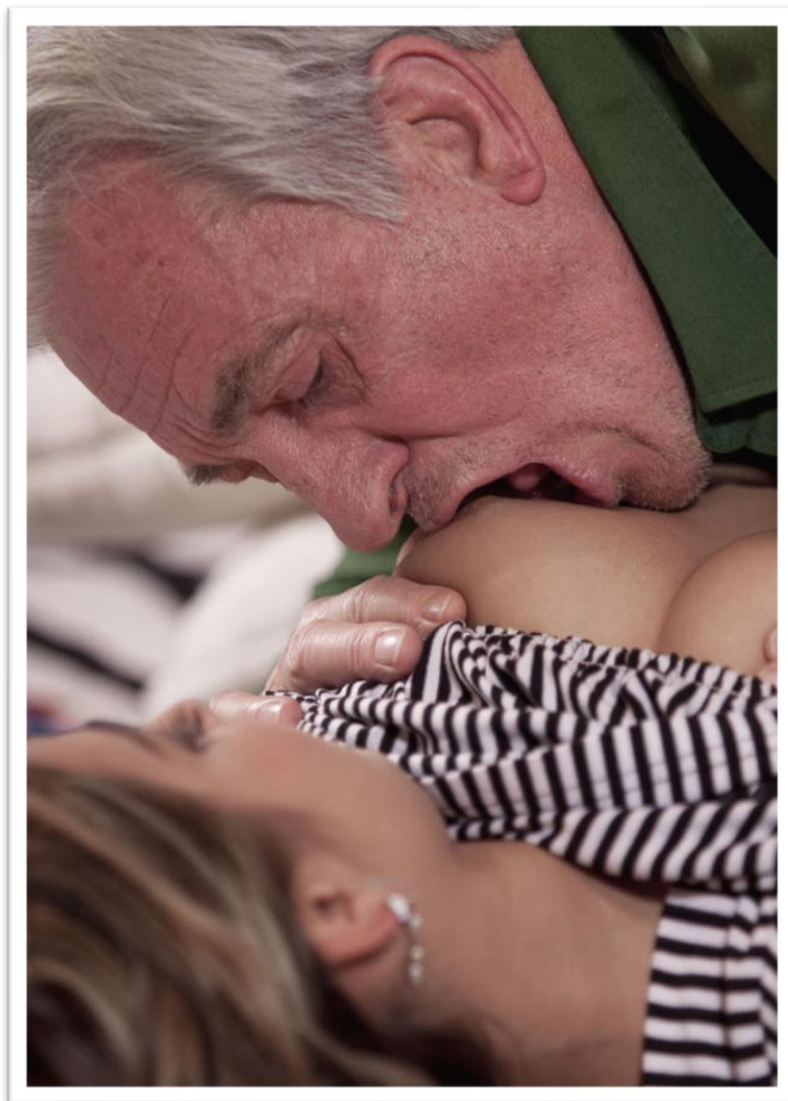


Grandfather's Busty Intern

By rmdexter



Chapter 1

The following story is a complete work of fiction and fantasy. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Please take the time to vote or leave a comment, the authors do appreciate it.

Shannon pushed the hair out of her face, her body glistening from her workout. Her body felt refreshed and fluidly loose, perspiration soaking through her tight gray fitted top. It was more of a stretchy crop top than anything else, the top ending just below her 34DD breasts, which were kept under control by the sports bra she wore beneath. Even with the tight-fitting bra pushing her ample breasts close to her body, there was no mistaking the impressive size of her full young tits. They'd started growing when she was 13, and it didn't take long for boys, and older men, to take notice. Now just turned 18, her sumptuous breasts were in their full glory, a truly spectacular set that her girlfriends envied, and every man or boy she met drooled over.

She grabbed her towel and wiped her neck, her long rich brunette hair pulled back from her pretty face in a ponytail. She wiped the glistening perspiration off her flat toned stomach, the firm muscles feeling good beneath her hands. Her black yoga pants were damp with perspiration too, the warmth of the room for the "hot yoga" class causing all the participants to sweat.

Shannon caught a glimpse of herself in the mirrors lining the wall as the girls gathered up their gear, the class having just ended. She smiled to herself, happy with the way her curvy bum seemed to perfectly compliment her big round breasts. When it came to her lush full ass,

her girlfriend, Natalie, had often commented that it looked like Shannon was wearing two small beach balls under her clothes. At 5'-6", and a trim 110 lbs, with her big tits and curvy behind, Shannon was happy her yoga class was able to help her keep her young body in shape. She had bold blue eyes, and her skin was flawless, smooth as corn-silk. With her model-like features and stunning body, she was every man's wet-dream.

"Hey Gobbler, you can drop me at home, right?" Natalie asked, stuffing her towel into her gym bag. The two girls had been best friends since elementary school, and now, just a couple months away from starting their freshman year of college, they were closer than ever. Although Natalie had quite the sexy little body herself, she couldn't compete with the overt sexiness that Shannon naturally exuded. She'd witnessed many boys, and grown men, become instantly tongue-tied when they were in the presence of her best friend. Her friend couldn't help it if she was blessed with an incredible set of tits, a perfect heart-shaped ass, and full pouty lips that looked made for sucking cock. It wasn't her fault, she was just born that way. When boys fumbled over themselves in Shannon's presence, it never ceased to make Natalie smile, and she bore no grudge towards her pal when it came to getting male attention. Shannon never did anything on purpose to draw the attention of males, it just seemed to happen naturally, a fact that Natalie had come to realize many years ago. Although not as physically blessed as her friend, she was saucy and vivacious, with a nice set of full C-cups and a firm little behind. She got her own fair share of male attention, and the two friends often discussed the intimate details of their sex lives, both of them sharing secrets when it came to their favorite activity — sucking cock.

"No problem, I'll make sure you get home in plenty of time," Shannon replied, zipping up her bag and starting for the door. The afternoon sun poured down on the two girls as they made their way across the parking lot, the intense heat rising off the asphalt. "And who are you calling Gobbler, anyways? I'm not the one constantly walking around with smoke burns on my lips from all the cocks I've sucked."

"You're just jealous. I know you like a nice mouthful of cum as much as I do."

"At least I'm not dropping to my knees in front of every guy I meet. I have some sense of dignity."

"Every guy I meet?" Natalie opened her eyes wide in exasperation and looked at her friend playfully. "Now you know that's not true — you're just exaggerating."

"Oh yeah, how about we play 'last time'?"

"Now that's not fair, you've got a steady boyfriend," Natalie responded, knowing the game the two girls often played with each other. "So I get to ask you first: when was the last time you sucked somebody off?"

"Three days ago," Shannon responded.

"With Steve?"

"Yep, good ole Steve. Okay, my turn. When was the last time somebody splashed your tonsils?"

"Uh...this morning."

"This morning!" Shannon had just unlocked the car when Natalie's answer took her by surprise, a shocked look on her face as she peered at her best friend over the roof of the car. "Who was it?"

Natalie shrugged her shoulders as she opened the car door. "The gardener," the young girl lied. "My dad had left for work and my mom was at the hairdresser's. I had plenty of time for Miguel to give me a nice creamy breakfast."

Shannon could only shake her head, knowing that when it came to swallowing semen, her friend could never get enough. She also knew that Natalie was right, Shannon was jealous of the carefree attitude the young girl had when it came to sucking off guys she barely knew. There was something luridly exciting about the whole thing.

The girls had decided to forego their usual showers at the gym and head home, Natalie having to get ready for a date that night. They slid into Shannon's car, a sporty little Nissan Z, a gift on her sixteenth birthday from her wealthy grandfather, Ted.

"You know, I love your car," Natalie said as Shannon pulled out of the parking lot, "but it is small. How do you and Steve ever fuck in this thing?"

"We don't," Shannon replied, "There's no way you could fuck in this little thing. But it is perfect for giving head though." She glanced over at her friend and gave her a wicked little smile before directing her eyes back to the road.

"Well, aren't you the cock-sucking little slut," Natalie replied with a broad smile on her face.

"Oh geez, like you haven't swallowed more paste than they make at a glue factory." The girls both laughed, their playful ribbing part of what they liked about each other so much. "So, this date tonight, that's with that friend of your older brother's, right?"

"Yeah, his name's Colin and he goes to UCLA. I figured since summer vacation's just starting, it would be nice to see what a college man is like compared to the boys we usually date."

"Yeah, they are pretty predictable," Shannon replied, thinking of her current boyfriend, Steve. He was nice enough, but like most of the boys they knew, he was quite immature, and had no idea what he was going to do with his life. She pulled up in front of Natalie's house, barely stopping before her friend hopped out of the car.

"Thanks, sugar," Natalie replied as she closed the car door, calling her friend by her pet name for her.

"Have fun," Shannon said as Natalie turned to go, "and give college boy's cock one good lick for me."

"No way, sister—if that cock's as big as I hope it is, it's all mine." Natalie gave her a quick wave and dashed towards her house as Shannon put her car into gear and headed home, anxious to take a shower and wash off the sweat from her workout. It was steamingly hot out, standard for California at this time of year.

A few minutes later she turned into the curving driveway of her parent's home, her face lighting up as she spotted the black limousine parked near the front door, a chauffeur leaning against a shady tree nearby, busy on his cell phone. Excited, Shannon didn't even bother to pull her car into the garage, parking it next to the limousine and rushing into the house. She heard voices coming from the family room at the rear of the house and rushed into the room, her heart racing.

"Grandpa!" she squealed, flying across the room and jumping into the arms of the tall well-dressed man standing next to the fireplace.

"How's my little sunshine?" Ted Lockhart smiled from ear to ear, his granddaughter's arms flying around his neck as she kissed him on the cheek, his own arms circling her lush young body. As she'd run across the room, his eyes had instinctively gone to her massive tits, the huge orbs bouncing and jiggling invitingly, even beneath the constraints of the tight sports bra. Now he could feel those big tits pressing against him, the softness feeling wickedly delicious right through his suit and dress shirt.

"Shannon, be careful of your grandfather's suit — you're all sweaty," her mother, Meredith, chided.

"Oh Grandpa, I'm sorry," Shannon said, stepping back and running her hands down the front of her grandfather's chest, as if to wipe away any traces of her sweat that may have stuck to him.

"That's quite alright, dear, don't worry about it," Ted said, giving the young girl a comforting smile.

As Shannon's hands automatically rubbed down her grandfather's chest, she couldn't help but notice how firm and toned his body felt, even though he was 56 years old. She looked up at her grandfather's handsome face, her love for him overwhelming her.

Ted Lockhart was a self-made man. He'd put himself through business college and risen quickly to prominence in the financial world. Following the windfall from some shrewd investments, he'd started Lockhart Holdings, a major player in the corporate world. Buying up struggling companies that he realized had been mismanaged, he had a reputation as a saviour, keeping people who had been on the verge of being laid off steadily employed, his talented people showing their skills many times over by turning companies around. His company flourished, making Ted incredibly wealthy. For many years, he'd continuously been on Fortune magazine's list of the richest men in America.

Ted had married at 22 and his wife had born him one daughter, Meredith, Shannon's mother. Meredith had been a bit of a wild thing,

becoming pregnant with Shannon at the age of 16. Shannon's father was Pete Westbrook, Meredith's high school sweetheart. The two youngsters had decided to keep the baby, and with both the financial and moral support of Ted and his wife, Shannon had been born.

Shannon looked across the room to where her mother was sitting in an easy chair, with Shannon's father standing next to her. Pete Westbrook was a nice guy, but had always been one of those guys who had tried a number of "get rich quick" schemes—none of which panned out. Now, in his mid-thirties, he was trying to make it as a struggling golf pro. Her eyes flicked from her father to her grandfather, and the usual feeling swept over her. Her father naturally fell into the shadows when her grandfather was around, most likely due to the fact that their home, and everything they had, came courtesy of trust funds Ted Lockhart had set up for his daughter and granddaughter, his lawyers making sure Pete Westbrook's itchy fingers were kept at arm's length from any substantial amounts of available funds.

As Shannon looked back at her grandfather, her love for this wonderful man made her heart swell with emotion and gratitude. She knew her grandfather was an attractive man, but looking at him now, she realized why he often appeared in tabloids with much younger women. He was actually quite a hunk.

Her grandmother had died in a car accident when Shannon was 10, and Ted had remained single for a number of years before starting to date just a few years ago. He had a number of residences across the country, spending equal periods of time in Florida, New York, and California, when he wasn't travelling the world on business in his private jet. Shannon thought back on the photos that had appeared of her

grandfather in magazines, usually when he was attending some prestigious function. He usually had a beautiful young woman on his arm, most of them looking like models. But it never seemed that any of these women stayed for very long, and Shannon was sure that was by her grandfather's choice—not theirs. She realized as she looked at him that any woman would want to be seen with him on her arm, and more than that, to be with him in any way he wanted. When she thought about how those women must feel about the idea of being with her grandfather, one of the richest and most powerful men in the country, she felt something towards him she'd never felt before—desire. She realized that deep down, she'd probably always felt that way, but now that she was older, her desire for her grandfather was of a more blatant sexual nature than she'd ever thought imaginable.

Shannon stared at her grandfather, not really paying attention to the conversation he was having with her parents. As usual, he looked like the successful, powerful businessman that he was. His tailor-made navy suit fit him perfectly, accented by a gorgeous silk tie, matching pocket square and rich Italian loafers. Shannon knew his whole outfit must have cost a fortune—but that's the way he always looked. He was tall, an inch or so over 6', with a trim solid body that she knew he kept in shape by working out and running regularly. His salt and pepper hair was tastefully cut, perfect for a man of his status. His face was strong-looking, with pronounced cheekbones and deeply set green eyes, eyes that Shannon knew you could get lost in. His slim Roman nose and strong chin gave him a chiseled masculine look that women found irresistible.

"Shannon...Shannon!" Her mother's voice broke her out of her trance-like state, her eyes turning away from her grandfather.

"Wha...uh...I'm sorry. I guess I was daydreaming."

"What do you think of your grandfather's offer?" her mother said.

"Uh, gee...I guess I missed that. What offer?"

"Your grandfather was wondering if you'd like to come and intern for him this summer."

Shannon turned to her grandfather, her face beaming with happiness. She'd done well at school and had been accepted into a prestigious business college in New York City for the coming fall term. Although her marks had been good, she was sure her grandfather had exerted some degree of influence to get her in. "Really? You'd really like me to intern for you?"

"I'd love it, sweetheart. I can't think of anything better to get you prepared for your first year of business school."

"Oh Grandpa, I'd love that!" Shannon gushed, starting across the room to give her grandfather another hug.

"Un-uh!" her mother interjected, stopping her in her tracks. "Go and take a shower first."

"Okay," Shannon replied, smiling sheepishly as her grandfather stood watching her, that mature calm expression on his face that always

made her feel safe. She started to walk away, and then stopped and turned, a million thoughts rushing through her head. "Grandpa, what exactly would I do as your intern?"

"Well, dear, you'd kind of be my personal assistant. You'd be with me nearly all the time, learning the business at the same time as you take care of my needs. Sometimes that might mean something as simple as getting me a coffee or a glass of Scotch." He paused for a second, looking at her intently with those mesmerizing green eyes of his. "And sometimes, it might mean more than that. It will likely mean working nights and weekends, sometimes putting in long hard hours, but the pay is good, and I can guarantee that in seeing to my needs, you'll have some experiences you never imagined."

Shannon felt herself shivering inside as she listened to her grandfather, his words seeming to have an underlying meaning that was making her young pussy itch, especially when he said she'd be putting in "long hard hours", and "seeing to his needs". She had to keep her eyes from instinctively drifting down to his groin.

"So, do you think you can do that for me? I'm kind of a mean taskmaster." Everyone laughed when he said that. "Are you willing to be at my beck and call any time I want you?"

Shannon shivered again, her itchy snatch almost bubbling over as she listened to his suggestive words. "Yes!" she nodded emphatically, grinning from ear to ear.

"Alright, Shannon," her mother interrupted, "Go and get cleaned up. Your grandfather has to leave soon for a dinner meeting."

"Okay," the young girl replied, about to go to her room. "Grandpa, are you sure you want to do this? Are you sure you want me to work for you?"

"Of course, dear," he replied, and now that he'd turned slightly away from her parents, she felt his eyes looking up and down her young curvy body, his eyes lingering for an extra second or two on her substantial tits. He then raised his eyes to hers, the aqua green pools seeming to look right into her very soul. "There's nothing I'd like better. I think it's going to work out perfectly for both of us. And I think it's time we got to know each other a little better, don't you?"

As Shannon stood transfixed by her grandfather's steady confident gaze, she felt her needy pussy twitch again, his provocative words triggering illicit thoughts within her young mind. "I...I'd like that," she replied, wicked incestuous thoughts swirling through her brain.

Her grandfather gave her a calm comforting nod, assuring her that he was totally in control of everything and she had no reason to be tentative about the intern position. "That's good, sweetheart. I'll just talk to your parents about the details. You go ahead now."

Shannon hurried to her room, bursting with excitement. She'd only dreamed of working with her grandfather, and now she was getting her chance, her chance to work closely with one of the most powerful men in the world. She tried to picture what that would be like, her mind

working in overdrive. It was going to be exciting, but scary at the same time. What if she screwed up? What if she disappointed her grandfather? 'You can do it,' she said to herself, trying to stay positive. 'He loves you — he'll make sure you succeed.'

She peeled off her sticky workout gear, her breasts seeming to relish their freedom from the confining sports bra, the cool air in her room causing her nipples to stiffen. She ran the shower in her personal bathroom and washed herself, her hands lingering too long over her breasts and between her legs as she thought about the way her grandfather had looked at her as he'd spoken to her, and how handsome he was. Wanting to make sure she had a chance to thank him again before he left, she made herself hurry, rinsing and drying faster than usual. Every minute of her grandfather's time was valuable, and she knew he always had a full schedule.

She ran to her dresser and opened her underwear drawer, pulling out her most expensive Victoria's Secret bra. It was made of shiny white satin trimmed with the most delicate lace, and the deeply hidden underwire supports made her 34DDs look absolutely spectacular, pushing the heavy round globes up and together to create a deep dark line of inviting cleavage. She pulled on a matching pair of French high-cut panties, the thinning waistband sitting sinfully high on her hips, the narrowing V-shape accentuating her curvy hourglass figure.

She then went to her walk-in closet and turned the light on, and that's when the trouble started. She looked at her clothes and felt embarrassed—she didn't own one thing that she felt would be appropriate for the job as her uncle's intern. Everything she had would make her look too young, and she wanted to look like a professional

and confident woman, like those women she saw with him in those pictures the paparazzi splashed all over the tabloids. As she looked at her huge array of clothes, with nothing striking her as suitable, she wanted to cry.

"KNOCK! KNOCK!"

She turned as she heard a knock on her door. "Yes?"

"Shannon, I have to leave shortly. I just wanted to see you for a few minutes before I left."

"Coming, grandpa," she answered as she grabbed a short pink robe hanging on the back of the closet door. She hurriedly tried to belt the sash as she raced across the room, pulling it tight just as she opened the door. "I'm sorry. I know you're in a hurry. I was just trying to find something to wear." Shannon gestured towards her closet, a helpless expression on her face.

"I think you look beautiful just like that," her grandfather said, his eyes looking down at her loose-fitting robe, his gaze zeroing in on the ample display of tit-flesh visible at the opening of her robe. Shannon noticed the direction of his gaze, but for some reason, she made no move to pull the robe tighter. It made her feel good to know her grandfather found her attractive. And he'd actually just called her 'beautiful'. It made her blush, but at the same time, she took a deep breath, giving her grandfather a better look as her breasts swelled up and filled the opening of her robe. She noticed his eyes didn't move, a sly smile on his face as he stared at the opulent display of young tit-flesh.

"Thanks, Grandpa," the young girl replied, moving back and gesturing for him to enter her room.

Ted Lockhart stepped into the room, closing the door behind him, and without Shannon noticing, quietly turned the lock. He had told his daughter and his hopeless son-in-law that he wanted some time to talk to Shannon about the upcoming summer, and he knew by the tone he'd put in his voice that they understood he wanted to talk to her alone. The girl's parents knew they had it good with the lifestyle Ted provided for them, and they weren't going to cross him by questioning or interfering with his plans. He was confident that he and his granddaughter would be left undisturbed, but he locked the bedroom door, just to be sure.

Meredith Westbrook was thrilled by the offer her father was making to take Shannon away for the summer and teach her the ways of the business world. But her feeling about the whole matter was more selfish than she let on. She was looking forward to her daughter being out of the way, so she could spend some time with the girl's handsome young boyfriend, Steve. Shannon had taken after Meredith when it came to her build and looks, which is what had made Meredith popular with the boys when she was in school. Lately, Shannon's boyfriend had been paying some extra attention to her, popping over when Shannon was away, pretending it was by mistake—but Meredith knew better. She knew what he was thinking when he looked at her, especially that time he came over when she was relaxing out by the pool in her white bikini, her sizable breasts and flat toned stomach on display for the young man to see. She'd made no move to cover herself when Steve had talked with her, flirting with the young man to the point where she could see the growing bulge beneath his jeans. Yes, with Shannon

away, she might just have to call on Steve to come over and help with some chores around the house — filling in trenches, or laying pipe, that kind of thing.

Pete Westbrook looked forward to the possibilities the upcoming summer would have as well. Maybe with his daughter gone for two months, he'd be able to get her off his mind. He found himself jerking off thinking about her constantly. It seemed to be happening daily that he found himself pilfering her underwear drawer and laundry basket, holding her worn panties to his nose as he breathed in her alluring young scent, or holding out her sizable bras in front of him, picturing her round heavy guns filling those sexy garments. Besides that, he looked forward to getting together with his daughter's best friend, Natalie. After some innocent flirting a number of months ago, they'd gotten together at a pool party one night, when Natalie had gotten a little tipsy on champagne. In one of the little cabanas by the pool, she kissed him, and then she'd become bolder, dropping to her knees and sucking him off right there while everyone else was close by. The girl had been good, with a mouth like liquid velvet, and she eagerly swallowed his cum, and then kept sucking, wanting more. It had been going on ever since. Whenever she had a chance, Natalie would call him, wanting another mouthful of cum, which Pete was only too happy to give to his daughter's best friend. She had actually called him to come by her house earlier that day, when her father had left for work and her mother was at the hairdresser's. Making an excuse that he had to go to the golf course, Pete had rushed to the girl's house, where she waited eagerly on her knees, her lips parted and waiting. He'd sat on the couch as she knelt between his legs, her head bobbing up and down as he sat back and enjoyed the hot wet blowjob, his perverted mind imaging that it was his own daughter, Shannon, slurping away slavishly at his cock. He'd fed her two loads in a row before he had to

push her away from his sensitive cock. Yes, he too was looking forward to this summer.

Ted Lockhart hadn't seen his granddaughter as much as he'd liked over the past couple of years, but the intel he'd paid for had been bang on — she had developed into a gorgeous busty young woman, just the type he liked. And the fact that she was his granddaughter made it even more exciting for him. He had no end of women offering themselves to him, and he'd had many lovers over the last few years, most of them close to his granddaughter's age. But as he looked at Shannon, her long brunette hair still damp from the shower, her pretty features and full red lips making young face look innocently alluring, her curvy young body threatening to spill out from the tiny robe she was wearing, and the way she had looked at him when he'd spoken to her moments ago, with a wanton lustful look glinting deep in her big blue eyes, he knew, he knew this was different—he knew she would be worshipping his cock in no time. He couldn't wait to get started.

"Grandpa, I'm worried," Shannon said, stepping into her big walk-in closet.

"What about, dear?" the older man asked, following her inside.

"Look at my clothes," she said, sweeping her arm around the room in a gesture of despair. "I don't have anything suitable to wear as your intern. None of these clothes are grown-up enough, like the professional women I'm sure you're used to working with."

"Don't worry about any of that, sunshine," he said calmly, calling her by the pet name he'd always called her. "I'm sending my secretary, Claudia, to pick you up tomorrow morning. She's going to take you shopping, and pick out all the things I want you to wear. I have to tell you, the things I'll want to see you in are going to have to be to my liking, but I'm sure you'll love them. I've given Claudia an exact list of what I want her to buy you, and she'll follow my instructions to the 'T'."

"So...so I don't have to take much of my own stuff," Shannon asked wide-eyed, surprised and excited by what her grandfather had just said.

"Don't worry about a thing. I have everything taken care of. You just be ready for 10:00am tomorrow — that's when the limo will be here to pick you up. Claudia will take you shopping and then bring you to the hotel. You've got a room in my suite. I'll expect you to join me in the afternoon for some work I have to do, and then you and I will be attending a formal dinner in the evening. The next morning, we fly out to Florida. I've got some business to attend to there for a few days before we head to New York."

Shannon felt her head swimming with excitement, a million thoughts going through her young mind as she thought about what this summer with her grandfather was going to be like. "Oh Grandpa, thank you so much for letting me do this." She rushed into his arms and gave him a big hug, pressing herself firmly against him. He had put his hands forward automatically as she'd jumped into his arms, his arms slipping around her body to hug her back. Shannon could feel something slightly different on her back, and realized that the sash on her robe had come loose, and her grandfather's hands had slipped around her

body inside her robe, his large hands pressing warmly on her back. He started to rub his hands slowly across her back, meticulously bringing his hands back towards her sides and up towards her breasts.

"You don't need to thank me, baby," her grandfather said in a calm lulling voice, "I think this will be a wonderful summer for both of us, and I can't wait to start teaching you all the things you need to know." Again, there was a provocative tone to his words, and Shannon looked up at him longingly, her heart swelling in her chest with love for this wonderful man. As she looked at his handsome face, his hands came higher on her sides, his fingers running over the sides of her jam-packed satin bra. She felt a little gush between her legs, the illicitly wicked sensations of her grandfather's hands on her young body arousing her beyond belief.

Ted Lockhart could see the excitement in his granddaughter's eyes as she looked up at him, her full red lips parting as she started to breathe rapidly, waiting to see what he would do next. He looked further down into the opening of her robe, which he'd deftly slid his hands inside when she'd jumped into his arms. Her large young breasts were rising and falling invitingly within her gorgeous bra, the full heavy mounds seeming to be calling out for his touch. He decided the time was right. He looked deeply into his granddaughter's eyes, and spoke in that rich lulling voice of his, speaking to her like a hypnotist speaks to a patient. "If you really want to thank me, I think we can start with a kiss."

Shannon nodded helplessly, feeling totally under the control of her handsome, powerful grandfather. But she felt wonderful being under his control, wanting him to do whatever he wanted with her. She knew she would be safe—this man would never hurt her.

Ted lowered his lips to hers, her arms coming up to slip around his neck as their mouths came together. Her mouth tasted sweet and sinfully young, her full red lips incredibly soft and inviting. Their lips pressed together, and he feathered his tongue between those satiny-soft pillows, his tongue searching eagerly for hers.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned softly. He found her mouth wanting for more, her tongue pressing up against his as she whimpered in his arms, his tongue exploring her mouth in a hot passionate kiss. He brought one hand further forward and cupped her breast, amazed at the size and weight of the massive orb. He squeezed gently, loving the incredible soft feel of the huge tit beneath his fingers. As they continued to kiss hotly, he let his other hand slip down her back, his fingers cupping her curvy round behind, pulling her closer to him.

"Mmmmm," Shannon purred deep in throat, her body flushing with heat as her grandfather kissed her deliciously, his experienced mouth making her tingle all over. And his hands, his hands felt wonderful on her breasts, not like the usual mauling she was accustomed to with high school boys. This was definitely a man, a man who knew how to touch a woman. She whimpered again when he pulled her closer, his hand on her backside causing her loins to push against his front. Beneath his suit, she could feel a swelling cylinder of flesh, her grandfather getting an erection as they continued to kiss passionately. He switched hands, his long fingers finding her other breast as he kept her pressed firmly against him, subtly rolling his hips against her panty-covered mound. The slab of meat beneath his trousers kept getting bigger, and her mind was swirling with excitement as it just kept growing and growing. And it felt so hard as it pushed against her, she couldn't believe it. It was

bigger and harder than any of the cocks she'd had from any of the high school boys, and it was still growing.

"Oh Grandpa," she said, finally pulling back from their kiss, her mouth wet and gasping as she look down between them. Overcome with wanton curiosity, she'd had to look for herself to see how big that swelling bulge was, her body on fire with desire. Her hand slid beneath the jacket of his suit and over the front of his pants, her slender fingers circling around the stiffening engorged lance lying beneath.

"Oh my God, it's huge," she gasped in delight as her fingers explored the length of it, the prodigious member still growing beneath her hand.

Ted confidently removed his jacket, draping it over a shelf in her closet. He then positioned his feet about shoulder width apart, his fists on his hips in a domineering pose as he nodded to a spot on the floor right in front of him. "Get down on your knees," he commanded, knowing that although the young girl was now like putty in his hands, it was up to him to take the next step.

She obediently sank to her knees, her eyes lined up with that beautiful cock straining against the front of his trousers. Shannon shivered with desire as she looked at her tall handsome grandfather standing over her, a massive bulge filling the front of his expensive pants.

"Take your robe off." He'd barely finished speaking before Shannon shrugged off her little robe, letting it puddle on the floor behind her. "That's a good girl," Ted said, looking down at his busty granddaughter kneeling before him, her full round tits beautifully on display in her

power bra, the heavily structured garment causing them to swell up enticingly. "Unzip me and take it out."

With her hands shaking with both fear and excitement, Shannon reached forward and drew down her grandfather's zipper. "ZIPPPIPP!" the raspy metallic sound seemed to echo in the walk-in closet, the sexy sound of the zipper being undone causing another shiver to run down her spine. As he stood in that formidable pose over her, she reached inside the opening of his pants, her fingers slipping into the opening of his boxers. Her fingertips touched the immense root of his cock, the velvety-soft skin covering his rigid erection feeling sinfully hot. With difficulty, she circled her fingers around the tremendous root and pulled, drawing the engorged member out through the opening of his fly.

"Oh Jesus!" Shannon mumbled under her breath as her grandfather's prodigious cock came into view. Free of its confinement, it seemed to unfurl right before her eyes, the massive mushroom head rearing up like a deadly snake. She gasped as she looked at the incredible monster, the thick broad shaft now swelling to full erection, the enflamed crown getting darker and more menacing looking. She couldn't get over the size—it had to be over 10" long and it was thick as her wrist. Of all the boys she'd sucked off and had sex with, none came even close to being in the same league as her grandfather. She gasped as her eyes zeroed in on the damp red eye at the very tip, shiny cock-sap filling the opening and starting to distend downwards erotically. As she watched that shimmering web of precum grow, she felt that nasty itch in her pussy grow needier, her girly juices flowing freely into her panties. Her grandfather adjusted his feet slightly to each side, his stallion-like cock bobbing teasingly. She found herself subconsciously licking her lips, her desire for cock overwhelming her.

Ted smiled as he looked down at his young granddaughter, her eyes glued to his rigid erection as her tongue traced invitingly around her sweet young lips. As usual, the associate he used to perform highly classified investigations had come through in spades. It was worth every penny it had cost him.

For a man of Ted's stature, it was important to rely on someone he could trust implicitly. This man, known simply as "Mr. X", had been invaluable to Ted over the years, providing him with information that had the ability to make or break deals, or personal careers. Ted had never ruined anyone's reputation on purpose, but it was always nice to have a little leverage in your back pocket.

A few months back, he'd summoned Mr. X and told him he wanted him to put all his resources to bear on one individual—his granddaughter, Shannon. Mr. X had taken the assignment, and a week ago had presented his report to Ted in the wealthy man's private office. He'd briefly explained the nature of his findings and then gave Ted a flash drive containing his full written report, which also included numerous photos and video clips. With a nod of thanks, he'd taken his substantial payment and left Ted to peruse the flash drive at his leisure.

Letting his secretary know he wasn't to be disturbed, Ted had slipped the flash drive into his computer. It had shown what a beautiful, desirable woman Shannon had become, with many pictures of her going to and from school, and hanging out with her friends. Knowing the nature of Ted's likes and dislikes, Mr. X had provided plenty of shots of Shannon in her cheerleading outfit, her big tits and round behind looking spectacular in her tight cheerleading sweater and short

pleated skirt. It wasn't long before Ted took out his longer limber cock and started stroking it, picturing what he could do to his stacked young granddaughter. He'd paused on one of the pictures of Shannon in her cheerleading outfit, her nipples looking huge as they thrust boldly against her tight sweater, the large buds causing dark shadows to fall enticingly at the tips of those massive globes. Just about to climax, Ted aimed the tip of his cock into a crystal tumbler he'd been drinking Scotch from earlier, a huge load of semen spewing into the glass. He kept pumping as he looked at the picture, copious wads of thick white jizz shooting forth, almost filling the glass. When he was done, he pulled up a different screen on his computer, hiding what he'd been looking at. He called in his current intern, Lindsay, and offered her the glass, knowing the young girl loved the taste of his cum when it was still warm and fresh. She lifted the glass to her lips and let the big clump of milky seed flow onto her tongue, her boss' eyes watching her as a wry smile came over his face. She swallowed, and then used her talented tongue to lick out every drop she could from inside the glass before taking a step back, awaiting further instructions.

With the computer monitor between him and his intern, Ted called up the picture of Shannon, his hungry eyes raking over her pulchritudinous form, every lush curve of his granddaughter's sexy young body emphasized with the tempting allure of innocence by her cheerleading outfit. "Lindsay, I'm going to have a cheerleading outfit sent to you today. When you come to my room tonight, I want you to wear that." Ted smiled inwardly, knowing that if things went ahead as planned, his granddaughter Shannon would be replacing Lindsay within the next week.

"Yes sir," Lindsay had replied enthusiastically, eagerly looking forward to another night of blissful debauchery with her well-hung boss.

There had been other pictures and video clips on the flash drive that Ted found intensely interesting too — shots of Shannon in either her car or other cars with boys. He had no idea how Mr. X got some of the shots he did, all he cared about was the results. He paid Mr. X handsomely for the thoroughness of his work, and Mr. X understood that with those sizeable fees came unconditional confidentiality. He knew that no matter what the assignment, it would never be in his best interests to try and double- cross Ted Lockhart.

Ted thought back on what he had read and viewed on that flash drive. There were numerous shots and video clips of Shannon leaning over a boy's lap in the car, her head bobbing up and down enthusiastically. It was obvious to Ted that the young girl loved giving head and swallowing cum, something he planned on giving her plenty of opportunity to do over the next two months. She gave a needy little whimper, the sound bringing Ted back to the present. As he looked down at her, kneeling before him in her closet licking her lips like a hungry porn star, he decided it was time to start giving her that first mouthful right now.

"Suck it, baby. Suck it until you suck all of grandpa's hot thick cum out of him," Ted instructed, his low powerful voice sending tremors down Shannon's spine. Mesmerized by the incredible size of her grandfather's throbbing erection, she reached up, her fingers opening as they were about to encircle the broad thick shaft.

"Un-uh," Ted said in warning, giving her a dismissive shake of his head. "No hands this time — your mouth only."

Shannon obediently dropped her hands onto her lap as she leaned forward, opening her pouty lips into an inviting 'O'. She could feel the heat emanating from the massive enflamed head, the tip still dripping erotically with a continuous flow of precum. Hoping her grandfather would be pleased with her efforts, she extended her tongue and brought it beneath the shimmering strand dangling from the tip, the slimy puddle of sap growing on her tongue as she brought the flat of her tongue up, more of more of the shiny discharge pooling on her tongue. When she got close to the tip, she pursed her lips in an inviting kiss, placing them right over the seeping red eye.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she applied some gentle suction, her soft lips adhering tightly to the pebbly membranes of his glans. She could taste him now, his slimy juices seeming to explode with an intensely masculine flavor on her taste buds. She loved it, and immediately wanted more.

"Mmmnnngggghh..." With a low animalistic growl, she let her lips spread further open, following down over the flared contours of his massive prick, wanting to get as much inside her hot wet mouth as she could.

