suspected it since you got here. I saw how you responded after I told you that incest story. From that point on, you started checking out my body at every opportunity. It was completely obvious, darling." Janice said. She paused, then continued.

"There are two ways a young man develops an incest fetish. Either he has deep seeded family issues, which you do. You always knew you had a terrible mother, but you buried your feelings, and never told anyone... And the other way a young man develops an incest fetish is if there is a woman in his family who is spectacularly gorgeous and sexy. So hot that it pushes any concerns of incest aside. Which you do. But that woman is not your mother. She's nothing special. Your crush is on someone else... Your crush is on me." Janice said.

"What?" Danny said quietly.

"It's quite clear now. You have a crush on me. An intense burning crush. You've probably had it for years." Janice stated.

"That's not true." He replied.

"Yes it is. And you know it. Probably as the years passed, and you matured, you saw all the pictures I would send to you. The Christmas cards, and the pictures of me on vacation. That's when your crush started. You saw the pictures, and you were in disbelief.

How could your grandmother be that sexy? I made you into a man, didn't I? I bet you snuck off with those pictures and did bad things to yourself, didn't you? Didn't you?" she insisted.

"I don't have a crush on you. I never did any of those things." Danny replied. How could she think these things? He had never done anything like that.

"Yes you do. Don't you see? It explains everything. The minute you started living with me, a true MILF, your MILF fetish suddenly came to the surface. What a coincidence! It also explains the other thing..." Janice explained.

"What other thing?" Danny asked.

"The fact that you have been trying to get me to seduce you since you stepped off the plane." Janice said. Danny looked at her wide eyed.

"What are you talking about?" Danny asked.

"There was that look you gave me when you stepped off the plane. There was that picture you showed me of you and your girlfriend. Remember that? I bet you knew the other thing that picture showed, didn't you? The fact that, in that picture, your shorts were plastered around your massive, fat cock. You wanted me to see that, didn't you? You wanted your grandmother to know you had a huge dick, didn't you. Then, you wanted to hop in the pool the second you got

here, so you could make sure I got a good look. Then you left that MILF porn on my computer, so I could find it easily. And then, you bought me a thong! And the shirt! It doesn't take a genius to figure it out, Danny." Janice said.

"I, uh, I don't know what you're talking about." Danny said, totally taken aback. He never meant to show her the size of his penis. He was not trying to send her any signals. She was misreading everything. She thought that since a grandson bought his grandmother a thong, it meant that he was into her. That it meant that he was sexually attracted to her. Sexually attracted to his own grandmother. Can't a man buy his grandmother skimpy underwear and not be accused of being attracted to her?

"Yes you do, Danny. You have a crush on your own grandmother. It's sick. It's disgusting. It's forbidden. It's against the law. And it's so fucking hot." Janice said, her nipples hardening under her shirt.

"What?" Danny said, stunned. He realized his suspicions were correct after all. Janice had an incest fetish. And she wanted to use him to make that fetish a reality. "I knew it. I knew you were a freak. I knew you were hitting on me."

"I'm not against this, Danny. It was meant to happen. I didn't share your little fetish until you showed up. But you made it so obvious that I couldn't stop thinking about it. Just think, even if my daughter had let me into your life from the beginning, this still would have happened. If you had to spend day after day with a MILF like me in your life, you still would have developed your incestuous crush. You

were destined to have a crush on your grandmother. We were destined to be together." Janice said, her clit hardening as her pussy was getting soaked. She was aching for her grandson to wrap his lips around her clit and suck.

"You're sick. I can see why mom never wanted you around me. You're a freak." Danny said to her.

"Your mother didn't want me around her because I'm her superior to her in every way. I'm smarter. I'm sexier. I'm more successful. And I'm a better mother. She knew if you spent time around me, you would realize this. Which you do, now. She was afraid you would want to live with me. Which you do." Janice explained.

"I don't want to live here." Danny replied.

"Yes you do! Listen, you ungrateful little shit. The only reason you are here is thanks to me. I got your mother through the tough years, and she paid me back by leaving me to have you. I lost years of my life because of her, and she spat in my face. You owe your life to me. All those years I lost, you owe me now." Janice said.

"What do you mean?" Danny asked.

"I expect you to serve me. This is a big house. I need a young man's presence around here. There is a lot of work to be done. For every

year that you've lived, I expect you to serve me." Janice said, laying out her dark plans.

"What do you mean... serve?" Danny inquired.

"I want you to become my slave... and do, quite frankly... whatever I want." Janice said.

"Why would I agree to this?" Danny asked.

"Because you would get to live your dream. You would get to cash in on your lifelong crush. You wouldn't just be any slave. You would be my sex slave." Janice said. Danny gulped. His grandmother was offering sex. She wanted her grandson to become her sex-slave.

"Danny, I am a MILF. But more important to you, you sick fuck, I am your grandmother. We are related, and that makes it so much better, doesn't it? It's so forbidden. You know how rare it is for a young stud like you to have a smoking hot grandmother? You'd be a fool not to take advantage of that! Your grandmother is an absolute babe who's down for doing the nasty with her own grandson. It's so messed up. So sick! But so good, right? You've always wanted a mother to fuck, and you found her in your grandmother. Like any good mother, I have massive breasts. I have a juicy, round ass. And my pussy is nice and tight. My body is perfect. I blow that girl you're engaged to out of the water. Your fiancée's got nothing on me. So here's what you need to do. You need to move in with me. I don't want your mother to ever see you again. She's a bad mother, and she does not deserve

such a good son like you. Then, I want you to dump the girlfriend. She will not play any part in your life. Then, I want you to pledge your loyalty to me. You will serve me in whatever manner I want. And in return, you get world-changing sex. You get the MILF sex you have always wanted. The rough sex you need to have. The incestuous sex you are so desperate for. Danny, I am an absolute slut. I am down for anything. I am capable of just about anything your sick mind can come up with. You can do all that nasty stuff with me. And, if you're a good boy, there will be rewards. Danny, I have MILF friends. Women like me. Older women who are amazing at sex. You've met a few of them. Lilith. Camille. My neighbor. I can have them join us. Imagine a threesome with two MILFS. Maybe even a foursome. Imagine all those sexy older women and the things you could do. Or... you could go back to your boring and flat fiancée and your idiotic mother. What do you want to do?" Janice asked.

Danny had his head in his hands, completely baffled. His grandmother was evil. And sick. He could never go along with her perverted incest fantasies. But he was so terrified of her at this moment. He had never been around a woman like her. He didn't know what she would do to him if he tried to resist. He decided he would just go along with her, and listen to her sick ideas as long as he could, before declining her offer.

"Are you a virgin, Danny?" Janice asked. He looked at her and nodded.

"Do you want to lose your virginity to an uptight bitch like your pathetic fiancée? Or do you want to lose it to a woman who knows

what she is doing? A good mother who knows how to care for you? An older woman who knows how to drain your balls? A foxy grandma who wants your fat fucking cock." Janice started. Danny's head was still in his hands. Giving away your virginity is a huge deal, Danny thought. If you lose your virginity to your true love, it would mean that you would have a life full of love and happiness. He looked forward to losing his virginity to LeAnn. But, what if you lost your virginity to an older woman? Not just any older woman, but your own grandmother? If a young man were to lose his virginity to his own grandmother, it wouldn't lead to a lifetime of love and happiness. If a young man lost his virginity in an incestuous affair with his dominant, hot-bodied, sexy grandmother, it would lead to a lifetime of rough, nasty sex. A lifetime of unthinkable sex acts. A lifetime of servitude.

"Does the fact that its incest scare you? You shouldn't be scared. I know it's rare for a young man like you to be so consumed by thoughts of incest. It often takes a strong woman to bring those feelings to the surface. I've known a few women who've had some incestuous affairs. I've known two women who fucked their son-in-laws. A woman that fucked her sister's husband. I knew a mother who fucked her son. And each one of them said it was the best sex of their lives. They said it was so good, it was addictive. MILF's like me are well aware of the fact that incest is a very viable option for sex. MILF's like me will understand what you're thinking. Older women understand that incest is one of the highest levels of sex. What are the odds of a grandmother and grandson both having a fixation on incest? I've dreamed of having a young man like you around the house. And I'm about to get my wish."

Danny was baffled at how easily she could throw around the possibility of incest. Danny had never heard anyone talk about incest the way she was. Whenever someone mentioned incest, someone would say how sick it was. How disgusting it was. They would say "How could anyone do that?" But Janice said there were people out there who were into incest. People who got turned on by incest. People who had had incestuous sex and loved it. Who became addicted to it. How could people get turned on by something so sick, so disgusting and forbidden? How could the sex be good? Were there people out there who decried incest in public, but privately enjoyed it greatly? Could the forbidden nature of incest add to the pleasure? Was fucking a hot-bodied, female relative the top possible tier of sex? Were young men wasting their time meeting girls at school or at parties? Should they have been looking for sex partners at family reunions? Just the thought of incestuous sex seemed so wrong. So nasty.

"Just think of your life when we become a couple, Danny. Most will look at us and see a young stud that is clearly into mature women, since he's in love with such a sexy, mature woman. A select few will know the truth. They will know that you're with your own grandmother. Those few will know what a sick fuck you truly are. "

Danny couldn't help but imagine this. He was imagining himself walking down the street, holding his grandmother's hand. He would be dating his own grandmother. He would be in a relationship with his grandmother. He would be in love with his own grandmother. And people would see them. People would know he was into older women. And some people would know he was in a relationship with

his own grandmother. People would know he was fucking his own grandmother.

"I bet you've dreamed of having a mother like me in your life. You've hated and resented your mother for years. You've known she was terrible, but you said nothing, like a good son. A good son deserves a good mother. I'll be that mother for you. I realize now why you've had so much trouble calling me by my name. It's because it's not the name you want to call me. You want to call me 'Mom'." Janice explained, pausing.

Danny loved his mom. Sure, he had some complaints about her. Any son would have complaints about their mom's. She was kinda uncaring about some things that would bother most moms. She let him date. She let him be out late. She let him be in control of his own life. He had always been satisfied by her as a mom, though. He loved her, even though at times, she was too hands off. He would ask her questions, but she would give non-answers. But that wasn't that bad, was it? He didn't want a new mom.

"You've wanted me to become the mother you never had. You've always a mother who was strict, and guided your life in the manner she thinks is best. You didn't want a mother who was a free spirit and let you do whatever you wanted. You wanted a mother who told you what to do, who had you under her thumb. You always heard stories about boys whose mothers were complete bitches. Mothers who made their sons bend to their will. Mothers who never let their sons date anyone. Those boys hated them. But you didn't. That was the type of mother you wanted. You wanted a mother to dominate

your life, and honey, you found her. I'll be the mother you have always craved. I'll run your life the way you desperately need a mom to run it. You'll bend to my will. You'll do whatever the hell I want you to. If you cede all control of your life to me, the rewards will be worth it. If you agree to become my slave, you will get to fuck me. You will get to fuck your own grandmother. A lot. Quite frankly, you'll get to do nasty, disgusting things with me. Things that you'll never be able to do with any other woman. And you'll do these things for one very simple reason: because I'll tell you to." Janice said.

Danny thought that she expected him to cower before her dominance. He had never talked to a woman as assertive as her. Also, he never liked to let anyone down. And Janice would be let down if he didn't agree to become her sex-slave. He would have to let her down. He couldn't become her sex-slave. It was unnatural and wrong.

"So are you man enough to do it, Danny? Are you man enough to admit your burning passion for older women? Are you willing to admit you have a little crush on your own grandmother? Our maybe... a big crush? A passionate, burning crush? Or something more? Is it love, Danny? Are you in love with me? Are you in love with your own grandmother? I'm flattered, Danny. It's not every day a young man admits he has an incestuous crush on his own grandmother? It's pretty fucked up shit. I didn't realize how depraved you are. Are you ready to admit that you want a new mother? Are you ready to admit that you want me to be your new mom? Your new mommy? Are you ready to kiss your new mommy? Are you going to slip your new mommy the tongue? Are you gonna cop a feel of my massive breasts? Are you gonna tweak my nipples

through my shirt? Or go under my shirt, and cop a feel, skin to skin? Are you gonna suck on your new mother's pussy? Are you gonna bite your new mother's clit? Are you gonna suck your new mother's ass? Are you gonna suck your new mother's tits? Are you gonna stick your massive dick in your new mommy's pussy? Or maybe even...her ass? Are you desperate to do these horrible things to your new mommy?" Janice said.

Janice knew she almost had him. His mind was fighting it, but he wanted it. He was gagging to be taken. And she could prove it.

"I don't trust you to make the right decision. Your mother's brainwashed you with her idiotic thoughts. So here's what we'll do. You're gonna take off your pants, and show me your cock. If it's soft, then clearly I was wrong. I'll drive you to the airport and send you home. You'll never see me again. But, if that dick is rock hard, like I know it is, then that means that everything that I've said about you is true. That you want me to be your new mom. That you want to become my sex slave and do whatever I want. That you want to dump your fiancé... abandon your mother... and shack up with your grandmother."

"So I want you to pull down your pants, and show me your cock, Son. I know you're massive. I got the message you were sending me. And when you pull down your pants, and show me your cock, you just have to do one more thing to become my slave. You have needed discipline your entire life. You have needed a firm hand to guide you. So to become my slave, I want you to bend over my lap, and take the spanking you have always needed. " Janice asked, with an evil smile.

Danny just sat there, stunned, as he reeled from his grandmother's disgusting speech. She expected him to agree with it. How could she be that arrogant?

"I'm not showing you my penis. I'm not going along with this." Danny said.

"Yes you will. Either way, you are dependent on me. If you refuse, you have no way to get home. I have your tickets. I am your ride. So if you want to leave and go home, you still have to show me your cock." Janice replied, raising her eyebrows.

Danny realized she was right. She was willing to hold him hostage in order to see his penis. He shook his head. He had to do it. He couldn't just run out of the house. He had nowhere to go and he had no money. He would just have to show his grandmother his penis. What's the worst that could happen?

He stood up in front of his grandmother, and she smirked smugly. It would be the first time any woman would be seeing his penis. He just had to think of this like a doctor examining a patient. Purely clinical. No feelings involved. He couldn't imagine his hot bodied grandmother in the doctor's place though. All these thoughts of incest and being a sex-slave to his grandmother just freaked the hell out of him. It was disgusting. It was horrifying. But his penis would answer the most important question: whether or not it was erotic. Danny nervously reached towards his crotch and unbuttoned his

jeans. He started to pull down the zipper, slowly unzipping it all the way. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his jeans and underwear and started to pull them down.

The question was about to be answered. If he was a good boy, through and through, then his dick would be soft, not responding to what his grandmother had said. But if his dick was hard, then it would be a different story altogether. If his dick was hard, that would mean that a small part of him was nasty. A pervert. A MILF enthusiast. An incest freak, like his own grandmother. It would mean a part of him responded to his grandmother's nasty thoughts by getting hard. But that's such evil, messed-up stuff. A good young man like him would never respond to MILFs and incest, would he? His pants fell to the ground.

Was his dick hard, or soft? Was he a good boy, or a freak for incest?

The answer should be obvious.

He was an incest freak, of course.

Janice's jaw dropped as she looked at the view her grandson providing. In front of her was her grandson's massive, rock hard cock. And it was literally dripping pre-cum! It was the longest, fattest, beefiest dick she had ever seen. It was as thick as a coke can. It was eleven inches, at least. And it was about to become hers for good.

She knew she almost had him. She knew she had almost tricked him into believing that he actually was into MILFs and incest. She was so close.

Danny hadn't realized that his dick was hard. As shocking as that was to believe, he had been so distracted by Janice's words that he didn't realize he had a throbbing erection. And now it was bared so his grandmother could see.