"That's a good girl," Ted said in a soft lulling voice as he watched his granddaughter slip her lips further onto his pulsing cock. He smiled as he watched her lips stretch and stretch, looking like they were about to tear at the corners of her mouth, and then they slipped right over the thick purple ridge of his corona, the enormous knob locked within her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed again, her eyes closing in bliss as she savored the mouth-filling beauty of her grandfather's huge cock. The broad flared knob almost totally filled her mouth, the incendiary heat coming off his cock-head flowing through the wet tissues inside her mouth and setting her libido afire. Her grandfather's cock felt incredible in her mouth, and she found herself swooning with pleasure as she sucked at it, drawing more of his flowing precum into her vacuuming mouth. If this enormous cock felt this good in her mouth, how would it feel stretching and filling her innocent young pussy? She shivered with desire as she thought about it, her steaming little box leaking like crazy.

"That's my girl, take a little more," Ted said, his cock steadily drooling precum into his granddaughter's hot young mouth. She slid her mouth further down, her lips pursed forward like a fish out of water as they clung possessively to his rock-hard erection. When the broad flared knob hit the soft tissues at the back of her throat, she drew backward, hollowing in her cheeks to give her grandfather the feeling of being gripped by a hot buttery fist. She moved back until just the drooling tip was clasped between her sucking lips, and then she leaned forward again and let her full lips spread open and flow naturally over the flared cockhead, pushing the saliva forward in her mouth to bathe her grandfather's horse-like cock. She got into a smooth rhythm, bobbing her head back and forth, her lips stretched almost to the tearing point.

Ted looked down at his beautiful stacked granddaughter, sucking wantonly at his rigid prick like a porn star. The information from Mr. X was absolutely correct—she was a natural when it came to cock-sucking. As much as he would have liked to sit back and put her to work sucking his cock for hours, he knew they had to hurry—they'd have plenty of time for that in the days to come. "C'mon, baby, we don't

have a lot of time," Ted said, starting to rock his hips back and forth. "I want to give you a nice big mouthful straight from the source, so you know what you're going to be swallowing for the rest of the summer."

His words fired Shannon's arousal even more, and she worked her lips and tongue feverishly, her cheeks hollowing in erotically as she bobbed back and forth, creating a blissfully hot sheath for her grandfather to fuck.

"Oh yeah, that's my baby girl," Ted said as he took his granddaughter's head in his hands and started fucking her face. With his fingers buried in her lustrous brunette locks, he pulled her talented young mouth back and forth on his throbbing prick, gobs of her saliva dripping off his cock and into her lap.

"That's a good girl...keep sucking...keep sucking..." he said in a husky whisper as he felt his balls draw up close to his body, the first tingling sensation tickling across his midsection as semen started to speed up the shaft of his cock.

"Just a little...just a little...OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES..." Ted muttered as he pulled his granddaughter's head back and forth, his cock starting to spew inside her welcoming mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," Shannon cooed, the first thick rope of cum jettisoning deep into her avidly sucking mouth. The first shot was incredibly powerful as it glanced off the tissues at the back of her mouth and pooled on her tongue. A second ribbon of semen streaked forward, splashing against the membranes on the inside of her cheek and filling

her mouth. Further shots followed as her grandfather totally unloaded, flooding her mouth with a torrent of cum. He had stopped moving her head, holding it still with the enormous knob trapped between her sucking lips, wad upon wad of thick milky jizz filling her hungry mouth as he ejaculated.

Shannon's eyes closed in bliss as her grandfather kept cumming, another sizzling shot of paste sluicing across her tongue. His semen was deliciously thick, and she loved the heavy texture of it as it settled on her taste buds. He filled her mouth until it was on the verge of overflowing, pearly rivulets of cum leaking from the corners of her mouth and running down her chin. Not wanting to lose any of his precious seed, she swallowed, the thick rich semen sliding silkily down her throat.

"EEENNNNGGHH," with a high-pitched whine of ecstasy, Shannon climaxed. She hadn't even touched her pussy, the scintillating wickedness of sucking off her grandfather triggering an orgasm deep inside her hot young cunt. As the massive wad of cum settled in her stomach, the intense sensation that started at the base of her clit blossomed throughout her entire body, causing her to shake and twitch as she came.

"That's my girl, let yourself go," Ted said in a husky whisper as he watched his sexy young granddaughter shake through her orgasm, her soft lips and magical tongue continuing to work on his spitting cock. He continued to come, filling her sucking mouth with torrents of sperm-laden semen as she trembled and shook, her big tits shaking provocatively with each orgasmic twitch. She swallowed again, more of his mature seed finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach.

He was happy to see how enthusiastically she was swallowing the stuff, silvery trickles of clinging goo now dangling lewdly from her chin.

Shannon couldn't believe the size of her grandfather's load. She had sucked off numerous guys, but nobody came close to the amount of cum her grandfather was feeding her. And it was incredibly thick and rich, as if it was chock full of sperm. It made her swoon with ecstasy as she thought about it, so many of his potent swimmers slithering down her throat and into her stomach. She loved the taste and texture of it, wanting more. She sucked voraciously, her tongue rolling luxuriously over the sensitive cock-head as she tried to coax as much cum out her grandfather as she could. She was rewarded as a few additional spurts launched themselves into her welcoming mouth, joining the massive puddle she was holding on her tongue. She rolled the huge wad around in her mouth, loving the flavor and thickness of it, and then, with a blissful whimper, she swallowed, letting the slimy goo slide luxuriously down her throat.

Finally, as the last tingling sensations of his climax dwindled, Ted stopping spewing into her mouth, the last few drops of seed trickling forth onto her tongue. His granddaughter sensed the end of his orgasm and like the good cocksucker that she was, she slowed her relentless sucking, nursing tenderly on the oozing tip. He pulled his cock out of her mouth, an audible 'POP' reaching their ears as her pursed lips reluctantly let it go.

"Let's just make sure you got it all, sunshine," Ted said, reaching down and wrapping his big hand around the shaft of his turgid dick. Her eyes looked at the crimson head mere inches in front of her face. Her

grandfather's hand stroked slowly and firmly forwards, the remaining semen lingering inside forced forward where it filled the wet red eye, a rich milky gob starting to distend downwards. "C'mon sweetheart, don't let it go to waste."

"Ohhhhhnnn," with another needy whimper, Shannon eagerly leaned forward and slipped her lips over the cockhead, her tongue pulling the tasty morsel of cum into her mouth.

Ted let her suck for a little bit more, loving the feel of her soft young lips on the head of his cock. "Alright, that's enough for now," he said, pulling his cock out of her sucking mouth and stuffing it back into his pants. He zipped up quickly and slipped on his jacket, adjusting his tie and then smoothing back his hair. It was obvious to Shannon that this wasn't the first time he'd done something like this, and she loved the fact that he had chosen her to feed his cum to. "Starting tomorrow, you're going to start getting a steady dose of that for the rest of the summer. As my intern, I'm going to expect you to do that a number of times a day. Do you think you can handle that?"

"Yes," she said obediently, her face flushed with excitement from what had happened, a fine sheen of perspiration glistening on her young skin. Feeling something strange on her face, her fingers came up and found one of the dangling strands hanging off her chin. She shivered as she looked at the brilliant white cum on her fingers, and then licked them clean.

Ted smiled, reaching forward and stroking her cheek tenderly. "That's my little sunshine, things are going to work out perfectly." Ted paused as he buttoned up his suit jacket. "Now, you better get cleaned up

before going out there." He nodded towards her bedroom door. "Tomorrow, just say your goodbyes to your parents and be ready when the limousine comes for you at 10:00am."

Shannon nodded, still on her knees before her grandfather, her body trembling with arousal and excitement. She watched longingly as her grandfather turned and walked away, his hand unlocking the bedroom door. Working up her courage, she blurted out, "Grandpa!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can I...can I suck it for just a minute more?" she pleaded, her voice aching with need.

Ted looked at her, his eyes roaming over her stacked young form, her erect nipples clearly visible beneath her gorgeous bra. He shook his head, "No. Be patient, sweetheart. I'll tell you what, tomorrow night at the hotel, you can suck it all night long, if you want. Would you like that?"

"Yes, I'd love that," Shannon gushed, her green eyes glistening with happiness.

"Good, until tomorrow then," Ted said, opening the door and stepping out. He poked his head back in, nodding towards her lap. "I think you missed some there sweetheart, maybe you can have that before you go to bed tonight." With a playful wink, he closed the door behind him.

Left alone, Shannon looked down to her lap, her legs still folded beneath her as she kneeled on the floor. There on her upper thigh was a huge wad of semen, the heavy gob landing on her thigh just an inch or so below her panty-covered pussy. She drew her fingers beneath the sticky clump of goo, gathering it up on her fingertips. Looking down to where it had fallen, she slipped her fingers beneath the leg opening of her panties and rubbed the slimy cum on the erect spire of her enflamed clit.

"OH FUCKKKKKKK!!" she hissed, another shattering climax overwhelming her. As she convulsed and shook, the illicit thoughts swirling through her mind made her orgasm go on for a long time. She thought about tomorrow night, and how she'd spend all night sucking on that huge beautiful cock of her grandfathers. She couldn't wait...

Chapter 2

Shannon awoke full of energy, excited about whatever the day ahead had in store for her. After sucking off her grandfather in her walk-in closet yesterday, she'd ended up almost rubbing her pussy raw the rest of the night, remembering the feel of her grandfather's huge cock in her mouth, and the luxurious taste of his hot thick cum as he'd splashed her tonsils with a massive load.

Her boyfriend, Steve, had called, wanting to see her. No doubt, he'd been hoping for a blowjob, or at least an invite over so he could check out Shannon's mother, Meredith, who he seemed to be paying far too much attention to lately. But after being with her grandfather Ted, Shannon had no desire whatsoever to even see Steve. She'd happily told him about the offer she'd accepted to be the wealthy man's intern for the summer, a job that would have her travelling most of the summer, and far away from Steve, much to his dismay. After virtually blowing off the young man, she'd returned to her room, her fingers once more seeking out her overheated pussy.

This morning, she'd packed her personal items and a few articles of clothing, based on her grandfather's instructions that he would be furnishing her entire wardrobe. The 18-year old found herself getting aroused again, wondering what a 56-year old would pick out for her to wear. After seeing the way he looked at her yesterday, she knew it would be sexy, no matter what he chose.

"DING DONG!"

"Finally," Shannon thought, racing to the door. She'd been looking at the time on her cell phone every minute of two for the last half hour, impatiently waiting for 10:00 o'clock to come. And now, right on the button, the doorbell rang. Her grandfather had said his secretary, Claudia, was picking her up and taking her shopping, with Shannon due to join up with her grandfather in the afternoon. She'd heard her grandfather mention Claudia many times, but Shannon had never met the woman. She knew Claudia had been her grandfather's secretary for over ten years, and she knew he had often said he wouldn't have been as successful as he was without this woman's proficient assistance.

Shannon opened the door to find a tall gorgeous woman facing her. The woman had to be at least 5'-10" tall, and even then, her 4" heels made her look even taller. She had frosty blonde hair, which seemed to be of middle length, but right now it was pulled up in a loosely-tied bun, feathery tendrils of wispy hair wicking down and licking sensually at her long regal neck. She had a gorgeous face, like a model, with sharp features and pronounced cheekbones. Her eyes were a vivid blue, her mouth wide and full, her lips painted a brilliant red. Her aquiline nose was slim and matched the rest of her features perfectly.

Shannon let her eyes drift down to take in what the woman was wearing. She wore a cream-colored skirt suit, the rich ivory tone accentuating her deeply tanned skin and lustrous blonde hair. The jacket fit perfectly over a French-cut white blouse, with the slim lapels of the shirt collar overlapping her jacket. The jacket couldn't hide a set of nicely-shaped breasts that strained at the front of her blouse. Shannon guessed the woman had a generous set of C-cups there. Her matching pencil skirt hugged her long slim legs sensually, the hem ending teasingly a couple of inches above her dimpled knees. She had a heart-shaped rear end that the tight-fitting skirt clung to attractively

as it followed the flowing contours of her tall body. Her tanned legs were bare, and looked smooth as silk as they glistened in the sun. Her calves were full and toned, her ankles trim and well-defined. Her sky-high ivory pumps had a wickedly pointy toe, and a slim heel that looked incredibly sexy. As Shannon looked her up and down, she knew she'd been right when she told her grandfather she had nothing in her wardrobe to wear in the business world. This woman was the epitome of the powerful female executive. She looked tremendously successful, and alluringly sexy—just the way Shannon hoped to be one day.

"You must be Shannon," the beautiful woman said, giving Shannon a wide smile as she extended her hand. Her smile was infectious, and Shannon found herself smiling back as she shook the woman's hand.

"And you must be Claudia," the young girl replied, the woman's hand slipping into hers for a confident shake.

"Yes, I'm Claudia. Are you all set? We have a lot to do before you meet up with Mr. Lockhart...er...your grandfather, this afternoon."

"Yes, I've been waiting," Shannon said eagerly, pointing to her two small bags she'd placed in the front vestibule. She'd already said her goodbyes to her parents, who left earlier for a golf game at their private club.

"Come with me, my dear," Claudia said, motioning for Shannon to follow her. "Miles will take care of that." Shannon hadn't noticed the chauffeur standing behind Claudia until the statuesque woman turned and motioned to the young girl's luggage. The chauffeur sprang

forward as Claudia walked toward the waiting limousine, her arm extended for Shannon to join her. The young girl quickly fell in step as they slid into the big car, the chauffeur following behind and storing her bags in the trunk.

"So you're supposed to be taking me shopping for clothes to wear for work?" Shannon asked Claudia as Miles put the big car into gear and pulled away from the house.

"Oh no, dear. Your work clothes have already been taken care of. They're in your room at the hotel. Your grandfather has already taken care of the things he wants you to wear for work, and clothes he expects you to wear when you accompany him to social functions."

"He's already taken care of that?" Shannon asked, somewhat confused. "How...how did he know my size?"

"Shannon, your grandfather is one of the most powerful men in the world. There isn't much he doesn't know. For example, you have a credit card that was issued to you when you were 16, right?"

"Yes."

"With your grandfather's connections in the financial world, it's not hard for him to find out what you bought, where you bought it, and what size you bought." Claudia paused as Shannon took in this tidbit of information. "You'd be surprised at how much your grandfather knows about you. But trust me, he only has your best interests at heart,

and...he has excellent taste in women's clothing. I'm sure you're going to love the things he's gotten you."

"Then what are we shopping for?"

"We'll be stopping at a store for you to pick up some makeup and accessories—those things are a little out of your grandfather's area of expertise. That's why he's asked me to accompany you." Shannon nodded her head in understanding. Claudia was beautiful, her clothing, hair and makeup a work of art. She looked like she had just stepped off the pages of a fashion magazine. Shannon could tell that Claudia was probably in her early forties, but she had the body of someone years younger. Her face was free of any wrinkles, but she just had the experienced and confident look of a mature woman. "From there, we're off to the beauty salon. Your grandfather is quite demanding on how he likes his interns to look, but with your natural beauty, sweetheart, there's not much those stylists will need to do."

Shannon felt herself blushing as the woman looked her up and down, the young girl's body nicely on display in a floral party dress and strappy flat sandals she'd chosen to wear. It was the nicest thing she had, and she wanted to make as good a first impression as she could. Her young breasts strained at the confines of the tight dress, and she noticed the older woman looking at her lush young body with a look of interest on her face. Shannon was happy to see that Claudia seemed pleased with the way she looked. As Shannon thought about their itinerary for the morning, and then about the items she'd packed, she had to ask something.

"Uh...Claudia, I didn't really bring much in the way of underwear. I thought from what my grandfather said, that we'd be shopping for that too."

"He's already had that all taken care of." Claudia looked directly at Shannon's voluptuous chest. "34DD, right?"

"Uh...yes," the young girl replied, blushing.

"Like I said, your grandfather knows everything. Now excuse me, I have some e-mails I need to attend to." Claudia turned to her phone to do her work as Shannon looked out the window of the limousine, her head spinning. She was amazed at how powerful her grandfather was, and what he was capable of knowing. He even knew her bra size. Shannon felt that little itch start in her pussy again, wondering about the things her grandfather had purchased for her, even right down to her dainties.

A short time later, they turned down a street in one of the elite shopping districts in the city, and Miles pulled over in front of a salon. Claudia led the way inside, with Shannon right on her heels. Entering the salon, the older woman headed right to the accessories display. "You're going to need a number of hair clips and hair bands. Your grandfather likes to see his interns' faces as much as possible when he's working with them." As Shannon chose a variety of clips and elasticized bands, she wondered if her grandfather was more interested in keeping his intern's hair out of their mouths while they sucked his cock. She could feel her pussy creaming as she thought about that huge cock he'd fed right into her young mouth yesterday, wondering when she'd get her next chance to slip her lips around that beautiful monster.

As Shannon fingered the different types of hair bands and clips, Claudia encouraged her to buy many of the items, letting her know that price was of no concern. They moved to the makeup counter, where Claudia started by inspecting lipsticks. "Let's try this one," she said, selecting one in a brilliant cherry-red. "This is the kind of thing your grandfather likes. Always remember to have a lipstick and hair clip handy when you're around him." Shannon applied a thick layer of the glossy lipstick, and pursed her lips as she looked at herself in the mirror, Claudia watching her closely. Shannon thought she heard a low moan come from the woman, just before she spoke, "Yes, that looks perfect. I'm sure with that pretty mouth of yours, your grandfather will love it." The young girl noticed the woman kept her eyes on her freshly-painted lips the entire time she spoke.

After selecting a few lipsticks, they moved to the eye makeup section, with Claudia picking out various tones, from soft pinks and bronzes to smoky grays and subtle blues. "You'll need a good variety of these, depending on what your grandfather picks out for you to wear, and what kind of functions you'll be accompanying him to."

"You mean...you mean he'll want me to go with him to those fancy dinners and things he goes to?" Shannon asked excitedly, her heart racing again as she thought about the lifestyle she was going to be exposed to.

"Well yes, dear. I thought you understood that's what you'd be doing as your grandfather's intern."

"I knew I'd kind of be working as his personal assistant, but I thought that would be pretty much during the regular workday." Shannon blushed as she thought about what she was going to say next. "I assumed my grandfather would be taking one of those models he usually dates to those lavish functions."

A wry smile came over Claudia's pretty face. "You forget, dear, that your grandfather has no set hours for a 'regular workday' —he basically is on the job 24/7. So yes, you are right in that you will be his personal assistant and seeing to his needs, but that's going to be what he wants, whenever he wants." Claudia paused as her eyes once again ran over the young girl's curvy body and pretty face, a smoldering sensuality seeming to ooze naturally out of every pore of the sexy young thing. "And trust me, sweetheart, your grandfather will be happier having you on his arm than any of those models you've seen pictures of him with."

"You...you really think so?" Shannon asked, shocked and surprised by what Claudia had just said.

"Yes dear, I know so. Your grandfather is going to love having you at his beck and call." She put her arm around the young girl's shoulders, turning her in another direction. "Time for you to visit the spa to get ready for your grandfather. I've got some shopping to finish up for you, and I'll be back in two hours to get you."

"Are you sure you don't need me in order to try things on?"

"No. Like I said, your grandfather knows everything about you, right down to your shoe size. 6 ½, right?"

"Yes, that's right," Shannon replied, once again amazed by what her grandfather knew about her personal details.

"You just go ahead, dear," Claudia said, handing her off to one of the spa attendants. "They'll take good care of you here. See you in a couple of hours."

With a number of attendants seeing to her every need, Shannon felt like a queen. The spa was luxurious beyond anything she'd ever seen before, with young women seeing to the needs of the wealthy clients. They started by giving her a full body massage, the soft music and warm citrus scent in the private room had her almost drifting off to sleep. The masseuse's hands felt delicious on her body, leaving her totally relaxed. They had four attendants working on her at the same time as they gave her a manicure and pedicure. Her nails were a little irregular with one having broken just a few days before. One of the attendants started to apply a set of artificial nails over top of her own once they had been trimmed and cleaned up. The artificial nails looked perfect, without being too large or garish. "The nails of a professional business woman," Shannon thought to herself as she watched them being applied.

"Do you need me to pick out a color of nail polish?" Shannon asked.

"No. Mr. Lockhart has asked us to do this one," the attendant said as she pulled out the thin brush and started to apply a generous layer of

blood-red polish to Shannon's new nails. They applied the same color to her toe-nails, making all of her nails look wickedly sexy and naughty.

She was then taken to a hairstylist, who lavished praise on the condition of her lustrous brunette locks. "There's not much I'm going to need to do here to make Mr. Ted happy," the stylist said, pulling out his scissors. Shannon smiled, wondering if everyone in the spa knew her grandfather's likes. The stylist cut and snipped here and there, and when he showed Shannon how she looked, her hair still long and framing her pretty face attractively, she almost gasped at how beautiful she looked.

"Thank you," she gushed. "It looks amazing."

"You're welcome, dear," the stylist said, taking the cape off and letting her out of the swivelling chair. "Just take good care of Mr. Lockhart. He sends us all of our best clients."

She was then ushered to the makeup counter, where an aesthetician applied her makeup. Shannon could tell the woman knew what she was doing, the way she deftly worked on the young girl's face, her delicate fingers working the brushes and sponged artfully. A short time later, she spun Shannon around in the chair, showing her the results of her work.

"Oh my gosh," Shannon gushed, her long red-tipped fingernails reaching up to her face. "I...I look beautiful." She certainly did. The woman's work brought out the best in Shannon's naturally pretty face, making her look sophisticated, glamorous, and cock-hardeningly sexy.

"I wish all my clients were as pretty as you, my dear," the woman said.
"I barely had to do a thing."

"I never thought I could look so grown-up and...and...,"

"Sexy?" the woman said, a wry smile on her face.

"Yes," Shannon replied, blushing.

Claudia came around the corner, a smile crossing her face as she walked towards Shannon, her hungry eyes roaming over the girl from head to toe, obviously pleased with the results of the spa treatment. "Shannon, you look fantastic. I know your grandfather is going to be pleased." She looked at her watch. "Which reminds me, we have to get going. He'll be expecting you soon."

Claudia gathered up her young charge and hustled her into the limo, the chauffeur heading to the hotel where Mr. Lockhart and his entourage were staying. "Your grandfather's meeting with his personal advisors right now, strategizing for a negotiation session they'll be having this afternoon with the company they're hoping to buy. They'll be breaking for lunch soon before meeting with the owners and lawyers of that company at two o'clock. He's asked to see you as soon as you're ready."

"Oh my," Shannon said nervously, looking down at her inappropriate clothes. "I don't think I should see him in this, do you?"

"Oh no, dear. You have a room in Mr. Lockhart's suite. He's already instructed us on what he wants you to wear. When we get to the hotel, you can go to your room and change, and then come to the Ambassador Room on the second floor. Your grandfather has reserved that suite of offices and a meeting room during his stay. It's basically his office away from home while he's here."

A short time later, the limo pulled into the curved entrance of the elaborate hotel. Claudia led Shannon through the lavish lobby, the young girl's head on a swivel as she took in the luxurious grandeur. They took the elevator to the top floor, where Claudia showed Shannon into the penthouse suite, which covered half of the top floor. The place was incredible, tastefully decorated with expensive works of art, and fresh colorful flowers everywhere.

"Wow," Shannon muttered under her breath as she followed her grandfather's personal assistant into the suite.

"You should get used to it," Claudia replied, giving Shannon a warm smile. "This is what it's like everywhere your grandfather goes. And if you're going to be his intern, you'll be living like this too."

"What?" Shannon asked in surprise. "Won't I just have a regular hotel room like his other staff members?"

"No. Mr. Lockhart made it quite clear that any of his hotel room suites over the next two months are to have two separate bedrooms — one for

him and one for you. He said he wants to keep a close eye on his granddaughter."

Shannon smiled to herself, knowing that after what had happened in her bedroom yesterday, her grandfather's words meant far more than his staff realized. She felt a rush of excitement go through her, thrilled that she'd be staying with her grandfather every night. After seeing what that huge cock of his was capable of, she couldn't wait.

"Alright, dear, your room is right through here," Claudia said as she opened a pair of French doors leading into a huge bedroom. "Like I said, your clothes are laid out for you on the bed. You'd better hurry, you don't want to keep your grandfather waiting." With that final word, Claudia left her alone, the door of the suite closing quietly behind her.

Shannon turned and walked into her room, her mouth gaping open at the lavish décor. The bed was huge, with a large padded headboard, gorgeous linens in rich jewel tones, and expensive looking bedside table lamps. There was a couch a short distance away in a small sitting area, with an easy chair as well. A makeup table and small chair sat against the opposite wall, with a door leading into an en-suite bathroom. She stepped into the bathroom and flicked the light on. The room was gorgeous, extremely feminine in style and innocently sexy. The shower was enormous, with floor to ceiling glass panels and doors. The floor was done in marble, with swirling golden tones running through the large slabs of tile. The marble continued up the walls of the shower, making the whole room seem to glow sensually.

"You don't want to keep your grandfather waiting..." Remembering Claudia's final words seemed to break Shannon out of her daydream. She hurried to the bed and looked down. There were three items wrapped in soft colored tissue, and a shoe box tied up with a slim red ribbon around it. With her heart pounding excitedly in her chest, she opened the first of the three packages. Inside she found a gorgeous white blouse, similar to the one Claudia had been wearing. It buttoned down the front like a shirt, but had a double lapel collar that made it look extremely feminine. She reached out and ran her fingers over it, the softness coolness of the rich fabric feeling tantalizing under her fingers.

She undid the second package, peeling back the tissue to reveal a jet black skirt. She held it up and looked at the tag at the back of the waistband. She recognized the name of the high-end designer, and knew she could only dream of being able to afford a skirt like that. She checked the shirt, and sure enough, it was by the same designer. She could tell that the skirt would end just past the middle of her thighs, and would be perfect for business wear.

Setting down the skirt, she opened the third package. She gasped inwardly and her fingers trembled slightly as she found a gorgeous white lace bra and matching thong panties lying beneath the colorful tissue. Her fingers slid into the shoulder straps of the bra and she held it up, letting the cups fall open in front of her. The bra was gorgeous, the luxurious white fabric reinforced with underwire support, absolutely necessary to carry the heavy load Shannon would be filling it with. The heavily-structured cups were trimmed with delicate embroidered lace, making the sensuous garment look teasingly feminine and yet provocatively alluring at the same time. The tiny panties were of the same soft cool fabric, the lace trim around the tiny

waistband making her shiver at the thought of putting them on. She checked the label on the bra: Victoria's Secret, 34DD—her exact size. She shivered as she thought about her handsome grandfather picking it out for her.

She turned to the shoe box, and pulled at the slim ribbon with her delicate red-tipped nails. As the ribbon fell away, she lifted the lid and peeled back the piece of tissue paper inside. Her eyes were dazzled by the black patent leather pumps inside. She reached forward with trembling hands and drew one out, her fingers turning the shoe in her hands. She gasped as she saw the red sole, the signature of a famous designer. She'd only seen those shoes in magazines and videos of models and celebrities, and now she was holding her very own pair in her hands. They were gorgeous. They had a wickedly pointy toe and a slim 4"heel that she knew would have her young fit legs looking toned and incredibly sexy. The patent leather shone as she turned the shoe and stared at it, feeling the juices starting to run in her pussy already.

Shaking herself to calm down, Shannon stripped off her clothes and tossed them aside. She pulled on the tiny panties first, pulling the slim web of material in the back into the warm crevice of her behind, the tiny front panel cupping her sex invitingly. She then slid her arms through the shoulder straps of the bra. It was a bra that did up in front, and she pulled the two big cups into position, using her hands to fit her ample tit-flesh into the substantial cups. It fit perfectly, molding itself to her massive breasts like it was tailor-made. She turned to the full-length mirror beside the dressing table and adjusted her voluptuous guns, adjusting them until they looked perfect, the smooth creamy globes straining against the heavily-structured garment, the upper swells threatening to spill over the top of the alluring cups. Her breasts

were pushed together and up, making her deep line of cleavage look a mile long.

Smiling to herself, Shannon reached for the blouse, sliding her arms into the soft fabric of the sleeves. She pulled the two sides of the shirt together and started doing up the buttons, thrilled to see that it fit tightly over her full young breasts, without looking trumpy or obscene. The buttons at the top of the shirt ended partway along the inviting line of her cleavage. She smiled as she thought about it, sure her grandfather had chosen this blouse for her on purpose, allowing him to constantly get a teasing glimpse of her substantial tits.

She stepped into the skirt and shimmied her wide flared hips as she pulled it up to her waist, tucking in her blouse before pulling up the zipper at the small of her back. She looked at herself in the mirror, the skirt ending just past mid-thigh. Again, it looked sophisticatedly professional, without looking overtly lewd. Not wanting to wait any longer, she slipped her delicate feet into the high heels, feeling her whole body seem to take on a sexual glow as her feet slipped into the snug-fitting pumps, the shoes fitting her perfectly as well.

Looking into the mirror again, she turned from side to side, seeing the way the slim-fitting skirt molded itself to her lush behind, not one panty line visible, just the smooth curvy roundness of her bum. The narrowing lines of the skirt fit smoothly over her full thighs before ending just past mid-thigh, a sexy vent at the back allowing her to move freely while still keeping the trim form-fitting line. Shannon smiled as she turned and looked at herself in profile, the jet black skirt caressing her thighs enticingly.

Taking a last look at herself in the mirror, she adjusted a few stray tendrils of hair, still glowing from happiness with her new sophisticated look. With a deep breath, she made her way out of the apartment and took the elevator to the second floor, where she saw two men standing outside the Ambassador Room. She knew her grandfather had bodyguards on duty whenever he travelled, and these two men smiled as they acknowledged her presence, having been briefed on the new intern a few days before. One opened the door to the room for her and she tentatively strode in.

"Based on the terms set out in the acquisition documents, I don't see how they can say no to the offer," she overheard one man say as she stepped into the room. The large rectangular room had a large conference table in the middle of it. She instantly spotted her handsome grandfather standing looking out the window as he listened to the man who'd been talking. Besides her grandfather and the man speaking, there were about eight other men and women sitting at the table, all of the men dressed in suits and the women in business attire.

As the door opened and Shannon walked into the room, her grandfather turned at the disturbance, a soft smile lighting up his face as he took in the vision of his beautiful granddaughter standing before him. He winked at her quickly, the simple gesture calming her. "Well, Grant, you and I know things are never that easy," Ted Lockhart said, responding to the man who'd just spoken. Ted held his hand out, gesturing towards Shannon. "Everyone, this is my granddaughter, Shannon, that I've been telling you about. She's going to be interning for me for the summer." Everyone at the table turned and nodded, Shannon smiling back at the sea of faces. Ted looked down at his watch. "Alright everyone, we're meeting with their people at 2:00pm. Let's take a break for lunch and meet back here then." He paused for a second and

looked around the table at his people. It was obvious that this was a powerful confident man, who made all those around him even more confident in themselves. They turned back to Ted as he spoke once more, "I think if we play our cards right, that company will be ours by the end of the day." He pushed his chair in, the signal to the rest that it was time to take a break. He stepped away from the table, gesturing to a door at the end of the room that Shannon hadn't notice before.

"Come this way, sunshine," Ted said as he gently took her arm. Shannon slipped her arm through his, as any granddaughter would with her loving, caring grandfather. He led her through the door into a smaller room, where Claudia was sitting behind a desk, typing at a keyboard.

"Claudia, thanks so much for getting Shannon here safe and sound."

"She was no problem at all, and everyone at the spa loved her."

"That's great." He gestured to a door leading into another room. "Has the lunch I asked for been brought up?"

"It just arrived a couple of minutes ago and I had the server set it out for you on the table."

"Fantastic. So I want to talk to Shannon over lunch and then the negotiation session is starting at 2:00. I don't want to be disturbed, alright."

"No problem, sir. No one will bother you, unless this place is burning to the ground."

"Perfect," Ted replied, leading Shannon through the door to the adjoining room and closing it behind them. Again, she never noticed that he locked the door behind him. She looked around the room, spotting a large desk before her with a couple of chairs sitting in front of it. She could see another door leading into a private bathroom. Off to the side was a smaller round meeting table, big enough for six people at most. On the table, she could see her grandfather's lunch set out, with a large salad, a plate of fruit, some fresh bread, a couple of crystal tumblers filled with ice, and a bottle of Perrier standing in an ice bucket.

"They fed you at the spa, didn't they?" Ted asked, leading Shannon over to the table.

"Yes, they did," Shannon replied as her grandfather directed her to one of the chairs. She sat down, a small plate with silverware and linen napkin set out before her.

"That's good. I asked them to make sure you were well taken care of. Did you like it?" he asked, slipping off his suit jacket and putting it on the back of the chair behind his desk.

Shannon stared at him, with love and awe in her eyes. Her grandfather was so handsome, his tall strong frame honed from years of exercising and eating well. His salt and pepper hair made him look confident and prestigious, just like the charcoal gray suit he was wearing today. His white shirt was impeccable, with French cuffs and stylish cufflinks that

looked incredibly smart. His silk tie was subdued but powerful, just like the man who was wearing it. She found her heart racing as he strode over and joined her at the table, angling his big frame comfortably into the seat next to her, a big salad already in place before him. He opened the bottle of Perrier and poured some into the ice-filled tumblers before each of them.

"Yes, I loved everything they did for me," she said. She thought back on the bikini waxing they'd given her, the attendant taking care to make sure her soft young mound was smooth as a baby's bottom. She wondered if that had been done at her grandfather's request as well. "Thanks so much for doing that for me, Grandpa. I know it sounds kind of silly now that I'm 18, but after all the things they did for me at the spa and the way they made me look, I feel so grown up."

"You look grown up, sweetheart," he replied, his eyes flashing down to her sumptuous chest as he speared a mouthful of salad. She watched his eyes roam further, down over her tight-fitting skirt to her full thighs. Under his experienced gaze, she felt herself getting gushy between her legs.

"Thanks, Grandpa. And thanks so much for these clothes, I love them."

"They look wonderful on you, dear. With you going off to business college in September, I think it's time for you to start looking the part. Did you have a chance to see the other clothes in your room yet?"

"No," Shannon replied excitedly. "We were kind of running late, so Claudia asked me to come down and see you right away."

"That's good," Ted replied as he continued to eat, buttering a piece of fresh bread and plunking it into his mouth. "There'll be time for you to see everything later. Now remember, we'll be attending a nice dinner tonight, and I've picked out something special for you to wear to that as well."

"Will other members of your staff be going?"

"Of course."

"Will Claudia be going?" Shannon asked somewhat timidly.

Ted Lockhart could see what was happening — his granddaughter was feeling jealous. "Of course Claudia will be going. Just like all my other staff. Claudia goes to all of these functions." Ted paused for a second. "Shannon, you're not jealous of Claudia, are you?"

"Well, I uhh...I...," the young girl stammered. "It's just that she works so close with you and she...and she's so beautiful."

"Yes, Claudia is a beautiful woman, and we've known each other a long time. But I have to tell you, Claudia has her own likes and dislikes, with girls fitting high on her list of likes." Ted kept eating as he spoke.

"You mean...you mean she's a lesbian?" Shannon replied, her mouth gaping open in surprise.

"Yes, you don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"No...yes...I mean no, I don't have a problem with that at all," Shannon said, a wave of relief coming over her as she realized she wasn't in competition with the beautiful older woman for her grandfather's attention. "She really likes girls? I never pictured someone as beautiful and sophisticated as that being a lesbian for some reason."

"Yes, she likes girls, and she prefers young ones just about your age. Don't be surprised if you see her with someone like that at one of these parties. I'm sure there'll be a number of attractive young girls there tonight."

Once again, Shannon's jealousy radar started to ping. "So there'll be lots of single women at this function?"

"There always seems to be for these Hollywood-type parties," Ted replied, finishing up the last bite of his salad and pushing his plate away. He wiped his mouth and tossed his napkin onto his plate. "But you don't need to worry about anything, sweetheart—you're going to be my special date for the night."

"Really, I'm going to be your date tonight?" Shannon felt her heart pounding in her chest, excited beyond belief that her sexy powerful grandfather had chosen her as his date. She felt his eyes look hungrily at her lush young body, his gaze roaming over her wantonly from head to toe.

"You'll be my date tonight, and every night this summer. Would you like that?" He reached forward and tenderly stroked her cheek, the delicate touch almost making her swoon.