What did this erection mean? He had been disgusted by her words, but those same words had also made his penis hard. Was Janice right? Was he into mature women? Was he into incest? He had been so horrified at the thought. He couldn't be into any of that nasty stuff, could he? Had he buried those thoughts so deep that he didn't even know he had them? If something made him hard, then that meant he was into that thing. His grandmother had talked about MILFs and incest, and it turned him on. Did that mean he was into MILFs and incest? There couldn't be any other possibility. Maybe he had been giving her signals. Maybe he had been hinting that he was interested in his grandmother. Did he want to abandon his mom and dump his fiancé? Did he want a new mom, one who would dominate his life? Did he want to become a sex-slave to his own grandmother? Was he lying to himself this whole time? Did he really have these crazy fetishes? His grandmother was far more experienced than he was, so maybe she was right. He had always trusted her. Why should that change? His grandmother might be doing him a favor. If she was right, then clearly this is what he truly wanted. And this erection meant she was right. What other reason would he have it? She must be right. She had been right about everything. He had snuck off when he was younger when he had received pictures of his

grandmother and did nasty things to himself. He probably didn't remember it because he had repressed it in his memory so deeply, like she said. He had been discreetly showing his grandmother his penis, hoping she would check it out. He had been dreaming about her seeing it, right? He had been trying to get her to seduce and enslave him. It's what he always wanted, right? He had bought her the shirt that said 'Foxy Grandma' because he wanted her to know he thought she was a fox. And he bought her a thong because he wanted to see her hot ass in it. Right? And he had always thought his mom kinda sucked as a mother? What's up with her new-age, hippie bull crap that she always spouted? Didn't she know that a mother was supposed to discipline her son, and teach him the ways of the world? And he had never been satisfied with his fiancée, LeAnn. He thought he was supposed to be in love and married by this point. That's what his mother told him. But she was clearly wrong. He thought he knew what love was about, but Janice made him realize how mistaken he was. Janice had to be right for all of these things to be true. He would have to trust her. He would have to believe her. And there was only one way to thank her.

He walked over to her, stopped in front of her, and bent over her waist.

Janice nearly came as did this. She had done it. She had actually tricked him into believing he had a crush on his own grandmother. She had tricked him into thinking he had a MILF fetish and an incest fetish. She had driven into his head again and again until he started to believe it. He didn't know that a man would respond to any woman with a hot body and a filthy mouth.

She was so proud of herself. She had turned this bright young man, so full of hope, into a shapeless pile of clay for her to mold and shape to her liking. She had convinced her grandson to dump his fiancée, abandon his mom, and become her own personal slave. She had quickly and viciously torn him apart. He had been so smart and naively arrogant. But his foxy grandma had a few tricks up her sleeve, and had easily outsmarted him and defeated in him the battle of seduction. Defeated did not quite state how badly she had defeated him. Quite frankly, she had fucking owned him. And it was time to make that ownership permanent.

"Don't worry, baby. Your submission is good enough for me. I won't spank you too hard. I'll just give you a taste." Janice whispered. "Honey, you know you've needed this. You've needed a firm, motherly spanking for a long time. You have pissed me off quite a bit during your visit. I want you to apologize to me. I want you to apologize for being an insolent little shit. I want you to apologize for all the ways you've disappointed me. Once you run out of things to apologize for, I will stop. Clear your conscience, baby." She could feel Danny's hard abs against her thighs, and she could feel his hard cock against her leg. Just the thought of her muscular young grandson being made submissive by her hot body drove her nuts. She reared back, and gave his ass a firm swat. Not as hard as she could, but enough to sting. To give him a taste of what would happen if he disobeyed her. Like a good slave, he just groaned and took it. She could feel his dick throb and leak juices after the spank. He liked it. Janice waited patiently for an apology.

"I'm sorry for using the phone." Danny said. SPANK!

"I'm sorry for not obeying your rules." SPANK!

"I'm sorry for not obeying you." SPANK!

"I'm sorry for not visiting you sooner." SPANK!

"I'm sorry for lying to you." SPANK!

"I'm sorry about telling you I'm not into older women." SPANK!

"I'm sorry about telling you I'm not into incest." SPANK!

"I'm sorry for not realizing what a terrible mother my mom was."
SPANK!

"I'm sorry for having such a terrible girlfriend." SPANK!

"I'm sorry for getting engaged without your permission." SPANK!

"I'm sorry for not proposing to you first." SPANK!

"I'm sorry about hiding my dick from you." SPANK!

"I'm sorry I didn't send you pictures of my dick." SPANK!

"I'm sorry I beat off about you so many times without asking."
SPANK!

"I'm sorry for not taking this spanking the second I saw you."
SPANK!

"I'm sorry for not bending over your waist at the airport." SPANK!

Janice had never been happier. He was apologizing about more than she could have dreamed of. He was hers now. Janice had never been more turned on. She could hear the gears turning in his head, trying to think of things to apologize for. Janice was satisfied he had cleared his conscience. She had proved her point. She gave him a series of firm swats, like a mother would her disobedient son, before pushing him up to his feet.

"Thank you, Mom." Danny said gratefully

"You're very welcome, Son." Janice said, standing up.

Danny noticed her thighs were wet, evidence of her arousal. She was soaking wet, and her nipples were ready to cut through her shirt.

"Take off your shirt." she ordered. He complied, revealing his fully nude and fit body.

"Okay, Son, tell me you love me. Tell your mother you love her." Janice commanded, circling her prey.

"I love you... Mom." Danny said.

"Tell me you'll do anything I want." Janice told him.

"I'll do anything you want." Danny replied, rendered brainless by his foxy grandma and her hot fucking body.

"You'll dump your fiancée." Janice said.

"Yes, of course." Danny replied.

"Her body doesn't compare with mine. You want a woman with a nice, voluptuous figure, not a twig like her." Janice said.

"Yes." Danny said.

"You'll never see your mother again." Janice told him.

"Yes, I'll never see her again." he replied.

"I'll be your new mommy." Janice said.

"Yes, Mom." Danny agreed.

"You'll be my slave." Janice said.

"Yes." Danny said.

"You'll do whatever I want?"

"Yes."

"Every year you've been alive is a year of servitude you owe me. Got it? You owe me 18 years."

"I understand. You'll get them."

"Or maybe, you'll give me more. I think you'll give me more than that. I think after you experience what I have to offer, you won't simply give me 18 years. You will give me lifelong servitude. Are you man enough for that? Are you man enough to become your grandmother's slave for the rest of your life?"

"Yes, I will be your lifelong slave. But..." Danny started.

"I know what you're thinking. I'm thirty years older than you. Your lifetime will be longer than mine. Don't worry, I'll set you up with someone nice when I'm gone. You'll be fucking whoever I want for the rest of your life." Janice said.

"Thank you." Danny replied.

"Does the age difference bother you?" she asked.

"No. It only makes it better." he replied. She smiled, still circling him.

"You're fucking right it does. Just think, when you're thirty-five, and in the prime of your life, you'll be fucking a sixty-five year old woman. And I'll fuck you better than any of those young bitches. When you're forty, I'll be seventy, and I'll still be fucking the shit out of you. Can you handle that?" Janice said.

"Yes. I can handle it." Danny said, breathing deeply, his incest fantasy about to become true.

"I want you to get a tattoo for me. I want it to be a heart, and inside of it, it'll say one thing: 'Grandma'. It'll let everyone know that you love your foxy grandma. I want it low on your waist, so when your cock is exposed, I can see it. The tattooist will give you a weird look,

I bet, but when he sees me he'll understand. Will you do it?" Janice asked.

"Yes, I'll get the tattoo." Danny replied.

"And I want you to spend most of your alone time looking at MILF porn. You need to pick up all the tricks you can to keep up with me. I want you to become addicted to that shit." Janice said.

"Yes, I'll look at MILF porn whenever I can." Danny replied.

"And that little Facebook of yours? I want it to be a shrine to me, and a shrine to older women. I want you to dump your fiancée and your mom from there, and add my friends. I want you to write I love older women all over that shit. I want your interests to be older women, mature women, MILFs I want you to advertise what you are into. I want you to have albums full of pictures of me and my MILF friends, and I want you to endlessly compliment us, and tell us how sexy you think we are. Can you do that?" Janice asked.

"Yes, I'll do it. But won't people ask questions when they see me telling you how sexy you are?" Danny asked.

"Who cares? I want to leave them guessing. I want them to try to put the pieces together and figure out, after visiting his sexy grandmother, why you became so obsessed with MILFs? They'll wonder if we had sex, but they'll never voice their concerns because

incest is so fucked up people don't like to think about it. Not as much as you think about incest. The only way you can be truly free to express your true feelings is to let go. Let me take all those worries away from you. Don't worry your pretty little head about them. Just let me run your life and you won't have to worry about anything. All you have to do is give me your dick on a regular basis. Okay?"

"Okay. I'll do anything." Danny replied.

"But, there's one more thing you need to do to be truly free, my son." Janice said.

"What?" Danny asked.

"Danny, you need to get me pregnant." Janice said. Danny gulped.

"I don't know..." Danny said. He didn't know if he would be able to cross that line, and get his grandmother pregnant. Could he do that?

"Danny, don't puss out now. It's not a real act of incest unless you get me pregnant. To be truly free, you need to get your grandmother pregnant. To be truly fulfilled in life, you need to give me all your babies. I've always wanted more kids. Erin was a disappointment. I know you can make better ones. I know you have what it takes." Janice said.

The thought was so fucked up, so disturbing, but it made his erection throb. Just the thought of impregnating his own grandmother drove him crazy with lust.

"Yes! I'll get you pregnant." Danny said, fully corrupted, now begging his grandmother to let him impregnate her.

"Beg to fuck me." Janice said, staring him in the eye.

"Please, Mom... Let me fuck you!" Danny begged. It was the first time the word fuck had passed through his lips. It almost burned it felt so naughty. And it would not be the last time he would say it.

Janice stepped towards him. He sighed as he felt her breasts press into his chest. He was caught off guard when she grabbed his wrist and forced him to sit on the loveseat. Before he could think, she sat down on his lap. Her near-bare ass was rubbing against his thighs skin-to-skin, and the sensation was driving Danny nuts. His hard dick was pressed between his stomach and her leg. She reached over and grabbed his head in her hands. She combed her fingers through his hair.

"Gosh, you are so cute." Janice remarked. Danny was still in a daze by all of this, a daze caused by his foxy grandmother's hot fucking body. "Give me a kiss, Son. Give me the kiss that you've been craving to give to the true mother in your life."

Danny hesitated, still not sure he could go through with this. Could he make out with his own grandmother?

"Kiss your mother!" Janice insisted. Danny gulped, still not sure.

"Son, your mother is asking you to kiss her. When your mother asks you to kiss her, you kiss her! I'm your mother now, Danny! Kiss me!" she ordered. He was still in a daze, so she realized she would have to help move along his decision making. She gripped the sides of his head roughly, and pulled him towards her forcefully. Before he could do anything, his lips met hers violently. Before he could respond, she forced her tongue into his mouth.

Danny was a very submissive kisser, only used to the pecks that he and his fiancée shared. He was not used to the type of kissing real women did, the kind of kissing he was now experiencing with his grandmother.

Danny was French-kissing his grandmother. How did he get here? How did he get to this point in his life where he was making out with his grandma? And this was just the beginning. This wasn't your everyday make out session with your grandmother. This wouldn't stop at kissing. A hot grandma like her wouldn't be satisfied with that. Very soon, they would be fucking.

The thought made him try to pull away, but Janice did not allow it. She kept him against her, maintaining their tight clinch and not letting go. For fifteen long minutes, Janice French-kissed her

grandson. She tried to teach him proper make out technique, but he was a slow learner. She forced him to take her tongue before she was finally able to coax his tongue out of his mouth and into hers. Their tongues mashed together as the make-out session grew more intense.

"Are you gonna cop a feel, Danny? Are you gonna help yourself to a handful of tit?" Janice teased. But he did not make a move. "Most men would do it, Danny. Most men would go for it immediately. But you're still a boy. Don't worry, I'll make a real man out of you. When I get done with you, you'll be pawing at my breasts immediately when we start making out." Janice teased again. Their kissing resumed.

Just as Danny was really getting into it, Janice pulled away. Danny's mouth tried to follow, but she held him back. She stood up and realized her thigh was soaked in her grandson's pre-cum. She stared at her dazed grandson.

"Follow me, my son." Janice said, turning around. Like a puppy, he followed her. His eyes couldn't leave her bouncing ass. That thong looked so fucking hot on her. Her perfect round ass looked so good. Her ass was made for thongs. He looked at her back, and realized her breasts were so massive that he could see them from behind her. He could see them bouncing rhythmically as they walked. He followed her up the stairs. They quickly walked towards her room. For the first time ever, he was in his grandmother's bedroom, and it would not be the last time. If Janice had her way, he would be spending most of his time here. Janice turned to face her new son.

"I want to thank you again for the thong. I look so fucking sexy in it. But you want to know the best thing about a thong? Seeing it on the floor." Janice whispered. With that, she slipped the thong off her hips, letting it fall to the ground.

Her scent hit him first. Her pussy was clearly turned on, because he could smell it. It smelled so fucking good it made him shiver. He looked down at her pussy. She had a cute little landing strip, with salt and pepper hair. Her entire pussy was wet with her juices. He could not pull his eyes away. He had never seen a live pussy this close. She slowly backed up towards the bed until she fell back onto it. She curled her finger at him, indicating for him to join her on her bed. He complied, crawling up the bed as she lied back lazily with her head on her pillow. She spread her legs, exposing her pussy to his leering eyes.

"Use your mouth." She said sternly. Danny gulped, unsure if he could do this. This moment-long hesitation pissed her off. He should know better than to keep her waiting. She reached down, grabbed his head harshly, and forced his mouth against her pussy. Danny was now nose deep in his grandmother's pussy, her juices soaking the lower half of his face. Danny kept his lips tightly closed, terrified to taste his grandmother's vagina. But she was forcing his mouth against her so roughly that some of her copious juices forced their way past his lips.

Danny now had the taste of his grandmother's pussy on his tongue. He was shocked at how good she tasted and he couldn't help but savor her flavor. Not just good, but great. His grandmother's pussy

tasted great! He couldn't help but open his mouth and have another taste. Her juices poured into his now open mouth as he gave her pussy a tentative lick. Finding he was not mistaken about her taste, he proceeded to lick her again and again. Very soon, his tongue was voraciously licking her pussy. He was trying to force his mouth deeper into her. It felt like his entire chin was buried in her pussy. He was trying to get his tongue deeper because he noticed that the juices deeper in her pussy tasted even better.

"Ugh, you are a natural at this. You know just how to eat a mature woman's pussy. Your mouth was made to be pressed against an older woman's cunt. If your mouth isn't attached to a MILFs pussy it's being wasted." Janice said, moaning as her grandson sucked her pussy so fucking well.

"Suck my clit." Janice ordered softly.

Despite how inexperienced he was Danny knew where the clitoris was, so he wasted no time in dragging his lips up her pussy to wrap around her hard clit. He started to nibble on the nub, chewing gently as he flicked his tongue against it, driving her wild. Displaying how naturally eating pussy came to him, he drove his grandmother to the edge repeatedly, not allowing her to go over the edge.

"Oohhh, stop that, you little shit. Quit teasing me." Janice tittered. Her jovial attitude quickly turned desperate, as she really needed a good cum.

"Do it, you little fuck. Make me fucking cum, you asshole. Do it! Make your mother cum!" she yelled out angrily. Janice finally turned the corner and she forced her grandson's head downward, forcing his mouth into place so he could collect all of her juices. She wrapped her legs around his head to hold him there. His lips wrapped around her pussy just as she started to cum, her juices bursting out of her cunt directly into her grandson's open mouth. Danny swallowed as her juices kept coming, enjoying the taste of his grandmother's juices. She came down from her orgasm and released Danny's head from the prison between her thighs.

Danny breathed deeply, each breath tasting like his grandmother's pussy. Janice was breathing deeply too, her massive breasts heaving under her shirt. She reached down and pulled her legs up, amazing her grandson with her flexibility as she brought her knees up even with her head. She put her elbows behind her knees to keep her legs in place. Danny was now staring directly at his grandmother's asshole.