"Yes, I'd love that," she replied, her eyes closing softly as he stroked the smooth skin of her pretty face.

"I'd love that, too." Her grandfather paused, looking down at his watch. "Good, we've got just the right amount of time for what I have in mind." He pushed his chair back slightly from the table. "C'mere sweetheart, come and sit on Grandpa's lap."

Totally aroused and under the mesmerizing spell of this experienced older man, Shannon got up from her chair and eased herself onto her grandfather's lap as she sat sideways, her arms slipping around his neck. He brought his hands up to either side of her head and tenderly took her face in his big masculine hands, gently pulling her face down to his. "Let's start your first day on the job with a kiss, and then I'll be ready for you to suck my cock. You've already had your lunch, so I want to give you a nice creamy dessert. I'll be feeding you like this every day."

"Mmmnnngg," Shannon purred deep in throat as her lips touched her grandfather's, his words making her head spin. Her lips parted easily, allowing his tongue to slip into her mouth. As his tongue rolled over hers, she almost collapsed against him, surrendering herself to the sinful pleasure she was feeling. His tongue was incredible, fluttering here and there within the hot confines of her mouth, making her feel

things she'd never felt with boys her own age. They kissed passionately for a number of minutes, her tongue following his back into his mouth where they duelled hotly. Finally, they broke the kiss, and Shannon found herself gasping hotly, her ample breasts heaving enticingly beneath her tightly-stretched blouse.

"You're a wonderful kisser, sunshine," Ted said, calling her by his pet name for her. "You don't kiss like a little girl anymore." He slid his hand confidently up the front of her body. "And these definitely don't belong to a little girl either."

Shannon sat transfixed as her grandfather's experienced fingers plucked open a couple of buttons at the top of her blouse, the front of her sexy lace bra coming into view. He kept going, popping open the buttons until he reached the point where the tails of the shirt disappeared beneath the waistband of her black skirt. He stopped, pushing the sides of the shirt to each side, opening her voluptuous chest to his hungry gaze.

"Yes, you're all woman right here," her grandfather said as he slid one hand into her open shirt, his fingers feeling deliciously cool on the smooth skin of her stomach. His big hand slid up, cupping her breast. He squeezed softly, watching as the fleshy orbs oozed up against the delicate lacy edge of the bra cups.

"Mmm... that feels good, Grandpa," Shannon said softly as she looked down at her grandfather's hand, his fingers tracing teasingly along the lacy top edge of her bra.

"Well, let's take a good look," Ted said, reaching between the bra cups with both hands and deftly slipping open the clasp. He pulled the cups to each side, her enormous breasts seeming to swell and relax downwards over the full breadth of her chest. Once released from the confines of her bra, Shannon's nipples stiffened and swelled, becoming a vivid pink color. Ted hefted his granddaughter's spectacular tits, amazed at the weight of them.

"Now, these are truly a woman's breasts," he said, his mature voice lavish with praise as he filled his hands with the mouth-watering orbs, his thumbs now rolling over the stiff buds of her nipples.

"Oh Grandpa," Shannon cooed, resting her head on the older man's shoulder as he toyed with her sensitive breasts. He seemed to know exactly how to touch her, so different from the backseat mauling she was used to from high school boys.

"Yes sweetheart, these are beautiful," Ted said, keeping one hand on her breasts as he put his other hand around her trim waist and pulled her further onto his lap. "Can you feel how much I like them?"

Shannon groaned as her grandfather pulled her slightly forward, her curvy bum sliding over the immense cylinder of flesh beneath his trousers. She rolled her hips, gasping as the stiffening slab of meat pressed up against her tight-fitting skirt. She remembered how big it was when she's sucked him off yesterday, and she wanted to taste and feel that big fucker in her mouth again. She slid on his lap, as if measuring it with her ass. She moaned as he flexed up against her. 'Oh fuck', she thought to herself, 'that thing has to be at least 10" long, and

it's so incredibly hard. He said I could suck it all night long tonight. I hope he hasn't forgotten what he promised.'

"Shannon," her grandfather said, his calm powerful voice taking on that hypnotic lulling tone again. "Did you remember your lipstick and hair clip?"

Shannon remembered Claudia telling her to always have those two things handy. "Uh, no. I'm sorry. They're up in my room." She sighed, worried her grandfather would be upset with her.

"That's alright, dear. It's your first day. I had Claudia leave one of each in the vanity drawer in the bathroom. I want you to go in there, put your hair up in the clip, and apply a fresh coat of lipstick."

"Yes sir," the young girl replied obediently before sliding off her grandfather's lap and walking to the washroom.

Ted watched his granddaughter step away, her full round ass swinging seductively from side to side as she walked across the room in her sky-high heels. As he looked at that tremendous curvy behind, the full spheres mouth-wateringly defined in the tight black skirt, he felt his prodigious member lurch in his pants, knowing he'd be burying himself balls deep in the girl's tight young pussy tonight.

Shannon quickly found the drawer in the vanity and opened it, a tube of lipstick and an ornate hair clip inside. She pulled back her thick brunette hair and fastened it securely with the clip, making sure her

face was clear of any loose tendrils. She uncapped the lipstick and drew out the tiny brush, glistening with the brilliant cherry-red lipstick. She pursed her lips and applied a thick coat, making her already full lips look pouty and alluring—perfect cocksucking lips. With her shirt and bra hanging open, she looked at her large young breasts filling the full breadth of her chest, the nipples swollen and stiff from her grandfather's skillful groping hands. She could feel a trickle of emulsion slip from between her pussy lips, and knew it had escaped from the leg opening of her panties and was slowly making its way down the inside of her thigh. She looked at her face in the mirror and pursed her lips, knowing she'd soon have those glistening red pillows wrapped around her grandfather's stallion-like cock. The thought made her pussy twitch again, and she felt another trickle ooze out and start to slide down her other thigh.

Shannon walked out of the room and towards her grandfather, flushed with excitement. He got up from his chair as she walked towards him, his eyes zeroing in on her exposed tits, the heavy mounds wobbling enticingly as she walked. As she approached, his eyes focused on her mouth, a smile crossing his face as he looked at her hair and shining red lips. "That's a good girl. That's what I like to see, the hair off of your pretty face and a nice fresh coat of lipstick—perfect for getting a mouthful of cock," he said in his soft low voice, his hands reaching for her shoulders. He pushed down. "Just kneel right there and take my pants off."

Shannon dropped to her knees obediently, her face mere inches away from the substantial bulge straining at the front of his pants. She reached forward and undid his belt, and then slid down his zipper, the raspy metal sound tingling erotically in her ears. Grabbing the waistband of his pants, she slid them down his legs and off, noticing he

had already kicked off his shoes. He wore a pair of white fitted boxers, the enormous slab of flesh angling crazily upwards and to one side, a translucent stain visible where his flowing precum was soaking through the material. The soft cotton fabric was stretched to the bursting point, the enormous mushroom head fighting to escape the constraining waistband.

"That's all for you, sunshine. Take my underwear off so I can feel those pretty red lips of yours."

Shannon compliantly did as she was told, her red-tipped fingers gripping the waistband and pulling, the tightly-stretched material getting caught up for a split second on the enormous cock-head before slipping past. As the massive cock came free, it snapped upward, flicking a shimmering trail of precum up along her throat and across her face, the slimy cock-sap feeling like a tingling electric shock as it splattered onto her face. She quickly drew his underwear down and tossed them to the side, her eyes instinctively coming back to the menacing fuckstick looming before her.

"It's beautiful," she mumbled under her breath, her eyes taking in the dazzling sight of her grandfather's huge dick lifting to full erection, the engorged crimson crown seeming to pulse and bob with each powerful beat of his heart.

"C'mon, sweetheart," her grandfather said, sitting back down in his chair and spreading his thighs lewdly. "Wrap those sweet lips around it so I can feed you. I haven't come since I was with you yesterday, so you're going to get a nice big mouthful."

Shannon shivered with arousal, a flicking tingle tripping down her spine. She leaned forward on her knees, her hand reaching out to the throbbing dick pulsing before her. Unlike yesterday, her grandfather let her put her hand on it, her slim fingers circling the thick shaft near the root. She gasped as her fingers closed around the velvety hardness, the heat emanating from the throbbing weapon warming her hand. She was amazed at the thickness of it, her fingers coming nowhere near to closing as they circled the impressive girth. She slid the outer sheath towards her face, marvelling that something so exquisitely soft could be so mercilessly hard as well. As her hand came forwards, a gleaming bead of precum slid forth to fill the damp red eye as she milked more of the warm syrupy liquid to the surface. It started to distend downwards, the shimmering web of cock-sap dangling down erotically. It quivered teasingly and shone provocatively in the light, drawing Shannon to it like iron filings to a magnet.

"Ohhhnnnn..." With a groan of pleasure, she couldn't wait any longer and dove onto her grandfather's cock. Overwhelmed with desire, she wantonly opened her mouth and extended her tongue beneath the shimmering web, letting the slimy sap gather on her tongue. She brought her mouth upwards, slurping at the glittering strand as she sucked it into her mouth. When she got to the wet red eye, she slipped the tip of her tongue into the shining opening, and then brought her pursed lips right onto the pebbly membranes of the glans, her lips clinging to it in a searing kiss.

"Oh yeah, that's my girl. Those red lips look so pretty on my cock. That's exactly where they belong. You better get used to it, sweetheart, that's where they're going to be for most of the summer."

Shannon felt her pleasure level rising as she listened to her grandfather, his words firing her libido even more. She loved the feel and taste of his magnificent cock, and spending the whole summer with that beautiful slab of flesh between her lips was more than she had ever dreamed of. Wanting to please her grandfather more than ever, she pushed forward, allowing her lips to spread open and follow the contours of his flaring knob. She could feel her lips stretching over the massive lemon-sized crown, feeling her mouth tightening at the corners, and then, her lips slipped over the purple ridge of his rope-like corona, trapping the engorged head within her mouth.

"Mmmmm..." She almost swooned with pleasure as the massive knob filled her hot young mouth, her tongue rolling all over the sensitive tissues of the crown. She could feel it leaking a steady trickle of precum into her mouth, the purely masculine taste thrilling her as it slid silkily down her throat. She loved the taste of precum, but she knew what she really wanted was the real thing—a mouthful of his thick rich semen. She'd had her first mouthful yesterday, and she already knew she was addicted. She knew she'd love nothing more than for her grandfather to feed her as much of his cum as he wanted, whenever he wanted. More than anything, she wanted to make him happy with her efforts, starting now.

"Mmmmm..." She purred again as she took a deep breath through her nose and pressed forward, her painted lips pursed forward as she moved further down his surging erection.

"That's my girl, take a little more," Ted Lockhart said as he sat back and let his granddaughter use her talented mouth on him. The girl was a

natural-born cocksucker—no doubt about it. He loved the way she enthusiastically went about her work, sucking on him feverishly like someone who'd been handed a drink after weeks of being stranded in the desert. Her lips looked amazing. They were full and pouty to start with, but the cherry-red lipstick gave them the alluring look of pure innocence. As she started to bob up and down on his cock, he smiled as he looked at the residual red stains her lips were leaving in his throbbing shaft, saliva flowing down the shaft of his cock and over her pumping hand.

Shannon was in heaven, never having had such a magnificent cock to suck on before. It filled her mouth and stretched her lips luxuriously, letting her know this was a cock that had full control over her, and she loved it. She loved being a slave to it, to worship it whenever her grandfather wanted her to. It was so hard, and yet so velvety soft, she found herself overwhelmed with desire for it, and shivered as she thought about what that monster would do to her young tight pussy, should her grandfather ask that of her. She prayed he'd take her, take her deep and hard, fucking her within an inch of her life with that huge cock, making her come over and over again until she passed out from the blissful pleasure, her body his to do with as he pleased.

"That's the way, sunshine. Just keep sucking it like that. Just a little more and you'll get a nice big reward." The girl was sucking on him like a porn star, and as much as Ted would have liked to have her slow down and make this last, he knew that once again, they didn't have a lot of time, and he wanted to do something for her in return. After all these years, he had great control over his cock, and he allowed the scintillating pleasure of her magical mouth take him to the pinnacle, her pumping hand and swirling tongue drawing the cum right out of his overflowing balls.

"That's it...that's it...just a little...just a little...OH FUUUUCCCKKK...HERE YOU GO..." Ted warned as he felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of his cock.

Shannon almost had her head knocked off his pulsing dick as the first rope jettisoned forth and slammed against the hot wet tissues at the back of her mouth. She sucked slavishly as another sizzling jet spewed forth, the massive ribbon of semen sloshing onto her tongue. Another wad spewed forth, totally filling her mouth, and she felt her cheeks bulging as she fought to contain the geyser of masculinity going off in her mouth. Feeling it about to overflow her bloated cheeks, she swallowed, a huge thick puddle of liquid protein sliding down her throat. She was so turned on, the taste and texture of her grandfather's potent seed slithering sensually down her throat was all it took—she climaxed right there on the spot.

"Ennnngghh," she keened into his bucking prong, her body twitching spastically as her grandfather continued to flood her mouth with a steaming load of semen, torrents of the gooey slime splashing across her tonsils. She sucked voraciously, wanting as much as she could get, her tiny hand pumping his pulsating erection in order to coax every drop of masculine seed out of him. Her climax started deep between her legs, but it rapidly blossomed throughout her entire body, every nerve-ending tingling with delight.

Ted looked down and smiled as the delicious orgasmic contractions flowed through his midsection, his sweet young granddaughter sucking slavishly at his spewing cock. Her sexy red lips were pursed well forward, circling his pulsating shaft obscenely as she sucked like

a pro, the muscles in her neck contracting provocatively as she swallowed, wad upon wad of sperm-laden cum sliding wantonly down her young throat. He could see her twitching and shaking as she continued to suck, her eyes closed in blissful pleasure as she climaxed, a glowing sheen of perspiration covering her pretty face. It thrilled him to know his granddaughter was such a hot little thing, coming from just sucking him off. He couldn't wait to get inside that hot little cunt of hers. He planned on being in that tight young pussy for a good long time tonight, plus he wanted to start working to open up that throat of hers. But right now, what she was doing was perfect, that hot mouth of hers sucking out the last creamy wads of semen, his cock spewing the last tasty morsels right onto her waiting tongue.

"That's good, sweetheart, you got nearly all of it," Ted said as he sat forward and kissed the top of her head, her lips still nursing on the tip of his spent prick. He sat back and looked at her pretty face, her eyes glazed over as she held his beefy fuckstick in her hand, her lips drawing softly on the tip, making sure she got the last of his seeping juices into her mouth. He reached forward with his index finger and gathered up a glistening trickle of milky fluid seeping from the corner of her mouth, feeding his gooey finger into her mouth in order for her to get every drop. She sucked wantonly at his finger, her tongue fluttering against his invading digit suggestively.

"That's just what I needed before a negotiation session," Ted said, pulling his cock out of her sucking mouth and getting dressed. As he pulled on his underwear and pants, Shannon continued to kneel before him, her mouth open and gasping, her lipstick smeared erotically around her gaping mouth. "Come up here, sweetheart."

As she got to her feet, he slipped his arm around her and picked her up, lifting her easily onto the table in front of his chair. Shannon was amazed at this strength, at how easily he'd lifted her, his strong arms feeling wonderful around her.

"I think you deserve a little reward for that," he said. Now fully dressed, he sat back down in his chair and pulled it closer to the table. "Put your feet on the arms of my chair." Shannon compliantly brought her feet up, her sexy red-soled shoes perching on the arms of the chair, her grandfather now sitting between her spread legs. "Sit closer to the edge." He reached forward and grabbed her hips, pulling her closer. As she slid forward on the top of the desk, her knees came further up, the hem of her short black skirt rising higher and higher on her smooth young thighs. "That's my girl, now let your legs roll open to each side." Shannon let her thighs drift apart, her bent knees pointing to opposite sides of the room. She put her palms behind her on the desk to support her upper body, her arms extended straight behind her.

"That's the way," her grandfather said, peering intently between her spread legs. He reached forward with both hands, his fingers disappearing beneath the hem of her skirt. She felt his fingers trace along the groove of her oozing slit, his fingertips finding the warm cleft beneath her tiny panties. "Let's just move these out of the way, shall we?" He pushed her panties to the side, exposing her shaved pussy to his mature gaze. His fingers immediately came back to her overheated loins, the tips rubbing teasingly over the dripping mound of her teenage cunt. She could feel that she was soaking wet, her slippery juices already bathing his teasing fingers.

"Mmmmm, it looks like you're ready for this," he said, slipping his long middle finger into the creamy groove. Shannon's eye rolled back in her head as he ran his fingertip along the roof of her vagina, the long digit rubbing luxuriously over the hot folds of flesh inside her. When he hit the palm of his hand, his finger probing as far into her as it could, he slowly drew it back, and then slowly slid it forwards once more, this time adding a twist as he rolled it over the searing tissues inside her. She looked down as his other hand moved beneath her skirt, the hem stretched tightly over her widely spread thighs. She felt his fingers on the other hand fluttering over her dripping labia, and then she felt his index finger rolling over the erect spire of her clit.

"Oh...oh...OH MY GOODDDDDDD!!!" she hissed, her body starting to shake wildly as another orgasm swept over her, her grandfather's experienced hands bringing her to a rapid climax. She threw her head back and gasped for breath as she came, her thighs quivering, her young pussy gushing all over his probing hands.

"Thatta girl, let 'er buck," Ted said, watching his granddaughter flex and gyrate through paroxysms of pleasure. Her fresh womanly scent filled the air, the alluring fragrance of a gushing young pussy. He loved how sexually sensitive she was—he'd barely started fingering her before she exploded, her whole body shaking as he continued to slide his finger deep along the roof of her vagina, the fingers of his other hand tweaking the sensitive button of her engorged clit. She shook and twitched for a long time, her beautiful breasts heaving beneath her open shirt and bra. Finally, a tingling shutter ran down her spine as the last vestiges of her climax waned, her body slumping as his fingers stopped moving.

"I think you needed that," Ted said, slowly running the tips of his gooey fingers all around the opening of her young pussy.

"Did I ever. Thank you, Grandpa," Shannon replied, her ample chest still heaving as she slowly regained her breath. She watched as her grandfather withdrew his hands from beneath her skirt, his eyes looking down to check his watch.

"Perfect timing—the meeting starts in just a few minutes." He stood before her and brought his hands up, holding his glistening fingers in front of her face. "Clean these up for me, sweetheart." Shannon obediently opened her mouth as he brought his shining fingers closer. He slid them into her mouth as she instinctively closed her lips on the sticky digits, her tongue eagerly lapping up her own juices. She was happy to see the pleased smile on his face. "That's the way, you're going to be cleaning me up like that a lot from now on." When she'd finished licking her juices off one hand, he slid the fingers of the other one into her mouth, loving the feel of her skilful young tongue doing its work.

"That's good. You've got a beautiful mouth. I've gonna have fun making use of that," Ted said, pushing his chair back, her sky-high heels dropping off the arms. He stepped around to his desk and slipped on his suit jacket as Shannon eased herself off the table and smoothed down her skirt. She was pulling her bra into place and doing up the clasp at the front as Ted reached into a drawer of his desk and drew out a large leather folio, the logo of Lockhart Holdings etching into the front. "This is for you, inside you'll find a tablet and cell phone as well as a standard note pad, should you need to take any quick notes. During the meeting this afternoon, I want you to sit in one of those chairs along the side wall. Take any notes you see fit, or jot down any

questions you have. Today, I want you to just get used to seeing how we do things, and who we are. When I nod to you, that means I want you to bring me a glass of water. I like Perrier, which you'll find in the ice bucket on the table in there. And make sure it's on ice, in a crystal tumbler. Can you do that?"

"Yes sir," Shannon nodded, doing up the buttons on her white blouse.

"Good," Ted said, handing her the folio as he looked her up and down, a sly smile on his handsome face. "You might want to go into the bathroom and check your hair and lipstick—it's kind of a mess. And let your hair down again until I tell you—I like to see those gorgeous brunette locks framing that pretty face of yours."

"Yes sir," Shannon replied, feeling herself blushing like a schoolgirl.

"Good, I'll see you inside. Come in when you're ready." Ted turned and strode across the room, never looking back as he entered the large meeting room and closed the door behind him.

On shaky legs, Shannon made her way to the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. Her grandfather was right—her lipstick was a mess, the brilliant red smeared wetly around her mouth. But to Shannon, and obviously to her grandfather, it looked wickedly erotic. Her hair was still pulled back in the clip, but wispy tendrils had come loose during her cocksucking and licked teasingly at her neck, one more piece of evidence of their illicit encounter. She ran her tongue along her teeth and over the insides of her cheeks, tasting the residual flavors of her grandfather's potent semen. Smiling to herself, she pulled

the clip out of her hair and fluffed it into shape, the long lustrous locks falling about her lovely features attractively. She found a facecloth and washed her face, drying it before pursing her lips forward and applying a fresh new coating of lipstick. She looked at her face and smiled, hoping she was making her grandfather happy. Checking her whole look once more, she picked up her new folio and entered the meeting room, quietly taking her seat to one side just as things were getting started.

"Why don't we all flip to page two of the prospectus," she heard the man called Grant say to the parties assembled. He was sitting beside her grandfather, who looked over towards her and gave her a quick wink. As Grant continued talking, she looked over at the table, all of her grandfather's people on one side, while another party of about eight people sat on the other, all with the documents open before them that Grant was leading them through.

Shannon opened her folio as Grant kept talking. She found a slot on the inside cover with a business card: 'Shannon Westbrook, Executive Assistant, Lockhart Holdings Group'. She was thrilled to see her name as part of her grandfather's company, and her heart swelled with emotion at the confidence he must have in her. Inside the folio was a small sleeve with a number of similar business cards, plus an expensive pen. There were two other larger sleeves, one with her computer tablet and one with a cell phone. She took both of them out and turned them on. As she surveyed the goings on at the table, she made a few short notes on her tablet, especially taking note of the names of her grandfather's employees.

"I think we can agree that the proposal Grant has outlined will be beneficial for all parties involved." Her grandfather's powerful voice drew Shannon's attention. As most of the people at the table nodded their heads in unison, it was obvious that when Ted Lockhart spoke, it was the voice of authority.

The meeting continued, with conflicting arguments going back and forth. At one point, Ted nodded to her, and then he nodded towards the table at the side bearing a coffee machine, an ice bucket, and trays of fruit and pastries. She set her things on the chair beside her and strode to the table, finding a number of crystal tumblers set out, obviously at her grandfather's instructions. She used the tongs placed there and quietly placed a number of ice cubes into the glass, before filling it with Perrier. She walked silently around the table and slid the glass in place beside her grandfather, who nodded in acceptance. As she stepped back to her seat, she noticed a number of eyes following her, the men all staring at the busty young woman who was the powerful man's new intern.

Shannon smiled politely and went back to taking notes, keenly listening to what was happening. Things were getting intense and her grandfather spoke a couple of times as Grant seemed to be getting flustered. As another woman on his team took the parties through another part of the document, Shannon saw her grandfather reach into his suit pocket and pull out his cell phone. He appeared to be texting. As she saw him pause, she was surprised to hear her new cell phone buzz softly. She picked it up and peered at the text message:

"Are you bored yet?" She looked up to see her grandfather looking at her out of the corner of his eye.

"No. Its fine," she texted back. "I love it." She watched as he read the message and typed back, her phone buzzing quietly once more.

"I'm glad you're enjoying it. I think there's something else you're going to like even more. This is going to be you later on tonight." As she read, she noticed a link below his text that she was supposed to click on. She did, and her eyes went wide as she looked at the video clip filling her screen.

The clip was off a girl lying on a bed, her head propped up on a stack of pillows against the headboard. The girl was about her own age, and was very attractive. The angle of the camera was mostly from the side, but taken about halfway down the length of the bed so you could see most of her pretty face as well. She was wearing what appeared to be black corset, her ample breasts almost spilling out of the overflowing cups. Shannon immediately compared the girl's tits to her own, smiling to herself as she realized the girl was a C-cup at most.

But what made the clip so fascinating was that there was a man straddling the girl's body, raised up on his knees, his long hard cock sliding back and forth as he fucked the girl's face. The cock was huge and Shannon wondered if it was her grandfather, or just some clip from a porno movie. The immense slab of meat shuttling in and out of the girl's avidly sucking mouth was certainly big enough to be her grandfather's, but with the way the camera was, you couldn't see much of the man's body except his flexing midsection. It was obvious that he was holding onto the headboard as he fed his rampant cock deep into the girl's mouth, the headboard shaking back and forth as he pounded her mouth.

The look on the girl's face told Shannon she was loving it, her eyes half-closed in hooded bliss as she sucked and slobbered over the huge fuckstick, gobs of her saliva dripping off the pistoning shaft. Little did Shannon know this was her grandfather's previous intern, Lindsay, the girl who had just been replaced by Shannon.

The clip was only about a minute long, and Shannon watched, totally enthralled, as the man in the video pulled his surging cock out of the young girl's feverishly sucking lips and jerked off all over her face. The girl turned her face up to the mass of thick white semen raining down upon her, her eyes closed in rapture as he showered her with his cum. Shannon had to suppress the urge to gasp as she watched, the man skilfully directing torrents of pearly jizz all over the girl's pretty face. By the time he was done, the girl was totally covered, her face painted white with his massive load. The clip ended with the man shaking the last dangling gob into the girl's open mouth, a blissful smile on her face.

Shannon found herself shaking, that nasty itch starting deep in her young pussy at she looked at the screen, the clip ending with that final shot of the girl's cum-covered face. She looked up to see her grandfather smiling at her slyly, before looking down as he typed once more on his phone. Her cell buzzed again, and Shannon looked down:

"That's going to be you later...but not before I fuck you a couple of times first."

"Ohhnnnn," Shannon couldn't stop herself from moaning out loud as she read the lewd text. The people at the table all looked over.

"Are you alright, Shannon?" Claudia asked from her place a few seats down from Ted.

"Yes, I'm sorry," Shannon said apologetically. "I'm fine. Sorry to interrupt."

"Let's say we all take a twenty minute break," Ted Lockhart said as she stood up from the table. "I know I could use it." With nods all around, the group broke up, most of them heading to the washroom or the refreshment table.

"Come with me," Ted said to Shannon as he headed back to the room he was using as his office. She followed him in as he closed and locked the door behind them. She had barely turned before he was on her, his mouth seeking out hers as he pulled her close. He kissed her passionately, his hands cupping her lush ass as he pulled her against him, her soft breasts pressing against his chest.

"Did you like my text?" he asked as he slid his hand up the front of her blouse, his hand cupping her heavy tit.

"I loved it. Do you really mean what you said in it?"

"That I'm going to do that to you, or that I'm going to fuck you first?"

"I...I..." she stammered, totally flummoxed.

"Tonight after the dinner, we're going to take our time. I'm going to fuck you deep and hard...at least twice. I'm going to stretch and fill that tiny cunt of yours until you can't take it anymore. And then I'm going to paint that pretty face of yours, just like in that video clip." He paused for a second as she stood in his arms gasping, her heart pounding with excitement in her chest. "And then I promised you something, didn't I? I promised to let you suck my cock all night long. And dear, I always keep my promises."

"You...you mean after what we did already, you'll be able to do all that?" Shannon asked, amazed at the stamina of her 56-year old grandfather.

"Don't worry about me, sunshine. I know my body, and my cock will stay hard for you as long as you keep sucking it. Which reminds me, I want you to suck me off again—I always negotiate better once I've dumped a load in a nice hot mouth. Put on some more lipstick, I want to see those sweet red lips wrapped around my cock again. And don't forget your hair clip—I don't want any hair getting in the way. We don't have a lot of time, so while you're sucking on the head of my cock, I'm just gonna jerk off right into that pretty mouth of yours."

Shannon rushed to the bathroom and retrieved the hair clip she'd been wearing earlier. She whipped her hair up in back and fastened the clip in place. She opened the lipstick and hurriedly applied a fresh shiny coat. When she returned to the office, her grandfather had taken off his suit jacket and stood before her, his massive boner sticking out of the fly of his pants, his big hand leisurely stroking back and forth along it, precum already glistening from the yawning red eye at the tip.

"That's my girl, get down here and start sucking," Ted said, gesturing to a spot on the floor right in front of him. Shannon obediently dropped to her knees, her face now level with his huge cock. "That's it, now form that mouth into a nice 'O' for me. I like a little target practice." Shannon pursed her lips forward, forming them into an inviting oval, her soft pillowy lips glistening with the brilliant lipstick. "Oh fuck, you are so beautiful, sunshine...so beautiful."

Ted flexed forward as he pointed his rigid dick right at his busty granddaughter's face. "I just want to do a little painting first," he said, rubbing the oozing tip against her cheek, a shiny snail-trail of slime being left behind as he moved the massive knob all over her face. He was happy to see his granddaughter whimper softly as her eyes closed, turning her face towards his engorged cock as she lovingly allowed him to rub it across her soft young skin. When it was almost totally covered with a shimmering coat of cock-sap, he pulled it back, aiming the enflamed crown between her pursed lips. "That's just an appetizer—you're gonna get the full whitewash later." He flexed forward, feeding the broad mushroom head right between her ovalled lips.

"Mmmmm," Shannon purred wantonly as she felt her lips stretch over the tremendous girth of the flared head. Once again, her lips stretched wide open until they slipped over the coronal ridge, the massive knob locked within her mouth.

"That's it. Let me feel that tongue of yours work on the head. And don't forget to keep sucking. While you're doing that, I'm gonna jerk it off

right into your mouth. I've got another big load for you. You may not even need dinner after swallowing this load of paste."

Shannon's head was spinning with desire as she listened to her grandfather, his words enflaming her arousal even more. She drew her cheeks in, enveloping the massive head in a nice tight sheath. She pushed a wad of saliva to front of her mouth and rolled her hot young tongue, bathing the enflamed crown with her spit.

"Oh yeah, that's perfect," Ted said, his hand pumping back and forth along his rigid erection. He looked down at his granddaughter as he jerked his cock, listening to her whimper and mew like a cat with a saucer full of cream as she laved away at the sensitive tissues of his glans. Her mouth was like a hot buttery furnace, blissfully caressing the head as she sucked at it slavishly. His hand continued to pump back and forth along the outer sheath, the front of his hand becoming smeared with her vivid red lipstick as it bumped against her pursed lips. With her perfect sucking and the feel of her soft wet tongue rolling wantonly over his dick-head, it didn't take long until he was ready to come. He kept up the smooth long strokes along the veiny shaft as he felt his balls draw up close to his body, precursor to his imminent release.

"Get ready, sweetheart, just a sec...OH FUCKKKK...HERE IT COMES!" Ted warned as he started to go off. He felt his stomach muscles contract as he came, ropes of semen spurting forth into her avidly sucking mouth. A second, and then a third wad burst forth deep into her mouth, her cheeks starting to bulge obscenely. "Swallow, and then open your mouth."

Shannon quickly swallowed, taking the massive clump of thick rich cum into her stomach. She opened her mouth wide, and her grandfather drew back slightly, the massive head coming into view, the surface covered with her shiny spit, and glistening brilliantly with traces of her red lipstick. He held the tip an inch or so outside her open mouth, and continued to stroke his hand vigorously back and forth. As he pumped, shot after shot of thick white semen streaked into the inviting opening between her painted lips, forming a massive puddle inside her welcoming mouth.

"That's my girl, it's all for you," Ted said as he flooded his granddaughter's mouth with his viscous seed, totally unloading, using the young girl's mouth as a willing receptacle for his lusty desires.

Shannon could feel her young pussy twitch again as she came once more, the thrill of her grandfather feeding her his cum in such a lurid manner turning her on beyond belief. She moaned and whimpered as he kept shooting into her mouth, the amount of cum he was producing unlike anything she'd ever imagined. He kept stroking, and long milky ribbons kept spewing onto her tongue, the hot tip of his cock bumping now and then against her parted lips as he jacked it right into her mouth. Finally, as the last few spurts splashed onto her tongue, he fed the dripping tip fully back into her mouth, her lips instinctively closing down on it possessively.

"That's the way," Ted said, his hand now holding his dick steady in her mouth. "Suck out the last of it. Get every drop you can. I want to make sure you don't go hungry." He smiled as he looked down at his young granddaughter, the girl whimpering with pleasure as she nursed at his

spent cock, her lips and talented tongue drawing out the last pearly morsels.

"Well, that's just what I needed," Ted said as he pulled his cock out of her sucking mouth with a resounding "POP". He stuffed it back in his trousers and zipped up, and then slipped his suit jacket back on. "Now I think it's time to go out there and close this deal."

Still kneeling on the floor, Shannon watched as her grandfather went back out to the meeting room, closing the door behind him without another word. Overwhelmed with excitement, she shoved her hand beneath her short skirt, her fingers sliding deep into her dripping pussy. As she buried her fingers deep in her gushing cunt, she thought about what the night ahead had in store for her, wondering how she'd be able to take that monstrously huge cock into her tiny body. Just thinking about how that beautiful cylinder of flesh would stretch and fill her, she came again, covering her hand with her flowing juices.

Chapter 3

The negotiation session ended fairly quickly after the break, with Ted Lockhart leading the way to an agreeable settlement. With the deal done in principal, the parties shook hands, leaving the dotting of the I's and crossing of the T's to the lawyers.

"I think you've got this under control, right, Grant?" Ted said as he put a hand on the shoulder of his trusted advisor.

"Yes sir." Grant nodded back, a beaming smile on his face, knowing they'd successfully closed the deal.

"Good, I'm out of here then," Ted said, shaking Grant's hand. "I'll see you at the party tonight."

Standing in front of the chair she'd been in earlier, Shannon watched as her grandfather shook hands all around, his confident smile and genuine approach seeming to comfort all those in attendance. She had heard that her grandfather's success in the business world came mostly from being honest and better informed than everyone else—not from being devious and underhanded. She knew he paid his trusted employees well, for they were the ones who provided the hard-to-find information he needed in order to be on top of negotiations like this. As Shannon watched the way he moved from person to person, sincerely smiling and touching a person's arm as they shook hands, or took both their hands in his as they briefly talked, seeing the look of happiness on everyone's face, it made her love him even more.

After personally acknowledging everyone present, Ted stepped away from the group, taking Claudia by the elbow and leading her out of hearing range from the others, but close enough so that Shannon could overhear what they were saying. "So, did you take care of things for tonight?"

"Yes. I took care of it during that last break. Everything you asked for is laid out for her for the party."

Shannon's ears pricked up, knowing they were talking about her.

"Good, good. And the rest of the clothes I asked for are in her room now, including the things from Agent Provocateur? That bra she was wearing was nice, but it looked like something from Victoria's Secret."

Shannon almost felt her ears burning as she listened. She loved the bra and panty set she was wearing, but she had only seen Agent Provocateur lingerie online. It was wickedly sensuous, and tremendously expensive. From the pictures she'd seen online, she knew why it would appeal to her grandfather. She couldn't wait to go to her room and see what they were talking about.

"Yes, it was," Claudia replied, looking somewhat embarrassed. "I couldn't get that type of bra you liked in her size from Agent right now, it was back ordered. I hope the Secret one was okay."

"Yes, yes, it's fine," Ted said with an understanding nod. "You were able to get the rest of the things I wanted from AP though, right?"

"Yes, they're all nicely tucked away in her drawers." Claudia looked over quickly to Shannon and then turned back to Ted, a wry smile on her face. "I think she's going to look lovely in whatever you choose to put her in. And that outfit you picked out for tonight is fabulous. She's going to be the hit of the party."

"Great, I'll see you there then." Ted patted Claudia thankfully on the arm and turned on his heel, heading towards his granddaughter.

"Alright, Shannon, I think we can go now. There's nothing more for us to do here."

"Yes, sir," she replied, letting her grandfather take her by the arm and lead her from the room. She noticed that the two bodyguards he'd had posted outside the doors stepped right in front of them and led the way to the elevator.

"To your room, sir?" the one who seemed to be the leader of the two asked.

"Yes, Norm. And then we've got a couple of hours before the party tonight. Why don't you guys grab some dinner. We'll be fine. I'll be calling Miles when we're ready to go, and you guys just do your usual thing at the party."