"Suck it, please." Janice said simply. Danny was shocked. Was she asking him to suck her ass? Do people do that? Are there guys who actively suck MILF ass? He had to admit it did look nice. He had to admit that, in its own way, his grandmother's asshole was kinda...cute. His grandmother was right about everything so far. It must be okay for a guy to suck a woman's ass. His grandmother's asshole was cute and pretty and kissable. Danny puckered up and brought his lips forward, pressing them softly against his grandmother's asshole. He pulled away, savoring the taste. Finding it unobjectionable, he kissed it again. He wetted his lips and kissed it again. And again. He dragged his wet lips across her asshole before

his tongue couldn't help itself and emerged from his closed mouth, giving her asshole a quick little lick. Then another. Those quick licks became long licks, and soon, he was vigorously rimming his grandmother's ass. This rimming soon became light sucking, which soon evolved into hard, cheek-hollowing sucking, Danny trying to pleasure his grandmother as best he could.

"Oh, honey, your mouth is so good. I want that mouth on my body every day. Every morning, I want to be woken up with your mouth on my body. Either on my pussy, sucking all the juices out. Or maybe sucking my massive tits, chewing on my nipples. Or maybe on my asshole, really digging in there. You got that, Son?" Janice said.

"Yesphh." Danny said, his voice muffled by his grandmother's asshole against his mouth. After a few minutes of ass-sucking, she pulled her grandson away from her ass. She dragged his face up towards her, rubbing his face against her clothed breasts before meeting her face. Without fear, she gave her grandson a fierce kiss. They separated.

"So, my son. Do you want to see these? Do you want to live out your biggest fantasy and see your grandmother's massive breasts?" Janice said, drawing his attention to her bulging boobs, eager to be freed from under her tight shirt.

"Yes, please!" Danny begged, ready to do whatever it took to see those huge tits.

"Well, you have to do one thing... You need to put your dick in me." Janice told her grandson. Danny paused in fear. Could he do it? Could he commit incest and fuck his grandmother?

"All you have to do is put the tip of that cock against the outside of my pussy and push. You need to bury it in me. I know my pussy is small, and I know it's tight, but I know you can do it. Don't worry, I'm wet and ready. I want your virginity. You need to let me take your virginity. Let me do that, and we'll be together forever. Let me take your virginity, and I'll let you see these massive suckers in the flesh. Just think, if you bury your dick in me and give me your virginity, you get lifetime access to my massive breasts. Can you really go the rest of your life without getting two handfuls of massive titties? Or... can you settle for the mosquito bites your little girlfriend has? You have to ask yourself, do you want a pair of big tits in your life? It doesn't matter if they're attached to you hot, sexy grandmother. When a young man sees a pair of perfect tits, he just has to have them. They become his entire world. You would do anything to have them. You would dump your fiancée. You would abandon your mother. You would fuck your own grandmother for these jugs, wouldn't you? Cause that's what it'll take. Give me your virginity, Son. Give yourself to me! Give me your heart! Give me your soul! Give me your cock! Become my slave, and be finally truly happy! Leave your shitty life and join me!" Janice said.

"If you fuck me, that'll tell me everything I need to know. If you put your dick in me, that'll tell me how satisfied you've been with your life. If you fuck me, that'll tell me that you hate your mother. You wouldn't fuck your grandmother unless you really, truly hate your mother. If you fuck me, it'll mean that you've been aching to dump

your bitch of a fiancée and shack up with a real woman. If you fuck me, it'll mean that you've been in love with MILFs your entire life, and have been hoping for years to be with one. If you fuck me, then that means you've been harboring an incestuous crush on me for years, and have been hoping for me to take over your life. If you fuck me, you have been dying to be enslaved by an older woman, and do her bidding. Make your choice son. Fuck me! Now!" Janice said, yelling out at her grandson.

For Danny, the time was now here. Would he become a sex slave to his own grandmother? Would he become an incest-crazed freak? Or would he go back to his normal, conventional life. Could he go through the rest of his life without knowing how his grandmother's tits would feel in his hands? Did he want a mother in his life to dominate him, to run his life? Did he want to become a guy who fucks older women as often as he could? It was time for Danny to make his choice. Where would his dick end up? In his lovely, sweet fiancée with the heart of gold, but a pathetic body? Or would it end up buried inside his bitchy, MILF grandmother, who had a hot body and a filthy mouth? Danny looked into Janice's eyes. She smiled.

"Danny, you made the right decision. You'll be a great slave. It's where you were meant to be... at my feet." Janice said. Danny was confused as to why she was so sure she had him, until he realized he had reached down with his right hand and placed his dick at the entrance to her pussy. He had done it subconsciously. The swollen head of his dick was now rubbing against the outside of Janice's vagina. The big, beefy head of a grandson's teenage dong was rubbing against the entrance of a grandmother's tight, wet cunt. Very few grandsons had ever been in this position. It was clear that,

subconsciously, he was aching to fuck his grandmother. She was right, about everything. He was clearly gagging to fuck her, despite all his mind's objections. His instincts were telling him to fuck his grandmother. Who was he to deny his own instincts? It was with that thought that he began to push.

Danny couldn't help but groan out loud as he forced his penis into his grandmother's tight pussy. The pleasure was indescribable. He had to push hard to force his dick deeper. He had never experienced anything like this. The feeling of her pussy surrounding his dick in snug softness was amazing. He just kept pushing until his dick was completely buried in the warm tightness of his grandmother's cunt. He stared into his grandmother's eyes before his gaze gravitated towards her covered breasts.

"Take them. They're yours now." Janice said. He couldn't help himself. His hands reached down, grabbed the hem of her 'Foxy Grandma' t-shirt, and yanked it upward violently, finally exposing her breasts to his eyes. He finally got a good look at his grandmother's naked breasts. They were even bigger than he thought. They were massive, they were firm, and they were bare. They were capped by perfect hard nipples, and the skin was as smooth and creamy as the rest of her. He didn't have too much time to take them in visually as his mouth quickly attached itself to her hard left nipple. His cheeks hollowed as he tried to get as much creamy breast flesh into his mouth as he could. He reached up with both hands and finally gave her breasts the healthy squeeze they had been dying for. His hands kept squeezing, in disbelief at how perfect and firm her mature breasts felt. They poured through his fingers in just the right way. Janice rubbed his hair affectionately as he chewed

on her nipple. Danny didn't realize that his hips had started to bounce. The incestuous fuck had begun.

Danny was following his instincts on how to fuck a woman. Luckily, his instincts matched up perfectly with the way mature women like to be fucked. He pulled out to the tip before driving back into her again, his balls slapping against her ass as he did so. His cock was soon coated in his grandmother's juices. Janice's left hand reached down to palm her grandson's bare ass as he pounded her, assisting him in making the fuck as hard as possible. Janice, like most older women, liked her sex hard, and Danny was quickly complying. His natural instincts made him know that his grandmother liked rough sex, and he was eager to give it to her. They were both soon covered in perspiration, their sex-sweat comingling. Danny was now feeling an incredible pressure in his balls, that desperate need for release. It was a feeling he would soon be getting used to. All he knew is that he would have to cum soon. He didn't know whether he was ready to man up and cum in his grandma's pussy. But his grandma realized his indecision, and like a good mother, made the decision for him. She wrapped her legs around his thighs and placed both of her hands on his ass, holding him in place. He knew earlier she had talked about him getting her pregnant, but he didn't know if she was serious about it.

"I'm, uh, I'm getting close." he warned.

"I know." she whispered, now controlling the action as she humped against her grandson's cock. He tried to pull away but he couldn't resist the pleasure he was feeling. He started to hump against her

again. Very soon, the sensation of his wet dick, soaking in his grandmother's juices, inside her tight sucking hole was driving him over the edge. Knowing he had no choice, he buried his dick all the way in her, not realizing that she was no longer forcing him against her.

"Oh, Fuck! Shit!" Danny yelled out, now a cursing, rutting beast thanks to his sexy grandma.

For the first time in his young life, Danny's massive cock shot warm cum deep into the wet cunt of a woman. His ass was clenching as his load burst out of his cock into the warm pussy of his grandmother, whose cunt accepted every drop. Danny just kept humping, driving his cum as deep into her as possible. And he just kept cumming. He had a huge amount of cum stored in his balls. After years of being wasted on his vows of virginity, his dick was now being put to good use. Danny's head had moved up towards Janice's neck, groaning into her collar as he came for over a minute. She rubbed his hair lovingly as she rode out her orgasm under him. Soon, Danny's hips stopped humping.

"Thank you, Son. I needed that." Janice said, reaching down to rub her clit. Danny's cum was so copious that it was leaking out of her cunt and lubricating her hand as she rubbed herself.

Now that the cum was out of his system, he was able to think clearly. He realized where he was. He was in a naked, sweaty mess with his grandmother. He had just fucked his grandmother. What had he

done? He was a sick freak! What had his grandmother done to him? He had to get out of there. He started to pull away.

"I need to go." Danny mumbled. Janice tightly wrapped her legs around him, holding him against her.

"Don't worry, my son, you're exactly where you belong." Janice said, wrapping her arms around his back.

"No, Grandma, seriously I need to go." Danny said, trying to pull her arms and legs off of him, and trying to pull his still hard dick out of her.

"What did you say? I told you to call me 'Mom'! I'm your mother now!" she said, angrily. He tried harder to pull her arms and legs off of him, and she started fighting back. They started wrestling, with Danny trying to escape his grandmother's clutches. Their sweaty naked bodies rubbed against each other as they did so. Despite being significantly younger and stronger, Danny could not fight her off. She grabbed his arms and rolled them both over, Janice now firmly on top as she slammed his wrists to the bed. She was pressed against him, her sweaty breasts rubbing against his equally sweaty chest.

"Don't fight this, Danny. You're my son now... and my slave. It's okay, Son. You're with me now. You know the pleasure I can bring you. Stop fighting your true nature." Janice said, her face hovering over his.

"No, I can't do this. I can't be like this!" Danny pleaded, fighting the feelings she was bringing out.

Janice smirked. She started to tighten her pussy around him, her ass was flexing as she did so. The sensation of his grandmother's pussy tightening around his still hard cock took some of the fight out of him. He tried to speak, but he could get no words out. This pussy-tightening soon became a little bit of bumping and grinding. Her pussy went from grinding to rising on his dick in small doses. She rose a couple of inches, then a couple more inches, and soon, she was humping his entire dick from knob to root. Before he knew it, Danny was having sex with his grandmother again.

"We're a very sexually compatible couple, Danny. That's very important for a long lasting relationship. Just think Danny, you are sexually compatible with your own grandmother. It was meant to be!" Janice said, breathing hard as she fucked her grandson.

Danny was overwhelmed as his grandmother shucked her pussy up and down on his still hard cock. With each bounce, the fight was being taken out of him. He had been trying to fight her off, but with each bounce of her tight pussy, the force needed by Janice to hold him down lessened and lessened. Soon, she was able to release his wrists and put her hands on chest to balance herself as she fucked him.

"You know the great thing about young, repressed guys like you, Danny?" Janice asked. He was in too much of a daze to respond.

"When a young man is as repressed as you were, it means all that cum that has been bursting to escape from your balls on a regular basis has gotten backed up. It's been backed up so severely that it could take hours to drain your balls completely. And that's just tonight. All that cum will refill in your balls every night. Now you know how good it feels to drain your balls in a slut that knows how to care for you. From now on, you're gonna need a whore like me to drain your balls daily. We're meant to be together, my son. A young man like you, who can fuck for hours, is perfect for a MILF like me. Older women like me can go for hours, just like you. You were meant to be fucking MILFs. This is where you belong, Danny. Accept it." Janice said, bouncing on her grandson's cock.

Danny tried to fight it, but her tight pussy was taking the fight out of him. As she bounced, he realized she was in a vulnerable position. She was so focused on fucking him that he realized he could shove her off of him and run away. He could escape. But then he noticed her bouncing tits. He could shove her away, or he could squeeze those massive titties some more. They looked so fucking good, covered in a sheen of sweat, with those hard nipples rock hard, begging to be sucked. And the way they bounced...it was so sexy. The pleasure he was feeling was better than anything he had ever felt, and he had his grandmother to thank for that. And he knew the perfect way to thank her.

Danny reached up with both hands, and gently cupped his grandmother's massive breasts. Then, he gave them a firm squeeze. He pinched her hard nipples, causing her to groan out loud. If being her sex-slave meant access to these perfect big breasts and her hot

body, then by all means, sign him up. It was at this moment that Danny quit fighting. It was at this moment that Danny became his grandmother's sex-slave.

It was a hot day outside, and inside Janice's bedroom, the heat was overwhelming. An onlooker would have seen two people, dripping with sweat, having sex. And they weren't just any people. It was two people with perfect bodies. A mature woman with a perfect ass, massive tits, and fit body fucking a young man who was handsome, buff, and had a huge cock. It wouldn't matter if the onlooker was into incest or not. That person would realize that these two were perfect for each other. It didn't matter if it was incest or not, these two were so sexy they deserved each other. They looked so good together, fucking each other hard. And when the onlooker saw them reach simultaneous orgasm, with the young man squeezing the older woman's breasts hard as he came up into her, and the older woman flexing her ass against him as she came, the onlooker would only hope for one thing: these two were so sexy, and the sex looked so good, that they hoped with this fuck, a child would be conceived. With two people that good looking, they would have beautiful babies together.

As Janice came down from her orgasm, she reflected on what had just happened. She felt no shame from fucking her grandson. In fact, she felt great about it. Despite being a virgin, he was a natural at sex. The sex they just had was some of the best she ever had. And that dick of his was easily the biggest she had ever had. Just the sensation of her grandson's massive cock pounding her so deeply nearly drove her over the edge. If you have an eleven inch cock, it didn't take much

to be good at fucking. Janice could only imagine how good he would become after a little training. But she wasn't done with him yet.

She pulled herself off her grandson's dick, which popped out of her soaked pussy and slapped against his stomach, still hard. He lied back, catching his breath now that the hard fuck was over. His cum started to leak out of her cunt now that the cork holding it in was gone. She crawled down till her face approached his wet dick. She reached down and grabbed it in her right hand. It was the first time she had his dick in her hand. She just stared at it, admiring it. It was one beefy dick. She could feel it throbbing in her hand. She lightly stroked it as she admired her new toy.

"Please stop, I think I'm done." Danny said, clearly exhausted from all the fucking he just did with his grandmother.

"No, you're not." Janice said simply, knowing Danny was capable of a lot more fucking before the night was over. She leant forward and ran her nose up his dick, smelling it. She loved the smell of young cock. She finally stopped stroking it, held it straight up, then brought her mouth down to it.

Danny groaned out loud as his grandmother inhaled his dick. She got as much as she could down her throat, leaving only a few inches of meat not buried in her mouth. Her drool dribbled down his dick, soaking his balls. As her tongue swiped the underside of his cock, her mouth slurped out loud as she sucked her grandson. She pulled her mouth off of him, her spit connecting his dick to her mouth. She kissed the head of it, then kissed her way down his dick to his balls.

She gently sucked his balls into her mouth, before licking her way back up his length. Her tongue went everywhere, it seemed, before finally settling on the underside of his cock, just below the head. She was at this for a few moments before letting the head of his dick slide back into her mouth. Her deep blowjob resumed.

This blowjob went on for what seemed like forever. Danny had no concept of time anymore. All that mattered was the sex occurring in this room between him and his grandmother. And her expert blowjob felt amazing. She would bring him to the edge before pulling away at just the right time, letting his balls simmer before resuming the blowjob. This process repeated again and again, before she finally pulled away. Pre-cum was literally dripping out of his dick at this point, and he was desperate for her to continue. He watched her to try to figure out what she was doing. She faced away from him and bent over, pointing her ass at him, and pushed her tits against the bed. He was confused about what she wanted until she performed one simple act.