"Yes sir, no problem." Norm pressed the button and he and his partner remained waiting with them until the car showed up. With a nod to Ted, they both left once Ted and Shannon were safely on board.

"Are they always like that?" Shannon asked.

"Norm and Graham? Yes, they've been with me for a few years now. Good guys. They've earned their pay a few times, but you don't need to worry about them. They are well paid not to hear anything I don't want them to hear, and I can send them away anytime I want."

"What did you mean when you said for them to do their usual thing at the party?"

"Oh, you'll probably never even know they're there. At big functions like this, they just blend in with the rest of the guests but remain on the periphery. I always know they're watching out for me though."

"That's so different from anything I'm used to."

"You'll get used to it. After a couple of days, you won't even notice them." The elevator arrived at the top floor, and Ted led her into his suite, their penthouse taking up half of the floor.

"Grandpa, I can't believe how gorgeous this room is. I just love it," Shannon gushed, looked around at the opulent décor, the scent of the numerous pots of fresh flowers filling the air.

"Yes, this isn't a bad room," Ted replied, looking around the room as if he'd never really noticed it before. He casually slipped off his suit jacket, dropping it over the back of one of the couches as he loosened his tie.

Shannon was amazed, realizing that this was the kind of life her grandfather lived every day, and the life she was going to be living for the next two months. She found herself almost squirming with excitement at what she was going to be in for. She looked over to see her grandfather checking his watch.

"We've got a couple of hours before the party. I've got to make a few phone calls and answer a few e-mails. I know you were rushed before, so why don't you go and take your time and explore in your room for a while. You can take a little nap if you like, and then get ready for the party. The outfit I've picked out for you for tonight should be on your bed. I hope you'll like it."

Shannon thought back on the conversation she'd just overheard between her grandfather and Claudia. "I'm sure I'll love it. I've loved everything else you've got me so far." She stepped close to him and raised her mouth to his, pressing her lips to his in a searing kiss. He welcomed her kiss, wrapping his arms around her soft young body as his tongue entered her mouth, her hot oral cavity drawing him in invitingly. They kissed passionately for a few minutes, Shannon feeling herself melting under her grandfather's skilful abilities. She'd never been kissed so gently, and yet so wondrously provocative at the same time. His kisses were filled with grandfatherly tenderness, and yet carried the tingling promise of unlimited passion at the same time. His

experienced lips, tongue and mouth were making her feel so different from the slobbery mouthing she was used to from boys her own age. Getting more and more aroused, she pressed her sumptuous chest against him, wanting more than just a kiss. Her hand slid across the crotch of his pants, seeking out that long tube of flesh she'd had in her mouth just a short time ago.

"You are a hot little thing, aren't you?" Ted asked, drawing his mouth away from hers as he cupped her lush round behind.

"I can't help it, Grandpa, once you gave me a taste of that beautiful cock of yours, I can't stop thinking about it." She accompanied this by giving a gentle squeeze to the cylinder of meat she felt beneath his trousers. "I don't know if I can wait until tonight."

"Tell you what, I'll give you a little something that should keep you satisfied for a little while." Shannon was surprised when he easily scooped her up in his arms and carried her over to the bar on one side of the room, plopping her right on top. He pushed her little black skirt up out of the way and grabbed her panties. She instinctively rolled her hips from side to side as he pulled them off.

"Why, these are soaking wet, my dear. Have you been thinking about something long and hard going deep inside you?" her grandfather asked, pulling one of the bar stools up between her legs.

"Yes, I have," Shannon admitted.

"I thought so. I better take care of that drip you've got happening so you're not leaking all over the seat of the limo tonight. Put your heels up on the bar and spread those legs for me, sweetheart," Ted said, sitting down on the stool and moving closer. Shannon obediently brought the pointy high heels of her black patent pumps onto the edge of the bar, her knees coming up almost to her face, her skirt sliding down onto her abdomen. She let her legs roll slowly open to each side, totally exposing herself to her grandfather's hungry gaze.

"Oh yeah, that's just about the prettiest pussy I've ever seen," Ted said, his eyes feasting on the soft petals of her vagina as they eased open, spreading enticingly apart like the juiciest peach. Ted could see that girl was dripping wet, her girly juices glistening invitingly as they clung to the vivid pink lips of her weeping little box. Her alluring fragrance washed over him, the illicitly intoxicating scent of young innocence. He leaned forward, slipping his long tongue right between those soft folds of flesh, feathering it deep inside her.

"Oh!!! *Goddddd*" Shannon groaned, throwing back her head as a wave of pleasure shot through her. Her arms twitched as they held her body upright while her grandfather rolled his tongue in slow methodical circles, the tip rubbing teasingly over the seeping membranes of her velvety trench. "Oh Jesus, that is so good," Shannon thought to herself, amazed at the older man's skilful technique. He was taking his time, pleasuring her luxuriously with his mouth, so unlike the slobbery attempts of her boyfriends. Her grandfather seemed to know exactly what to do to make her squirm, pressing on one spot with the flat of his tongue, and then swirling the tip slowly in exquisite teasing circles somewhere else, her pleasure level escalating until she thought she was going to climb the walls. She was panting and gasping, her juices flowing into his welcoming mouth as he took her higher and higher.

She looked down at his handsome face and heard him let out a soft moan, the low groan humming right into the depths of her pussy, the subtle vibrations causing more of her youthful honey to seep out onto his waiting tongue. He slid his mouth slightly backwards, and then licked upwards, his tongue rolling blissfully over the erect spire of her clit, bathing it in warm slick saliva. That was all it took to trip her over the edge, a shattering climax bursting forth from the base of the sensitive love-button and streaking to every nerve-ending of her body.

"AAAAAHHHHHHHHHH," she gasped loudly as she came, her youthful body shaking and twitching spasmodically. Paroxysms of pleasure coursed through her curvy form as he sucked on her sensitive clit, causing her whole body to thrum like a plucked guitar string.

"OHHHHHNNNN," she groaned again and again as her orgasm continued, her gushing cunt flooding the lower part of his face. The muscles on the insides of her thighs were quivering uncontrollably as wave after wave of ecstasy rolled over her, her grandfather's experienced mouth bringing her more pleasure than she ever thought imaginable. Finally, with a quivering shudder that had her whole body shaking, she collapsed back on the bar, her massive chest heaving as she fought to regain her breath. She twitched and shook, mumbling incoherently as the delicious sensation of her scintillating climax slowly dwindled. Through half-closed eyes, she looked down at her grandfather, watching him slowly lapping away at her seeping cunt, licking up the gooey drops of her youthful nectar.

"I think you liked that," her grandfather said as he lifted his face from between her legs and leaned over her, her juices glistening on his cheeks and chin. He kissed her tenderly, his tongue exploring deep

within her hot teenage mouth, letting her taste the remnants of her discharge still lingering on his tongue.

"I loved it. That was amazing, grandfather," Shannon said with a sexy purr as he finally pulled his mouth away from hers.

"Good. Now clean me up." As he leaned over her, Shannon willingly extended her tongue and licked his face clean. She pursed her lips forward and sucked at his chin as her tongue moved in slow insistent strips across his mature skin, making sure she lapped up every creamy drop. Finally, all that was left was a shimmering coating of her drying saliva, every morsel of her teenage cunt-honey cleaned away by her youthful tongue.

"That's my good girl," Ted said as he stood up. "I'll come to your room at 6:45. Your outfit for tonight will already be there for you. Make sure you do a good job with your makeup. You want to make sure you look good for our first date, don't you?"

"Yes, grandpa," Shannon replied with a nod of her head, wanting more than anything to make sure her grandfather would be proud to be seen with her. Without another word, she watched her grandfather disappear into the room on the opposite side of the suite and close the door. Shannon slowly eased herself off the bar, her legs trembling as she settled herself onto the floor. Her orgasm had left her unsteady, but she got herself together as she smoothed down her skirt and made her way across the penthouse to her own room, closing the door behind her and leaning against it, taking a long deep breath as she composed herself. She couldn't believe what had happened to her in the last 24 hours. If this is what life as her grandfather's intern was going to be

like, she couldn't wait to experience the next two months. She thought how different her life was going to be from what it had been just a day before. She wondered if her parents and her best friend, Natalie, were thinking of her, and missing her. Shannon was so happy to be away from home and under the skilful guiding hand of her grandfather, and away from her boyfriend from school, Steve, as well. Yes, Steve had been able to come again and again like a jack-rabbit, but he had nothing on her grandfather. And her grandfather had promised to fuck her tonight, and not just once—at least twice. As she thought about that massive cock splitting her young pussy wide open, she felt the juices running inside her once more.

EARLIER THAT DAY AND MILES AWAY...

After Shannon had broken the news to him last night that she'd be away interning for her grandfather all summer, Steve had gone out with his buddies and had a couple of beers in an attempt to drown his sorrows. He'd suggest to his pals that they go to a cougar bar, because Steve knew that what bothered him just as much as not being able to see Shannon, was that he wouldn't be able to be around her sexy mother, Meredith, as well. Shannon had definitely inherited her mother's good looks and terrific body, and for Steve, being a typical 18-year old, there was something compellingly alluring about the older woman, who always looked so confident and sexy. He'd always had a thing for older women, and most of the porn he looked at was MILF-inspired. And as far as he was concerned, Meredith Westbrook was the perfect MILF. Her beautiful sultry face, huge tits and full curvy body never ceased to make his cock throb within the confines of his jeans. And the fact that she was his girlfriend's mother just made his crush on her all the more intoxicating.

His pals had quickly run out of cash at the bar, and the one who was the designated driver kept complaining that he wanted to go. Being a weeknight, the only MILFs at the bar were a couple of skanks who looked they'd been ridden hard and put away wet. With nothing of interest there, Steve found himself alone at home earlier than he'd hoped, and with Shannon having given him the brush off, he said good night to his folks and retired to his room, locking the door behind him before turning his computer on. He pulled up his pictures folder, and selected the one labelled 'MW', and in an instant, his screen was filled with thumbnail pics of Shannon's mother, Meredith Westbrook. He'd used every opportunity he'd had to take shots of the sexy older woman with his cell phone, some that she knew about, and some that he'd taken when she hadn't been watching. There were a number taken at Shannon's 18th birthday, when they'd celebrated out by the pool. Mrs. Westbrook had looked great that day in a tight-fitting pink sleeveless turtleneck that hugged her impressive set of breasts invitingly, the vertical ribs of the turtleneck seeming to oscillate in and out seductively as they followed the swelling contours of her mouth-watering tits. She'd paired that with a tiny white skirt, the taut material fitting tightly over her round curvy behind and ending high on her smooth creamy thighs.

Steve had pulled up a number of those pics before enlarging some others, ones he'd taken of Mrs. Westbrook when she'd been asleep out by the pool, beautifully clad in a white bikini, her ample tits swelling against the tiny triangles of the bikini top, her flat stomach pulling his gaze lower to where the alluring V of the bikini bottom disappeared between her thighs.

Little did Steve know that Meredith was only feigning sleep, watching the boy from behind her sunglasses through slitted eyes. She had

watched as he looked behind him to make sure Shannon wasn't watching, and then he'd pulled out his phone and silently taken some pictures of her. She'd made a soft moan and shifted as if still asleep, letting her legs drift apart so Steve was looking right up between her spread legs, his eyes opening wide as they zeroed in on the strip of white fabric cupping her sex invitingly. She watched him gulp excitedly, and then she spotted the growing bulge in his jeans as he brought his phone up and started taking more pictures. She smiled to herself, happy that she still had the ability to make a sexy young man like her daughter's boyfriend get hard at the drop of a hat.

It was these pictures that Steve pulled up on his computer as well, filling the screen with various shots of the sexy Mrs. Westbrook. Shannon was an excellent cocksucker, and Steve loved it when she gave him head, her enthusiasm for sucking cock seemed to be limitless, and Steve had filled her welcoming mouth with multiple loads while thinking about her mother. But with Shannon giving him the brush-off tonight, and then going to be away for the rest of the summer, he brought out his old friend, Baby-Fresh Vaseline, and started to slather the viscous lube over his swelling prick. He'd jerked off twice to pictures of Mrs. Westbrook before going to bed, fantasizing about the things he'd love to do with the beautiful sexy MILF.

He'd slept in, finally getting up around 11:00am. With his parents both at work, the house was peacefully quiet. He'd woken up with the usual hard on, and slid into his desk chair, once more pulling up a number of seductive photos of Shannon's mother. He was just about to reach for his Vaseline when his cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Steve, yes, it's Meredith Westbrook," Shannon's mother spoke into the phone.

"Oh, hi Mrs. Westbrook," Steve replied as he looked at the sexy pictures filling his screen, his eyes zeroing in on one of her tits looking spectacular in the tight turtleneck, her large nipples protruding boldly against the soft pink fabric. "I was actually just thinking about you."

"You were? Nothing bad, I hope?" she replied teasingly.

"Not at all." His eyes looked at another picture of her in her bikini, her tanned legs looking spectacular as she lay with her legs parted, Steve picturing his tongue sliding up her inner thigh. "I was just thinking that with Shannon going to be away this summer, I wanted to let you know that if you ever need help with anything around the house, you can call me anytime. I'd love to come over and do what I can to help you."

"Oh Steve, that's so sweet of you. And that's kind of actually why I called. I've got a picture that I need to hang, and I'm having trouble finding a stud. So naturally, I thought of you." Meredith spoke very innocently, but there was a definite provocative tone in her voice. She wished she could see the boy's face.

Steve felt himself flushing at her words. Was she just calling him a stud? Or was she just fucking with him? Whatever, it didn't matter, he felt his dick stiffening as he listened to her voice and thought about what she was saying. "Uh sure, I can help you with that, Mrs.

Westbrook." He was keen to find out something else. "Is Mr. Westbrook not home? Is there some reason he can't hang that picture for you?"

"He's going to be away for the rest of the day at the club. We played nine holes earlier, but apparently he's got some lessons lined up until dinner time. So he'll be away all afternoon." Steve's ears pricked up as she drew out the last sentence seductively, "...he'll be away alllllllll afternoon."

"Oh, uh okay."

"And besides, you know Shannon's father, he's pretty useless when it comes to doing things like that around the house. It would be nice to have someone big and strong to help me with things sometime, like with this hammering I need. Mr. Westbrook only has a small hammer, and I was hoping you'd have a bigger one to help me out with. Do you have a big hammer, Steve?"

Steve felt his dick stiffen even more. There was a bewitchingly provocative tone in the older woman's voice. He decided to be a little cocky himself, to see how the sexy MILF would respond. "I've never had any complaints so far. My hammer seems to be big enough to do pretty much any job."

"Well, that's perfect," Mrs. Westbrook responded in a breathy voice. "A strong young man with a big hammer...well, Steve, it sounds like you can take care of all the hammering I need."

"Oh fuckkkkk," Steve thought to himself, his cock so hard now that it ached with the need to find something hot, wet and slippery to bury itself into. Again, he wanted to press the discussion a little further to see what she'd say. "I've done some hammering for Shannon, and I think she was pretty happy with the results."

"Oh, I know, dear," Meredith replied. She had come home early one day and heard noises coming from her daughter's room. She'd sneaked a peek through the girl's bedroom door and seen Steve on his knees between her daughter's legs, holding her ankles up and spread wide apart as he'd flexed back and forth, fucking the shit out of her. Meredith had gotten a good look at his glistening cock as it shuttled in and out of her daughter's clutching pussy, the boy's dick looking impressively big and steely hard. Meredith had been overcome with arousal and shoved her hand beneath her skirt, her fingers finding her dripping cunt instinctively. She'd watched the two youngsters fuck until all three of them came at the same time. She'd continued to watch as her daughter eagerly sucked the boy back to full erection within minutes, and then he'd turned her over and fucked her from behind, his hand pulling at her ponytail as he'd pounded his brick-hard cock in and out of her. Meredith had envied her daughter, watching the girl twist and squeal through climax after climax. And she knew then she wanted that for herself. Her daughter going away for the summer gave her the perfect opportunity she'd been waiting for. Her voice was definitely breathy and suggestive when she replied. "I think the hammering I'd want you to do would be of some things that are older than the things Shannon wanted you to hammer. Do you think you'd like to try that?"

Steve could hear the sensual teasing in her voice, and looked down to see a drop of glistening precum ooze to the tip of his pulsing cock. "I'd love to try that, Mrs. Westbrook—especially with you."

"That's good, sweetie. Do you have anything you need to do this afternoon? Because I've been looking around and I think I might just keep you busy hammering all afternoon long."

"No," Steve replied instantly. "I'm free as long as you want me."

"That's perfect. When can you get here?"

Steve could hear the anticipation in her voice. "I'll be there in twenty minutes."

"Good. Just let yourself in. I'll be in my bedroom. That's where I want you to do the hammering."

"I'm on my way," Steve replied, already up and out of his chair.

*

It was sixteen minutes later when Steve pulled into the sweeping driveway of Shannon's home. He was just happy he hadn't been pulled over by a cop. He had exceeded the speed limit all the way over. Jumping out of his car, he rushed into the house. He took a couple of deep breaths in order to compose himself, wanting to make sure Mrs. Westbrook didn't think he was just an eager little kid. He was an eager BIG kid, but he still wanted to look cool. He walked through the familiar house and towards the wing that held Shannon's parent's

bedroom, a room he had seen, but never spent any time in. The double doors to the room were closed and he started to get nervous, wondering if he had misread the signs from everything Mrs. Westbrook had said on the phone. "Fuck," he said to himself as he looked down at his hands—he hadn't even thought to bring a real hammer. He figured if he was wrong, he'd just have to think on his feet and bluff his way out of an uncomfortable situation. With his conflicted mind swirling, he knocked on the door.

"KNOCK...KNOCK..."

"Come in," he heard Mrs. Westbrook's voice almost purr in invitation.

He opened the door and stepped in, automatically closing the door behind him. When he turned and looked into the room, his jaw almost hit the floor. Mrs. Westbrook was lying in the middle of the bed, her body propped up against the wooden headboard by a stack of pillows beneath her. The covers were pulled down, with only a set of dark purple sheets beneath her. As Steve looked at her, he felt his heart start to race.

She was wearing a brilliant satin corset in a vivid fuchsia color, the rich deep-pink tone overlaid with subtle embroidery and lace trim that was almost silvery-white. He could see the vertical seams of the panels running up her midsection, before being hidden beneath the substantial bra cups of the sexy garment. The bra cups were packed full with her generous tit flesh, the lace trim accentuating the deep line of her cleavage as the top edge of the two cups dipped down in the center. The tight fitting bodice nipped in waspishly at her waist, sensually defining her mature hourglass figure before flaring out over the top of

her wide matronly hips. Fuchsia-colored ribbons flowed from the top corners of the heavily-structured bra cups over her shoulders, the thin shiny straps carrying the heavy load of her big tits. Similar ribbons were attached to the bottom edge of the corset, stretching down to the tops of her full thighs where they bit invitingly into sheer gossamer stockings in a natural tone that made her shapely legs glisten alluringly. The clasps of the garters were pulling the stockings tight as they were gripping onto elaborate wide panels at the top of the stockings, the panels embroidered intricately in a creamy color that looked incredibly sexy against her tanned skin.

With his heart pounding in his chest and his dick on the rise, Steve let his gaze travel down the length of her sexy legs, one draped sensually over the other in a provocative pose. The shimmering hose looked fucking amazing on her legs, his eyes following them down over her creamy thighs to her dimpled knees, and down further over her full calves to her trim ankles and to the tips of her delicate feet, the stockings sheer all the way to the toe. Her feet were clad in sexy silver high heels, shiny straps crossing over her foot just above her toes, with a slim strap circling her ankle. He could see the thin stiletto heels digging into the mattress as she lay before him, her eyes watching him intently. He finally drew his gaze back up to her pretty face, never having seen his girlfriend's mother look so bewitchingly sexy before. Her frosty blonde hair looked wild and erotic as it framed her lovely features. Her eyes were made up with smoky deep pink tones that made her look so wantonly alluring that he felt his cock lurch in his pants. Her lips were painted with a thick coat of lipstick, the lipstick the same color of fuchsia as her corset, the color matching the tones of her eye-shadow perfectly. He almost groaned out loud as he looked at her, having never dreamed he'd have a chance to see Mrs. Westbrook looking like this. He'd dreamed about it and fantasized about it as he'd

jerked off many times, but he couldn't believe she was actually dressed like this as she lay before him.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked coquettishly, shifting from one side to the other, one sexy leg coming up slightly as she extended the other one. His eyes instinctively shifted from her legs to her chest, where the soft mounds of her breasts wobbled teasingly beneath the restricting confines of the jam-packed bra cups.

"Mrs. Westbrook, you look...you look amazing!" Steve stammered as he looked at her, his eyes open wide as if he didn't want to ever forget what he was looking at. He shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, his surging prick already feeling hard enough to cut glass.

"I think under these circumstances, you can call me Meredith." She said calmly, an inviting smile turning up the corners of her sensually-painted lips as she looked at the massive bulge in his pants. She crooked her finger and beckoned him seductively. "Now, why don't you come over here and let me see that big hammer of yours?"

Steve hurriedly whipped off his shirt as he kicked off his tennis shoes. He stepped across the room as he pulled at his belt. In no time flat he had his jeans and underwear off as well, tossed aside carelessly. He stood at the foot of the bed, his raging cock thrusting vigorously up at a 45-degree angle, the engorged head bobbing enticingly up and down with each powerful beat of his racing heart.

"Oh my, isn't that a thing of beauty," Meredith said as she got to her hands and knees and crawled towards the foot of the bed, her body

moving sensually like a cat. Steve looked down at her big tits as they hung down beneath her, the soft-looking swells of flesh barely contained by the lace-trimmed cups of the corset, her cleavage looking a mile long and mysteriously deep. As she glided towards the bottom of the bed, her full breasts moved languidly in the confining pink satin, as if begging for his itchy fingers to reach forward and slide right inside the cups of the corset and pull them out. It was one of the sexiest things he'd ever seen. Her hand reached out and circled the pulsing shaft of his turgid dick, her fingers not even meeting the palm of her hand as she closed her fingers.

"Oh fuck, it's so wonderfully hard," Meredith said softly as she let her hand gently stroke upwards, the outer sheath sliding luxuriously along his brick-hard cock. She couldn't believe how stiff it was—it felt like a velvet-covered iron rod in her hand. A glistening drop of precum pulsed to the surface of the wet red eye at the tip, making her mouth water with anticipation. She'd felt Steve quiver with excitement as her hand closed down on his rampant prick, and as much as she wanted to feel that beautiful turgid love-muscle pounding her needy cunt, she didn't want him to go off too fast—and with the aroused state he seemed to be in right now, she thought that might be a problem. She definitely wanted to make sure she got off while he was fucking her. She knew with a boy his age, he would have no problem getting ready for round two—she'd already witnessed her daughter take advantage of his relentless endurance that time she'd spied on them. "Hey baby..." She looked up at him, a provocative look in her sexy blue eyes. "You seem pretty excited."

"Oh Mrs. West...er...Meredith, you wouldn't believe how many times I've dreamed of this. You are so fucking gorgeous." Steve paused for a second, wondering if he'd gone too far. "Excuse my language."

"That's fine, sweetheart," Meredith replied, a knowing smile on her pretty mature face. "I love it when you talk like that. You can say whatever you want around me." She felt his cock buck in her hand, and another shimmering drop of precum oozed to the surface, the slimy fluid starting to distend teasingly from the tip of his erection. "Tell you what, how about you let me suck this first load out of this beautiful cock of yours? That'll take the edge off so you can really fuck me for your second and third, and then you can lie back and let me give you a nice slow blowjob for your fourth."

Steve's eyes flicked to the clock on the bedside table. "What time did you say your husband's getting home?"

"Probably not until around 6:00, he said he's got lessons booked at the golf course all afternoon. But it'll be fine—I told him to call me in case I wanted him to pick anything up on the way home."

A sly grin came over Steve's face. "Well then, your plan for those four loads sounds perfect. But it's 11:30 right now—I figure your plan should take us until just after 1:00. What do you want to do the rest of the afternoon? Because you know, I'm good for a lot more than four."

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkk, I've hit the jackpot here," Meredith thought to herself, her itchy pussy twitching as she listened to what Steve was saying. She loved the stamina and endurance of youth, and couldn't wait to have this strong young boy fuck her for hours.

"Well, that sounds like a challenge," she replied. "Why don't we spend all afternoon in this bed seeing just how many loads I can take out of you...starting right now." She leaned forwards, pulling his pulsing dick down towards her mouth. Her lips formed into an obscene oval as she pursed them forward, slipping them right over the enflamed head, her succulent lips closing down on the veiny shaft, trapping the mushroom-shaped knob within her hot wet mouth.

"Oh Jesus," Steve groaned, throwing back his head as his eyes closed in blissful pleasure. He couldn't believe it—Mrs. Westbrook was actually sucking his cock!

Meredith was in heaven, her mouth full of hot hard teenage cock. She pushed a wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, bathing the massive enflamed head with her spit as she rolled her tongue slowly over it.

"Oh fuckkkk," Steve moaned as she pushed her mouth farther forwards, hollowing in her cheeks so the hot wet tissues inside her mouth embraced his turgid prick in a velvety sheath. With one hand wrapped around the base of his cock, she took her other hand and gently took hold of his balls. She hummed warmly into the stiff cylinder of flesh filling her mouth as she hefted his large testes, hoping they were overflowing with semen, just waiting for her to drain him of every creamy drop. She started to get into a smooth cock-sucking rhythm, sliding her mouth back and forth on his beefy dong as her hand pumped away at the base, her circling fingers spinning in a torturous corkscrew motion. His heavy balls almost overflowed her hand, but she gently rolled the big nuts around in her palm, hoping to coax as much jizz out of those boys as she could.

"That is so fucking goooooooooodddd," Steve said with a groan as he looked down at his girlfriend's sexy mother slavishly sucking his cock. Still standing at the foot of the bed as she kneeled before him, he started flexing his hips slightly back and forth, working with her as he fucked her face. She was slurping noisily as she bobbed up and down on his throbbing cock, her lustrous blonde hair swirling about her face, her lips pursed well forward, her fuchsia-colored lipstick looking wickedly erotic against his glistening spit-covered prick. He hadn't come yet this morning, and he was overdue to get a load off. With Mrs. Westbrook sucking his cock like a porn star, it only took a few minutes before his balls started to draw up close to his body.

Meredith could feel his nuts pulling up, and she sucked feverishly, knowing he was close. Her cheeks sucked in and out like a bellows as her head moved back and forth, her circling hand pumping vigorously at his young cock.

"OH FUCK...OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES!" Steve let out a wail as he started to come. The first thick rope of teenage seed blew forth powerfully from the end of his dick, almost knocking her head off his bucking cock. He felt himself quivering as the delicious contractions ran through his midsection, shot after shot of thick rich semen spewing into her sucking mouth.

Meredith loved the intensely masculine taste filling her mouth, rope after rope blowing into the depths of her throat as she voraciously continued to suck. The texture of the boy's cum was delicious, so thick and creamy. It pooled on her tongue as he continued to flood her mouth, wad upon wad of thick teenage semen firing her taste buds. She could feel her bloated cheeks about to overflow, white rivulets of cum

oozing from the corners of her painted lips. "Glmmp," she swallowed noisily, silky strands of slimy jizz sliding down her throat. She swallowed again, purring like a kitten as the warm cream flowed over her tonsils, her body tingling with desire for the luxurious flavor of the young man's cum. He kept cumming and she kept swallowing, filling her tummy with his massive load, her bobbing head working to pull out every last drop of his potent seed.

"Oh Jesus," Steve cooed as the final tingling sensations of his wicked release ran through his body. His cock had stopped shooting, but Mrs. Westbrook kept sucking, a look of blissful rapture in her hooded eyes. He smiled, watching the woman of his dreams worshipping his cock — and loving it. He knew he'd stay hard, he always did until he got off at least two loads, so he continued to let her suck, loving the feel of her exquisite mature mouth working on his turgid rod.

Meredith was thrilled that he was still hard, her throat feeling warm and temporarily satisfied from the massive load she'd just swallowed. She wanted more — more of the boy's hot thick cum, but right now, she wanted to feel that steely-hard cock filling her needy cunt. "Cmon, sweetheart, I need that cock of yours inside me now," she said, spinning around and flopping onto her back, her legs coming up and apart wantonly as her stiletto heels dug into the mattress.

Steve looked down at her pussy, framed enticingly by her deep-pink satin corset, the ribbon-like garters, and the intricately embroidered tops of her shimmering hose. She was nicely shaved, with just a little landing strip trimmed into a downward arrow above her glistening slit, the little V-shaped strip the same frosty-blond color as her hair. Her labia were full and looked swollen with need, the soft pink petals

shining with her womanly nectar. He looked further up her body, her big tits looking so fucking sexy in the corset. Her upper body was resting on her elbows, her gorgeous face a mask of lust as she looked at him standing at the foot of the bed, his raging cock still pulsing stiffly. He could smell her as well, the rich womanly scent of her seeping pussy filling the air. It turned him on even more, knowing those slippery juices would soon be coating his throbbing dick.

"I want you right here," Steve said firmly, reaching forward and slipping his hands between her spread legs and around her thighs. He pulled her down to the bottom of the bed, her lush body sliding across the rich purple sheets until her dripping mound was right in front of his rigid erection. He slipped his hands down her legs to her trim ankles, his fingers closing over the slim silver strap of her sexy high heels. He lifted her feet up towards his shoulders, and then spread her legs out to each side, lewdly opening her up for the oncoming assault. Her widely-spread legs caused the glistening labial curtains to pull apart, a shiny web of cunt-honey connecting the soft pink petals.

"Is this what you need?" Steve asked, leaning slightly forward as he pushed the engorged head of his dick against the opening of her slick trench. He looked down as the pink lips circled the invading knob, the slippery flesh clinging possessively to the enflamed membranes of his glans. He pushed harder, feeling the incendiary heat of her loins as the head disappeared inside her.

"Oh fuck, yes. Give me every hard beautiful inch," Meredith cooed as her eyes closed in rapture, loving the feel of the boy's thick hard cock stretching her insides. He held her legs well out to each side as he continued to push, inch after inch rising deep into her itchy cunt. The

hot seeping tissues inside her slowly yielded, allowing the hard cylinder of flesh deeper, her oily juices bathing his invading cock. She'd been so turned on by sucking that beautiful erection, that she knew she was primed for a climax already. As he went deeper, she could feel her pleasure level escalating. "Unh...unh...unh..." Her vaginal walls continued to stretch reluctantly, until finally, his loins pressed up against hers, his long hard cock totally buried inside her, the stiff member filling her luxuriously.

"OH GODDDDDDDDDDD!" she wailed, a shattering climax blossoming from deep inside her blissfully-stretched cunt. She gripped the sheets tightly as her body convulsed and shook, paroxysms of pleasure shooting through her. She could feel herself gushing, spraying the young man's groin with her spitting juices as she twitched and spasmed, needing this release more than she thought.

Steve held on to her quivering legs tightly, keeping her spread wide open as she came. Her huge tits looked fantastic as they wobbled beneath the jam-packed corset, her painted lips open lewdly as she gasped for breath. He could see her pulling at the sheets in a death grip as she bucked and twisted. He loved the intensity of her orgasm, watching her intently as wave after wave of pleasure rolled over her. He had her totally impaled on his rigid pecker, and loved the feel of her mature cunt gripping him tightly, drops of female discharge spraying against his abdomen. Just watching his girlfriend's mother cum was one of the sexiest things he'd ever seen—especially knowing he was responsible for filling that needy cunt of hers. Finally, the blissful sensations tearing through her dwindled. Her hands let go of the sheets as she lay there gasping, a serene smile on her face.

"Now that we've each got one out of the way," Steve said as he slowly withdrew his cock from the depths of her clutching birth canal, "how about I see how many times I can make you come too." With his hands holding her ankles far out to each side, he slammed his hips forward, thrusting every hard inch into her seeping cunt.

"Oh fuccckkkkk...yesssssss..." Meredith hissed, her hands once more clutching at the sheets as he bottomed out, totally impaling himself in her lush mature body. She rolled her hips up against him as he started to fuck her, the tingling sensations of a second climax starting to blossom within her sexy body already.

FOUR BLOCKS AWAY...

"So what time will your parents be home?" Pete Westbrook asked.

"They won't be home until after work. Probably around 5:30 or 6:00. We've got lots of time," Natalie replied, taking the older man by the hand and leading him into her bedroom.

"That's good, I've got a lot of cum to feed you," Pete replied, dropping the gym bag he was carrying on the floor and closing the bedroom door behind him.

Pete had told his wife, Meredith, that he had a full slate of lessons at the golf course scheduled for the afternoon. In reality, he'd only had one, and he'd hurried through that, letting the middle-aged hacker know he'd tack on an extra fifteen minutes next time. He was anxious

to get to Natalie's. She'd texted him the night before that she had the whole day free, but she wasn't feeling too well, and she was hoping he'd be available to come by and feed her a few doses of her favorite medicine. His daughter's 18-year old best friend had been sucking him off for a few months now, and it had only been lately that they'd started to fuck. The girl was a natural when it came to sucking cock, never seeming to get enough. And she was a tight little fuck alright, her young pussy feeling like a velvet fist around his hard pecker every time he fucked her. And she was a kinky little thing, eager to try anything he wanted. That's why he had brought the gym bag today.

"I can't believe Shannon's going to be away all summer, and then off to business school after that. I was hoping we'd at least have the summer together," Natalie said, a bit of a pout on her pretty young face. She looked cute as anything, her long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, the way she always wore it when she sucked him off. Both of them liked that it kept her hair from interfering with the work her mouth was going to do, and Pete liked to grip it and move her head wherever he wanted, or hold onto it when he fucked her from behind. "I'm really going to miss her."

"We're all going to miss her," Pete replied, his mind going back to all the times he'd jerked off fantasizing about his busty young daughter lately. It was a daily thing now, and he couldn't get his mind off the girl's full curvy body and perfect cock-sucking lips. Licking the gusset of the teenager's worn panties had become a nightly ritual for him, often ending up with him blowing a load into her panties or one of her substantial bras. His wife had been surprised when he'd offered to be the "laundry guy" at their house a few years back. It would have surprised her to know the ulterior motive behind his offer was to have free access to his daughter's underwear, especially the ones she'd just

worn. He'd often come knocking at her door shortly after she got home from the gym, letting her know he was going to do a load of laundry, and she'd ask him to wait a minute or two until she changed. She'd throw her soiled items into the basket, and the warm sweaty garments usually caused him to do a 'load' of his own as well as he sucked at the damp crotch of her panties.

"Well, hopefully you and I can spend some time together this summer instead," Natalie said in a sultry tone as she sidled up to Pete and kissed him gently on the lips, her hand seeking out the growing bulge in his pants. After they shared a deep searing kiss, she pulled back from him slightly, her fingers still wrapped around the tube of flesh beneath his trousers as she nodded towards the floor. "What's in the bag?"

"Just a few things I brought for us to have some fun with today, including some things I'd like you to wear."

"What's wrong with what I'm wearing," she asked, putting a playful pout on her face as she stood back and did a pirouette for him. She was wearing skin-tight black yoga pants that hugged her heart-shaped rear end spectacularly, and a white tank top of a similar stretchy material, her braless perfect-shaped C-cup breasts straining against the front of the tightly-stretched top. He could clearly see her nipples, the stiff buds causing teasing shadows to fall on the front of her tank top.

"Nothing at all, I've just got a little something that I think will look fantastic on you."

"What is it?" Natalie was curious now, wondering what he'd brought for her.

Peter unzipped the bag and pulled out a black miniskirt and a short-sleeved red cardigan, with numerous tiny red buttons running down the front.

"That...that stuff looks like Shannon's. I remember her wearing that when we were in middle school. Once her boobs got too big and her hips flared out, she couldn't wear them anymore." Natalie said, a look of surprise on her face.

"Well, yes, you're right," Pete replied, knowing he'd been caught out in the little ruse he'd planned. Now he had to try and cover himself. "She only wore them a few times, and they're still in great shape. I just thought they would look great on you. And I think the size will be perfect."