Danny's grandmother reached back with both hands and spread her ass-cheeks apart. Danny couldn't believe it. He was staring at his grandmother's asshole... for the second time that day.

"C'mon, my son. You know what I want. And it's what you want too." Janice said. Danny did know what she wanted. She wanted his dick up her ass. Only a true slut offers anal sex to a man. Even just a day ago, Danny never imagined having anal sex with a girl. His fiancée would never be up for that. Only a true whore is up for anal. His fiancée was not a true whore, but his grandmother was. Danny

was insanely curious about anal now that he thought about it. How could a girl like a huge dick up her butt? And how could a guy enjoy having his dick up a girl's ass? Isn't it disgusting? But... even though it might be considered disgusting, guys kept doing it. The only way guys must keep sticking their dick up girls' asses is if it felt good. Unbelievably good. Life-changingly good. Danny had to know what the fuss was about.

Danny got on his knees behind his grandmother, and lined up his spit soaked dick against her asshole. She gave a small nod, and he began to push. She groaned as she felt the pressure against her ass. It took a lot of force before her ass started to yield to his massive dick. Janice screamed as her asshole wrapped around the head of his cock, holding it tightly inside her. Danny grabbed her hips and began to push his dick deeper. It took about ten minutes before Danny had buried his entire dick into his grandmother's deep asshole.

"Oh fuck yes, my son. Fuck me. Fuck my motherfucking ass with your giant cock! Do it! Fuck your mother's ass!" Janice screamed, seething with lust.

Janice pulled his hips back before slamming his dick back into her. The lewd anal fuck began. Rough, nasty, grandson-on-grandmother anal sex was happening here.

"Tell me you love me, Danny. Tell your mother you love her!" Janice yelled out.

"I love you, Mommy. I love your body. I love your ass. I love your tits. I love everything about you." Danny replied, his hips pumping at a blinding speed.

"Tell me you want me to be your mommy forever." Janice pleaded, the anal fuck driving her crazy with lust.

"I want you to be my mommy forever." Danny agreed.

"You hate Erin, don't you? You hate your birth mother. You've wanted me to be your mom for years. Right?" Janice said.

"Yes. I hate my mom. I fucking hate her. I have always wanted you to be my real mom!" Danny screamed out loud, his naughty words increasing his pleasure.

"You hate your fiancée, right? You must hate her if you would cheat on her with your own grandmother, right? Tell me how much you hate her!" Janice screamed.

"I hate LeAnn! I hate her. I've always hated her! She's ugly! She has a terrible body! She's a fucking idiot! She's nothing like you. She's not as hot. Not as sexy. Not as smart. I love you more than I ever loved her!" Danny yelled out, proclaiming his love for his grandmother as he slapped her ass, causing her asshole to tighten around his dick.

The sex soon became even rougher. Danny reached under her to squeeze her massive, sweaty breasts as he kept pounding her. Within minutes, this sex reached its inevitable climax.

"Holy fucking shit!" Danny yelled out. He buried his dick deep into his grandmother's ass as he started to spew hot cum into her welcoming bowels.

"You piece of shit! I fucking love you!" Janice yelled at her new slave as she came, her asshole clenching as she orgasmed, assisting in making his orgasm even better. They rode out their orgasms together for over a full minute before Danny collapsed on top of his new mother, their bodies a sweaty, tangled mess as they reveled in the warm post sex glow. They had fucked the energy out of each other, so it was inevitable that they fell asleep in each others' arms, but not before Danny whispered three words in her ear:

"Happy birthday, Mom."

Janice watched as her grandson fell asleep. She couldn't blame him for being exhausted. She had just fucked the shit out of him. In time he would be able to keep up with her. In time, he would be able to fuck all night, just like she could.

She reached over to grab the bedside phone. She dialed Lilith's number. She knew Lilith and Camille were hanging out together, so she could share the good news with both of them.

"Hello?" Lilith said.

"Hey babe, it's me." Janice replied.

"Hey, hon. What's up?" she asked.

"Put me on speaker so Camille can hear." Janice said. As soon as Lilith complied, Janice continued. "So, you know that hunk grandson of mine? He's asleep in bed next to me, he's naked, and his balls are empty." she said, with a coy smile.

"You fucked him?!" Camille asked, hopeful.

"That's right. He gave me a very happy birthday." Janice said with a laugh, before resuming their conversation. They gabbed like a bunch of teenage girls for almost an hour. Now that the big hurdle had been overcome, all three women couldn't help but think about what was next. For the next hour, these three women developed some dark designs for the young man in bed with Janice. They planned out the next few years of his life in that hour. Danny would never have to make a decision about his future again. Why would he? These three women knew the ways of the world. They knew better than he did. It only made sense that they would run his life completely. Janice

looked at her grandson, happy with the knowledge that his destiny was in her hands.

Janice had been worried that Danny might reconsider his choices from the night before once the sun rose and he was able to think about what he did. Danny woke up first, confused as to where he was. He looked to his right and saw his grandmother's nude form, half-covered by the sheet, her breasts exposed to his leering eyes. She was lying on her back, breathing softly as she slept.

Would Danny reconsider his enslavement now that he had time to think about his actions? He could escape, but those nipples of hers commanded his vision. His grandma was really hot, though. If he had to be a slave to an older woman, she would be the ideal woman to be enslaved to. Her body was so hot. She was so sexy. And those tits, they were so massive. His grandmother was so hot she was seducing him while she was still asleep.

He realized nothing had changed. She was so fucking hot. He would enjoy being her slave. He would get good at pleasuring her. He would have years to learn all the tricks required to satisfy a slut like her.

Danny leaned over and took her nipple in his mouth. He sucked gently on it, playing with it with his tongue until it hardened in his mouth. He went over and repeated the process with her other nipple.

He kept sucking until he felt her hands on the back of his head, holding his mouth to her nipple. Danny positioned himself between her spread legs, and guided his now-hard dick into his grandmother's tight pussy. As he started pounding her, Janice smiled. She could get used to this type of wake up call.

But Janice realized it was time for Danny to make some wake up calls of his own. She reached over and grabbed her bedside phone.

"You need to call your mother. Tell her you're not coming home. Tell her you have always hated her and that I am ten times the mother she is. Do it or I won't let you cum!" Janice ordered. Danny didn't hesitate. He dialed home. He heard his mom's voice on the line.

"It's me." Danny said.

"Hi, honey. You getting ready to come home?" Erin said happily.

"I'm not coming home." Danny said, driving his dick into his grandmother.

"What?" Erin said, confused.

"I'm not coming home. I'm staying here." Danny said.

"What are you talking about? Why?" Erin said.

"I've always hated you. Janice is ten times the mother you are. You were never the mother I needed you to be. I want to stay here with her, and get some real mothering." Danny replied.

"What are you saying? What did she do to you?" Erin asked.

"Go fuck yourself." Danny said, hanging up the phone, ending his relationship with his mother.

"Now, LeAnn. End it with her. And while you do..." Janice started. She reached over to her bedside table. She pulled out a piece of paper. It was the drawing LeAnn gave him at the airport. "I saw this drawing. It's pathetic really. If she thinks this is what it takes to hold down a man, she is a fool. I want you to tell her what you think of her art. I want you to tear this piece of shit apart while you talk to her. Do it and you're mine forever."

Danny simply looked into her eyes as he dialed the phone. He heard LeAnn's voice on the phone.

"LeAnn, it's me." Danny said.

"Hey, baby. I can't wait to see you." LeAnn said happily.

"I'm never going to see you again." Danny said.

"What?" LeAnn said, confused.

"I'm breaking up with you." Danny said.

"Why?" LeAnn said, tearing up.

"Do you think your stupid fucking art impressed me? Here's what I think of that piece of shit you gave me." Danny started. He held up the paper to the phone and tore it down the middle, the tear on the picture traveling between himself and LeAnn.

"Why are you doing this? What happened to you?" LeAnn asked.