"Ummm...okay," Natalie said as Pete handed her the two items.

"Here, just a couple of other things," he said, reaching into the bag once more. He brought out a small bag and handed it to Natalie. "These will look good with that outfit too."

The young girl opened the bag and reached inside. She drew out a gorgeous red bra trimmed in dainty white lace, the garment looking wickedly sexy and yet femininely delicate at the same time. She pulled out a matching pair of panties as well. "These are Shannon's too. I

remember her changing out of these when she stayed over when we were younger."

"Uh...yes. But like the other things she outgrew, those are in great shape too. And look, they're your size." Natalie turned the bra over and looked at the tag: 34C, her size exactly. "Oh, just one more thing to make the outfit complete," Pete interjected before she had a chance to say anything. His hands reached into the gym bag again and pulled out a pair of high-heeled black suede boots. The boots were very sexy, with a slim 4" heel and a sharply pointed toe.

"Those are Shannon's too," Natalie said, pointing to the boots in Pete's hand.

"Yes, but you wear the same size, right?" He'd heard the girls talk about this before, and knew they occasionally borrowed shoes from each other.

"Well, yes, but..." Natalie stammered as he handed her the boots as well. It was finally dawning on her what was happening here. "Gee, all these things of Shannon's you want me to wear, including a bra that she's grown out of. Well, well...you're quite the little perv, aren't you?"

"No...I...I just thought it would look great on you," Pete said, trying to turn things around as he felt himself flushing.

Natalie got a sly smile on her face, knowing she'd basically caught her best friend's father with his hand in the cookie jar—or more like it, his

daughter's underwear drawer. "You know," she said as she sidled up to him once more and nipped at his lower lip, "if you want me to dress up and pretend I'm Shannon, you just had to ask."

"You...you really don't mind?" Pete asked, a wave of relief flooding over him.

"Not at all. It's so nasty that it's turning me on. You know I'll do anything you want, as long as you keep feeding me your cum." They'd had some conversations before like this—Natalie was willing to do anything he wanted to try, as long as every load ended up going in her mouth or on her face. For her, having a load dumped into her steamy young cunt was a waste. Tasting it, or feeling it on her skin, that's what she loved.

"That's great," Pete said excitedly. "Then why don't you go and put those things on." He gestured towards the door of the girl's en-suite bathroom.

"Okay," Natalie said as she gathered up the items and sauntered over to the bathroom. She turned and paused as she entered the doorway. She spoke in a breathy whisper, "I'll be right back...Daddy."

"Oh fuck, yes!" Pete thought to himself as he watched her close the door behind her. This was going to be perfect. This sweet young fuck-bunny was eagerly willing to do anything he wanted, including pretending to be her best friend—his daughter. When Shannon had outgrown the bra and panty set on her way to her present size of 34DD, he'd stolen the sexy garments and stashed them in one of his old golf bags in the

basement, periodically whipping them out and jacking off while looking at them. It was the same with the alluring red sweater and black miniskirt. When her developing hourglass figure had caused the skirt to fit a little too tight on the hips, and her sizable breasts made the buttons on the front of the cardigan display obscene gaps as they stretched around her massive orbs, she'd tossed those things aside too. Pete was only too happy to keep her castoffs, bringing them to his nose to inhale her warm girlish scent, the intoxicating fragrance of youthful innocence making his cock hard in no time.

He looked around Natalie's room. Like most of the kids in their neighborhood, the 18-year old girl's parents were well off. And also like Shannon, Natalie was an only child. Pete was happy that the girl's parents both worked, the father was a dentist and the mother a lawyer. They had a spare bay in their multi-car garage, and whenever they had these clandestine rendezvous, his vehicle was safely hidden away from any prying eyes. He was looking forward to this summer with hot little Natalie, hoping he'd be able to visit her for her daily 'feedings' which she loved so much, and he was only too happy to provide. Her room was like her, cute and sweet and yet smoldering with sensuality. She had a four poster queen-size bed with an old-fashioned draping canopy above, which gave the room a sensual sultry look. She still had some stuffed animals on her bed, relics of the youthful life she wasn't quite willing to give up in its entirety just yet. He found it incredibly sexy to fuck her amongst the stuffed animals. Sometimes she'd grab onto one and bite into it to muffle her screams of ecstasy as he drove his cock deep into her tight young pussy, pounding her juicy cunt until she wailed through one climax after another. He just made sure when he was ready to come, he'd pull out to feed her the cum she craved so badly. She usually responded by eagerly diving on his surging cock and sucking out his hot load of creamy semen.

Pete looked around and spotted a hard-backed chair Natalie had facing her makeup table and mirror. It would be perfect for what he had in mind. He turned the chair around and sat down facing the room, waiting for her to return. It only took a couple of minutes before the door of the adjoining bathroom opened and she stepped into the room.

"Hi, Daddy," Natalie said petulantly, a playful look of surprise on her face. "I didn't expect to find you in my room."

Pete looked her up and down, his prick swelling in his pants as he looked at the young girl in his daughter's clothes. The little skirt and sweater that his voluptuous daughter had outgrown fit her slimmer friend perfectly. The red sweater looked fantastic as it hugged her body. She'd done up most of the tiny buttons on the cardigan, leaving a couple open at the bottom where the sweater flared out over her hips, and few more open at the top, giving him a teasing view of her cleavage and the upper swells of her young breasts. He could see the outline of the structured C-cup bra beneath the sweater, and his eyes picked up a glimpse of white lace that trimmed the upper edges of the cups as she moved. The power bra was pushing her nicely-shaped breasts together and up, accentuating her impressive mounds. He remembered how Shannon's magnificent tits had looked in that bra when she was younger, and it made his cock twitch to know he was actually going to see that bra exposed with a nice set of guns filling it. The tight little skirt hugged Natalie's heart-shaped rear end and legs enticingly, the hem ending high on her shapely thighs. He looked further down, loving the look of the high-heeled black suede boots he'd stolen from his daughter's closet. The boots ended just below Natalie's cute dimpled knees and looked great with the rest of the outfit, the slim stiletto heels and sharp pointy toes all but saying "Fuck me."

Pete was thrilled that her daughter's friend had called him 'Daddy', and he wondered if he could get her into a little role playing. He knew if she went along with him, he'd be filling that hungry mouth of hers with cum all afternoon. He decided to go for it, hoping she'd play along based on what she'd said earlier about finding this perverted side of him arousing. He put a stern tone to his voice as he spoke, "Now Shannon, you've been out past your curfew. Why weren't you home on time?"

There was a pause as Natalie listened to what he said, and then she got a wide-eyed look of pure innocence on her face. "I'm sorry I was out so late, Daddy. I asked that boy I was out with to take me home earlier, but he wanted me to do things to him first before he'd let me go."

"What kind of things?"

"Oh Daddy, I don't really want to say. You might get mad at me."

Pete loved that his daughter's friend was getting right into it. And the way this conversation was going, things might just go exactly as he hoped. "Now listen, baby—I'm your father. I may get angry with you from time to time, and occasionally have to punish you, but I will always love you."

"You...you're going to punish me?" Natalie said, nibbling on her lip as she lowered her head and looked up at him timidly.

"You missed your curfew, and we have rules that you have to follow. Now, as far as your punishment goes, that depends on what you did tonight. Now come here and sit on Daddy's lap and tell me about it. And I want the truth. We've always promised never to lie to each other."

"Okay," Natalie said, nibbling on her fingernail nervously as she went over and sat on Pete's lap.

"There, that's my girl," Pete said, slipping his hand around her trim waist and pulling her closer. "Now, what did that awful boy want you to do?"

"He...first he wanted to kiss me."

"Well, that doesn't seem so bad. I'm sure you've kissed boys before."

"But not like this, Daddy. He put his tongue right inside my mouth. I didn't know what to do."

"Hmmm, what happened after that?"

"He...he put his hand underneath my sweater and felt my boobs."

"I don't like the sound of that. Is that all he wanted you to do?"

"No, he took his thing out and made me feel it with my hand for a while. And then he pushed my head down on it and made me take it in my mouth. As soon as I did, it shot all over the place. His stuff shot everywhere."

"You shouldn't have let him do that, sweetheart. You're too young for that kind of thing. I don't want you learning about sex from a clumsy schoolboy like that."

"But Daddy, all my friends are starting to have sex, even Natalie." Pete couldn't help but give a wry smile as the girl spoke about herself in the third person. "How am I ever going to learn what to do? I don't want everybody at school laughing at me and calling me a virgin forever."

"Listen, baby, I think the best place to learn those things is right here at home. I know some people won't think it's right, especially your mother, but if you want, I can teach you those things."

"Really Daddy, you'd do that for me?" the girl said excitedly.

"Of course, sweetheart—it'll be our little secret. Okay?"

"Oh thank you, Daddy," Natalie beamed as she threw her arms around Pete's neck and showered his face with kisses.

"Stop...stop!" Pete replied, getting back into the role of the stern father. "Now I'll teach you about sex, but you still have to be punished first for what you've done. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," Natalie replied meekly, lowering her gaze and putting out her lower lip petulantly.

"Alright, that's my good girl," Pete said as he slid the young girl off his lap and stood up. He grabbed the straight-backed chair and pulled it out slightly into the middle of the room. "Sit down there." Natalie obediently complied, wondering what was coming next. She watched as Pete stepped over to the gym bag he'd brought and reached inside. He withdrew his arm and she spotted a number of pieces of white rope grasped in his hand. She shivered with arousal as she watched him approach.

"Now, I don't really want to punish you, but you've left me no alternative. I want to make sure you don't disappoint Daddy from now on. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Natalie replied, her pussy tingling as she thought about what was going to happen. Getting tied up and made to be submissive was something she'd only read and fantasized about, and now it seemed like it was actually going to happen to her.

"Alright then. This is for your own good." Pete pulled the girl's arms behind her and tied them together. He kneeled down and brought each one of her booted feet against the front legs of the chair and tied those down as well. He stood up and looked at the gap between her spread

legs. "No, that's not quite right." He untied her feet and drew them further back at the sides of the chair, before re-tying them to the back legs. He stood in front of her and looked down. Her legs were spread further apart now, the tight black miniskirt rising high on her thighs. She wriggled against the uncomfortable restraints and he caught a glimpse of her red panties between her spread thighs.

"There, that's better." He looked at her chest, her nice tits thrusting forward with her arms tied behind her back. Still, he wanted something more. He took a longer piece of rope and started winding it around her, the rope positioned just above her thrusting breasts.

"Daddy, what are you doing?" Natalie asked, her pussy dripping with excitement already. He had tied the ropes tightly to the point she couldn't free herself, but not so tight that it would hurt her.

"Shut up! I told you this was for your own good." He let go of the rope and stepped over to the gym bag.

"But Daddy, I'm not...glmmph..." Natalie's protest was cut short as Pete brought forth a silk tie and wrapped it around her head, the tie biting into the edges of her lips as it covered her mouth, silencing her. He secured it tightly at the back of her head. She was able to mumble, but words were impossible.

"There, that gag will come off when I'm ready to use that mouth of yours for what it's made for," Pete said as he went back to circling her chest with the rope. He pulled it tight as he wrapped it around her upper chest a couple of times, and then brought it just below her tits,

keeping it snug against her body as he wound it around. Natalie looked down as he tightened and secured the rope behind her, her tits thrusting out provocatively as the rope pushed them up and out. They were absolutely straining against the tight sweater, and she wondered if some of the buttons were about to pop off. It looked luridly exciting as she looked down at herself, seeing her legs widely spread as well, the black mini ending mere inches below her dripping pussy. She wriggled purposely as Shannon's father stood before her looking at his handiwork, knowing it would make him happy to see her struggle.

"Mmmpphhh," she moaned into the gag as she tried to free herself. Even though she was just doing it for show, she could tell that if she was really trying, it would have been a useless effort—the restraints were just too tight. She saw a smile come to his face as he watched her struggle. Finally, she stopped and sat there gasping, her chest heaving against the ropes that were binding her.

"There, that's my girl, just sit still and enjoy it," Pete said as he stepped next to her and tenderly stroked her cheek. "Remember, baby, this is our little secret. We have to make sure your mother never finds out." He reached down and wrapped his hand around one of her protruding tits, giving it a hard squeeze. "Understand?"

"Unngghgh," Natalie groaned as the deliciously painful sensation shot through her. She nodded her head emphatically, letting him know she understood.

"That's good," Pete said in a soft lulling voice as he walked around behind her chair, his fingers running softly through her long blonde hair. He walked around until he stood right in front of her. "Now

sweetheart, those boys are going to want to feel those pretty breasts of yours, so I think it's time you got used to what that's like." He reached down and undid the buttons where the cardigan covered her tits, opening the front of the sweater. He pulled the sweater forcefully to each side, exposing her sexy red bra, fleshy mounds of tit-flesh all but spilling over the tops of the lace-trimmed cups. Her breasts were heaving as her heart raced, thrilled yet frightened by what was happening to her.

"Yes, they're definitely going to want to get their hands on these babies," Pete said as he reached forward with both hands and started groping her, hefting her young tits on the outside of her bra as his thumbs pressed against her nipples. He could feel them stiffen under his fingers, and continued to squeeze and fondle as the young girl squirmed under his roaming hands. He walked around behind her and slid his hands down the front of her body until his filled his hands with her sizable tits once more, groping her that way. He squeezed and fondled her breasts for a number of minutes, turning her on even more. "Yes, beautiful." He took both of his hands and slipped them right down inside the front of her bra and beneath her nicely-shaped breasts, filling his hands with the soft warm mounds. He lifted them up and out, pushing the sexy bra beneath them. He let them go, her perky young tits settling naturally lower on her chest. She was so turned on, her nipples were hard as rocks. He stayed behind her, squeezing and fondling her nice-shaped tits as he manipulated the stiff little buds of her nipples with his thumbs and forefingers. Natalie was squirming on the chair, breathing raggedly through her gag.

"They're going to want to suck on them too," Pete said as he came around from behind her and dropped to his knees between her spread thighs. He leaned forward, his lips latching on to one stiff rosy nipple.

She gasped as he nipped at it gently, and then sucked, drawing the nipple deep into his mouth.

"Mmmmggnngnn," Natalie groaned, but he could tell it was a groan of pleasure this time. He sucked firmly at her young breast, and then released it, his mouth coming away noisily as her young breast seemed to spring back against her chest. He slipped his lips over the other nipple, his teeth grazing over the sensitive pebble before sucking hard on that one too.

"Mmmmm," she moaned again as he laved his tongue over the stiff protrusion of her nipple, his lips sucking wantonly at the whole areola. After sucking on that one for a couple of minutes, he let it slip from his mouth, her breast covered with a sticky coating of his saliva.

"Those boys will want to put their hands under your skirt too. This is something you definitely can't allow them to do." Pete slid his hands up the insides of her spread legs, his dick stiffening in his pants as his fingers ran over the exquisitely soft skin of her inner thighs. It was one of his favorite parts of the female body, and he wondered what his real daughter's thighs would feel like under his gentle touch. Right now, he was more than pleased to be using her best friend as a substitute for his sinfully incestuous desires.

Natalie was squirming with excitement as his fingers rose higher, his touch setting her on fire as his hands disappeared beneath the hem of her short skirt. She felt his hands sliding higher, and then his fingers rubbed over the front of her panties, his fingertips tracing along the defined cleft of her pouting slit.

"Well, well—it looks like someone is nice and wet," Pete said as he looked at her with a smile. "I think Daddy should just slip inside and see exactly how wet." He slipped his fingers beneath the leg opening of her panties and right between her slippery cunt-lips, the hot slick tissues totally soaked with her flowing juices. "Ah yes, that's my girl." He slid his middle finger right up inside her, the soft petals of her labia parting easily for him. He turned his finger upwards, rubbing it firmly over the roof of her vagina.

"Unngghh...ungghh...ungghhh," Natalie groaned in pleasure as her eyes rolled back in her head. She wanted to move, but she could only wriggle against the constraints, which turned both of them on even more.

"Yes, you have to make sure you don't let any of those boys do this," Pete said as he pushed her panties to one side and slid the fingers of his other hand onto her pussy. He slid a second finger into her as he sought out the erect spire of her clit with his other hand, wetting his fingertips in her dripping cunt before taking the sensitive nodule between his thumb and forefinger and squeezing it gently. At the same time, he went back to rubbing his fingers salaciously against the soft folds of flesh on the top of her slick channel, basically rubbing her clit from the underside as well.

"OHNNNNNN...OHNNNNNN...OHNNNNNN," Natalie groaned into the gag as a tremendous orgasm burst like an atomic bomb from between her spread legs. She thrashed about as Pete kept fingering her, her body shaking and convulsing against the ropes holding her in place.

"Thatta girl," Pete said, "let 'er buck." With his fingers working their magic between her spread thighs, Natalie continued to twitch and spasm in orgasmic ecstasy. She couldn't believe how powerful her climax was. She never realized until this moment how turned on she'd gotten by what they were doing. She loved it. She could feel her cunt gushing, covering his probing hands with her juices as she came and came. Her tits were heaving, the nipples stiff and throbbing as she looked down at them, drool running from the corners of her gagged mouth.

"OHHNNNN...OHHNNNN..." She whimpered in ecstasy again. Pete squeezed her clit firmly and spun his fingers in a tantalizing circle inside her, causing a second orgasm to follow on the heels of the first. Natalie shook her head from side to side as she came, wave upon wave of blissful pleasure coursing through her hot young body. The girl was shaking so vigorously that Pete was worried she'd tip the chair over. He kept his fingers moving between her spread legs as paroxysms of pleasure coursed through her twitching body again and again, until she finally slumped back against the chair, her toe-curling release overwhelming her. He slowed the movements of his fingers, but kept rubbing them gently over the slick lips of her gooey cunt. He let her recover for a couple of minutes, and then withdrew his sticky hands from between her legs, pulling the front of her panties back into place over her glistening mound.

"I think it's time to take this off," Pete said, reaching behind Natalie's head and undoing the tie that was gagging her. As her mouth came free, she worked her jaw back and forth, loosening it up after having the gag pull at the corners of her mouth. Pete held his hands in front of her face, her girly juices glistening on his fingers. "Clean these up for

me." He slipped the fingers of one hand into her mouth, and she eagerly licked them clean, her tongue running all over his hand to gather up her creamy nectar. She did the same to the other hand, until all that was left was a shiny residue of her warm spit.

Pete watched her enthusiastically obey his commands, his eyes focusing on those beautiful lips of hers, knowing what she needed right now. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his turgid pecker, stepping right up between her spread thighs and pointing it at her pretty face. With one hand around his rigid erection, he reached behind with the other and grabbed the base of her ponytail, pulling her as far forwards as the restraints would allow. He pushed his rampant cock down, rubbing the glistening tip all around her parted lips. He saw her nostrils flare as she breathed deep, inhaling the masculine scent of his cock. "You like the smell of that? You like the way your Daddy's cock feels on your face?" He moved the oozing cockhead all over her face, leaving a glistening snail trail of precum behind.

"Yes, Daddy," Natalie said softly as she opened her mouth and turned her head as best she could, trying to get her lips over the enormous knob of the cock she needed so badly.

Pete could see the wanton desire in her eyes as she struggled to reach his moving prick with her mouth, the ropes not letting her move freely. "Do you want this cock right in your mouth? Do you want Daddy to feed you a nice big load of cum?"

"Yes," she hissed, her eyes closed in bliss as she rubbed her face against his throbbing dick.

"Say please."

"Please Daddy. Please let me suck your cock."

"Oh alright. Just the tip right now. Let me feel that pretty mouth of yours suck up that precum." He brought the tip of his cock down and set it at the opening of her mouth, the wet red eye oozing precum onto her soft parted lips. Natalie pursed her lips and sucked at the seeping opening, sucking the shiny fluid right out of him and onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmm," she purred, the manly taste of his cock-sap feeling luxurious as it gathered on her tongue. He stroked slowly forwards, milking more of the tasty drizzle from the gaping tip. "Mmmmm," she mewed again, loving the way he was feeding her. But she knew this was just an appetizer, what she really craved was the main course.

"That's my good girl. Now you can take the whole head in your mouth." As soon as the words were out of Pete's mouth, Natalie let her lips open wide as she followed the flaring contours of his cock-head down, her lips clamping down as they passed over the rope-like corona. With the big knob securely in her mouth, she rolled her tongue over the sensitive glans, coating it in a warm bath of her teenaged spit.

"Oh baby, that's it," Pete said, loving the feel of the girl's hot velvety mouth on his throbbing prick. He'd been turned on by what they'd been doing, and he felt himself on the verge of blowing already. "Just keep

sucking on the head. I'm gonna jerk this load off right into your mouth." He started to stroke his prick more vigorously, his hand bumping into her soft lips as he pumped back and forth. Even with her hands and legs tied up, she sucked feverishly, her talented mouth working overtime on his engorged cock-head, her tongue swirling and fluttering over the sensitive tissues of his glans. It took only a minute or two before he felt his balls drawing up close to his body, and then the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of his cock.

"OH FUCK...I'M GONNA CUM," Pete warned just as he started to go off. A long thick rope of cum shot deep into her sucking mouth, the powerful strand hitting the soft tissues at the back of her mouth and sliding lewdly right down her throat. As a second and then a third rope of semen spewed forth, Natalie swallowed, loving the feel of the silky ribbons of cum sliding down her throat. She kept sucking, and Pete kept jacking at his bucking prick as he flooded her mouth, wad after wad of thick rich cream splashing across her tonsils.

"C'mon Shannon, get it all," Pete said, his legs quivering in ecstasy as he pumped away at his spewing dick.

"Mmmmmmm..." Natalie purred like a kitten as she slavishly swallowed the cum he was feeding her, her soft lips sucking at the enflamed crown as it spewed gob upon gob of milky semen onto her waiting tongue. It wasn't lost on her that he'd called her 'Shannon'. She found it perversely arousing that he was obsessed with his daughter—it seemed to make their encounter all the more nasty, and she loved that, especially since he was going to be feeding her a steady supply of cum.

Finally, the tingling sensations in Pete's loins dwindled, and he milked out the final few drops of seed onto her tongue. "Oh yeah, baby, that's it," he said, his hand slowing as he stroked back and forth. He looked down as Natalie continued to suck at his spent cock, her lips pursed forward like a fish out of water as her tongue delved right into the seeping red eye to get every last drop she could. As she continued to suck, he looked at her dressed in his daughter's clothes. Fuck, she looked sexy—not as sexy as Shannon, but pretty damn close. As he felt the restless twitches in his cock begin again, he knew what he wanted next.

"Alright, let's get you out of that chair." He walked behind her and undid the ropes holding her chest and arms, freeing her. As soon as she could move her arms, Natalie rubbed her wrists, and then pulled her bra back up into place, shifting her girls around until they sat comfortably with the structured bra cups. As Pete undid the ropes holding her booted feet to the back legs of the chair, he looked up to see her starting to do up the buttons on the cardigan that he'd undone.

"Stop! Leave those undone," he said, her hands instantly stopping what they were doing. "I want to see that beautiful bra of yours." Natalie smiled, happy that he was pleased with her. He took her hand and helped her get to her feet. "Now you know, sweetheart, your punishment isn't over yet. I need to teach you some other things I don't want you to let those boys do to you."

"Yes Daddy," she said obediently as he led her to the four poster bed, his hand still clutching the pieces of rope.

"Lie down in the middle of the bed." Pete took the young girl's arm and positioned her on her back in the middle of the bed, her head propped up on a stack of pillows. He slipped a rope around one wrist and tied it to the nearest bedpost. "Like I said, this is for your own good." He did the same to her other wrist, pulling her arms far out to each side before fastening them securely. Natalie wriggled her wrists, happy that once again he'd tied her up firmly, but not tight enough to be painful. Pete then tied a rope around one booted ankle and fastened it to the bottom bedpost. He repeated the action on the other side, pulling her legs far apart before winding the rope around the wooden post and fastening it securely. He stood at the foot of the bed and looked at his daughter's best friend, tied up and spread out before him—her willing body his for the taking.

"Fuck, I'd love to have Shannon spread out like that," he thought to himself as he looked at Natalie's spread-eagled form. The top part of the red cardigan was brazenly open, exposing her generous C-cup breasts filling the sexy red bra. The tight black miniskirt was stretched lewdly across her widely-parted thighs, the hem pulled so far apart it had risen up to the point that it barely covered her pussy. From his spot at the foot of the bed, he could clearly see his daughter's red panties peeking out from beneath the stretched skirt, the front panel almost translucent from the young girl's seeping juices. Her spread legs looked fantastic as they stretched to each of the bottom corners, the high heeled black suede boots looking wickedly sexy. Dressed in his daughter's clothes, the young girl tied up was a vision he wanted to never forget. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his cell phone, taking a few pictures to remember this moment by.

"I don't think we need this gag anymore, do you?" Pete said, holding up the silk tie in his hand. "You're not going to scream or anything, are you?"

"No, sir," Natalie replied, vigorously shaking her head from side to side. She'd actually liked having the gag on for a little while, but she wanted to make sure she had her mouth available to him whenever he wanted to use it. "I promise I'll be good. I won't say a word to Mommy."

"That's my good girl," Pete said as he tossed the tie aside and started peeling off his clothes. Natalie watched as he stepped out of his clothes, his stiffening member rising from between his legs. She loved his cock. It had a beautifully defined mushroom-shaped head that filled her mouth deliciously. His veiny shaft was arrow-straight and the bold bluish veins stood out in bold relief when he was hard. She loved the way it felt when she ran her tongue along his upright shaft, her tongue exploring every throbbing inch. And right now, she could see it extending and stiffening as he crawled onto the foot of the bed between her widely-spread thighs, the enflamed crown looking red and angry.

"You look so beautiful like this, baby," Pete said as he ran his fingertips back and forth along the velvety soft skin of her inner thighs. "Lots of those boys will want to get their hands between your legs like this. But you have to make sure you don't let them. You have to save this just for Daddy, do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," Natalie nodded her head obediently, feeling her temperature rising again as this little game they were playing continued.

"That's good, this is just for Daddy." He slid his hands higher, once more running his fingertips over the front of her wet panties. He breathed deeply, the intoxicating scent of the girl's young pussy wafting into his nostrils. "I can smell you, sweetheart. You smell wonderful. But you've got your panties so wet, they're almost ruined."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to."

Pete looked up at the young girl, her sumptuous chest heaving with excitement as she nibbled nervously on her lower lip, her outstretched arms causing her exposed bra to rise high on her chest. Framed by the partially open red sweater, it looked luridly sexy. He let his eyes travel down her lithe body to the apex of her sex, his fingers tracing lewdly over the damp stain covering the warm cleft of her slit. "I really think you've ruined these panties. I'm going to have to punish you for that." With both hands, he grabbed firmly onto each side of the front panel of her panties and pulled to each side.

"RRRRRIIIIPPPPP!!!"

The tiny panties tore loudly, causing Natalie to gasp in surprise. He pulled his hands away, pieces of the shredded garment in each hand. He tossed them aside, and then reached beneath her skirt once more. He grabbed the waistband with both hands and pulled, breaking that as well. The final torn pieces came free in his hands, and he slung them onto the floor as he got to his knees between her spread thighs. The shocking savageness of what he'd done had turned both of them on — Natalie's pussy was leaking like crazy and Pete's surging erection had

gotten as hard as it ever had. His chest was rising and falling with excitement as his heart raced in his chest, boiling blood flowing through his veins to his rock-hard prick.

"And those boys are going to want to get into this too." He leaned forwards over her restrained body and pushed the tip of his throbbing dick between her pink labial curtains, the slick pieces of flesh circling his member lewdly. "But remember, nobody gets this except Daddy." He flexed slightly back, and then proceeded to drive forward slowly, powering every hard thick inch into her yielding cunt.

"Oh fuccckkkkkkk," Natalie groaned, throwing her head back as her eyes closed, waves of bliss rolling over her as her middle-aged lover drove his cock deep inside her. His thick erection seemed harder than ever before, and it was stretching and filling her deliciously. He kept slowly thrusting forward, and she was getting more and more excited. As he finally touched rock-bottom, with his shaven groin pressed up against hers, she came.

"AAAAHHHHH," she wailed, tossing her head from side to side and shaking like a ragdoll. She could feel herself pulling at the restraints futilely as her body convulsed and spasmed in ecstasy, but it just seemed to make her climax all the more exciting. She came for a long time, her young body twitching and shaking as he remained buried inside her, his hard thick cock filling her tight little cunt.

Pete loved that she was enjoying their little game, and he loved it too. Tying her up like this was something he knew they'd be repeating often from now on. And having her dressed in his daughter's clothes was a definite bonus. As he looked down at her trembling through the final

vestiges of her orgasm, he pictured how perfect it would be to have his own daughter, Shannon, under him like this. The idea of that seemed to fire his torched libido even more, and he felt his blood rising once more. He flexed back, pulling his prick almost all the way out of the young girl's clutching twat, and then levered his hips fiercely, absolutely pounding her into the bed.

"Unnnngghh," Natalie moaned as he slammed her deep into the mattress, her arms and legs quivering as she remained spread-eagled beneath him. She knew at this point, she was nothing more than a willing receptacle for his perverted lust-drive desires—but she loved it.

Pete leaned forward and kissed her roughly, thrusting his tongue into her mouth as he savagely fucked her. He could tell she loved what he was doing to her as she kissed him back fiercely, her lips and tongue sucking wantonly at his probing tongue. He pawed her breasts as he kept thrusting, loving the feel beneath his fingers of her full young tits filling the sexy bra. She was twisting and flexing against the restraints, doing whatever she could to fuck back at him. He vigorously thrust into her time and again, crucifying her as her drove her spread-eagled body into the mattress with the hard thick stake between his legs.

"OHNNNNN...OHNNNNN..." She came again, and then a third time just a few minutes later, her young body covered in sweat as he fucked her deep and hard. She was gasping and breathing raggedly as waves of blissful pleasure rolled over her, her chest heaving beneath his groping hands.

"Oh Daddy, I need your cum so bad. Please feed me," she gasped out, her soft lips parted wetly, her mouth open and waiting. That was all it

took to send Pete right over the edge. As he felt the first tingling twinges of his impending climax coming over him, he quickly withdrew and scrambled up on the bed, kneeling beside her splayed form as he pointed his throbbing erection right at her open mouth.

"OH FUCK YEAH...HERE IT COMES," he warned as he wrapped his hand in a warm loving corridor around his cock and started to pump it, the enflamed crimson crown pointed between her parted lips. They both watched as cloudy fluid filled the yawning red eye for a split second before a long thick rope of glistening whiteness shot deep into her mouth. Like a damn springing a leak, as soon as that first shot spewed forth, all hell broke loose. His hand stroked vigorously back and forth as he totally unloaded, absolutely flooding her face and open mouth with a deluge of cum. Rope after rope of thick rich semen rained down upon her soft young skin. Like an artist with a paint brush, he moved his spitting cock from one side of her face to the other, totally painting her with a shimmering coating of his potent seed. He kept stroking, his cock going off like a geyser as torrents of semen sprayed all over her and into her mouth. "Oh fuck, Shannon, that is so goooooood," Pete groaned, gobs of cum still spewing onto the young girl's face.

Natalie was in heaven, never having been so aroused in her life. She could see it was the same for him—he'd never come this much before. She loved the feel of his thick rich cum landing on her face, the sheer amount and feel of it clinging to her skin was overwhelming. Numerous shots went right into her mouth, and she swallowed, the warm milky fluid sliding luxuriously down her throat. As more of the heavy globs splattered onto her face, she found herself coming again at the perverted lewdness of what they were doing. She was shaking with

ecstasy as he kept flooding her face, her pussy twitching as her discharge sprayed from between her legs and onto the sheets.

Pete felt the last delightful twinges of his climax dwindle, before a final shudder of contentment ran down his spine. His pumping hand slowed as he sat back on his haunches and looked down at Natalie, his mouth almost gaping open at what he saw. "Holy fuck," he said under his breath as he looked at her face, or what he could see of it. It was almost totally covered with his glistening milky semen, wad upon wad and ribbon upon ribbon of pearly cum crisscrossing her face from one side to the other. He had never come that much in his life, and he realized that this bondage scenario they'd experimented with had turned both of them on more than he'd ever imagined. Beneath the layer of shimmering semen, he could see the look of happiness on Natalie's face. Even now, her tongue was circling her mouth as she gathered in as much of the creamy sperm-laden semen as she could reach. He rose back up onto his knees and leaned closer, dropping his dripping cock-head right into her mouth. Her lips closed around it possessively as she started to suck.

"That's it, baby girl. Suck those last drops out of Daddy before I feed you the rest." He reached down, his fingertips running lewdly through the mass of semen covering her face. As he rubbed his fingers salaciously over her cum-covered face, he looked down at her splayed body, still spread out for his lustful desires. With the way she was avidly sucking at him, he knew he'd be painting her pretty face a few more times before the afternoon was over.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Meredith was on her hands and knees with her curvy rear-end thrust high in the air, Steve's hand pressing down in the middle of her arched back as his pistoning rod shuttled in and out of her mature cunt. They'd been at it for hours, and she was almost numb from the number of orgasms she'd had and the blissful abuse he'd put her through with his insatiable desire. His sexual stamina and endurance was relentless — but she loved it.

As per her original plan, he's fucked her twice in a row after she'd given him that first blow job. He'd then lain back on the bed, hands crossed behind his head as she'd luxuriously settled in between his spread legs and worshipped his cock, licking and sucking slavishly at his stiff prick with her hot experienced mouth. She took her time, bringing him to the precipice a few times before he finally begged her to let him cum. After the prolonged teasing, he'd absolutely flooded her mouth, his massive load leaking from the corners of her lips as she struggled to swallow the copious amount of fluid spewing into her mouth.

"Now it's your turn," he said when he was finally done, sliding down on the bed on his back and pulling her over him. He surprised Meredith by eagerly eating her, even though her mature trench was overflowing with the two loads he'd already dumped into her. It turned her on to see he had no objection to eating his own cum, so she settled down, rolling her mature hips all over his face as his tongue slithered deep inside her, enthusiastically lapping up his own semen. She pushed down as she rocked back and forth, pushing out the wads of milky seed onto his probing tongue. He ate her through four climaxes before rising up from between her straddled form and pushing her backwards, his once-more hard cock slipping right up between her pussy-lips. She'd ridden him through two more climaxes of her own as he lay back, filling his hands as he groped her corset-covered tits. After he'd come

that way, he asked if he could suck her tits. She lay against the headboard on a stack of pillows as she lifted her large breasts from inside her sexy corset, letting the big mounds settle down naturally over the front edge of the cups.

"Those are so beautiful," Steve had said as he lay beside her with his head in her lap. She took one big breast in both hands and fed the nipple between his parted lips. As he suckled at her tits like a baby, she reached down and toyed with his spent prick. It only took a few minutes before he was hard again, but he wasn't ready to stop sucking her breasts just yet. She loved the feel of his mouth working on her, his lips and teeth sucking and nipping tenderly at the massive orbs. He eventually had enough, but wanted to put his cock between those soft heavy beauties. He'd straddled her chest as she lay against the headboard, bringing the two soft pillows of flesh up on either side of his rigid dick and flexing his hips back and forth. The enflamed crown disappeared in and out of her deep line of cleavage as he levered his hips back and forth, before eventually taking his cock in his hand and blowing a load all over her chest, gobs of semen flying everywhere. He'd used his fingers to scoop the creamy wads off her tits and fed them to her, his gooey fingers sliding deep into her mouth as she eagerly licked them clean.

"That is so fucking hot," he'd said, and apparently watching her do that got him aroused in no time flat. He pulled her down into the middle of the bed and pushed her nylon-clad legs high up onto his shoulders, before leaning forward as he almost folded her in two. He'd fucked her vigorously, loving the feel of her sumptuous loins turned up to him for a feverish assault. He'd pounded her relentlessly as she came time and again, her whole body thrumming like a plucked guitar string as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss coursed through her lush mature body.

After that, he'd turned her every which way, fucking her mercilessly from one position to the next, sometimes withdrawing his cock from her dripping cunt and pushing it into her mouth, letting her lick up her own fragrant juices.

And now he'd been fucking her from behind for close to half an hour. She'd lost track of the number of orgasms she'd had ages ago, and her whole body was totally covered in sweat. She didn't look quite the same as when they'd started, but she still looked bewitchingly sexy. One nylon had come loose from the garters, the supple hose now puddled around her bent knee. She was still wearing her sexy high heels, and as Steve pounded his hard thick cock into her from behind, her large breasts continued to swing pendulously beneath her on the outside of her corset. He reached beneath her from behind and groped them, the massive guns overflowing his hands.

"Oh fuck yeah, I'm gonna come," Steven said as he pulled his cock from between her clutching pussy-lips and scrambled up beside her. He pushed her over onto her back and knelt next to her face. Meredith eagerly opened her mouth as he pushed down on his surging prick. A thick white rope of cum jettisoned forth, right into her waiting mouth. He shifted to the side, his hand stroking vigorously as he once more sprayed his load over her mouth-watering tits. He came and came, flooding her chest with milky goodness. She was delighted to see that after all the times he'd climaxed already, he still coated her tits with a huge load. Finally, he shook the last few drops onto the sizable mounds of flesh, and then dragged the oozing tip over each stiff nipple, glazing them with his slimy discharge.

"Is that the kind of hammering you had in mind when you called me over today?" Steve asked as he sat back on his haunches and reached down, his hands rubbing the copious amount of semen all over her heavy breasts, the pearly fluid glistening lewdly on her soft skin.

"Mmmmmm...exactly. I think I might just find a lot more hammering for you to do around here this summer," Meredith replied, her voice purring with contentment as his hands continued to fondle her. Not only did she love his incredible sexual endurance, but she loved that he never seemed to get enough of her big tits. He rubbed his fingers over her stiff nipples, his warm cum glistening on the rubbery protrusions.

"Uh, I think you might need to change the sheets," Steve said as he hefted her breasts, continuously amazed at the weight of them. Meredith pushed herself up against the headboard and looked down, his hands still feeling her up.

"Oh fuck, what a mess," she thought to herself as she looked at the sheets. There was cum everywhere, brilliant white gobs of the stuff standing out boldly against the dark purple sheets. Ribbons and wads of jizz were everywhere, with damp stains splattered all over the dark rich fabric. A huge wet stain with multiple white clumps covered the centre of the bed, collateral damage from the numerous loads that he'd dumped inside her, some of which had leaked out from her overflowing pussy. It had been a long time since Meredith had been in a bed that ended up looking like this, and she found it luridly exciting. "That is quite a mess. No point in letting it go to waste, though."

As Steve watched spellbound, she rolled over on her hands and knees and moved down to the middle of the bed. She leaned forward and

pursed her lips over one sizable gob. "SLURRRPP!" Like someone sucking up a strand of spaghetti, she noisily sucked up the big wad of semen. She moved to another one and Steve watched, awestruck, as she licked up another milky globule. She shifted about the bed, lapping up one drop after another until all that was left were the damp stains that she could do nothing about.

"Oh fuck, that was unbelievable," Steve said. She looked over at him, his hand moving once more up and down on his resurgent cock. Like iron filings to a magnet, she couldn't resist the temptation. She crawled between his spread legs and lowered her mouth, her lips slipping over the enflamed knob of his cock, her head starting to bob up and down rhythmically.

BACK AT THE HOTEL

As she leaned against the door of her room, Shannon realized it had been a whirlwind of a day, starting at the spa, and then observing her grandfather's important negotiation meeting, not to mention the romantic interludes they'd managed to have. She hoped everything was okay with her family and friends at home, but right now, she had to start getting ready to be her grandfather's date at the big social function tonight. She didn't want to disappoint him — after all, he had promised to fuck her, and then let her spend the whole night sucking his huge cock. As a shiver of excitement tripped down her spine, she stepped away from the door and into the room, wondering what surprises awaited her next.

Chapter 4

Shannon sidled across her bedroom, undoing the buttons on her blouse, thinking about what the night ahead had in store for her. She'd sucked her grandfather's huge cock a couple of times now, and tonight, he'd promised to fuck her with it. She couldn't wait. She stepped across to the bed and saw two large boxes lying on top of the covers, each one done up with a big colourful ribbon tied into a bow. One had a tag attached that said: "FOR DINNER TONIGHT" and the other said: "FOR LATER".

Like a kid on Christmas Day, she opened the box that said "FOR DINNER TONIGHT", undoing the ribbon and lifting off the top. As she pulled back the sheets of folded tissue paper inside, a glittering brightness spilled forth. She almost jumped back in surprise as the light hit her. She pushed the tissue paper all the way back and then reached inside, drawing out a dress.

"Oh my, it's gorgeous," Shannon said under her breath as she held the dress out before her. It was a one-shoulder mini dress made of a sheer, almost gauze-like, material. It was almost totally covered in thousands of tiny gold, silver, and black sequins. Holding it up before her, she could see that on the side that had the single strap that went over your shoulder, the area near the indented waist was almost totally barren of sequins, which would give it an almost transparent look. Looking down the length of the little dress, she noticed that the number of sequins covering the whole thing diminished as you went lower, with only a few scattered around the bottom of the hem. With the dress being so short to start with, and similar to that transparent section near the waist, this would make the upper thighs of the wearer more visible

through the sprinkling of sequins. She knew it would look devastatingly sexy.

She reached into the package and drew out a flat rectangular-shaped package. It was a new pair of sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose in natural tone, but she could see that it had a fine gold shimmer to it as well. It would make her legs glisten provocatively, as if she had applied a thin layer of shiny oil.

Looking back in the package, she drew out another item — a pair of sexy high heels. They were gold as well, with a slim 4" heel and ribbon-like straps that would cross over her foot just above the toes, with another slim gold strap that would secure the shoe by circling her ankle. She held them up next to the dress and saw they complimented the sexy dress perfectly. Right next to the shoes was a little clutch purse covered in the same tiny gold, silver, and black sequins. It was a perfect accessory for the outfit. When she lifted it out, she could feel that there was something inside the purse. She opened it to find a hairclip and a lipstick. She opened the lipstick and spun out the waxy tube, a smile coming over her face as she looked at the brilliant cherry-red color. She knew there'd be traces of that along her grandfather's huge cock before the night was over.

Seeing that the gorgeous dress had a strap that only went over one shoulder, she wondered if her grandfather had bought her a strapless bra as well. She was curious to see if there'd be panties to match. She rummaged around in the box, pushing and pulling at the numerous sheets of tissue paper, but there was nothing else there. She remembered Claudia telling her that when her grandfather had an outfit prepared for her, he would take care of everything and she was

only to wear what he had chosen for her. Flummoxed by this strange turn of events, she picked up the dress again, turning it around. She was able to look inside the dress, and she noticed that there were structured bra cups actually built right into the dress.

"Well...well, isn't that something," she said to herself as she undid the zipper in the back and looked closer inside. She could see that the built-in bra was not full size, but almost like demi-cups, or even quarter-cups, that would fit on the sides and lower portions of her sizable breasts, with the support ending just below her nipples. She ran her fingers over the partial bra cups, feeling the substantial wire hidden beneath the fabric. She knew it was push her breasts together and up substantially, creating an impressive shelf that would leave her sizable nipples to push against the front of the sequin-covered fabric. She noticed a little label sewn into a seam at the side. She brought it close to her face and read: CLIENT—SHANNON WESTBROOK, SIZE—34DD.

"Oh my gosh," she thought to herself as she almost gasped out loud in surprise—her grandfather had had this dress made specifically for her! She couldn't believe it. No one had ever done anything like that for her in her whole life. Her heart swelled with love for the older man, and she felt herself tearing up at the thoughtfulness and generosity he was showing by doing this for her. With waves of emotion rolling over her, she realized this caring gesture made her want to please him even more than ever.

She looked at the second package, the one that was labeled "FOR LATER". Her hand reached out for it, and then she stopped in midair. As curious as she was to find out what was inside it, she knew she'd

love the anticipation of finding out what it was even more. Summoning up her willpower, she resisted the urge to pounce upon the beckoning package and find out what sinfully wicked apparel her grandfather had chosen for her to wear once they returned. Instead, she placed her outfit for the evening on the bed, turned her back on the unopened package, and finished undressing. Shannon put the clothes she'd been wearing in a laundry bag she found in the closet, and slipped on a huge fluffy robe that was folded on a shelf in the bathroom.

The bathroom was enormous, and opulently decorated, with a number of pots of fresh flowers, just like the rest of the penthouse suite. It had a massive shower lined in marble with glass walls around two sides that rose almost to the ceiling. Next to it was a huge soaker tub, which drew her gaze instantly. She ran the tub and poured in some bubble bath, and then lit a number of candles that were placed around the room. She fiddled with the sound system on one of the walls, and the room filled with gentle soothing sounds. With the comforting scent of the flowers, the warm glow from the candles, and the caressing sound of the music, it felt like a spa.

"Perfect," Shannon said under her breath as she slipped off her robe and stepped into the soaker tub. Steam drifted above the foamy bubbles as she settled in, totally immersing her body in the huge tub. She closed her eyes and let the soothing sensations wash over her, her body totally relaxing as the hot fragrant water lapped at her huge tits. It was deliciously tranquil, and she let her body surrender to the calming warmth as she lay back, eyes closed, savoring the new experience. She let her fingertips trace over her body, loving the way her newly-painted nails looked against her smooth young skin. She brought her hands to her sumptuous tits, watching with a smile on her face as the red talon-like nails toyed with her nipples.

"Mmmmm," she purred like a kitten as the little buds responded, stiffening and poking up above the water. With her nipples like little bullets, she squeezed her sizable breasts, filling her soapy hands with the voluptuous globes. She pictured her grandfather's huge cock, and how wonderful it had felt filling her mouth, the massive head stretching her lips almost to the tearing point as he'd slipped it inside. As she thought about what that powerful cylinder of flesh was going to do to her later, she let her fingers slide down her body and between her legs, her thighs eagerly rolling open to each side. Her fingertips found her clit, and she tweaked it teasingly. She gave a little gasp of delight as the tingling sensations shot through her. With one soapy hand groping her huge tits, and the other one rubbing her slippery pussy, it wasn't long until she brought herself off, images of her grandfather's huge thick cock stretching and filling her young teenaged pussy running through her head.

"Unngghghh," she moaned under her breath as she rolled the erect spire of her clit between her thumb and forefinger. A delicious climax started at the apex of her sex and rolled in blissful waves throughout her body, her chest heaving as she breathed raggedly, the soapy water shimmering and sloshing gently as she twitched and shook beneath its enveloping warmth. Deliciously content, she lay back and closed her eyes, listening to the serenity of the spa-like music, the fragrant scent of the burning candles wafting delicately into her nostrils. She drifted off with lustful thoughts of her grandfather running through her brain, the soothing effects of the tranquil bath totally relaxing her.

She awoke a short time later, and it took her a second or two to realize where she was. She smiled to herself, realizing it wasn't a dream. Shannon looked at the endless variety of bath supplies laid out on the

edge the big tub. She thoroughly washed herself, taking some extra time to carefully shave her little cooze, and after she'd dried herself, she applied some soothing oil to it, until it was smooth as silk and glistening like a newborn.

Shannon sat at the makeup table in the bathroom and took her time doing her hair and makeup, wanting to make sure it was perfect for her grandfather. She did her eyes up more exotically than usual, wanting to make sure she looked grown-up and sophisticated when she'd be holding her grandfather's arm as his date. She smiled to herself as her makeup came together wonderfully, making her look incredibly sexy and alluring. She hoped her grandfather would be happy. She spent a long time making her hair look just right. The cut she'd had that day was gorgeous, her lustrous brunette locks falling sensuously about her shoulders, and the way it fell across her forehead and cheeks framed her lovely face attractively.

Making her way back into the bedroom, she proceeded to get dressed. It felt strange to put the full-length pantyhose on with no panties beneath, and the sheer nylon felt sinfully wicked on her skin. She slipped the dress over her head and pulled it into place. She adjusted her breasts until they fit perfectly into the pre-formed bra inside the dress, the structured demi-cups pushing her lush tits together and up until they nicely filled out the front of the dress, the upper swell of one breast visible at her exposed shoulder. She wriggled her hand behind her and did up the tiny zipper in the middle of her back, pulling the bodice of the dress just that much tighter, her 34DDs now straining the sheer sequin-covered fabric, the material pulled deliciously tight over her sumptuous orbs, her nipples pushing forward in noticeable little protrusions against the front of the glittering fabric. She adjusted the single shoulder strap, the swell of her partially-exposed breast jiggling

slightly as she smoothed the dress down over her hips, the gauzy material fitting her like a second skin.

"This dress feels amazing, and the fit is absolutely perfect," she said to herself as she reached for the shoes that had come with the outfit. She slipped her dainty feet into the sky-high heels. Her feet felt deliciously erotic as she slipped them beneath the slim gold bands crossing just above her toes, her red toenail polish looking sexy even beneath the sheer-to-the-toe nylons. She fastened the slim bands around her trim ankles and stepped over to the full-length mirror, moving gracefully on the slim rapier-like 4" heels.

"WOW!" she gasped out loud as she looked at herself in the mirror. She had never seen herself look so amazing before. The sequin-covered dress was exquisite, fitting her curvy young form perfectly, accentuating her full bust and shapely hourglass figure. With one shoulder uncovered, it drew your eyes invitingly to the protruding shelf of her spectacular tits, the bejeweled sequins glittering on the thrusting shelf, with tantalizing shadows falling beneath the mouth-watering orbs, her large nipples causing teasing shadows of their own. The tight-fitting bodice looked provocatively sexy where the gauze-like material hugged her waspish waist, the limited number of sequins revealing teasing glimpses of her smooth young skin beneath. The dress hugged her full heart-shaped rear end snugly, the dress fitting kissably close to the flaring lines of her shapely hips and upper thighs. She looked at the way the hem ended sinfully high on her full thighs, ending mere inches below her pussy. It looked bewitching sexy with the limited number of sequins near the bottom of the dress hinting at the wondrous treasures lying beneath.

"I can't believe my legs could look this sexy," Shannon said to herself as her gaze went lower. The shimmering hose made her legs look like they were covered with a fine sheen of warm oil, giving them an alluring seductive look she wasn't used to. Her creamy thighs gave way to her dimpled knees, with her full calves tapering nicely down to her trim ankles, the sky-high shoes looking incredibly sexy all on their own, let alone the defined toned muscular shape they gave her legs.

"Oh my gosh, this whole outfit is perfect," Shannon thought as a smile came over her face, her eyes looking up and down at the glamorous image of the girl looking back at her from the mirror. She could hardly believe the enchanting vision before her was actually herself—and she had her grandfather to thank for all of it, which she planned to do all night long, letting him do to her whatever he wanted.

She tousled her hair slightly as it fell about her shoulders until she had it just right, looking wildly inviting and sophisticated at the same time. She grabbed her little clutch purse and pulled out the tube of lipstick that was in it, pursing her lips towards the mirror and applying a glossy coating of brilliant red to her full young lips. With her eyes made up in dark smoky tones and the vivid red gash of her succulent mouth, she was sure her grandfather would be pleased with her. As she slipped the lipstick back into her little purse, there was a tap at her door.

"Shannon, are you ready?" her grandfather's warm comforting voice came from the other side of the door.

"Yes, grandpa, I'll be right there." Checking her hair once more, she stepped to the door, opening it to see her grandfather waiting for her. Her eyes opened wide as she looked him up and down. He was

wearing a tuxedo, which fit his trim mature body perfectly. His salt and pepper hair looked impeccable, and the defined rugged cheekbones, slim nose, full lips and compelling green eyes made him look dashing handsome. Her grandfather looked so good, Shannon thought she was looking at James Bond.

"Grandpa, you look amazing," the 18-year old gushed. "You are so handsome."

"Thank you, my dear. But the way you look, I can guarantee you not one soul will be looking at me tonight," Ted replied, his eyes taking in the delightful vision of his granddaughter standing before him. He was pleased he'd picked that outfit and had the dress made specifically for her—the results were even better than he hoped, her spectacular breasts filling out the dress alluringly, and her gorgeous shapely body making the whole outfit look sensually enchanting. His eyes lingered on her huge tits, pleased with the way the built-in half-bra allowed her sumptuous nipples to remain visible to his admiring gaze as they thrust against the front of the tight sequin-covered fabric. "You, my dear, are a vision of loveliness—it's as pure and simple as that."

"Oh, grandpa, thank you. That's so sweet," Shannon replied, feeling herself blush under her grandfather's kind words.

"Alright, sunshine, time to go." He led her through the spacious penthouse and stopped just inside the door to the hotel corridor, where a small table with a mirror over it stood next to the door. Ted picked up his room key from small bowl on the table and turned towards Shannon, a puzzled look on his face. "That dress and those shoes look fantastic, but I...I'm not sure—something's just not right."

Shannon gasped, wondering if she'd missed something in the box or done something wrong. "Is there something I forgot to do?"

"Well...no," Ted said, looking her up and down with a discerning look on his face, "but I think there's something missing from making that outfit look even better." He reached into his inside jacket pocket and withdrew a slim blue-velvet box which he held out towards her. He reached forward with his other hand and flipped the lid of the box open, revealing a glittering diamond necklace and matching earrings inside.

"Oh Grandpa," Shannon gushed, her hand flying to her mouth in surprise, her eyes opening wide as she looked at the dazzling jewels. "They're....they're gorgeous!"

"A beautiful young woman like you deserves something equally beautiful." Ted reached into the box and took out the necklace. He nodded towards Shannon, who turned around and faced the mirror, lifting her hair out of the way, exposing the soft skin of her neck. Ted slipped the necklace around the young girl's neck, fastening the clasp in place. He held the box in front of her, and Shannon happily took out the dangly earrings and put them on as he held her hair out of the way. She was smiling from ear to ear as she looked at herself in the mirror. Ted moved close in behind her and leaned down, tenderly kissing her neck. Shannon almost swooned with pleasure, loving the feel of her grandfather's soft lips tracing over the soft skin of her neck. She leaned back against him as his arms came around her body and circled her midsection, holding her close. "I can't wait for later," he said softly into

her ear as his lips nipped gently at her sensitive earlobe, her eyes closing as the blissful sensations washed over her body.

"Oh Grandpa, do we have to go?" she asked in a breathy whisper as his hands came up and cupped her heavy young breasts, the slab of meat in his trousers pressing against her curvy rear end.

"Unfortunately we do, but I want you to know that I'm not expecting too much from you tomorrow — I think you're going to be tired and sore after I'm done with you tonight."

"Ohhhnnnn," Shannon gasped as she almost came on the spot, her grandfather's experienced hands squeezing her full breasts, making her pussy itch torturously as he ground his substantial member lewdly against her backside. His thumbs rolled over her nipples, making them stiffen beneath the provocative dress even more. She felt like melting into his arms right there, but he stood back, withdrawing his arms from around her and stepping towards the door.

"Come then," he said, holding his arm out to her, "we don't want to be late." With a smile on her face, Shannon slipped her arm through his as they left the suite and made their way to the elevator. Once he'd pressed the button for the main floor, he turned to her, "Tell me, my dear, did you open both of the boxes that were left on your bed?"

"I have to admit I was tempted, but I decided I wanted to keep the second one as a surprise. I actually had it in my hands, but summoned up enough willpower to stop myself."

"That's good," he said, nodding his head. "Discipline and patience like that will take you far in the business world. I'm proud of you." He paused for a second, a mischievous look in his flinty green eyes. "I think you'll really like the things that are in there, and I'm sure I'll like it even more." He gave her a little wink which made her heart flutter.

The elevator doors opened and he led her into the opulent lobby. Shannon spotted Grant and most of the other of her grandfather's staff members waiting for them, all them dressed to the nines. Both the men and women gave her an appreciative glance, their eyes taking in the beautiful young granddaughter of their boss. Shannon basked in their smiles, feeling exuberant and giddy as she walked next to her handsome grandfather, her arm through his.

"I think we're all set then," Ted said as he nodded to his two bodyguards, who Shannon noticed were dressed in fashionable black suits as well. The entourage left the hotel, piling into numerous limos parked under the covered entryway, with Ted leading Shannon into the first car. She noticed that all the limos had tinted windows, the reflective surface making it impossible to see inside. She slid into the expansive rear seat as the chauffeur held the door open for her, and she noticed his eyes couldn't help but stray to her sexy legs as she drew one leg in after the other. Her grandfather slid in next to her, the chauffeur closing the door behind them.

"Alright, Miles, you know the way," Ted said as the chauffeur got in and started the car.

"Yes, sir," the young man replied, pushing a button which brought up a smoky glass screen behind him, the back area now becoming totally private.

"Shannon, if you'll open that first compartment across from you, you'll find something in there I need you to take out."

"Oh, alright," the young girl replied, wondering what this was all about. There were a few compartments below the seat facing her, and she reached for the first one. She undid the clasp and the door of the little compartment slowly opened. Inside she could see what looked like a number of pieces of black fluffy fabric. She took one out and found that it seemed to be folded terrycloth, about the size of a small hand towel. As she opened it up, she noticed a perfectly circular hole in the middle, about 2" in diameter. The hole had a piece of black cotton fabric stitched all around it, to prevent the terrycloth from unraveling and fraying.

"Is...is this what you wanted me to get?" Shannon asked, totally confused by what she was holding.

"Yes, you'll find I have those on hand wherever I go. You'll get used to them. Now I want you to undo my zipper and take my cock out. I don't think it'll take you long to figure out what the towel is for."

As the nastiness of what the towel was used for registered in her young mind, Shannon felt her heart start to race with excitement. She reached into her grandfather's lap as he opened the front of his tuxedo jacket. She drew down his zipper and fished around inside, her fingers

slipping into the opening of his fitted boxers and finding the thick root of his cock. She circled her fingers around it and pulled it out, having some trouble getting the prodigious member past the confining pieces of clothing. It finally came free, the long thick tube of flesh filling her hand. It had barely come free before she felt it stiffening in her hand, like a king cobra rising from its nest.

"Oh God, it's beautiful," she thought to herself as her fingers naturally started to shuck up and down.

"The towel," her grandfather said, snapping her out of her reverie. Realizing she'd almost been hypnotized by the sight of his majestic cock, she took the small towel and brought it forwards, slipping the sewn opening in the middle down over his stiffening shaft. She slid it all the way down until it sat right next to his body, and then she spread it out, covering a generous portion of his midsection and upper thighs. It fit perfectly, the sewn circular hole in the towel fitting snugly around the base of his cock. Shannon smiled to herself, knowing he'd had them made specifically to fit his massive prick. "That's it," Ted continued. "That will prevent my clothes from getting wet. Normally, I'd expect you to have your mouth working on my cock when we're in the car like this, but since we're not really going too far, and your lipstick looks so nice, I just want to feel your hands on me this time."

"You want me to jerk you off?" Shannon asked, knowing that the hotel where the dinner function was taking place was not supposed to be very far away.

"No, we're not going to be in the car very long this time. I just want you to get used to the feel of it in your hands. I know my cock, and I won't

be coming this time—I'm going to save that for you." He paused and Shannon felt herself flushing with excitement, knowing her grandfather had promised to fuck her. "You'll get the full load later. This time, I'm sure I'll be able to work up some precum to give you as a little appetizer." Ted sat back in the seat and touched her shoulder, letting her know he wanted her to get to work.

Eager to please her grandfather, Shannon turned sideways on the seat, her skirt rising high on her thighs. She was happy to see her grandfather look down at her legs, and she spread them as much as she could in the slightly awkward position. She felt his prick lurch in her hand, and reached forward with her other hand. "Oh Jesus, it's so big," she thought to herself as she let both hands circle the massive cylinder of flesh. It quickly grew to its full length, and even with both hands wrapped one above the other around it, there was still a good third of it exposed. She couldn't believe how thick it was, her circling fingers coming nowhere near to touching the palms of her hands. And it was hard—hard as a slab of granite, ironically covered with a sheath of velvety soft skin. She gasped as her hands slid lewdly up and down over the rigidly stiff shaft, never having felt a cock so powerfully hard in her whole life. Even Steve, who got hard at the drop of a hat, couldn't match the unrelenting chiseled solidity of her grandfather's robust cock. Waves of desire rolled over her as she slowly stroked up and down, thinking about how wonderfully luxurious it was going to feel having that cunt-splitter stretching and filling her tiny teenaged pussy.

"That's a good girl. I think there's some precum for you there now."

Shannon moved her eyes to the tip and saw a glistening bubble pulse to the surface. It grew in size as the wet red eye seemed to yawn open,

the shimmering bead of fluid growing and starting to drool from the tip as she continued to stroke his rigid pecker.

"Put some on your finger and taste it," Ted said, nodding towards his enflamed cockhead.

Shannon reached forward and extended her index finger, sliding it beneath the shiny wad of cock-sap and lifting upwards. The slimy fluid clung to her fingertip as a glistening web of the stuff remained connected to the tip of his cock, the distending web getting slimmer and slimmer until it came free and dangled from her fingertip, waving lewdly in the air before her. She brought it closer to her face as it swung obscenely back and forth, mesmerizing her like a hypnotist's watch. She felt her tongue slip out and run instinctively around her red painted lips, knowing she wanted to taste her grandfather's juices more than anything. She moved her hand closer as she opened her mouth, the shiny web of cock-honey dangling obscenely before her, the luridness of what she was about to do causing a rush of desire within her.

"Ohnnn...." With a moan of pleasure, she let the wavering strand of discharge settle on her tongue, and then closed her lips over her finger, her tongue rolling over her finger to gather in the glistening drop of warm masculine fluid. "Mmmmm..." She purred, wanting more.

"You like that?" Ted asked, a big smile on his face.

"Oh God, yes," Shannon said, her hand continuing to pump up and down rhythmically on her grandfather's huge cock. Another surging

drop of fluid pulsed to the surface, and she quickly brought her forefinger back to the wet red eye and gathered it up, feeding it into her waiting mouth.

"That's good, I'm glad you like it. You're going to be getting a steady diet of that from now on."

Shannon kept stroking, her grandfather's precum flowing like a river now, the sticky juice starting to coat her pumping hand. She was constantly feeding the slimy cock-sap into her mouth with her fingers, feeling herself getting more and more aroused as she did. "Ohhnnnn...." She let out a little whine of need, an anguished look on her face.

"What's wrong, sunshine?" Ted asked, a knowing smile on his mature face.

"Oh grandpa, do you think I could suck it for just a minute?" She looked at him with doe-like eyes, the need to have his beautiful huge cock inside her mouth overwhelming her.

"You really want another mouthful bad, don't you?"

"Oh gosh, yes. Please....." Shannon was almost giddy with excitement, knowing now that her grandfather was seriously considering letting her take another load out of him, straight from the source.

Ted checked his watch, and then flicked a button on the door beside him. "Miles...."

"Yes, sir?" came the chauffeur's voice over the intercom.

"There's been a slight change of plans. Just drive around the area of the hotel until I tell you."

"Yes, sir. No problem."

"Do you have your hairclip with you?" Ted asked as he flicked off the intercom button.

"Yes," Shannon replied, quickly opening her little clutch purse and pulling out the ornamental hairclip. She looked at her grandfather as she held the hairclip up for him to see, a pleading look on her face.

"Alright," Ted said, watching his granddaughter's face beam with happiness. "Put the hairclip on. I don't want any of that beautiful hair of yours getting in the way. Besides, it'll let me see that gorgeous face of yours better while you're sucking me off."

Shannon quickly pulled her hair back and attached the clip, freeing her face from any unwanted tendrils. She started to lean forwards, her painted red lips opening widely.

"No," Ted said, stopping her. "If you're going to suck it, I want you to get used to being where I want you to be every time we're in the car. Get down on your knees between my legs so you can suck it properly."

"Yes, sir," Shannon obediently replied as she slid off the seat and onto her knees. There was plenty of room in the limo between their seat and the one opposite them, so the young girl had no problem positioning herself comfortably on the carpeted floor as her grandfather spread his legs. She adjusted her knees slightly to each side, her short dress easily allowing her legs to part so she was in the perfect cocksucking position, her face poised just an inch or two above the enflamed tip of his huge cock. She reached for her grandfather's throbbing prick, her eyes glued to the slimy strand of cock-honey dangling from the tip.

"No," Ted said firmly, stopping her again. "Work up a mouthful of spit and show it to me." Shannon did as she was asked, opening her mouth for her grandfather to see the puddle of warm saliva she held on the flat of her tongue. "That's my girl. Now put your thumbs into your mouth and get them nice and wet." Slightly confused, the young girl again did as she was asked, covering her two thumbs with her warm silky spit. She held them up for her grandfather to see.

"Good. Now put your thumbs on either side of the ventral ridge near the base of my cock and start sliding them slowly up and down." Shannon wrapped her slender fingers around the base of his thick hard cock, her slippery thumbs on each side of the throbbing main vein running up the underside of his pulsing dong, the heels of her hands sitting on the black towel covering his lap. She pressed her thumbs against the velvety soft skin, feeling the iron-like hardness beneath.

"Oh yeah, that's it," Ted said with a smile on his face as his granddaughter's slick thumbs rubbed sensuously up and down. "Do you still have that mouthful of saliva? Let me see it again." Shannon opened her mouth once more, letting her grandfather see the massive wad of spit she held inside. "Good, now drizzle it all over the head of my cock."

Shannon leaned forwards, her full red lips poised right over the tip of the lemon-sized crimson crown. She pursed her lips forward and opened them into a tiny 'O', letting her mouthful of spit slide out sensuously onto the enflamed tissues of his glans. As it started to flow down over the flared contours of the mushroom cap, she moved her head slightly, making sure she was covering all of the engorged knob with her silky saliva.

"Oh yeah, that looks so beautiful. That's what I always dreamed of my sexy granddaughter doing." Ted reached forward with both hands and sunk them into the young girl's lustrous brunette locks, holding firmly onto her head. "Now, you just keep rubbing those thumbs up and down while I work your mouth on my cock. Don't worry, you're going to get a nice thick creamy reward when I'm done."

Shannon felt her heart racing with excitement as her grandfather pulled her head downwards. She loved when he took control of her like this, as if he could see into her very soul and knew this is what she needed. She opened her lips as they came in contact with the spit-covered cockhead, her lips spreading wide open as he pushed her head down. Her jaws stretched and stretched until the massive knob popped right inside her mouth, almost totally filling her hot oral cavity. He pulled her down further, more of his thick hard cock disappearing into her

sweet young mouth. When she was about halfway down, the engorged knob hit the soft palate at the opening of her throat, and her grandfather stopped, holding her head in place as he slowly rolled his hips, his throbbing prick totally filling her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she purred contentedly, the sensuous sound vibrating warmly through his rock-hard member.

"That's good, for now," Ted said, looking down at his granddaughter's pursed red lips circling wantonly about halfway down his rigid shaft. "We'll work on opening up that throat later. You'll be taking the whole thing soon enough."

Shannon almost swooned at the thought of taking her grandfather's huge cock all the way down her throat. She was scared to death of the idea, but at the same time, her pussy was just dripping thinking about how wonderful it would feel—her grandfather totally possessing her with his gorgeous hard cock shoved all the way down her young throat. She felt his hands pulling her head up, and she swept her tongue lasciviously all over the underside of his prick as her lips adhered possessively to the velvety shaft. When he'd lifted her head up until just her lips were sucking at the tip, he pushed down again, sending her sucking mouth on a delightful journey to the middle of his rearing prick. He moved her head firmly up and down, occasionally slowing the movement as he rolled his hips, fucking her hot young mouth just the way he wanted. And with him being in control like this, it was what she wanted too—to be used like a cheap slut by this rich powerful man, and the fact that it was her grandfather made it all the more exciting for her.

"Mmmm...." Shannon mewed like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as he worked her vacuuming mouth up and down his rampant cockshaft. Not forgetting about his instructions, she continued to rub up and down with her slippery thumbs, as if trying to coax the hot thick semen out of his mature balls. She loved the feel of him possessively moving her working mouth, his hands holding onto her head firmly, yet gently at the same time. He moved her mouth this way and that as it went up and down, having her suck him just the way he wanted. Wanting to please him more than anything, she sucked in her cheeks, creating a hot buttery sheath for his thrusting prick to fuck.

"Oh fuck, yeah, that's my girl," Ted said as he felt his balls starting to draw up in his scrotum. "Now, use your fingernails to scratch around the base while you keep those thumbs moving. This is going to be a big one, and I want to make sure you get every drop." Shannon curled her fingers until her red talon-like fingernails touched the taut skin at the base of his rigid prick. While her thumbs kept rubbing up and down, she scratched at the skin surrounding the trunk-like girth, her nails leaving red traces on the surface of the delicate skin.

"Oh Jesus, that's perfect," Ted said, her scratching nails and rubbing thumbs driving him over the edge. "Get ready....HERE IT COMES!" With a couple of pumps up and down of her head, he pulled it back until just the massive enflamed knob remained in her sucking mouth, wanting to make sure she tasted every creamy drop. He held her head there as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth, rocketing against the soft tissues at the back of her mouth.

"Mhhnnn...." Shannon gave off a high-pitched whine of delight as she felt his cock start to spew into her mouth. Her tongue swiped

salaciously all over the sensitive tissues of his glans as he continued to shoot, wad upon wad of thick milky jizz shooting into her hungry mouth. She could feel his bucking cock pulsating beneath her sliding thumbs as he flooded her mouth, her scratching fingers and teasing thumbs coaxing his sizzling load out of his overflowing nuts.

"That's it, girl. Suck it all out. Get every last drop," Ted said as he unloaded, filling his pretty granddaughter's avidly sucking mouth with rope after rope of sperm-laden semen.

Shannon was in heaven, her mouth rapidly filling with her grandfather's tasty juices. She couldn't believe how much cum he kept shooting, her cheeks filling to the bursting point. She could feel silky rivulets of spunk leaking from the corners of her mouth, and she looked down to see silvery streamers sliding down the upright shaft. She swallowed, the warm masculine seed feeling like liquid silk as it slid down her throat. But the older man kept cumming, shot after shot flooding her welcoming mouth. More of the stuff was leaking from the corners of her tightly stretched lips, sliding down his spit-covered cockshaft and over her working hands.

"Oh fuck, that's so good," Ted moaned as he felt the final tingling sensations of a luxurious climax course through him. His hips stopped bucking up against her vacuuming mouth as he held her head in place, the last drops of post-orgasmic dogwater leaking into her mouth. He let her nurse for a minute or so, her lips and tongue sucking intently at the wet red eye of his drooling pecker, making sure she got every last drop. He finally pulled her head off his spent prick, her sucking mouth coming away with an audible "POP!"

"There, is that what you wanted?" he asked, a contented smile on his face.

"Oh grandpa, thank you so much. That's exactly what I wanted," Shannon replied, her tongue sliding out to run all around her mouth, making sure she got as much of his cum as possible.

"You better clean that up," Ted said, nodding towards his crotch. Shannon looked down, spotting the stray gobs of cum that were clinging to her hands, with a few more clinging to the towel around the perfectly-fitting ring circling his cock. She smiled to herself, knowing now why the towels were black—it made any traces of cum easy to see. With a nasty shiver of illicit wickedness tripping down her spine, she leaned forward, her tongue licking the cum off her hands. When they were clean, she pursed her lips and pressed them against the soft terrycloth, sucking the stray clumps of her grandfather's potent seed into her mouth.

"Alright then, we better get to this party," Ted said as his granddaughter raised her head and licked her lips one more time, every drop of his milky goodness finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. As Shannon got back into her seat, he pulled the towel off his lap and threw it on the floor.

"There are cloths in that compartment next to the one with the towels," Ted said, pointing to the series of compartments beneath the seat across from them. "And if you hit that button beside you, it'll open a mirror for you to use. You better get cleaned up and put on a fresh coat of lipstick."

Shannon hit the button and was delighted to see a mirror slowly flip down from the roof of the limo. She opened the compartment he mentioned and was happy to find warm cloths inside. She took one out and wiped her face, noting her lips looked slightly puffy from the working over he'd just given her. When she was done cleaning up, she took out her lipstick and applied another glossy coat, her mouth once more looking like a sexy red gash. She took off her hair clip and fixed her hair, fluffing it out around her pretty face until it gave her a hot "I just got fucked" sexy look that she knew her grandfather would approve of.