"I met someone else. Someone who gave me what I always wanted: pussy. She didn't give a shit about crappy art. All she had to do was offer me her pussy. And I took it. And it was worth it. It's so good. So much better than that art of yours. That's what it takes to hold onto a man. Tight fucking pussy and huge tits. Not shitty art." Danny said, bashing his now ex fiancée.

"How could you?" LeAnn asked, near hysterics.

"Fuck off, bitch!" Danny said, tossing the phone away, and leaning down into his grandmother's arms.

As he began to pound into her, Janice started to whisper in his ear.

"You did it, Danny. You solved all the issues between me and my daughter. It's what you came here for, right? You found the perfect solution. You decided to abandon your mother and become your grandmother's sex-slave. Problem solved!"

It took awhile for Danny to adjust to his new life. Janice warned them that some people wouldn't understand their new arrangement, namely his mother and his former fiancée. Erin was not willing to give up on her son just yet, and LeAnn wanted to find out what the hell happened to the man she loved. They flew out to Janice's house, but she had hired a guard to prevent them from entering. Using some connections, Janice was able to secure a restraining order against them both, making sure that they could not get within a thousand feet of her Danny or Janice. For months, they tried everything they could to see her son, before realizing that her son did not want to be seen. Erin returned home, not realizing that she would never see her son again.

LeAnn did not give up so easily. She had dropped out of school, giving up a prestigious scholarship, so obsessed she was with finding out what happened to the good-natured man she loved.

She was able to sneak onto Janice's property late one night. She scanned through the windows, and tried the doors. Luckily, the back

door was open. LeAnn snuck inside. She heard some noises from the floor above. She snuck up the stairs, seeking the source of the noises. She approached a half-open door, and she heard voices from behind it. She looked inside, and what she saw made her jaw drop.

She saw an older, attractive blonde woman bouncing on Danny. They were both nude and covered with sweat. The blonde's huge tits were bouncing. Also on the bed was another older woman. A dark-haired woman.

"Fuck his fat dick Lilith! Fuck him!" the dark haired woman said.

"This is the best dick I've ever had. I don't know if I can give this up." the blonde, Lilith said.

"Don't worry babe." a third voice said. "He'll be available whenever you want him."

"OH FUCK! I'll be here every day." Lilith said, screaming in orgasm. She froze as she came, and stayed where she was. Finally, the dark haired woman pushed her off.

"Okay, you greedy slut. It's my turn now." the dark haired woman said.

"Fuck you, Camille." The blonde muttered, still recovering from her orgasm. The dark haired woman, Camille, mounted Danny and started to furiously ride him. Camille was a bit rougher than Lilith. Her body matched her blonde partner, equally voluptuous and busty. LeAnn looked down at Danny's face, and saw him with a bright smile. He was in heaven. His hands went from Camille's hips to her tits, squeezing them roughly.

It was this sight, seeing the rutting animal her boyfriend had become, that made her realize her sweet, nice Danny was gone forever. She turned and walked away, running out into the night, crying.

If she would have stayed, she would have seen a woman join those three on the bed. A woman she would have recognized. Janice, Danny's grandmother. Janice joined her two slut friends on the bed, surrounding Danny with naked, mature flesh. She would have seen those two sluts spread Janice's ass-cheeks, exposing her asshole to everyone's view. She would have seen Danny force his fat dick up his own grandmother's tight ass. But LeAnn did not see this. She did not stay. She did not stay and watch three older women fuck the shit out of her soul mate. Three mature sluts that would not let her former fiancé rest until his balls were drained.

For most, this was a once in a lifetime experience. For Danny, this was a Wednesday.

Danny had never been happier. Janice had been right about everything she had said. He had never felt as truly fulfilled as he did when he was fucking his grandmother. He was truly happy now that he was her slave.

His days consisted of cleaning the house, mowing the lawn, or taking care of any other task his new mother wanted. He didn't mind that he was forced to wear a Speedo around the house so that Janice and her slut friends could admire him. Janice was now freed up to do, quite simply, whatever the hell she wanted to. After having spent many years working hard to give her daughter a decent life, her grandson was now making up for those lost years of her life. His labor was making up for the years of torment she went through. Janice now had the free time she so rightfully deserved, no longer having to do any work whatsoever. Danny took care of all the house work and any work she could come up with, while she lied around and gabbed with her friends. In his free time, he was either studying the MILF porn he was now addicted to watching, or updating his Facebook, which had, at his grandmother's request, become a shrine to older women. He would post pictures of his sexy new mommy, or some of her MILF friends. He would chat with one of the many MILFs he now knew, or would make a post for the world to see about how sexy he found them. One glance at his profile would tell you the one thing most important about him: he was in to older women.

Danny had happily enrolled at the local college at Janice's insistence. Not for any educational value, mind you. Janice wanted him to join the college's football team. He had been wasting his talents writing when he could have spent that time working out, keeping his body buff and gorgeous, providing eye candy for his sexy grandmother.

Plus, she always had a thing for guys in football gear. She loved the way the football pants hugged all those young stud's crotches. So Janice would not be satisfied unless he was out on the field, strutting his stuff for her leering gaze. His coaches had never seen a player with a stronger work ethic, and he quickly made his way up to the starting quarterback position. Little did they know he wasn't motivated by winning or getting great stats. What motivated Danny was the knowledge that if he did well on the football field, his grandmother would take him home, throw him roughly onto the bed, and proceed to have fantastic, violent, mind-blowing , fucked-up sex with him. All Danny knew was that the more touchdowns he threw, the more hours he would spend in the bedroom with his grandmother, giving her orgasm after orgasm. She was never more turned on than she was after seeing him on the football field.

The cheerleaders all lusted for this stud quarterback, but they were disappointed to see his cheering section consisted of a group of slutty, scantily dressed MILFs. The cheerleaders tried to invite him to parties after the game, but they would get discouraged when they saw him throw his arms around his slutty grandmother and kiss her affectionately. They had originally thought she was his mom, but they reconsidered that after seeing him be so affectionate with her. They obviously didn't know about the nature of their relationship. All they saw was this gorgeous young man making out with a beautiful but slutty looking older woman. They would stamp their feet and walk away, shaking their heads out of jealousy, disappointed to see that hunk wasted on some slutty old lady. Those young bitches had no concept of what real love and sex was all about.

Needless to say, due to the motivation Janice provided, Danny was a success on the field. His success on the field all but assured he would go pro. He was a top prospect, and was destined to get drafted high and make millions of dollars. This made Janice smile, as she was looking forward to padding her bank account.

Danny was a top football prospect and overall hunk of a man, which contributed to the strange looks he received as he walked down the street holding his grandmother's hand. Or playfully kiss her in public. Or do whatever tasks she bossed him into doing. Or call her 'Mommy' as he felt her up.

Danny had been so corrupted by his grandmother that he would truly do whatever she wanted. And he did so, for years. He was an obedient slave, and he followed all of her directions to the letter. And his addiction to MILFs had become so all consuming for him that even though he ended up having sex with a lot of women, he never once had sex with a woman younger than 45.

Danny's bright future had been stolen in order for his grandma to use him for her own sick purposes, but this did not bother him one bit. Before, he was a bright young man, eager to write and live out his dreams with his soul-mate. But Janice had stolen all of that simply so that she could get laid on a regular basis.

Danny was posting pictures online, about a year after his enslavement, and he was about to post his favorite picture he had of his new mother. In the picture, Janice was wearing just the things he had given her. That sexy black thong, and the legendary 'Foxy

Grandma' shirt. And there was one more thing. The shirt was being stretched to the max by Janice's bulging belly, seven months pregnant at the time of the picture. Danny's dick started to throb. It was the hottest thing he had ever seen. How could someone not be turned on by pictures of their grandmother's slutty body posing in sexy pictures, showing off her pregnant belly? To Danny, it was the sexiest sight imaginable. He loved fucking Lilith and Camille, but with Janice, the sex was so much better. The added thrill of incest made the sex spectacular. He realized again how madly in love he was with his grandmother. Danny had no regrets. He loved his new mother, and he loved her hot body. The best decision he had ever made was to become his grandmother's sex slave. How could he resist? She was so foxy.

END.