"That's my girl. You are so beautiful. You're going to be the hit of the party," Ted said as he reached for the intercom button. "Miles, take us to the hotel."

"Yes, sir."

Minutes later they pulled up to the posh hotel where the function was being held. With the chauffeur holding the door open, Ted slid out, offering his arm to Shannon as she slid across the seat and joined him, her arm slipping through his. Admiring gazes followed them as they walked into the elaborate reception room, all eyes turning to look at the beautiful young girl in the sparkling sequined dress. Shannon could see the men looked at her hungrily, some of them almost salivating as they took in her busty young form making the teasingly tight dress strain at the seams, the fully-packed bodice threatening to spill over with soft warm tit-flesh. She also saw their eyes slip down to her legs where the gauze-like hem ended sinfully high on her full thighs, her shimmering hose giving her shapely legs an oily sheen that was incredibly sexy. The

strappy high heels complimented the outfit perfectly, giving her young toned legs added definition that made them look enticingly erotic. She could see the woman looking at her as well, appraising her distinct outfit with smiles and nods of approval, most of them with envious looks in their eyes as they looked at the shapely young girl in the stunning outfit.

Ted nodded to numerous people along the way, with Shannon being overwhelmed by the glamour and opulence of everything her young eyes took in. All the women were dressed to kill, with long legs and generous amounts of cleavage on display everywhere. Most of the men wore tuxedos, or stylish black suits. It looked like something out of a movie, and she even noticed a few B-grade movie stars amongst the gathered throng. Her head was on a swivel, looking this way and that. She saw her grandfather gesture to his people, his closest staff members gathered together in a group near the bar. He made his way over and joined them, taking two glasses of champagne from a server and passing one to Shannon.

"Sorry we're late, I was on a call to Takashiro in Tokyo," Ted said to the gathered ensemble as he stood next to Claudia.

Shannon looked at the woman, envious of her classic beauty. Her tall lithe body was exquisitely clothed in a classic 'little black dress'. It was a sleeveless sheath that fit her model-like body perfectly, the faux turtleneck collar drawing your attention to her long regal neck and compellingly sharp features, her frosty-blonde hair framing her beautifully-sculpted face attractively. The dress ended a few inches above her trim knees, and there was a slit in the front of one thigh that drew your eye like a magnet when she moved. Her legs were bare and

seemed to go on forever, before ending with her slender feet encased in 4" high-heeled black slingbacks. As Shannon looked the woman over, Claudia was doing the same to her, a smile of approval on her face.

"How are you liking your first day, Shannon?" The young girl was snapped out of her reverie and looked up to see her grandfather's right-hand-man, Grant, speaking to her.

"I'm loving it." She gestured to the gathered crowd of beautifully dressed people and the ornate surroundings. "I can't really believe I'm here. It feels like a dream."

"It's not like this every day," Claudia said, as she stepped forward and touched the young girl's arm. "But you'll quickly get used to the way things are with your grandfather. Ted, do you mind if I borrow Shannon for a minute?"

"No, go ahead. Just make sure you bring her back," the older man said playfully, a proud smile on his face.

"I'll make sure I have her back before the clock strikes twelve," Claudia said good-naturedly as she led the young girl slightly away from the others. Safely out of earshot of the others, she stopped and reached into her purse. She held up a plastic-wrapped mint and held it out towards Shannon. "Here, you better have this — you've got cum-breath."

"Wha....wha.....?" Shannon gasped in surprise, her eyes big as saucers.

"Go ahead," the older woman said with a smile on her face as she pressed the mint into the girl's hand. "Take it. Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me."

"You....you know?" the flummoxed girl said, feeling herself blushing bright red as a jolt of anxiety shot through her.

"Relax. I'm one of the few that know about your grandfather's special.....shall we say.....'peccadilloes'. Who do you think got those outfits together for you?" The comforting smile on the woman's face set Shannon at ease, and she felt her racing heart start to slow.

"And you don't think.....?" Shannon let her words trail off, not really knowing what to say. She took the wrapper off the mint and slipped it into her mouth, wondering if anyone else had been able to smell the semen on her breath.

"I think it's kind of exciting actually. Your grandfather will be able to teach you many things about business—and about sex too. You couldn't have a better teacher."

"Have you and he.....?" the young girl left her words dangling in the wind.

"No...no, don't worry about that. Your grandfather and I have a special understanding, but it doesn't include that. I'm not sure if he told you, but I have different tastes."

"He did mention something....." Again Shannon was too timid to finish her sentence.

"That I like girls?" Shannon only nodded, feeling more at ease with Claudia now that the truth had been aired. "Yes, that's true. So don't you worry at all about me and your grandfather that way. He's going to show you things this summer that you'll love and never forget. You'll never be the same afterwards."

"He's quite something, isn't he?" Shannon said, turning to look at her grandfather, a small group of people gathered around him as he spoke, all of them seeming to hang on every word he was saying. Her heart filled with emotion for her grandfather again as she watched. He seemed to naturally exude a charisma and magnetism that was physically compelling, as if you could reach out and touch it. People seemed to gravitate to him to fill some need in their life, as if they were looking to him as a natural leader, to ensure them everything was alright in their own lives.

"Yes, he's a wonderful man. He is going to make you feel things you've never felt, both physically and emotionally."

Shannon and Claudia watched as a man and a beautiful young girl approached Ted. The middle-aged man spoke to the business magnate, introducing the girl with him, and Ted reached forward and shook her hand, the gorgeous young thing smiling profusely.

"Is that who I think it is?" Shannon asked, recognizing the girl.

"Yes, that's her alright," Claudia replied. The girl was a young Latino starlet, who was famous for being the girlfriend of a teen heartthrob. They always seemed to have an off again/on relationship that was fodder for the tabloids on a weekly basis, their pictures plastered all over the place for everyone to see. While the singing idol continued to make it big, the girl's popularity was growing too, even though she never seemed to be able to decide whether she was an actress or a singer, and Shannon thought she was never really very good at either. But she was gorgeous, even Shannon had to admit that. She had long black hair that gleamed like liquid silk, and her dark Latino features and brilliant smile made her compellingly attractive. Shannon's boyfriend, Steve, had often commented on how sexy she was, and here she was, touching Shannon's grandfather's arm as she flirted with him.

"She's very pretty, isn't she?" Claudia said, watching the way Shannon was looking at the starlet.

"Yes...." Shannon replied softly with a nod of her head, her eyes never leaving the young girl as she smiled and talked with her grandfather. The girl was wearing a royal blue dress which clung to her lithe young figure enchantingly, the deeply-scooped neck revealing a teasing glimpse of her cleavage, the dress ending high her slim young thighs, her gorgeous legs accentuated by sky-high strappy blue sandals, the straps circling her tiny feet alluringly. She made a joke with the older man and leaned against him, blatantly bumping the side of her breast against his arm. Shannon could feel herself fuming as she watched.

"Relax, sweetheart," Claudia said, leaning close and speaking into Shannon's ear, "there's no need to be jealous of her. I know why that girl and her boyfriend keep breaking up. She's just flirting with your grandfather because it will look good for her when the press report it. She's not serious about it. Besides, look at those tits—nothing more than a B-cup there. I know your grandfather, and that wouldn't be enough for him. Now you...." Claudia paused, her eyes blatantly focussing on Shannon's massive tits, "yours are a different thing altogether. Just what your grandfather likes." As Shannon looked up at the older woman, Claudia gave her a little wink. "Now those B-cups that sweet young thing has on display there—those look pretty nice from where I'm standing. Come with me." Following in the older woman's wake, Shannon walked with Claudia until they stepped into the circle of Ted and his young guest.

"Ah yes," Ted said as Claudia nodded towards the young starlet, "Shannon and Claudia, may I introduce...." He stopped himself and smiled. "Well, I guess this young woman really needs no introduction—it's not like you two dropped off the face of the earth for the last five years. But you two, I do need to introduce." As he looked at Shannon, you could see a look of intense pride come over his face. He turned to the young girl standing next to him and extended his hand towards Shannon. "This is my granddaughter, Shannon, who's interning for me this summer."

"Shannon, so nice to meet you," the young starlet said as the two girls shook hands, her eyes drawn magnetically to the impressive shelf of Shannon's massive tits. "Your dress is absolutely dazzling. I saw it from across the room earlier. It looks fantastic on you. You must tell me where you got it."

"My grandfather had it made for me," Shannon said proudly, a smile on her face as she saw the girl looking at her lush curvy body with an obvious look of envy on her face. Shannon purposely took a deep breath, making her sizable chest swell even more.

"It's so beautiful," the girl replied as she looked Shannon up and down, her gaze lingering an extra second or two on those succulent breasts again as her eyes came back up. With the way the girl was looking at her, Shannon didn't know if she was still talking about her dress, or the view she had of Shannon's tits.

"And this is my personal assistant, Claudia," Ted said, gesturing to the taller woman.

"I'm charmed....absolutely charmed," Claudia said in warm breathy voice as she stepped forward and offered her hand.

"I.....I'm pleased to meet you." Shannon watched as the young girl seemed transfixed as Claudia took her hand and brought her other hand over the top of it, calmly stroking the back of her hand with her long fingers.

"The pleasure is all mine," Claudia said slowly, giving the young girl a smoldering look that seemed to breathe sensuality. The older woman's gaze roamed blatantly over the girl's exquisite young body, like a jungle cat eyeing up its prey. Shannon saw the girl blush as Claudia continued to stroke the back of her hand teasingly as she stepped closer. "I must say, you look absolutely ravishing in that dress." Claudia's eyes looked right down into the top of the girl's low-cut dress,

her gaze settling on the upper swells of the girl's pert B-cup breasts. Shannon could see the girl's tits rising and falling, and it was obvious her heart was racing as the older woman eyed her wantonly.

"Th....thank you," the girl stammered, her face flushing again. Shannon was shocked, knowing this girl was used to being in the public eye and the object of the torturous paparazzi on a daily basis. But there was something about Claudia's presence that had the girl swirling, the older woman's mesmerizing gaze leaving the girl almost breathless.

"Yes, that dress looks fabulous on that cute little figure of yours...and those shoes...," Claudia's hypnotic gaze roamed blatantly up and down over the starlet's sexy little body. "Well, what can I say — you look good enough to eat." Shannon watched as the little girl gasped slightly, her full red lips parted as she breathed raggedly. Claudia slid her hand around the girl's back and moved closer. "Come, my dear, it looks like you could use a drink." She led the girl slightly down the bar, and Shannon smiled to herself as she watched Claudia's hand slide lower, her fingertips tracing teasingly over the upper swell of the young girl's curvy behind.

"Come, Shannon, there's some people here I want you to meet," Ted said, taking her arm and leading her away. Shannon was busy for the next hour, meeting so many people that she lost track after just a short time. She loved being on her grandfather's arm, and it was obvious he loved having her there just as much. He never let her out of his sight, and was constantly attentive — making sure she was well taken care of, like the loving grandfather he was.

At one point, Shannon noticed his two bodyguards dressed in black suits, moving casually amongst the people on the perimeter of the crowd, their eyes constantly moving between her grandfather and the people around him, making sure he was safe. Eventually, the gathered crowd was led into an adjoining room with numerous round tables, each of them elaborately decorated. Shannon was seated next to her grandfather. Grant sat on the other side of her grandfather, and Shannon smiled as she watched Claudia gracefully walk over to their table, her hand casually draped across the back of the young starlet's slim waist. The older woman sat next to Shannon at the round table, with the young girl beside her.

The meal was fabulous and the servers attended to their every need, the gourmet cuisine and wine absolutely delicious. Shannon nursed her single glass of wine through the course of the whole meal, wanting to make sure she was totally aware of her faculties when she'd be alone with her grandfather later.

"Ohhnnn...." As they were finishing their dessert course, Shannon heard a low moan coming from her right. She looked over to see the young starlet sitting forward, her elbows on the table, a glazed look in her eye. A slight movement caught Shannon's eye and she looked down. She almost gasped out loud as she saw Claudia's hand between the girl's legs, the hem of the young woman's short dress pushed up. The older woman's hand was almost totally covered by the tablecloth draping over the edge, but Shannon could see the muscles in the back of her forearm moving, her fingers busy between the starlet's legs. The young girl shifted slightly in her seat, letting her slim legs spread further open to each side, giving the older woman freer access to her young pussy.

"Oh, I totally agree, Ted, we've got to continue monitoring the movement of the Asian market," Claudia said, taking part in the conversation going on at the table, keeping her eye on the others as her fingers moved deftly between the girl's spread thighs. "We wouldn't want an opportunity to slip through our fingers. We might have to be ready to plunge right in."

"Unnhh," the starlet gasped as Shannon watched Claudia's hand move higher beneath the hem of the girl's dress, her fingers obviously sliding into the young woman's leaking trench.

"Are you alright," Ted asked, looking with concern at the young girl sitting next to Claudia.

"Y....yes. I'm fine," the girl gasped as she took her hand and waved it in front of her face. "It's just a little hot in here." As the conversation continued, Shannon watched, totally enthralled, as Claudia continued to manipulate her hand beneath the girl's dress. She could see Claudia's forearm flexing as her fingers slid in and out of the young woman's pussy. The girl remained leaning forwards, her body hiding from everyone's view what was happening beneath the edge of the tablecloth. Her sweet young breasts were heaving and her face was covered with a fine sheen of perspiration as Claudia continued to work on her. Shannon could see the girl's eyes glazing over with lust as her pleasure level escalated, and she could see her shifting slightly in her chair, trying to keep from moving as the intense sensations had her gripping her napkin tightly.

"Ohhnnnnn," she groaned slightly louder as she finally came, the luxurious sensations shooting through her body. Her eyes closed and she pulled her napkin to her mouth, stifling her cries of ecstasy.

"Oh dear, are you sure you're alright?" Ted asked again, everyone at the table looking at her with concern.

"Uh...uh...just feeling a little dizzy," the girl gasped out, her face glistening with perspiration as she tried to hide the succulent waves of pleasure racing through her. "I...I just need a little drink." She reached for her water glass and her hand was shaking as she brought it to her mouth. She gulped it down, and Shannon noticed Claudia withdraw her hand from between the girl's legs, her fingers glistening with the girl's juices. As the other people at the table anxiously watched the trembling girl, Shannon noticed Claudia bring her napkin to her mouth with one hand, her other hand hidden from view beneath it. She pretended to wipe her mouth, but Shannon saw her slip her gooey fingers between lips, licking them clean. A rush of excitement went through Shannon as she watched the older woman lapping up the starlet's juices, and she felt her nipples stiffening as they pushed against the front of her dress.

"Are you sure you're alright, dear," another woman at the table asked the young girl.

"Y....yes, I'm fine now," the starlet said, still quivering from her climax.

Claudia dropped her napkin on the table and leaned forward, looking at the young woman next to her attentively. "Oh dear, you don't seem

well at all. I think you need to lie down. Perhaps I should take you home and make sure you get to bed properly," she graciously offered.

"Thank you. You might be right," the young girl replied, her breathing slowly returning to normal.

"Ted, do you mind?" Claudia asked, turning to her boss as she gestured to the trembling young thing next to her. Shannon noticed the way Claudia and her grandfather looked at each other, her grandfather now knowing exactly what had happened.

"No, no. Go ahead," Ted replied with a dismissive wave of his hand. "Once you put her to bed, maybe you should stay for a while and make sure she's okay."

"That's probably best," Claudia said as got up from her chair and took the young girl's arm as she turned and started away from the table. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes. Take good care of her," Ted said, knowing the kind of night Claudia would be giving the sweet young thing. He looked at his granddaughter sitting next to him, his eyes feasting on the sight of her fantastic tits, her hard nipples poking teasingly against the front of the sequined dress, her face slightly flushed. He thought she might have seen what had happened between Claudia and the young girl, and it turned him on to think his granddaughter had become aroused by it. "We should be going too. Thank you all so much."

He hurriedly got up from the table, helping Shannon out of her chair as well. He took her arm and walked purposely out of the reception hall, nodding and waving to a number of people as they did. Shannon noticed a number of lusty gazes following her, both men and women looking at her curvy young form longingly. There were even more glances than when they'd entered, and Shannon figured alcohol had given a number of them some liquid courage to look at her so hungrily. She could feel the glances of people of both sexes almost undressing her with their eyes. It made her excited to think she was having this effect on all these wealthy glamorous people, so different from the gathering of high school friends she was used to.

When they got out front, Miles was already waiting with the back door of the limo open. He must have been alerted by her grandfather's bodyguards. She slid into the backseat, her grandfather getting in next to her as Miles closed the door. Within seconds, they were on their way, heading back to their hotel. She noticed the cum-stained towel that had been covering his lap was gone from the floor of the limo. She surmised that Miles was another of her grandfather's staff who was aware of his 'peccadilloes', as Claudia had called them. It also got her to thinking about what her grandfather had said earlier about what he expected from her every time they were in the car, and she gestured towards the compartment containing the towels across from them.

"Do you want me to.....?"

"No, not this time. Come over here," her grandfather replied as he reached out and pulled her to him. "Shannon, you are so beautiful." Her heart swelled with emotion as he leaned down and kissed her passionately, his tongue sliding deep into her willing mouth, his lips

pressed warmly against hers. She could feel the passion within in as he continued to kiss her, his hand slipping up the front of her dress and groping her breasts. He kissed her for a couple of minutes as he continued to fondle her, his large hands tenderly squeezing and massaging her sensitive breasts. His hand slid down the front of her body and as he moved it between her thighs, she compliantly rolled her legs open to each side. His hand moved up under her dress, pressing the gusset of her shimmering pantyhose against her soft warm mound.

"Mmmm," she purred into his mouth, her hands holding onto his handsome face as they kissed, her tongue duelling hotly with his. He moved back slightly, both of them gasping. He pushed the front of her dress even higher and reached beneath it with his other hand.

"RRRRRIIPPPPPPPPP!" The sound of her pantyhose shredding filled the air as he tore them open. He pulled his hands forcefully out to each side again, making the torn hole even bigger.

"Oh grandpa," she gasped, surprised by the savageness of what he'd just done.

"Don't worry about it, sweetheart—I'll buy you another pair." He resumed kissing her, with his hand moving through the shredded opening of her pantyhose onto her hot dripping pussy. She was soaking wet, her vivid pink labia covered with her slippery juices. He rubbed his fingers all over her sodden mound, and then deftly slid his long middle finger up inside her.

"Ungggghhh," she moaned into his mouth as he she kept kissing him, her fingers sliding through his salt and pepper hair, holding him close against her. His buried finger rubbed teasingly over the soft folds of flesh inside her, making her burn with desire. He spun it in a circle, causing her hips to roll back against the teasing motion, her pussy on fire with arousal. He added a second finger, sawing both of them back and forth within her steaming little box.

"Mmmhhnggghhh," she groaned again as his fingers plundered her incendiary depths, stoking the furnace of her hot buttery snatch. He brought his thumb forward, the tip of it finding the erect spire of her sensitive clit, rubbing it provocatively. At the same time, he brought his sliding fingers up, rubbing salaciously over the sensitive tissues on the roof of her vagina. Shannon couldn't take it anymore, her climax exploding from the underside of her clit like a fireball.

"OH FUCCKKKKKKKKK," she gasped, pulling her mouth away from his as she gasped for air. Her whole body was shaking and convulsing as he slid his long thick fingers back and forth, rubbing constantly over her G-spot. Her legs flopped lewdly open to each side as he continued to finger her, her lush young body quivering and shaking beneath his working hand.

"SO GOOOOOOOODDDDD," she moaned, her eyes closed in ecstasy as she came all over her grandfather's hand, covering it with her gushing juices.

Ted looked down at his hot sexy granddaughter, watching her sumptuous chest heave up and down erotically as she came, her body convulsing and twitching as he continued to piston his fingers in and

out of her. He loved that her climax seem to go on forever, and he kept his fingers busy, toying with her hot velvety trench as she thrashed and twitched beneath his working fingers. Finally, a tingling shiver tripped down her spine and she collapsed against the car seat, gasping raggedly, the alluring scent of her warm teenage cunt-juice filling the air. He stopped his moving fingers, keeping them still inside her as she slowly recovered, lying there against the car seat, her eyes closed in blissful rapture.

"I think you needed that, didn't you?" Ted asked, slowly withdrawing his hand from between her splayed thighs.

"Grandpa, that was incredible. Thank you," Shannon replied, continuing to lie there with her legs spread lewdly, unable to move from the intensity of her climax.

"Here, honey, clean this up for me." Her grandfather held his gooey hand up to her face, totally coated with her slimy secretions. Not wanting to disappoint him, she opened her mouth into an inviting oval, and he slipped the two fingers he'd been finger-fucking her with right inside. She closed her lips down over the invading digits, her soft warm tongue sweeping over them to gather up her creamy nectar.

"That's my girl. That's what I like to see." When she was done with his fingers, she took his hand in hers and held it while her tongue slithered out and licked his hand clean, getting every drop of her girly cunt-honey. "I'm glad you like the taste of that. Claudia's going to be giving that young girl a lot of that before this night is done."

"You noticed what she did?" Shannon asked, sitting up against the car seat and smoothing her dress down.

"I didn't at first, but I wasn't surprised when I figured it out. I know the way Claudia works after all these years. She'll have that girl between her legs for most of the night."

"She was pretty, don't you think?" Shannon asked, still a little jealous of the way the sexy starlet had flirted with her grandfather.

"I guess she's okay," Ted replied, shrugging his shoulders as if he hadn't really given it much thought. "But she's got nothing compared to you, sunshine. I could just look at you all day long." Shannon's heart swelled with relief as he leaned down and kissed her again, his hand reaching up to fondle her full round breasts once more. She was happy that he never seemed to get enough of them. As she kissed him back, she felt the car rapidly slow, and looked out through the tinted windows to see that they'd arrived back at their hotel. Her grandfather sat back and straightened his tuxedo jacket as she did the same to her dress. Miles opened the door and Shannon noticed his nostrils twitch as the scent from the back seat of the car washed over him. She realized it must have smelled like a brothel in the confined space. Moving across the seat, she saw his gaze dropping to her midsection as she slid out of the car, one leg at a time. She instinctively looked down to see what he was looking at so intently. A few slender ribbons of her torn pantyhose hung down from the torn opening, evidence of the lewd act that had just happened in the backseat of the car. When she was out of the car she deftly tucked them back up beneath the hem of her dress, and then walked close to her grandfather, her legs pressed tightly together. A number of people looked over at the handsome man and his dazzling

granddaughter as they made their way through the lobby, but fortunately, the shredded pieces of her pantyhose stayed hidden in place.

"I think it's time for you to change into your other new outfit," Ted said once they were safely back in the penthouse suite. "When you're ready, come to my room — I'll be waiting." He kissed her tenderly and gave her a sly smile that had her tingling before turning his back and striding into his room.

Shannon went into her room and undressed, her eyes lingering for a long time on the wickedly arousing torn hole in her pantyhose before she tossed them in the trash basket. "Some woman from housecleaning is going to wonder what happened to those....if only she knew," she thought to herself as she undid the dress and hung it on a hanger, her fingers trailing over the sequins as she remembered the wonderful time she'd had wearing it, and how glamorous her grandfather had made her feel. And now, as she looked at the other be-ribboned package on her bed — 'FOR LATER', it was only going to get better.

With her heart fluttering with excitement, Shannon undid the colorful ribbon and opened the box, flipping open the pieces of red tissue paper lying inside. Her eyes were met by a sea of brilliant white, everything in the box seeming to gleam with a pure glow of untouched innocence. She reached into the box, her red fingernails standing out boldly against the item she lifted out, a heavily structured corset made of the shiny white satin. It felt wonderfully cool to the touch, the smooth gleaming satin seeming to come alive beneath her fingertips. She reached inside for the matching panties, a tiny thong made of the same white satin. She laid the items down on the bed and reached back into

the box, drawing out a pair of sheer white thigh-high stockings, the wide elasticized bands at the top made of intricate white lace. There was only one item left in the box, a pair of shoes. She lifted them out, almost gasping at the sexiness of them. The first thing she noticed was the wickedly pointy toe caps, the triangular piece at the front of the shoes made of white leather covered with gleaming white satin, an identical match to the corset and panties. A wide strap made of similar material was at the top of the triangular heel support, this band of white satin would circle her slender leg above her delicate ankles. They had a slender beautifully-designed 4" heel, which she knew would make her toned legs look long and sexy. As she looked from one item to the next, she felt her heart race, knowing this virginal bridal lingerie was what her grandfather had picked out for her to wear—to wear the first time he was going to fuck her.

"It's so beautiful," Shannon mumbled under her breath as her fingers traced over the surface of the sexy lingerie before her, the cool satin feeling sinfully delicious to the touch. She lifted the corset and rubbed it against her cheek, the cool sensation sending a jolt of illicit desire right through her. She looked at the label on the inside: Agent Provocateur—34DD. The panties were from the same elite lingerie house, as were the stockings. She shivered, never expecting to own such exquisite lingerie in her entire life. Not wanting to keep her grandfather waiting, she started with the corset. It had ribbon shoulder straps, anchored firmly to the sides of the structured satin bra cups. Seeing that the corset did up in front, she slipped her arms through the shoulder straps and brought the two side panels together in front. Eight ornate white buttons covered the hooked clasps at the front. She began at the bottom, loving the feel of the sexy garment as it adhered closer and closer to her body as she did up one hook after another. The design was exquisite, and she could tell the difference right away between this and cheaper garments she'd worn previously. It made her feel sexy and

incredibly feminine, the corset molding itself to her curvy young form invitingly. It hugged her flared hips flatteringly, and then it nipped in deliciously at her tiny waist, the satin panels separated from each other by carefully stitched underwire running vertically up her body, the panels flaring out perfectly from her slender waist upwards towards her full heavy breasts. The bra cups fit over her 34DDs like they'd been made specifically for her, the heavy globes of warm tit-flesh completely filling the substantial cups. As she did up the last couple of hooks, the structured cups pushed her full young breasts together and up until they all but spilled over the smooth edge of the confining satin-covered cups, the swells of her breasts and the mile-long cleavage making even Shannon's mouth water with anticipation.

"It's gorgeous," Shannon said softly to herself as she traced her fingertips along the top edge of the bra cups, her painted nails looking wickedly erotic against the brilliant white of the corset. She reached forward and put on the tiny thong, the satin feeling sinfully cool as she pulled the front panel into position over her shaven mound. She adjusted the waistband and the thin strap running up between her curvy bum-cheeks, knowing it wasn't likely to stay on for long. With no garters dangling from this corset, she knew the tiny thong would come off easily. The thigh-highs were next, her hands running up her legs as she drew them all the way up, the elasticized lace bands at the top hugging her full creamy thighs sensually just a few inches below her pussy. She slipped her delicate feet into the sexy shoes, loving the feel of her toes sliding into the pointy capped toes. With a smile on her face, she slid the wide band around her trim ankles and fastened them in place, her fingers running over the shoes that she knew any woman would love to own. Like the rest of the outfit, they were incredibly feminine, but bewitching sexy at the same time. She stood up and looked at herself in the full-length mirror, almost gasping as she looked at the sexy enchantress looking back at her. The bridal lingerie looked

incredible, and her heart went out to her grandfather for getting it for her. She wanted to thank him more than anything for making her feel so special, and she knew she'd do anything he wanted in order to please him.

She checked her hair one more time, fluffing it up to give it a sensual wild look once more. She took out her cherry-red lipstick and applied a heavy thick coat, making her mouth look slutty and wanton, just the way her grandfather liked. With her lipstick in hand, she grabbed one of her decorative hairclips. Checking herself in the mirror one last time, she took a deep breath, feeling her heart start to race as she made her way to her grandfather's room. As she reached the ornate wooden doors, she raised her tiny hand and knocked softly.

"Tap...tap...."

"Come in." Shannon heard her grandfather's warm comforting voice from behind the double French doors. She opened the door and stepped inside, closing the door behind her. Her grandfather's room was even bigger than hers, with a huge king-sized bed dominating the room. The sheets were turned down and she saw they were a deep crimson color, which echoed the rich jewel tones of the comforter and accent pillows. Her grandfather had lit a number of candles all around the room, giving it a warm amber glow that was sensually inviting.

"Shannon, you look absolutely radiant." Shannon turned as she heard her grandfather's voice. He stood leaning against the door of the ensuite bathroom on one side of the room, a gorgeous navy silk robe covering his tall well-defined body, the sash loosely knotted at his waist. "Come here, my dear." He motioned towards her, beckoning her

to come closer. She obediently moved towards him, her heart thundering in her chest. When she was about four feet away from him, he put his hand out, stopping her in her tracks.

"Let me look at you," he said, stepping away from the doorframe and moving towards her. "Let me take those from you." He reached forward and took the lipstick and hairclip from her hand, setting them down on a small dresser next to the bathroom door. After putting them down, she turned back and slowly walked around her.

"Gorgeous," she said softly as he walked behind her, "absolutely gorgeous." She felt his fingertips trace lightly over her hip, his touch sending a shiver down her spine. His hand moved across her body as he walked around her, his hand slipping up the side of her corset and tracing along the upper edge of her bra cups as he moved in front of her, his fingertips caressing the soft swells of her breasts barely contained by the confining cups. "Yes, absolutely gorgeous. But I think this outfit needs a little something different. Take off that necklace I gave you earlier." Shannon reached beneath her hair and undid the necklace, handing it obediently to her grandfather.

"I think this will look even better with what you have on," he said, reaching into the pocket of his robe and pulling out a wide rhinestone choker, the glittering piece of jewellery reflecting the warm candlelight brightly. Shannon's eyes opened wide as she saw the choker, knowing it would look incredibly sexy with the lingerie she was wearing. As he turned her towards the mirror on the wall next to her, she lifted her hair out of the way, just like she'd done earlier. She slipped the wide choker around her neck and fastened it, the be-jewelled band fitting snugly against her slim young neck.

"Oh, grandpa, I love it," Shannon said, her fingertips tracing over the glittering stones. Her grandfather was right—it made the whole virginal bridal outfit look even more alluringly sexy than it already was.

"I love it too," he replied. "This is how I've pictured you for years. And now, the time is right." He took her face in his hands and kissed her tenderly, ever so gently pressing his lips to hers. "I love you, Shannon, and tonight I'm going to show you just how much."

His words almost made her swoon, and Shannon felt her heart swell with emotion, her love for her grandfather overwhelming her. "I love you too, grandpa, and I'll do whatever I can to make you happy."

"Do you really mean that, sweetheart? Whatever I want?" he asked, his fingertips tracing teasingly along the top edge of her overflowing bra cups once more.

"Yes, whatever you want. I want to do whatever I can to please you," Shannon confessed, letting her grandfather know she was his to do with, however he pleased.

"That's my good girl," Ted said as he leaned down and gave her another tender kiss, reassuring her that he understood what she wanted—that she needed him to be in control, just as he'd sensed from the first time he'd kissed her. He loved her dearly, and would never do anything to

hurt her, but he knew this is the way they both wanted things. "Why don't you start by taking off my robe."

Shannon nodded compliantly, reaching down and undoing the loosely-knotted sash, the sides of the robe falling open. She reached up and pushed it off his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor behind him. He was wearing matching navy silk boxers beneath, and she could see the swell of his semi-hard cock pushing against the front of the loose-fitting fabric. Her eyes looked up and down his body, her breath coming in rapid little gasps as she looked at his firm toned body. For a man his age, he was in tremendous shape, with nicely defined pectoral muscles that looked like firm plates on his chest, his broad shoulders and muscular arms giving way to a V-shaped torso that tapered attractively to his narrow waist. He didn't exactly have six-pack abs, but it was flat and firm. His legs looked powerful and toned, the muscles of his thighs and calves standing out beneath his tanned skin. She'd known her grandfather worked out regularly, always finding time in his busy schedule to make sure he took care of himself, and the results showed. Her 18-year old boyfriend, Steve, was a gym-rat, but he had nothing compared to the mature body of her grandfather. It was like her grandfather knew exactly what his body was capable of, and how to get the most out of it. She was sure his confident, assured outlook positively influenced his physical side as well. She loved his experience, and she loved the body she was looking at, knowing that he'd soon be turning her inside out with that hard thick cock of his. She shivered at the thought of it.

"I want to feel your hand on me," Ted said, nodding towards his midsection, "through my underwear first." As she reached down and circled her fingers around the thick slab of meat beneath his boxers, her

grandfather took her face in his hands and kissed her, his tongue sliding softly into her mouth as he tenderly pressed his lips to hers.

"Mmmmm," she purred warmly as his kisses sent her reeling, his stiffening prick getting even harder beneath her stroking hand. The silk of his boxers had initially felt cool to the touch, but within seconds, the heat emanating from his hardening erection seemed to burn right through the filmy fabric into the palm of her hand. She moved her hand back and forth, the smooth silk of his boxers moving back and forth along his growing shaft provocatively. She could feel the rising cock straining against the waistband and she flicked her eyes down to see the elasticized band pushed out a couple of inches from his flat abdomen, the enormous mushroom head of his cock straining at the fabric as it was caught just beneath the waistband, a damp stain of leaking precum spreading obscenely from the oozing tip.

"I think those can come off now," Ted said as he broke their kiss, still holding her face tenderly in his large hands. He let her go and stood back slightly, his hands on his hips.

"Oh God, he's so gorgeous," Shannon said to herself as she looked at her handsome grandfather, his beautiful body looming over her tiny form. With trembling hands, she reached forward and tugged at the waistband, having to pull it forcefully out and down in order to get it over the large pulsing knob of his cock. As his boxers fell to the ground, his huge cock snapped up and slapped noisily against his stomach. He kicked the boxers aside, and Shannon could only stare at his enormous erection, the hard thick shaft pulsing menacingly with each powerful beat of his heart. She could feel that tell-tale itch start deep in her pussy as her juices flowed freely between her legs, her body alive with desire.

"Do you want me to....." She never finished her question, but pointed to the hairclip he'd put on top of the dresser.

"No," he said with a shake of his head. "I want to go in dry. This first time, I want you to feel it go all the way into you, with only your juices paving the way." Shannon shivered at his words as she looked at the prodigious member rising from between his legs. He stepped over to the bed and pulled down the covers, exposing the warm crimson sheets beneath. He pushed a couple of pillows together in the middle of the headboard, and gestured towards them as he wrapped his hand around his throbbing erection and pointed it menacingly towards her. "Lie down, I need to get every last inch of this inside you."

The young girl slid onto the bed and positioned herself on her back in the middle as he'd requested, her head propped up on the pillows. She could feel her heart pounding with both fear and excitement as her grandfather got onto the bed on his knees, the throbbing lance between his legs bobbing up and down as it pointed towards her. "Let's get these panties out of the way." He reached beneath the bottom edge of her corset and grabbed the waistband of her tiny panties, pulling them down over her nylon-clad legs. He brought the sodden little piece of fabric to his nose, obscenely sniffing as the intoxicating scent of her young pussy wafted into his senses. As he breathed deep, Shannon could see his huge cock throb, a shiny wad of precum pulsing to the surface. He slid his tongue out and licked at the soaked front panel, more precum oozing from his cockhead and dangling lewdly from the tip. He tossed the panties aside and moved closer.

"Open your legs." Shannon obediently complied, bringing her knees up and letting her thighs slowly roll open to each side, the pointy heels of her stilettos digging into the sheets. "That's my girl, I can see how wet you are already."

Ted moved between her spread legs, loving the look of her in the bridal lingerie he'd bought. The outfit was worth every penny—he'd never seen anyone look as cock-hardeningly beguiling as his busty young granddaughter did right now. The corset looked exquisite, fitting her lush curvy body perfectly, the structured piece of lingerie accentuating her shapely hourglass figure attractively, and especially making her mouth-watering tits look spectacular. The shimmering white hose looked ravishing on her toned legs, the wide lace bands at the top giving them an innocently feminine quality that betrayed the slutty intention of the whole outfit. And the shoes—the shoes looked so fucking sexy on her that he couldn't believe it. The wide leather straps circling her ankles, combined with the sharp pointy toes and the rapier-like 4" heels had his cock throbbing from the moment he saw her. The choker he'd purchased for her was the icing on the cake, and from the moment he'd put it on her, he knew it was perfect. The whole outfit was exquisite, perfect for the first time he and his granddaughter made love. And now, it was time to feel what that hot young pussy of hers felt like.

"Shannon, you are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," Ted said as he moved between her spread legs. "Every grandfather should be lucky enough to have a granddaughter just like you." He reached down and grabbed her ankles in each hand, lifting her legs up until he had them extended straight up in the air. He then slowly moved them as far out to each side as he could reach, totally spreading her open for his upcoming assault.

Shannon was breathing raggedly, her massive tits heaving up and down within the confining corset. Her body was tingling with arousal and she felt herself flushing with desire as her grandfather took hold of her legs and made a wishbone out of her, spreading her legs wide open in an obscene 'V'. With her head propped up on the pillows, she had a perfect view of his throbbing erection poised mere inches from her wet young pussy, the dark crimson crown dripping precum onto her glistening pussy-lips.

"It's time," her grandfather said as he continued to hold her legs wide apart but leaned forward, the head of his massive cock pressing against her slick labial curtains. He started to push and she felt her lips spreading open to encircle the broad flared cockhead. He pushed slowly, insistently, and the engorged knob started to enter her.

"Ohhhnnnn," she moaned, feeling her pussy being stretched open by the incredible girth of his hard cock.

"That's what I like," her grandfather said as he continued to slowly push himself into her. "I love that initial feeling of the struggle, the resistance before your body surrenders itself to me, opening up and letting me all the way inside."

"Oh my God, it's so big and hard," Shannon said as she gasped for air, willing her body to accept the massive stake which her grandfather was crucifying her with. She reached out to each side and grabbed the sheets in a death grip, her eyes rolling back in her head as the enflamed glans went deeper, stretching the walls of her vagina almost to the

tearing point. She'd never been filled like this before, and her pussy was on fire from the delicious torture he was inflicting on it, his huge cock refusing to be denied entry into her hot steaming depths. She felt him stop, and she realized he'd reached a point of resistance inside her, the point where the biggest cock she'd had in her before had reached. She looked down between their bodies, and saw a good four inches of his thick hard cock still outside. Her labia circling his cock looked like they were stretched taut as a drum, but she knew in the depths of her soul she wanted more—she wanted to feel every last inch of her grandfather's majestic cock buried all the way inside her, filling her young cunt until he totally possessed her. Wanting that more than anything, she thrust her hips up against him, letting him know she was his for the taking.

"That's my girl, you want it bad, don't you?" her grandfather asked, levering his hips slightly back and forth, teasing her, the remaining four inches still outside her.

"Yes," Shannon hissed, squeezing down on him with the muscles inside her, the heat from the steaming walls of her tight young cunt penetrating right through his rigid erection.

"How much of this do you want?" he asked, continuing to tease her as he rolled his hips lewdly.

"Oh fuckkkkk," she moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as she savoured the luxurious sensations he was causing inside her. "I want all of it, grandpa."

"All of it? Are you sure?"

"Oh God, yes. I want every last inch." Shannon was pleading now, wanting her grandfather to bury his hard powerful cock all the way inside her.

"Say please," he said, rolling his hips slowly, like he was stirring a thick batch of wet cement, the teasing motion causing her to climb the walls, wave upon wave of wanton desire spreading from her throbbing pussy throughout her entire body.

"Oh please, grandpa, please, give it to me. Don't tease me anymore. I need you to fuck me," Shannon whimpered with need, trying to thrust herself up against him, but he held her where he wanted, maintaining complete control.

"Alright, sweetheart, since you said please." He pushed her legs slightly back towards her shoulders, and spread them even further out to each side, opening her velvety hot tunnel as much as he could. He flexed his hips back slightly and then pushed forwards, slowly, mercilessly, refusing to be denied access to the incendiary depths of his granddaughter's hot wet cunt. He could feel the tightly-stretched tissues inside her resisting as he forced his rock-hard cock into her, and then they started to yield, the steaming folds of flesh parting, bathing his thrusting erection with hot oily juices.

"Oh my Goddddd, it's so big," Shannon groaned, her head tipping back as the taut pink tissues inside her parted, letting her grandfather go deeper. She could feel the muscles in her legs quivering as the nerve-

endings deep within her ravaged pussy sent pulsing sensations throughout her entire body. The delicious pain of being stretched and completely filled by her grandfather's enormous cock resulted in a wondrous feeling—a blissfully luxurious feeling of totally submitting to his will, a feeling that overwhelmed her with pleasure as she felt the erotic tingling sensations blossoming through every fibre of her lush young body. She pulled at the sheets tightly, her pussy thrumming intensely with the unbelievable sensations.

With a smile on his face, Ted fed every last inch into his granddaughter's hot needy cunt. She was moaning continuously as the searing tissues inside her parted, allowing him access to her virginal depths. He leaned forwards and powered the last couple of inches inside, feeling her loins press up against his at the same time as his massive cockhead bumped up against her cervix.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKK," Shannon wailed, an intense climax rocketing from the depths of her hot steaming cunt and shooting throughout her body. Her head rolled from side to side and she flailed about like a ragdoll, her whole body spasming as the most powerful orgasm of her life coursed through her, wave after wave of exquisite pleasure making every nerve ending tingle luxuriously.

"OH MY GOD...OH MY GOD...OH MY GODDDDD," she moaned loudly as she continued to come, her body thrashing about like a wildcat. The sensations were like nothing she'd ever felt before, similar to other orgasms—but just so much more intense than she'd thought possible. Her grandfather kept himself buried all the way inside her, but rolled his hips, driving her crazy as her climax went on and on, delicious paroxysms of pleasure shaking her to the very core.

Ted watched his granddaughter come, and held on tightly to her convulsing body as she shook and gyrated, her tight young pussy squeezing down on his buried cock like a hot buttery fist. She was moaning and groaning as her head lolled from side to side, her body overwhelmed by the intense sensations shooting through her. Her huge tits were jiggling enticingly beneath the confining cups of the sexy corset as she shook and flailed about, her body covered with a thin layer of perspiration. She was a hot little thing, that was for sure, and he knew this would be the first of many orgasms she'd have with his cock buried inside her. Finally, her body twitched one more time and then she released her grip on the sheets, her body collapsing back onto the bed as she gasped for air.

"Did you like that, sweetheart?" Ted asked, keeping still but flexing his huge cock inside her.

"Ohhhhhnnnn....." Shannon groaned, her grandfather's huge prick doing magical things inside her, even when he wasn't moving. "Oh, grandpa, that was unbelievable. I always thought sex was great, but I never felt anything like what you just did to me—it was amazing."

"Well, sweetheart, we're just getting started." With that, Ted levered himself back, and with his hands still holding her nylon-clad legs wide open, he mercilessly slid his huge prick back inside her, one hard inch at a time.

"Oh fuckkkkkkk," she moaned as his driving prick set her pussy on fire again. She arched her back as he hit bottom, the massive head bumping

up against the door of her womb again. Her grandfather flexed back, her clutching labia pulling possessively at his withdrawing erection. He rolled his hips this time as he drove forward, his huge prick rubbing luxuriously over the stretched walls of her vagina.

"Oh God, it's so hard," Shannon gasped as the tingling sensations inside her started to spread out from deep within her violated teenaged pussy. Her grandfather really started fucking her now, levering his powerful hips back and forth as he gave her every last inch with each driving thrust, bottoming out in her velvety love pocket each time.

Ted loved seeing his granddaughter like this, gasping and moaning as he fucked her hard, watching her squirm and shake as he drove it into her deep and hard. But he could tell he wasn't hurting her, that she wanted it this way, and that she loved it just as much as he did. She started clutching at the sheets again and he watched her head snap up for a second as she looked down at his rampant prick pistoning in and out of her, his groin slapping noisily against hers. He felt his own orgasm approaching, and watched her as she twitched beneath him.

"Grandpa.....grandpa....." she gasped, her head thrown back now as he took her closer to the brink, his long hard erection going balls-deep with each vigorous thrust.

Ted felt his balls drawing up close to his body, and he leaned forwards and flexed upwards, his turgid dick rubbing fiercely over the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"OH GRANDPA! I.....I.....AAAAAAHHHHHH," Shannon gasped as a massive orgasm exploded from deep within her ravaged cunt like an atomic bomb. The delicious sensations shot through her body, making her twitch and shake like she'd been hit by a tazer.

"Oh yeah, here you go. Gonna fill that hot young pussy of yours," Ted said as he started to come, a thick rope of cum spewing forth deep inside her. He kept his cock buried to the hilt as he went off again and again, basting her cervix like a Christmas turkey. He held firmly onto her spread ankles as he totally unloaded, flooding her insides with a torrent of semen.

"Oh, grandpa, ah.....ah.....?" Shannon moaned as her orgasm continued, her whole body flushing with heat from the wracking sensations flooding through her, her young pussy throbbing with luxurious pulsations.

Ted kept coming, a huge load spewing forth into his granddaughter's depths as rope after rope of thick rich semen flooded her insides. His huge cock pulsed and throbbed deep within her clutching channel, wad upon wad of milky cum spitting from the enveloped cockhead. He could feel her tight cuntal walls clutching his buried prick as he continued to go off, pulling at his spewing dick as if they were trying to draw out every last drop. Finally, the delicious contractions within his midsection dwindled, and he held still, keeping her spread wide open as he loomed over her, looking down at his lovely granddaughter, her face now a mask of serene bliss as she lay there gasping, recovering from another cunt-throbbing climax.

Ted moved his prick back and forth slightly, loving the sticky wet sound that emanated from the connection of their joined bodies. With his granddaughter's tight young pussy filled to capacity, the overflow of his massive load of semen was squelching back out all around his buried cock. He looked down to see milky white fluid oozing out from the edges of her stretched pink labia circling his dick, the cloudy semen slithering down her upturned backside and onto the crimson sheets beneath them. It looked sinfully nasty, evidence of the illicit incestuous affair between grandfather and granddaughter – and Ted loved it. The wickedness of what they were doing kept him aroused, and as he looked down at his lovely granddaughter provocatively dressed in the slutty bridal lingerie, he wanted more. He withdrew about halfway out of her steaming depths and slowly drove his cock all the way back into her, watching more of his pearly semen squelch out around her tightly-stretched pussy-lips.

"Grandpa, you're.....you're still hard?" Shannon said, a note of surprise in her voice as she lifted her head up and looked at her handsome grandfather's thick cock sliding back and forth between her slick pink labia.

"Do you want me to stop?" the older man asked, rolling his hips lewdly, the engorged head of his cock rubbing salaciously over her tender insides.

"OHHHNNNNN....." Shannon groaned as her eyes rolled back in her head for a second, the luxurious sensations originating from the newly-opened depths of her teenaged pussy radiating through her hot young body once more. "No, grandpa, don't stop. You can fuck me as much as you want. I love it."

"That's my girl," Ted replied, a knowing smile on his face as he let his granddaughter's legs come down, her thighs still widely spread, the heels of her sexy high heels digging into the mattress. He reached down to her slim waist, and with his cock still buried inside her, he rolled over onto his back, taking her with him until she was sitting astride him. "Why don't you show me how much you like it."

Shannon smiled, loving the challenge. She looked down at her handsome grandfather lying beneath her, every hard inch of his long thick cock still buried inside her, a teasing smile on his face. "Do you think you can keep up with me, old man?" she said playfully, rolling her wide young hips provocatively.

"Hey, who are you calling an old man?" her grandfather replied, a broad smile crossing over his face. "You're nothing but an insolent little slut."

"But I'm YOUR little slut," Shannon replied, a wanton little twinkle in her eye as she started to rock back and forth. "And I'm just teasing about you being an old man. Compared to the boys I've been with, I'd take you any day of the week, grandpa." She gave him a smoldering look of desire as she slowly rolled her body back and forth, her head tipping up as the massive knob of his cock stoked the velvety-hot furnace inside her.

"And I'd take you over any of those women you've seen me with in the tabloids," Ted replied, running his hands up the front of her satin corset

and cupping her huge breasts. "You are so beautiful, Shannon. You take my breath away."

His words made her heart swell, and she felt her own emotions overwhelm her. "I love you, grandpa."

"I love you too, sunshine," he replied as he pulled her down and kissed her tenderly, yet passionately — the kiss of lovers. As the kiss ended, he flexed his hips up, his cock probing deep within her.

"Grandpa, it's so big and hard. I love it," Shannon said, setting her palms down on either side of his firm muscular chest and straightened her arms as she sat up, getting ready to ride. As she started to rock back and forth, the tightly-stretched lips of her pussy hugging his rigid shaft possessively, Ted reached up and groped her voluptuous tits once more, filling his hands with her overflowing bra cups.

"Oh God, you are so tight and hot," he said, flexing his hips up against hers as they got into a nice smooth rhythm.

"Mmmmmm," Shannon purred. "This feels sssso gooooodddd."

The granddaughter rode the older man for the next fifteen minutes or so, her body shaking and twitching through a couple more spine-tingling orgasms. He'd lifted her heavy round tits out of the confining bra cups and groped her massive breasts as he fucked her, his thumbs and forefingers tweaking her sensitive nipples.

He then shoved her off his rampant prick and put her on her hands and knees in the middle of the bed, her curvy bum perched high in the air. He got on his knees behind her and shuttled his massive cock in and out of her clutching teenaged pussy for another half hour or so, fucking her relentlessly as she leaned forward, muffling her squeals of ecstasy into a pillow as he drove her to one climax after another.

Shannon lost track of the number of times she came, but she loved each and every one, and loved her grandfather even more for what he was doing to her. Her body was covered in sweat and she quivered and spasmed through an intense series of orgasms, the sheets becoming stained with her flowing juices. But still — he fucked her. He fucked her mercilessly, his long hard cock never losing its diamond-hard stiffness as he positioned her this way and that, making sure she had at least one climax in each different position. Finally, as his he felt his own orgasm beginning to approach, he pushed her down flat on the bed on her stomach, his cock still buried to the hilt inside her.

"Close your legs, I want you nice and tight when I pump this load into you," he instructed. Shannon brought her legs close together as she lay beneath him, and he shifted his knees outside of hers. He laid over her and started to fuck her again, his groin slapping into her plump behind with each vigorous thrust. She couldn't believe how he was filling her up, his rigid shaft leaving trails of her creamy juices on the insides of her upper thighs as he drove in and out. She felt herself on the verge of yet another climax as he kept driving his turgid erection balls-deep, her pussy throbbing deliciously from the savage pounding he'd been giving it for almost an hour now.

"Oh yeah.....here you go," Her grandfather said as he felt those delicious twinges begin again in his midsection, "another nice big load." He drew back until only the broad flared head was nestled between her swollen labia, and then slammed it into her, absolutely burying his throbbing cock just as it went off.

"UNNGGGHHH!" Shannon moaned in exquisite pain as his last brutal thrust drove her deep into the mattress, another tremendous orgasm bursting from the steamy recesses of her throbbing twat.

"YESSSSSSSSSS...." She hissed loudly as she bit into a pillow, stifling her wail of ecstasy. She could feel his load blasting deep within her, almost searing her as it rocketed against the door of her womb. It was another huge load, and she could feel his prick pulsing and twitching as he totally flooded her teenaged cunt. They rode out their mutual orgasms together, their bodies pressed close together as her grandfather leaned close over her and kissed her ear, his warm breath making her tingle. Finally, their climaxes waned, and they stayed close together, Ted burying his face in granddaughter's soft brown hair.

They lay still for five minutes or so, each of them recovering from the lengthy sexual exertion, Shannon loving the feel of his huge cock remaining in her overworked pussy as it slowly deflated. Finally, Ted shifted backward, and with a warm slippery rush, his prick slid out of her, bringing with it pearly ribbons and stray wads of semen that clung to his spent member, while still more oozed out from the open lips of her abused pussy, sliding down her gaping slit and pooling on the sheets beneath her. He pushed some pillows against the headboard and lay against them, his body propped up as he looked down at her.

Shannon turned to look up at him, a look of pure love in her eyes. "I love you so much, grandpa."

"I love you too, sunshine," her grandfather replied, the look in his eyes echoing hers. He reached down and stroked her hair tenderly, and she snuggled into his palm, loving the gentle feel of his hand on her. They lay together quietly for a few more minutes before he spoke again. "I hope you know, we're not done for the night. Do you remember that video I sent you on the phone earlier?"

"I do," Shannon replied happily, remembering the teasingly erotic video of a man she was sure was her grandfather, blowing a massive load of cum all over a young girl's face. He had asked her if she wanted that done to her, and both of them knew she did. "What do you want me to do?"

"You can start by getting your hairclip. I don't want your hair to get in the way for the rest of the night. And while you're up, put on a fresh coat of lipstick." Shannon slid out of the bed and on wobbly legs, made her way to the small dresser. Looking at herself in the mirror, she pulled back her hair and slipped the hairclip around it, keeping it off her face and in place. She then spun out the tube of cherry-red lipstick and applied a fresh thick coat, pursing her lips towards the mirror to make sure she had it just right.

"That's it. That's what I like to see. Now you can get between my legs and clean my cock," Ted said as he drew his legs up and let his thighs roll open to each side. Shannon quickly climbed back onto the bed and lay on her stomach between his legs, a smile of anticipation on her face as she lifted his heavy spent member and started licking it. Her

grandfather lay back and crossed his hands behind his head, a smile of contentment on his face as he watched her. "That's a good girl, it'll be hard for you soon enough, and then I'll paint that pretty face of yours."

With a surge of arousal rushing through her, Shannon leaned in close and licked up the full length of his long limber cock, lapping up their combined juices clinging to the surface of his prick. As her grandfather relaxed and watched her, she took her time licking and sucking, making sweet oral love to his cock. Within ten minutes, her talented young mouth had him rock-hard once more.

"That's it, get over on your back and sit up there," Ted said as he slid out to the side and she took his place, leaning back on the stack of pillows propped up against the headboard. He straddled her sumptuous chest as he kneeled over her, his enormous prick pointed right at her pretty face, the enflamed crown already dripping a steady supply of cock-honey. "Here's just a little sample of what you're gonna get." He took his turgid erection in hand and rubbed the drooling tip all over her pretty face, until the whole thing glistened with a coating of his leaking sap. "Alright sweetheart, give me a nice target to aim for." Shannon eagerly formed her mouth into an inviting 'O', and her grandfather fed his dripping cockhead right inside, her lips once again stretching wide open as he forced the thick rope-like ridge of his corona past them.

"Mmmmm," Shannon purred warmly as her lips closed down on the veiny shaft just below the enormous glans now trapped within her mouth. Her hands came up and she gripped her grandfather's firm hips as she pulled him closer, letting him know she was ready for whatever

he wanted. With a smile on his face, he gripped the headboard with both hands and started to work her mouth over good.

He fucked her face for close to half an hour, her warm saliva dripping from his sliding prick all over her large heavy breasts, almost totally covering them with an obscene coating of her shiny spit. She caved her cheeks in tightly to give him a hot buttery sheath to fuck, and Ted rolled his hips as he fucked her face relentlessly, loving the blissful look of rapture on his granddaughter's face as she serviced him. She was talented alright, a natural-born cocksucker, and her beautiful mouth was working her magic on him. As much as he tried to suppress the urge to come, she just kept sucking feverishly, absolutely worshipping his huge cock as she sucked wantonly. He'd never seen a porn star suck like this. His granddaughter was moaning and groaning like a little slut as her tongue slid all around his thrusting prick, her lips pursed forward erotically, as if she never wanted to let him go. Her flowing saliva was dangling and dripping lewdly from his pistoning cock, the slick tendrils of spit covering her huge tits. For Ted, as she groaned deep in her throat once more as the sensitive glans pushed up against the opening to her throat, that was all it took. He felt his balls draw up close to his body as he felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of his cock.

"OH FUCK.....HERE IT COMES!" Ted warned as he pulled his throbbing cock out of her mouth and wrapped his hand around it. A cloudy pearl of semen filled the yawning red eye for a split second before a long white rope jettisoned forth, hitting her in the chin and rising up over her cheeks and nose, before landing on her forehead and strafing up into her hair.

"Aaahhhh," she gasped as her grandfather continued to jerk off all over her, totally flooding her face with a massive load. He moved his spitting prick over to the other side and another long ribbon of semen splattered against that cheek. Wad after wad of thick milky cum rained down on her face, totally coating her soft young skin with a slithering mess of the white stuff. He kept pumping as he totally unloaded, torrents of cum landing all over her lovely features. Finally, with a last tingling surge, he jerked the final few gobs onto her lips, which her tongue quickly found and drew deep into her hungry mouth.

"Shannon, you look beautiful with my cum all over you like that," Ted said as he looked down at his sweet young granddaughter. Her pretty face was almost totally covered with a white glaze, ribbons and wads of semen crisscrossing her face in a bizarre mosaic. There were gobs in her hair, dangling from one ear, running down her chin in silvery rivulets—the stuff was everywhere.

Shannon loved the feel of her grandfather jerking off all over her, and she had a little climax of her own when the first thick ropes had rained down on her. It felt incredible to have his massive load all over her face, his milky semen feeling deliciously warm and heavy on her skin.

"There, that's what you wanted, isn't it?" her grandfather asked as he leaned close and traced his fingers all around her face, rubbing his cum into her soft young skin.

"Yes, it feels so wickedly sexy on my skin. I love it," Shannon confessed, smiling up at him from beneath the shimmering coat of sperm-laden semen covering her face.

"Are you hungry?" he asked teasingly as he gathered up a big wad and dangled it over her face, holding his gooey fingers mere inches over her red painted lips.

"Yes," she said with a smile on her face as she opened her mouth, once more forming her lips into an inviting 'O'. Her grandfather smiled down on her as he lowered his hand, the dangling strand of thick milky semen settling on her tongue. He slid his fingers right inside and she closed her lips on them, her tongue sliding all over the invading digits to gather in every creamy drop.

"Mmmmm," she purred again as her eyes closed in blissful contentment. He withdrew his fingers from her sucking mouth and pushed the wads of cum towards her waiting mouth, snowplowing the massive load of semen onto her waiting tongue. She enthusiastically slurped down every pearly drop, loving the feel of his warm seed sliding like liquid silk down her throat.

"Feel better now?" Ted asked as he fed his granddaughter the last of his cum, with only a glistening residue left on her pretty face.

"Yes, but you promised to let me suck it all night, remember?" she said coyly as her tongue came out and circled around her soft red lips, looking for any more stray drops.

"How could I forget an offer like that from the best granddaughter in the world," Ted said as he shifted the pillows around and lay down on

the big bed, ready for sleep. "Why don't you get comfortable between my legs and we can get the covers sorted out."

"Thank you, grandpa," Shannon said excitedly as she shifted down in the bed and got between her grandfather's spread thighs. They pulled the blankets up until they were both mostly covered, with an opening over his midsection which would allow Shannon to breathe freely.

"Do you think we should blow the candles out first?" the young girl asked, anxious to get on with her cocksucking.

"They'll slowly burn out, and I figured you might like to see what you're working on there," Ted replied, a knowing smile on his face.

"I'd love that, grandpa," Shannon said, taking his heavy limber dick in her hand and rubbing the soft warm tip all over her face. "It's so beautiful. I don't think I'll ever be able to get enough of it."

"Do whatever you like with it, sweetheart. It'll stay hard for you as long as you keep sucking it. I'm going to sleep now, but you can keep sucking it as long as you want. When I'm ready to come, I'll wake up and feed you. It'll be nice to see you swallow."

Ted pulled the covers around his naked shoulders as Shannon leaned close and slipped the spongy knob into her mouth, her tongue bathing the sensitive tissues. Within just a few minutes, she felt it start to stiffen as blood flowed back into it. She could hear her grandfather breathing steadily as he drifted into slumber, but his cock kept growing.

"Mmmmmmm, so big and hard," she muttered under her breath as she took his rigid prick out of her mouth and rubbed it all over her face, loving the feel of the intense heat on her young skin. She slipped the massive knob back into her mouth and started slowly working her head up and down, her tongue tracing over the veiny shaft teasingly.

Her grandfather was right, his cock stayed hard for her as long as she kept sucking on it. She experimented a couple of times, taking it out of her mouth and just watching it as it slowly started to deflate, and then taking it into her mouth again and sucking on it sluttishly. In no time flat it was hard as a rock again, and she worked her hands up and down the solid stiff shaft as she sucked on the head.

He woke up four times during the night, filling her hot sucking mouth each time with big load of semen. Eventually, she felt sleep overcome her as well, even though she fought it and tried to keep sucking his beautiful prick.

Ted woke in the morning as soft rays of daylight drifted in around the curtains, illuminating his gorgeous granddaughter curled up between his legs, her fingers on his upper thigh, her face turned sideways just below his groin. He quietly sat up and looked closely at her, her face looking blissfully content as she slept. He smiled as he looked at her pretty face—her red lipstick smeared sluttishly all around her full pouty lips, a trickle of semen leaking from one corner of her mouth and pooling on the sheets beneath her. Excited by the vision of his lovely granddaughter looking like a cheap used whore, Ted got on his knees next to her face and started jerking his cock. He pulled the covers back quietly, exposing her spectacular breasts, sitting teasingly on display

on the outside of her sexy satin corset. It didn't take long before he came again, spraying his load all over her mouth-watering tits. He smiled as he watched the milky load sliding obscenely over the soft skin of her curvy breasts, running down her side one way, and into her deep dark cleavage the other way.

She continued to sleep peacefully as he shook the last pearly drops onto her face, and then slowly got off the bed, letting the sweet young thing sleep. With a smile on his face and mischievous gleam in his green eyes, Ted headed for the shower, knowing this was going to be a terrific summer with his hot busty granddaughter as his intern.

ONE YEAR LATER

Shannon had come home after her summer of interning with the unexpected news that she was pregnant. Her parents had insisted on knowing who the father was, and she told them it was 'just some guy' she'd met at nightclub and had a one-night stand with. She apologized for her behaviour, but told them she had no way of knowing how to get ahold of the guy, and she had no desire to do so anyways. But she told them she did want to keep the baby, and also let them know her grandfather said he would support her in her decision.

Her parents were somewhat relieved when she told them her grandfather insisted that she continue at business school—especially since he said he would continue to pay for everything. She never told them, but her grandfather had made it quite clear to her in one of their post-coital conversations that he intended for her to take over the reins of Lockhart Holdings one day. She did let her parents know that Grandpa Ted had insisted she complete her time at business school,

which would include having her live with him in order for him to provide everything she would need, including 24-hour nanny care. He even offered to let that live-in situation continue when she was finished school and was working for his company. Her parents were thrilled at the generous offer and eventually found it in their hearts to forgive her transgression.

And now here she was, almost one year exactly from the day she'd started her internship, laying in the bed of a private hospital with her newborn son in her arms, her grandfather standing next to her bed, a proud smile on his face. The baby looked up at her and cooed, his big green eyes looking into hers.

"His eyes are so beautiful," Shannon said, looking up at her grandfather, her face beaming with happiness as she gave the handsome older man a little wink, "just like his father's." Shannon paused for a second as her grandfather leaned down and tenderly kissed her forehead, his face beaming as well. "I think we should call him Theodore. What do you think, grandpa?"

"I think that's a fine name."

"It's a little formal, but I think we could call him Teddy right now, and then Ted would work just fine once he's older. After all, I hope he grows up to be just like his father."

"I'd like that," the older man said, his heart swelling with love for his granddaughter and the tiny baby she was holding.

The baby started to fuss and Shannon nodded to her grandfather. "It looks like he's hungry. Come on, little guy," she said as she slipped her hospital gown off one shoulder and brought the baby's mouth to her heavy milk-filled breast. His tiny lips latched onto her sizable nipple and it expanded to fill his mouth as he started to suck, softly pulling the warm mother's milk into his tiny mouth.

Ted looked down, amazed at the size of his granddaughter's swollen breasts. They had started out big, and now that they were laden with milk, they were absolutely huge, and he loved the look of them.

In just a short time the baby was full, and contently drifted off to sleep. "Grandpa, could you put him in his bassinet, please?" Shannon said, holding the baby out to her grandfather.

"Sure, sweetheart. Come on, Teddy," the older man said as he took the baby and gently laid him down in the bassinet.

Shannon looked at her grandfather lovingly, and as he turned back to her, she had that mischievous look in her eye that he was getting used to by now. "Now that he's been fed, do you think I could have MY regular feeding, grandpa?" she asked, her devilish gaze dropping to his crotch.

"Are you sure, sweetheart? You're not too tired?"

"I'm a little sore down there, but there's nothing wrong with my mouth," she said, her hand reaching out as her fingertips traced up and down along the front of his fly. "Besides, it's been almost two days since my last feeding." Like an addict who was trying to kick a drug addiction, Shannon felt like she was suffering from withdrawal, even though it had only been about 48 hours since she'd last sucked her grandfather's cock. She was feeling all twitchy, like she needed a fix.

Knowing what would convince the older man, she reached for her purse sitting on the little stand next to her bed. She reached inside and pulled out her lipstick, spinning out the tube and applying a thick layer of brilliant cherry-red to her soft pouty lips. Dropping the lipstick back into her purse and setting it aside, she looked up at her grandfather with innocent doe-like eyes, but the red gash of her mouth made her look slutty and wanton at the same time. She knew this was a look he couldn't resist. "Please, grandpa? Do you think I could suck it for just a little while?"

"Oh fuck," Ted mumbled under his breath, totally turned on by his granddaughter's lurid behaviour. He spun on his heel and rushed to the door of the private room, quickly closing and locking it. He then closed the blinds on the window leading to the corridor, shielding them from any unwanted observers. He rushed back to her bedside, his prick already stiffening beneath his trousers. He quickly unzipped, reaching inside and pulling out his prodigious member.

Shannon shifted to the side of the bed and lay on her side, her mouth at the perfect height to suck her grandfather's cock. She watched as his beautiful prick continued to grow, the swelling head getting closer and closer to her waiting mouth. "Doctor, why don't you take my

temperature with that thermometer of yours to see if I'm okay?" she said playfully, her tongue circling teasingly around her painted red lips.

"Alright then," Ted replied, getting right into it. "Open wide."

Shannon opened her mouth in a big red 'O', just like she knew her grandfather liked. He stepped forward and slid the massive knob right into her waiting mouth, her pouty lips spreading open further as they followed the flaring contours of the broad flared crown. Once they slipped over the thick rope-like corona, she let her tongue sweep all over the sensitive tissues of the glans, bathing it with her warm saliva. In less than a minute, it was totally hard, the massive cock-head almost totally filling her mouth.

"Well, Ms. Westbrook, you're feeling a little hot, but I want to keep my thermometer in your mouth a little longer and take another reading, just to make sure. You don't mind, do you?"

"Un-uh," Shannon moaned into his steely-hard cock, shaking her head slightly from side to side. He levered his hips back and forth as he continued to work her gorgeous mouth, his hand stroking back and forth along his turgid shaft, preparing to jerk off right into her beautiful mouth. With his other hand, he reached down into the top of her loose-fitting gown and started groping her breasts, his hand squeezing and fondling her heavy milk-filled tits, rolling her sensitive nipples teasingly between his thumb and forefinger.

"Mmmmmm," Shannon purred into his throbbing erection, putting her hand over his and squeezing gently, letting him know she loved the way he was feeling her up. She pursed her lips forward and sucked feverishly, loving the familiar feel of her grandfather's cock in her mouth, knowing she'd have a bellyful of cum soon enough.

"Your breasts seem unnaturally swollen too. I better check those out as well," he said as he continued to grope her, squeezing and hefting her weighty tits.

"Mmmmmm," Shannon continued to mew and purr warmly into his long hard prick as he slid it back and forth between her painted lips, provocative traces of her red lipstick glistening on the shaft of his sliding cock.

"Ah yes," Ted said a couple of minutes later, "your breasts are definitely swollen and that temperature is still higher than it should be. You're definitely a hot little thing. I think you need of nice big dose of medicine to bring down that temperature and relieve that swelling. I can't give you a shot for this—you're going to have to take this medicine orally. Is that alright with you?"

"Mm-hm," Shannon quickly nodded in agreement, her lips and tongue sucking wantonly on his drooling cockhead.

"That's good. With that swelling of your breasts and with your temperature being that high, I'm going to have to give you as big a dose as I can. Do you think you're ready to swallow all of it?"

"Mm-hm," she purred again, her lust-filled eyes flicking up to his, letting him know she was ready to swallow as much as he wanted to give her. That sexy look was all it took to send her grandfather over the edge.

"Oh yeah, here you go.....GET IT ALL!" he said as he started to flood her mouth. The first rope of cum jettisoned forth, blasting against the roof of her mouth and pooling on her tongue. It was quickly followed by a second, and then a third thick ropey strand. Her mouth quickly filled as an absolute deluge of semen spurted into her hot oral cavity.

"Mmmmm," Shannon purred sluttishly as she savored the intensely masculine taste. Her grandfather hadn't come in a couple of days either, and his cum was thicker than normal, his semen chock-full of sperm. She loved the viscous texture as she moved it around in her mouth, and then swallowed a huge mouthful of his sperm-laden cum, loving the feel of the warm thick goo sliding smoothly down her throat, his potent swimmers finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Ted moaned, his jerking hand pumping wad after thick milky wad into his granddaughter's vacuuming mouth. He watched her sucking greedily, her eyes closed in bliss, the muscles in her throat contracting erotically as she swallowed. He kept cumming, and his granddaughter had no intention of letting any of it go to waste. She swallowed again and again as he totally unloaded, torrents of jizz spewing into her welcoming mouth, each and every sizzling wad of cum sliding silkily down her throat. As a final tingling shiver tripped down his spine, his climax ended, but he remained still, letting her nurse at the drooling tip.

"Mmmm," Shannon purred, her tongue sweeping over the yawning red eye in search of the final morsels of his tasty seed. She looked up at her grandfather, a look of blissful contentment on her face as she sucked out the final drops, and then kissed the head of his cock tenderly before sitting back and swallowing one last time.

"Alright, my dear," Ted said as he stuffed his spent cock back in his pants and zipped up. "I think you should get some sleep. It's been a long day." She nodded in agreement as he leaned down and gently kissed her on the head before turning to go.

"Oh doctor," she said, stopping him in his tracks as he turned back to look at her. "Thank you for the medicine. I think I can feel my temperature coming down already." She looked at him with that devilish glint in her eye again. "In case it goes up again, do you think you could come back later and take my temperature again? Oh yes, I'd like you to check the swelling of my breasts too." She reached beneath her gown and hefted her breast, as if offering it to him.

"Of course," Ted replied, smiling from ear to ear, "anything for my favorite patient." He blew her a kiss as he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Shannon looked over at her sleeping baby and smiled, happier than she'd ever thought possible. She shifted back to the middle of the bed and pulled the covers up over her, ready for a nap. She thought about everything that had happened to her in the past year. Becoming her grandfather's intern was the best thing that had ever happened to her.

She had loved every minute they'd spent together, and looked forward to the life she knew they would now have together.

But Shannon was no fool—she knew the 38-year age difference would come to rear its ugly head at some point. Her grandfather was in great shape, there was no denying that. But you couldn't fool father time forever. She hoped they'd have at least twenty more good years between them. She looked over at her baby boy again, thinking about his clear green eyes and how much he looked like her grandfather. She thought about her grandfather, who was such a handsome caring man, and such a magnificent lover. The man had been blessed with an amazingly huge cock, which never ceased to turn her inside out whenever they made love. Yes, another twenty years of that would be fantastic. She looked again at her son sleeping next to her, and realized what age they would be at that time. When her son turned 20, she'd only be 39, and in the sexual prime of her life. "Yes....things just might work out," she thought, picturing her grandfather's huge powerful cock stretching and filling her tiny teenaged pussy—and thinking how perfect it would be if her son took after her grandfather in that way, and not just in the compelling green eyes they already shared.

"Yes, that would be perfect," Shannon thought to herself, sliding her hand beneath her gown and cupping her heavy swollen breasts. She squeezed them gently and then toyed with her nipples, remembering the delicious gentle feeling of the baby suckling at them. She rolled one nipple between her thumb and forefinger, feeling it swell and respond as a little jolt of pleasure shot through her. She kept fondling her breasts as she slowly drifted off, dreaming of what her son would look like in twenty years.

THE END